

## Refining 601

### Chapter 601A – Seize the Stone Column

There were billions of stars in the boundless cosmos. Out of those that released light on their own, there were ten suns and ten moons. They had shined eternally since ancient times!

The sun was solar, the moon was lunar. They shined through the vast cosmos, providing the source of life for all beings in existence.

On a planet near a moon, the massive shadow of the moon occupied nearly half the sky. Even the incomparably hot sun wasn't able to cover up its dazzling light.

This was a moon-worshipping planet. Nearly all the cultivators on this planet borrowed the moon's lunar power to cultivate.

In a great city on the surface, there was a secret chamber that shined with cool moonlight. Twinkling stars flittered up above like fireflies, condensing into the phantom of a moon.

An extremely beautiful woman was here. She wore a dress as white as the moon, one that served to accentuate her elegant aura. The phantom of a moon shined above her head. As she breathed, the moon waned and waxed, as if fully a part of her body.

Suddenly, this woman's eyes fiercely opened. The moon phantom above her head shattered into countless fragments and blood overflowed from her lips. Her cultivation had been interrupted, causing her to suffer a backlash.

"Impossible!" Her voice was a little hoarse. It wasn't excruciating to hear. Rather, there was a faint charm to it. Her eyes trembled.

She lifted a hand and wiped the blood from the corners of her lips. She stood up. The shadows all around the chamber surged towards her like a living creature, embracing her.

When the darkness vanished, what appeared was a feminine-looking man with a cruel ice-cold gaze. He took a step forward and vanished from sight. In the next moment, he appeared outside the planet.

Taking a deep breath, he raised a hand. Light surged in his palm, condensing into a translucent sphere. There were 107 shadows within this sphere and each one was especially clear. At this time, one of these shadows violently trembled as it began to gradually dissipate.

Seeing this, the man's eyes darkened and his face clouded over. "No matter who you are, if you touch my thing...you are courting death!"

He lifted his hand and thrust a finger into the sphere. There was a loud hum as ripples began to appear on the surface of the sphere, rapidly spreading outwards...

...

Lan Ruo's heart shrank and a pain stabbed between her eyebrows. She looked up into the skies, stunned and frightened by what she saw next.

Massive chains appeared from the darkness. They were like shackles that trapped in the devils of hell. They were thick and dense, blocking out the entire skies. It was like a giant net falling from the heavens, completely inescapable.

The calm in the Grand Marshal's eyes vanished for the first time. He didn't know what these chains were but the aura emanating from them caused his soul to scream in despair, as if he would be lost in a fathomless abyss, never to be reincarnated.

At this time, a loud rumbling came from beneath everyone's feet. Great cracks split open the ground like massive grinning mouths, rapidly spreading out in all directions.

The Grand Marshal's complexion changed. He flicked his sleeves and swept everyone up. Then, he shot into the skies. He stared stubbornly at the cracked ground beneath him. His shrunken pupils were more than enough to prove just how shaken he was right now.

Rumble rumble –

Giant pieces of earth were tossed into the skies. An incomparably terrifying arm reached out from the depths of the earth. When placed against the ground, this arm seemed as long as a vast mountain range. Soon, what followed was a head that seemed as large as a sun and a body that could fill up the seas themselves. When this giant being stood up tall, its shoulders stood as high as the heavens.

This was a giant that existed only in legends. Even though it was missing an arm, the severed point was still covered with frost, causing the temperature in the air began to rapidly drop. The spectral aura all around froze over, turning into dark green and white snow that fluttered all around.

The giant lowered its head and looked at the people from the Immortal Sect. Without pausing, it turned back and moved its two legs into the distance.

Its steps weren't quick but each one could cross a terrifying distance. Beneath its feet, mountains and rivers appeared as if they were chasing the trajectory of the sun and moon.

Rumble –

Rumble –

The sound gradually dimmed. The giant's figures disappeared from everyone's line of sight.

Lan Ruo's pride and confidence had suffered a disastrous attack at this moment. She never expected that such a terrifying life form could exist in the Source of Disaster.

Its head reached into the heavens and its feet stomped across the earth. Its terrifying body possessed a strength that could destroy all. Because she cultivated the Sublime Lost Emotion Code, Lan Ruo had extremely sharp senses.

She could determine that if this giant wanted to deal with them, even the formidable Grand Marshal wouldn't be able to contend with it. Escape would be their only choice...and it was likely they wouldn't even be able to escape alive!

Lan Ruo's face was pale white. She shivered as she breathed and tried her best to maintain a calm demeanor. She was her master's disciple and she couldn't lose face here.

“Grand...Grand Marshal...what...just what...is that...” An Immortal Sect powerhouse stammered out. Even his half-step Calamity Immortal cultivation provided him with no measure of comfort. His eyes were flooded with fear.

Shangguan Mingjing let out a deep breath. After a long time he said, “A long time ago, it was said that giants arrived in this world. Their eyes were like the sun and moon and they could lift their hands and pluck stars from the skies...I thought this was only a fable. I never expected that I would see one here today. This place is truly worthy of being the Source of Disaster that turned the past Star Sea Continent into the land of exile. Perhaps there is a secret hiding here that surpasses anyone’s imagination...”

The Immortal Sect was one of the most formidable and aloof influences in the world so they naturally had the qualifications to know more. But even they didn’t know everything about the Source of Calamity.

But if just one of these mythical giants left this land it would be enough to cause a massive change in the world, completely changing the landscape.

Luckily, this giant had already died and what supported it should only be its remnant will.

Shangguan Mingjing’s expression turned solemn and respectful. He couldn’t imagine how horrifyingly strong this giant would be if it were still alive. If so, then who had cut off its arm in ancient times? And after so many years, the chill from its severed arm had yet to dissipate.

His thoughts raced and he couldn’t help but give birth to a deep sense of awe. Shangguan Mingjing thought back to some words that the Nether Domain Master had said to him in the past: This world is far too large. Perhaps what we know is nothing but a simple surface...

In the past, he thought that the Nether Domain Master had been speaking modestly because of his status. Now, the Grand Marshall understood that it was perhaps because of the Nether Domain Master’s boundary that he understood more and thus felt more awe towards the wider world.

“We’re following!” After a long period of silence, Shangguan Mingjing turned to Lan Ruo and spoke up.

The chains that appeared in the skies, the giant that awakened from the ground – it was impossible for these things to happen without reason. There had to be some earth-shaking event occurring, one that might be related to the divine stone!

He didn’t want to miss out on it.

Of course, the Grand Marshal had made this decision because the giant hadn’t revealed any hostility towards them. Another reason was because he had a hidden card in his hand. Even if there was great danger he would still be able to withdraw.

Lan Ruo pursed her lips. “We shall follow as the Grand Marshal says!” She also wanted to know why this giant had woken up and where it was going.

The Immortal Sect cultivators complained inwardly. But, if the two most honored people in their group had made the same choice, they could only follow behind no matter how unwilling they were.

The giant crossed mountains and rivers as it moved forward. Each step it took left behind an astonishing footprint. The group followed behind via these footprints.

Soon, the complexions of the Immortal Sect cultivators changed. They saw a massive number of specter fragments scattered all around. There were even thousands of 100,000 foot tall specter beasts with their heads gone, as if they had been directly torn off. Their giant bodies lay prone on the ground; they had thoroughly perished.

What was the status of this giant and why was it recklessly slaughtering specters? And why did these specters that possessed the attribute of 'reviving after death' die so easily in the face of this giant?

The group moved forward. The further they went, the more ruins of specters there were and the more horrifying the strength of the specters became. One of these specters was a human cultivator in ancient robes with an intact body. He had been smashed into a mountain and his chest had been completely caved in.

Even if it had already died, the Grand Marshal could still feel a stabbing feeling that had yet to fade from its body. This was a formidable specter that could threaten his life.

But from the footprint on the ground, he could judge that the existence of this specter hadn't caused the giant to stop for even the briefest of moments.

At some unknown time, a strange fog appeared in the world. It grew increasingly thick and its pale white color caused one's heart to beat restlessly.

#### **Chapter 601B – Seize the Stone Column**

One could hear rustlings all around, as if teeth were gnashing upon each other. It seemed like countless incomparably hungry monsters were skulking about in this fog.

A cold sweat appeared on everyone's foreheads. The Grand Marshal had a heavy expression on his face and he took out a black compass. But, the dangers lurking in the fog were clearly afraid of the giant. Even if it was only its footprint, they still didn't dare to approach it.

The fog gradually thinned. Those from the Immortal Sect sucked in a deep breath and hastened their step, soon emerging from the fog.

In front, the giant's footprints had strangely vanished. But, the Immortal Sect cultivators couldn't care about this right now because an intense battle was taking place before them.

One person was resisting tens of thousands of specters. These specters were like massive waves, crashing down from up high.

Behind this person was a massive stone column that pierced into the skies. The mottled surface of the stone column was beginning to crack and flake away. All of the chains that hung throughout the heavens took this stone column as their center point!

The Grand Marshal's eyes sharpened. "The change is because of this stone column!"

Lan Ruo was stunned, "It's him!?"

With differences in identity, experience, and temperament, Lan Ruo and the Grand Marshal both had different reactions upon seeing this person.

Countless specters drilled up from the depths of the earth. They cried out in anger as they shot towards the stone column.

A bright and verdant green light sprinkled down to form a giant barrier. At the edge of this barrier, little saplings broke forth from the ground, growing into massive trees in a few breaths of time.

Their branches were like sharp swords that pierced into the bodies of the specters. Vines extended outwards, tying the specters up and tearing them to pieces. Even if the trees were destroyed new ones would quickly grow to take their place. But, there were too many specters and they simply couldn't be killed.

The barrier of green light could only slow the speed at which they were moving forwards. Now, most of the trees had been broken through and they would soon pass this layer.

After the vibrant green was a deep and quiet blue 'sea surface'. This sea seemed as if it was completely untouched by the terrifying battle occurring just outside. It was like a smooth mirror without a single flaw.

After this sea surface was a dazzling white light. Even though everyone was separated by the forest and the sea surface, they could still feel the terrifying aura contained within this silver white light.

It was like a sword that was being tempered. Even though it hadn't yet taken shape, it still possessed the great power to sunder the heavens and earth!

Qin Yu sat within a sphere of silver white light formed by the rules of the path of metal. His face was pale and streaming with sweat.

He cultivated the Five Element Mountain. When his path of metal had crossed the threshold he had subsequently begun to perceive the path of water. Below the pool of soup in the Sea of Purgatory, after the great life or death crisis that occurred, he had drawn support from the Great Dao Tree to reach large success in the path of water and also smoothly stepped into the path of wood.

Metal gave birth to water, water gave birth to wood.

When these three forces were superimposed upon each other they could erupt with the strongest might. But, this sort of unreserved display of skill also caused him to lose an astonishing amount of magic power.

If it weren't for Qin Yu's great will and the fact that he condensed the Five Element Nascent Souls, and that his magic power was far more vigorous than other ordinary cultivators' of his realm, he would have had no chance of resisting this.

Qin Yu had already noticed that the Immortal Sect cultivators had arrived. But, he couldn't take them into consideration. Undying was using all of his strength to subdue the stone column and he needed to fight for time.

The Grand Marshal had a surprised expression. As he watched Qin Yu resisting the specters, he was quiet and uncertain, clearly deciding on what to do.

Suddenly, from not too far away, the fog was torn apart and a wild aura surged out.

Fallen Wing appeared, darkness wrapped around him. A pair of wings was extended out behind his back. There were fewer than ten Dark Night Demon Region cultivators behind him. As the fog drew in and closed up behind, one could hear the sad screams of cultivators from the gap.

But it was doomed that no one would turn around to save them.

When the fog fully closed up the miserable screams disappeared. Fallen Wing landed on the ground and the darkness scattered around him, revealing his robes that were torn all over.

The Grand Marshal rejoiced. Luckily, they followed the footprints of the giant so they were able to safely pass through the fog. Otherwise, they would have faced the same fate as the Dark Night Demon Region who suffered horrific casualties.

Fallen Wing's ice cold eyes bumped into the Grand Marshal's. Then they separated as they turned to that sky-piercing stone column.

Just what was that?

The green barrier of light trembled and collapsed. The first specters to rush out of the 'forest' screamed and plunged into the still sea surface.

With its tranquility broken, the mirror-like sea surface suddenly transformed into the most brutal and wild sea. It roared as specters were sucked up into its choppy waves, instantly grinding them to pieces.

The power of the path of water had erupted!

The specters within Spectral Disaster had fused together as one whole with this divine tool. If the divine tool wasn't destroyed then their physical bodies wouldn't perish. It was simply impossible to kill them.

Qin Yu never thought to stand as one against 10,000 enemies and eliminate all of these specters. He simply wanted to delay for the maximum amount of time for Undying.

The specters that were crushed by the sea were suppressed and the speed at which they restored themselves was slowed down. Of course, there was a limit to this level of suppression.

As more and more specters were swept into the sea, the suppressive strength would gradually reduce until...the sea collapsed!

In terms of defense for the path of water that had reached large success, even looking throughout the entire Calamity Immortal realm it still stood at the pinnacle. Even though there were endless waves of specters, it bought an enormous amount of time for Qin Yu.

But it would eventually collapse...

The sea that was raging with dreadful waves suddenly shattered. Like a giant air bubble, it vanished into nothingness.

Qin Yu looked up. There was a tenacious look on his pale face.

But at this time, he suddenly furrowed his eyebrows. From the stone column behind him, a formidable aura began to spread out.

Rumble –

In the skies above, the countless thick intertwining chains started to sway back and forth, colliding with each other.

Undying's voice echoed out in Qin Yu's heart. "I still require some time. I will drag the Immortal Sect and Demonic Path cultivators into the water to share the pressure with you!"

Qin Yu's thoughts raced. He immediately put on an 'anxious' expression.

The Grand Marshal's heart shook. "This stone column is unexpectedly connected to the space of the Source of Disaster. It is the key to controlling it. If it can be refined, that person could control the entire Source of Disaster!"

Fallen Wing roared out loud, "Go, seize that stone column!"

No wonder Qin Yu would suffer the attacks of endless specters. They had finally figured out the reason.

The Source of Disaster had caused the decline of an entire cultivation civilization. It was undoubtedly formidable.

If they could control it, then no one in this world would be able to contend with them!

The Grand Marshal and Fallen Wing looked at Qin Yu, revealing an unconcealed chill in their eyes.

This mysterious powerhouse clearly knew much more about the Source of Disaster. He had actually 'played dead' before withdrawing and then soared straight to the greatest good fortune here.

If he was able to smoothly subdue the stone column then the Source of Disaster would be his. For the Immortal Sect and Demonic Paths competing with him for the divine stone, even maintaining their lives would be a problem.

This was truly the wisest and most efficient method!

Luckily, they had discovered that Qin Yu wanted to seize the stone column. Now his plans were doomed to be nothing but a dream!

"Dark Purgatory!"

Fallen Wing's wings launched outwards. Black flames leapt out from his magnificent feathers, gathering into a tide of black flames that surged forward.

Wherever these back flames swept through, they would turn everything into pure darkness, one that was absolute to the extreme, without any light. A channel was cut open through the endless army of specters!

The Grand Marshal raised his arms up into the air. Rich blue light erupted and a green ox appeared in the void. It pawed its hooves and raced forward.

The green ox was an unstoppable juggernaut. It smashed through everything in its way. The specters struck by it were instantly turned into countless pieces.

Behind the two great Calamity Immortal super powerhouses, the various cultivators also attacked. They were like sharp arrows shooting down from the heavens, piercing into the specter army.

The only mission of the summoned specters was to stop any outside life forms from approaching the stone column. Now that the Immortal and Demonic sides had decided to interfere, they also welcomed the crazy attack of the specters.

The oppression that Qin Yu withstood was reduced; Undying's plan had succeeded. Of course, to be more accurate this was an honest and open plot.

The stone column was indeed related to the entire Spectral Disaster. As long as one subdued it, that person would be able to wield this divine tool. Fallen Wing and the Grand Marshal had both noticed this, thus they wouldn't hesitate to pay any price to stop Qin Yu from succeeding.

Even if they clearly knew this was a trap they had no other choice!

Qin Yu lifted a hand and placed it into the silver white sphere of light. His closed fist suddenly opened wide.

A sword appeared in his hand. All of that blinding silver white light was focused in this sword's blade. Even if it had a simple design, it still gave off a radiant feeling.

Quietly, tiny cracks began to appear along the edge of the blade before closing back up, repeating again and again. The feeling this gave off was like ice flakes constantly rolling in the water below the sun, bringing with it a cold chill that pierced the bone.

He slashed down. Like a shattered mirror surface, wherever the sword went, specters instantly shattered for a thousand feet. Sword light howled around, forming a tornado of destruction.

But Qin Yu had no joy on his face. After the sword fell he didn't stop. With strength he brought the sword back up, colliding with a white bone sword.

The bone sword was divided into sections and its edges were jagged. It was clearly refined using the spine of some creature, and each connecting section had a hole in it.

With the collision, cracks started to appear on the spine sword. The holes emitted sharp and shrill screams. The sound waves tore into the mind, bringing with it an aching pain that was difficult to withstand.

Pa –

The spine sword spun around, shifting into a strange angle that dove at Qin Yu's throat. Even Qin Yu's mind had been affected by this sonic attack and if his movements had frozen for a moment, his life might have been taken by this terrifying sword.

But...

Puff –



A sword pierced into the specter's forehead and a wild sword intent erupted. The specter wielding the spine sword had its head blown into pieces. As its skull burst open, its bones, along with its rotten meat that had not a single drop of blood in it, scattered out in all directions.

### **Chapter 602A – Might Die But Will Not Bow**

Qin Yu retracted his sword and then ruthlessly stabbed it into the earth. There was a pained roar from beneath the ground. The ground shattered and lifted Qin Yu into the air. A half-decayed monster beast specter was beneath his feet, its mouth nailed tight by the sword.

Even if the Immortal and Demonic sides were sharing a tremendous portion of the pressure, Qin Yu was still withstanding the main assault of the specter army.

With a loud stomp, the monster beast specter's hard skull was cracked apart. Its four strong limbs gave way as it fell prone to the ground.

Qin Yu grabbed the sword hilt with both hands. Then, with a loud shout strength exploded. The sword was released from his hand and it pierced through the skull, sinking deep into the earth below.

In the next moment the ground fiercely shook as if an earth dragon were waking up!

Bang –

Bang –

Sword lights tore along the earth, whistling up and down as they wove together into a dazzling sword curtain. Layers upon layers stacked up on each other, forming a barrier.

Dozens of specters crashed into the sword curtain and were twisted to pieces. The fragments were swept up in the revolving ring of sword light and flung far away.

Five Element Mountain. The five paths of metal, wood, water, fire, earth. Each path represented the comprehension of a part of the world's rules. When one reached large success these rules would be bound to their heart and mind. According to the unique personality and style of that person, these paths would condense into various supernatural arts that corresponded to them.

For instance, the 'sea' that blocked the specter army before was the defensive counterattack supernatural art that Qin Yu managed to perceive after reaching large success in the path of water. He named it the Silent Furious Sea!

This sword curtain was the strongest attack method that Qin Yu possessed after reaching large success in the path of metal. What he had been pursuing at the time was the creation of the most terrifying killing power in the shortest amount of time.

But now, Qin Yu had slightly changed its characteristics. He controlled its might, restricting it to a certain zone in order to delay for as long as he could.

This was the benefit of self-created supernatural arts. They were all controlled through the heart and could be adjusted on the fly. In this way, they were far handier than learning supernatural arts created by others.

Of course, self-creating supernatural arts wasn't a simple matter at all. After tempering himself through the experiences within the Sea of Purgatory, walking alongside the precipice of life and death and then spending dozens of years in concentration and study, only then did he slowly accumulate all of these things together, finally managing to create two supernatural arts in a single vigorous effort.

The endless lights within the sword curtain howled throughout the world like a million thunderbolts crashing down in unison. Its momentum was earthshaking. Lan Ruo's eyes widened. As she looked at this sword curtain that resembled a waterfall falling from the highest heavens, she felt her heart shake.

She had once seen her teacher display a sword strike that sealed the world in ice, exterminating all vitality. In her heart, her teacher possessed the most terrifying sword arts in this world.

But now, she had no choice but to acknowledge that in terms of killing strength, this sword curtain was no weaker than her teacher's technique. The only difference was that one was absolute stillness and the other was rampaging destruction.

This mysterious cultivator was actually strong to such an extent. Then, with the Immortal Sect's powerful information network, how did they have no information on him? Moreover, with his cultivation and his bewildering supernatural arts, once he appeared in society it would be impossible to forget about him.

Just who was he?

As her mind was in a daze, Lan Ruo suddenly stiffened. A terrifying feeling rushed into her heart. She seemed to smell the thick scent of blood and death all around her.

A brilliant light burst out from her chest. A phantom stepped out. She was someone whose beauty stood upon the apex of a generation and ice and snow seemed to howl around her.

Bang –

A black shadow was shaken away. It froze in midair, crashing into the ground in pieces.

“Teacher!”

Lan Ruo shouted in excitement.

Shen Yuanyin slowly said, “Hurry and leave this place...” Her figure started to dissipate. Forcibly tearing apart the seal and arriving through her projection was extremely difficult for her.

But at this time, Shen Yuanyin seemed to detect something. She looked up towards the direction of the stone column at the figure within the sword curtain...that person was strange and yet gave off an incomparably familiar feeling...

It was him? How was this possible? He had already died!

Pa –

Shen Yuanyin's projection vanished.

Lan Ruo looked at the place where her teacher's projection had vanished. There was a thoughtful look in her eyes. Then, she looked at Qin Yu and suddenly said, “Grand Marshal, let's leave!”

She never doubted her honorable master's judgment.

Shangguan Mingjing revealed a hesitant look. But at this moment, a sharp cry pierced into his mind like an arrow. His eyebrows leapt up. He reared back his head to see a winged person flying down from the skies.

This person was 20 feet tall with only a piece of animal hide wrapped around his waist. His strong and mighty body was burnished gold in color and two golden wings extended from his back, even more magnificently dazzling than Fallen Wing's wings. As this person gently beat his two wings, a terrifying wind was whipped into existence.

Two vertical golden pupils stared stubbornly at Qin Yu. His golden hair fluttered all around him, looking like a mass of golden flames.

This was a pure golden-winged man with no impurities at all...a strange race that had never appeared in this world before.

But no one doubted the strength of this winged person. His terrifying aura was like an invisible mountain pressing down on everyone's chests, making it difficult to breathe!

The vertical pupils suddenly shrank. The winged man raised up a hand and tossed down a golden lance. This lance was like a golden bolt of lightning that tore down from the clouds and howled through the world.

It was indomitable!

Wherever the golden lance passed, the world within Spectral Disaster started to collapse. The chains in the skies began to wildly shake.

When the winged man appeared, Qin Yu felt an intense threat. He looked up and locked his eyes onto the golden bolt of lightning headed his way. He lifted a finger and pointed down.

The heavy sword curtain instantly erupted with all of its sword light. It condensed into a silver white sword that shined like a great sun.

It couldn't even be described as a spark of time. Before one could even think, the sword and lance collided together.

The world suddenly darkened as if everything fell still. It gave off an illusion that an eerily long span of time had passed. Then, what followed was an earth-shaking heaven-quaking eruption that left one's mind wallowing in despair!

Rumble rumble

Rumble –

The earthshaking eruption shook everyone's mind. Even the formidable Fallen Wing and Grand Marshal quickly retreated, not daring to be caught in the shockwaves. Their eyes flooded with surprise and bewilderment. The strength that erupted from that collision actually caused them to feel fear and alarm!

The winged man lifted his hand and reclaimed his lance. Its radiant golden color had clearly dimmed down. A tiny crack appeared on the end of the lance. Faint traces of sword intent still swirled around it.

Qin Yu's face paled and beads of sweat covered his forehead. His palm had been torn open and his arm hung limply at his side. Blood flowed down, dripping from his shivering fingertips and smashing into the ground.

"Hoho, so many years have passed and yet you, bird boy, are still trash. A little boy from countless years later can still cause you to fail!" Without concealing the sounds of ridicule, a messy man stepped out from a spatial crack. This messy man casually scratched his head and then reached back and pulled out the spatial crack like he was picking up a branch.

As if not liking the shape of this spatial crack too much, the messy man straightened it and then slapped it against his hand like a stick. Only then did he nod in satisfaction.

The winged man furrowed his eyebrows. A terrifying aura surged around him. His vertical golden pupils became even icier. But, he clearly had scruples as he maintained his silence.

The man's sloppy and messy appearance was only the first impression he gave off. Looking more carefully, one would discover that his facial features were clean and clear, exuding a comfortable feeling. But then he gently smiled and evil charm surged out, making him seem extremely strange. "You are still so cautious. I want to openly and honestly give you a punch but it really is too difficult!"

The man turned and looked at Qin Yu. "Since bird boy isn't falling for it, I can only vent myself on you. Because for these past years, I really have been very, very unhappy."

He raised his hand. Then, he brought that straightened spatial crack smashing down as if it were a stick. Thus, in front of Qin Yu, everything seemed to darken as light itself was swallowed up.

Qin Yu's mind was fully focused on that spatial crack stick which seemed to blot out the skies. It seemed so large that it flooded the entire world in his field of vision. He couldn't avoid nor could he resist. He could only passively take on the attack and be turned into ashes, his body and soul forever destroyed.

He bit down on his tongue and freed his consciousness from the grip of despair. After shaking himself free from his fear, Qin Yu stepped forward and let out a deep roar.

Unwilling, unyielding, an aura erupted from within him like a volcano, carrying with it an unshakeable will!

From birth it supported the world and after dying it didn't fall over – this was the ancient demon.

Rumble rumble –

### **Chapter 602B – Might Die But Will Not Bow**

Between the heavens and earth, the vast and endless spectral aura began to surge inwards like rivers returning to sea. It condensed into a ghastly white fog. Then, two great arms reached out from the fog. They seemed to support the collapsing skies, holding up the phantom of the stick in their hands.

Bang –

The ground violently shook, forming visible ripples that spread outwards. Wherever they went, the earth collapsed. Dirt and rock splashed up, filling the skies with dust.

A towering figure came into view as the dust slowly cleared. Its legs were sunk into the ground. One hand was still placed above its head and the other hadn't been able to withstand the wild strength and had vanished.

The messy man who held the spatial crack in his hand and nearly killed Qin Yu with a casual strike suddenly had a changed complexion. His eyes widened as if he saw a ghost.

At this moment, an angry roar slammed into everyone's ears. The impact of the terrifying voice caused them all to pale.

The messy man looked out towards the fog beyond that was now beginning to tumble fiercely. He screamed out, "It's a misunderstanding, a misunderstanding, a complete misunderstanding!"

A horrifying palm thrust out from the fog and struck the messy man, sending him flying away. He crashed into the earth, and like the strongest plow, created a deep gash in the ground.

Puff –

Puff –

Puff –

The messy man spat out mouthfuls of dirt. He flipped himself onto his feet and cursed out loud, "You stupid big thing, I already said it was a misunderstanding so why did you use such a heavy hand? I hate being pressed into the ground the most. Do you really want to fight me?"

The fog around the stone column was like a flowing river that was severed in half. An extremely terrifying figure walked out. Its shoulders were on par with the skies; its head was like the sun and its eyes the stars. Every step it took caused the earth to tremble and wail.

Lan Ruo called out in alarm, "That's the giant!"

The golden-winged man's expression suddenly turned vivid. He showed a panicked and uneasy expression as his wings began to fiercely spread outwards.

But before he could fly away, the skies above his head had started to turn black. A terrifying hand pressed down like a falling mountain, slamming into the winged man and sending him crashing downwards, falling in the steps of the messy man. The winged man was caught in a humorous posture with his wings open and yet incapable of doing anything. When he struck the ground a massive hole was immediately formed. It was pitch black in color and it was unknown just how far down it went.

The messy man had an angry expression. But after a moment of stunned silence, he suddenly laughed out loud, "This bird boy is really fast so I have no chance of punching him even if I wanted to. This foolish big thing is not beautiful at all, but its movements are clean and fast...haha, great, wonderful!"

As he finished laughing, a heaven-shrouding leg stepped on him, pushing him into the earth. Even the countless specters around him were smashed into pieces.

Bang –

The golden-winged man howled out in the deep hole. He breathed heavily like a cow and his delicate and pretty indifferent face had already twisted into disgust.

With a sharp scream, golden light burst out as if a golden sun had appeared. When the blinding light vanished, a massive golden roc appeared in its place.

Bang –

Another stretch of earth shattered and the messy man flew out, his entire body covered in dirt. He angrily gestured and said, “You stupid big thing, I hate being stepped on the most. I won’t let things end with this today!”

He lifted a hand and grasped forward. The vast and enormous spectral aura gathered once more, condensing into an incomparably large spear. In front of this spear, the messy man was even smaller than an ant.

But the messy man held the spear with one hand, even using its tip to draw a dazzling flower in the air. Strong winds began to howl as the spear moved about. The messy man coldly sneered and said, “Today I am going to blow open your ass!”

The golden roc closed its wings behind its back and dove down. Its head and feet were straight, forming a line, with the beak serving as the tip of the arrow.

But what greeted this arrow was the sweeping palm of the giant, as if it were slapping away a fly. The golden roc was blown away, its gorgeous feathers sprinkling down all over, making it seem as if it were golden snow. But, these snowflakes were simply far too late. Each one was enough to cover a large lake.

Puff –

There was the sound of bursting blood and flesh. The giant looked down at his chest and the spear that had pierced through him. Without expression, he grabbed the spear and pulled it out before pounding it into the ground.

Once, twice, three times...

The earth shook each time. But even such a fierce sound wasn’t able to cover the high-pitched screams of the messy man.

The golden roc rushed over once more. But before it could find the chance to peck open some bloody holes on the body of this giant, it was grabbed tight and crazily punched into the ground also.

Rumble rumble –

Rumble rumble –

Rumble rumble –

There seemed to be a rhythm to the motions.

Suddenly, the spear vanished from sight. The golden roc also faded away.

The messy man and golden-winged man were both in a distressed state. They appeared not too far away, looking at the giant with a dignified expression.

“You stupid big thing, stop going crazy! That boy isn’t your descendant!”

The winged man spoke for the first time. His words were cold and withering, “Ancient, make way, we must stop him.”

The giant opened its mouth and roared. It raised its hand and beat its chest, the sounds causing the Immortal and Demonic cultivators who were hiding all around to pale.

The messy man sucked in a deep breath. “Have you considered this clearly yet? Otherwise we will have to be serious this time.”

The winged man lifted his lance and golden light erupted on its surface. An illusory figure appeared, one that had 12 pairs of wings behind its backs. Revered, majestic, formidable...a destructive aura wildly erupted from this phantom, seeming as if it could break apart this entire world!

The giant turned around and crouched to its knees. It bowed its massive head, nearly bumping into Qin Yu who had become the incarnation of the ancient demon.

From the look of the incomparably large face in front of him, Qin Yu was surprised to discover he felt no fear. He could sense a questioning meaning from the giant’s star-like eyes.

Without hesitation, Qin Yu slowly shook his head. He needed to guard Undying who was behind him. This was his promise.

The giant seemed to reveal a look of gratification. With a deep roar, the giant lifted Qin Yu up from the ground and placed him between its eyebrows.

The flesh was like warm mud, softly separating into both sides. Qin Yu who had become the incarnation of the ancient demon was completely submerged within.

Then, there was another small black mole between the giant’s eyebrows...even though this was the incarnation of the ancient demon, it couldn’t compare to a single finger of the giant.

Everything around Qin Yu turned black. When his surroundings brightened, Qin Yu subconsciously closed his eyes. When he opened them once more, he was in a giant temple.

Within this temple there was a giant statue. Its legs were spread out and its arms were raised up high as if it were holding up the world. Its mouth was angrily roaring and its eyes revealed a formidable and unshakeable will.

“Descendant of a future generation, my life has already reached its end. I have bitterly endured until now and finally I have met you. You have passed the test. I will abide by the traditions of our people and send you to the Temple of Inheritance. I hope that you will be able to obtain the complete inheritance of our race...keep this in mind: the bloodline of ancients was born to support the heavens and stand firm upon the earth. We continue forward, never timid, never cowardly. Even after undergoing 100,000 hardships, we will never change our heart...”

A low and deep voice transmitted all throughout the temple. The deep and weary voice carried with it the joy of freedom.

It had already been many, many years, so long that he had forgotten how much time had passed. But in the end, the inheritance of the ancients hadn't been severed by him.

Now, he could finally lay down all his scruples and erupt in the final battle of his life...he would defend the prestige of the ancients. Even though he would die, he would not bow!

### **Chapter 603 – Inheritance of the Ancients**

Within the temple, Qin Yu sat down cross-legged. A ray of seven-colored light flew out from between the giant statue's eyebrows and wrapped around him.

His consciousness immediately sank as if he had been tossed into an endless black hole. He whistled downwards, endless mottled shades of light and shadow dancing past him.

After an unknown period of time, his hazy consciousness cleared up. Qin Yu struggled to open his eyes. What he saw was the excited face of a giant.

The new little giant had been born and the ancient bloodline would continue. During the night, celebration and revelry rang throughout the hidden giant village.

The massive bonfire almost seared the heavens. It illuminated countless faces as the little newborn giant was passed between pairs of large hands.

Qin Yu could clearly see all of this. He could even feel the rough hands of the giants as they picked him up and the friction as they patted his body.

As if he was the exact same person as this newborn little giant.

The happy little giant gradually grew up beneath the protection of his village. He liked to climb the mountain in front of the village and wait for the return of his father from the hunt.

Each time he could see his father leading the way up front. His father's broad and strong arms always held rich game hung over his shoulders.

But one day, the little giant waited for a long, long time. He waited until he started to doze off. When he heard familiar footsteps around him, he opened his eyes in pleasant surprise. He could hear his father panting for breath beneath the dim black skies. His chest had been pierced through by some kind of sharp weapon and blood recklessly flowed out.

"Run!" His father opened his mouth and roared towards the direction of the village.

But it was too late. Titanic airships began to descend from the clouds. The airships were equipped with hooked spears. Each time these spears were launched they would emit a shocking thunderclap. The spears easily pierced through the formidable bodies of the giants. With pained shouts, they were pulled into a cage beneath the airship like fish.

The young giant was frightened. He watched helplessly as all the people in his village were taken away. He covered his mouth, refusing to make a single sound.



His panic-stricken eyes found the form of his father's body. He was lying in the cage, gasping for breath, his face a never before seen white. When their eyes met, his father's eyes lit up with joyful gratitude. His father gently shook his head and his lips moved.

He had played the word guessing game many times with his father in the past. He immediately understood his meaning – "Do not come out...survive...live on..."

The young giant waited for a long time. Only when all the airships left did he stagger down from the mountain and flee into the darkness.

During the night, countless dim green eyes stared at the young giant with hunger and greed. But for some reason, they didn't throw themselves upon him.

The scene changed.

The young giant of that year had now grown up. His body was stronger than his father's and his hands could wrestle with the strongest monster beast on the mountain.

Finally, he left this great mountain where he had been hiding for 10,000 years. He crossed the mountains and rivers, looked towards where the sun was rising from, and started running in that direction.

Along the way, all sorts of formidable beings appeared. They tried to stop the giant from going forward but all of them were easily trampled by him.

Finally, the giant stood in front of a wondrous divine palace. It was noble and regal, towering above the white clouds up high, as if it were as high as the sun.

The giant reared back his head and roared. This was the first call of the ancients since 10,000 years ago. Strong winds were whipped into existence and the thick fog beneath the divine palace was blown away. What was revealed were numerous great sculptures beneath. They had looks of pain and agony. Their feet were submerged into the earth as they supported the divine palace with their hands. They lifted it to the same heights as the sun, the most dazzling place in existence.

Father...mother...village...Uncle Sang who liked to catch fish...as the giant looked at the familiar faces, his eyes began to redden. He let out a heart-wrenching cry. Then, his feet exploded with strength as he leapt up and crashed towards that regal and magnificent divine palace.

In the end, he was defeated.

A handprint descended from the divine palace. It struck him down from the skies, burying him into the earth. The giant's body smashed deep into the ground and started to collapse. With a loud roar, the giant broke into the darkness around him and left the world of the divine palace.

But he still wasn't able to escape being hunted down by the divine palace. From the sea of stars a sun shined bright, illuminating the heavens and earth.

Sunlight passed everywhere. There was no place for the giant to catch his breath. He could only flee continually. During this time, his body was constantly broken down and renewed, leaving him weaker and weaker.

Finally, the giant fled into an area covered by silver moonlight. The great sun faced off against the ice cold silver moon and in the end it chose to retreat.

The giant fell into slumber. When it awoke once more, it discovered that it had been enslaved and buried deep beneath the earth. The divine tool was constantly refining its will. Once it gave up its struggle, its final death would arrive and it would merge into a complete whole with it.

The scene changed again.

Qin Yu could clearly see the shocked and terrified Immortal and Demonic cultivators. In normal times they were incomparably formidable in the outside world, filled with overwhelming arrogance. But now, they were like low and humble ants as they cowered in a distant corner.

Across from them was a beautiful man with 12 pairs of wings extending from his back. He held a golden lance in hand. Each time he stabbed down, thunder was quickened and the chains in the heavens crashed against each other in a cacophony.

In another direction was a great ape carrying a black stone rod in its hand. Its thick black hair was almost soaked in blood. It was severely wounded but it felt no fear at all. Instead, it became even more cruel and ferocious. Its giant eyes were so red that they seemed to drip blood.

Bang –

The golden lance tore through space as it descended. Its terrifying aura seemed capable of piercing through the world. When the lance clashed with the giant's fists, large chunks of flesh and blood cracked and broke apart. But, the giant didn't seem to feel any pain at all. Shaking away the lance, the giant's fist smashed into the 24-winged man's body, slamming him away and sending him tumbling into the mist.

The great ape leapt up into the skies. It roared and grabbed the stone rod with both hands, maliciously pounding it down. The stone rod broke through the air, causing a creepy feeling to tingle in one's scalp.

The giant raised its injured arm, allowing the stone rod to fall down. The giant's body that stood on par with the heavens shivered for a brief moment before it released a bellowing roar.

Strength surged up its thighs and it fiercely waved its hand. The stone rod was swept away and the great ape's hands cracked open to reveal torn flesh, blood, and bone. Still, the great ape opened its mouth and laughed excitedly, "You silly big thing, you are still so strong. I like fighting with your type the most!"

After losing the stone rod, the great ape erupted with an even greater killing power. It laughed and rushed forward, engaging in a vicious melee with the giant. Their fists fell onto each other's chests, emitting a sound of tsunamis crashing upon the shores.

The 24-winged man appeared above their heads at some unknown time. Strange chanting syllables came from between his lips and the light from his 12 golden pairs of wings started to gather above his head, turning into blazing flames that condensed into a golden tome.

The winged man reached up and grasped the tome in his hands. Then, he began to chant in a loud thrumming tone, "In the name of the highest god, I pronounce your sins. Your flesh and blood will rot away, fusing into the earth. Your soul will decay, fading between the light of the stars. Your consciousness will perish, forever banished within the endless flow of time."

The giant's star-like eyes blanked and large discolored spots appeared on his flesh and blood. The thick stench of decay came from his body, as if he were a corpse rotting within the earth.

The giant ape leapt forwards and its sharp saber-like claws submerged into the giant's chest and drilled out from its back. A tattered and bruised heart was held in the great ape's hands. The heart was covered with wounds and was gushing out thick purple blood.

"Hou – !"

The giant's eyes brightened and it roared out loud. It didn't seem to be any weaker from losing its heart. The wound on its chest suddenly tightened, locking down onto the great ape's arm like a ravenous mouth.

Then, the giant grabbed onto the great ape and pulled hard. A horrifying sound followed as the great ape's arm was torn off!

The great ape screamed in pain. Its other hand grasped for the giant's eyes. The giant closed its eyes and smashed down with its head, directly breaking apart the great ape's remaining hand.

The great ape was thrown away like a massive stone. It crashed into the ground, blasting open a huge crater!

Without stopping, the giant reached down and pulled out the great ape's arm that was still in its chest. Then, it brandished this arm and used it to strike the golden-winged man.

Bang –

The golden-winged man was slapped away. But before he could fly too far away, he was chased after and grasped by the giant. Raising its lone arm, the giant slammed down into the ground. The winged man was thrust face-down into the earth.

"Ahh!"

The winged man screamed in pain. As if he had crashed into the 18th layer of hell, the 12 of his gorgeous wings on his right side were blown apart and were pulled out with its flesh and blood.

But this wasn't the end. The giant casually reached out a hand and grabbed onto the other half of the wings. Then, it repeated the cruel actions of before.

The winged man fiercely twitched but he didn't emit a single sound. It was unknown if he had died or if he had fallen unconscious from the pain.

Hualala –

A snow of golden wings appeared once more. But, this time there was much more snow than before, the same as the difference between a little flurry compared to a giant snowstorm. As the wings fluttered throughout all sides, the giant reared back its head and roared. Its terrifying voice resonated through the world, causing one's soul to tremble deep within them.

The Immortal and Demonic side cultivators were long since frightened by the terrifying eruption of battle. As they looked at the cruel giant who seemed comparable to demons and gods, all of their faces drained of blood.

Even the strong Grand Marshal and Fallen Wing felt weak and lowly. The terrifying strength exposed by the giant was enough to thoroughly trample over them.

Perhaps leaving this place was the most correct choice. With the protection of the giant, none of them could stop Qin Yu any longer. And if they stayed, there was a chance the giant would become hostile towards them. If that happened, they wouldn't even be able to flee.

The Grand Marshal and Fallen Wing both revealed looks of struggle in their eyes. With their status, when had they been placed in such an aggrieved position? Were they supposed to return empty-handed?

During this brief hesitation, another change occurred on the battlefield. The giant suddenly looked up and its star-like eyes rapidly started turning red.

Roar –

It emitted an even more vicious roar. It knelt down and stabbed its hand deep into the earth, raising a massive block of dirt and rock that it violently tossed into the skies.

Rumble rumble –

The giant chains that blocked out the skies seemed to come to life. They wrapped around the massive chunks of earth and crushed them to pieces.

Dirt sprinkled down, blocking out everyone's field of vision. The giant's thighs curved with magic power. The ground hollowed in and collapsed as it broke out from the dust cloud.

Bang –

Bang –

The terrifying sound was like two heaven supporting mountains crashing into each other. Then, an immense black shadow fell down from the dust, crashing into the ground.

It was the giant!

Lan Ruo cried out in alarm, her face full of shock. She simply couldn't imagine what sort of existence could actually face this giant that was more terrifying than gods and demons in a frontal collision and win.

Strong winds stirred up and the dust vanished in the blink of an eye. Lan Ruo's pupils shrank. What appeared in her line of sight was actually an unexpectedly ordinary seeming man.

He had a handsome appearance. His slender eyes were narrowed into the stare of a cold snake, causing one to feel fear in their hearts.

It was him. He was the one who had struck down the giant from midair.

As the ground rumbled and shook, the giant roared and stood back up. Its blood red eyes stared stubbornly at the man in the skies. Then, it maliciously reached back a hand and slapped the point between its eyebrows.

Flesh and blood disintegrated. Thick blood leaked down between its figures. A faintly illusory figure was pulled out from between its eyebrows.

#### **Chapter 604 – We Welcome Your Return**

This illusory figure was a reduced version of the giant itself!

“Ancient Burial!”

The giant roared out loud and clenched its five fingers tight. The phantom figure in its hand shattered and an incomparably terrifying aura gushed out with it.

Beneath the skies, the cold and gloomy man suddenly frowned, his eyes darkening. He lifted a finger and pointed down. Where his fingertip went, space suddenly collapsed.

A white bone finger thrust out from that shattered space, colliding with his fingertip. Without any peace, it was like a raging fire coming into close contact with a field of oil.

In that instant, a heaven-destroying strength was released. It swept through the world like a mighty current.

“This is bad!”

The Grand Marshal and Fallen Wing shouted out at the same time. Without any hesitation, they both used the strongest cards in their hands.

A brilliant clear light and a deep darkness respectively covered the Immortal and Demonic cultivators in the blink of an eye. But no matter how much strength the two used, space seemed frozen, completely unable to be opened.

They couldn’t escape!

“Ahh! Block it!” With loud roars, the Grand Marshal and Fallen Wing exploded with all their cultivation, wildly pouring their energies into their treasures. The bright lights and inky darkness rapidly surged.

In the next instant, that terrifying impact thoroughly submerged them!

Within the temple, as the phantom in the giant’s hands exploded, sparkling motes of light appeared from nothingness and drilled into Qin Yu’s body. Then these lights immediately appeared in his soul space.

Some sort of invisible will instantly sealed up the purple moon and Cosmic Seacross Bell. Then, like birds returning to the forest, the motes of light approached Qin Yu’s soul where they were absorbed by him like drops of water.

His soul instinctively trembled. Qin Yu’s consciousness instantly detected this. When his soul absorbed these lights, he understood everything.

This was the true inheritance of the ancients!

Piece by piece, little bits of memories were marked into his soul. An ancient rune slowly appeared between his eyebrows like a picture that was being revealed.

In the outside world, the giant lifted its hand and grasped between its eyebrows once more. It pulled out another phantom this time, this one even more condensed into reality than the first.

“Ancient Perishment!”

With a loud explosion the phantom burst open. In front of the cold and gloomy man, what drilled out from the shattered space in front of him was no longer a finger, but an entire bone arm!

Every bone was clear and translucent, like the most beautiful jade in the world. Its surface shimmered with light and one could faintly see countless runes flowing along its surface.

The cold and gloomy man had a dignified expression. He formed a fist and punched the bone arm. A shockwave swept out from behind him. Wherever it passed, the land would explode into tatters!

Light appeared in the temple once more. The light mark between the eyebrows of Qin Yu’s soul rapidly became clear. Some sort of ancient and distant aura exuded from his soul.

The giant was Qin Yu and Qin Yu was the giant. The two of them merged into one whole through the inheritance of the ancients. He could clearly sense what the giant was doing right now.

The will of the ancients existed in perpetuity and couldn’t be destroyed by the heavens and earth. As long as they weren’t willing to die, they would remain forever. But to maintain existence like this was an unimaginable pain for their spirit and will.

After suffering for so long and finally finding an inheritor for the path of the ancients, the giant embraced death on its own initiative. Of course, it wouldn’t end its life so easily.

It supported the heavens and earth from birth and wouldn’t fall even after death. This was not a simple mantra. Rather, it displayed a type of indomitable will. Even though it would die, it would gloriously and righteously send out a final roar towards this unfair world.

“Ancient Dao!”

The giant’s roars echoed through the world. It lifted its hand a third time and reached between its eyebrows.

This time, what it pulled out was no longer a phantom of its soul, but a faint rune.

The surface of the rune was covered with little cracks, just like the heart that the great ape had pulled out. It was dark and mottled and seemed as if it would break apart at any moment.

But the moment this rune appeared, it erupted with a torrential aura that drowned everything out. It seemed as if not even 10,000 tribulations could ever shake it.

The cold and gloomy man that arrived at Spectral Disaster spoke for the first time. “You would rather die than lower your head? If the ancient rune is destroyed you will forever fall into darkness. There will never be another chance for you!”

What he received in response was a roar from the giant. The rune in the giant's hands began to quietly collapse...it had already broken into pieces. The only reason it was able to maintain its shape until the present was because the giant was unwilling to die.

To the giant, death was not something to be afraid of. Rather, it was a form of freedom. The shattered space collapsed, rapidly spreading outwards.

The upper body of a white skeleton squeezed out of the shattered space. Its dark and hollow eye sockets stared tightly at the cold and gloomy man. It opened its mouth and called out in a silent howl.

Beneath the shaking layers of blue light and darkness, the Immortal and Demonic cultivators cried out in pain together. They felt as if someone were stabbing rusty iron needles into their heads.

Bang –

Bang –

Immortal Sect and Demonic Path cultivators began to explode into pieces of flesh and blood, their souls annihilated along with it. Perhaps they might be mighty and renowned powerhouses outside, but today they could only be accompanying burial objects with the Ancient Dao.

The Grand Marshal and Fallen Wing coughed out loud, blood spurting from every orifice on their heads. Fear flooded their eyes.

Just the colliding shock waves had the strength to destroy all of them. If they didn't join forces, none of them would be able to escape. Without saying much, the blue light and deep darkness overlapped on top of each other. Only by gathering the strength of both sides did the tearing pain on their souls reduce a little.

Glancing at each other, the Grand Marshal and Fallen Wing instantly came to a mutual agreement. They decided to join together to survive...and flee the Source of Disaster! They had to run away. No matter how great this good fortune was, no matter how interested or tempted they were, remaining here would only result in death!

Within the temple, countless cracks started to appear in the towering giant statue.

Its lips seemed to curve up in a smile. Then, the statue broke apart and vanished into thin air.

The inheritance had come to an end and the temple's mission had been successful. With a deep thunderous ring, the temple began to break apart.

Qin Yu's soul opened his eyes. The rune between his eyebrows became increasingly real. Then with a light trembling sound, it vanished.

The ancients had their extremes. One side died while the other side lived. The giant's ancient rune was destroyed, cut off from its connection to the heavens and earth. Only with this could Qin Yu's ancient rune be born. This was the constraints that the heavens and earth had placed upon the ancients' path.

The phantom of the giant that was reduced countless times over appeared within the soul space. Its eyes were quiet and flooded with endless weariness. It slowly opened its eyes and said, "My tribe's

future descendant, the ancient dao will continue with you. Hopefully, the ancient dao will not experience misfortune in the future and end in your hands.”

Qin Yu hesitated for a moment. He respectfully bowed and said, “Senior, I am sorry but I am not of the ancient race!” It was only because he cultivated the Demon Body that he was thus able to obtain the ancient demon supernatural arts. He was able to create a projection of the ancient demon in his mind and condense the body of the ancient demon in the outside world by gathering spiritual energy from the heavens and earth.

This was completely unrelated to the ancient race.

The giant was stunned. It immediately grinned and laughed, “This is the inheritance of my race so naturally it can only be inherited by someone that possesses the bloodline of my people. The bloodline of the ancient race flows in your body. That is the true ancient race!”

Before Qin Yu could say anything else, the phantom of the giant vanished like a bubble, popping with a light sound and disappearing. In the next moment, Qin Yu’s consciousness was flung out of his soul space. He could feel his rapidly sinking body and quickly stabilized himself.

He turned around to see the giant standing atop the earth, maintaining the posture of roaring at the heavens, its finger pointed towards the skies.

Even when it died...it hadn’t once bowed its head!

Kacha –

Kacha –

Small crackling sounds filled the air, like the surface of a lake freezing over. The mortal body left behind by the giant began to turn to stone, rapidly becoming a statue.

“Cough...” With a fierce cough, the cold and gloomy man stepped out from the shattered space. His face was pale and his body rippled from time to time, revealing transparent areas.

As his eyes fell on Qin Yu, he reached out a hand and grasped forward. “Newly born ancient, submit beneath my feet or die!”

This was clearly a projection. But even though it was near the edge of collapse, it still contained an unimaginable degree of might. Terrifying strength rose up like sticky mud, surging in from all directions to submerge Qin Yu.

“After so many years have passed, the first time we meet again you want to kill my master and make me fall into a world without sunlight again?”

A calm voice rose up. The terrifying strength that submerged Qin Yu paused for a moment before rapidly fading away.

The cold and gloomy man had an ice cold expression, “Who are you?”

Beneath the stone column, Undying turned around. Black robes fluttered in the wind around him. His lips were curved up in a difficult smile.



“I haven’t had a face for many years. Now that I’ve found it again, my appearance shouldn’t have changed much...but as for you, where did you find that skin? How ridiculous.”

The cold and gloomy man stiffened. He shouted, “You are already dead!”

Undying’s voice was light, “To most living beings, death is the ultimate ending. But, there are always exceptions, and I am one of them.”

He reached back a hand and placed it on the stone column. Its mottled surface completely fell open and a blinding golden light erupted, as if a great sun had arrived!

Rumble rumble

The entire world within Spectral Disaster seemed to come alive. Dark golden beams of light started to shoot up into the heavens from all around.

There were a total of 107!

They wove together. The thick chains that blocked out the skies began to ignite like withered leaves, soon burnt to ashes.

The earth shook and 12 mountain peaks rose up from the ground. Their surfaces broke apart to reveal the metal giants hidden beneath their peaks. These were the products of refining, masterpieces of forge and flame. But right now, terrifying soul fires flickered in their eyes.

Formidable thought fluctuations immediately transmitted outwards. “We welcome your return, master!”

### **Chapter 605 – Goodbye, For Now**

The reason that extremely powerful magic tools were given the crown title of ‘divine’ was because they possessed strength capable of contending with divine beings.

The source of Spectral Disaster’s strength lay in these 12 metal puppets. Their strength was bound by contracts and only the family bloodline that inherited this divine tool was able to obtain their true approval.

Undying’s voice was filled with dignity. “Now, it’s time for you to accept reality...you, who I once cared for the most!”

The cold and gloomy man turned and left without saying a word. His projection shattered and vanished from the world inside Spectral Disaster.

Undying’s eyes revealed a complex color for a brief moment before he immediately composed himself. “There is no point in avoiding me. Sooner or later the grievances between you and me will be settled.”

Then, he turned and rubbed his chin. He glanced at Qin Yu and smiled, “Do my handsome looks and elegant demeanor open your eyes?”

Qin Yu gave a thumbs up. “You are indeed much more handsome than I imagined...Undying, congratulations!”

Undying bowed. "I thank master for everything you did for me today." He pursed his lips together and looked at the 12 metal puppets. "Retrieving the divine tool that my family lost only makes up for a little bit of the mistake I made in the past. I really was a fool back then!"

Qin Yu was silent for a moment. "What's passed has passed. Look towards the future."

Undying let out a deep breath. "That's right. I have retrieved my memories but that doesn't mean I should dwell within them. I can't undo the mistakes from the past, but I had to do something about them."

He shook his head and no longer spoke about this. He glanced at the Immortal Sect and Demonic Path cultivators, his expression faint, "Master, how do you want to deal with these people?"

The Grand Marshal and Fallen Wing both stiffened, their complexions extremely ugly. But, they couldn't make any sounds. With their status, when did they ever imagine that they would become pieces of meat on the block, their lives held in the hands of others?

The Ancient Dao's 'burial accompaniment' impact had caused the Immortal and Demonic cultivators to suffer severe casualties. Now, added together, only a total of 13 people had survived.

All of them had weak and wounded auras. Looking at the 12 horrifying metal puppets, none of them doubted that they would die with a single nod from Qin Yu.

And the reality was that not too long ago, the Immortal and Demonic sides had plotted to borrow the hand of the specters to kill Qin Yu. Since had managed to quietly withdraw from the battlefield, he must have sensed this.

To repay evil with good, to return harm with kindness...perhaps this sort of thing really did exist, but it would never occur between powerhouses. If someone had such a benevolent nature they never would have been able to stand out amongst all those living and have their current achievements.

Fallen Wing roared, "If I perish, the Demonic Path will know immediately! They will never give up on this!" Threats like this were preliminary and basic, but in the current situation it was the only possible path to survival he had left.

Undying's eyes flashed with a cold light. A metal puppet suddenly lifted a hand and a wild strength instantly erupted.

Bang –

Fallen Wing was sent flying away. As he tumbled about, the darkness around him shattered and scattered. His arms broke and blood spurted from his nose and mouth.

The remaining Demonic Path cultivators to his side fled in a panic. Shan Wugu was about to move, when a calm voice echoed in his ear, "Catch him!"

In the blink of an eye, Shan Wugu's thoughts raced and turned. He roared out, erupting with billowing slaughter energy that turned into a net which wrapped behind Fallen Wing.

Unsurprisingly, the net of slaughter energy slowed down the impact for only a moment before it trembled and collapsed. Shan Wugu went tumbling backwards along with Fallen Wing.

Undying coldly sneered. "I didn't think there would be someone unafraid of death. Then, let me help you along."

The metal puppet lifted its hand once more, its shadow covering Shan Wugu. Shan Wugu's face was deathly pale and he clenched his teeth.

"Stop." Qin Yu suddenly said.

The metal puppet stood still, unmoving. Undying tilted his head, a puzzled look in his eyes.

Qin Yu shook his head, indicating that he wasn't going to give an explanation right now. He looked at the Immortal Sect side and asked, "Your teacher is Shen Yuanyin?"

Lan Ruo was pale white. Even though there had been female cultivators of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace who had preserved her life at the expense of their own, she had still suffered severe injuries.

She was startled for a moment by this question. Then she nodded, "That's right."

Qin Yu's eyes wavered a little. He lightly said, "When you return, tell your honorable master that an old friend will soon be coming to visit. I hope she will abide by the promise she made in the past."

Lan Ruo was stunned. This meant that he was going to let them go?

The Grand Marshal quickly said, "Fellow daoist, Lan Ruo will definitely deliver your words." Now wasn't the time to hesitate. No matter what the reason was, they were lucky to be able to leave alive.

Qin Yu nodded. He coldly glanced at the Dark Night Demon Region cultivators and said, "The lot of you can also leave."

Fallen Wing's tense body relaxed a little. He looked at Shan Wugu and said, "Help me up."

Shan Wugu was silent. He supported Fallen Wing's arm and the two of them shakily stood up.

Beside them, the other Dark Night Demon Region cultivators weren't yet able to rejoice before they suddenly stiffened.

Undying curled his lips. "How meaningless."

But he didn't refuse. He waved his hand and the 12 golden puppets rumbled as they sank back into the earth.

Qin Yu lightly said, "Undying, send them away."

Just as his voice fell, excited cries came from the far off distance. Billowing voices broke into the skies as a formidable aura swept out like a tide, capable of grinding down everything!

Rumble rumble –

Between the heavens and earth, endless spectral strength gathered. From afar it first seemed like a faint black line. Quickly, it grew larger and larger until it occupied the entire horizon like a true heaven-shaking wave!

Walking at the head of the wave was a middle-aged man. His stance was regal and spirited and his steps were filled with supreme arrogance. He looked down from up high as if he were a god looking down at the world from a divine palace, staring at all the ants below him.

In particular, when he looked at Qin Yu, his eyes brightened and he revealed a cold and callous look. "You, we meet again!" His deep voice seemed to rumble through the world like thunder!

This aura...

Qin Yu narrowed his eyes. "Heavenseek Old Demon?"

The middle-aged man laughed. "Ignorant junior, Heavenseek was only a wisp of my soul. But, you almost ruined my chances of reviving. This crime cannot be forgiven!" His laughter came to a stop and his eyes filled with coldness. "Tell me junior, how do you want to die?"

After awakening his main body and feeling the formidable power surging in it, his confidence had reached the peak. With his current strength, as long as he escaped this prison then it wouldn't be difficult to dominate this world!

Immortal Sect? Demonic Path? So what! He also had the qualifications to establish a legacy that would last for 10,000 generations!

Qin Yu remained silent.

Heavenseek Old Demon frowned and his face darkened. He sensed that something wasn't right with the atmosphere. The Immortal and Demonic cultivators all had strange expressions as they looked at him. Heavenseek Old Demon lifted his hand and pressed forwards. Spectral aura wildly gathered, turning into a white bone spear that howled towards Qin Yu's head.

If he wanted to kill someone, he would kill someone. Who cared what sort of strange schemes that person was plotting. The disparity of absolute strength was enough to render all tricks useless.

Qin Yu didn't even bat an eyelash. As he looked at the bone spear coming at him, he didn't react in the least. When the bone spear arrived ten feet away from him, it dissolved into spectral aura on its own initiative and split into two, shooting past him on both sides. It simply didn't dare to offend him in the least.

Heavenseek Old Demon's eyes widened and disbelief flooded his face. "How is this possible!?" In that brief moment before, he had lost control of the bone spear. Or to be more exact, the bone spear had 'rebelled' and deliberately severed its connection to him.

This was simply unimaginable!

Undying coldly sneered. "I was originally curious why you didn't appear when there was such a great commotion before, but now it seems that you wanted to give me an even greater surprise. It seems that I really must thank you."

Heavenseek Old Demon trembled and endless fear surged out from the depths of his heart. He felt as if he were facing a king that controlled his life and death.

“You...who are you?” This feeling was too terrifying, so terrifying that it drowned out his every thought. He couldn’t help but roar in fear.

Every expression disappeared from Undying’s face. He coldly said, “You will soon find out who I am.” He lifted a hand and grasped forward. Heavenseek Old Demon directly exploded into a mass of tumbling black gas.

“Ahh! Who are you!? Who are you!?” Heavenseek Old Demon’s panic-stricken screams came from the black gas.

Undying simply didn’t bother to respond. He reached out and tore hard with his hands. With a pitiful scream, the black gas was divided into two. Half of it rapidly shrank and collapsed in on itself, condensing into a black bead.

The remaining half fled, reforming into Heavenseek Old Demon’s figure. His face was deathly pale and filled with fear.

Whoosh –

He turned and fled without hesitation.

Undying lightly said, “If I don’t let you go, there is nowhere you can run to.”

Shua –

Space reversed. The fleeing Heavenseek Old Demon came to a pause. His eyes went as wide as full moons and he started to shiver.

“You...you are...this world’s master...” He roared in pain, “That’s impossible, this is clearly an ownerless item!”

Undying’s lips curled up. “You know very much. I’ve taken a sudden interest in you.”

Heavenseek Old Demon’s complexion paled, “Don’t kill me!” If he had the courage to face death, he wouldn’t take the initiative to enter Spectral Disaster even knowing that there was something wrong inside while leaving a piece of his soul outside to wait for an opportunity.

Undying’s smile turned blinding. “You have merged into one whole with the divine tool, so how can I bear to kill you? In the future we will have the chance to get to know each other better.”

Bang –

The ground blew open. Decayed arms reached up, all of them exuding a gut-wrenching stench. They grabbed onto the struggling Heavenseek Old Demon and pulled him underground.

Undying turned and coldly said, “Alright, this play has finally come to an end. It’s time for you all to leave.”

Bang –

Space suddenly collapsed. Then, like a giant mouth, it swallowed up the Immortal and Demonic cultivators before restoring itself to how it was.

The world fell quiet once more. All that was left was Undying and Qin Yu.

Qin Yu suddenly said, "If you're tired then you don't need to keep up the act."

Undying fell on his butt and started to breathe in great heaving gasps. Sweat immediately soaked his robes. He looked up and raised a thumb, "Master has great eyesight!"

Qin Yu's eyes flashed. "It's not good eyesight, but that I understand your personality. If you had sufficient strength you would never have allowed that person to leave so easily."

Undying smiled. "It was only a projection that was almost destroyed by that ancient. Even if it was destroyed, that person wouldn't have been harmed." A strange light flashed in the depths of his eyes. Was this really all there was to it? Perhaps he was only using this as an excuse to comfort himself.

He shook his head and laughed at himself.

Qin Yu sat down. "It's only now that I can finally rest assured that you won't suddenly attack me and turn my head into your stool."

Undying grinned, "No worries, no worries, don't look at how I'm streaming with sweat right now. In truth I don't have a genuine body. I'm just drawing support from Spectral Disaster's strength to maintain a form here." He took a deep breath and earnestly said, "So master, you must be extra careful to survive right now and to not die. Think twice before you do anything. I don't want to be dragged down with you."

Qin Yu smiled. "You should know that once I return to the Land of Divinity and Demons I will become the next Holy Monarch of the Demonic Path. If I'm a little cautious, no one can touch me. But as for you...you are the one that needs to be careful. Think three times before you do anything and don't be impulsive."

Undying revealed a surprised look. "Has master guessed correctly?"

Qin Yu said, "Since you have become the master of Spectral Disaster, the world I am in will absolutely not allow you to stay here any longer."

If it weren't for that, how could he have easily let off the cultivators from the Immortal Sect and Dark Night Demon Region?

With Undying controlling Spectra Disaster, Qin Yu right now was at his most formidable state. But what a pity, Undying was doomed to stay in Spectral Disaster and Qin Yu wouldn't be able to draw upon his support in the future.

Undying nodded, "Although that's not entirely correct, it's about right. I will need to leave, master."

Qin Yu patted Undying's shoulder. "Do well out there. If I leave this world one day, I'll come and find you."

Undying laughed. "Don't worry. When that day comes, I will be sure to give master a great surprise!" He held up a black bead in his hand. "I have sealed away a part of Spectral Disaster's aura here. If you are in a time of crisis, crush this bead to summon a phantom of it. With the level of this world's strength, it should be able to protect master well."

Qin Yu's eyes widened. "Thank you!"

Undying slapped his butt and stood up. "Let me say it again. Master, your safety is closely linked to my own wellbeing. You must take care of yourself." After a moment he said in a deep voice, "The bloodline of the ancients is favored by the heavens and earth but it is also because of this reason that they experience so much tribulation. If possible, you shouldn't expose your identity as an ancient in front of anyone. If you have no other choice...anyone that finds out must die, otherwise there will be no end to your troubles in the future!"

Qin Yu suddenly recalled what he had seen when he experienced the world through the eyes of the giant: the massive divine palace that shared glory with the great sun and the pained giant statues that appeared when the fog was blown away.

Originally he had no idea what this meant. But when the giant died and became a stone statue, that was sufficient explanation.

Taking a deep breath, Qin Yu said, "I will remember this!"

He turned and looked towards the giant that had become a stone statue. "Senior, I have no idea why I would have the status of an ancient. But since I have obtained your inheritance, I will not bring disgrace to the name of the ancients...to support the heavens and earth from birth and not fall over after death...I cannot guarantee that I can achieve this, but I will try my best."

He cupped his hands together and bowed deeply. Qin Yu stood up and calmly said, "Undying, send me out of here...moreover, remember to keep that fellow here."

Undying smiled. "Master, I look forward to seeing you again."

Hum –

A ripple appeared, like the surface of a lake with a calm breeze blowing over it. Qin Yu's form was submerged within and then he vanished.

### **Chapter 606A – He Returned**

Severed Spirit Mountain, mountain valley.

Space trembled and then shattered like the surface of a mirror. A bronze door emerged from nothingness and quietly opened. Two figures leapt out. One of them seemed to have just woken up. It wildly flapped its wings about in a flustered panic. It was unknown what it had done but orange flames ignited around its body.

Bang –

A low thump was accompanied by a pitiful cry. The flames suddenly vanished to reveal Qin Yu's face that had been singed black. His complexion was extremely ugly.

In the next moment, there was a series of happily surprised screams. "Ah! I'm not dreaming! Ah! Someone tell me if I am dreaming! Ah! My most beloved master, heaven must have sent you to save me! Ah..."

Bang –

Green flames erupted. Luckily, Qin Yu was prepared this time. A barrier of deep blue water appeared around him. Then, with a kick, he sent the source flying far away!

The world suddenly fell silent.

Qin Yu rubbed his forehead. He looked up and saw the bronze door as it began to vanish. Vaguely, he could feel the earth below his feet send out some sort of excited cheer. The spiritual fluctuations within the heavens and earth become a little more lively.

Undying had taken Spectral Disaster and left.

It was the arrival of Spectral Disaster in this world that had caused the land of exile to decline. Now that it was gone, then perhaps millions of years or even tens of millions of years later, this place would become a holy land of cultivation once more.

Qin Yu shook his head, putting these thoughts to the side. There was no need to ponder over these things that were so far into the future. He looked at the chicken overlord who was lying unconscious on the ground and a strange expression came over his face.

This fellow's current image...to use the term 'shining like pearls and gold' would be appropriate.

The gorgeous and exquisite feathers shined with seven-colored halos of light beneath the sun, flowing all around it. It was like it was telling the world – hey, my entire body is a treasure!

The aura of the divine stone was incomparably thick. The strength had merged into one whole with the chicken overlord, but because there was too much excess strength that couldn't be absorbed in such a short period of time, flames were constantly emitted.

Even if this was accidentally released flames, the power of those flames was astonishing. Qin Yu had already personally experienced it just now. With the potency of the Demon Body, even if he leapt into tumbling lava he still wouldn't be injured. As for a singed black face? How ridiculous!

Qin Yu face-palmed. It wasn't that he didn't know what friendship and loyalty was, but that he really couldn't figure it out. Just why did the divine stone choose this fellow?

Speaking of the unconscious chicken overlord, Qin Yu gave it another kick for good measure. Seven-colored divine lights automatically flowed around it. Although it wasn't injured, it fell into an even deeper sleep.

Nodding with satisfaction, Qin Yu casually tossed it in front of the wooden cabin and then walked in. His thoughts stirred. With a thought, countless trees began to grow within the valley. In several breaths of time they turned into a verdant forest that covered the several wood cabins within.

After all of this was finished, Qin Yu no longer hesitated. He closed his eyes and focused on sensing the changes to his soul.

The ancient rune appeared between the eyebrows of his soul. It was boundless, old, and filled with the aura of grief. As it appeared, so did the passed down inheritances of the ancients.



Within the wooden cabin, a golden mote of light appeared between Qin Yu's eyebrows. It was like a seed that had taken root and was beginning to germinate after having found suitable soil.

Golden lines stretched out like branches. Starting from the point between his eyebrows they began to spread out until they covered his face. The upper part rose into his hairline and the lower part descended into his robes.

At some unknown time, in the skies above Severed Spirit Mountain, a mass of white clouds appeared. They wriggled and started to quietly grow outwards. If one looked carefully, they would think that their shape was like an eye that gradually opened.

Without moving, it stared at Severed Spirit Mountain. It was like a hunter that had finally found its favorite prey.

Without warning, the space above Qin Yu's head collapsed. Pitch black nothingness appeared along with the phantom of a great sun. The invisible aura that Qin Yu released was shielded along with it.

Above Severed Spirit Mountain, the slowly growing clouds fiercely separated. A golden vertical eye appeared. It swept back and forth across the earth, but after finding no harvests the pupil slowly contracted as if it were deep in thought.

At this time, the golden vertical eye slowly closed and the clouds vanished like fading shadows.

...

Land of Divinity and Demons, Great Chu, Northern Capital.

The territory of the Chu Empire was vast and sprawling. In order to efficiently facilitate management of its land, the Chu Empire had a system of naming various kings and lords of different areas so that they could keep a watch over their respective regions. The North Capital was the capital of the northern king. With this city as the core, the Chu Empire had gathered a large army. They were used to suppress the rebellious natives that lurked in the northern mountains.

Perhaps because it had been influenced by the military atmosphere, the architectural style in the Northern Capital was cold and filled with edges that revealed an overwhelming momentum.

Currently, it was night and the massive city looked like a beast that was crouched down, polishing its claws and teeth in the darkness.

But there was a place within the Northern Capital that gave off a completely different feeling. It was built on the edge of a vast blue stone square and the construction was completely pure white without a single flaw.

Not counting the illuminating array formations that were spread out through the entire square, even though it was in the dark of night, many people still streamed through the square.

To cultivate inside this place was far too luxurious for most cultivators. But even if they couldn't enter, standing some distance away in the square was still something to brag about to friends and family.

This place was the Dao Arena. It was said to have a cultivation environment that was no worse than the various Holy Lands'. Its background was wrapped in mystery and even the great empires needed to maintain sufficient respect towards it.

The gates of the Dao Arena occasionally opened. Some people entered and some people left, but without exception all of them had their chins held high and their chests puffed out. To be able to enter the Dao Arena was something to be arrogant about, because this itself was proof of their status.

In the square, there were some beautiful well-dressed women. They would move around as they obtained news, trying to climb up the great social tree like vines. It wasn't difficult to live in itself, so there was nothing to criticize about their choices.

At this time, an inconspicuous black-robed figure walked down from the end of the long street, headed straight towards the Dao Arena. Even though simple black robes concealed his body, this person seemed to possess an invisible strength that attracted everyone's attention.

His tall and straight waist was like a proud ancient tree. Every step he took was calm and evenly placed. Although he wasn't walking quickly, his presence was like a mountain to everyone watching, slowly growing larger and larger until he flooded their world.

"Ahh!" A cultivator shouted out loud. Unable to withstand the pressure on his mind he slumped to the floor, his deathly pale face streaming with sweat.

The black-robed figure stepped into the blue stone square. As soon as he took the first step, a loud bell rang from deep within the Dao Arena.

The pure white Dao Arena began to shine all over. A mild and glorious halo of light flowed throughout the square like running water, quickly reaching towards the black-robed figure.

A long carpet of light appeared, running throughout the entire square. The black-robed figure was illuminated by this light, it surrounded him like a circle of gold, so dazzlingly beautiful that it was difficult to look straight at.

Rumble rumble –

The entrance to the Dao Arena slowly opened. A group of Dao Arena cultivators walked out, awe on each of their faces.

Seeing the person standing in the front of the group, the people in the square shouted out in surprise. "Lord Arena Steward!" Everyone was shaken. When they looked at the black-robed figure, there was even more awe in their eyes.

Just who was this?

The Northern Capital Dao Arena's Arena Steward cupped his hands together and bowed deeply, "Northern Capital Dao Arena's Yuan Shi greets senior. I was unaware of senior's arrival, so if there was any disrespect shown I ask senior to forgive me."

These words were like a stroke of thunder, blowing up everyone's minds and leaving them in a daze. To become an Arena Steward, a person had to be an absolute peak powerhouse. Even if they weren't a

Calamity Immortal they still had to be at the extreme limits of the Blue Sea realm, just a step away from passing the dragon gate.

And for Yuan Shi to be so respectful, that meant this black-robed figure was undoubtedly a genuine Calamity Immortal cultivator, a divine dragon that flew in the highest heavens!

Within the square, countless cultivators fell to their knees and bowed, "We greet the honorable Calamity Immortal almighty being!" All of their faces were filled with excitement.

There were countless cultivators in the world. But, those that could cross the dragon gate and become Calamity Immortals that looked down at them all from above, were all peak existences. Even when facing the emperor of a nation they could greet each other as equals. To common cultivators, such a character was someone they might never see in their entire lives, so it was no wonder that these people went wild with joy.

Calamity Immortal...this was a living legend...a goal that all cultivators in society yearned for!

The black-robed figure spoke up. His voice was light, "Arrange a quiet room for me."

Yuan Shi turned and gestured his hand, "Senior, please follow me."

Rumble rumble –

The main doors to the Dao Arena slowly closed, isolating the frantic stares outside. But, this didn't extinguish the burning heat in their hearts.

An unknown Calamity Immortal powerhouse had arrived at the Dao Arena. This news spread out at an amazing speed, even alarming the Northern Capital Palace.

Calamity Immortal powerhouses stood at the pinnacle of the world and every movement and action they took attracted attention. For an unrecorded Calamity Immortal powerhouse to suddenly appear in the Northern Capital, they had no choice but to be wary.

Yuan Shi personally opened up the Northern Capital Dao Arena's top training room. He turned and respectfully bowed, "Senior, if you have need of anything please feel free to notify us at any time. To be able to serve senior is our greatest honor."

The greatest reason he was so respectful was naturally because of this person's cultivation. But, there was also another reason.

The Dao Arena in itself was a refined treasure. It could sense and remember auras. This Calamity Immortal cultivation was actually someone not recorded in the history of the Dao Arena.

This was simply unimaginable!

The Dao Arena's information network couldn't be considered peerless beneath the heavens, but when it came to collecting information on powerhouses they were no weaker than any other influence.

Then, this black-robed senior had never appeared in the world before, or...he was a newly crowned Calamity Immortal! The latter possibility was much greater than the former, so Yuan Shi definitely had

to be more respectful...perhaps there might be a chance of this person becoming an Exalted One of their Dao Arena.

The Dao Arena was spread throughout the world and was located in the various large cities. It wasn't just the master that supported them. The Exalted Ones that joined the Dao Arena were also a strength that could not be underestimated!

The black-robed figure came to a stop. He turned and said, "Pass on a message to the Dao Arena Master to me. Tell him that an old friend from Four Seasons City has come to visit and please request for him to meet me."

Yuan Shi was stunned. He hurriedly said, "Senior, please wait a moment, this junior will immediately pass on the message for you." As soon as he left he didn't dare to delay any further. He took out the highest rank communication jade he had, entered the information, and then broke it.

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### **Chapter 606B – He Returned**

Although a great sun blazed overhead, there wasn't a burning feeling at all. Warm sunlight sprinkled down along a mountainside courtyard. Solitary Westgate reclined back in a chair, gently looking at a beautiful middle-aged woman as she wiped the sweat from a little child.

Although his expression seemed comfortable, there was always a light, unconscious uneasiness in his features. Yun Niang and Anning's conditions were worsening. The rejection of the world was intensifying; there wasn't much time left for him.

Suddenly, Solitary Westgate furrowed his eyebrows. He lifted his hand and the phantom of a jade slip appeared. He probed it with a finger and his eyes brightened. When he stood up, winds and clouds began to surge and the skies started to darken.

But the beautiful woman and child in the courtyard didn't seem to sense this. The child saw his father standing up and ran over, shouting, "Daddy, come play with me!"

Solitary Westgate instantly paled. He hugged the child to his chest and said, "Anning, be good and play with your mother. Daddy needs to go out for a moment."

Anning bit his lips. He said in a quiet voice, "I want to go together with daddy..."

Solitary Westgate was startled. There was a flash of pain in his eyes. "Right now isn't good. But I promise you that I will bring you out to play in the future."

Anning shouted, "Why isn't it good! Daddy said many times that you would bring me out to play, but you never keep your promise!"

Yun Niang quickly came over and picked up the child, hugging him to her chest. "Young man, you must be obedient. Your father has his reasons for not letting you out." She looked up, her eyes gentle. "Go, don't worry about the family. He will complain for a while but he'll be fine soon."

Solitary Westgate smiled and nodded. When he turned around he nearly cried. Then, with a step, he shot into the skies.

...

Northern Capital Dao Arena.

Yuan Shi was currently receiving a cultivator sent over by the Northern Capital King. "This senior is an old friend of my master. He came here for a private reason. Please pass on a message to the king explaining that there is no need to worry about this."

Sitting in a spacious chair across from him, a scholarly-looking man smiled. "That's good then. The natives in the mountains have become restless again. The king is busy right now so he cannot personally come to pay a visit, so please pass on this explanation on his behalf."

Yuan Shi smiled and nodded. At this time his complexion suddenly changed and a look of excitement crossed his face. He stood up and said, "I have urgent matters to attend to so I won't be accompanying you any longer."

The palace cultivator stood up and bid his farewells.

Yuan Shi left the greeting room and headed straight into a restricted zone in the back of the Dao Arena. When a person's back appeared in his line of sight his face flushed red and he fell to his knees, "I greet master!"

Solitary Westgate turned and said, "Yuan Shi, bring me to see him."

Yuan Shi took a deep breath, "Master, please follow me." He stood up and started to lead the way. It hadn't been long since he sent out the message and his master had already arrived. From this it could be seen how much Solitary Westgate valued this guest.

Soon, they arrived at the training room.

Yuan Shi walked forward and knocked on the door. After several breaths of time, the training room opened from within and a black-robed figure appeared.

Solitary Westgate furrowed his eyebrows. "Who are you?" His complexion was ugly and his eyes were dreary. This person wasn't the one he wished to see.

Yuan Shi paled. His lips moved but he didn't know what to say. How could a solemn Calamity Immortal do something that was so disgraceful!

But, his master really didn't seem to know this senior...

The black-robed figure was silent for a moment. He cupped his hands together and said, "Senior Westgate, due to some reasons my aura has changed a little. And due to other events I concealed my appearance. I ask senior to be broad-minded about this."

Solitary Westgate's eyes brightened. This voice wasn't wrong. He turned and said, "Withdraw and order no one to disturb us!"

Stepping through the door, he flicked his sleeves and closed the training room. A boundless aura instantly erupted, sealing it away from the outside.

"Qin Yu?" Solitary Westgate knit his eyebrows together.

With a thought, Qin Yu's black robes vanished. He cupped his hands and said, "Greetings, Senior Westgate!"

This person in front of him was absolutely one of the strongest few people in the Land of Divinity and Demons. Even though he stood right in front of Qin Yu he still gave off a profound and limitless feeling, like a sea of stars.

Solitary Westgate's expression didn't change. "I've never seen someone whose soul aura has changed. If you cannot give me sufficient evidence to believe you then don't blame me for being ruthless!"

Qin Yu smiled and undid a part of the imprisonment that the little blue lamp had placed on him. As someone listed on the Ancient Perishment Decree, he instantly formed a connection with the Dao Arena.

Solitary Westgate's eyes flashed. "That's enough." He looked Qin Yu over several times, "You probably don't want to tell me how you managed to change your soul aura, so I won't ask."

As he spoke, his lips curled up in a smile. It was clear he was in a very good mood. And in truth, Solitary Westgate was nearly choked on his own emotions. If it weren't for his strong restraint he would have shouted out loud.

After bitterly waiting for all these years, reality proved that his calculations were correct. There really was someone in this world who could help him revive his beloved wife and child.

Qin Yu's current cultivation was proof of that!

From the events of Four Seasons City until now, only several dozen years had passed. To someone like Solitary Westgate who stood above life and death, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that this span of time was no different from the snap of his fingers.

But Qin Yu had actually become a Calamity Immortal during this time period. And, there was a mysterious aura hidden in his body that even he didn't fully understand.

Faintly, Solitary Westgate could feel an intense threat from this aura!

Only the person he deduced through his calculations could grow with such speed. Thus, Solitary Westgate was ecstatic with joy.

Qin Yu smiled. "At Four Seasons City in the past, it was thanks to Senior Westgate's protection that I survived. I have always remembered that great graciousness."

The Dao Arena Master waved his hand, "You are already a Calamity Immortal so it's fine if you speak to me as an equal." He furrowed his eyebrows together, "Qin Yu, is the reason you came to see me today related to the Immortal Sect?"

In the past, Qin Yu had spoken to him about matters of Ning Ling and the Immortal Sect. Now that Qin Yu had become a Calamity Immortal, he should be at his most brave and high-spirited.

To repay grace with gratitude and grievances with revenge...this was all natural!

Qin Yu cupped his hands together and said, "That is the exact reason. Soon, I will go and pay a visit to the Immortal Sect. I hope that...fellow daoist...Westgate, can help me in secret."

The Dao Arena Master frowned. "Allow me to be honest. Even if you have become a Calamity Immortal, it will still be difficult to shake the Immortal Sect. I urge you to reconsider this."

This was a fact.

Calamity Immortals stood upon the peak of the world and were considered the highest level for cultivators. They were existences that stood above the highest heavens.

But the Immortal Sect had no lack of powerhouses.

Killing a Calamity Immortal was difficult. But if everyone was on the same level, then three attackers would have a small chance. Five attackers would have a more than 60% chance. As for ten Calamity Immortals of the same level attacking one other, that person would surely die without a doubt!

The Immortal Sect looked down upon the world and their background was unfathomably deep. Although he had no idea how many Calamity Immortals they possessed, it wouldn't be difficult to collect ten of them.

Once Qin Yu revealed himself to the eyes of the Immortal Sect, then with their usual style of conduct, they would surely try to kill him to avoid future troubles!

Qin Yu had a calm expression. "Fellow daoist Westgate need not worry about this. I will openly and honestly visit the Immortal Sect, so how could they do anything to me?" His eyes brightened and he lifted his head, "Because before going to the Immortal Sect, I plan on becoming the master of the Demonic Path's Holy Palace."

Solitary Westgate's eyes brightened like stars. He stared deeply at Qin Yu and another image appeared in his mind. If it weren't for Qin Yu telling him about this then he never would have thought about it.

When he put these two images together, although the faces were different, certain facial lines were the exact same.

"Demonic Path Holy Palace's Holy Son, Yao Bin?"

Qin Yu nodded. "That was my alias." His thoughts stirred and his appearance changed, restored to his earliest looks. "Fellow daoist Westgate once reminded me to abandon my identity to ensure my safety. And in the Land of Divinity and Demons, only the Demonic Path can stand against the Immortal Sect."

Solitary Westgate nodded. "Good, I agree!"

Qin Yu revealed a surprised look. "Fellow daoist Westgate isn't afraid of provoking trouble?" He had prepared attractive conditions, but he hadn't even been able to propose them.

Solitary Westgate lightly said, "I am not willing to provoke the Immortal Sect, but on the other hand, they likely won't tear apart all consideration of face against me." His expression was calm and full of confidence. "Qin Yu, I won't hide the truth from you. I have a matter that I will need your help with in the future. The reason I rescued you in the past is also because of this reason. Please consider me helping you this time as a reward for helping me in advance."

Qin Yu was actually more relaxed. He never did figure out why he received help in the past; in this world, there were no gains without reason. Solitary Westgate's words dispelled the restlessness in his heart.

"Fellow daoist Westgate, please feel free to say it."

Solitary Westgate shook his head. "It isn't the time right now. When the time comes, I will tell you. Qin Yu, rest assured about this. Before I begin I will explain everything in detail to you. Although there might be some risks related to this, it will also be a great lucky chance for you!"

Qin Yu nodded, "Good, then I agree!"

Solitary Westgate laughed. He felt as if a 10,000 jin weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He let out a long sigh of relief and said, "Qin Yu, when the Immortal Sect provoked you in the past they would never have imagined that just dozens of years later you would succeed the throne of the Holy Palace and become one of the leaders of the Demonic Path. Haha, I'm already starting to anticipate the expressions of those in the Immortal Sect when you visit them."

Qin Yu slowly said, "I am also looking forward to it."

Inviting Solitary Westgate was a decision that Qin Yu had made after long consideration. With this extra layer of protection, he could visit the Immortal Sect with relative peace of mind.

Undying had left, leaving behind the chance for him to summon the projection of Spectral Disaster. But, this could only be used once, in the most critical of moments.

Because that was a terrifying strength that could shake the entire world. Whether it was in killing someone or preserving his own life, it could change the entire flow of the situation!

### **Chapter 607A – Give Me A Confession**

Qin Yu didn't stay in the Northern Capital for much longer. After making arrangements with the Dao Arena Master, he quietly left. Solitary Westgate didn't have any interest in speaking to Yuan Shi who was standing guard outside. He directly used his supernatural arts and pierced through space, returning to his mountainside courtyard.

When he pushed open the door and walked in, the moon and stars were shining bright outside. He stood in front of the bed and watched the sleeping mother and child. An excited look filled his eyes.

"Yun Niang, Anning, I have finally confirmed that I have found that person, and he has also agreed to help. It won't be too long before you two can truly live."

He lowered his head and gently kissed the foreheads of his wife and child. Then, he pushed open the door and walked out. A strange three-legged bird was standing outside. When it saw him it laughed and said, "Westgate, congratulations!"

Although it had urged him to give up before, it didn't want him to waste away his golden years like this. It knew how much Solitary Westgate loved his wife and child and also knew that if they were revived, his dao heart would reach perfection.

Solitary Westgate nodded. "Mooncrow, in a while, you will need to join me in accompanying Qin Yu to the Immortal Sect."



The strange three-legged bird screamed, "Good! I have already had enough of those bastards from the Immortal Sect! If I have the chance I would like to ruthlessly beat them up!"

Solitary Westgate didn't respond. He looked up at the star-studded skies and recalled the words Qin Yu had told him. He couldn't help but smile. That fellow should be going back by now...he feared that the Demonic Path was going to be in turmoil for some time!

...

Eastern Sun City, Holy Son Palace.

The lush flowers of the past had now become wilted and withered. The square was empty and the streets were bleak and miserable.

A squad of True Demon Guards stood on watch at the entrance, bored out of their minds. They all thought that this assignment didn't give them any chance of establishing themselves and wanted to find a way to be transferred away from here.

These damned dull and monotonous days were simply torture!

Suddenly, a black-robed figure appeared in front of them. A True Demon Guard impatiently scolded, "This is a forbidden place. All non-related personnel cannot approach. Hurry up and screw off!"

The black-robed figure stopped. He looked up at the palace that seemed to be decaying all around him. Then, he flicked his sleeves. Boundless strength gushed through the void like a storm passing across the sea. It swept over the several True Demon Guards, sending them flying away.

He continued walking forward. The Holy Son Palace that had been sealed for dozens of years began to open on its own volition. Then this was followed by a second set of gates, a third, a fourth...

Layers of palace gates opened. The deep and dull sound spread throughout the Holy Son Palace, sending flocks of startled birds flying away.

Perhaps they already knew that the master of this palace had returned!

...

Ning Liang stood in a daze in the garden, watching spirit flowers and spirit grass that had slowly withered away after the array formation that powered them had stopped.

Of course, the most precious parts had been dug out in the name of various reasons before the Holy Son Palace had been sealed up. All that was left behind were strikingly ugly pits.

Sister Lanlan's condition was becoming increasingly worse. She likely wouldn't be able to last much longer. As Ning Liang thought of this, bitter despair surged in her heart and tears fell down her cheeks.

Your Highness...if you were still alive, what would the world be like...? But the past cannot be changed and all of these thoughts are just my fantasy...after Sister Lanlan leaves, maybe I should end my life and follow her...

As she was caught in her dark thoughts, a deep sound rang out from behind her. Ning Liang was stunned for a moment before she looked up, her reddened eyes instantly widening into circles.

That voice...although dozens of years had passed since she last heard it, she still vividly remembered it...the palace gates had been opened...

One sound after another, from far away to the depths of the Holy Son Palace...

The Holy Son Palace had been sealed under the command of the Demonic Path. Just who dared to violate this order? Could it be...?

A thought drilled out from her heart. Ning Liang rose up, brushed off her skirt, and ran towards the palace gates. Her thoughts were in chaos and she didn't even use her movement abilities. When she reached the closest palace gate, her forehead was already covered with drops of sweat.

Pa –

Pa –

The clear sound of footsteps echoed through the long hallway. Ning Liang's eyes stung as large drops of tears tumbled down. Still, she kept her eyes glued tightly to the palace gates.

With a light tremor, the palace gates that had been sealed for dozens of years were slowly thrust open. Dust sprinkled down, curling into the skies.

A black-robed figure appeared in her line of sight. She lifted her hand and covered her mouth, falling to her knees as she sobbed.

Qin Yu lifted his hand and drew back the hood of his robes. His lips moved as he smiled, "Don't cry. I'm back."

...

A mysterious black-robed cultivator had forced his way into the Holy Son Palace!

This news was like a great stone that crashed into the lake that was Eastern Sun City, immediately setting off great waves. In particular, this person had suppressed the True Demon Guards that defended the Holy Son Palace. Without a doubt, this was a provocation against the entire Demonic Path.

This was absolutely unforgivable!

The Eastern Sun City Lord's complexion was pale. "Gather all the experts in the mansion and capture that person. I don't care whether he lives or dies!" He had just recently ascended as the City Lord and he should be perfectly managing the city right now. The eruption of this matter was a great stain upon his reputation.

Moreover, the Demonic Path was currently arguing whether or not they needed to establish a new Holy Son. He had been given the specific mission of suppressing the Holy Son Palace so that it thoroughly vanished from everyone's attention.

The City Lord was enraged and the City Lord Mansion reacted with unprecedented speed. Dozens of experts flew into the air, howling towards the Holy Son Palace.

All the influences throughout the city learned of this event, some of them even earlier than the City Lord Mansion. Knowing that an incident occurred at the Holy Son Palace, they quickly sent people to follow behind and see what was happening.

There was currently a fierce contest underway for what to do with the throne of the Holy Son. All sorts of turbulences were surging through the Demonic Path right now. If someone suddenly intruded into the Holy Son Palace right now, none of them could say with confidence that there wasn't some other matter behind all of this.

...

Ning Liang shoved open the temple doors. Even if it faced the sun, when sunlight shined through the windows, the temple still felt dark and cold.

The thick scent of medicine floated in the air. As if hearing the sound of the opening door, a weak voice sounded out from behind a thick curtain. "Ning Liang? Can you please help pour a cup of water for me?"

These few simple words seemed to exhaust all of her strength. A succession of rapid coughs reverberated through the empty temple.

Qin Yu lifted his hand to stop Ning Liang from speaking. He walked into the temple and found the teapot. He carried it along with a cup, and then parted the curtains and entered. The light here was even dimmer than outside, but he could clearly see Hai Lanlan lying down on a bed.

Perhaps because she had been coughing just now, her thin and pale face had a strange red flush to it. Her eyes were closed and her chest heaved up and down.

Qin Yu paused. Guilt flashed in his eyes. He suddenly discovered that he was far too irresponsible. He only cared for himself and never made the appropriate arrangements for those that followed by his side.

Taking a breath, Qin Yu quickened his step. He sat down by the bed and lifted Hai Lanlan up, placing the cup against her lips.

After drinking the water, Hai Lanlan's heavy breathing calmed down a little. She opened her eyes and faintly smiled, "Ning Liang, I really dragged you down with me."

Qin Yu stiffened. Those cold and indifferent eyes that carried with them a hint of arrogance were now dark and lacking any light.

When Hai Lanlan realized something was off, her hands tightened and a vigilant expression came across her face. "You aren't Ning Liang? Where is she, what did you do to her!?"

She immediately began to cough again.

The crying Ning Liang wiped her tears away. "Big sister, I'm here, please don't worry about me!"

Hai Lanlan gasped for breath. "Ning Liang, who is he, how did he get in here?"

Before Ning Liang could reply, Qin Yu let out a breath and said with a deliberately carefree tone, "Little Lanlan, just a short several dozen years have passed and you don't even remember me. It really leaves me disappointed."

Hai Lanlan suddenly lost her voice. She turned and looked towards the direction of the palace gates as if she were trying to prove something.

Ning Liang sobbed and smiled at the same time. "Big sister, you're not wrong, His Highness has returned...His Highness is doing well...he is still alive..."

Hai Lanlan reached out a shivering hand and touched Qin Yu's face. Although she couldn't see, she would never forget the face that she had allowed to enter her heart.

"Your Highness...Your Highness...I knew you wouldn't die...I knew it..."

Tears fell from Hai Lanlan's gloomy eyes. The hand she was gently stroking Qin Yu's face with suddenly fell down, powerless.

"Big sister!" Ning Liang screamed in panic.

Qin Yu placed a finger between her eyebrows and sensed her rapidly fading soul aura. He shouted out, "Purple moon!"

Hum –

A crescent purple moon phantom appeared atop Qin Yu's head. Moonlight continuously sprinkled down like rain, sinking into Hai Lanlan's body.

Ning Liang bit her lips, not daring to make even the smallest sound. She was extremely anxious, afraid that Qin Yu would make a foreboding expression.

After some time, Qin Yu drew back his finger and the purple moon phantom vanished along with it. "Don't worry, if I don't let her die, she won't die." He looked up at Ning Liang, "Tell me, how did she receive such severe injuries?"

Ning Liang wiped away her tears. "It was me, it was all because of me!"

After the Holy Son Palace was sealed away, for some unknown reason Ning Liang became deathly ill and her life was in danger. The Holy Son Palace had been plundered dry so there was nothing that could be done to help treat her. Hai Lanlan had taken a risk to connect to the outside world. Together with two other court ladies that stayed in the palace, they sought a cure for Ning Liang's illness.

They obtained the medicine and Ning Liang was pulled from death's door. But for some reason, their mission had been exposed somehow. During the last outing when they tried to obtain the recipe, the two other helping court ladies had been killed on the spot and Hai Lanlan had barely managed to escape.

Qin Yu narrowed his eyes. "Who did this?"

Ning Liang hesitated. But at this time, there was a sudden enraged roar from outside.

"Who is it, who dares to intrude into a forbidden area of my Demonic Path! Come out and die!"

Ning Liang trembled and her face paled. "It's him! It's him!" When Hai Lanlan was injured she had heard this voice. Even if she died she wouldn't forget it.

Qin Yu laid down Hai Lanlan. "Stay here and look after her." He walked outside.

The sunlight illuminating the temple formed a halo of golden light around him. The fear in Ning Liang's heart retreated like a falling tide.

"Big sister, His Highness has returned. No one will be able to harm us any longer. Everything will be good now so...please wake up as soon as you can!"

...

### **Chapter 607B – Give Me A Confession**

The Eastern Sun City Lord's eyes blazed with anger. If looks could kill then perhaps the entire Holy Son Palace would have been burnt to ashes already.

Looking at the palace gates that opened all the way into the very depths of the Holy Son Palace, his complexion became increasingly pale. He clenched his teeth and roared, "You don't want to come out? Then I will force you to appear!"

He lifted his hand, about to give an order. But then, a bone-chilling voice resounded in his ears. "You are looking for me?"

The City Lord spun around, frowning. This was because this person looked a little familiar. But, he quickly suppressed this thought.

"To enter the forbidden area without authorization is an unforgivable crime! Men, kill him!"

He needed to use cold and cruel methods to serve as a warning. Regardless of who this person in front of him was, no matter who was pulling the strings in the shadow, he would die no matter what.

But what left the City Lord shocked was that the City Lord Mansion experts around him seemed as if they had been immobilized by some strange sorcery. All of them were frozen in place.

"What are you all standing around for!? Kill him!" The City Lord roared in anger.

Qin Yu's eyes swept over the numerous pale white faces of the City Lord Mansion cultivators. All of them had expressions of stark fear. He lightly said, "They do not dare. If you want to kill me, you should do it yourself."

Suddenly, a City Lord Mansion expert fell to his knees and bowed deep to the floor. "Your...Your Highness Holy Son..." His body shook like a screen.

The City Lord's complexion changed. He finally realized where this familiar feeling came from. His face turned deathly white and his field of vision flashed black.

Holy Son...Holy Son...

"Shut up! His Highness the Holy Son has already passed away. This is a verified matter that no one can deny! There is no mistaking it!" The City Lord gasped as he stared at Qin Yu. "You dare to pretend to be the deceased Holy Son? No matter who you are, you will regret this! Men, come with me and kill him!"

Bang –

His aura erupted. The City Lord was the first to rush out. Behind him, several direct descendants wavered for a moment before following.

Without expression, Qin Yu lifted his hand and grasped the void. Space instantly froze as the several people became like fish bound in ice. Horror flooded their faces.

“I kill you not because you offended me, but to take revenge for the palace court ladies you killed.”

Bang –

The frozen space disintegrated. What shattered with it was the City Lord and the several people that followed him. Not a single drop of blood flowed out. This was because their corpses were crushed to nothingness by the collapsing space. Their souls were also annihilated and all traces of them were erased from the world.

“Your Highness Holy Son, please forgive us!” The crowd of City Lord Mansion experts fell to their knees.

Qin Yu looked up. His eyes were like cold knives as he looked around. He opened his mouth and slowly said, “Tell everyone that I am alive and I have returned. The entire Demonic Path must give me a confession.”

Every word he spoke was like a volcano on the edge of eruption, carrying with it a terrifying aura.

The news was like a plague, spreading throughout the entire Demonic Path Holy Land small world. The deceased Holy Son Yao Bin had returned to the Holy Son Palace.

The Demonic Path shook.

...

Holy Palace.

The Demon Envoy fiercely stood up. His actions were so abrupt that the teacup he was holding fell down. Even though the boiling hot tea soaked his robes, he didn't seem to notice at all.

The previous Demon Envoy furrowed his eyebrows. “At such a time you must remain even calmer. So what if a new Holy Son is chosen? You are the Demon Envoy. No one can easily shake your position.”

“Teacher...Yao Bin has returned, he is still alive!”

The previous Demon Envoy's eyes widened. “Where did this news come from? Is it confirmed?”

The Demon Envoy excitedly said, “This is the most recent news from the informants I placed in Eastern Sun City. I don't know the specifics yet.”

He took a deep breath. “Teacher, I must go to Eastern Sun City!”

The previous Demon Envoy shook his head. “Go immediately. You must clarify what happened. At such a time, you cannot make any careless mistakes.”

The Demon Envoy nodded. Then, he turned and stepped away, directly teleporting.

...

In a private room of a luxurious restaurant, Mu Xianglin had a calm expression. He was drinking wine with messengers from a number of Demonic Path noble families and both sides were happily discussing business.

Suddenly, the door to the private room was thrust open. Mu Xianglin looked at the youth who burst in and his face darkened. "What is it? Don't you know that I am entertaining guests right now?"

The noble family messengers waved their hands, indicating that they didn't mind. Some people even laughed and asked for the young man to take a seat.

The current Mu Family was even more glorious than the Mu Family of before. Mu Mo had achieved an Emperor level Demon Body and he was the strongest candidate for becoming the next Holy Son.

Once he ascended that position the Mu Family's influence and power would rise to ten times, even a hundred times more than it was right now. There was even a chance they would be able to restore their original surname.

It was natural for everyone to flatter them!

The youth that rushed in had a pale face. He didn't even bother returning the greetings of these people. He walked to Mu Xianglin's side and spoke a few words.

Pa –

The wine cup in Mu Xianglin's hand was crushed. He stared at his son as if he could eat someone alive. "Is this true?"

The youth shivered and nodded.

The atmosphere in the private room suddenly tensed up. The noble family messengers looked at each other in confusion, wondering just what happened. But then, all of them began to receive transmitted messages from their family. After taking out their messaging treasures and checking them, all of their complexions became incomparably strange. The private room fell into a deep, dreary silence.

"Cough cough! Patriarch Mu, I suddenly remembered that there are some matters I urgently need to attend to, so I will bid my farewells for now." A messenger stood up and left in a hurry, not even waiting for a response.

"Haha, I also remembered something important that I forgot about. Goodbye!"

Hualala –

In the blink of an eye, the private room was emptied out, leaving behind only the father and son.

"Ah!"

Mu Xianglin roared. He smashed his hand into the table and all the dishes atop crashed to the floor.

...

Within a small courtyard on a mountain summit, Zhao Qianyuan put down a jade slip. His lips curved up in a smile and he softly said, "I knew you wouldn't die so easily."

Across from him, Dong Hanzhu's eyes shined with a sharp light. He clenched his fists together, "I wonder just what level of cultivation he has now?"

Zhao Qianyuan said, "We will soon find out." After the Holy Son Palace had been sealed up, the subordinates beneath the Holy Son had also suffered. With his temper, how could he let things go like this?

Dong Hanzhu knit his eyebrows together. "The current Demonic Path is much different from how it was dozens of years ago."

The Mu Family's Mu Mo had encountered some sort of good fortune and achieved an Emperor level Demon Body. He was just a step away from the Saint level.

If the commotion was too large, even if Qin Yu had the status of the Holy Son, an accident still might occur.

Zhao Qianyun was silent. He stood up and walked forward, facing the breeze on the mountain summit. He looked down at the fog all around him and said in a firm tone, "The Demonic Path of today isn't the Demonic Path of before. But, would he also be the same as before? Dong Hanzhu, perhaps you don't want to accept it, but I have a feeling that after returning this time, you still won't be a match for him."

Dong Hanzhu didn't lose his temper. He gripped his fists together and said, "I'm looking forward to it!" The current him was over ten times stronger than he was before!

...

An angry roar came from Wuma Sizhan's training chamber. After a loud rumble the stone door was broken down from within. He stepped out, his face pale and a cold light surging in his eyes.

He and Mu Mo were the leading competitors to be crowned the new Holy Son. Qin Yu's sudden return naturally left him feeling angry.

If the Holy Son was still alive, why would they need to choose a new Holy Son?

Damn it! This bastard!

After recalling his father's message, Wuma Sizhan gnashed his teeth together. "Whether it is the real Holy Son or fake Holy Son, I want him to die!"

...

Eastern Sun City.

In the Holy Son Palace's great hall, the Demon Envoy had an excited look. No matter how much this youth's aura had changed, the resonance of the Demon Body was still there.

It was Qin Yu! It was him!

Sitting atop the main seat, Qin Yu lifted his head. He said without expression, "I am deeply dissatisfied."

The Demon Envoy's expression stiffened. He took a deep breath and said, "I know you are angry right now, but listen to my explanation. There is a reason for everything."



Qin Yu shook his head, "I only want a confession, I do not need an explanation."

Qin Yu's words were ice cold. The Demon Envoy's heart sank and he couldn't help but furrow his eyebrows together.

"Qin Yu, there are changes sweeping throughout the Demonic Path right now. You cannot be impulsive!"

Qin Yu lightly said, "Are you referring to the selection of a new Holy Son?"

The Demon Envoy had a heavy expression. "Mu Mo has already achieved an Emperor level Demon Body. Wuma Sizhan obtained a mysterious inheritance from the Sea of Purgatory. Although his Demon Body is only at the Sovereign level, his strength is no weaker than a common Calamity Immortal!"

This was a reminder to Qin Yu that even if he was the Holy Son, he couldn't act recklessly...after all, the Demonic Path's Holy Son had died dozens of years ago. Everyone in the world knew of this.

Maybe thinking that this wasn't fair to Qin Yu, the Demon Envoy softened his expression. "Yao Bin, I guarantee that I will give a confession to you. But, time is needed for this. Once you ascend the throne of the Holy Monarch in the future, no one will be able to stop you.

"Right now, the most important thing is to stabilize your status as the Holy Son and not to give others the chance to take advantage of you. Do you understand?"

The concern and worry in his voice caused Qin Yu's indifferent gaze to relax a little. But this didn't mean that he had forgiven him.

When he went to the Sea of Purgatory in the past, the prime culprit behind why he didn't set up more arrangements was his own negligence. But, the Demon Envoy's existence had undeniably caused him to lower his discretion.

Qin Yu was deeply disappointed in the actions of the Demon Envoy these past years...even if he had his own reasons.

"My people will not be wronged in vain. Someone must stand out and give me a confession." Qin Yu paused and said, "This is my bottom line!"

The Demon Envoy's complexion was ugly. "Qin Yu, you should know that out of those with the qualifications to interfere in this matter, the lowest amongst them are Elders of the Demonic Path. Even if you are the Holy Son, you still do not have the qualifications to punish a Demonic Path Elder!

"I won't say the same words twice. You must consider things clearly. If you are swayed by your feelings you will simply ruin the greater plan. Some things cannot be cleaned up!"

Qin Yu looked down. "I understand your good intentions and I decline them. Please return."

The Demon Envoy's eyes widened. He never thought that the normally wise and intelligent Qin Yu would make such a rash decision.

But with the resolve in Qin Yu's voice, it was clear he wouldn't turn around.

The Demon Envoy clenched his teeth. "Think about it again!"

He turned and walked away.

Qin Yu's attitude was unlikely to change. If so, he needed to make arrangements ahead of time so that other people couldn't use him...no matter what, Qin Yu's status as the Holy Son needed to be preserved.

The Demon Envoy cursed inside. This scoundrel boy!

### **Chapter 608A – Three Great Elders Apologize**

Black kiln was a general term that the Demonic Path used for a broad category of mines that had extreme risks accompanied by a terrifying intensity of work. Cultivators sent here were either guilty of great crimes or were sacrificial victims of power struggles. Almost none of these people would ever see the nine suns in the heavens again. They would toil and suffer until they were buried in the black kiln. This was an almost assured destiny for those who entered here.

But where there were people, there was intrigue. This wasn't just some random saying but one of the world's most undeniable and unbreakable truths. Due to the massive number of criminals that had gathered in the dark tunnels of the black kiln as well as the long years that had passed, they had formed their own deformed yet highly effective system.

Those that stood at the top of this system might be criminals but they lived lives of pride and luxury. They commanded a large number of criminal subordinates and were even able to engage in negotiation of conditions with the cultivators that stood guard outside the black kiln.

For instance, wine and women.

Wang Chao, Huang Shan, and Hua Yanting were invited out of the rancid-smelling pit. They were cleaned up and dressed up as they sat in a magnificent speedcar. A warm light shined within, illuminating the cloudy and uncertain expressions of the three.

"Screw this, what's the situation?" Huang Shan fiddled with the collar on his neck that pressed against his throat.

Hua Yanting raised his wine cup and took a deep drink. He wiped his mouth and said, "Who cares what they are planning. At least we are able to enjoy ourselves for now. Let things fall as they will!"

Wang Chao said in a deep voice, "Let's wait and watch!"

The speedcar finally stopped. The three people were brought to a large building constructed within the mines. Looking at the group of scantily dressed women there, they all subconsciously gulped.

They hadn't tasted 'meat' for several dozen years already...

"Guests, everything in this dwelling has been prepared for you by my master. Please feel free to make use of it as you wish." The cultivator who brought the three here revealed a look of envy in his eyes. Then, he waved his hand and took his people with him, closing the courtyard doors behind him.

"Master! Come drink with us!"

"Master, your eyes are so scary!"

"Yes, yes, I'm so frightened!"

Huang Shan's eyes widened as he gasped for breath. He said, "Big Brother, Third Brother, you keep studying them, I will be back soon!"

He rushed out and picked up two women and then vanished without a trace.

Hua Yanting coughed. "Big Brother..." Before he could say anything else he saw Wang Chao walk towards the back of the courtyard without hesitation. Hua Yanting was stunned before he felt a deep sense of admiration – his Big Brother was truly worthy of being his Big Brother. Even in this type of situation he wasn't affected.

"All of you come over. Today this master is going to go one against ten!"

Hua Yanting staggered to the side and nearly fell over. He howled in sorrow, "Big Brother, don't do this! At least leave me two!"

The day continued without pause.

The three brothers messed around in bed until their limbs ached. A sumptuous feast was prepared for them afterwards. After batting away the group of chattering women, they began to eat and drink their fill.

After eating until they were full, Wang Chao laid down his chopsticks. "Brothers, what do you think of the current situation?"

Huang Shan and Hua Yanting glanced at each other. Their lips moved but no one said anything. The greater the hope the greater the disappointment. None of them wished for things to not be as they hoped they were.

Wang Chao nodded. He said in a light voice, "It seems that us brothers think the same thing." His eyes brightened and he licked his lips. "It seems that His Highness has returned!"

The three of them had no background. After the Holy Son Palace was sealed they had been tossed into the black kiln and had been working here for dozens of years without a single questioning word from anyone. If they were being treated like this today, there was only one possibility.

Hua Yanting gulped. "Big Brother, if His Highness really returned, come how the person that arranged for all of this didn't see us?"

"That's right." Huang Shan nodded. "The one who arranged all of this provided us with great food and great women, but they didn't send us out..." Although he seemed simple and honest, he was actually an insightful person. "I think that His Highness' current condition isn't too good."

Wang Chao sighed, "Second Brother has the same thoughts as me."

They tossed about in bed for a day and night. Reducing the fires that raged in their loins was one thing, but he had been waiting for this mysterious person to show up. Since he hadn't appeared, Wang Chao's heart became heavy.

The three glanced at each other. After several breaths of silence, they bitterly smiled. People were like this. To suddenly see hope in despair, it was an unspeakable type of psychological torture to then lose it.

If the three of them had to experience their past days again, perhaps none of them could endure it once more.

Wang Chao said in a deep voice. "We should have confidence in His Highness. He is someone who excels at creating miracles. He definitely won't disappoint us!"

Huang Shan and Hua Yanting quickly nodded. At this time they could only remain optimistic about the future.

But in the opinion of the Demon Envoy, when he came back from Eastern Sun City the situation began to rapidly deteriorate. Gradually he felt as if things were spinning out of his control, leaving him angered.

The Holy Son had returned and his attitude was iron hard. He wanted the entire Demonic Path to give him a confession for their actions...

This information rapidly spread out. In particular, the Demon Envoy's actions after he returned were the best evidence of this.

Originally several great figures had been persuaded. But when they spoke to the Demon Envoy again, their voices were neither friendly nor indifferent, and actually had a cold intent within them.

Even if Qin Yu was the Demonic Path's Holy Son and had an incomparably honored status, all of this was only theoretical. The Holy Palace had been in decline until now and the Holy Son was simply a nominal position. His influence was far from being comparable to that of an Elder from the Demonic Path.

The sealing of the Holy Son Palace had several parties leading it. But since it happened, this was something tacitly all allowed by the other parties. Of course, in exchange for this 'tacit allowance', these other parties received sufficient forms of 'sincerity'.

Give a confession? Who would give it? In the eyes of these great people, even if Qin Yu was the Holy Son he was going too far!

The Demon Envoy hurried to put out fires everywhere and quell the dissatisfaction. While he was doing this, some people confirmed the news of what happened and quietly gathered.

Somewhere outside a private club with excellent security, a speedcar drove up and stopped at the entrance. The door opened and the smell of alcohol gushed out. A group of drunken young men and women stumbled out and waltzed inside.

Amidst the loud laughter, no one noticed a figure quietly disappear. This person arrived on the fourth floor through a lift and then knocked on the door of a reserved room.

The door opened from within. The man smiled and walked in. Then, the scent of alcohol that lingered around his body immediately vanished.

"My apologies, I have arrived late." The voice was calm. Even though the room had a respectful and solemn atmosphere, his voice didn't fluctuate in the least.

Two people were already sitting at a round table. One of them was the Mu Family's Old Ancestor – Mu Yunli.

“Fellow daoist Chen Yuan is here so we can now begin.” Mu Yunli’s fingers rapped against the table. “We are meeting here because we have our own respective requests. Time is of the essence so let’s get straight into the subject.”

Mu Yunli continued without expression, “The Mu Family can take out a good fortune this one time that will allow Wuma Sizhan’s Demon Body to reach the Emperor level.” In this current situation his Mu Family was at the greatest disadvantage. He naturally had to put forth the greatest sincerity so that the three sides could come to an agreement.

The Wuma Family would have no way to resist this proposal.

The eyes of the middle-aged man to his side brightened. The man nodded and said, “We agree.” He looked up at the cultivator who just arrived and said, “My family once inadvertently discovered a lode of dark stone ore. Although it hasn’t yet been mined, we have carried out a comprehensive survey. This is the data.”

He took out a jade slip and placed it on the table. He flicked his fingers and the round table spun around.

This seemingly young and handsome Chen Yuan was actually a powerful figure in the Dark Night Demon Region. Because he had the trust of the Supreme Seat, his status was only inferior to that of Fallen Wing and Eternal Undeath. He glanced at the jade slip, lightly saying, “Just one lode of dark stone ore isn’t enough to move us.”

The middle-aged man who commanded the Wuma Family had a completely disinterested look in his eyes. Mu Yunli frowned and said, “I once saw an ancient round shield with the character ‘Night’ engraved on its back.”

Chen Yuan fiercely looked up, “Are you sure?”

Mu Yunli said, “I trust my own eyesight.”

“Good, then I agree.” Chen Yuan reached out and picked up the jade slip. “Mister Mu, remember your words. The Dark Night Demon Region will not allow anyone to break their promise.”

Mu Yunli’s complexion changed. “I will deliver the item tomorrow.”

Chen Yuan stood up and nodded before leaving.

After leaving the room, it wasn’t long before the excited smile appeared on his face and the smell of alcohol surrounded him once more.

“Ah! You little brat, where did you run off to? Hurry and come back with me, those women drank too much!” A young man walked towards him and looped an arm around his neck, his face full of joy.

Chen Yuan allowed this young man to drag him away, their laughter echoing from afar. Who could have imagined that a great trap had been quietly arranged just now?

**Chapter 608B – Three Great Elders Apologize**

Qin Yu had returned alive. This was not something that the Holy Palace could neglect. Even if he stirred up a great commotion and many people were left unhappy, the necessary procedures still had to happen.

For instance, how to deal with the Holy Son's forceful request.

After a brief communication, many great figures from the Holy Palace came out from their busy schedules to open up a meeting of Elders.

While the throne of the Holy Monarch was empty, all matters were to be decided upon by the council of Elders – this was only a temporary approach for these unusual times. But after holding great power in their hands for such a long time, it was easy to become addicted to it.

Perhaps these Elders that stood high and lofty above all others might not hope that an existence would appear which would stand above them and dominate them.

In particular, this person, who clearly didn't have much respect for them.

Within a sea of stars, there was a table with 11 black stone chairs placed around it. Today, the meeting of Elders had begun. The atmosphere was suitably heavy.

The Demon Envoy sat in the third stone chair. His complexion was ugly. He could vaguely smell the scent of the coming storm. Although this was supposed to be a simple discussion, an invisible oppression in the air made it hard to breathe.

At this moment, the Demon Envoy couldn't help but scold Qin Yu once more for not considering the greater picture! But with things having come this far he could only do his best to stabilize the situation. His teacher wasn't wrong. In the end, he was still the Demon Envoy. Even though he only sat in the third seat right now, as long as he didn't misspeak then no one could get past him.

The one presiding over this meeting was Elder Li. He was recognized by everyone to be a good-hearted person. Ever since becoming an Elder he hadn't come into dispute with anyone. Due to this, he was elected to the first seat and had the greatest authority in name.

"That's enough. Everyone knows the reason we are here so I won't explain it. The Holy Son Yao Bin has returned alive. To our Holy Palace, that is undoubtedly something good. Even if some of you aren't happy, I ask you to look upon the fact that he is young and high-spirited and not lose your patience with him."

Elder Li had a gentle expression but he seemed to express some dissatisfaction towards Qin Yu. Still, the Demon Envoy relaxed a little and he nodded in thanks.

But how matters developed exceeded his expectations. In the fifth seat, Elder Heavenly Fire said, "The Holy Son has an honored status. Since he believes we were wrong, we naturally need to allow the Holy Son to handle things as he wishes."

"Indeed. Otherwise, others might think that we old fellows are using our seniority here to bully His Highness the Holy Son." Another Elder echoed.

The Demon Envoy's eyebrows leapt up. He said, "The Holy Son was only speaking from a moment of anger, so he was being a little irrational. He doesn't mean much of it, so I ask that you all not to be so serious about this."

Elder Heavenly Fire had a light expression, "Demon Envoy, you are wrong. His Highness the Holy Son is the future master of the Holy Son Palace. We must abide by his decisions."

He stood up, "When the Holy Son Palace was sealed up, I was the first one to recommend that the Holy Son's subordinate cultivators be dealt with. Since the Holy Son desires a confession, I will go to Eastern Sun City and await the Holy Son's judgment."

"Heavenly Fire, you also discussed your original proposition with me in the past. I agree with you." The Seventh Elder stood up, his face expressionless.

"With just you two, I fear that isn't enough. Then, count me in." From the second seat, an old man in silver robes slowly spoke up.

The eyes of the other Elders began to shine, excitement surging in their hearts. Out of the Holy Palace's 11 Elders, nearly a third had stood up to bear responsibility. Your Highness Holy Son, the confession you wanted has been prepared, but I fear...you won't be able to withstand it!

The Demon Envoy's complexion paled. "What do you all plan on doing?"

He had already realized the intentions of the three Elders and was now enraged.

These three people never had anything to do with each other, so why did they decide to join forces now?

Three Elders were pleading guilty and asking for punishment. This was no different from holding a bomb. Even if Qin Yu was the Holy Son, he didn't have the qualifications to judge them!

As the Demon Envoy thought about how Qin Yu was soon going to be shamed, he became even more anxious. He looked around at everyone and his heart began to sink.

The vote went as he expected. There were seven votes in favor, one in dissent, and three abstaining. The resolution passed without any twists or turns.

The Second Elder stood up. "Since we've all gathered here today, let's take a trip to Eastern Sun City and see how the Holy Son plans to handle the three of us."

Heavenly Fire and the Seventh Elder nodded, "Let's do that."

A cold light flashed in the eyes of the three.

Today, they would make this junior's reputation sweep the floor! They wanted to see what honor he would have left to maintain the title of Holy Son. In the current Demonic Path, there was more than one candidate for the throne of the Holy Monarch. It was time to let him see the true severity of his situation.

Elder Li revealed a helpless expression. "Since that's the case, let's go together."

With his good-hearted disposition, he wouldn't overrule a decision made through the meeting of Elders.

He lifted a finger and pointed down. The sea of stars around them began to ripple. After several breaths of time, Elder Li said, "Everyone, we are here."

In the skies above the Holy Son Palace, space twisted and a door opened up from within. With Elder Li in the lead, the 11 Elders of the Holy Palace walked out.

The Second Elder stepped forward. "Your Highness Holy Son, in accordance with your will, we have come to apologize!" A low and deep voice was lifted by cultivation. It rang through the air like thunder, tumbling through the skies and causing winds and clouds to surge. The bright weather above immediately darkened!

Elder Heavenly Fire and the Seventh Elder didn't speak but they stepped forward. Their formidable auras were as vast as a sea as they swept out like a tide, instantly submerging the entire Holy Son Palace.

In this situation, Qin Yu's aura suddenly became clear. It was like a rock in a stormy sea, withstanding all attacks without moving.

Time slowly passed. The still silence caused the complexion of the Second Elder to become increasingly gloomy. He suddenly said, "It seems that His Highness the Holy Son is truly dissatisfied with us. Since he isn't willing to come out and meet us, we can only take the initiative to see him."

He stepped down and landed in front of the entrance to the Holy Son Palace. After straightening his robes, he strode right into the palace.

Elder Heavenly Fire was without expression. "I really am curious how His Highness the Holy Son plans to deal with us." As he spoke a faint chill circulated around him.

The Seventh Elder said, "In a moment we will find out." To still be so arrogant in such a situation was simply unimaginable. Did this brat really think he could do anything he wanted just because he had the position of Holy Son? Pulling rank right now would only make his future embarrassment that much greater!

The Demon Envoy's complexion was pale but his eyes flashed with anger. What was Qin Yu doing? Why didn't he come out? Did he not know this was a trap? As he recalled the cold chill of the Elders around him, his heart became even heavier.

Qin Yu, what's wrong with you? Quickly come to your senses and come out! If you continue to be so disillusioned with yourself, no one will be able to save you!

The hallway was straight and long. The Second Elder stood in the lead, his footsteps particularly clear. It was unknown whether it was intentional or not, but he, Elder Heavenly Fire, and the Seventh Elder soon began to sync their steps until they became the same.

The sounds of three footsteps overlapped, constantly ringing throughout the hallway and releasing an aura that trampled over all else. It was like great and rough seas were rolling back and forth, firing through the hallway and into the depths of the Holy Son Palace.

Suddenly, light appeared in front of them. The Elders emerged into a large square before a temple. The suppressive aura coming from the Elders didn't fade at all. Rather, it became even more terrifying.



Above their heads, black clouds wove together!

The Elders looked up towards the temple at the end of the square. With their cultivation and eyesight, they could clearly see that figure sitting on the great throne. Even until this moment he was calm and motionless, as if he were completely unaware of what was happening outside.

With this, the good-hearted and evenly tempered Elder Li couldn't help but frown. He furrowed his eyebrows, a look of dissatisfaction in his eyes. Even if this youth was high-spirited and hot-blooded, they were still Elders of the Holy Palace. They were figures who wielded great authority and had revered statuses. Qin Yu's current attitude was extremely disrespectful. To put it a little more severely, he didn't even place them in his eyes.

The Demon Envoy couldn't watch as this continued as it did. "Your Highness Holy Son, I have come here with my fellow Elders. We ask you to meet us!"

Even if he came out of the temple now, that would still be giving both sides a few final traces of face to retain so that there was room to recover from this situation.

But the Demon Envoy was left disappointed. Because that person in the temple didn't have any reaction at all. He could even see the faint expression on Qin Yu's face.

This boy, did he go insane!?

#### **Chapter 609A – A New Era Has Arrived**

The Second Elder laughed. "What a great Holy Son. What incredible power and prestige. Today, I have finally experienced it myself." He flicked his sleeves. "We've already come here so there's no reason to not cross the final distance. Heavenly Fire and Azure Glass, enter the temple together with me!"

"Alright!"

Elder Heavenly Fire and the Seventh Elder both shouted out in unison.

The three of them were now truly enraged. In any case the preparations had been completed so there was no need to continue being mistreated like this.

Taking a step forward, the three Elders walked into the square. With another step, they entered the temple.

The Second Elder cupped his hands together. His expression was faint as he said, "Your Highness Holy Son, we are willing to be responsible for the matter of sealing off the Holy Son Palace and dealing with your subordinates. I ask that you hand out punishment to us."

The light coming from the temple doors suddenly dimmed down. With Elder Li and the Demon Envoy at the head, the remaining eight Elders appeared. It was as if even light itself wasn't able to withstand their terrifying auras and was forcefully pushed away.

Qin Yu looked up and took in the expressions of all those in front of him. He could see the hidden anger and coldness in the eyes of the Second Elder, Heavenly Fire, and the Seventh Elder. He could see the Demon Envoy's anxious and uneasy expression and also Elder Li's calm stance of watching everything

occur. He gently tapped his fingers on his throne. In the temple, the short and flat sounds were particularly grating.

No matter what anyone was thinking, they couldn't help but be a little perplexed. The Holy Son was able to remain so calm even at such a time? Was he really fearless or just ignorant?

Qin Yu's voice finally rang out. "In the past, due to certain reasons I was trapped in the Sea of Purgatory and barely managed to escape later on. After returning, I discovered that my palace had been sealed and my subordinate cultivators had been chased down. Even the court lady that once served me had been blinded and was lying down in bed, waiting for death to take her..." He paused and then continued, "I am very, very angry."

Even if there were those that were angry, as they listened to Qin Yu calmly speak, several Elders couldn't help but feel uncomfortable.

When a person left it was normal for their tea to cool down. If Qin Yu really died then no one would question their actions. But now that he had returned alive, everything they did seemed wrong and unusual.

The Second Elder's eyes flashed with disdain. You want to play the pity card to reverse the situation? How naive!

He cupped his hands together and his deep voice broke through the faintly awkward atmosphere in the temple. "Your Highness Holy Son is right. We did not consider things correctly and allowed Your Highness' subordinates to suffer injustice. The reason we came here today is to ask you to punish us!"

Elder Heavenly Fire had no expression. "I also participated in these matters and I was also the first one to propose sealing away the Holy Son Palace. If there is punishment to be assigned, then my burden should be the heaviest."

The Seventh Elder lightly said, "My opinion is the same as Elder Heavenly Fire's. If the Holy Son plans to punish him, then include me also."

His clean and simple words expressed his stance. The three of them stood out together, their backs straight and tall, as if they were willing to accept any punishment.

Aren't you angry? Good, then we will give you a chance to vent it! Bring it on!

The Demon Envoy said in a low voice, "Your Highness, these three Elders only made their initial decision because they obtained false news that you had perished in the Sea of Purgatory. It was an unintentional mistake. I ask that Your Highness be magnanimous and dismiss this matter!"

Qin Yu shook his voice. He said in a soft voice, "A mistake is a mistake. Just because it was unintentional doesn't mean that the people who committed it do not need to bear any responsibility for it. Otherwise, where is the justice? What is the law?"

He looked at Heavenly Fire. "The Fifth Elder's meaning is that you wish to shoulder the greatest responsibility here?"

Hearing this question, the puzzlement in everyone's hearts suddenly deepened. They even began to feel that this was a little absurd.

Did he realize the current situation or not? Did he really think he could punish the three Elders here? Even if he was the Holy Son, he still didn't have the qualifications!

Elder Heavenly Fire raised an eyebrow. "I should have undertaken most of the responsibility to begin with. There is no need for Your Highness the Holy Son to have any scruples. Punish me as you see fit."

The Second Elder and Seventh Elder didn't speak, but their eyes became even colder.

The atmosphere in the temple seemed as if it would freeze over!

Qin Yu let out a light breath. His lips curved in a gentle smile. "It looks like you three Elders are sure that with my current status, I cannot punish you."

No one spoke. It was just that some people revealed pity in their eyes. If he knew about this already, why let things develop to this current situation?

Whether it was a stupid sense of self-importance or an over-inflated heart...well, none of these things mattered anymore.

Elder Li's eyes fell a little. He watched everything happening around him with a profound gaze and could naturally see how dangerous the situation was.

Since the Second Elder, Heavenly Fire, and the Seventh Elder had all made their moves, this meant that they now stood opposed to Qin Yu. They were wise old men and definitely wouldn't leave behind any hidden dangers for themselves.

In other words, these three people wouldn't allow Qin Yu to continue being the Holy Son. And with how things were going, it didn't seem this task would be difficult to do. Once Qin Yu lost his status as the Holy Son, he would be helpless to fend off the crushing impact of the three Elders.

But in this life or death moment, Qin Yu hadn't noticed this at all. Elder Li couldn't help but acknowledge that he was disappointed in the Holy Son's performance today.

The Demon Envoy looked up towards the throne and watched as Qin Yu calmly sat there. Qin Yu's lips were curved up in a confident smile.

Did he have other cards hidden up his sleeves?

The Demon Envoy's eyes suddenly brightened. After disappearing in the Sea of Purgatory for dozens of years, was it possible that he had made a breakthrough in his Demon Body during this time period?

Quickly sensing, the aura of the Demon Body was obvious, but it didn't give off an oppressive feeling. The Demon Envoy furrowed his eyebrows together and bitterly smiled within.

He really was being swayed by his emotions now. He even almost deceived himself. Even if Qin Yu managed to smoothly obtain the blood essence of the Water Marid, it would be impossible to complete the Saint level Demon Body transformation in a short several dozen years. Moreover, if Qin Yu had truly made a breakthrough then the Holy Palace would have automatically recognized him as master.

The Demon Envoy had a complex expression as he looked at Qin Yu. If Qin Yu's confidence was established upon him being the Holy Son, then this was doomed to be his most stupid mistake.

Could it be that he didn't listen to his earlier warnings? Or did Qin Yu believe he was only frightening him?

The Demon Envoy looked at Qin Yu and then glanced at the Second Elder and others in the temple that were becoming increasingly cold. His lips firmed in resolve.

No matter what angle he looked at things from, he wouldn't allow Qin Yu to lose his status as Holy Son. If things couldn't be saved in the end, then fine, he would tear apart any pretense of face he had left.

Ultimately, he was still the Holy Palace's Demon Envoy and controlled half of the True Demon Guards. If these people decided not to stop here, then let everyone settle things according to their own abilities!

Qin Yu's gaze paused upon the Demon Envoy for a moment. Seeing his cold and determined expression, the disgruntled feeling in his heart dissipated a little.

The Demon Envoy didn't know but his current actions had changed Qin Yu's decision. Otherwise, even if the Demon Envoy had managed to retain his status after today, he would no longer have come into contact with genuine authority ever again.

Those that should leap out from the brush had already leapt out. Qin Yu decided to bring this charade to an end. He slowly stood up, and as he did, the seal that the little blue lamp placed on him automatically faded away.

Bang –

#### **Chapter 609B – A New Era Has Arrived**

Bang –

A formidable aura broke free from his body like a volcano erupting without warning. A wild strength instantly flooded out into every corner of the temple. These 11 Demonic Path Elders, these 11 Calamity Immortal super powerhouses were instantly suppressed by the aura!

This was easily accomplished without any resistance at all. Because this wasn't just pure strength, but also represented a completely different level.

In Eastern Sun City, every cultivator instantly felt their heart quicken with awe and reverence. They looked up into the skies with wide panic-stricken eyes and discovered that the heavens had turned dark, as if a great bird had spread its wings and blocked out the sun.

In the next moment, the skies shattered like glass. Then, an incomparably massive construction of palaces arrived with unparalleled momentum.

Within it, silent and boundless array formations began to recover from their slumber. A dazzling brilliance erupted, so bright that they even drowned out the nine blazing suns in the sky.

A dignified, honored, and boundless aura emanated from the palace, causing everyone's minds to shake. Submission rose from the depths of their souls and they unconsciously fell down to their knees.

Qin Yu's robes tumbled around him. His eyes shined like stars as he revealed an unprecedented momentum and confidence. The 11 Elders in the temple froze like iron statues. Their eyes widened, their lips shivered, and their faces paled.

This aura...this aura...

They couldn't be mistaken, there was no way!

Holy Monarch...from this day forth, the Holy Palace had a new master....

As soon as this thought appeared, a loud and deafening ringing came from the Holy Palace that arrived above Eastern Sun City. It spread out at an amazing speed, soon resounding throughout the entire Demonic Path small world.

It wasn't like thunder. Rather, it was like a great beast slowly awakening from a deep sleep. It reared back its head and roared in excitement, as if announcing to the people of this world that a new unsurpassed existence had appeared, one that could use the heavens and earth as its chessboard.

Elder Li's pupils violently shrank. But in the next moment he directly vanished from sight. He fell to his knees and shouted out in shaking joy, "Elder Li Tianchun pays his respects to Your Highness the Holy Monarch!"

The Demon Envoy was the second to respond. He looked at Qin Yu with disbelief etched across his face. He quickly became aware of something and his heart shook. No wonder Qin Yu had been so calm just now; it was because everything had been in the grasp of his palm to begin with.

As he thought about his own actions his face flushed red. He bowed right beside Li Tianchun, "Demon Envoy An Yang pays his respects to the Holy Monarch!"

The six Elders behind them heard a loud thunderous crack in their minds as if countless horses were racing through their thoughts. They lost the ability to think and knelt in a flustered panic.

At almost the same time, their eyes fell on the Second Elder, Heavenly Fire, and the Seventh Elder, and they all had the same thoughts – these three were done for!

The Holy Son and Holy Monarch. Only a single word differentiated them, but their statuses were as different as the heavens and earth.

While they were confused about how Qin Yu could break into the Saint level Demon Body in just several dozen years, the reality was placed before them.

The Holy Monarch was the master of the Holy Palace, the one that held the highest degree of authority within the Demonic Path. Even though what Qin Yu faced were Elder level existences, he still had the authority to slay them if he pleased.

This wasn't just an act, but true and tangible power. This was because the master of the Holy Palace was a nearly invincible existence in the Demonic Path small world...he could even kill a Calamity Immortal!

The faces of the Second Elder, Heavenly Fire, and the Seventh Elder all drained of blood. Their eyes revealed startled anger followed by panic.

How could it be like this?

They had indeed collected enormous advantages and only because of that did they agree to help deal with Qin Yu. But, they never imagined that they would be leaping into the fire.

If there was medicine for regret in this world, the three of them would pay any price and purchase it without hesitation...but there wasn't.

Heavenly Fire welcomed Qin Yu's gaze and his palms began to quiver. At this moment he wished he could choke that old bastard Mu Yunli to death!

Qin Yu said in a cold voice, "Second, Fifth, and Seventh Elder, they have conspired against their superior and plotted against me. From this moment forth they are to be deprived of all status and imprisoned in the Demon Suppressing Prison."

He looked at them from above like a god looking down on the world. "Fifth Elder, since you wish to shoulder the majority of the responsibility, then I sentence you to be tossed into the third level of the Demon Suppression Prison, never to be released without a pardon!"

The Fifth Elder's eyes widened and loud croaking sounds came from his throat. His robes were soon drenched by a cold sweat.

The temple instantly fell silent!

Even the Demon Envoy couldn't help but widen his eyes, revealing a shaken expression. This punishment was far too heavy, even for the Fifth Elder. It had to be known that the third level of the Demon Suppression Prison was a place comparable to hell!

In other words, with just an order Qin Yu had toppled three Elder level characters into the dust!

When a rabbit died the fox would also feel grief. The other Elders in the temple glanced at each other with shocked expressions.

Qin Yu said, "Does anyone object?"

His words were cold and chilling, piercing straight into the heart.

The other Elders all stiffened. They didn't doubt that Qin Yu still had the bravado to continue pressing the attack. Since he had already decided to send three Elders into the Demon Suppression Prison, what did he care about adding one or two more?

Everyone lowered their heads.

The lips of the Second Elder shivered. He knelt to the ground, "I am willing to endure the Holy Monarch's punishment."

The Seventh Elder knelt soon after.

Only the Fifth Elder remained where he stood with a gloomy expression, regret clouding over his eyes.

The third level of the Demon Suppression Prison...no release without a pardon...when these two phrases were placed together, it was no different from a dead end. He was the Holy Palace's Fifth Elder, a great figure that stood above a trillion lives. How could he accept such a pitiful ending!?

Heavenly Fire clenched his teeth and looked at Qin Yu. But at this time, he froze over. This was because he could sense a faintly eager sense of anticipation coming from Qin Yu. This feeling was like a bucket of cold water being poured over him, immediately awakening him from his stupor.

Qin Yu was waiting for him to revolt...he wanted to kill him...

Heavenly Fire quickly regained his composure. Qin Yu had already obtained the recognition of the Holy Palace. He was now an invincible existence in the Demonic Path Holy Land small world. Killing him would be an easy task, and most importantly, Qin Yu had a reason to kill him!

No, I cannot die like this...I must live...for better or worse I am still a Calamity Immortal.

He gritted his teeth. If he lived, there would come a day when he would be free!

Puff –

Elder Heavenly Fire fell to his knees. "I thank Your Majesty the Holy Monarch for showing mercy!" Since he knew that Qin Yu already wanted to kill him, it was best to say these words and suffocate any chance of him doing so. Who knew what would happen? Perhaps the day after he entered the Demon Suppression Prison he would be mysteriously killed off!

Qin Yu swept his eyes around. Although he had no expression, Elder Heavenly Fire felt as if he could sense a bit of unspeakable disappointment. The old man suddenly rejoiced in his decision. Luckily for him, he was quick-witted enough that he didn't fall for this boy's tricks!

Qin Yu's heart relaxed. While he wasn't scared of killing, if he were to slaughter an Elder as soon as he ascended the throne of the Holy Monarch, that would surely initiate a series of reactions and cause a number of twists and turns in the transition of power. While it would subside in time, what he needed the most right now was time. The last thing he wanted to do was wait.

He had established his prestige as the Holy Monarch and had obtained a promise from the master of the Dao Arena. Now, Qin Yu was eager to go straight to the Immortal Sect.

This could be called the best result.

He flicked his sleeves. Space warped and a black hole opened. A horrifying yin chill gushed out. With bitter faces full of grief, the Second Elder, Heavenly Fire, and the Seventh Elder all crawled up from the ground and staggered towards the black entrance.

Shua –

The black hole vanished. With this, three Elder level characters had from this point on withdrawn from the stage of infinite glory.

A new era had arrived!

**Chapter 610A – The Demon Sovereign Visits the Immortal sect**

Cloud Grove City, Mu Family –

Everyone was running around flustered, with panic and horror etched on their faces. News from Eastern Sun City confirmed where the Holy Palace had gone after its sudden disappearance. At the same time, this resulted in the failure of the Mu Family's every plan.

Qin Yu had become the new Holy Monarch. When the Mu Family cultivators thought about this, a sense of endless fear grew in their souls.

All of the high level Mu Family figures had gathered in a hall. Their faces were deathly pale and no one spoke. The atmosphere was so heavy that it left one almost unable to breathe. Everyone here knew exactly what the Mu Family had done after Qin Yu joined the Demonic Path. And, it was exactly because they knew so much that they felt even greater despair.

This was a grudge that could not be resolved. Once Qin Yu stabilized his power and authority, that would be the time when the Mu Family would fall into the abyss, never to emerge!

“What are you all putting on a sad face for, you useless things!” With a cold shout, Mu Yunli stepped forward.

Everyone sat up in a hurry and bowed. Listening to the confident Old Ancestor, faint traces of hope appeared in their despairing eyes.

“Humph!” Mu Yunli came to a pause and coldly snorted. “So what if Yao Bin becomes the Holy Monarch? Our Mu Family also had a Holy Monarch before!”

He lifted a hand and a crimson crystal appeared in his palm. Gorgeous characters flowed beneath its surface. “This is an imperial edict that our family's Holy Monarch left to us in the past. I avoided taking it out before so that none of you would act recklessly.”

The Mu Family people went wild with joy.

“An imperial edict that can pardon all crimes?”

“So my Mu Family had such a lifesaving treasure!”

“This is too wonderful! With this imperial edict in hand, not even the current Holy Monarch can destroy my Mu Family!”

The constrained atmosphere in the hall suddenly dispersed.

The Mu Family Old Ancestor put away the imperial edict. “Right now, you should all be doing what you should be doing. If news of your panic spreads out, you will only inspire others to laugh at you!”

His face darkened and he said in a low voice, “Our Mu Family won't fall here!”

Without pause, after Mu Yunli finished speaking he headed towards the underground temple where he most often lived.

But it was clear that his comforting words had great effect. The Mu Family soon recovered and a smile appeared on their faces.



With the imperial edict in hand, even the great crime of treason could be pardoned. No matter how angry the new Holy Monarch was, he could no longer target the Mu Family.

The Mu Family would inevitably decline, but at least they would continue living. To them, this was the best possible result.

The Holy Palace's movements were faster than the Mu Family imagined. The day after Mu Yunli appeared, the True Demon Guard suddenly descended upon Cloud Grove City and blocked the entire residence of the Mu Family.

There was a massive number of silent True Demon Guards. They wore black armor and looked like a mass of black clouds gathered together. The aura they released made one's heartbeat quicken.

After a brief panic the Mu Family doors opened. With Mu Xianglin in the lead, some Mu Family cultivators walked out. He bowed and said, "Junior greets Lord Demon Envoy. I wonder why you personally came here to block in my Mu Family?"

The Demon Envoy had no expression. "The Mu Family is involved in the great crime of treason. His Majesty the Holy Monarch has issued an order to capture everyone within the Mu Family. Anyone that resists is to be executed on the spot!"

Mu Xianglin's complexion paled. He looked up and said, "Lord Demon Envoy, my Mu Family's Holy Monarch left us an imperial edict that can pardon any crime. Even if it is said that we committed some great crime of treason, we can also avoid punishment!"

He didn't bother disputing the charge at all. Qin Yu was already the Holy Monarch so fabricating evidence against the Mu Family would have been extremely simple.

Moreover, the Mu Family's hands weren't clean to begin with.

The Demon Envoy furrowed his eyebrows. "An imperial edict to pardon crimes?" He felt the sudden coming of a headache. Qin Yu didn't conceal his loathing of the Mu Family. But, if the Mu Family really had an imperial edict from the last Holy Monarch, that would make things troublesome.

Qin Yu had hidden the fact that his Demon Body had broken through to the Saint level. This was to lure out all the destabilizing factors and suppress them in a single swoop and quickly establish his authority. But at the same time, this was also a great test for the Demon Envoy.

Although he hadn't made any mistakes, Qin Yu had already expressed dissatisfaction with his actions, or lack thereof, these past years. The Demon Envoy knew he needed to use concrete actions to obtain Qin Yu's trust once more.

Suppressing the Mu Family was the first task that Qin Yu had given him since he ascended the throne. If the Demon Envoy couldn't even accomplish this mission, even he wouldn't have the face to see Qin Yu again.

Taking a deep breath, the Demon Envoy coldly said, "Words are no guarantee. Take out the imperial edict!"

Mu Xianglin calmly said, "I ask Lord Demon Envoy to wait a moment. I will have a junior contact the Old Ancestor." He turned and spoke several words. A Mu Family cultivator quickly left.

But a good period of time passed and Mu Yunli didn't appear. Mu Xianglin was puzzled. He had already sent someone to contact the Old Ancestor after discovering that the True Demon Guard had blocked them in. Could the Old Ancestor be cultivating right now?

A bit of restlessness appeared in his heart. Mu Xianglin was about to send someone else when the Mu Family cultivator returned, his face pale.

Mu Xianglin stiffened. He asked, "What happened? Why hasn't the Old Ancestor come out?"

"The Old...Old Ancestor...isn't...in the...underground temple..." As the Mu Family cultivator said these words his body trembled.

Mu Xianglin's eyes flew open. "Impossible!"

He turned and pushed everyone aside, soaring straight to the underground temple.

The Demon Envoy's eyes flashed but he didn't stop him. He waved his hand and a large number of True Demon Guards streamed into the Mu Family like a black tide.

Mu Xianglin rushed into the underground temple like a crazy man. But, what he saw left him feeling cold. The underground temple was completely empty; Mu Yunli was nowhere to be seen.

The Old Ancestor had run away...as this thought appeared, he felt his knees weaken as he slumped to the floor.

Mu Xianglin finally understood what had happened. When Mu Yunli appeared yesterday with the 'imperial edict' in hand, it was only to comfort them. It was to make the Mu Family draw the attention of all others, having them serve as decoys while Mu Yunli delayed for time.

Without accident, Mu Yunli should have escaped the Demonic Path's Holy Land small world by now.

"Mu Yunli, you old bastard!"

Mu Xianglin screamed until his throat went hoarse. His shouts reverberated through the underground temple.

...

Space warped and a black-robed figure stepped out. He pulled back a hood to reveal a wizened face – this person was Mu Yunli.

This old monster had a faint chill flash in the depths. There was no expression on his face as he thought about how the Mu Family was probably being suppressed right now.

News had spread out from Eastern Sun City that three Elder level characters had been tossed into the Demon Suppression Prison. From this, Mu Yunli knew that Qin Yu wouldn't forgive the Mu Family.

So from the very start he had decided to run away. The reason he comforted the Mu Family was exactly as Mu Xianglin thought.

In order to live until today he had paid a nearly infinite price. How could he allow himself to die too easily?

Taking a deep breath, Mu Yunli said, “Yao Bin, my shame and ruin is all thanks to you. I promise you that one day I will pay you back double for all that you’ve done!”

“The Mu Family does have an imperial edict; it just happens to be in my hands. I’m curious, what do you plan on doing now? Consider this a minor repayment ahead of time.”

Drawing the black hood over his face once more, Mu Yunli took a step forward and vanished from sight.

...

Mu Xianglin was dragged out from the underground temple like a dead dog. With this, the spirit of the Mu Family had completely collapsed. In the shortest time possible, everyone in the Mu Family had been tossed into cages. But even so, the Demon Envoy had a dark and gloomy expression.

Mu Yunli had run away!

Without him, most of the significance of destroying the Mu Family would vanish. Qin Yu wouldn’t be satisfied with this.

And now there was also another extremely thorny issue.

After a quick interrogation, the Demon Envoy obtained information from the high level figures of the Mu Family. They had indeed seen an imperial edict in Mu Yunli’s hand.

The imperial edict couldn’t be faked; it had the Holy Monarch’s aura on it. In other words, the Mu Family did have a death-pardoning card in their hands. However, Mu Yunli had taken the imperial edict and vanished. Due to that, figuring out how to deal with the Mu Family had become a difficult problem.

At this time, a True Demon Guard ran over, his face pale as he bowed. “Lord Demon Envoy, we discovered a hidden chamber within Mu Yunli’s underground temple. There is a corpse inside...you should take a look yourself.”

The Demon Envoy’s heart skipped a beat. He shouted, “Bring me!”

Soon, he stepped into the chamber. He saw the corpse of someone who had clearly died after suffering great torment and torture. The corpse’s face was twisted in agony.

An acrid stench filled the air but the Demon Envoy couldn’t care about this at the moment. He recognized who this corpse belonged to. He clenched his teeth and cursed out, “That old bastard!”

He realized why Mu Yunli would flee with the imperial edict and wouldn’t leave it in the Mu Family.

So it was because he had been waiting for this!

The Demon Envoy took a deep breath. “Tidy up the corpse and make sure it is properly placed.” Without pause, he left Cloud Grove City with a heavy heart and heavy mind.

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### **Chapter 610B – The Demon Sovereign Visits the Immortal sect**

By the time Qin Yu saw the corpse, two hours had passed. The corpse had been cleaned up and a new set of clothing placed upon it. But, its distorted expression couldn’t be concealed.

It was Shang Yuntai.

Qin Yu fell silent. In a daze, he recalled the past and how Shang Yuntai had been struggling to survive as he slowly died from poison. The reason Qin Yu had helped him out was because Qin Yu also shared a similar experience in his own past.

But now, Shang Yuntai had died.

Shang Yuntai had experienced endless tribulations and had barely managed to survive after struggling on the precipice of death. Shang Yuntai was supposed to have obtained a new life, but in the end he couldn't escape his pitiful destiny and had died like this...all of his hard work and effort were now for nothing.

In truth, Qin Yu and Shang Yuntai didn't have much of a friendship. But when Qin Yu saw his corpse, for some reason he couldn't help but feel an intense sense of restlessness in his heart.

As the Demon Envoy felt the increasingly terrifying aura coming from Qin Yu's body, his complexion changed. He hesitated repeatedly and finally said, "Your Majesty Holy Monarch, the Mu Family indeed does have a crime-pardoning imperial edict. I ask that you consider these things before you mete out your punishment."

Qin Yu said without expression, "No matter their status, I want three generations of the Mu Family, including all adult men and women, to be summarily executed! Babies, children, old women, I want them exiled to the border and their cultivations to be abolished. None of them are allowed to cultivate ever again!"

The Demon Envoy's eyes widened, "Your Majesty!"

Throughout the years, the Mu Family had become deeply ingrained within the Demonic Path. Due to generations of marriage into other families, their network of influence was complex. Even if only three generations were implicated, this was a dreadfully large scope. It would surely shake up the Demonic Path.

Qin Yu calmly said, "Didn't Mu Yunli kill Shang Yuntai to enrage me? Then, I will fulfill his wish."

He lifted a hand, his expression ice cold. "There is no need for further discussion. Go and carry out my order."

The Demon Envoy took a deep breath. He bowed and drew back. He had fulfilled his responsibility of giving advice. Since His Majesty the Holy Monarch insisted on this, he could only comply.

To use the entire Mu Family to create trouble for the Holy Monarch, Mu Yunli that old bastard, he was a truly vicious and ruthless dog!

Within the chamber, only Qin Yu was left. When he looked at the ice cold corpse of Shang Yuntai, he slowly said, "The entire Mu Family will be buried with you. If you can hear me in the underworld, I hope you can find peace."

With a flick of his sleeves, space disintegrated and submerged Shang Yuntai's body, turning the corpse into ashes. Then, Qin Yu turned and walked away, an introspective look in his eyes.

They had both struggled to move forward and reverse their destinies. But, Qin Yu would not allow himself to suffer the same fate that befell Shang Yuntai.

He could not!

Within two days, three generations of Mu Family adults were slain in cold blood. So much blood flowed out that the color lit up the skies, nearly dyeing the heavens red.

To kill one person was simple. To kill ten wasn't hard. But what about a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, or even more? With just a thought from one person, tens of thousands of heads rolled.

For a time, those within the Demonic Path's Holy Land small world were left in a bewildered panic. They felt infinite fear and trepidation towards the actions of the new Holy Monarch.

Luckily, it seemed that His Majesty the Holy Monarch had slaked his blood thirst with the extermination of the Mu Family; he didn't do anything else shocking. Things seemed to calm down on the surface, but a storm of blood and thunder still surged in the darkness.

Of course, all of these things occurred in secret. The Demonic Path was preparing to welcome a joyous grand ceremony to pay respects to His Majesty the new Holy Monarch.

A long time had passed since the last Holy Monarch perished. Now, the Demonic Path welcomed a new peak character who could summon winds and clouds, who stood upon the pinnacle of the world. It was something worth celebrating.

On the day of celebration, the Dark Night Demon Region's Supreme Seat and the Blue Skies Yellow Springs' Yama gathered together. With this, the three heads of the Demonic Path reunited once more. When the countless cultivators of the Demonic Path saw this, they were so excited that they began to cry.

During the celebrations, the three heads of the Demonic Path only made a brief appearance at the start. After that, they headed into the Holy Palace where they began their first meeting.

Besides them, no one knew what they spoke about. But a day after the celebration, news spread out from the Demonic Path. Like a meteor crashing into the sea it immediately set off a torrential wave throughout the entire Land of Divinity and Demons.

Ten days from now, the Demonic Path's Holy Monarch would personally go to pay a visit to the Immortal Sect!

Countless cultivators were left dumbfounded. When they first heard this news their first thought was that it was some nonsensical talk. The Immortal Sect and Demonic Path might seem to have a cordial relationship on the surface, but the truth was that they were mortal enemies who had fought against each other for countless years. They both wished that their opponent would die.

The Demon Sovereign visiting the Immortal Sect?

Please tell me, who was the one that wrote this brainless script? What kind of joke was this!?

But soon, everyone determined that this news wasn't fake!

The Demonic Path announced to the world that this was the decision of the Demonic Path's new Holy Monarch. Now, all they waited for was the response of the Immortal Sect.

All cultivators who knew of this matter waited with bated breath and pale faces. Fear surged in their hearts. Was another great war going to erupt between the Immortal Sect and Demonic Path?

The entire Land of Divinity and Demons fell into a state of deep oppression because of the contact between these two titans.

A day later, the Immortal Sect announced that they would welcome the arrival of His Majesty the Holy Monarch. When this news spread out, it also caused another fierce earthquake.

But in fact, this was something normal. The Demonic Path had already made a move and the Immortal Sect wouldn't retreat.

Moreover, this was the Demon Sovereign visiting the Immortal Sect. The Immortal Sect had nothing to fear!

Everything would be decided in ten days when the Demon Sovereign visited the Immortal Sect. The attention of the world was completely gathered here.

...

Immortal Sect, Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace.

Shen Yuanyin was frozen within a giant block of ice. She closed her eyes, her aura violently fluctuating within her.

Suddenly, she fiercely opened her eyes. There seemed to be a galaxy spinning around in the depths of her eyes as countless fragmented images passed.

Bang –

The thick ice didn't seem as if it could withstand the strength that arrived. It was directly blasted apart.

Shen Yuanyin stuffily coughed and the sea of stars within her eyes rapidly faded away. Blood trickled down from the corners of her lips.

“Shen Yuanyin...Ning Ling...Shen Yuanyin...Ning Ling...”

A bitter voice echoed through the hall.

...

The night was dark like water, concealing all. One couldn't even see their fingers in front of their face. In a barren wilderness, a wild wolf was enjoying the flesh and blood of the prey it just brought down. It gobbled up its meal in great gulps while carefully sweeping its eyes around.

Suddenly, the wild wolf stiffened. Then, its head rolled over.

But no blood flowed out from the corpse. Even the bits and pieces of fragmented flesh began to wither away and lose all luster.

A figure with a hunched back appeared beside the wolf corpse. Its mouth seemed to be swallowing something. Then, it let out a comfortable sigh.

“You even eat such weak blood energy. Old Hunchback, it seems your condition isn’t so great. If you can’t endure it any longer and are going to die soon, you might as well give me your cultivation rather than waste it.”

A hoarse voice came from afar. A foggy figure floated in.

The hunchbacked figure grinned, “Old Ghost Head, even if you die I can still live well!”

A third voice rose up, “Old Hunchback is right.” This new arrival was silent for a moment, approaching closer before speaking again, “None of us can outlive him.”

The foggy figure laughed but didn’t say anything else.

“Stop struggling. If you really wanted to be freed, remember to give me the benefits. Hah...I’m really tired of living!” A hatchet emerged from thin air, cutting open a door. A thin figure walked out. Wrinkles covered his face and weariness filled his eyes.

“Tsk tsk. Woodchopper you are unexpectedly still alive. I heard that Solitary Westgate personally hunted you down. It seems your luck is as good as ever!”

Woodchopper Fu humphed. He absolutely didn’t want to remember the past. It was just a little bit...just a little bit, and he would have died.

“That’s enough. We gathered here today for an important matter.”

The atmosphere fell silent.

Old Ghost Head’s voice became even hoarser, like two rusty iron sheets rubbing against each other, “Woodchopper, we all understand your meaning. But something like this...hehe, just the smallest mistake and we are all done for.”

Woodchopper Fu coldly sneered. “Even if it wasn’t for this, how long can you all keep on lasting for? The ceremony has been prepared for many years and now we are just missing a qualified sacrifice. This is the best chance for us. We will never have another like it!”

The quiet one said, “I approve.”

The first old man looked up, “How strange. This dumb mute is usually the quietest and most cautious yet he agrees so quickly.”

The mute said, “It’s a rare chance!”

Woodchopper Fu grinned, causing waves on his face’s wrinkles. “It’s not easy for any of us to live. Stop delaying. Let’s vote.”

The four all agreed.

“We only have one chance.”

“We will bet our lives.”

“We must be careful.”

“We will do our best!”

The four voices spoke up together. Then, they slowly faded away, like the hum of flies, gradually disappearing.