

## **The Growth 107**

Chapter 107 - 10: Journey to the Center of the World (5/5)

Outside the White Bone City, on the road leading to the Central Plains.

"You really won't kill me?"

Carrying Luo Fu across the high sky, the shadow of Bone Ming flickered briefly on the earth, drawing the sideways glances of countless beings.

And to some of the skeletons and the Hundred Races who permanently reside in White Bone City, they recognized at a glance that it was the shadow of Bone Ming, the King Without a Crown of White Bone City.

That enormous body and the posture of soaring in the sky were its most distinctive features.

"My task is not to kill you, my task is merely to spy on you."

Standing atop Bone Ming's head, Luo Fu maintained his usual haughtiness, yet the other seemed to hear a hint of goodwill in his words.

"Exactly how to deal with you, that's something Balian and the others need to consider."

Referencing the records of the skeletons, Bone Ming knew that the "Balian" Luo Fu mentioned was the Primordial Prophet of the Wuqi Race, also the one closest to the Creator.

"The Primordial Prophet? Can I really enter your Holy Land?"

With a sudden vibration of its four wings, Bone Ming, accelerating to its utmost speed again, asked doubtfully in a low voice.

Never mind the legendary "Brilliant Realm."

Even the "Divine Concealment Land" located in the Central Plains, Bone Ming had flown to inspect more than once.

The result disappointed him; all he saw was an endless plain, without a single trace of any Immortals.

This led Bone Ming to temporarily believe that the Immortals were just a myth of the Hundred Races.

Until Bone Ming began tracing the roots of the languages of the Hundred Races in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and was shocked to discover that despite different accents and scripts, they all had a single origin, which made him realize that Immortals were not just legends.

"As long as a creature is recognized by the Father God, it is qualified to enter the Divine Concealment Land."

Without directly answering Bone Ming's question, Luo Fu spoke these words while suddenly pointing towards the dome of the sky.

"Do you see that blood-red sun?"

Bone Ming looked up at the sky, nodded, and said.

"I see it, that's the Day of Sin, the origin of the entire skeleton race."

Indeed, on Bone Ming's first day arriving in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

He noticed that blood-red sun hung high on the dome, day or night, chained by eight giant storm chains.

According to legend, it was the most powerful apostle under the Creator's command—the Storm Apostle imprisoned it with divine power.

Once the eight chains disappear, the unnameable being sealed within will manifest, bringing destruction to the world.

Similar mythological tales exist in every world, in every mythological system.

Bone Ming didn't take it to heart, merely considering the Day of Sin a natural phenomenon unique to this world.

"All those legends are true, that sun is a fallen evil god."

Clearly noticing Bone Ming's indifference, Luo Fu couldn't help but smile.

"The Father God hung it at the world's center to warn us that this world is not as safe as we imagine."

"Be it the Exotic Realm or the Divine War, our Mountain and Sea Realm will never fear any challenge."

"As long as you keep flying in the direction of the Day of Sin, you'll arrive at the world's most central place, the place you've been searching for."

As these words were spoken, Bone Ming's eyes widened in disbelief.

He never expected that finding the "Divine Concealment Land" could be so straightforward?

And what was it about the Day of Sin always being central to the world?

Could it be that this world's structure is fundamentally different from what the Goddess described?

"Is this the True God's majestic power!?"

Unable to suppress an exclamation, Bone Ming realized for the first time that not all the world's gods are like his own Goddess.

In the Mountain and Sea Realm, that legendary Creator is the true ruler of this world.

Moving mountains and filling seas, shifting stars...

Making the whole world operate according to His will is merely an instinct.

.....

Sun setting and moon rising, time passing swiftly.

Following Luo Fu's directions, whether day or night, Bone Ming flew towards the Day of Sin's direction.

The tenacity of the Serpent Race displayed thoroughly at this moment.

Such prolonged intense flight not only didn't tire Bone Ming but even revived a long-lost sense of restlessness.

For the nearer he got to the Central Plains, the more Bone Ming sensed a distinct disharmony different from before.

Direction, light, terrain, even time—were all being distorted...

The only reference Bone Ming could rely on now was the Day of Sin, hanging at the world's center.

When Bone Ming regained his senses, the scenery before his eyes abruptly changed.

In the previously barren Central Plains Zone, there appeared an incredible "town."

Without walls or fences, and even the architecture styles varied...

There were wooden stilt houses built over water...

Stone fortresses carved out of mountain bodies...

Crystal towers constructed from numerous blocks...

Everywhere he looked, every Immortal built a home according to their own aesthetic.

Though seemingly chaotic, under the illumination of Sun Stones that could connect the entire town, they exhibited a unique beauty.

With Sun Stones as a source gathering Solar Power, even the deepest dark fortress corners radiated with warm light.

In that instant, Bone Ming even felt like he had entered Heaven.

"Is this... the Land of Divine Blessing!?"

Overwhelmed by indescribable shock, Bone Ming slowly descended toward the central Creator Altar of this town.

Under the brilliance of the Civilization Wonder—the [Eye of the Creator]—upon the Creator Altar, Bone Ming felt the long-standing rift between him and this world gradually fading.

"Welcome, Father God's child, Bone Ming!"

Gently leaning over to Bone Ming's ear, Luo Fu displayed a genuine smile for the first time.

This was her first time addressing him as "Bone Ming," signifying Luo Fu's acknowledgment of him as a part of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"Father God's... child?"

Still somewhat in a daze, Bone Ming lightly landed on the ground, and then he saw the Immortal who had long been waiting there.

A long scar ran across his face.

That was his most distinguishable feature among other Immortals.

Behind that Immortal, a Dragon Wolf, with a physique comparable to Bone Ming, lifted an eyelid and then lay back down again.

"Welcome to the world's center, recognized child of the Father God!"

Opening his arms and stepping forward, Balian showed a dignity and compassion entirely at odds with his appearance at that moment.