

The Growth 655

Chapter 655 13: The Mad Golden Gods

The Golden Era of the Disaster Realm is an era of which only fragments of words remain.

The Gods living in today's era can only vaguely sense the existence of that time, and they all speculate about the reasons for the destruction of that Golden Era.

However, very few know that someone actually survived the apocalypse of that Golden Era.

"That person is me, a coward who couldn't even harm a fly."

Sitting by the campfire, Pixiu spoke sorrowfully about his origins.

Beside Pixiu, the Hundred Eyed Dragon, Golden Spirit, and Feng Xi were listening intently, while Old Dragon was gazing at the distant oasis in a stupor.

"In the era I was born in, the great Dragon God was one of the most powerful deities of the Disaster Realm, and every move he made was watched by the Gods."

"However, at the peak of that era, the great Dragon God discovered the true nature of this world."

"This world is a hunting ground specifically for gods and demons, an experimental field where greater beings are created at the cost of sacrificing Gods..."

As Pixiu leisurely narrated, the secrets of the Golden Era began to unfold.

In order to escape this world that shackled them, the Dragon God of the Golden Era had been studying various anomalies of the Disaster Realm and finally came to a shocking conclusion.

That was whenever a civilization reached its zenith, whenever the Gods of the Disaster Realm reached a certain threshold.

A man-made celestial calamity would sweep across the entire Disaster Realm, killing all living beings and Gods, ultimately causing the whole world to transform into a higher dimension and level.

To avoid this inevitable "apocalypse," the Dragon God began to rally the Golden Era's Gods to face the crisis together.

With the cooperation of millions of deities, they indeed managed to delay the arrival of the "apocalypse" to some extent.

However, even the Gods did not foresee that the "apocalypse" turned out to be a special mechanism capable of self-regulation, perhaps even possessing consciousness.

When the "apocalypse" realized that the Gods of the Disaster Realm were breaking free from their creators' shackles.

Molten lava erupted from the earth's core, tsunamis that swept through the Eight Desolates drowned the land, and even the air was filled with a poisonous mustard gas...

Aside from Gods and demigods, no living creature could survive such a calamity.

And even the Gods, who had left behind their corporeal forms, were doomed to not withstand such extreme conditions for long.

After all, the Gods of the Disaster Realm could not elevate their life dimensions.

When the entire world faced destruction, those Gods still with physical entities in the Material Realm would naturally perish with it.

In this situation, the alliance of Gods initially established to face the "apocalypse" crumbled apart.

In its place were insane plans devised by each deity to continue surviving at all costs.

Gathering the remnants of matter in the Disaster Realm, hunting Gods to forge indestructible Divine Souls...

As long as they could stay alive, the Gods threatened by death turned into true Demon Gods.

To the limits of madness, employing every means possible...

Just to increase the slightest chance of survival, this embodied the completely deranged Golden Gods.

The Dragon God, as a member of the Disaster Realm, inevitably had similar plans.

However, the Dragon God's ambitions were a bit larger.

He wanted his followers and himself to evade this apocalypse and live to the next era.

Thus, the Dragon God dismantled his Divine Kingdom and used it as a vessel to protect the slumbering Dragon Race.

In terms of the final result, the Dragon God's plan was indeed successful.

Unfortunately, only one Dragon Race member actually survived that apocalyptic disaster and lived to the next era.

That was Pixiu, who thus became the last survivor of the Golden Era.

When Pixiu opened his eyes again, the world had already undergone tremendous changes, and everything related to the Golden Era seemed to have been submerged in the currents of history.

In this unfamiliar age, Pixiu felt an unprecedented loneliness.

Even in the Golden Era, Pixiu was not a solitary dragon.

As an alchemist, Pixiu loved pestering his elder brothers, asking them to recount the glorious tales of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Alas, Pixiu scoured all fragments of the Dragon God's exploded Divine Kingdom but never found another survivor like himself.

Until Pixiu discovered Gunlong Village, where he found the Dragon God's final remains—a dragon body long since dead.

The moment he saw those remains, Pixiu understood he might never have a home in this life.

Even the mighty Dragon God could not escape the fate of death, let alone other Dragon Race members less powerful than the Dragon God?

Pixiu's revival was merely a coincidence, an unrepeatable coincidence.

Pixiu became the world's, this era's last Dragon Race member, carrying his unwillingness and confusion forever.

"Wait, you say you're the last of the Dragon Race?"

With a peculiar expression, Feng Xi couldn't help but interrupt Pixiu's narrative, looking around at the Hundred Eyed Dragon, Golden Spirit, and Old Dragon.

If Pixiu claimed to be the last of the Dragon Race, then who were these three siblings?

This was not only Feng Xi's question but also the question of the Hundred Eyed Dragon and Golden Spirit.

"Uncle Nine truly is the last of the Dragon Race."

Taking a deep breath, the Old Dragon, who had been in a daze, finally spoke.

"Because, in a sense, the three of us siblings are not the Dragon Race, or rather, we cannot be considered complete members of the Dragon Race."

Without waiting for questions, the Old Dragon continued speaking.

"Uncle Nine is a genius alchemist, particularly skilled at concocting various mysterious elixirs."

"These elixirs could not only enhance cultivation and heal injuries but could also be categorized into different types based on function."

"For example, the 'Qi Sealing Soul Reviving Pill,' which can absorb resentment and seal it."

"In the legacy of the Mountain and Sea Dragon Race, besides elixirs like the 'Qi Sealing Soul Reviving Pill,' there is also a pill formula known as the 'Nine Revolutions Soul Reviving Pill'..."

Even though she had long heightened her understanding of the Mountain and Sea Dragon Race in her heart.

Upon hearing the term "Nine Revolutions Soul Reviving Pill" from the Old Dragon, Feng Xi couldn't help but be shocked.

Just from the name of this pill formula, it seemed to be an elixir that could resurrect the dead.

In the eyes of the Mountain and Sea Civilization, which saw death as life, the "Nine Revolutions Soul Reviving Pill" also signifies the offense and usurpation of the responsibilities of the Death God.