

Domination 421

Chapter 421: Necropolis

Li Qiye reminisced a bit as he stood on top of a high mountain while gazing at this monstrous obelisk that towered into the sky.

He needed a key to enter the Prime Ominous Grave. His gaze then shifted towards a different direction amidst the rolling mountain ranges beyond the grave.

There was quite a scene right outside, one that had wondrous natural landforms. It was a vast area and was referred to by others as the City of Ghosts.

One would find collapsed walls that spanned for millions of miles around this stretch of mountains and rivers. It was an ancient yet broken city with the words "Necropolis" engraved above its gate.

Necropolis was famous in the Nether Border and even the entire Sacred Nether World. However, many people liked to call it the City of Ghosts instead.

It was the largest city right outside the grave. Those who stood atop these walls and looked towards the far distance would find rivers and mountains everywhere, along with closely-packed structures. Some pavilions and temples were built with clay to form a town while other buildings towered above the mountain ranges. There were also inhabitants along the riverbanks and valleys.

It was easy to see that this place was prospering with life. The city was completely lit up and the streets were filled with shouting vendors.

However, if outsiders were to think of Necropolis as a peaceful city where all races congregated, then they would be completely mistaken.

All of these inhabitants that resembled cultivators were not alive, they were ghosts.

Talking about ghosts in the Sacred Nether World was absurd because it was a world filled with ghost tribes since this was their homeland. External races would view the ghost tribes as ghosts.

However, the truth was that the ghost tribes were not actually ghosts, they were existences with flesh and blood just like the human race. They were just a different ethnicity.

However, Necropolis' inhabitants did not have flesh or blood. They were things without life — simple sentiments. If there were actually ghosts in this world, then the inhabitants of this city would be them.

Necropolis was more of a country rather than just a city. The geography right outside the grave was extremely abundant with countless ghosts as its citizens.

No one knew when Necropolis was established, but it had existed for a very long time. The ghosts here looked just like those outside; they took on the form of humans, demons, ghost tribes, cultivators, and citizens. They even had their own dao lineages.

The residents here seemed no different from those outside, but they just had no trace of life. They were only never-dissipating sentiments.

They did not know that they were dead and went on living in a similar fashion to those outside.

Necropolis was always vibrant with excitement regardless of whether it was day or night as if it was just a mortal city; it was nothing like a city of the dead.

However, one would be frightened to death if they knew that all of the street vendors, the young children that were learning how to speak, and the cultivators passing on their dao system were all people who had died and turned into sentiments.

No one knew why there were so many sentiments that lived at this location, and no one knew why it was so difficult for them to move on.

In short, Necropolis was a mysterious land of the dead. Some people who were on the verge of death would choose to die at Necropolis because this was a different way of life. Of course, these sentiments that continued to live at Necropolis had nothing to do with real people since they would lose their memories of their past life.

A dead person in Necropolis would turn into a trail of sentiment that continued to live in the city, but this sentiment no longer resembled their original self; it didn't have the memories nor any marks — it was a completely different being.

People, or rather ghosts, that lived in the city never left. They would stay here until the day they disappear.

Everyone knew that the inhabitants that lived in this city were not ghosts but merely sentiments. Despite this, many cultivators still came here in order to live on after they died.

Of course, there were also different reasons why other cultivators chose to come. There were numerous treasures here, such as divine weapons, rare king medicines, and ancient scroll manuals. Second, it hid something craved by all — the key to open the Prime Ominous Grave. Third, it also had a treasure mountain that could allow others to obtain immortality.

Because of these reasons, many came to Necropolis. However, whether it was the treasures inside Necropolis or the Prime Ominous Grave, very few managed to see them. As for the legendary treasure mountain, even fewer had seen it.

Many young people came to risk their lives for these treasures, but people haven't heard of many successful cases. Some did find some treasures, but they were very far from mythical weapons.

Of course, the key to the Prime Ominous Grave was found. Because of this, the grave was opened several times, leaving behind the tales of Immortal Emperor Di Yu that people never seemed to get tired of.

It was unknown whether the emperor was the one who found the key, or if it was someone else who successfully went into the grave. Nevertheless, Immortal Emperor Di Yu was the one who obtained the creation; it didn't matter whether he went in with someone else or not.

Only one thing was confirmed by future generations, that there were several generations when the key was found to open the grave. Thus began the hunt for the key at Necropolis.

Li Qiye gently sighed while looking at the city in the distance. It indeed contained the key, but obtaining the key was not easy. Otherwise, there wouldn't have been so many people leaving empty-handed for millions of years.

At this moment, Li Qiye was facing a problem. If the lost mythical island didn't enter the grave, then there was no reason for him to find the key.

After thinking about it for a bit, he left this place. He needed to gather information to confirm the island's whereabouts before finding the key. Around ten thousand miles away from Necropolis was another citadel — an ancient city named Crossing City. Now this was a place where the other races gathered. But of course, this was the eastern Nether Border, so there were more ghost tribes here.

It was not strange at all; outside of the southern Distant Cloud, all the other locations were territories that belonged to the ghost tribes because they were the primary inhabitants of this world.

Since Li Qiye was human, he maintained a very low profile after entering Crossing City since he only wanted to hear about the news from the Prime Ominous Grave.

The majority of the cultivators here were members of the ghost race. Keep in mind that the ghost race contained many different branches. Some of them carried a deep nether aura, but not all of them. Some branches were very bright, such as the Sun Ghost Tribe. Its members exuded a sun's ray like the sun itself so, from their external appearance, it would be difficult to classify them as part of the ghost race.

The only unifying characteristic of all of these different ghost tribes was that their blood was of a purple color.

In the past several days, Li Qiye inquired about the Prime Ominous Grave with no success. It was because the grave would not change unless it was opened; it would remain the same in an unchanging manner.

Li Qiye was quite disappointed with his lack of information. Could it be that the lost mythical island was not inside the Prime Ominous Grave?

Li Qiye thought of a different possibility. However, if the island was not inside the grave, then that would not be good news.

Right when he was about to give up due to disappointment, one day, he went inside a diner to listen to conversations and was just in time for a particular message.

Chapter 422: Snow-shadow Tribe

Li Qiye was in a diner inside Crossing City. Next to him was a table with more than ten people; there were men and women both young and old.

"Haha, this time, maybe we will find the legendary mountain at Necropolis. Then, our Snow-shadow Ghost Tribe will rise!" A young man excitedly laughed and declared.

There was a shared characteristic amongst this group, and that was that all of their hair was as white as snow.

The strangest thing was that when sunlight shone on their bodies, even their shadows would come out as white.

A white shadow would creep anyone out, but in the Sacred Nether World where ghost tribes congregated, this was not strange at all.

It was apparent that this table consisted of members of the same tribe, a tribe named the Snow-shadow Tribe. Just like their name, their shadows were white.

It was a minor tribe in Crossing City, one with very meager power. Legends state that they were once powerful, but as for how powerful they actually were, the current tribe did not know since it was too long ago.

The youths in the group were very excited when they talked about Necropolis. They all wanted to give it a try.

Another young man said: "Hehe, Necropolis is a treasure ground that Immortal Emperors regularly visited. We are going to make a fortune this time!"

However, an elder at the same table poured cold water over their excitement. He was quite old, but his eyes were as clear as the stars in the sky. He shook his head to say: "Don't get your hopes up. We will just go and take a look so don't dream about too many treasures. Hundreds of thousands of people visit Necropolis every year, but they don't even find regular treasures, let alone mythical ones. We are only going in order to broaden your horizons."

"Elder Zhi, don't ruin our excitement like this." The speaker was a muscular young man who optimistically smiled and said: "Elder Zhi, maybe I, Peng Zhuang, will find the legendary mountain. I will change and become an Immortal Emperor, then this will become my generation!"

"Someone who looks like a ruffian like you wants to become an Immortal Emperor?" Elder Zhi did not shy from bringing down the youth's optimism and continued: "Don't dream about the treasure mountain. This is a legend that no one has seen before, let alone a little brat like you."

The youth named Peng Zhuang only smiled in response. Despite the elder's words, it did not diminish his excitement. He and another youth continued to enthusiastically speak about the Prime Ominous Grave.

At first, Li Qiye didn't pay them any attention. Every day, people all over the Sacred Nether World traveled to Necropolis with the same dream as Peng Zhuang. They all wanted to find the legendary treasure mountain inside the city.

But now, the youths were talking about the things that happened a few days ago at Necropolis; this was the moment when the Sacred Nether World was plunged into darkness.

"I heard that a fiend had come into being." The youths' conversation became increasingly ludicrous as they started to talk about all kinds of things.

"It wasn't a fiend, I heard that the Heaven's Will had died. Ever since the Black Dragon King tore apart the Heaven's Will, it was on the verge of death. Yesterday, when the sky became dark, it was because the heavens died."

“Pfft, what are you talking about? Where is this heaven? I feel that the arrival of a fiend is more accurate.” The group of them debated.

“All of you are wrong.” The muscular young man named Peng Zhuang mysteriously said: “Haha, in my opinion, an invincible existence came out from the Prime Ominous Grave. During the darkness, I saw a monstrous hand stretch out from the grave.”

“Oh Big Talk Peng, you are lying again.” A youth at the same table laughed and shook his head: “What monstrous hand? We were standing at the same spot that day; none of us saw a monstrous hand. Moreover, the grave had not been opened for tens of thousands of years, so how could there be a hand?”

“It is true!” Peng Zhuang busily replied: “Amidst that darkness, I saw a huge hand reaching out from the grave.”

Li Qiye’s expression changed; this was exactly the news he was looking for. If Peng Zhuang spoke the truth, then Li Qiye’s conjecture was not wrong.

“Peng Zhuang, don’t speak nonsense.” Suddenly, a clear yet slightly imposing voice came out.

It was a woman who sat at the same table; she was around the age of thirty. Her mature charm was like a ripe peach that was ready to be picked at any moment.

The thirty year old woman carried a plump and mature flavor; her white hair gave her an even more dignified aura. Her smoking hot figure was accented by her soft and tall bosom, and her slender waist could easily be held within a single hand. She was quite charming despite not reaching the kingdom-topping level. During her moments where her dignity showed, she exuded the aura of a noble.

This mature woman brightened the eyes of others with a seductive and ripe aura, causing the hearts of others to beat faster.

Peng Zhuang immediately shut up after the woman spoke as he cheekily said: “Chief, I was just kidding.”

The woman didn’t say anything else, but she had a noble yet intimidating aura. The youths quickly changed the topic and talked about something else.

Li Qiye, who was eavesdropping to the side, knew that he had found the right people. Now, all that he needed to do was to find out whether Peng Zhuang told the truth or not.

Li Qiye stood up and clasped his hands together while smiling to greet the table: “Salutation, Fellow Daoists.”

As the proverb says, no one would hit a smiling face. Li Qiye was quite polite, so the Snow-shadow Tribe also greeted him back. It was not a big tribe so they were not arrogant at all.

Li Qiye said with a smile: “This junior is Li Qiye from the southern Distant Cloud. I came to the eastern Nether Border to broaden my horizons with a vacation. The mythical Necropolis is filled with mysteries, so when I heard Fellow Daoists talk about it, I just want to ask a few questions about how to get there.”

Li Qiye was both polite and courteous like a well-behaved and proper young man.

“You’re just in time, we are also going to Necropolis.” Peng Zhuang was a frank and simple person, so he quickly said: “How about we go together? Another companion will make it livelier.”

“Peng Zhuang...” The tribal chief warned with a serious tone.

However, Li Qiye quickly took charge before the chief could react. He clasped his hands towards her: “This junior will shamelessly ask to go with your group. I just came to the Nether Border and do not know my way around. I gratefully hope for your patronage in the future.” [1. ‘Took charge before she could react’ raw = first decapitate then report later; it is a privilege given to the emperor’s trusted officials — the power to kill then report.]

The chief couldn’t help but grimace. This human with an unknown origin that suddenly wanted to join her team caused her to become overly sensitive.

“This junior’s name is Li Qiye, what are Daoist Brothers’ names?” Li Qiye was very friendly and enthusiastically asked.

Peng Zhuang was a straightforward person, so after seeing Li Qiye’s polite friendliness, he quickly called him brother right afterward as if they had known each other for a long time.

The other youths were also not cautious of Li Qiye. In the end, they were only a small tribe, so making more friends was not a bad thing.

Elder Zhi didn’t state his opinion. Only the chief alone was cautious, but she didn’t reveal any dissatisfaction towards Li Qiye.

After getting familiar with the young ones, Li Qiye learned the names of the older crowd. The chief’s name was Qiurong Wanxue.

Although it was only a minor one, it was still a tribe after all. Qiurong Wanxue proved her formidable strength by being the chief at the age of thirty. She was either the number one or number two expert in her tribe.

Despite being a relatively young female chief, the disciples in her tribe adored her. She also gained the acceptance from the previous generation since they believed that she would reach peak Heavenly King in the future.

In just a short moment, Li Qiye became quite close to Peng Zhuang’s group. After the meal, the group marched towards Necropolis while Li Qiye tagged along with them with his thick skin.

The youths enjoyed Li Qiye’s company, but Qiurong Wanxue remained vigilant. Nevertheless, she didn’t chase him away and agreed to him tagging along.

Once they were outside of Necropolis, the youths became quite excited. Peng Zhuang hysterically shouted: “Haha, Peng Zhuang is here! The treasure mountain is mine!”

Li Qiye laughed and pointed at the towering Prime Ominous Grave in the distance: “People say that there are even more treasures in the Prime Ominous Grave. There is even a method for immortality.”

Peng Zhuang relentlessly claimed: “Haha, wait until I find the key. Then, we’ll definitely go there.”

"I'm afraid it will be very hard." Li Qiye shook his head to say: "I heard that no one had opened it for a very long time now. For tens of thousands of years, there had been no changes to the grave."

"Who said so?" Peng Zhuang remained unconvinced and continued: "I clearly saw a change when darkness covered the sky. Right at that instant, I saw the biggest hand I've ever seen coming out of the grave."

"Liar Peng Zhuang." One of the other companions shook his head and said with laughter: "We were all together, so how come we didn't see it?"

Chapter 423: Companion

After hearing his companion, Peng Zhuang quickly retorted and swore: "I really saw it. It's true, why would I lie to you guys? There really was a giant hand stretching out from the Prime Ominous Grave!"

"Really?" Li Qiye was secretly happy; he came just for this news. He put on a curious expression and asked: "What did that giant hand look like? Was it scary? Was it a ghost's hand or something else?"

"It wasn't a ghost's hand." Peng Zhuang shook his head and elaborated: "I felt that the hand was very weird. After the darkness disappeared, I also saw it going back into the grave."

"A hand suddenly stretching outward..." Li Qiye was like an inquisitive little kid listening to a tale: "Maybe it was trying to grab something. Did you see what it caught?"

"Umm..." Peng Zhuang thought about it for a moment and replied: "Now that you mention it, I can faintly recall that it was holding something..."

"Peng Zhuang, stop your driveling." Qiurong Wanxue said in a serious manner: "Prepare a few things, we'll arrive at Necropolis in just a moment."

Peng Zhuang wryly smiled while checking over his own items.

Li Qiye secretly sighed. It seemed that Qiurong Wanxue was still very cautious of him. Li Qiye then suddenly felt a glare settle on him. He looked up and saw a pair of sparkling eyes.

Li Qiye smiled and clasped his hands together towards Qiurong Wanxue: "This is this junior's first time to Necropolis, so I hope Chief will teach me a thing or two."

Qiurong Wanxue looked at him and then lightly replied: "Just be careful and don't cause any trouble."

This was a phrase with multiple meanings; it was as if she wanted to both gauge and warn him.

Li Qiye pretended to only understand the literal meaning, so he courteously gestured: "Then I give my thanks, Chief."

At this moment, Li Qiye was 80 or 90 percent certain that the lost island had something to do with the grave. Unfortunately, he couldn't speak with Peng Zhuang in private at this time.

He was no longer in a rush with this new revelation. What he needed to do now was to find the key to open the Prime Ominous Grave.

After Qiurong Wanxue and the six young disciples were prepared, Elder Zhi said: “Chief, we will stay here to support you guys. If anything happens, just fire off the signal and we will go to pick you up.”

Qiurong Wanxue nodded in agreement and said in a serious tone: “Very well, Elder Zhi, please be careful as well.”

To many people, Necropolis was a land filled with temptations, but only young people were able to enter. Of course, middle-aged and elderly cultivators could go in as well, as long as they had no fear of death.

There was a dark and inscrutable energy in Necropolis. The blood energy of young people was vigorous like a rising sun, so they were capable of dispelling this dark energy at Necropolis. [1. The word ‘dark’ here can be ‘evil’ as well or associated with ghosts. However, I used dark to be more ambiguous.]

The middle-aged and the elderly were not capable of doing so. No matter how majestic a middle-aged man’s blood energy was, there were still flaws and gaps. As for the elderly, even their lifespan was withering. This was the reason why their blood energy would be infected by this dark energy, causing them to grow older at an increased rate.

For example, a middle-aged cultivator could live to six or seven thousand years. However, once they entered Necropolis, their blood energy would be eroded by this dark energy and their rate of aging would increase, resulting in a three or four thousand year lifespan instead. The longer they stayed at Necropolis, the faster they would age.

So for millions of years, Necropolis was a playground for the young. The Sacred Nether World had this saying: don’t waste your life by not visiting Necropolis once during your youth, or else it will be too late.

This was why any older existence — no matter how powerful — would not enter Necropolis unless there was no other choice.

Qiurong Wanxue looked at Li Qiye and asked in a serious manner: “Have you prepared yourself?”

As the chief of a tribe, the truth was that she didn’t welcome an outsider like Li Qiye. Someone with an unknown background was a risk, but since Li Qiye shamelessly came along, it wasn’t proper for her to chase him away unless he clearly showed harmful intentions towards their tribe.

Li Qiye smiled to reveal his white teeth and said: “Don’t worry, Chief. I have prepared and can go at any time.”

Qiurong Wanxue took in a deep breath and said: “Come, we will go into the city now.” Then, she led the way.

The six Snow-shadow youths were very excited since this was their first time to Necropolis. The straightforward Peng Zhuang excitedly cried out: “Necropolis, here we come!”

These six were those with the greatest potential in the Snow-shadow tribe. Outside of a certain goal, Qiurong Wanxue brought them here so that they could gain more experience as well.

Once they were inside Necropolis, Qiurong Wanxue brought them to a huge town where they were immediately met with a rush of hot air.

With wide roads and countless pedestrians, the town was very big. Some cultivators were flying in the air while others rode their flying beasts above the street peddlers.

A little merchant cried out: “Necropolis Stone — it is capable of asking ghosts for direction. There’s only one left, come and buy, quick!”

“Three-streams fish — used for both energy restoration and dan refinement. One bottle for three fish; come, come buy, don’t miss it!”

“Necropolis Ghost Energy — the number one choice for the Ghost Race. Being sold right here, being sold right here. It only costs three thousand fish for the one and only in the city, come and buy!”

The town was extremely lively with the cries of hustling merchants and many bystanders. Once inside, who would actually think that this was a city of ghosts?

The six youths were quickly attracted by the animated town like village folk coming to the city for the first time. They gazed around curiously.

One of the youths wondered: “Is this really the City of Ghosts?” The town before them did not resemble one at all. The first impression of a ghost city should be a ghastly place full of nether energy.

However, there was no nether energy here. Instead, it resembled a mortal city even more due to the festive atmosphere and presence of humans.

He was here once more at Necropolis — Li Qiye gently sighed as he thought of this. This place was filled with mysteries, and only ghosts could truly live here. To be more exact, this was a congregation of sentiments, not real ‘ghosts.’

Qirong Wanxue said: “Open your Heavenly Gazes to see whether they are people or ghosts... No, I should say sentiments.”

After hearing their chief, the six youths opened their Heavenly Gazes to see a creepy sight.

A huge bustling town should have an abundance of blood energy like the ocean — surging and inexhaustible, capable of gestating even the heaven and earth.

However, their eyes only saw a Necropolis filled with a dark energy. In addition to this, the pedestrians did not have any blood energy at all; some of the merchants on the sidewalks were only illusions.

How could first-timers not be alarmed at seeing such a huge city without blood energy? This was a city of the dead.

“How can they look so similar to real people?” A disciple exclaimed in astonishment. The inhabitants here looked exactly like real people, outside of not having any blood energy.

“Both the strong and the weak can be found in Necropolis. Strong sentiments are no different than ordinary cultivators, outside of not having any blood energy. On the other hand, weak sentiments would immediately be seen through by Heavenly Gazes, like those illusions.”

Peng Zhuang pointed at an approaching group of young men in the distance and exclaimed: "Look over there, those ghosts have blood energy!"

Qirong Wanxue responded in a serious tone: "Don't be rude, they are just like you — cultivators from the outside."

Peng Zhuang embarrassingly smiled and withdrew his finger. He didn't dare to act wantonly.

In fact, many young cultivators came to Necropolis every day. Some came for fun, some came for the legendary treasures, and some came for the key to the Prime Ominous Grave.

The chief brought the group across a street as a street vendor called out: "Selling stone talismans here; a talisman from an ancient tribe, come and buy, quick!"

Peng Zhuang liked a particular stone talisman and walked forward to ask: "How much for this stone talisman?"

The merchant saw a customer so he enthusiastically smiled: "Cheap, it's very cheap, only six fish."

A young disciple heard the price and curiously asked: "Six fish? What are these six fish?"

Qirong Wanxue shook her head and explained to them: "The 'fish' he's referring to are Yang Nightfish. The currency in Necropolis is not refined jade, but Yang Nightfish."

After hearing this, Peng Zhuang dejectedly gave up since he didn't have any Yang Nightfish.

[spoiler title='423 Teaser']After hearing his companion, Peng Zhuang quickly retorted and swore: "I really saw it. It is true, why would I lie to you guys? There really was a giant hand stretching out from the Prime Ominous Grave!"

"Really?" Li Qiye was secretly happy; he came just for this news. He put on a curious expression and asked: "What did that giant hand look like? Was it scary? Was it a ghost's hand or something else?"

"It wasn't a ghost's hand." Peng Zhuang shook his head and elaborated: "I felt that the hand was very weird. After the darkness disappeared, I also saw it going back into the grave."

Chapter 424: City of Ghosts

Another disciple asked: "Chief, where are we going now?"

Qirong Wanxue answered: "We are going to Nightsea. That is the only place where we can catch Yang Nightfish. We are only passing by this place."

"Haha, we have to hurry!" Peng Zhuang was excited to hear this and wished that he could fly there instantly.

This was not Qirong Wanxue's first time to Necropolis, so she was not in a rush to get to Nightsea. She purposely took her time so that the group of Peng Zhuang could see more things and broaden their horizons.

On a particular street, they found a young man showcasing some merchandise with refined jade as the currency.

Peng Zhuang came and asked: “Doesn’t your Necropolis use Yang Nightfish to trade? Why are you using refined jades? What are you selling? Let me see.” Having said that, he excitedly looked at the items displayed on the stand.

His overly excessive enthusiasm was met by the young man’s angry glare and an evicting shout: “I am not a ghost, I am a human, wait no, I am a member of the Ghost Race!”

His strong response startled Peng Zhuang. He quickly opened his Heavenly Gaze and found that the person was truly not a ghost.

Peng Zhuang awkwardly apologized immediately: “Ahh, my bad, I thought that you were a ghost, wait, no, a sentiment...” Having said that, he sped off right away.

Li Qiye, who had been keeping silent within the group, smirked because Peng Zhuang’s group really knew too little about Necropolis.

However, this was not their fault; the Snow-shadow Tribe was only a minor one. Ordinary disciples within the tribe never got the chance to go to Necropolis, so their lack of knowledge was understandable.

Qirong Wanxue reminded them: “There are many outsiders who come here to trade. There are not only ghosts here, but also many young cultivators. Make sure to use your Heavenly Gaze when looking at people from now on.” [1. It looks like the author/speakers are using ghosts and sentiments interchangeably, so just be aware of that. All of these ghosts/sentiments/ghost race/tribe are killing me.]

A female disciple shivered and asked: “Oh I see, are they not afraid of living together with ghosts?”

All of the inhabitants of the city were sentiments without any life; it was no different from a ghost city. Just this thought alone was quite creepy.

Qirong Wanxue warned them: “As long as you don’t provoke them, the ghosts of Necropolis will not mess with you. It is best not to do so, since being enemies with these ghosts won’t end well.”

Qirong Wanxue was quite right. Visitors were either here for fun or for trading, so they didn’t need to mess with the ghosts. Some would often need to trade with Necropolis’ ghosts, so many visitors didn’t want to have any conflicts with them.

Another reason was because it was hard to leave Necropolis alive once one became an enemy of these ghosts.

Qirong Wanxue brought the six of them — along with Li Qiye — to sightsee so it took two days before they reached Nightsea.

If one wanted to find any success in Necropolis, then their first destination should be Nightsea because the currency of the city was Yang Nightfish and not refined jade like the outside. Only Nightsea had Yang Nightfish.

To be more accurate, Nightsea was more like a gigantic lake. Standing before Nightsea would give spectators quite a creepy feeling.

The water was pitch black, and it exuded a cold, dark air as if the sea was a devil opening its mouth so that it could swallow people at any moment.

However, after seeing Nightsea, the six youths were not afraid and instead became rather excited, especially Peng Zhuang: "Nightsea, I'm jumping in now!" All he wanted to do now was to dive in and catch some Yang Nightfish.

Qirong Wanxue immediately shouted in a grave manner to stop them: "Don't fool around! There will be no escape once you enter Nightsea, you will die without a burial."

These words startled the young group, so they immediately paused in fear. One disciple asked: "Really?"

Qirong Wanxue warned them again: "Nightsea is extremely treacherous. No one can leave once they enter, not even Virtuous Paragons."

"Then how do we catch any Nightfish?" Peng Zhuang inquired.

"We have to find a ferry; it is the only way to enter Nightsea." Qirong Wanxue continued: "Entering Nightsea without one is suicidal."

A disciple with good eyes saw a boat at the port and exclaimed: "Over there!"

However, before they could react, a dozen young men had already boarded the ship to enter the vast Nightsea.

Qirong Wanxue took them to several ferries, but all of these boats were either already reserved or taken by others.

Each boat had a handler, but the strange thing that surprised the group of Peng Zhuang was that these handlers were different from the ghosts back at Necropolis. The handlers had a body that exuded a weak blood energy.

The youths were also quite scared as they looked at these handlers since they dressed like mummies who just came out of a tomb. Especially their eyes that were filled with ghastly energy, they caused others to shiver.

"Are these handlers ghosts or people?" Peng Zhuang had to ask.

"No one knows. The handlers are always here to row the boats since they are the only ones capable of using these ferries."

The disciples noticed the faint blood energy on the handlers' bodies and curiously asked: "Are they just like Necropolis' ghosts? Can they not leave Necropolis either?"

"Not necessarily." Li Qiye, who was behaving quite well and didn't talk a lot, smiled and shook his head: "A legend claims that a handler left this place and achieved invincibility."

"Left Necropolis?" Another disciple asked with surprise: "Is that true?"

Qirong Wanxue looked at Li Qiye and said: "This is only a legend. The person is the patriarch of the Nether Crossing Swamp, but this is — of course — only limited to a legend."

Peng Zhuang slapped his thigh and said: “I have heard of this legend!” He then excitedly continued: “He is Immortal Emperor Ming Du! It was said that he came from Necropolis and might have been a handler.” [1. Ming Du is Nether Crossing; it should give the feel of a ferryman taking someone across the River Styx for example, or the Yellow River in Asian myths.]

“Yes, it is Immortal Emperor Ming Du.” Qiurong Wanxue added: “However, it’s only a rumor. The Nether Crossing Swamp had never accepted this hypothesis. Moreover, the handlers cannot leave this place. Such a thing is unheard of!”

Immortal Emperor Ming Du was the emperor before Immortal Emperor Qian Li. There were many theories regarding his origin, but there were two that were the most popular. First was that the emperor was a boat-rowing ghost of the Underworld River, and the other was that he came from Nightsea at Necropolis.

For the second theory, it was said that after he obtained a great fortune, he was able to return to life and finally escaped Nightsea and Necropolis to become an invincible emperor.

But of course, regardless of whether he came from the Underworld River or Nightsea, they were just unproven rumors. In addition, even Immortal Emperor Ming Du’s lineage, the Nether Crossing Swamp, denied these claims.

Future generations later on believed that Immortal Emperor Ming Du came from the Ghost Race — this was widely acknowledged by people from the same generation as him.

Qiurong Wanxue led the group of Li Qiye to find ferries, but they were always late and had their ferry taken by others.

Qiurong Wanxue pondered for a moment before looking at Li Qiye to say: “Fellow Daoist Li, please watch over them, I will go and find a ferry.”

Compared to an energetic youth like Peng Zhuang, the well-behaved Li Qiye was more trustworthy, so Qiurong Wanxue temporarily left him in charge.

“Don’t worry, we will wait here until you return.” Li Qiye answered with a smile. This was his chance since he wanted to ask Peng Zhuang some more things regarding the Prime Ominous Grave.

Qiurong Wanxue looked at Li Qiye then cautioned the group of Peng Zhuang before quickly leaving to find a ferry.

After she left, Li Qiye immediately asked Peng Zhuang: “Brother Peng, what do you think the gigantic hand that night was?”

Another disciple said with a smile: “Brother Li seems to be really interested in this matter.” They had no ill feelings towards Li Qiye, and to the contrary, quite liked him.

Li Qiye calmly smiled and replied: “That day, when the night suddenly came, it really frightened me to death, so I am very interested in hearing about the gigantic hand from Brother Peng.”

The five disciples became excited and quickly discussed: “I nearly lost my mind too. I heard right after that the chief and the elders all went to the ancestral ground since they thought it was a huge deal.”

“Right when the sky turned dark, I really did see a gigantic hand. Although it was fleeting, I am sure that it wasn’t due to my blurred vision or anything.”

In fact, very few believed Peng Zhuang since he was the only one who saw it. At that time, he was coincidentally looking towards the Prime Ominous Grave.

Li Qiye asked with great interest: “What kind of gigantic hand was it?”

Peng Zhuang thought about it carefully before answering: “Hmm... How should I put this... It was a really huge hand. It seemed as if it was its own separate heaven and earth. It was like the stars in the sky or another world entirely. It had stars, a moon, and a sun... It was as if this gigantic hand replaced our own sky.”

Chapter 425: Ferry

Li Qiye became even more certain after hearing Peng Zhuang’s description. It was just as he had predicted. Now, he was completely assured; as long as he opened the Prime Ominous Grave, he would be able to find the lost mythical island.

Another disciple shook his head and said: “Haha, Brother Li, don’t listen to Peng Zhuang’s lies. At that time, the dark sky didn’t have anything else, let alone celestials. Everyone saw a pitch black sky. Elder Zhi and the other elders said that they couldn’t see through the sky even with their Heavenly Gazes, so how could there be any stars or a moon?”

“I speak the truth!” Peng Zhuang couldn’t help but loudly protest.

Li Qiye said with a smile: “I believe Peng Zhuang. Nothing is impossible in this world that is full of wonders and mysterious occurrences. It is not that strange for Peng Zhuang to see something different.”

Peng Zhuang found solace and said: “Right? Brother Li trusts me, unlike little children like you guys.”

The other five disciples burst out in laughter. The girl in the group said: “Brother Li just doesn’t want to embarrass you. Do you really think he is being serious?”

They were in the same tribe and grew up together so their relationships were quite good and they didn’t mind teasing each other.

“Are all of you purposely banding together against me?” Peng Zhuang glared with his bullish eyes and asked: “Is your skin itchy? Want a beating or something?”

Another disciple laughed and lightly said: “Pfft, you alone want to fight against the five of us? Do you have what it takes?”

Peng Zhuang put on a fierce look and laughed: “What is the big deal about one versus five? Today, I’m gonna show you your uncle’s amazingness!”

Li Qiye smirked while looking at the six of them bickering with each other. Having friends to grow up together with was a happy thing.

But suddenly, a sarcastic voice appeared: “Oh, if it isn’t the group of country bumpkins from the Snow-shadow Tribe? You guys dared to come here?”

A group with both males and females that numbered more than ten came by. They exuded a cold air and had dark clouds over their heads.

The expressions of Peng Zhuang's group dimmed after seeing this group: "Hmph! So it is a bunch of kids from the Black Cloud Tribe. Don't tell me Nightsea belongs to you!"

The atmosphere immediately became quite tense.

This group of young men came from the Black Cloud Tribe, a tribe right next to the Snow-shadow Tribe; however, their relationship was quite bad. The Black Cloud Tribe was a bit stronger than the Snow-shadow Tribe so every conflict resulted in minor losses for the Snow-shadow Tribe. This forced the Snow-shadow disciples to harbor repressed anger in their minds.

The leading young man was the young lord of the Black Cloud Tribe. He led his group forward and looked at Peng Zhuang's group with disdain.

The Black Cloud Young Lord arrogantly said: "Nightsea does not belong to our tribe, but with your shoddy skills, you guys still dared to come to Necropolis? Haha, heed my kind advice, be good little children and go back to your den. Otherwise, you will die without a burial at Necropolis."

"This is none of your business." Peng Zhuang sneered and said: "We can go wherever we want. Haha, watch your own backs."

Both groups were laughing and making provocative gestures. Meanwhile, the young lord looked at the six disciples and then Li Qiye, then he shook his head to say: "Peng Zhuang, we have more people. If we fight you guys now, people will make fun of us for bullying with numbers."

"Sixteen or seventeen people aren't that many." Peng Zhuang snappily countered: "We seven can still fight you guys, one versus three isn't an issue for us!"

"Seven?" A Black Cloud disciple looked at Li Qiye and laughed. He then pointed at Li Qiye and said: "Are you counting this human brat? Peng Zhuang, your Snow-shadow Tribe is becoming more and more unsightly. Mixing together with the weak human race... Truly causing our ghost race to lose face."

"So what if he is human!" A Snow-shadow disciple angrily quipped: "If you think you are so amazing as a ghost, then go challenge the Distant Cloud's Thousand Carp River or Simple Mountain Immortal Kingdom."

"Haha, you don't like my words?" The Black Cloud Young Lord smirked and said: "You immediately defended this human brat so fast... Could it be that your Snow-shadow Tribe can't handle living in the Nether Border and want to go to the Distant Cloud to join the human race?"

Li Qiye only smiled in the face of their provocation; he was too lazy to bicker with a bunch of juniors.

Peng Zhuang was a frank and outspoken fella, so he stated: "Bah, Little Black Ghost, come out here and fight me solo if you have the ability!"

The Black Cloud and Snow-shadow Tribes had been enemies for generations, so now with the young lord's provocation, Peng Zhuang became very furious and wished to fight him.

With an oppressive aura, the Black Cloud Young Lord walked forward and sneered: “Haha, Peng Zhuang, you think I am afraid of you? We’ll fight then, I’m going to let you taste the ground in three moves!”

“This is not the place to settle the disputes between our two tribes.” A cold yet pleasing voice appeared. Qiurong Wanxue had returned.

The young lord’s expression quickly changed after seeing Qiurong Wanxue. Although she was still young, she was the chief of the Snow-shadow Tribe, and her power was about the same as an elder from their Black Cloud.

“If your Black Cloud Tribe wishes to fight, then my Snow-shadow Tribe will accept your challenge at any time.” Qiurong Wanxue slowly spoke with a dignified look: “I won’t bully you juniors, tell your chief to come here.”

Eventually, the Black Cloud Young Lord left this sentence behind: “Our chief will meet you once we leave Necropolis.” Then, he and the other disciples quickly escaped.

“Hmph! What a coward.” If the chief didn’t show up, then Peng Zhuang would have taught that pretty boy a good lesson.

Qiurong Wanxue then told the rest of them: “Come, I found a ferry.”

The group followed Qiurong Wanxue to a corner of the sea that had a parked ferry. A handler was sitting on the boat; he was tall and thin like a bamboo shoot and sat at the stern with a hat on his head.

The moment they got close, the handler stared at them with his ghastly eyes, causing the group of Peng Zhuang to shiver.

He then spoke: “One drop of Longevity Blood per person per day. We will go out to sea once there are five.” [2. The second part of this sentence didn’t make a lot of sense to me either since the group has 8 people, but I believe that he isn’t really looking at the number; maybe the author is trying to say that it is more of a robot/dead being who is quite automatic with this remark.]

The handler’s voice sounded like sand being ground. Along with it being ice-cold and ruthless, his voice sent fear into the hearts of listeners.

“Everyone take out a drop of Longevity Blood.” Qiurong Wanxue commanded the group. She also took out a drop of her own.

The group of Peng Zhuang followed suit. Cultivators greatly valued their Longevity Blood, but Peng Zhuang’s group was very young, so they could accumulate even more in the future, unlike older cultivators. At a certain age, they would find that their blood energy would weaken and their Longevity Blood would dry up.

One must pay the handler to go out to Nightsea with a ferry. The payment was in neither refined jades nor Yang Nightfish, but was Longevity Blood instead.

After everyone gave a drop to the handler, he opened his mouth and swallowed them. The group of youths shivered at the sight.

They then understood why the handlers seemed different from the ghosts back at Necropolis — the ones without any blood energy. So it turned out that these handlers drank the Longevity Blood of cultivators. No wonder they had a faint blood energy on their bodies.

After accepting the blood, the handler allowed for the group of Qiurong Wanxue to get on the boat.

The moment the group boarded, a different group that consisted of both men and women came from afar.

They arrived at the beach in just the blink of an eye. Their blood energy was quite vast so it was apparent that they were all experts. The one leading them was a young man that wore a draconic robe as his body exuded a faint moonlight, causing him to seem dazzlingly handsome. Moreover, his vitality was quite majestic; he was surely a great master.

The young man appeared to be quite happy to see Qiurong Wanxue.

“Miss Qiurong, long time no see.” He then clasped his hands together and smiled: “Is Miss Qiurong also going out to sea? What a coincidence, so are we. How about we share a boat?”

Qiurong Wanxue looked at him and shook her head: “Prince of Yin Moon, our small boat can only take seven or eight people. Prince should find a bigger boat instead.”

However, the Yin Moon Prince did not give up. He looked at Li Qiye and said with a smile: “Fellow Human Friend, I am in a rush to go out to sea to catch some Nightfish, how about you let me have your spot? I will pay you.”

Li Qiye looked at the Yin Moon Prince then Qiurong Wanxue, and while as nonchalant and relaxed as ever, he shook his head in denial: “Sorry, I am also in a rush to go out to sea.”

The answer annoyed the prince, but he didn’t immediately show his anger.

“Goodbye, prince of Yin Moon, we will go before you.” Qiurong Wanxue didn’t want to linger any longer and told the handler to start rowing.

The Yin Moon Prince was not happy, but he had to clasp his hands together to say goodbye.

The handler seated at the back gently rowed as the boat slowly shook back and forth into Nightsea.

Li Qiye, who was sitting next to Peng Zhuang, then glanced at Qiurong Wanxue who was seated at the bow and asked: “Who was that group earlier?”

“He is the prince of the Yin Moon Tribe. This tribe is considered a second-rate sect in the Nether Border — quite formidable.” Peng Zhuang took a glimpse at the chief seated at the front and whispered: “The Yin Moon Prince fancies our chief and has always been trying to court her.”

Chapter 426: Nightsea

Before Peng Zhuang could finish, Qiurong Wanxue turned around so he quickly shut his mouth in fear.

Li Qiye smiled and met her gaze; this deadlock went on for a while, but Qiurong Wanxue didn’t say anything.

The boat slowly entered Nightsea. Qiurong Wanxue had come here before so she was fine, but the youths were quite creeped out.

Although there was nothing particularly scary about Nightsea besides its dark water, those on the boats going out to sea had the feeling as if they were descending into an unknown abyss. The jet-black water seemed to be able to swallow all things, causing people's hair to stand on end.

It was true that Nightsea was a very dangerous place. Even Heavenly Kings and Virtuous Paragons would die a miserable death without a ferry in this sea. This sea was like a ferocious beast that could swallow all people; even their bones would not be spared. A Virtuous Paragon capable of obtaining the god title would still not be able to escape this fate if they forcefully tried to enter Nightsea.

There was a rumor stating that only Immortal Emperors could force their way into Nightsea, but there was no way to verify it.

Peng Zhuang was quite alarmed as he sat on the boat above Nightsea. If Qiurong Wanxue didn't say anything, the young ones wouldn't dare to step outside the boat at all. After all, if they fell, death would be the only outcome.

Li Qiye looked at this sea that was seemingly like a world of darkness and murmured: "Nightsea..."

Li Qiye knew that this sea hid many secrets just like Necropolis. In fact, there was one in particular that was unknown to all others, a very important one.

After they went further into Nightsea, the handler gave each person a net. This fishing net was very special; it was made from an unknown material and seemed like it was woven from light. There was no weight to it when held in one's hand.

This was a fishing net designed to catch Yang Nightfish and was given to people by the handlers. However, the strange part was that the handlers themselves never caught these fish, and no one knew the reason why.

The group casted their nets for two days, but no one managed to catch any Yang Nightfish. Qiurong Wanxue continuously changed the boat's direction and location to no avail.

After three days without any results, Peng Zhuang became a bit dejected: "Not a single Yang Nightfish... Don't tell me all the fish in this sea have been caught already?" The impatient fella had this urge to jump down into the sea himself.

Compared to the six youths, Qiurong Wanxue was much calmer. She shook her head and said: "Catching Yang Nightfish isn't easy. It is the common currency in Necropolis, so if you can catch them anytime you want, then you will be able to get many things in the city. A lot of people fish for several months before getting any harvest. If you lose your patience now, then you won't get anything at Necropolis."

She wished to train them so she was not in a rush at all despite not catching any fish.

After three days passed, not a single fish was caught, but Li Qiye's group was not the only group suffering this lamentable fate. They met many groups recently; they were all young men from all over the world, riding these ferries in order to catch Yang Nightfish.

Qiurong Wanxue coincidentally encountered several familiar ghost sects and ghost members and said hello. From their conversations, they found out that several people who came here for a month only managed to catch three to five fish at best.

After hearing about the lackluster results from others, Peng Zhuang's group of six felt a lot better. Since others took a month to catch around five fish, it was not surprising for them to not catch any in just a few days.

On the eighth day, Li Qiye's group met a particularly powerful sect. They rented an extremely big ferry that carried many young men who had surging blood energies. The divine flames on their bodies made them even more unapproachable. These youths seemed to be the children of a divine race and they each had an oppressive aura.

The person who sat at the bow was the most amazing. The flames that danced on his body turned into divine rings right behind him; the rings made him seem as if he was protected by gods.

Qiurong Wanxue emotionally spoke after seeing this huge boat: "Even the Divine Spark Country is here. The Divine Spark Prince came in person as well." She then told the handler to row the boat around them.

Walking the long way was not Li Qiye's style, so he asked with a smile: "Why are we avoiding them?"

Peng Zhuang looked at him curiously and asked: "Brother Li came from the Thousand Carp River, but you don't know about the Divine Spark Country?"

"What about the Divine Spark Country?" Li Qiye smiled and asked without a care.

Peng Zhuang tapped his forehead and replied: "Brother Li, your information is too outdated. The Divine Spark Country is one of the most powerful lineages in your southern Distant Cloud. Although they are not an emperor's lineage, they are still a first-rate great power and only a bit weaker than an emperor's lineage."

Another disciple added: "Yep, I heard that they are a divine race. They call themselves descendants of a True God."

Li Qiye was not surprised at all as he smirked: "Is that so." He paid no mind to even emperor's lineages, so a great power like the Divine Spark Country naturally couldn't enter his sight.

"Not only that." The only female disciple spoke: "I heard that the Divine Spark Princess is a famous and beautiful goddess of your southern Distant Cloud. She is getting married to Sir Di Zuo." [1. Di Zuo = Emperor's Throne; such a powerful and arrogant name.]

"Who is Di Zuo?" Li Qiye looked at her and asked one more time; a smirk was still on his face. He was not doing this on purpose since he really didn't know who Di Zuo was.

The six disciples acted as if they were about to faint and looked at Li Qiye as if he was a monster. Peng Zhuang patted his forehead one more time and painfully said: "Brother Li... No way. Brother Li doesn't even know who Sir Di Zuo is? He is one of the three heroes in our Sacred Nether World."

"Three heroes? Who are they?" Li Qiye remained oblivious.

Peng Zhuang quickly explained: “Chan Yang, Di Zuo, and Tian Lunhui are the three strongest geniuses in our Sacred Nether World. People say that these three have the greatest chance of shouldering the Heaven’s Will in this generation. Sir Di Zuo has the most terrifying background; he is the only descendant of the Myriad Bones Throne.” [2. Not quite sure if these are names or titles, but they will most likely stay in pinyin form. Chan Yang = Zen (Buddhist) Yang, Di Zuo = Emperor’s Throne, Tian Lunhui = Heavenly Samsara (Cycle).]

Li Qiye suddenly smiled as if he was happy to recognize a name: “Ah, the Myriad Bones Throne — I have heard of this name. It is a lineage with three emperors, correct?”

“‘A lineage with three emperors, right?’ !” The six felt their minds sway; they felt that Li Qiye was too slow. Peng Zhuang shouted: “Brother, this is one sect, three emperors! Do you know how powerful Sir Di Zuo is? People say that even Heavenly Sovereigns from the previous generations have to treat him with reverence.”

“I see.” Li Qiye dully replied. It was not him looking down on others; one sect, three emperors was a very normal thing in his opinion.

The female disciple spoke: “The Divine Spark Princess — the Divine Spark Phoenix Maiden is Sir Di Zuo’s fiancée. I heard that after the news of the engagement, the fame of the Divine Spark Country rose like a ship meeting the waves.”

“The person who sat at the bow earlier was the Divine Spark Prince, the little brother of the Phoenix Maiden.” Qiorong Wanxue asserted from the front: “The Divine Spark Country is a major power, so it is better for people like us to avoid them.”

It was reasonable for Qiorong Wanxue to show caution due to the nature of her small tribe that was completely incomparable to a great power like the Divine Spark Country. The country could lift a finger and easily destroy their tribe, so she naturally would avoid such a monstrous existence.

“I get it now.” Li Qiye revealed an enlightened appearance and nodded his head with a smile.

Qiorong Wanxue warned them: “If the southern Distant Cloud’s people are here as well, then Necropolis will become very lively in the upcoming times. We have to be extra careful and not cause trouble.”

As the chief of a small tribe living between great powers, she and her Snow-shadow Tribe had to be very careful.

Li Qiye’s group had been out on Nightsea for ten days and finally got some results. Li Qiye and Qiorong Wanxue’s nets were empty so the last disciple who was reining in his net initially didn’t have too much hope, but a bright light emanated inside his retrieved net. Everyone came to take a look and found that inside this net was a little fish the size of a thumb, emitting some sunlight. It seemed to be carved from fire jade as a flame burned strongly on its body.

“Yang Nightfish!” Qiorong Wanxue smiled after seeing this little fish; it was a beautiful smile that resembled a blooming peony flower.

“Yang Nightfish!” The disciple who caught it was extremely excited, especially since he was the first to catch one.

“We finally got something.” The six young ones jumped up and down happily.

Catching a fish motivated the young ones so they assumed that a great harvest was sure to follow. However, they didn’t catch any other fish for the next two days.

Qiurong Wanxue remained calm while the six became more impatient.

[spoiler title='426 Teaser']Before Peng Zhuang could finish, Qiurong Wanxue turned around so he quickly shut his mouth in fear.

Li Qiye smiled and met her gaze; this deadlock went on for a while, but Qiurong Wanxue didn’t say anything.

The boat slowly entered Nightsea. Qiurong Wanxue had come here before so she was fine, but the youths were quite creeped out.

Although there was nothing particularly scary about Nightsea outside of its dark water, those on the boats going out to sea had the feeling as if they were descending into an unknown abyss. The jet-black water seemed to be able to swallow all things, causing people’s hair to stand on end.

Chapter 427: Catching Nightfish in Nightsea

The group of Peng Zhuang started to lament after failing to catch anything for two days. Peng Zhuang said: “Aizz, it is so difficult to catch these fish. If this goes on, then I’m afraid we won’t catch more than two fish in an entire month.”

Even though as long as they kept on paying with their Longevity Blood, they could keep renting the ferry, the young ones became more restless as the days passed by.

Li Qiye went to find Qiurong Wanxue. He looked at this mature and alluring woman and asked with a smile: “Is it alright if I guide the way today?”

Although Qiurong Wanxue was patient, Li Qiye didn’t have time to play around with them on Nightsea. There were many things he needed to do that required a large amount of Nightfish.

Qiurong Wanxue watched him for a while then nodded her head: “Very well, you can give it a try.”

After she agreed, Li Qiye told the handler who was sitting at the back of the boat: “We’ll go over there.”

The handler quietly rowed the boat towards the direction Li Qiye pointed to. It was as if the handler was invisible; he never said anything and only dealt with controlling the ferry, never participating in anything else.

As the small boat rocked back and forth, Li Qiye was secretly measuring Nightsea. He needed to calculate the time and the trajectory of the boat. In the last millions of years, this was not his first time catching Nightfish, so he knew more than the group of Qiurong Wanxue.

After riding the waves for half a day, Li Qiye said in a serious manner: “Stop right here.”

The handler stopped the boat as it paused on this pitch-black sea. Li Qiye held his breath while staring at the sea's surface.

His solemn attitude also affected Qiurong Wanxue as she did the same thing along with the group of youths. However, they didn't see anything. Nightsea was very mysterious, so even Heavenly Gazes couldn't see through the dark water to assess the situation below no matter how powerful the person was.

Time continued to flow. Suddenly, Li Qiye's pupils narrowed as he gravely shouted: "Now! Drop the nets!" Then, he immediately flung his net down into Nightsea.

Qiurong Wanxue and the group of six also did the same. One disciple intended to pull his net up right away, but he was stopped by Li Qiye's serious tone: "Don't move!"

The group didn't dare to move and just stared at the sea like Li Qiye, but they didn't see anything.

After a while, Li Qiye finally shouted: "Pull up your nets, now!" He then pulled his own net up.

"Whoosh!" The moment he pulled up his net, a blinding sunlight came forth, forcing everyone to close their eyes.

There was a Yang Nightfish inside the net, struggling to break free, but it was no use. Li Qiye quickly took the fish out of the net and threw it into a jar that was prepared beforehand so that it wouldn't escape.

"Whoosh!" The group of Qiurong Wanxue also pulled up their nets and the same blinding sunlight appeared once more.

The light caused the group to be shocked and speechless. The jaws of the younger crowd were wide open for a very long time. Just a single release of their nets resulted in more Yang Nightfish than what others gained in an entire month.

Qiurong Wanxue was the fastest to react as she told the young ones: "Quickly, catch the fish!" She then took out a jar to place her fish inside.

The young ones regained their sanity and quickly placed their fish into their jars as well. They were quite jubilant as the great harvest from a single round left them in disbelief.

The moment Peng Zhuang's group finally finished storing the fish away, another ferry happily pointed out Li Qiye's successful catch: "There are fish over there!"

The people of Peng Zhuang's group were no strangers to this ferry; it was their old enemies — the Black Cloud Young Lord and the other disciples.

"Release the nets!" The young lord noticed Li Qiye's catch so he immediately ordered for the disciples on board to cast their nets into the sea as well.

All of the disciples did so and then pulled up their nets, but they didn't catch anything. Seeing the empty nets, the young lord angrily stomped his foot and exclaimed: "Too late!"

"Haha, Little Black Ghost, you guys are too late!" Peng Zhuang was quite happy to see the lack of results on the other side: "The fish already ran away last night!"

The young lord didn't believe in magic, so he shouted again: "Release the nets!" They wanted to catch a large amount of fish like how Li Qiye's party did earlier, but every time they cast their nets, it ended with zero results.

Earlier, the young lord saw — with his own eyes — how the group of Peng Zhuang managed to catch Yang Nightfish right at this place. However, his continuous attempts all ended in failure.

Li Qiye was too lazy to look at the Black Cloud Tribe, so he said: "Let us go." With his great understanding of Nightsea, he knew that the moment he stopped that school of fish, there wouldn't be more coming for a long time.

The handler once again rowed under Li Qiye's directions. Peng Zhuang happily waved goodbye to the Black Cloud Young Lord before leaving and shouted: "Little Black Ghost, you guys can take your time, your uncle is leaving now."

The young lord shivered with anger as his eyes failed to hide his rage; he could only watch Peng Zhuang's group leave.

Li Qiye told the handler to go to a certain area in the sea before stopping. He then told the group: "We'll spend the night here and cast our nets around midnight." He then sat down and closed his eyes to rest right afterward.

The young ones looked at each other with excitement as they gathered together. Peng Zhuang asked: "I caught ten Yang Nightfish, what about you guys?"

A disciple counted his fish and happily exclaimed: "Fifteen!"

Some people took a month to catch three to five while a single cast of their nets resulted in several dozen fish, so how could they not be incredibly excited?

The only female disciple in the group was the most joyous since she had the best catch: "I got eighteen!"

The six talked for a while in elation. Peng Zhuang then said: "Man, Brother Li is our lucky star. We got a really big harvest this time. Haha, Brother Li is truly amazing!"

Another one added: "Yep, yep, although we didn't catch anything in the last ten days, we got so much this time. This is a month's worth for other people."

They felt so lucky after the great harvest that resulted from Li Qiye's guidance.

Only Qiurong Wanxue was silent as she watched Li Qiye meditate. She definitely did not believe that this rich harvest came from luck alone. She had come to Nightsea several times before, but she had never heard of anyone catching several dozen fish in a single round. This harvest was too unreasonably great.

Moreover, the location was not chosen by chance since Li Qiye clearly chose it deliberately. Could it be that Li Qiye knew where the fish were within Nightsea?

Having thought to this point, she felt that it was an impossible matter. It was said that the Yang Nightfish were very unpredictable and no one could know where they would appear. Even Virtuous Paragons could not calculate the time or location of the fish.

However, if that was the case, then how did Li Qiye pick such a location? Qiurong Wanxue was quite perplexed.

She became even more cautious of Li Qiye. The group of Peng Zhuang was careless since they were young, but she clearly noticed that Li Qiye purposely followed them.

Along the way, Li Qiye was quite polite and obedient. She felt that he was a bit problematic, but he never did anything to them, so she slowly became at ease.

Although this release of their nets caused her doubts to resurface, she couldn't see through him at all. She only knew that his name was Li Qiye and that he came from the southern Distant Cloud — nothing else.

During midnight, Li Qiye, who had been meditating, suddenly stood up and ordered the group: "Get ready!"

The group of youths who were meditating woke up and picked up their nets with excitement. Li Qiye looked at the sky's shade then towards another direction before telling everyone: "We have to be fast this time; just a bit late and we'll lose our chance."

The young ones memorized his words as they gripped their nets tightly. Li Qiye stared at the sea without saying anything else.

The young ones held their breaths and copied his gaze. Qiurong Wanxue was also quite nervous as she looked out towards the sea.

Minutes began to pass by and, in just the blink of an eye, an hour had elapsed. Li Qiye remained immobile like a wooden statue, staring at Nightsea.

Chapter 428: Abundant Harvest

Before anyone noticed, two hours had gone by and Li Qiye still didn't move; he just stared at the sea. Throughout this time, they didn't do anything, so the group of Peng Zhuang became impatient.

Peng Zhuang wanted to ask Li Qiye, but Qiurong Wanxue shook her head at them, signaling for them to not disturb him. The six calmed down and held their breaths while looking at the sea's surface.

At this time, Li Qiye then shouted: "Release the nets!" Li Qiye released his net at the speed of lightning.

Qiurong Wanxue and the six didn't dare to hesitate; they released their nets with their fastest speed.

However, the nets had only went down for a moment before Li Qiye shouted again: "Pull them up, fast!" Then, Li Qiye dragged up his own net.

"Whoosh!" The seven also pulled their nets up and found themselves dumbfounded. A light as bright as the sun illuminated the surroundings, turning the sea's night into day; it was as if a sun was rising up from their nets.

Their hands were heavy since there were so many fish the size of a finger jumping around, wanting to escape from their confines.

They had never seen so many fish like this; this was enough to scare someone to death. Even Qiurong Wanxue was aghast until Li Qiye's voice rang in her ears: "Catch them, quick!"

Her body shook once, then she hurriedly caught the fish. The six young ones also calmed down and busily caught their own fish. Their hands were shivering with excitement while they attempted to store them. As the chief, Qiurong Wanxue could be said to be the most composed, but right now, her cheeks were red with excitement. In her eyes, this was simply incredible.

After putting their fish away, one disciple began to count and then shouted out: "Oh heavens, I... I have a total of eighty-six!"

The only female disciple jumped up and exclaimed: "I... I have one hundred and seven!" She then kissed Li Qiye on the cheek and happily declared: "Brother Li! You are too amazing!"

Li Qiye smilingly shook his head and said: "You are molesting me."

The embarrassed female disciple let go of Li Qiye, but she was still very excited.

"A kiss is nothing." Peng Zhuang smiled and declared: "If Brother Li wants me to kiss you, I'll be very happy to do so."

The other disciples laughed and began to line up as if they were all going to kiss Li Qiye.

Li Qiye shook his head and said: "No thanks to men, but girls can come for a kiss. How about Chief Qiurong? Will you give me a kiss? I don't mind."

The six young ones were not as bold as Li Qiye, so they didn't dare to say anything. They turned around to face a different direction, pretending that they didn't hear anything.

Qiurong Wanxue's cheeks were red when she quickly shook her head in response: "No thanks!" She was a bit mad on the inside. Li Qiye, who had been very well-behaved so far, suddenly dared to tease her at this moment. This little brat is now too bold.

"Nevermind, you chose to give up on this chance." Li Qiye smirked and said.

Li Qiye's teasing agitated Qiurong Wanxue quite a bit. Keep in mind that she was a respected chief in the Snow-shadow Tribe, so how could she not become angry after being teased by a little brat?

Meanwhile, the young group of six were lost in excitement. Peng Zhuang couldn't help but ask: "Brother Li, how did you know this place had Yang Nightfish to catch? It is too unbelievable."

"Intuition, it is only intuition." Li Qiye smiled and said: "I don't know why, but after staying in Nightsea for ten days, I suddenly have this feeling that I could sense the fish in the sea."

After hearing this response, the group of six half believed him: "Really?" Why did they not have such an intuition?

Li Qiye smiled and said: "Why would I lie to you guys? I have been very sensitive from a young age, so if I stayed at any place for a while, I would begin to sense a few things."

"Oh, so it is natural." The six felt that this explanation was trustworthy. Otherwise, how would one explain Li Qiye's perception of the Yang Nightfish?

Compared to the younger six, Qiurong Wanxue didn't trust Li Qiye so easily. In the end, a chief was a chief, so she had much more knowledge.

She didn't believe his excuse of it being his intuition and felt that he had hidden secrets. She found it strange that Li Qiye would know the exact time and location of the Yang Nightfish.

She stared at him, hoping to find some clues, but there were none no matter how hard she tried.

Li Qiye looked at the moving sea and said: "We'll go now." The handler then followed Li Qiye's directions as they disappeared further in Nightsea.

The following days, Li Qiye kept on changing the location, and they obtained great harvests each time. It was as if nothing in this mysterious sea could escape his sight.

The group of six was immersed in excitement; they felt that Li Qiye's intuition was too magical. It was a shame that it was a natural characteristic; otherwise, they would really want to have it.

In contrast to the young ones, the rich harvests each day caused Qiurong Wanxue to become even more suspicious. She knew that it was something other than intuition, but she couldn't pinpoint it at all.

Outside of excitement and disbelief at the quantity of Yang Nightfish, she became even more vigilant. She wondered what type of person Li Qiye was. Why did he want to go with the Snow-shadow Tribe? Since Li Qiye could catch so many fish by himself, there was no reason for him to go with them.

With this ability of being able to guess where the fish will appear, he would be quite a welcomed guest at any emperor's lineage. However, he ultimately chose to go with them, so Qiurong Wanxue speculated for a long time about the reason why he decided to follow them.

In theory, there was nothing worthwhile at the Snow-shadow Tribe for Li Qiye. It was only a minor tribe; they didn't have supreme treasures nor apex merit laws. If he channeled his skills to work for a great power or an emperor's lineage, he would surely have better returns.

This was the other big question in her mind, next to Li Qiye's fish-predicting ability.

"If it is this easy to catch Yang Nightfish, why don't Necropolis' inhabitants catch them themselves?"

Qiurong Wanxue answered in a serious manner: "These fish are not this easy to catch. It is all due to Young Noble Li, understand?" Despite her many questions and doubts, Li Qiye had brought a lot of benefits to them, so she would remember this kindness in her heart.

"Ah, I was just casually wondering." Peng Zhuang quickly said: "Brother Li, how about you come to our Snow-shadow Tribe? Although we don't have any human members, I'm sure that the chief and the elders will welcome you with open arms."

Qiurong Wanxue said in a serious tone: "Peng Zhuang, don't babble nonsense!" Despite being only thirty, Qiurong Wanxue was the chief and she had great prestige in the tribe.

Peng Zhuang didn't dare to continue the topic after the interjection, so he quickly shut up after cheekily sticking out his tongue.

The only female disciple curiously asked: "If Nightsea is within Necropolis, how come the ghosts there don't catch them?"

Li Qiye only smiled and didn't answer the question. Instead, he then looked at Qiurong Wanxue.

Qiurong Wanxue shook her head to say: "I don't know the specifics. A legend says that the sentiments in Necropolis cannot come to this place. They are not actual ghosts or living beings, they are only things without a body. If they come to Nightsea, then they would disappear right away."

Peng Zhuang looked at the handler at the back and said: "No wonder why the handlers have a body." After their stay together, the Snow-shadow Tribe understood that these handlers were different from the ghosts back in Necropolis. The ghosts didn't have a body while the handlers did.

Under Li Qiye's lead, the group had quite a frightening harvest after catching fish for a whole month. Today, Li Qiye looked at the sky and declared: "Tomorrow will be our last round. Then, we'll leave Nightsea."

"Okay!" The group of six excitedly replied. They had a lot of fish, so they were ready to go back to shore to trade with Necropolis' inhabitants. Maybe they could even trade for some amazing treasures.

Unlike the happy youths, the calm chief, Qiurong Wanxue, looked at Li Qiye who was sitting peacefully at the bow. She then sat down next to him.

The six youths saw the chief sit next to Li Qiye, so they winked at each other and turned away, pretending to be deaf and mute.

Chapter 429: Explaining

Li Qiye calmly sat at the bow of the boat and smiled at Qiurong Wanxue, who sat down beside him. In terms of beauty and allure, Qiurong Wanxue was far from Chen Baojiao's level. However, Chen Baojiao didn't have the mature charm nor the dignified elegance of Qiurong Wanxue.

Chen Baojiao was a calamitous and kingdom-toppling beauty, a supreme enchantress that took away the souls of others with a single glance.

Qiurong Wanxue was also movingly beautiful, especially her mature charm no different from a ripe peach that causes hearts to beat faster; people will love her more and more the more they're exposed to her.

"Does Chief Qiurong have something to say?" Li Qiye looked at her amorous features and calmly asked.

Qiurong Wanxue's heart was filled with emotions as she looked at this man who, despite being so much younger than her, seemed so mystical. Li Qiye was very ordinary when it came to his face and aura.

However, as one interacted with him more, they would find him to be full of mysteries. He would make others feel like they were being sucked in as if he was an inescapable black hole.

"What is Young Noble Li's goal for coming to Necropolis this time?" Qiurong Wanxue pondered for a moment before asking the question that had been haunting her.

Qiurong Wanxue hoped to have a real talk with Li Qiye if they were to continue to stay together at Necropolis since they knew nothing about him!

Li Qiye didn't answer her question but asked one instead: "What is Chief Qiurong's goal at Necropolis?"

She stared at him while he met her gaze, right into her clear and bright eyes. They gazed at each other for a bit, and Qiurong Wanxue was the first to turn away.

She then took a deep breath and thought for a bit before resolutely saying: "If we are on the same side, then we need to work together. If you wish to know, then I'll tell you. This time, I came to Necropolis to find something that my tribe had lost." Since she wanted a sincere conversation with Li Qiye, she revealed the truth after contemplating for a bit.

"So that is the case." Li Qiye smiled and replied. He understood her concerns, so he went on to say: "I don't mind telling you; I came this time in order to find a certain something."

"What are you searching for?" Qiurong Wanxue inquired further.

Li Qiye didn't answer. He stared at her amorous snow-white face and asked: "Chief Qiurong, what item did your tribe lose?"

Qiurong Wanxue became silent. This matter was of grave importance to the tribe, so she couldn't carelessly tell an outsider.

Li Qiye smirked at the sight of her careful contemplation. He then asked: "We won't talk about this issue anymore, we can talk about the sudden eclipse instead. On that day, did you see anything strange?"

Li Qiye found out a lot of things from Peng Zhuang, but he was now asking Qiurong Wanxue to confirm it. The reason was very simple; whenever Peng Zhuang talked about the gigantic hand from the Prime Ominous Grave, Qiurong Wanxue would yell at him to stop. This made Li Qiye believe that she knew a thing or two about it.

Qiurong Wanxue turned around to look at the young group of six. They were sitting at the other end with their backs turned towards Li Qiye and didn't seem to be paying attention to them.

"So Young Noble Li came because of this matter?" Qiurong Wanxue had speculated this possibility early on since Li Qiye had shown interest in this matter from the very start.

Li Qiye did not hide anything and smiled: "You can put it that way. I trust that you know a thing or two, so can you tell me?"

Qiurong Wanxue pondered for a bit while looking at Li Qiye who was calmly waiting for an answer. She then took a deep breath and nodded her head in agreement.

Right afterward, she recalled: "The monstrous hand that Peng Zhuang talked about... It was indeed there. On the day of the eclipse, I was absorbing worldly energy while looking towards the Prime Ominous Grave." She paused here for a moment.

"And then?" Li Qiye was not too anxious since he was quite sure about what had happened.

Qiurong Wanxue took a calming breath and eventually continued on: "Right when the sky was no longer dark, I saw... the Prime Ominous Grave open."

Peng Zhuang was not certain of this matter for he was completely horrified after seeing the gigantic hand, but Qiurong Wanxue was staring at the grave the entire time.

When the eclipse was over, Qiurong Wanxue was astonished at the grave's opening since it seemed impossible. The grave had not been opened for a long time, and she had heard that a key was required. Her ancestor had not heard of anyone obtaining this particular key.

This was the reason why she found the whole thing quite strange; this whole thing contained secrets unbeknownst to her. Each time Peng Zhuang brought it up, she quickly silenced it since she didn't want to bring about any trouble to the Snow-shadow Tribe.

After listening to her recollection, Li Qiye smiled and said: "So that was the case." Now, he was completely certain of the events that transpired. This meant that he absolutely had to obtain the key to enter the grave.

Qiurong Wanxue glanced in his direction and asked: "Since I have revealed the things Young Noble wanted to know, can you tell me one thing?"

"Please go ahead." Li Qiye calmly said: "I'll happily reveal what I know to Chief Qiurong."

She then asked: "How did you know the locations of where the Yang Nightfish would appear?"

Their harvest was too shocking. There was once a descendant from an emperor's lineage who brought along a supreme treasure to Nightsea, but this person's harvest throughout an entire year was not comparable to the amount Li Qiye obtained in just a month. This matter had been hanging on Qiurong Wanxue's mind.

Li Qiye smiled and said: "So Chief Qiurong didn't believe me. I spoke the truth, my intuition had been very sensitive since a young age, especially when I stay in the same place for a long time. It is a natural gift from birth."

Qiurong Wanxue angrily glared at him since she had been tricked. She didn't believe his nonsense at all. If these fish in Nightsea could be caught by intuition, then they would have become extinct already.

Li Qiye only smirked in response to Qiurong Wanxue's red and beautiful angry glare. He couldn't tell this secret to someone else.

He spent countless efforts at Necropolis. In the past millions of years, at least half of the amount of times the grave had been opened contained traces of the Dark Crow, Li Qiye.

It was not easy to find the Prime Ominous Grave's key since one needed to deal with Necropolis' inhabitants. Although dealing with them was easy since one only needed sufficient Yang Nightfish to trade for the things they desired, the most essential requirement was finding the right person, no, the right ghost.

Li Qiye had opened the grave several times. Sometimes he was alone, sometimes he had companions; however, each time required a huge amount of Yang Nightfish. Because of these fish, Li Qiye had studied Nightsea for a long time. He had even stayed at Necropolis for a generation.

It could be said that currently, no one in this world understood Nightsea and Necropolis better than Li Qiye.

Qiorong Wanxue said in exasperation: "Young Noble Li, even if you don't wish to speak the truth, you don't need to come up with such an excuse to fool me." As the chief, she had always been shrewd and careful, but this time, being tricked by Li Qiye had done quite a number on her.

"Oh, it seems that I have hurt Chief Qiorong's feelings." Li Qiye startingly exclaimed: "If that is so, then I should try to compensate to further amend our relationship. It is my fault for not noticing your affection earlier."

"You!" Qiorong Wanxue's tender breasts swayed up and down like a powerful wave as she glared at Li Qiye. She couldn't help but grip her fists; this little demon was too arrogant. He even dared to tease her! This was too much! Before, she felt that this little demon was very well-behaved. But now, it was clear that it was all an act, he was just a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Li Qiye was carefree as always and was unafraid of her fury. He looked straight into her eyes while putting on an innocent appearance.

Li Qiye's pretentiously pitiful appearance made Qiorong Wanxue helpless since it stopped her from acting out.

While they were speaking, Peng Zhuang and the other youths were whispering to each other about the two.

Peng Zhuang softly muttered: "Heh, I feel that Brother Li and our chief are quite a match."

"No way!" The female disciple tilted her head and replied: "Brother Li is about our age, but our chief is a bit older."

"The old saying goes: age is not a barrier." Peng Zhuang mischievously went on: "I feel that our chief holds Brother Li in high regard, do you guys not see it? She had been lost in thought while looking at him."

[spoiler title='429 Teaser']Li Qiye calmly sat at the bow of the boat and smiled at Qiorong Wanxue, who sat down beside him. In terms of beauty and allure, Qiorong Wanxue was far from Chen Baojiao's level. However, Chen Baojiao didn't have the mature charm nor the dignified elegance of Qiorong Wanxue.

Chen Baojiao was a calamitous and kingdom-toppling beauty, a supreme enchantress that took away the souls of others with a single glance.

Qiorong Wanxue was also movingly beautiful, especially her mature charm that was no different from a ripe peach; it would cause the hearts of others to beat faster and faster. People would love her more and more from further exposure.

"Does Chief Qiorong have something to say?" Li Qiye looked at her amorous features and calmly asked.

Chapter 430: Scoundrel's Plot

If Qiorong Wanxue knew that her focus on Li Qiye had been misunderstood by Peng Zhuang's group, she would definitely go insane.

“I think that is true.” Another disciple added: “How about after we return to shore, we give them some time alone?”

The six of them deviously grinned. They wanted to encourage and match their chief and Li Qiye together.

How would Li Qiye and Qiurong Wanxue feel if they knew about this mischievous matter?

Today was the last time the group of Li Qiye released their nets.

“Pull them up!” After a month had elapsed, the group was quite in sync with each other. With his command, everyone pulled up their nets.

A golden light appeared together with the nets as jumping Yang Nightfish could be seen everywhere. This was not their first harvest; it could be said that during this month, they had caught an unbelievable amount of fish. Nevertheless, seeing the net full of fish still left them in amazement.

The group was already very familiar with storing the fish in jars. Everyone was satisfied and excited with such a grand harvest.

Peng Zhuang emotionally said: “I’m afraid we caught more in one month than others in three years.” He understood that this was all because of Li Qiye. Without him, they were no different from ordinary cultivators; there was no way they could be compared to the descendants from the great powers.

“Don’t move!” At this time, Li Qiye was gazing intensely at the sea. Suddenly, he then shot out a terrifying gleam.

Qiurong Wanxue’s group was startled by Li Qiye’s attitude as they held their breaths. As they were completely lost, no one dared to move.

Li Qiye suddenly released his net and then pulled it back up again with an incredible speed.

“Crash!” Before the net was retrieved, the sea was already setting off waves as if a giant monster had been captured.

The rest were scared out of their minds. They had captured a lot of Yang Nightfish, but there had never been such a commotion.

Qiurong Wanxue wanted to help Li Qiye pull his net up, but he suddenly cried loudly as the ferry shook back and forth. He mustered all of his energy and flexed his body to pull the net up.

The moment the net was successfully pulled up, waves of bright lights painfully pierced the group’s eyes. They then took a careful look and found that a turtle was inside the net.

The turtle was around the size of a palm and had fire blazing on its body. This fire was made from universal divine laws in the form of chains, and each chain was a very profound grand dao. The small turtle emitted dazzling rays of light that pierced the eyes of spectators like needles.

The group was astounded since they had been catching fish for more than a month, but they had never caught anything besides Yang Nightfish. Qiurong Wanxue had come to Nightsea several times, and she had heard that there were only Yang Nightfish in this sea, nothing else.

This was the truth and not something that was just limited to her alone. No one who had come to Nightsea had ever caught anything outside of fish.

So today, when Li Qiye caught a strange turtle, how could Qiurong Wanxue's group not become shocked? They had never heard of such a thing before.

"Good stuff!" Li Qiye was pleased to see the turtle in the net. He moved as fast as lightning to grab this turtle that intended to break free from the net.

"There's a treasure over there!" Right when Li Qiye grabbed the turtle, a voice came from the distance.

Qiurong Wanxue looked up and noticed two ferries swiftly approaching.

By the time they came closer, Li Qiye had already put the turtle away in a treasure jar. He gently patted it after closing the lid. This time was a very fruitful harvest; he didn't expect to be able to catch such a thing.

Many generations ago when Li Qiye was staying at Nightsea, he had caught a turtle like this before. That time, it required a long period of calculation to catch one, so this meeting could only be described as him being super lucky.

Qiurong Wanxue's heart sank the moment she saw the people on the two approaching ferries. Who else could it be besides the Black Cloud Tribe and the Yin Moon Tribe?

The fact that these two tribes were traveling together was not a good thing for the Snow-shadow Tribe.

The Yin Moon Prince was interested in Qiurong Wanxue, so after going out to Nightsea, he wanted to both catch fish and look for her, intending to go together.

The prince then coincidentally met the Black Cloud Young Lord. The Black Cloud Tribe was a lot weaker than the Yin Moon Tribe, so the young lord purposely made friends with the Yin Moon Tribe. He told the prince how he met the group of Qiurong Wanxue who managed to catch dozens of Yang Nightfish in just one session.

Compared to the idiotic young lord, the Yin Moon Prince was a descendant from a second-rate great power, someone who had vast knowledge. He immediately found it strange after hearing the story about this great catch.

People on the same boat all having such a great harvest had to be called a miracle. There was only one explanation, and that was that the group of Qiurong Wanxue had met a school of Yang Nightfish.

He had been thinking about this matter, but he didn't expect to see Qiurong Wanxue's group today. However, before he could greet her, he saw Li Qiye's yield.

Catching the turtle caused his heart to tremble. He had never heard of anyone catching anything besides fish in Nightsea. He immediately understood that this turtle was amazing — an absolutely world-shocking item.

Necropolis always had legends about its amazing items. Even though the Yin Moon Prince didn't know what this turtle was, an existence that lived in Nightsea amidst the Nightfish must be marvelous, so he immediately wanted it.

The Yin Moon Prince clapped his hands and smiled: "Congratulations to Miss Qiurong's group for having such a great harvest."

After seeing the Black Cloud Young Lord and the Yin Moon Prince traveling together, Peng Zhuang's group of youths immediately became restless. Although they were not afraid of the Black Cloud Tribe, they couldn't afford to mess with the Yin Moon Tribe.

With her heart beating fast, Qiurong Wanxue smiled in response: "Yin Moon Prince is too kind, it wasn't anything great. We only caught a bit more than ten fish in one month, so it is only so-so."

"That is already not bad." The Yin Moon Prince responded with a smile. He then looked at Li Qiye and asked: "Earlier, I saw this little brother catch a turtle with a strange shape. I wonder if you could take it out so that I can have a look?"

If it wasn't for Qiurong Wanxue's presence, the prince would be too lazy to bother talking to Li Qiye. At the eastern Nether Border, a human junior was nothing; he could easily and directly seize the turtle from him.

"No." Li Qiye was too lazy to look at the prince since he knew what was on the prince's mind.

The smile on the prince's face froze as he wryly spoke: "I like to collect strange things, and Little Brother's turtle matches my taste quite nicely. How about selling it to me? I will pay two thousand pieces of Ancient Saint Refined Jades."

His words annoyed the group of Peng Zhuang. Although two thousand Ancient Saint Refined Jades was indeed a very high price to a minor sect, even Yang Nightfish sold for an extremely sky-high price, let alone a mysterious turtle.

The prince's price was clearly trying to take advantage of them.

"Let us go back to shore." Li Qiye didn't bother wasting time, so he told the handler to head back.

The Black Cloud Young Lord wanted to curry favor with the Yin Moon Prince so he shouted at Li Qiye: "Hey, Human Junior, did you hear what the prince asked just now?"

Li Qiye ignored the young lord as well, prompting an ugly expression from the Yin Moon Prince.

The prince then said in a grave tone: "Little Friend, don't be so arrogant on the road. This place is the Nether Border, it's not a place for you humans. In this place, you have to know propriety. If you see a ghost tribe, you have to call them sir, understand?"

Qiurong Wanxue's heart sank. She knew that the Yin Moon Prince was only looking for an excuse. Although the Nether Border was the ghost race's territory, unless there was a conflict of interest, they rarely bothered to care about human cultivators. With the prince bringing up the ghost race, one could easily guess his intentions.

Li Qiye didn't bother to look at the prince as he calmly retorted: "So what if it is the Nether Border? Not to mention an insignificant Yin Moon Tribe, but even if the Myriad Bones Throne comes, I still wouldn't bat an eye! Keep on buzzing in front me and I'll throw you down into Nightsea!"

Although the group of Peng Zhuang wanted to cheer for Li Qiye's words because the Yin Moon Prince had no respect, they couldn't help but wryly smile when Li Qiye brought up the Myriad Bones Throne. They secretly shouted in their mind: 'Little Ancestor! One can eat anything, but one can't speak everything carelessly.' Offending the Myriad Bones Throne in the Nether Border... Not to mention a little tribe like the Snow-shadow Tribe, even a great power would become ashes.

Myriad Bones Throne — what a terrifying existence. One sect, three emperors... It was invincible in the eastern Nether Border!