

Domination 451

Chapter 451: Ancestral Flow

“The Ancestral Flow—” Qiurong Wanxue uttered after hearing Li Qiye: “It is impossible, the Ancestral Flow has never let outsiders in. I heard that even the sentiments can’t go in, so it will definitely not open its doors to outsiders.”

Li Qiye responded with a smile: “Indeed, the Ancestral Flow has not opened its doors to outsiders, but that depends on who it is. The right person can still enter.”

Qiurong Wanxue looked at Li Qiye and stayed quiet as she followed him to the Ancestral Flow.

The Ancestral Flow was the strongest lineage in Necropolis. Rumor has it that it ruled the city, but this was only a rumor because very few people ever saw sentiments from this lineage. In addition, its master had never shown himself to the world.

There was hearsay stating that even the local ghosts had never seen the master before, let alone an outsider. This master was very mysterious and chose to remain reclusive.

At Necropolis, all of the lineages and sects occupied a particular location, and each of them welcomed outsiders as long as they were willing to pay the right amount of Yang Nightfish. However, the Ancestral Flow was different for it remained closed to all.

People believed that the Ancestral Flow occupied the best location in Necropolis and that this ground contained the legendary treasure grove. This includes the most precious thing in Necropolis — the treasure mountain.

Because of this belief, many cultivators from outside tried to enter the Ancestral Flow via various means, but none had ever succeeded.

There were young geniuses or powerful near-death cultivators who wanted to use pure force to enter the Ancestral Flow. The consequence of this was easily predicted; they all died miserable deaths and their corpses hung outside of the Ancestral Flow as a warning to the public.

Qiurong Wanxue followed Li Qiye to the Ancestral Flow’s entrance and noticed all the corpses that were hanging on the old trees. Some were just bare bones, some were dried up from the wind, and some were still relatively intact...

Each of them could be identified by the clothing on their bodies. Qiurong Wanxue took a look and recognized the origin of some of them.

“The Yin Yang Gate, the Nether Crossing Swamp, the Titanic Crescent Sacred Ground, the Thousand Carp River, the Insect-King Lineage, the All-Eras Ancient Kingdom, the Simple Mountain Immortal Kingdom, the Myriad Bones Throne...” Qiurong Wanxue’s heart pounded after she recognized the identities of these dead corpses.

They were all part of the most powerful emperor’s lineages in the Sacred Nether World. These powers controlled the entire Sacred Nether World, but their experts all died at this place.

Emperor's lineages like the Yin Yang Gate and the Nether Crossing Swamp were formidable enough, but the All-Eras Ancient Kingdom and the Simple Mountain Immortal Kingdom caused others to tremble in fear. A small tribe like the Snow-shadow Tribe could only forever look at these high and above existences.

If a dual emperors lineage was an elephant, then the Snow-shadow Tribe was merely an insect.

What was the most shocking was the corpses of the Myriad Bones Throne's experts in this place. This was a sect with three emperors that stood at the apex of the Sacred Nether World. No existences dared to oppose them in this world of ghosts.

But now, corpses from their members were hung here to warn the world.

Such a powerful and domineering style. This was directly humiliating the Myriad Bones Throne; no lineage in the Sacred Nether World would dare to do such a thing.

The Ancestral Flow was not afraid of offending any emperor's lineages. No matter the intruder's identity, if they dared to take even half a step into the Ancestral Flow, their fate would be the same as those who were hanging on the trees.

A local ghost blocked their path by the entrance. This ghost was as ethereal as mist; it was as if it was not real.

It then spoke without any trace of emotion on its face: "The Ancestral Flow is not open to anyone, halt your steps." Compared to an Ancestral Flow ghost, the other ghosts in Necropolis were more friendly and had richer expressions. They seemed to be more like living humans while the Ancestral Flow ghost was more like a stereotypical ghost.

"Go inform your master that I want to see him, or tell him to come meet me." Li Qiye calmly said.

The ghost continued to block the way and emotionlessly replied: "Our master will not see visitors, please go back."

Li Qiye then took out a piece of a paper and used a very complicated method to fold it into a strange hat. He then placed the hat on the ghost's head and said: "Wear this hat to see your master and say that I have arrived."

The ghost looked at Li Qiye with its lifeless eyes as if it was staring at a dead man. Eventually, it turned around and disappeared within the entrance. It didn't return even after a good while passed.

"Will the Ancestral Flow Master agree to see us?" Qiorong Wanxue nervously asked.

Compared to her worries, Li Qiye was much more carefree as he smiled and replied: "Don't worry, he will see us."

Sure enough, the ghost who went to inform his master came back while the hat on its head had disappeared. "My master welcomes you." It was still expressionless like a dead person, or a ghost, rather.

With it leading the way, Li Qiye followed in a relaxed manner while Qiorong Wanxue was a lot warier.

Once they stepped inside the Ancestral Flow, Qiurong Wanxue didn't believe her own eyes; she didn't think that she was still inside Necropolis. Before her was a majestic scenery with mountains and rivers along with a dense worldly energy. This was just like the ancestral ground of an emperor's lineage; this place was filled with king medicines as if they were weeds. Treasure trees swayed in the wind along with flowing sacred springs. This sacred ground was astonishing! Even the ancestral grounds of emperor's lineages could not be any better than this.

Qiurong Wanxue was quite emotional as she tried to take in all of this. Not even in her wildest dreams would she believe that there was such a place in Necropolis. This was a holy ground for cultivation, a place desired by all cultivators.

Compared to Qiurong Wanxue, who was marveling the surroundings, Li Qiye only smiled and enjoyed the scenery.

The ghost led the two straight ahead. It was quite strange; although this place was a sacred ground, they walked for a very long time without seeing anyone else. To be more exact, a second ghost.

This landscape was quiet and was without another shadow. The terrain was indeed fascinating, but the lack of people created an eerie atmosphere.

Qiurong Wanxue would rather meet a second ghost than stay in this tranquil atmosphere. The quietness of this place would make other people afraid.

"Why is there no one else here?" Qiurong Wanxue whispered to Li Qiye.

"Because they are all sleeping." Li Qiye looked at the mature woman and replied: "Unless something big happens, they will not wake up."

Qiurong Wanxue was not expecting this answer. Necropolis was full of ghosts; outside of not having flesh like real people, they were no different from cultivators. Necropolis' ghosts did not need to sleep, but the ones in the Ancestral Flow were all hibernating en masse — this was too weird.

Of course, this serenity reminded Qiurong Wanxue that this was indeed Necropolis. Without this eerie quietness, Qiurong Wanxue would mistake this place for the ancestral ground of an emperor's lineage.

Eventually, the ghost took the two of them into an old temple. This temple was extremely grand and huge. A quick glance would immediately make others think that this was the abode of deities.

After leading them inside, the ghost quietly left.

The temple was empty. Qiurong Wanxue looked around and didn't see humans nor ghosts. She then looked at the highest place in the temple. There was a very large stone chair there with a stone statue sitting on it. The chair was carved from an unknown type of stone as this statue seamlessly blended with it.

The statue had a divine crown with tassels hanging from the front, hiding the person's face so one couldn't tell whether it was a man or a woman.

The statue had a divine robe so majestic that it seemed to be able to cover the entire universe. It hid the statue's body, causing it to be even more mysterious.

What attracted her eyes — at this moment — was the hat in the stone statue’s hand that was folded by Li Qiye earlier.

“You still haven’t changed at all.” Li Qiye looked at the statue on the stone chair and said with a smile as bright as the sun.

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Li Qiye responded with a smile: “Indeed, the Ancestral Flow has not opened its doors to outsiders, but that depends on who it is. The right person can still enter.”

Qiurong Wanxue looked at Li Qiye and stayed quiet as she followed him to the Ancestral Flow.

Chapter 452: Ancestral Flow Master

If outsiders saw this scene, they would think that Li Qiye was crazy for talking to a stone statue.

However, the stone statue suddenly became soft. Earlier, it was clearly a statue with distinct rigid lines, but it now turned into a person.

Before, the person was half lying on the stone seat, but now the person had sat up straight. The person opened their eyes, revealing a glare capable of seeing through the past and present.

The person’s face was hidden by the divine tasseled strings, but the person’s eyes were still very clear.

A statue suddenly coming to life caused Qiurong Wanxue to jump. At this moment, she understood that it was not a statue, but a sleeping person.

“You should know that this place does not welcome you.” The person on the stone chair spoke. The fleeting voice appeared to be coming from another location. One couldn’t discern whether the person was male or female from this voice alone.

Qiurong Wanxue looked at the master in shock. The blood energy on the person’s body made her absolutely certain that this person in front of her was a living being, not a ghost nor a sentiment. This was a living being with flesh and blood.

This discovery truly startled her. The Ancestral Flow was the most powerful and mysterious lineage in Necropolis, but its master was actually a living being. How shocked would others be if they were to find out!?

At Necropolis, all other lineages consisted of local ghosts so the cultivators from outside could not join any of them.

But now, the master of the Ancestral Flow turned out to be a living person. This was an incredible matter!

Li Qiye didn’t mind the master’s harsh words and leisurely said: “Are you not meeting me right now? How can you say that you do not welcome me?”

“No matter what...” The Ancestral Flow Master spoke: “From the past till the present, this place does not have the thing that you want.”

“Don’t be so heartless like this, are we not friends for life?” Li Qiye said with a smile.

Qiurong Wanxue listened while being in a daze. Impossible! Necropolis’ ghosts cannot become friends with cultivators. But wait, maybe they can, since the master was not a ghost but a living person. However, she found that Li Qiye and the master being friends was even stranger.

“No, I don’t know you!” The master directly stated.

Li Qiye laughed then shook his head and said: “You are lying to yourself. From the past till the present, no matter the changes, you should still know that I am me. Others might not be able to see it, but it is impossible for you to not know.”

Qiurong Wanxue was quite perplexed at this conversation. She didn’t know that Li Qiye was talking about when he was the Dark Crow since she didn’t know about this secret.

“Even if I am not the little ghost that wore the hat from so long ago, I am still me, right?” Li Qiye asked.

For the past tens of millions of years, Li Qiye didn’t only appear as the Dark Crow. He would often use various means to transform into different shapes. He had always hid his real face and his traces throughout the river of time.

“Only you know.” The distant voice from the master coldly rang: “Ever since you tricked that person out of Necropolis, you should know that you are no longer welcomed here. If it wasn’t for me, then you wouldn’t have been able to enter Necropolis without being hunted down!”

“Don’t say that. If I wanted to come to Necropolis to see you, no one would be able to stop me, don’t you think? I have always been a sentimental and caring person.” Li Qiye continued with a smile: “Of course, I am very grateful about what happened before...”

The master snorted at this point.

Li Qiye shook his head and said: “You cannot blame me for what happened that year. It is completely wrong to say that I tricked that person into leaving. He wanted to leave himself, so how can you blame me?”

“You dare to say you didn’t urge him to escape?” The master asked. Although the person’s sex was unknown, it was clear that the person was very annoyed with Li Qiye.

“Well...” Li Qiye wryly smiled: “Hmm, how should I put this... I only talked about how interesting and splendid the outside world was. That was it, I didn’t do anything else.”

“Without your help, how could he have left Necropolis? Did you think people would actually believe your words?” The master replied with clear annoyance towards Li Qiye.

“Well...” Li Qiye forced a smile again and said: “How should I say this, it really was a great creation for him. If he didn’t obtain such a great creation, then no one would be able to help him, right? But he did, so this was the will of the heavens. What I did was merely driving the boat to the river’s flow.”

“Besides, what happened afterward had nothing to do with me since it was due to his own efforts.” Li Qiye continued with a smile: “I never saw him again after he left Necropolis. His future accomplishments only meant that his leaving here was the heaven’s will — you should agree with this.”

Qiurong Wanxue became even more lost. She didn’t know the “he” that the two of them were referring to. She only knew two things. First, Li Qiye and the Ancestral Flow Master knew each other and were good friends. Second, Li Qiye helped someone escape Necropolis!

She realized — at this time — that Li Qiye had come to Necropolis before. Maybe he had stayed here for a long time; otherwise, he wouldn’t be so close to the Ancestral Flow Master.

However, she didn’t know whether it was several years ago or if all of this happened in the span of the recent several years.

Li Qiye and the master were talking about something that had happened hundreds of thousands of years ago, a tale of the distant past!

At this junction, the Ancestral Flow Master only answered with a snort once again.

“This time, I didn’t come to cause any trouble for you. I want to know why Nightsea became clear and I hope that you will tell me a few things.” Li Qiye spoke.

“Don’t know.” The master frankly said: “Even if I did, I still wouldn’t tell you.”

Li Qiye became silent in the face of the master’s harsh attitude. After a long time elapsed, he gently told Qiurong Wanxue: “Go wait outside for a bit, I have some business to take care of.”

Qiurong Wanxue didn’t ask for the reason. She nodded and left the grand hall.

After she left, Li Qiye sighed while looking at the Ancestral Flow Master. He sat with his legs crossed on the spot and gazed at the master to see who could be more stubborn.

“The matter of that year... I really shouldn’t have gotten him out of Necropolis and broke the rule.” Li Qiye bitterly smiled and continued: “However, I was moved because of his talents. You should know that his fortune was due to fate. It didn’t matter if he was a human or a ghost, you knew that he had the qualifications to become an Immortal Emperor. This was confirmed by time. I only carried out my promise; after leaving Necropolis, I didn’t help him at all, but he still became an Immortal Emperor.”

“You should know that such a thing could have resulted in a catastrophe with just a single wrong step!” The master coldly replied.

Li Qiye nodded and said: “I know, but he was always righteous and never did anything unfavourable to Necropolis, don’t you think? He only wanted to go outside. And after becoming an Immortal Emperor, he also protected Necropolis several times! Don’t you feel that giving that place another powerful enemy is not a bad thing at all?”

The master did not say anything while Li Qiye did the same. He was just sitting there in silence.

After a long silence, the master spoke again: “Congratulations, you eventually regained your body.”

Li Qiye answered with a smile: "Where there's a will, there's a way. I also hope to see the day when you can leave Necropolis. The years are too long, don't you think?"

"I can leave anytime I want!" The master coldly stated.

"But you haven't left." Li Qiye gently sighed and continued: "The endless passage of time is too long. You have always been sleeping here. Your years are spent sleeping and sleeping. I know you don't want to, but I still hope that you will eventually come out and see the outside. The years do not need to be long, the important part is how colorful you choose to live it."

In the end, the master said: "My matter is my own business."

"But don't you think this time is an opportunity? I am going to make a huge play soon! First, you have to tell me about Nightsea. I want to know the specifics and, at the same time, borrow one item from you."

"The key to the Prime Ominous Grave, correct?" The master coldly responded. Although Li Qiye had spoken so much, the master's anger had no signs of subsiding.

"No." Li Qiye shook his head and said: "With our friendship, let's not call it borrowing, why don't you just directly gift it to me? This time, just consider it as me shamelessly asking you for a favor."

The master coldly quipped: "Then what about all the other times before? Were you not shameless then?"

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However, the stone statue suddenly became soft. Earlier, it was clearly a statue with distinct rigid lines, but it now turned into a person.

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The person's face was hidden by the divine tasseled strings, but the person's eyes were still very clear.

Chapter 453: The Fleeting Past

Li Qiye smiled awkwardly and said: "Well... After what happened, I knew that you didn't like me. Plus, I was in a rush back then so I didn't have time to come chat with you, old friend."

"You just want to borrow something else, that's why you shamelessly came here to find me, right?" The master sneered and coldly said.

Li Qiye smiled wryly and then rubbed his hands together before saying: "You should know that I will go big this time, and I need several killer moves. I have gathered a few things, but it still won't be easy. I want to blow open that place since there are a few secrets that cannot be hidden forever! Because of this, I thought about borrowing that certain something from you to be even more assured. Surely you would agree?"

The master didn't speak. Silence ensued as if he didn't hear Li Qiye at all.

After a while without hearing a response, Li Qiye gently sighed and said: "Very well, nevermind. I won't bother your eternal slumber. In the end, time is everything to you." Having said that, he turned around to leave.

"You must know that you are going to your own death, you're walking down a road to disaster!" The moment Li Qiye reached the door, the master called out.

Li Qiye turned around and revealed a smile before shaking his head to say: "I don't think so. You should know that I am completely prepared. I even took into consideration the emergence of the lost mythical island. When the time is ripe, I trust that I will be able to blow open that sky and kill to the very end. No one in the nine heavens and ten earths can hinder my determination!"

These confident words pierced the sky with its dominance. Just like Li Qiye said, let alone gods and devil, even the heavens could not hold back his will!

"Do you know what you will be facing?" The Ancestral Flow Master asked.

Li Qiye shrugged and answered with a grin: "To be honest, I'm not very clear on this. Do you know? That crafty thing had been buried for a very long time without coming out, do you know what it is?"

"I don't know." The master quickly replied in a firm manner: "But I know that it is suicidal to even try to oppose it."

"I am a person who doesn't believe in the impossible; no one in this world will be able to stop me. If I have decided to do something, then I will even blow apart the heavens if it decides to stand in my way. I'm not doing this for anyone; not for me, not for you, not for anything. I only want to solve the mystery and chase out this thing that had been buried since time immemorial." Li Qiye quietly continued: "I shall solve this mystery. I have both the patience and confidence to do so."

Although his words were calm, the content of his speech was quite heaven-shattering.

The master became quiet for a while. Some time after, the master then reached out as if he was grabbing something from Necropolis. The master then said in a cold manner: "This is the key to the Prime Ominous Grave, take it."

"Thanks, this will save me some trouble." Li Qiye accepted the key.

"Is that so?" The master was particularly upset at Li Qiye and said with a glare: "Haven't you always been finding it yourself in the past? I thought that you were never going to come ask me for it!"

Li Qiye dryly laughed and awkwardly replied: "It is a thing of the past so just let it go. I was wrong back then, although Immortal Emperor Ming Du really did a lot of things for Necropolis and was its firm supporter..."

"Nevertheless, I was the one who brought him out and fulfilled the promise that he would become a powerful person — a powerful Immortal Emperor. The whole process was much smoother since you allowed him to leave. No matter what, I destroyed the eternal order of Necropolis! This was my mistake, and I thank you for escorting us back then as well." Li Qiye sincerely apologized to the Ancestral Flow Master.

The master snorted. It took a while before the master softened his tone: "I can let you borrow that thing, but you need to help me with something." It seemed that the master's anger had subsided quite a bit.

Li Qiye was happy to hear this and quickly responded: "Just say it, I will help you with anything!"

"Come with me!" The master coldly spoke.

Li Qiye followed the master to a place where a certain thing was being grown. After seeing this thing, Li Qiye shockingly exclaimed: "How did you find this thing!?"

"It's none of your business." The master said: "I need you to help it surpass this difficult stage. I know that you once had the Alchemy God's Grand Canon. If there is anyone in this world that could help it ride out this storm, it is you."

"I wouldn't have been able to do it before." Li Qiye shook his head and smilingly continued: "But I coincidentally found the Myriad Heavenly Cauldron recently. It can help this thing, but I need time along with your assistance."

"No problem." The master replied.

Qiorong Wanxue, who was waiting outside, was arranged a place to stay for more than ten days before Li Qiye appeared again.

"Let us go." He then told Qiorong Wanxue.

"Are you okay?" Seeing his fatigued appearance, she asked with concern.

Li Qiye shook his head and replied: "It's nothing, I only spent a bit of energy. I'll be fine after a day or two of rest."

The two left the Ancestral Flow. From beginning to end, Qiorong Wanxue only saw two people inside. One was the ghost servant and the other was the master; to be more exact, one person and one ghost.

Although the Ancestral Flow's scenery was like that of an emperor's lineage, Qiorong Wanxue felt relieved after leaving. The place was suffocating despite not having a ghastly nether atmosphere because of the sensation of it carrying a huge secret with its tranquility.

She preferred the other places in Necropolis much more. In short, she felt that the Ancestral Flow was hiding a certain something. She had many questions about it, such as why was the master a living person? How did they become the master of the Ancestral Flow?

She wanted to ask Li Qiye, but she didn't know how to phrase it.

Li Qiye noticed her awkward demeanor and smilingly said: "You can ask if you have any questions, perhaps I can tell you certain things."

"What kind of person is the Ancestral Flow Master?" Qiorong curiously asked.

The Ancestral Flow Master was Li Qiye's friend, and a close one at that, so the person should be part of the younger generation in the Sacred Nether World. To be able to become the master of the Ancestral Flow showed the person's amazing skill so logically speaking, the person should be a famous genius.

However, she was completely misled by the fact that the master was a living person; because of this, she thought that the master was a contemporary cultivator.

“Hmm...” Li Qiye paused here and gently shook his head: “This is a secret. No good will come from you finding out about it. Instead, it will only bring about a potential disaster.”

Qirong Wanxue only wryly smiled and didn’t ask anything else. She was a sensible woman and didn’t want to make it difficult for her Young Noble.

In the end, she asked: “Where do we go now?”

Li Qiye narrowed his eyes to look at the alluring mature woman — that was akin to a honey peach — before him and replied: “We’ll go looking for someone, then I’ll lend you some assistance. After that, we’ll deal with some things that should end as well.”

Qirong Wanxue felt very warm and sweet inside. She didn’t know who Li Qiye was looking for, but it was no longer important to her at this moment.

Right when they left the Ancestral Flow, the person they were looking for came to their door. A strange person approached from afar. It was a young man in yellow dressed like a servant with a mysterious grin on his face.

“I heard that Dao Friend was looking for me?” This young man looked a bit wretched, but his eyes were clear and full of life.

This was quite incredible because the inhabitants of Necropolis looked no different from outsiders. The ghosts here lived just like those in the outside world, but ultimately, they were sentiments and ghosts. They didn’t have blood energy or life. However, this young ghost’s eyes were full of life, causing Qirong Wanxue’s heart to thump.

In fact, she had seen many strange things up to this point, such as the Ancestral Flow Master being a living being. However, this ghost — with his spirited eyes — still startled her.

[spoiler title=’453 Teaser’]Li Qiye smiled awkwardly and said: “Well... After what happened, I knew that you didn’t like me. Plus, I was in a rush in the past so I didn’t have time to come chat with you, Old Friend.”

“You just want to borrow something else, that’s why you shamelessly came here to find me, right?” The master sneered and coldly said.

Li Qiye smiled wryly and then rubbed his hands together before saying: “You should know that I will go big this time, and I need several killer moves. I have gathered a few things, but it still won’t be easy. I want to blow open that place since there are a few secrets that cannot be hidden forever! Because of this, I thought about borrowing that certain something from you to be even more assured. Surely you would agree?”

The master didn’t speak. Silence ensued as if he didn’t hear Li Qiye at all.

Chapter 454: Huang Jiaofu

However, her habits as a chief caused her to always be alert, so she became more cautious.

Li Qiye looked at the young man in front of him and smiled: "You actually came before I went looking for you. Interesting, interesting..."

The ghost in the yellow robe cheerfully smiled: "Hehe, I like providing services to customers the most. This lowly one only does small business to provide for the family day by day so of course this lowly one will have to satisfy all prospective customers."

Li Qiye gave him a look and said: "Since when did Huang Jiaofu, someone who has so many colorful tales, become a small businessman and need to provide for his family on a day by day basis? No, I have to call you a businessghost." [1. Huang Jiaofu could be his name, or it could be Porter/Bearer Huang. However, he doesn't look like a carriage driver/porter, and Li Qiye is praising him in this sentence so it would be weird to call him using an unflattering title/occupation. Huang means yellow, the same color as his clothing. I'll keep Huang Jiaofu for now unless the author states something otherwise.]

"That, of course, depends on the customer." The yellow robed young man didn't mind Li Qiye's sarcasm and cheerfully smiled: "My colorful tales are only impressive to ordinary customers. I heard that Sir was able to enter the Ancestral Flow as a respected guest. Before Sir, who is like an immortal from the nine heavens that descended to the mortal world, I am but an insignificant character."

"Ah, I understand, you want to make connections with the Ancestral Flow." Li Qiye smilingly said: "Huang Jiaofu ah Huang Jiaofu, your sly heart still hasn't changed."

"So this customer knows this insignificant one?" Huang Jiaofu followed up and immediately tried to establish a friendly relationship with Li Qiye.

"Huang Jiaofu, how many times have you died?" Li Qiye asked with a smile while staring seriously at the young man.

Huang Jiaofu was shocked. He scratched his head before replying: "Dear customer, I don't know what you are talking about. I am in the prime of my youth; based on the age of those in Necropolis, I can live for 10,000 to 20,000 more years without an issue."

Li Qiye laughed and shook his head to say: "Huang Jiaofu, you really haven't changed. Let us get back to the topic, I have something I need you for."

"What does this customer need? I guarantee that I can satisfy all your wishes or find whatever you need instantly." Huang Jiaofu calmed down and immediately replied.

Li Qiye said with a wide smile: "I don't need a lot of things, just manuals, Fate Laws, Longevity Techniques, and techniques from Necropolis — a little of everything around the level of a Virtuous Paragon, the type worthy of divine investiture experts."

"That is a bit difficult." Huang Jiaofu smiled wholeheartedly and rubbed his hands together.

Li Qiye glared at him and said: "I will throw you into Nightsea! If there are things that Huang Jiaofu can't find at Necropolis, not many others would be able to either."

"Hahaha, Sir is too kind." Huang Jiaofu was still smiling. He then embarrassingly said: "Sir should know the market price. Those who die at Necropolis usually have their corpses sink into the river. Although many old men happily die here at Necropolis each year, their bodies are rarely found."

Li Qiye waved his hand and dismissively said: “Okay, Huang Jiaofu, don’t go in circles, I don’t have time to barter with you. Find the manuals for me and just name the price in Yang Nightfish.”

Huang Jiaofu laughed and scratched his head before acting like he just had an epiphany, then he slapped his thigh and replied: “I just remembered that I might have a box with a few manuals inside.”

He then took out an old, long box from his sleeve. He handed it over to Li Qiye and continued: “Sir, please have a look and see whether you like them or not.”

Li Qiye opened the box and nodded his head approvingly before saying: “Little Boy, you have been hiding a lot of good things.”

Li Qiye gave the long box to Qiurong Wanxue and said: “It might not be possible to find the lost manual of the Snow-shadow Tribe, but there are a few manuals in here that are suitable for your tribe. These are surely good things, so you can bring them back.”

“But...!” Qiurong Wanxue exclaimed in shock. Her nose felt stuffy as she was on the verge of tears; her melted heart was full of emotions. She wanted to rush into Li Qiye’s embrace and cry, but she tried her best to hold back.

As the chief, she was not an emotional woman and always had a steady and solemn demeanor. But now, she was quite moved.

She came to Necropolis in order to find an important manual of her tribe. She had no expectations, but Li Qiye actually remembered.

These were manuals from Virtuous Paragons that were capable of earning a divine title, manuals that everyone lusted for! However, Li Qiye still gave them to her.

Li Qiye could sense her emotions, so he smiled: “The merit laws of the ghost race are not suitable for me, so you should keep them.”

Qiurong Wanxue tried not to cry by taking in a deep breath. She quietly put away the long box then gripped her fist and swore to follow all of Li Qiye’s orders in the future.

After she accepted the box, Li Qiye asked Huang Jiaofu: “How many Yang Nightfish do you want?”

Huang Jiaofu cheerfully replied: “It is nice to see Young Noble gifting these items to such a beauty. This lowly one does not dare to take a lot, one hundred fish is plenty.”

Qiurong Wanxue was astonished. One hundred fish was definitely not enough to buy so many manuals.

“Huang Jiaofu, since when did you become so generous?” Li Qiye narrowed his eyes and said while gazing intensely at the fella: “Very well, one hundred Yang Nightfish. Now, say what you want to say.” Having said that, he handed one hundred fish to Huang Jiaofu.

After accepting the fish, Huang Jiaofu carefully took out an ancient scroll and handed it to Li Qiye with the appearance of a sycophant. He then said: “Young Noble, I know that you are an immortal visiting our world, surely you must be an amazing True Immortal. This lowly one has an old book named the Dragon-subduing Palm. Consider this a token of my appreciation for your business.”

“Dragon-subduing Palm?” Li Qiye movingly said: “This ancient technique is quite old. I remember that it had not appeared for a long time. It is capable of tempting even emperor’s lineages.”

Huang Jiaofu immediately smiled and said: “As the proverb says, rouge for beautiful ladies and swords for great heroes. Only a great character like Sir is qualified to have this ancient technique, don’t you think?”

Qiurong Wanxue was quite surprised. Even though she didn’t know what the Dragon-subduing Palm was, the ability to tempt even emperor’s lineages was indicative of its worth. She understood that Huang Jiaofu selling manuals to Li Qiye earlier was just the beginning to express his goodwill.

“Huang Jiaofu ah Huang Jiaofu...” Li Qiye shook his head and said: “If I remember correctly, you are notoriously stingy, so why the sudden spurt of generosity? Just say it, don’t walk around in circles with me.”

Huang Jiaofu forced an awkward smile while rubbing his palms together. He hesitated for a long time before speaking: “I... I have a favor to ask of Sir. I want Sir to talk to the Ancestral Flow Ancient God about... this lowly one wanting to leave Necropolis.”

Qiurong Wanxue was shocked. Leaving Necropolis? This was something impossible. Since the start of history, no one had ever heard of ghosts leaving Necropolis besides one particular case.

“Plead with the Ancestral Flow Master?” Li Qiye leered at him and said: “Huang Jiaofu, you should know that no one has ever left Necropolis. At least, you guys won’t be able to.”

“No, Sir, someone has left before.” Huang Jiaofu quickly added: “He successfully left. Although I am not too clear about the details, it seems that he eventually obtained permission from the Ancestral God.”

Qiurong Wanxue then glanced at Li Qiye. Back at the Ancestral Flow, the master did indeed mention such a thing about how Li Qiye tricked someone into leaving Necropolis. This meant that her Young Noble had successfully made one ghost leave the city.

However, she did not know that the person who left in the past was not a sentiment!

Qiurong Wanxue didn’t know what happened between Li Qiye and the master, but she faintly felt that there was a rift in their relationship because of this.

Li Qiye looked at him and said: “Huang Jiaofu oh Huang Jiaofu, you really did not give up. You have died time and time again, but you still won’t give up.”

“Hahaha, this lowly one does not know what Sir is talking about.” Huang Jiaofu scratched his head like an honest but confused man.

Li Qiye squinted his eyes and spoke in a serious fashion: “Huang Jiaofu, you are not a human, you are only a strand of sentiment inside Necropolis. Once you leave the city, you will turn into mere smoke. Even if the Ancestral Flow Master allows you to go, you still won’t be able to leave this place. Your efforts will be in vain.”

Huang Jiaofu took a deep breath and solemnly said: “Sir, I feel that I can. I can sense my lifeforce and the pulsing of Necropolis.”

Li Qiye's eyes became serious as he gazed at Huang Jiaofu's pair of bright eyes that were full of life and gravely asked: "Huang Jiaofu, your body has metamorphosed eight times, right?"

Huang Jiaofu embarrassingly scratched his head and replied: "I don't know what Sir is talking about. However, I feel the life within me; I can probably leave Necropolis."

Li Qiye quietly stared at Huang Jiaofu. In the past, Immortal Emperor Ming Du had left Necropolis. The truth was that Li Qiye also took note of Huang Jiaofu at that time, but he was different from Immortal Emperor Ming Du. In fact, he was different from everyone else. With sufficient time, he would be able to break free from his cocoon and become a butterfly.

However, this matter was far from being so simple.

[spoiler title='454 Teaser']However, her habits as a chief caused her to always be alert, so she became more cautious.

Li Qiye looked at the young man in front of him and smiled: "You actually came before I went looking for you. Interesting, interesting..."

The ghost in the yellow robe cheerfully smiled: "Hehe, I like providing services to customers the most. This lowly one only does small business to provide for the family day by day so of course this lowly one will have to satisfy all prospective customers."

Chapter 455: Secret Of Nightsea

Seeing Li Qiye become silent caused Huang Jiaofu to anxiously rub his hands and say: "Sir, please intercede for this lowly one. Regardless of whether I am successful or not, this lowly one will repay Sir. This lowly one knows that there is a treasure grove in Necropolis; it holds a legendary divine item. As long as Sir puts in a few words for this lowly one, then this lowly one will tell Sir of its location."

Qirong Wanxue shuddered. Rumors had always claimed that there were divine items in Necropolis, but no one had ever heard of anyone actually obtaining the treasure grove or these divine items. Huang Jiaofu was definitely telling the truth at this time.

"Huang Jiaofu ah Huang Jiaofu, you greatly underestimate me." Li Qiye shook his head and continued: "If I wanted Necropolis' treasures, then not to mention this treasure grove, I could even take the entire treasure mountain. As long as I am willing, there would be nothing in here that I can't take. Do you know why I took that person out of Necropolis that year? It was only because I appreciated his talents."

"This lowly one was foolish and confused!" Huang Jiaofu was at a loss. He then hastily slapped himself in the face and said: "This lowly one shouldn't have gauged the heart of a gentleman with my own crude standards."

"Okay, Huang Jiaofu, stop acting. Do you believe that I am oblivious to your capabilities?" Li Qiye waved his hand and said.

"This lowly one only knows that Sir is a True Immortal from the nine heavens and would forgive my mistake." Huang Jiaofu now knew that he had found the right person, so he immediately sucked up to Li Qiye: "My love for you is like the surging, never-ending flow of the river, like the..."

"Stop your flattery." Li Qiye waved his hand to stop Huang Jiaofu's fawning.

Huang Jiaofu forced a fake smile and rubbed his hands together while carefully looking at Li Qiye, awaiting his answer.

Li Qiye was quiet. He knew that this matter broke the rules of Necropolis. Although Huang Jiaofu was different from Immortal Emperor Ming Du, ultimately, this was not something beneficial to Necropolis.

Looking at Huang Jiaofu's lively eyes, Li Qiye softly sighed. Huang Jiaofu was indeed a great seed regardless of whether he was a persevering human or a persistent ghost.

In the end, Li Qiye eventually agreed: "I will go and talk to the Ancestral Flow Master, but not right now. After I am done with my business, I will go intercede for you." That year, he helped Immortal Emperor Ming Du, so now, he will also help Huang Jiaofu.

Huang Jiaofu clasped his hands together in excitement and bowed: "Thank you, Sir! Regardless of whether I am successful or not, I will always remember Sir's kindness for the rest of my life."

Li Qiye waved his hand and said: "Forget it, this is also fate. I will go plead for you after I'm done with my own stuff. Whether you are successful or not, it will be up to your own fortune."

"I am more than content with Sir's willingness to intercede and will never dare to forget your kindness." He then quickly added: "Where does Sir want to go? If it is within Necropolis, then this lowly one is willing to be your ox and horse; this lowly one will do my best for you."

Li Qiye beamingly laughed at Huang Jiaofu and leisurely said: "Nightsea — you want to come?"

"Nightsea!?" Huang Jiaofu shuddered and exclaimed: "Nightsea... Umm... I'm afraid that I can't go."

Li Qiye sardonically smiled and said: "I thought you wanted to be my ox and horse to aid me and wouldn't say no even if I asked you to cross a sea of fire?"

"Sir, it is not that this lowly one is unwilling." Huang Jiaofu grimaced and continued: "It is because we can't go to Nightsea."

Qirong Wanxue, who was standing to the side and had been keeping quiet, couldn't help but curiously ask: "Why can't you sentiments go to Nightsea? For what reason are you not able to?"

Huang Jiaofu let out a wry smile and replied: "To sentiments like us, Nightsea is a forbidden ground. We cannot go there or we'll die."

"Why are the other places not like that?" Qirong Wanxue curiously inquired.

"Nightsea has a certain something that can subdue us so we can't go. Once we go there, it would not just be a simple suppression, we might even turn into smoke the moment we approach."

"What about the handlers?" Qirong Wanxue inquired further: "How come the handlers are not repressed?"

Huang Jiaofu answered: "The handlers do not go down the same path as us sentiments. Although all of us live in Necropolis, handlers are completely different from us."

“Not on the same path? Are you guys divided into different factions?” Qiurong Wanxue was very curious due to this new information. She had always thought that the handlers were Necropolis’ inhabitants as well.

“I cannot say.” Huang Jiaofu shook his head and replied: “Although this lowly one knows a thing or two, I cannot tell you, Mistress; please forgive me.”

Being called “Mistress” caused Qiurong Wanxue to immediately feel hot and blush. She surreptitiously glanced at her Young Noble, but he was still unperturbed.

“Don’t make it hard for him. Huang Jiaofu does indeed know a lot, but if he dares to say it, the Ancestral Flow will annihilate him.” Li Qiye shook his head and smiled.

“Sir is completely correct. It is not that this lowly one doesn’t want to speak, it is because this is a rule of Necropolis.” Huang Jiaofu scratched his head and said: “Although this lowly one wants to serve Sir, I can’t go to Nightsea.”

“It is fine, I was just teasing you.” Li Qiye swung his sleeve and said: “You can’t help at the place I want to go to anyway. Just wait for my news, I’ll let you know right away if it is favorable.”

Huang Jiaofu bowed again with gratitude and finally left.

“Young Noble, what are we going to Nightsea for?” After he left, Qiurong Wanxue quietly asked.

“To take a look.” Li Qiye looked towards the horizon in quiet contemplation.

Qiurong Wanxue felt that Li Qiye had something on his mind. Although she didn’t know the exact details, she was going to quietly follow him no matter what.

Li Qiye then emotionally declared: “Let us go to Nightsea.”

He had already obtained the key to the Prime Ominous Grave so he could enter any time, but he wanted to see Nightsea first. The Ancestral Flow Master had too many limitations. There were certain things that the master — the protector of Necropolis had to be wary of. Once a few matters escalate out of control, some ominous and evil beings would emerge.

Although the master was reserved when it came to taking action, Li Qiye wasn’t at all. He would do a few things in the master’s stead!

Qiurong Wanxue followed Li Qiye to Nightsea, but he apparently was in no hurry. He trod at a slow pace while even being a bit absent-minded. She knew that he was deep in thought.

By the time they reached Nightsea, many other cultivators had also rushed here. At this time, many young cultivators were present at Necropolis; there were more than ten times the usual amount.

These young cultivators seemed to be in a hurry as if something big had happened. Qiurong Wanxue thought that this was a matter of course since Nightsea turning clear was indeed a momentous event.

She took note of the young cultivators in a hurry and recognized the identities of some of them, speaking with surprise: “Distant Cloud, Misty Field, Green River... People from the great powers from all the domains have arrived.”

“It’s not too surprising. A heaven-piercing event had occurred. Just wait and see when the Prime Ominous Grave opens. At that time, not to mention the great powers from all over the world, even the old men from the Ancestral Domain won’t be able to sit still.” Li Qiye lightly responded.

“Even the gods from the Ancestral Domain will descend?” Qiurong Wanxue took a deep breath and exclaimed.

“The gods?” Li Qiye burst out in laughter and shook his head to say: “You think they are qualified to be called gods? I do not deny that some of those geezers really have the power for divine titles, but they are not gods, they’re only ghosts!”

Qiurong Wanxue shuddered and whispered: “Young Noble, you can’t utter such words carelessly. The Ancestral Domain has an incomparable status in the Sacred Nether World. If these words were to be heard, I’m afraid you would become the public enemy of the entire ghost race.”

“Don’t worry, they’re just a bunch of demons and monsters. I don’t care much for them. Haha, I have waited forever for those buried ghastly things to come out.” Li Qiye calmly said.

Qiurong Wanxue only gently sighed and stopped advising Li Qiye. But then, her curiosity was suddenly piqued: “The Ancestral Domain probably won’t come down. I heard that it was opened not too long ago so it won’t come down for another several dozen years.”

“The chance is still there.” Li Qiye said: “Trust me, at that time, some people won’t be able to sit still without going mad.”

Qiurong Wanxue shuddered. The gods from the Ancestral Domain descending — what kind of majestic scene would that be? Rumor has it that that year, in order to recruit Chan Yang as their descendant, the Ancestral Domain sent down only one person. Countless ghost tribes went to greet him, including people from the emperor’s lineages. Even the Myriad Bones Throne sent someone for their reception!

Her heart started to beat faster at the thought of the gods descending. Maybe it was like what Li Qiye said, this matter truly pierced the heavens!

She didn’t know what was going to happen, but she understood that this great development would lead to inevitable changes!

In fact, while the two were inside the Ancestral Flow, a message had spread across the world.

[spoiler title='455 Teaser']Seeing Li Qiye in silence caused Huang Jiaofu to anxiously rub his hands and say: “Sir, please intercede for this lowly one. Regardless of whether I am successful or not, this lowly one will repay Sir. This lowly one knows that there is a treasure grove in Necropolis, it holds a legendary divine item. As long as Sir puts in a few words for this lowly one, then this lowly one will tell Sir of its location.”

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treasure mountain. As long as I am willing, there would be nothing in here that I can't take. Do you know why I took that person out of Necropolis that year? It was only because I appreciated his talents."

Chapter 456: The Gathering At Nightsea

News of Nightsea becoming clear quickly spread across Necropolis to all of the great powers in the Nether Border. And in a short dozen days, the news spread across the entire Sacred Nether World.

This news was simply too shocking. Many people didn't mind opening gateways to traverse the plains in order to send this news to their sects at the fastest speed.

Many sect masters and royal lords were astonished by this news and quickly called for their elders to convene.

Even the undyings, ancestors, and legendary masters that were buried underground were stunned as well by this news.

"Nightsea has turned clear?" An ancestor asked in disbelief.

"Even the earliest records state that Nightsea had always been black like ink. It is an ominous ground that buries even Virtuous Paragons. What could have caused it to turn clear and no longer drown people in just one night?" The old undyings who hid underground were disturbed. Even the ancestors from the great powers didn't mind breaking their seals in order to find out more information.

Countless speculations traveled far and wide. In just a short period of time, all kinds of rumors emerged. Some even said that the world was about to change.

This type of speculation was not without merit. Not long ago, the day suddenly turned dark and the lost mythical island disappeared instantaneously! Now, Nightsea had turned clear overnight. Such heaven-shaking events happening one after another were most likely not a coincidence.

This led to many imaginative speculations. Many ancestors from the great powers felt that something big was about to happen.

"Could it be that the Prime Ominous Grave is about to open?" An ancestor guessed after hearing about the clear Nightsea: "Or is it that someone will successfully find the key within this generation?"

Not just one or two people thought this way. Many undyings and ancestors believed that there was a large chance that the grave would open.

Some great powers were very excited at this idea; many even sent young disciples to Necropolis for the first time.

Such a thing was not surprising because the Prime Ominous Grave was full of temptation. Even the undyings and ancestors who had experienced many storms in their lives couldn't restrain themselves.

Many great fortunes awaited them if they could enter the grave. Who wouldn't want to take part in such a legendary adventure? And the most mouth-watering part was the rumor of the grave containing a technique for immortality. None of the great characters were able to sit still at such a thought, especially the ancestors that were near death. This was the only way to escape their inevitable fate!

The promise of everlasting life was something that could bait even Immortal Emperors!

In just a short amount of time, many young cultivators entered Necropolis from all over the Sacred Nether World.

On the second day after the change occurred, people found a whirlpool in the middle of Nightsea. This whirlpool reached all the way to the seabed. Some brave adventurers entered the whirlpool and found that there was another vast ocean right beneath Nightsea.

“This is a new mysterious realm, a previously undiscovered realm!” The adventurers were stunned after finding this huge ocean underwater.

At this time, people began crossing this ocean in order to discover the riches on the other side of the shore.

This discovery quickly leaked out. A mysterious and previously undiscovered realm right below Nightsea had been found, so how could others not be shocked?

“Could it be that the treasure mountain in Necropolis is about to come into being?” After hearing about this mysterious realm, a few ancestors from the great powers thought about a particular legend.

Until now, Necropolis had been a paradise of treasures for young cultivators. Many of them excavated great things in the city.

For millions of years, there were legends of supreme treasures, divine weapons, and a mysterious treasure mountain. Supreme treasures and divine weapons had been found before.

The most famous of these findings was about Immortal Emperor Ju Tian. It was said that, at a young age, the emperor found an unparalleled treasure in the Ghost River that allowed him to undertake the path towards invincibility.

This tale was known and passed down to future generations. Because of Immortal Emperor Ju Tian’s fortune, countless people ran to Necropolis later on in search of treasures.

Necropolis, indeed, had supreme treasures and divine weapons. These were not just baseless rumors; however, the mythical treasure mountain had always been a mystery.

A very long time ago, it was said that there was a treasure mountain in Necropolis. The specifics and name of the mountain remained unknown. Rumor has it that this treasure could kill even gods and seal all the experts in this world. In short, there were many beliefs surrounding this particular mountain, but no one had seen it before. Even Immortal Emperors had come to Necropolis in search for it, but they were all unsuccessful.

Because no one had actually seen it before, two differing views arose. One stated that there was no treasure mountain at Necropolis and that it was only a rumor. The other one stated that the treasure mountain indeed exists and that it had something to do with the immortal art for everlasting life.

The second view was greatly supported by the fact that Immortal Emperor Di Yu came back to Necropolis in search for this treasure mountain at an old age. Thus, many people made the connection between the two.

The sudden change in Nightsea along with the discovery of a new, mysterious underground realm caused people to contemplate many things. For millions of years, no one had seen this treasure mountain, but now, there was a previously undiscovered realm right below Nightsea. This led people to think that the mountain was inside this mysterious realm.

After this idea took shape, countless great powers sent young cultivators to Necropolis. Regardless of whether it was for the key to the Prime Ominous Grave or for the mythical treasure mountain, it was worth the risk.

Because of this, in just ten short days, disciples and descendants of the great powers continuously appeared at Necropolis; many of them were famous geniuses.

Within a short period of time, Necropolis became very lively as the young crowd flocked to the city. Even the descendants were willing to venture into this dangerous place.

A few particularly strong people garnered quite a bit of attention.

For example, Ghost Monk. With a chant, a monk trod the sky to arrive. The moment this monk appeared inside Necropolis, buddhist chants resounded as if many Buddhas themselves had arrived. However, this scene was different in that, instead of having a peaceful atmosphere typical of the faith, there was a nether and dark air as if evil Buddhas had arrived.

This monk exuded a cold yet sacred presence. He seemed to have turned into a nether Buddha, causing others to be quite wary.

“The Young Lord of the Zen Ghost Tribe, Ghost Monk has come!” The Zen Ghost Tribe was a big tribe in the Green River; it was a very powerful group within the ghost race. Their members were born with shaven heads and ordainment markings, so they were meant to be monks since birth!

Ghost Monk was a member of this tribe; he was a famous genius in the western Green River. Rumor has it that he had obtained a secret Zen Law that paved the way towards a promising future.

“Ghost Monk arriving should come as no surprise, but even Hundred Clans Child is here.” A young cultivator said.

“Hundred Clans Child is also here? The genius that can be bestowed the legendary title of God-Monarch?”

There was no lack of geniuses amongst the youths that arrived at Necropolis. However, compared to distinguished characters like Ghost Monk, these other geniuses paled in comparison.

At the western Green River, Hundred Clans Child was a genius on the same level as Ghost Monk. These two were called the two young experts of the Green River — very exceptional amongst the younger generation.

Hundred Clans Child came from the Kingdom of Gods, a great country that once had eight God-Monarchs — quite a fearful accomplishment. Hundred Clans Child was the favorite of the Kingdom of Gods’ elders since they believed that he could also become a God-Monarch in the future.

“I have arrived!” The appearance of another man was even more jolting. A huge foot descended from the heavens as he stepped into Nightsea. Once he was standing above Nightsea, even the rising water could not drown his figure.

The moment this foot disappeared, everyone saw a short young man standing above Nightsea’s surface. He was only half the height of an ordinary man, but no one dared to look at him with disdain.

This short young man’s body was filled with muscles, brimming with power as if his bare hands could tear apart dragons and tigers. The most distinctive aspect of this young man was the divine flames burning in his eyes that intertwined to create universal laws. The power of the grand dao was frightening like the roars of tidal waves, causing spectators to shudder.

Chapter 457: Entering Nightsea

“Titanic Crescent Saint Child!” Many youngsters took a deep breath and exclaimed after seeing this humble-statured young man.

Despite being undersized, no one dared to underestimate him. On the contrary, many geniuses quickly stepped back with changed expressions.

The Titanic Crescent Sacred Ground was an extremely prestigious emperor’s lineage in the northern Misty Field; it was created by Immortal Emperor Ju Tian. Although the emperor’s title was “Titanic Crescent,” the truth was that the emperor was extremely short because he came from a dwarven tribe. There were once people who referred to their ghost tribe as three-inch nail ghosts.

However, once Immortal Emperor Ju Tian shouldered the Heaven’s Will, no one dared to call his tribe members “three-inch nails” anymore.

Although Titanic Crescent Saint Child was small, he was the direct descendant of the emperor and the saint child of the sacred ground. He was notoriously ruthless and many had died at his hands.

Emperor’s lineages arriving caused the atmosphere at Necropolis to become quite tense. Even emperor’s lineages could no longer sit still! This made many people think that the treasure mountain was truly about to appear.

Because of this, countless cultivators recklessly rushed into the ocean beneath Nightsea in order to reach the shore on the other side.

However, amidst their desperate crossing, they were barred before reaching the shore. The scene before them shocked them completely! They were forced to stop without being able to swim any further, let alone being able to reach the shore.

Meanwhile, Li Qiye and Qiorong Wanxue wasted a lot of time at the Ancestral Flow so they belonged to the group of cultivators that were late to arrive at Nightsea.

Qiorong Wanxue couldn’t believe her eyes once she saw the scene. They had been catching fish at this place for a month so she was used to the black-as-ink sea.

But now... The blue ocean waves were assaulting the shore with pure, clear water. This was a perfect habitat for fishes and birds. The Nightsea that once caused others to be cautious had now become a scenic location.

“What could have turned Nightsea into this?” Qiurong Wanxue couldn’t help but murmur.

Li Qiye looked towards the far distance beyond Nightsea. He had heard of the whirlpool and knew more than everyone else regarding the mysterious realm below.

“Chief, Chief, Brother Li, Brother Li, we are over here!” They suddenly heard a joyous cry. A group was waving their hands and ran closer to the two of them.

These six people were Peng Zhuang’s group. They were loitering around the shore and saw Li Qiye and Qiurong Wanxue so they excitedly rushed over.

“Chief, Brother Li, you guys are finally here. We have been waiting for so long!” Peng Zhuang happily spoke.

“With all these treasure lights radiating around you all, it seems that you guys have had a decent harvest.” Li Qiye looked at them and smiled.

Peng Zhuang scratched his head and happily replied: “It is all because Brother Li guided us to the right spot. Hehe, Yang Nightfish are indeed amazing things.”

“Don’t be impertinent, address him as Young Noble!” Qiurong Wanxue looked at the youths and said in a serious manner: “Young Noble Li is a great benefactor to our tribe. Do not be disrespectful from now on, understand?”

The six of them all stared at Li Qiye. They didn’t know what he had done, but they didn’t dare to go against the chief’s words so they quickly changed their attitudes.

“Young Noble, a whirlpool leading to the seabed has appeared in Nightsea. Below it is a vast ocean; I heard that it is a very mysterious realm. I also heard that the treasure mountain might come out of there, should we go on an adventure to check it out?” Peng Zhuang eagerly asked.

The six of them wanted to go much sooner, but their cultivation was too weak so they didn’t dare to act recklessly. They lingered around Nightsea to wait for their chief before doing anything else.

Li Qiye only smiled without answering. He went to the shore and cupped a handful of water then drank it.

“Myriad Immortals Source Grass, God Subduing Evil Tree, Heaven-Study Peerless Water, Hundred Dao Eager Blood...” Li Qiye savoured the taste of the sea and became quite moved. Some of the things in this water were extremely unbelievable.

The six youths were fine after hearing Li Qiye name several things that they had never heard of before, but Qiurong Wanxue was quite startled. The names were all supreme immortal items; each and every single one of them were very rare in this world. She had never seen them before since they were completely out of her reach.

She shivered while listening to Li Qiye as he called out each item. Why did Nightsea's water contain these things?

"And also the young leaf from the World Tree!" In the end, Li Qiye clicked his tongue and murmured: "Oh boy, Imp really broke a leg here. All of these things require several generations to gather. Even an Immortal Emperor would not be able to gather all of them in just one."

After tasting the young leaf of the World Tree in the water, Li Qiye immediately knew who did it. He had suspicions of this before, but now he was certain that Imp had taken action.

"Young Noble is saying that Nightsea turning clear has something to do with Imp?" Qiurong Wanxue emotionally asked.

"Imp did it. Oh Imp... you still haven't given up, this is suicidal!" Li Qiye nodded his head and exclaimed. Then, he stared into the sea and murmured: "We have to find Imp, first."

The young group didn't know who Imp was, but they were very excited after hearing Li Qiye say that he wanted to go to the underground ocean. Peng Zhuang quickly asked: "Do we start right now?"

"We have to prepare first." The only female disciple spoke: "For the past dozen days, many people went inside, including descendants from the great powers. I heard that several big battles occurred and many have died."

"Yes, not only have geniuses such as Golden Child, Ghost Monk, and Hundred Clans Child come, but even Titanic Crescent Saint Child and Ghost Insect Evil Child came as well. They are descendants from emperor's lineages and are even direct scion of Immortal Emperors. I heard that they are almost unbeatable." A different disciple added.

Peng Zhuang nodded his head in agreement before saying: "Right. Oh man, Ghost Insect Evil Child is very scary, even more so than a ghost. I don't even dare to look at his face again!"

"Don't cause more trouble for Young Noble. Right now, Necropolis is very dangerous and unpredictable. You guys need to leave Necropolis first and meet up with Elder Zhi's group."

Li Qiye nodded and added: "Your chief is right. You guys shouldn't go to such a place. I cannot guarantee your safety since it is even more dangerous than the Nightsea of the past."

"Young Noble will be doing something important, so we can't have you all become a distraction for him. Go, now." Qiurong Wanxue knew that the situation was very serious. She didn't wish to see her Young Noble become distracted by the youths and die in Necropolis.

The six were very eager to go for a look, but they also understood the severity of the situation. After hearing both their chief and Young Noble Li telling them to go back, they didn't dare to ask anymore questions.

"Chief and Young Noble can rest assured, we will leave Necropolis and meet Elder Zhi right away." Peng Zhuang hurriedly spoke.

Li Qiye nodded and said: "Go, leaving Necropolis is probably a good thing. We are currently in the eye of the storm, but sooner or later, the situation will shift. You guys are not safe here."

The six of them knew that they were too weak. Not to mention the geniuses, there was a big gap between them and the ordinary disciples from the great powers. They obediently listened to their chief and Li Qiye.

Li Qiye stared at Nightsea and knew that he could not delay this any further so he told Qiorong Wanxue: "We shall go, I hope that we can catch up to Imp."

She quickly followed him into the whirlpool in the center of Nightsea.

Watching the two of them depart made the young group of six glance at each other. A disciple spoke: "Did you guys feel something? Hehe, Young Noble and the chief seemed to have changed a lot in this short amount of time."

"I think so too." The female disciple added: "I think they are a lot closer. Did you guys notice? The chief's gaze at Young Noble was very gentle."

Another one scratched his head and said: "Are you sure? Will they really become a couple?"

"Haha, for sure!" Peng Zhuang said with a devious smile: "I think they are a match made in heaven. In my opinion, they are about to get together."

"Really?" The rest responded in unison.

Peng Zhuang then continued with a perverted smile: "If the chief and Young Noble keep on staying together all alone... Hehehe, a flame will then spark, am I right?"

The other five disciples looked at each other and exclaimed at the same time: "It really is a possibility." Having said that, the group all smiled mischievously.

Once Li Qiye and Qiorong Wanxue reached the center, they found a giant whirlpool as water was surging into the vortex.

After seeing the whirlpool, Li Qiye jumped down right away while hugging Qiorong Wanxue. They kept on swirling downward until their feet eventually reached the seabed.

After exiting the whirlpool, they noticed an ocean suffused with a slight golden shade as if it was a vast sea of gold.

[spoiler title='457 Teaser']"Titanic Crescent Saint Child!" Many youngsters took a deep breath and exclaimed after seeing this humble-statured young man.

Despite being undersized, no one dared to underestimate him. On the contrary, many geniuses quickly stepped back with changed expressions.

The Titanic Crescent Sacred Ground was an extremely prestigious emperor's lineage in the northern Misty Field; it was created by Immortal Emperor Ju Tian. Although the emperor's title was "Titanic Crescent," the truth was that the emperor was extremely short because he came from a dwarven tribe. There were once people who referred to their ghost tribe as three-inch nail ghosts.

However, once Immortal Emperor Ju Tian shouldered the Heaven's Will, no one dared to call his tribe members "three-inch nails" anymore.

Chapter 458: Conjuring The Storm

At this point, Qiurong Wanxue couldn't help but point to the sky above and ask: "What's that?"

The sky was shrouded by thick clouds of blood that spanned the entire ocean. It was as if blood was flowing in these clouds that blocked the sky. Occasionally, flashes of lightning would appear as if they were about to rend the sky asunder.

Li Qiye looked at the clouds of blood and replied: "That is a very terrifying thing." He then looked at the vast sea and continued: "We have to go. We have tarried for too long, Imp might have already reached that place."

"Do we fly?" Qiurong Wanxue asked while looking at the vast sea.

"No, we can't fly in this place. If you forcefully fly, lightning will tear you apart. An invincible power looms over this place so no one can fly. We will have to ride the waves."

After hearing this, Qiurong Wanxue attempted to fly up. She only got a few meters off the ground before an extremely heavy force pushed her back down.

"This ocean is very vast. If we ride the waves, it will still take several days. I'll assist you for a while." Li Qiye hugged her by the waist and didn't give her the time to refuse. He surfed on the ocean surface with a speed as fast as lightning.

Qiurong Wanxue started to blush since she was being held by the waist by Li Qiye's robust hand. And when she leaned against his tough physique, she felt hot all over as she lost her strength; a numbing sensation slowly spread throughout her body.

Qiurong Wanxue's eyes rippled with emotions as she secretly glanced at Li Qiye, but he was still riding the waves nonchalantly.

She gently leaned on his shoulder. Although this vast expanse didn't only have the two of them, she was lost in this feeling of safety and didn't care for the eyes of others. She only wanted to hug him even tighter.

Even though Li Qiye was as fast as lightning, this sea was extremely vast so he could not reach the shore in a short amount of time. During this trip, other cultivators were also recklessly flocking deeper into the unknown. Some were riding treasure ships, some were riding aquatic creatures, and some were riding the waves like Li Qiye.

However, all of them stopped at a deeper juncture in the ocean. Many tried different methods to pass this, but all had failed.

Even geniuses had to give up at this point, such as Ghost Monk, Golden Child, and Hundred Clans Child. Even emperor's descendants such as Titanic Crescent Saint Child and Ghost Insect Evil Child were blocked as well.

These arrogant prodigies utilized a variety of methods and exhausted many treasures to no avail.

Everyone felt that the treasure mountain of Necropolis had to be on the other side, so no one was willing to leave; they all stayed here, waiting. Many of them decided to form alliances to surpass this difficult blockade.

Of course, the biggest camp was Ghost Insect Evil Child's because he was the descendant of an emperor's lineage. The groups of Ghost Monk and Hundred Clans Child also had very high appeal.

Amidst the discussions on how to proceed through this sea, a surprising piece of news emanated throughout the entire Sacred Nether World.

"Tian Lunhui has come out from his cultivation session and is coming to Necropolis to learn more about the mysticisms of this place." No one knew who spread this news at such a rapid pace.

This news reached the eastern Nether Border and Necropolis. Not to mention the younger generation, even the previous generation became quite alarmed.

After hearing this, a ghost king from the previous generation exclaimed: "Tian Lunhui, the most mysterious of the three heroes, has finally made a move!"

Tian Lunhui, one of the three heroes in the Sacred Nether World, could be described as a force that could cause the world to cower. He came from the All-Eras Ancient Kingdom and was its descendant. Some even said that the current ghost king of the kingdom wanted to pass his throne to Tian Lunhui but was refused since Tian Lunhui wished to focus on cultivation.

The All-Eras Ancient Kingdom was a lineage with two emperors. Although it was not comparable to the forever-brilliant Myriad Bones Throne, it was still very formidable. Some considered it a miracle of the Emperors Era.

Two emperors came out from the kingdom with the gap of a single generation. This was indeed a very rare occurrence.

What was even more unusual was that the founding emperor, along with the second emperor, had two very unique imperial titles. They were called Immortal Emperor Yi Shi and Immortal Emperor Er Shi! [1. Yi Shi = First Era; Er Shi = Second Era.]

There was a rumor stating that after Immortal Emperor Yi Shi shouldered the Heaven's Will, he swore to control the reincarnation cycle to achieve everlastingness and to build an eternal kingdom.

This oath shocked the entire world. Reincarnating for generations to achieve eternity — such a domineering determination!

Since time immemorial, no one had ever successfully controlled the reincarnation cycle. People said that no one could go on forever in the samsara cycle or that reincarnation was only a legend.

However, oddly enough, when Immortal Emperor Er Shi was born, he already had Immortal Emperor Yi Shi's totem. This caused the entire world to clamor! Many believed that Immortal Emperor Er Shi was the reincarnation of Immortal Emperor Yi Shi. [1. Totem here might just be a marking or a tribal tattoo, not a totem pole.]

Just as many had predicted, Immortal Emperor Er Shi indeed shouldered the Heaven's Will and became an Immortal Emperor, further propagating the idea that he was the founding emperor's reincarnation.

Because of this, many cultivators believed in this form of reincarnation. However, after Immortal Emperor Er Shi, there were no more signs of reincarnations in the All-Eras Ancient Kingdom. It was as if he was no longer successful.

That is, until the day Tian Lunhui was born! On the day of his birth, he had the totem of Immortal Emperor Yi Shi.

He was destined to be extraordinary! When the news of him carrying Immortal Emperor Yi Shi's totem came out, the entire Sacred Nether World was astonished. Countless ancestors and legendary masters believed that Immortal Emperor Yi Shi had successfully reincarnated once again.

Some even called Tian Lunhui Immortal Emperor San Shi. [3. San Shi = Third Era] He was born with a glorious and incomparable beginning as if fate had determined that he would become the new Immortal Emperor.

Regarding sects, Tian Lunhui was not equal to Di Zuo, who came from the Myriad Bones Throne, but as one of the three heroes, his fame was no less than Di Zuo's.

Tian Lunhui did not disappoint those who called him Immortal Emperor Yi Shi's reincarnation. Although he was the latest to cultivate amongst the three heroes, his cultivation speed was the fastest. Currently, his cultivation was unfathomable!

Some in the Sacred Nether World believed that Immortal Emperor Yi Shi inside Tian Lunhui was awakening in order to become an Immortal Emperor once more in this generation!

Tian Lunhui, who had been keeping a low profile for a long time, suddenly coming out from his cultivation session and going to Necropolis set off huge waves. Even ghost kings from the previous generation were very wary of Tian Lunhui.

"This man has the knowledge of an Immortal Emperor. If he explores Necropolis, perhaps he could unlock its secret and even obtain the treasure mountain!" A ghost king exclaimed with a changed expression after hearing about Tian Lunhui's arrival.

Everyone knew that Tian Lunhui might be Immortal Emperor Yi Shi's reincarnation. If this was the case, then with his rich knowledge, there was a big chance of him solving Necropolis' mysteries and obtaining the treasure mountain.

The news of Tian Lunhui going to the eastern Nether Border was first received by the territory's largest lineage — the Myriad Bones Throne.

"Since Tian Lunhui has come out, how could I, Di Zuo, be missing?" An extremely domineering voice and attitude came out from inside the Myriad Bones Throne.

Di Zuo, one of the three heroes, finally declared his intention!

This message was also spread across the world, resulting in the sadness of many young men. Even Heavenly Sovereigns from the previous generation lamented with soft sighs.

Di Zuo was qualified to be arrogant. As one of the three heroes, he was no lesser than Tian Lunhui.

Although his birth did not shock the world like Tian Lunhui's and he didn't have the halo of an Immortal Emperor at that time, becoming the inheritor of the Myriad Bones Throne was indicative of his abilities. In a sect that produced three emperors, devilish geniuses were as common as stray dogs. Di Zuo being able to rise to the top and seize his fame spoke plenty to his strength.

If Tian Lunhui was born as the heaven's proud son, then Di Zuo had used his own strength and talent to earn his name.

As his name would suggest, the throne of the kingdom was Di Zuo's alone. He alone was invincible, basking in all the glory. His talents and strength deterred the entire world as his battle record would cause others to turn pale.

[spoiler title='458 Teaser']At this point, Qirong Wanxue couldn't help but point to the sky above and ask: "What's that?"

The sky was shrouded by thick clouds of blood that spanned the entire ocean. It was as if blood was flowing in these clouds that blocked the sky. Occasionally, flashes of lightning would appear as if they were about to rend the sky asunder.

Li Qiye looked at the clouds of blood and replied: "That is a very terrifying thing." He then looked at the vast sea and continued: "We have to go. We have tarried for too long, Imp might have already reached that place."

Chapter 459: An Unbelievable Scene

When it came to Di Zuo's record, people from the Sacred Nether World could talk about it forever as if it was a common household topic.

At the age of ten, he could defeat Royal Nobles; at fifteen, he triumphed over Ancient Saints. And when he became eighteen, he alone soared into the North Ridge Country at the eastern Nether Border. This country with an ancient lineage could not stop Di Zuo's rampage throughout the entire land as he overthrew its royal family. An army of 500,000 cavalry formed a blockade, but it was still unable to deter his path.

While in the sky and under the combined attacks from Enlightened Beings and Ancient Saints, Di Zuo fought till the sky itself collapsed as he killed his way into the North Ridge's capital. Amidst the fierce crowd of experts, Di Zuo eventually killed the North Ridge Ghost King who possessed the strength of a Heavenly Sovereign.

After that battle, the ancient North Ridge Country collapsed. From then on, it was separated into many smaller countries and no longer had any semblance of its former prestige.

Di Zuo shocked the world as his fame reverberated throughout the four desolaces. All were frightened as other geniuses were overshadowed by Di Zuo's record.

Some devilish geniuses were not happy with Di Zuo being listed as one of the three heroes, but after hearing about this battle, they could only become silent for a long time before resigning themselves with a lamenting sigh.

The battle of one against an entire ancient country — how domineering and unbeatable was this? This battle placed Di Zuo into a supreme position amongst the younger generation.

From then on, when people referred to Di Zuo, they would also add the word “Sir.”

Today, Di Zuo’s eventual arrival at Necropolis would turn the excited anticipation of many geniuses into resignation.

Countless people were full of hope, ambition, and even confidence for the treasure mountain in Necropolis coming into being or the eventual opening of the Prime Ominous Grave. This turmoil would bring about a new change, allowing an opportunity for them to shine and create a new, illustrious reputation.

But now, after hearing about Di Zuo’s arrival, all of these ambitious youngsters couldn’t help but feel their aspirations collapsing.

The three heroes were like unsurpassable mountains who continuously pressured all the minds of the younger generation. Even the most arrogant genius would have to acquiesce in the face of a devilspawn like Di Zuo. [1. Devilspawn = genius here, same term as devilish genius.]

After hearing this news, someone playfully commented: “Tian Lunhui is coming and Di Zuo is also leaving his cultivation session... If Chan Yang also comes, then all three heroes will be here!”

A ghost king shook his head and explained: “I’m afraid Chan Yang will not be able to come down. After all, people from the Ancestral Domain will not be able to descend for the next few dozen years. However, if all three were to be here, then the fate of this world would be in their hands.”

The three heroes of the Sacred Nether World: Di Zuo, Tian Lunhui, and Chan Yang. However, Chan Yang had never showed himself again after going to the Ancestral Domain.

Despite his lack of presence, his fame was no less than Di Zuo’s or Tian Lunhui’s. In the end, anyone that was chosen by the Ancestral Realm would surely be amazing.

While people were discussing these three, Li Qiye ran very quickly while carrying Qiurong Wanxue and finally reached the deeper territory of this ocean.

Many young cultivators were stuck here without being able to go any further. They congregated to find a viable solution.

Many in the group were heaven’s proud sons. Ghost Insect Evil Child, Titanic Crescent Saint Child, Divine Spark Prince, Golden Child, Ghost Monk, Hundred Clans Child... Which of the people listed here was not famous?

However, once they reached this part of the ocean, all of them became dumbfounded at the scene before them. Their mouths were wide open, unable to be closed for a long time.

No one dared to go any closer, they only stared at the scene from a safe distance.

Those who arrived earlier smilingly said to the shocked ones who came after: “Are you scared? I was also the same when I just got here.”

Those who could look at the entire sea would find that it was divided into two halves. One half had a golden color while the other half was as black as ink!

However, this was not its most compelling aspect. The golden half was at the boundary of the division while the black sea was situated at the far horizon.

Everyone would see a scene that they would never forget at this place; this was a miracle that shocked their very souls.

Countless Yang Nightfish gathered at the border of the golden sea. There were definitely more than a million.

They lined up in an orderly manner. Those that were closer to the edge of the golden sea were bigger than those behind them.

Many caught these Yang Nightfish in Nightsea and found that they were not very large and were all of a uniform size.

However, this scene made them realize that the fish they captured before were only of the smallest type.

The fish here ranged from the size of a water basin to the size of flood dragons that spanned hundreds of meters.

Meanwhile, the lone fish at the edge of the golden sea was an incalculable monstrosity. A flap of its tail could send water all the way to the nine heavens while a single gulp could swallow the entire sky.

It was not only the biggest Yang Nightfish at this place but also the biggest fish in the world. Perhaps it was the only Fish King amongst all other existences.

The gathering of these fish created a scintillating brilliance that shot all the way up to the sky. The bloody clouds in the sky began to change. The clouds of blood in the sky were arranged in a particular array that formed a frame. Meanwhile, the lights that were shot up by the fish were woven into an unparalleled immortal article as innumerable immortal runes floated up and down.

The clouds of blood in the form of a paper frame contained endless power to help the essence of the fish turn these runes into an immortal article.

Anyone would be frightened by this development. None dared to stare at this supreme immortal article because it would cause people to vomit blood by looking at it for too long.

A genius was skeptical of this, so he lifted his head to look at the article for three seconds, then he immediately died while vomiting blood right afterward. Because of this, the geniuses floating in the sea, such as Ghost Insect Evil Child and Titanic Crescent Saint Child from emperor's lineages, didn't dare to look at the article for long either.

Behind the Fish King, this article in the sky poured down orderly divine chains like a waterfall to create invincible universal laws as if it was the paragon of all weapons.

This scene was already astonishing enough, but it was far from over.

Opposite of the golden ocean was the black sea. At it's edge, hundreds of thousands of ferry handlers were in a formation.

People who had been to Nightsea had never seen so many handlers like this before. Some once assumed that there were only one hundred handlers at most, but now, they knew that this was certainly not the case.

Standing right at the edge of the black sea was an enormous black shadow akin to a giant. Its foot was trampling the ocean while its head towered over the sky.

The shadow's head was not revealed, but it exuded a dark air that caused others to feel the creeps; it was as if this shadow had come from the depths of hell. Anyone who looked at this shadow would shiver in fear!

The countless ferry handlers present all spewed out a never-ending black blood energy that eventually aggregated into a mysterious and strange-looking magical rune that hovered over the head of the gigantic black shadow. This rune sent down red strands of light that pierced into the head of this giant!

Nobody dared to look at this eerie and mysterious rune. A young expert who wasn't afraid of evil forces wanted to study this black rune. After looking at it for five minutes, he suddenly fell down as his soul was devoured; he didn't even have the chance to scream.

A Fish King swallowing the sky and a gigantic black shadow were confronting each other in this ocean, dividing it into halves — one golden and one black.

They both exuded a presence that caused people to tremble and forced them to stay far away.

Judging from their posturing, the two seemed to be especially cautious. The moment they took action, it would mean the rending of the heaven and earth, the annihilation of all existences! This dominating scene caused everyone to sit on the sideline, waiting. And it wasn't only because of this inevitable battle. Without a ferry handler, cultivators could not venture past the black sea.

This black sea was just like the old Nightsea. Once one set foot inside, they would drown in this black water. Without a ferry handler, death was assured!

Chapter 460: Deadlock

Because of this confrontation between the two armies, it was obvious that the ferry handlers would not be friendly enough to take the cultivators across. Some tried to take the long way around, but there were no results. This ocean did not have a limit so one couldn't reach the end. There was only one option — go past the golden ocean to reach the shore on the other side of the black sea.

There was a very amazing young cultivator who used his family heirloom to project a divination. He found that there was definitely a shore at the other side of the black sea.

However, no one could get across without the assistance of the ferry handlers. And because of this confrontation, they could only wait until after the end of the war. Maybe there would be a chance to use the ferries then.

Qjurong Wanxue became pale from horror after seeing this stalemate and exclaimed: "What is that?!" She couldn't believe her own eyes that reflected this shocking scene.

When she looked up at the supreme immortal article in the sky, Li Qiye quickly covered her eyes and shook his head to say: "Don't look at that article. It is the most profound and mystical article in this heaven and earth. One glance is fine, but with your cultivation, a second glance will result in death."

After hearing this, Qiurong Wanxue didn't dare to look again. She took a deep breath and gazed towards the two armies in the distance.

"What exactly is happening here?" She emotionally asked.

Li Qiye looked at the Fish King and then the gigantic shadow before replying: "A battle for sovereignty."

She seemed to gain a bit of understanding as to why people were only able to go out into Nightsea with the help of the ferry handlers. So it turned out that the handlers and the Yang Nightfish were enemies.

No wonder why all the handlers disappeared overnight after the change. So they had all gathered at this place!

"Did the sovereignty over Nightsea previously belong to the ferry handlers?" Qiurong Wanxue asked.

Li Qiye nodded lightly and replied: "You can put it that way. However, their opponents can also fight back. The Yang Nightfish had always been waiting for an opportunity. Imp has disturbed the balance so things are now different. Thus, the two sides were forced to meet each other!"

"What exactly is going on?" Qiurong Wanxue couldn't help but curiously ask: "What do the Yang Nightfish and the ferry handlers represent? What is their status in Necropolis?"

The recent events had escaped the boundaries of her imagination. Everything she had seen before could not compare to her recent encounters.

Necropolis' inhabitants, the ferry handlers, the Yang Nightfish... Before this, no one felt anything special about the three, but now, it was different. It seemed that the three sides were not in the same camp.

It appeared that the sentiments were the local residents while the fish and the handlers had special positions!

Li Qiye didn't answer as he hugged her while walking above the sea. They inconspicuously went closer to the golden sea.

With so many young cultivators stopping here, this place had quickly become a bustling bazaar. Because of the long wait, people had taken out their pavilions and mansions. They intended to wait here for a while until the end of the battle.

At this time, the objects that were the most abundant at this place would be the ships that were anchored at this sea. The largest one was the size of a town while the smallest was the size of a small boat. Then there were some pavilions and mansions scattered amidst this sea of ships.

Everyone set up their camps and even divided themselves into their own territories. They were still situated very far from the actual battleground since they didn't want to be close to that side of the sea. The battle between the Fish King and the gigantic shadow would be too terrifying. It could even shatter this world! So no one dared to get close.

It could be said that this area was very lively; outside of some groups chattering about, some even used this location to sell items just like back in town.

It was very rare to have cultivators come from all over the world, so it was indeed a great chance for business. Many shops were erected and they tried to find customers.

Meanwhile, a few cultivators were bored of waiting; one of them grunted: "The two bosses have not made a move for ten days... When will this stalemate, this war end?"

A more patient cultivator retorted: "Only the heavens will know. However, we have to wait for the treasure mountain. Throughout the millions of years, Necropolis had been thoroughly excavated, but no one was able to find it. The shore beyond this place is the only other possible location."

One of the more optimistic members stated with no intent of leaving: "What are we afraid of? Wait until after the battle ends, then follow the fish. We can sneak attack them and maybe we'll even be able to pull up hundreds of thousands of fish. Then, we will be rich men! With that many fish, we would be able to trade for whatever we wanted. I had my eyes on a Heavenly Yin Mineral in Necropolis, but that sentiment was adamant with his price of three hundred fish. I will wait for this opportunity to make a fortune."

Some of the impatient ones headed back in order to find the legendary key to the Prime Ominous Grave. They didn't know that even if they dug three meters down all over Necropolis, they still wouldn't be able to find the key because it was already in Li Qiye's possession.

After they reached this territory and looked at all the parked ships, Qiurong Wanxue remained cautious about the two opposing military forces in the distance and quietly whispered: "How come the Ancestral Flow Master didn't come here?"

Sentiments might not be able to come here, but the master was a living being. Moreover, the master was in charge of Necropolis! Now, a heaven-shaking war was about to break out at this place, so Qiurong Wanxue was quite perplexed due to the master's lack of action.

"This is only a small-scale battle, it won't be able to change anything. Imp broke the previous balance so the fish and the handlers were forced to fight." Li Qiye replied with a grin.

Qiurong Wanxue took a deep breath and asked: "This is only considered a small-scale battle?"

Anyone would be able to tell that the Fish King and the gigantic shadow were unfathomable existences capable of plucking the moon from the sky. The battle of these two would be able to annihilate the earth. In the face of these existences, even the most powerful youths would be mere ants.

How could this battle possibly be considered "small"?

"What about a large-scale battle?" She had to ask.

"A large-scale battle?" Li Qiye narrowed his eyes and answered as he gazed at the two armies: "A large-scale battle would pierce the heavens. Once a large-scale battle commences, the Fish King and the ghost shadow would only be part of the insignificant vanguard."

Qiorong Wanxue jumped after hearing this. She felt that the gigantic shadow and the Fish King were already invincible. Even Heavenly Kings would be powerless before them, yet these existences were only minor characters?

“They... are only minor characters? Then... who would be the existences in control of a large-scale battle?” Qiorong Wanxue emotionally asked.

“Just wait, one day you will witness such a battle. When that day comes, all the tribes in the Sacred Nether World should pray for their safety. It will be a very destructive war!” Li Qiye nonchalantly replied.

Qiorong Wanxue felt a chill in her heart because Li Qiye’s words left her restless.

Li Qiye advanced further above the sea while hugging Qiorong Wanxue. They didn’t make it too far before a young man approached.

This young man looked like a romantic scholar without seeming to be weak. Many divine images were behind the young man as if there were spirits protecting his dao path. Alongside sacred hymns, divine lights shot out from his body as if the gods were teaching him the dao.

“This must be the famous dao friend, Li Qiye?” The young man looked at Li Qiye and clasped his hands together.

Li Qiye took a glimpse at the young man with a poker face. Qiorong Wanxue gently pulled his sleeve and whispered: “He is the Hundred Clans Child!”

The Hundred Clans Child — the prince from the Kingdom of Gods and a famous genius at the western Green River.

Many young cultivators were alarmed at the sight of the two. One of them whispered: “The Hundred Clans Child is trying to recruit more people to his camp.”

“That is Li Qiye, a ferocious newcomer. He killed Mo Lidao and Ye Sha in one breath. It’s no wonder why the Hundred Clans Child is personally recruiting him.”

“What do you want?” Li Qiye looked at the Hundred Clans Child and asked.

The Hundred Clans Child was quite polite and went straight to the point with a smile: “I believe Fellow Daoist Li also wants to reach the other shore and can understand the current situation. Crossing alone is impossible, so how about we all work together to cross the sea?”

“Is that so?” Li Qiye lazily replied. He had no interest in joining an alliance since he had many methods if he wanted to cross.

“Fellow Daoist Li may not know, but we have an alliance that consists of hundreds of young heroes; all of them are famous contemporary experts. Moreover, the Titanic Crescent Saint Child is in charge! As long as we work together, we will definitely be able to reach the shore on the other side.” The Hundred Clans Child persuaded.

[spoiler title='Title']Because of this confrontation between the two armies, it was obvious that the ferry handlers would not be friendly enough to take the cultivators across. Some tried to take the long way

around, but there were no results. This ocean did not have a limit so one couldn't reach the end. There was only one option — go past the golden ocean to reach the shore on the other side of the black sea.

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