

## Refining 611

### Chapter 611A – Great Yan’s Thistle Capital

Great Yan Empire, Thistle Capital.

The cold chill that came from the south of the northern border mixed together with the rich humidity blowing in from the sea to form thick layers of clouds above the ancient capital city.

Light drops of rain pierced through the layers of clouds and fell down. They brought together with them a piercing cold that caused the dim rainy days to feel a little more constrained.

The nine city gates had been opened up wide. Contingents of cavalry and soldiers stood outside the towering walls of the capital city, each one standing as still as a stone statue in the cold rain. No matter how their iron armor was soaked, none of them moved in the least.

The war riders sat atop vigorous black leopards. Their green and shining eyes were dim and quiet. Looking from afar, these troops formed a dense wave that had no end in sight.

The Yan Empire’s Far East Cavalry was only inferior to the Qin Empire’s Tomb Armor Cavalry and the Chu Empire’s Deer Driving Cavalry. They were said to be amongst the world’s strongest killing forces. They were like a torrential wave, unstoppable in their advance, capable of destroying the hardest defenses!

Suddenly, the thick clouds above Thistle Capital began to melt away like snow beneath the hot sun. Sunlight blazed down, sparkling through the clear skies.

They had come!

Throughout Thistle Capital, the hearts of countless people began to race. A trillion eyes looked up at the skies as a pitch black vortex of demonic power appeared.

Eight massive demon phantoms circled around the vortex. Although their eyes were closed, they still emitted a terrifying aura.

Then, True Demon Guards wearing black armor and riding atop nightmare demon horses flooded out from the vortex like a raging tide.

The leading True Demon Guards had ice cold gazes beneath their armor. As their eyes bumped into those of the motionless Far East Cavalry before them, the air suddenly seemed to thicken!

True Demon Guards gushed out endlessly, forming a slanted pattern as they scattered to the sides like a pair of unfolding wings. When the first trace of blood red appeared, the Far East Cavalry down below suddenly took a deep breath.

The Holy Nether Guard was the personal army of the Demonic Path’s Holy Monarch. Although there weren’t many of them, they were known as the world’s greatest fighting force.

Since ancient times, there had been several wars that swept up the whole world. The Holy Nether Guard had only taken action a limited number of times, but each time they did it was an earthshaking event, and they had yet to be defeated.

The Far East Cavalry had an excellent record of success. The only reason they were ranked behind the Tomb Armor Cavalry was because the Far East Cavalry had once gone up against the Holy Nether Guard and had been directly routed, ending in them suffering disastrous casualties.

That defeat led to Thistle Capital being broken into and the royal family being slaughtered. Their line of inheritance had nearly been severed. This was a bitter hatred that everyone within the Yan Empire remembered. As for the Far East Cavalry, this was a shame that was firmly kept in mind and was reinforced as the very first lesson for newcomers.

Feeling the killing intent coming from the riders on their backs, the vicious black leopards roared out loud. But as the riders tensed their bodies they quickly calmed down. The only difference was that their eyes became even more cruel and dark.

5000 red-armored Holy Nether Guards formed the central position. Then, another large number of black-armored True Demon Guards appeared, 9000 in total, forming the tail end of the formation.

This was the formation of the supreme emperor. A dreadful aura impacted into the highest heavens. Then, in the next moment, the 9000 True Demon Guards and the 5000 Holy Nether Guards all fell to their knees, "We greet His Majesty the Holy Monarch!"

Nine massive and fierce flood dragons howled as they flew out from the vortex. They pulled behind them a giant imperial carriage emblazoned in black, purple, and gold. It was like a divine mountain had arrived from the highest heavens. At this moment, it occupied the sight of everyone, causing a feeling of infinite awe to swell forth from their souls.

Halos of light circulated around the imperial carriage. It was like burning flames and also like a million troops marching forth together. One figure was particularly clear. Although he sat there motionless, he seemed to stand higher than the sun in the skies. His momentum was so great that those below couldn't look at him directly.

"Line up!"

The Far East Cavalry shouted out. They struck their armored chests with their fists and the black leopards they rode reared back their heads and roared. A vast slaughter intent soared into the heavens!

Within the imperial carriage, there was another person that hadn't been noticed by anyone. She turned her head and smiled, "Your Majesty, do you think that the Immortal Sect is deliberately trying to make you unhappy? There are so many entrances to choose from and yet they chose Thistle Capital. Who in this world doesn't know that Great Yan is the most hostile nation towards our Holy Palace?"

Qin Yu lightly smiled. "Even if the Yan people are angry...so what?"

A brilliant light erupted in the depths of You Qi's eyes. But she lowered her head in the next moment and composed herself. She intentionally teased, "That is indeed an action worthy of our Demonic Path's Holy Monarch. This aggressiveness is praiseworthy!"

Qin Yu shook his head. After learning that he was going to visit the Immortal Sect, You Qi said she had to follow him no matter what. Since they were meeting old acquaintances, she couldn't be absent.

Outside Thistle Capital, great figures from the Yan Empire came out to welcome these arrivals. His Majesty Emperor Yan was currently in the palace holding a banquet, waiting for the Holy Monarch to attend. As for the one dealing with these matters, that would all be through the Demon Envoy. These people were unqualified for the new Holy Monarch Qin Yu to care about them.

“The Great Yan Empire’s High Prince Ji Yunyue is here upon orders of our nation’s emperor to welcome Your Majesty the Demon Sovereign. I ask that Your Majesty please be at peace.” The High Prince was a middle-aged man in elegant long robes. He bowed without hesitation, his voice respectful.

He was well aware that the person within that imperial carriage was one of the most powerful and influential existences in the world, someone far more formidable than the Yan Empire. As the High Prince, his status compared to the Demon Sovereign was as different as the clouds and mud. There was no problem in him bowing.

Still, as he thought about the intense reactions the imperial family had when they learned that the newly crowned Demon Sovereign was going to arrive at Thistle Capital, High Prince Ji Yunyue felt a headache coming on. Although this bow today was completely within reason, he feared he would welcome their wild attacks and curses in the future.

But His Majesty the Emperor had personally ordered him to be responsible for coming out to greet the Demon Sovereign. There was simply no room for him to refuse.

The Demon Envoy took a step forward. The aura of a Calamity Immortal seemed to lift up the skies. “High Prince need not be so courteous. His Majesty the Holy Monarch is fully anticipating meeting the Yan Emperor.”

Words spoken publicly still had to be polite.

Even if the Demon Envoy knew that the Yan people wished they could tear the Demonic Path into shreds.

Ji Yunyue smiled and stood up. “I ask His Majesty the Demon Sovereign to enter Thistle Capital.”

The 9000 True Demon Guards and 5000 Holy Nether Guards crowded around the massive imperial carriage. Beneath the burning eyes of the Far East Cavalry, they entered Thistle Capital.

The long streets had been cleared and not a single Yan citizen could be seen. But from behind closed windows and doors, one could see eyes filled with hatred.

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows. “You Qi, I only have a general idea of what happened in the past. What is the exact reason that the Yan people hate the Demonic Path so much?”

You Qi smiled, “I just happen to know a little more about this because I’ve perused the ancient texts in the Holy Palace.” She had a charming expression as she said, “Around 20 million some years ago, a great war erupted between the Immortal Sect and Demonic Path. It was a war that drew in the entire world, and the seven empires were all involved. That era’s Holy Monarch was named Qi. He had a dao companion who was implicated and murdered by an assassin. It was unknown how he verified it, but His Majesty Emperor Qi led an army of 10,000 Holy Nether Guards to descend upon Thistle Capital. They tore through the Far East Cavalry on the battlefield and by himself he slaughtered his way into Great Yan’s Imperial Palace.

“That great catastrophe almost caused the bloodline of the Great Yan royal family to go extinct. Blood dyed the entire Thistle Capital red and countless people died...at that time, the Yan Emperor mobilized the destiny of the nation to confront Emperor Qi. However, they were cut apart by a single slash from Emperor Qi and the national destiny true dragon collapsed with them. With that, the enemy’s head was sliced off. Emperor Qi’s actions helped my Demonic Path gain resounding fame, but this also caused the Yan Empire to regard my Demonic Path as mortal enemies ever since.

“Even though over 20 million years have passed, this hatred has never been resolved. With this, the Yan Empire became the nation within the Land of Divinity and Demons where the Demonic Path has the weakest influence. As for the spies that helped develop the influence of the Demonic Path there as well as the vast amounts of demonic path cultivators, they forever disappeared in this land.”

Qin Yu slowly nodded. Since he had become the new Holy Monarch, while he could enjoy the honor and status his position brought, he also needed to shoulder the pressure.

The line of troops moved along the streets of Thistle Capital. Ji Yunyue’s eyes slowly revealed an angered look. He glanced over at the expressionless Demon Envoy and cupped his hands together, saying, “Demon Envoy, I will bid my farewells here first.”

The Demon Envoy nodded. Then, Ji Yunyue turned around, his complexion clouding over as he barked out, “Go and immediately find out why the troops are headed towards the eastern gate of the Imperial Palace!”

#### **Chapter 611B – Great Yan’s Thistle Capital**

All of the arrangements had been completed beforehand. If no one was obstructing them then there should be no mistakes. As soon as Ji Yunyue thought of this possibility his heart began to sink.

As expected, the cultivator he sent out didn’t return. And there was no change in the army’s direction.

Ji Yunyue couldn’t care about raising a commotion. He mounted a horse and rushed over. When he saw the unfamiliar Far East Cavalry troops coming, he roared out, “Who are you!? What are you doing!?”

One of the riders bowed, “High Prince, we are merely following orders.”

With this, there was no other explanation.

Ji Yunyue clenched his teeth and shouted, “I don’t care who you are but immediately turn back and leave! Otherwise, I will...” Before he finished speaking the troop turned around the corner. The grand Imperial Palace was already in sight – there was no more time.

Outside the eastern gate of the Imperial Palace, a number of Yan people dressed up as cultivators stood there with solemn expressions. A thin-faced and white-haired old man had a severe expression as he stared at the troops coming his way.

Behind him, a Yan cultivator walked forward, “The statues of the previous Yan Emperors are here. Demonic Path visitors, stop here and pay your respects!”

With the support of a powerful cultivation this voice billowed through the air, instantly spreading out through the troops. Even a good half of Thistle Capital could hear this voice. After a brief quiet, the Yan

people slowly walked out of their dwellings. They arrived in the long street, looking at the Demonic Path troops with ice cold gazes.

“All of you stop and get off your horses! Pay your respects to the previous emperors of the Great Yan Empire!”

“These Demonic Path people, they should pay their respects to the first sovereign of our Great Yan!”

“Demon Sovereign, come out and bow to my Yan Emperor!”

Deep roars were mixed with hatred. As more and more voices gathered together they evolved into a vast flood.

The Far East Cavalry started to stir. The black leopards roared out loud, ready to break into the enemy lines upon their masters' commands. The situation rapidly worsened, seeming as if it would spin out of control at any moment.

9000 True Demon Guards and 5000 Holy Nether Guards immediately responded. The supreme imperial marching formation switched into an offensive one and a wild aura erupted, as if a demon dragon was awakening.

In front of the Imperial Palace, the atmosphere suddenly fell silent. But then a loud clamor erupted. The countless Yan people looked upon the fearless Demonic Path troops and became even angrier.

The Demon Envoy's expression darkened and he glared at the Imperial Palace with cold eyes. You want to besiege the Demonic Path's Holy Monarch? Do you understand that you are playing with fire right now? He lifted his hand and the 9000 True Demon Guards and 5000 Holy Nether Guards immediately unsheathed their weapons. His ice cold voice sounded out, “If anyone dares to attack the Holy Monarch's imperial carriage, kill them without mercy!”

“Kill! Kill! Kill!”

The True Demon Guards and Holy Nether Guards began to roar out.

Ji Yunyue's eyes turned red. “What do you plan on doing? Are you revolting!?” His eyes fell upon those Yan people standing in front of the eastern gate and he walked forward, quickly saying, “Sovereign Uncle, what do you plan on doing? If you don't stop now you will provoke a war between Great Yan and the Demonic Path!”

“Shut up!” The Sovereign Uncle Ji Changkong's face was icy cold. “As a direct descendant of Great Yan's royal family you actually don't care about the national humiliation we have experienced in the past and welcomed the Demon Sovereign! I am ashamed by your actions!”

Ji Yunyue almost fainted from anger. He had come here upon orders from the emperor, so if he wanted to look for someone to scold then go look for the emperor!

Taking a deep breath, Ji Yunyue said, “Sovereign Uncle, now is not the time to create a mess. Please lead these people away and don't cause an incident!”

They were both Calamity Immortals. The only reason he called this person Sovereign Uncle was because of the difference in rank as well as the fact that he was an Elder of the Immortal Sect. But even so, he still had to handle affairs discreetly. These last words served as a final warning.

But who would have thought that Ji Changkong would laugh up at the skies, simply not paying any attention to him. He stepped forward and shouted, "Demon Sovereign, you are in front of my Yan Empire's Imperial Palace, so how dare you be so rampant!"

...

Within the imperial carriage, You Qi's smile vanished. "I think that the entire Yan Empire doesn't want to live."

Qin Yu shook his head. "There is no need to pay attention to him – he is nothing but a rabid dog. The Yan Emperor isn't senile; he won't let him act too unreasonably."

You Qi earnestly said, "But that old dog is already causing a mess."

Qin Yu was startled. For a time, he wasn't able to fully adapt to the transformation in his status. As the Demonic Path's Holy Monarch, he represented the dignity of the entire Demonic Path. As he thought about the actions of these Yan people, they had indeed overstepped their limits. To be more serious, this was enough to trigger a turbulent situation.

The sound of rapid hoofbeats came from the other side of the Imperial Palace's eastern gate. Several riders raced out and came to a halting stop. The one in front flipped onto the ground and unfurled a golden imperial decree.

"This is a decree from His Majesty the Emperor. The Demon Sovereign's status is precious and he need not follow the rituals of Great Yan. Please come straight into the Imperial Palace and attend the banquet!" After putting away the imperial decree, the man smiled and bowed, "Our nation's emperor is feeling restless that these careless mistakes occurred. He has asked me to convey a message to you and apologize in his stead. I ask that Your Majesty the Demon Monarch pay no heed to these people."

The Demon Envoy was expressionless but he sneered inwardly as he heard these words. But, since this was a message conveyed from the Great Yan Emperor, it wasn't his place to respond.

A light voice suddenly resounded from the imperial carriage. "I understand the Yan Emperor's good intentions but I must decline. Since the Yan people do not welcome me, then the Demonic Path will not enter the Imperial Palace. I ask that the Yan Emperor open the entrance."

You Qi revealed a surprised look.

Qin Yu blinked his eyes. "Our Demonic Path doesn't fear the Yan Empire. Since there is no need to accommodate them, I won't bother giving them any face."

The Yan Emperor was holding a banquet but his offer had been directly refused. This was no different from a ringing slap to the face.

If it was another empire, Qin Yu might hesitate. But Great Yan...they already had a death grudge between them anyways, so he didn't care about adding some additional grievances.

The messenger's face had turned blue, but since the Demon Sovereign had spoken there was no room for him to argue back. He hurriedly bowed and rushed back into the Imperial Palace.

Within the Imperial Palace's Sky Lifting Temple, the Yan Emperor Ji Huagu gently sighed. His eyebrows wrinkled together. Although his expression remained calm, his Empress that had accompanied him for many years could immediately see the pent up anger in him.

"Your Majesty, what is it?"

The Yan Emperor patted her hand. "It's nothing. The Demon Sovereign won't enter the Imperial Palace so I will go and welcome him."

The Empress had a worried expression, "Your Majesty..."

The Yan Emperor smiled. "I'm fine. With the Demon Sovereign's status, looking at the seven great empires, besides the Chu Emperor we all need to lower our heads. I'm alright."

He stood up and stepped out. The Yan Emperor disappeared from the Sky Lifting Temple. When he next appeared he emerged from nothing to stand right outside the eastern gate.

His expression was calm and there was a gentle smile on his lips. But, the aura of a ruler erupted and blotted out the skies, as if a great sun had arrived, facing the imperial carriage from far away.

"We greet Your Majesty the Emperor!"

Rumble rumble –

The Yan people standing outside the Imperial Palace began to fall to their knees.

When the angry Ji Changkong saw the smiling Yan Emperor his complexion changed and he bowed together with the rest.

In front, all of the Demonic Path cultivators remained as silent and still as they were before. They maintained their battle-ready positions, their momentum not diminishing in the least.

The Yan Emperor smiled and cupped his hands together. "The Demon Sovereign has arrived yet I didn't come out to welcome you, resulting in some minor mishaps occurring. I ask that the Demon Sovereign be broad-minded about this."

The maids serving the imperial carriage lifted the thick curtains that blocked the windows to reveal Qin Yu sitting within. Qin Yu said, "Yan Emperor, there is no need to be so courteous. I don't have much time left so open the entrance to the Immortal Sect."

The Yan Emperor nodded. "Very well."

He lifted his hand and spread out his palm, drawing a circle in the air. Then, spatial ripples erupted and a great golden door appeared.

"Demon Sovereign, please!"

Qin Yu nodded and the maids lowered the curtains once more. The Demon Envoy lifted his hand and gestured ahead. The eight demon phantoms that spun around the black vortex suddenly opened their

eyes. 16 substantial gazes fell upon the golden door. As this happened, fine black lines began to appear atop the golden door, slowly spreading out like blooming flowers.

The Demon Envoy checked the door, not concealing his distrust of the Yan people. After several breaths of time he nodded and said, "Your Majesty Holy Monarch, please issue an order."

"Enter the Immortal Sect."

Bang –

### **Chapter 612A - Plot**

The momentum of the 9000 True Demon Guards and 5000 Holy Nether Guards suddenly rose drastically as this decree was passed down. Their aura was so great that it seemed the heavens would break apart. In this world, only the Immortal Sect could make the Demonic Path act with such earnestness. They had fought each other for countless years and regarded each other as eternal mortal enemies.

Throughout the endless years of history, this was the first time that the Demon Sovereign had paid a visit to the Immortal Sect. Since the Demonic Path had come, they would show the Immortal Sect their spirit!

The long troop slowly poured into the open golden door. The Yan Emperor calmly watched this scene until the last True Demon Guard vanished from sight.

Hum –

The golden door vanished from sight.

Ji Yunyue had a face full of shame, "Your Majesty, I was unable to complete the assignment given to me. Please punish me!"

The Yan Emperor glanced over. "I don't blame you. It is I who didn't consider things fully." He turned towards Ji Changkong, "Sovereign Uncle, follow me."

He took a step forward and returned to Sky Lifting Temple. The grand banquet had already been arranged, but no one was present to enjoy it.

The Yan Emperor sucked in a deep breath. He looked at Ji Changkong who stood at the base of the temple and said, "Sovereign Uncle, please keep in mind that you are not only an Elder of the Immortal Sect but also a High Prince of my Great Yan Empire!"

Ji Changkong's complexion changed. "Your Majesty, what is the meaning of this? Are you implying that my actions today originate from the Immortal Sect?"

His complexion was cold and severe as he continued, "Your Majesty, do not forget the great shame that my Great Yan suffered in the past. Do you not remember how many of our ancestors were ruined by the hands of the Demonic Path? My Great Yan's royal bloodline was nearly severed!"

"That's enough!" The Yan Emperor roared out. "I am the emperor of Great Yan and every shame that our ancestors suffered in the past is engraved into my heart through countless scars. Every day I am



reminded and there will never be a moment where I forget! But Sovereign Uncle, you must know that the Great Yan Empire does not have the strength to fight with the Demonic Path.

“Revenge is a responsibility that all bloodline descendants of my Great Yan’s royal family must shoulder. However, we will only ever have one chance, thus we must be cautious above all! I hope that a matter similar to today does not occur again. Sovereign Uncle, I ask you to leave!”

Ji Changkong’s complexion paled. He flicked his sleeves and left.

The Yan Emperor suddenly slammed a table. Within the temple hall, every single piece of furniture, every plate, instantly turned into powder.

“You pathetic man, you have ruined my plans!”

In a corner of Sky Lifting Temple, several shadowy figures appeared. “Your Majesty, the Demon Sovereign is on guard so there was nothing we could do. We shall look for another chance.”

The strange voice caused one’s eyes to twinge.

The Yan Emperor waved his hand. The several shadowy figures bowed and vanished from sight.

...

At the entrance to the Immortal Sect that originated from Thistle Capital, all of the preparations had been readied. When the golden door opened and the Demonic Path’s troops started to pour out, messengers from the Lucid Nether Domain, Buddhist Nation, and Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace came forward to greet them.

“We welcome the arrival of Your Majesty the Demon Sovereign to the Immortal Sect.”

Purple Moon was without expression. She stood together with the Netherworld Domain’s Grand Marshal and the Buddhist Nation’s Bodhi, the three of them facing the black, purple, and gold imperial carriage.

The Immortal Sect and Demonic Path were mortal enemies, and it was because of this that they each had a deep understanding of the other’s strengths. They both wanted to place the other in a deathtrap, but neither of them were willing to easily provoke the other. At the very least, on the public surface there were still some standards that needed to be upheld.

It was because of this that the Immortal Sect’s three giants each dispatched peak characters from their influences to greet this diplomatic mission from the Demonic Path.

Suddenly, Purple Moon furrowed her eyebrows. An uneasy feeling swelled up in her heart. She looked up, her eyes sharp as she looked at the imperial carriage. But, that restless feeling had vanished from sight.

This person was indeed worthy of being the Demon Sovereign; he was truly unfathomably deep. Just his simple attention had caused her to have a sudden intense feeling of crisis.

Purple Moon didn’t think about it much so she didn’t know that her aura had been locked onto just now.

You Qi looked at Qin Yu, whose eyes were closed. “This woman is Purple Moon?”

She already knew of what happened in the past.

Qin Yu nodded. When he opened his eyes, his expression was calm once more. Right now he still hadn't found Ning Ling so he didn't want to cause further complications. He would allow them all to have a few more days of peace.

The Demon Envoy stepped forward and bowed. "Grand Marshal, Bodhi Shuyuan, Great Elder Purple Moon, I thank you three for personally coming to greet us. My monarch has travelled a long way here so please arrange a place for us to stay first."

The one that came from the Lucid Nether Domain was a different Grand Marshal from the one Qin Yu had met before. He smiled and said, "The palace has been prepared and isn't too far away. I ask that the Demon Sovereign please follow behind me."

The Demonic Path troops spread out within the Immortal Sect like a flag flapping in the wind. Wherever they went, they attracted countless eyes. Despite their pride, when the Immortal Sect cultivators saw the imposing aura of the Demon Sovereign's troops and the vast river-like flow of their movements, they couldn't help but acknowledge that the Demonic Path had the qualifications to compare with the Immortal Sect in terms of strength.

The troop travelled across a mountain range. The Demonic Path came to a sudden stop. The Demon Envoy flew over and pointed a finger, "Messengers, His Majesty the Holy Monarch likes this area very much and would like to stay here."

Purple Moon looked towards the direction of the pointed finger and her complexion suddenly clouded over.

The Grand Marshal frowned. "Demon Envoy, this place is remote and no palace has been built here. If the Demon Sovereign moves here, I am afraid it will be a disgrace towards his status."

Purple Moon added on, "Moreover, this place belongs to the region of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace. Most of those here are female cultivators so perhaps it might not be too convenient."

The Demon Envoy lightly said, "Could it be that within the Immortal Sect His Majesty the Holy Monarch cannot choose to stay somewhere else?"

The Buddhist Nation's Bodhi had a pleasant demeanor. His eyes flashed as he said, "Since the Demon Sovereign has spoken on this matter, the Immortal Sect naturally has no reason to not allow it."

The Grand Marshal slowly nodded and turned around.

Purple Moon clenched her teeth. "Since the Demon Sovereign insists, then stay here!"

The Demonic Path troops came to a pause. In an hour, dozens of surrounding mountains were cleaned up and a strict defense perimeter was established.

Wherever the Demon Sovereign was, that place was also the temporary domain of the Demonic Path. This was the power and influence that a supreme existence of the world possessed; the Immortal Sect wouldn't interfere.

While the Demon Envoy led the True Demon Guard and Holy Nether Guard to comb the surroundings, Qin Yu and You Qi both walked atop a mountain peak.

He stood beneath a pavilion and gently stroked the railing. As he looked out at the endless sea of clouds before him, he let out a light breath.

You Qi sensed something. "Your Majesty has come here before?"

Qin Yu helplessly shook his head. "You have good eyes." He continued to say, "When I was fooled by Purple Moon in the past, I lived here on this mountain. This pavilion is a place I liked to spend time at in the past after a period of closed door cultivation."

You Qi quickly grasped the key point. "She was also here at the time?"

Qin Yu smiled. "Yes. Every time I left seclusion Ning Ling would follow close behind. She would make several small dishes for me and we would drink and eat together while looking at the scenery around us, chatting about minor things."

You Qi bit her lips. "Your Majesty, when you accepted the respects of the Demonic Path at the Holy Palace, I still didn't see you smile with such joy."

Qin Yu was silent for a moment. "These are indeed the happiest memories of my life. At that time I was filled with hopes and dreams. I thought that as long as I worked hard enough we would never be separated again...but...everything I thought was real was nothing but a dirty trick."

You Qi said in a soft voice, "That woman Purple Moon never would have imagined that you would have such achievements by this time. Otherwise, she would be so scared she wouldn't even dare to make an appearance."

Qin Yu smiled. "I won't hide this from you. When I survived her plot and all my future plans evaporated, I wished that I could tear her into shreds. But looking at things from another angle, if it weren't for what she did to me I wouldn't have my current successes. In some ways, Purple Moon made me who I am.

"Although I still hate her, that hate is much lighter than before. Right now I only want to find Ning Ling. As long as she is doing well I won't investigate anything that happened in the past."

Looking at Qin Yu's expression, You Qi suddenly felt very, very jealous of Ning Ling. They had both met Qin Yu at around the same time so why did she obtain almost all of his sincere feelings?

So many years had passed. No matter how his cultivation increased, no matter how much his status changed, even though he had stepped upon the peak of the Land of Divinity and Demons, Qin Yu's heart hadn't changed in the least...what had Ning Ling done that she could receive heaven's favor like this?

Qin Yu's words broke through her tumultuous thoughts. "Inform the Demon Envoy that I would like him to pass on a message to Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace. I want to visit Shen Yuanyin."

Another woman had leapt out of nowhere. Not only did she have an honored status but she was rumored to be extremely beautiful, like a goddess who descended upon the mortal world.

You Qi suddenly felt a little resentful. “Your Majesty should know that Shen Yuanyin is the most mysterious of the Immortal Sect’s three heads. It is said that even the high level figures of the Immortal Sect rarely ever see her. Are you sure that Shen Yuanyin is willing to see you?”

Qin Yu nodded, “She will.”

The events of the Sea of Purgatory rapidly flitted through his mind. He had a puzzle in his heart that needed an explanation.

Shen Yuanyin was the key!

The Demon Envoy was well aware of Qin Yu’s real goal in coming to the Immortal Sect. After obtaining You Qi’s message, he immediately contacted the Immortal Sect. Since this involved Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace, the one who received him was Purple Moon.

### **Chapter 612B - Plot**

“The Demon Sovereign wishes to visit the Palace Master?”

Purple Moon revealed a surprised look. She never thought that the Demon Sovereign would be this impatient. Moreover, the one he wanted to meet was not the Lucid Nether Domain Master or the Buddhist Nation Sovereign, but the new master of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace.

This was important in Purple Moon’s eyes. She was overjoyed for a moment but quickly shook her head and refused. “Demon Envoy, please pass on a message to the Demon Sovereign. My Palace Master just entered seclusion the other day. She informed us that no matter what it was, she mustn’t be disturbed. So, I fear that Demon Sovereign paying a visit might be for nothing.”

The Demon Envoy had an ugly complexion, “The Palace Master has gone into seclusion? When will she come out?”

Purple Moon simply said, “I cannot determine.”

News of the refusal soon came back. When You Qi looked through the message, a strange look came across her face.

Qin Yu asked, “What’s the news?”

You Qi took out the jade slip, “Your Majesty, you will understand as soon as you see.”

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows together. He was confident in himself before, but now that he had been clearly refused, he felt something was a bit strange. Could there be something else behind this?

Qin Yu probed the jade slip. He soon frowned. Although he didn’t speak, one could see his bad mood from the minor changes on his face.

You Qi tentatively asked, “Could it be that the Demon Envoy didn’t convey the message clearly? Would you like me to try again?” These were originally just words to ease the atmosphere. Unexpectedly, Qin Yu nodded in agreement.

She suddenly felt a little bitter. With Qin Yu’s current status, he decided to try a second time even after being rejected. This proved just how much he valued this matter.

You Qi tried hard not to reveal her own mood. She smiled and bowed before leaving. She needed to personally visit Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace to ensure that her Holy Monarch's message wasn't wrongly transmitted!

Purple Moon wrinkled her eyebrows together. If You Qi wasn't the woman who stood by the Demon Sovereign's side, she simply wouldn't have even bothered meeting such a minor character.

"My words were clear. The Palace Master is deep in seclusion and cannot be disturbed. There is no meaning of disrespect towards the Demon Sovereign. I ask that miss please pass on this message to him as succinctly as possible."

You Qi took a deep breath, "Great Elder Purple Moon, my monarch is highly anticipating meeting your Palace Master. If there is a chance..."

She was interrupted before she could finish speaking. Purple Moon stood up and said, "I won't repeat myself a second time. I have other matters to attend to, so Miss You Qi, please leave."

After You Qi left, a thoughtful expression appeared on Purple Moon's face. With the Demon Sovereign's status, he would still ask her again even after she refused him the first time? This wasn't normal at all. Why did he want to see the Palace Master?

Night arrived.

Qin Yu sat alone in the pavilion atop the summit. His face was pallid and expressionless as the mountain breeze wafted against him. Shen Yuanyin didn't want to see him – this was actually beyond his expectations.

What was the reason?

If he directly asked the Immortal Sect about Ning Ling, it was likely to cause complications. Qin Yu didn't want to take this risk. Anxiousness began to surge in his heart.

At this time, Qin Yu's complexion changed. He took a step forward and his figure vanished from sight.

...

Although the Demon Envoy didn't believe that the Immortal Sect would dare to openly engage in some murder plot after they just arrived, he still remained cautious. After personally checking the surrounding area, he went to a temporary makeshift cabin to rest.

This was the center of the entire defensive system. If there were any changes, he could process them from here in the shortest time possible.

The cabin wasn't large. When the Demon Envoy pushed open the door he walked to a round cushion and sat down. But then, he furrowed his eyebrows. Something didn't seem right...

His eyes flew open and his heart skipped a beat. With a loud shout he thrust his hand down. Like hitting a stream of water, a cold yin chill rushed back at him.

"Not good!"

He stiffened as a pale palm print appeared on his chest. Even though this person had the advantage of the sneak attack, they still paid a grievous price.

Bang –

With a dull thumping sound, the sneak attacker drew backwards, spouting out a mouthful of blood at the Demon Envoy at the same time.

In the next moment, that person vanished like a shadow in light.

It was only at this time that the shockwaves of the collusion erupted. The cabin was instantly blown into pieces. The True Demon Guards standing outside were blown away. The defensive system was instantly activated and countless footsteps came marching in from all around.

The Demon Envoy took a deep breath and shouted, "I'm fine! Everyone guard their locations, do not be led astray by these tactics!"

Qin Yu emerged from darkness. "They weren't trying to divert attention elsewhere." He had a dignified look on his face. The aura of the sneak attacker was very strange and hadn't escaped his notice.

When the Demon Envoy saw that the Holy Monarch was safe, his heart relaxed and he spat out several mouthfuls of blood. He clenched his teeth and said, "Your Majesty, the one who ambushed me is someone from the Immortal Sect!"

At almost the same time, confusion erupted in the Immortal Sect battalion standing guard just outside the Demonic Path's temporary base. When Immortal Sect Elders rushed over, they saw an incomparably bloody scene.

14 Immortal Sect cultivators had been blown apart, their broken bones and hashed flesh spread out all over the place. At this time, Ji Changkong was vomiting blood. His face was twisted up, making him look like a vicious ghost, "Demon Envoy! Demon Envoy! I won't let you off!"

...

The four old ghosts who were decayed beyond reason but still managed to live had finally started the final and greatest gamble of their lives. Or, to be more exact, when the Demonic Path entered Thistle Capital, their plot had already begun.

...

14 Immortal Sect cultivators had been killed and Elder Ji Changkong was heavily injured. As news of this spread through the Immortal Sect it caused a massive uproar.

At Thistle Capital, Ji Changkong had come into conflict with the Demonic Path. And those that died tonight were all Yan people. The Demonic Path had the means and the motive to kill them.

There were still some people who thought the situation wasn't right. Even if the Demonic Path was stupid, they shouldn't be stupid to such a degree.

But even more Immortal Sect cultivators had anger blazing in their chests. To kill Immortal Sect cultivators within the Immortal Sect and for an Elder to almost die a miserable death at the same time, this was simply unimaginable!

Angry Immortal Sect cultivators gathered outside the mountain range where the Demonic Path was stationed, besieging the dozens of mountains. No one spoke, but the silence was even more terrifying. The atmosphere was so cold and tense that it seemed as if it would freeze into ice.

Suddenly, warm auspicious clouds appeared in the skies above the mountain summit. The phantom of a giant Buddha appeared, its lips whispering chants that resounded through the world.

“The Buddhist Nation Sovereign has arrived!”

Following that, a river appeared. It meandered across the skies, rumbling into the distance until it disappeared past one’s line of sight.

“It’s the Nether Domain Master!”

The Immortal Sect cultivators standing outside the mountain range were startled and inspired. Two heads of the Immortal Sect had arrived; it was clear that this matter would be investigated.

There was an ordinary courtyard built atop a mountain. But today, this normally common location was dazzlingly bright. Throughout the entire world, there were less than two handfuls of people that had the qualifications to be called supreme characters. But now, in this small courtyard, three of them had gathered.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and the Nether Domain Master stood to the left while Qin Yu stood on the right. The Immortal and Demonic sides were clearly divided. The air seemed as viscous as mud.

The Nether Domain Master was the first to break the silence. “I was originally extremely happy that the Demon Sovereign decided to come and visit the Immortal Sect. But, I never imagined that something like this would happen tonight.” He swept his eyes around. “Where is the Demon Envoy? The Immortal Sect Elder Ji Changkong would like to face him.”

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows. He had already sensed that something was wrong. His thoughts raced and he eliminated the idea that the Immortal Sect was directing this little play. With the statuses of the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and the Nether Domain Master, they weren’t the type that would engage in such small tricks. This wasn’t because he trusted them, but because of an awareness between those who stood at the same level.

“There is something wrong in this matter. I hope that the Immortal Sect can clearly investigate it.”

Ji Changkong was supported by someone to walk over. He loudly shouted, “Investigate what? All of the facts are present! The Demon Sovereign never imagined that the Demon Envoy would expose his identity! 14 Immortal Sect disciples! They were outstanding juniors with radiant futures awaiting them, but now they have all died! Only blood can repay a blood debt! The Demon Envoy must use his life to settle the debt of their lives!”

**Chapter 613A – Buried With Her**

Qin Yu was expressionless. He said in a quiet voice, "For this sort of matter to happen, I can understand Elder Ji Changkong's feelings right now. But, this isn't due to the actions of the Demon Envoy. When the Immortal Sect cultivators were killed, the Demon Envoy also simultaneously encountered a sneak attack and was severely wounded!"

Ji Changkong laughed. "How ridiculous. Demon Sovereign, are you trying to imply that the Demon Envoy was sneak attacked by my Immortal Sect?" He touched between his eyebrows and a mass of shadows wriggled out. "Demon Sovereign, this isn't something you should be unfamiliar with. It is the Holy Palace's supernatural art, the Demon Shadow Devouring Soul. This supernatural art is incredibly difficult to cultivate and it is said no more than three people in the entire Demonic Path have learned it. Now, within this small world, the only one who has managed to cultivate this great supernatural art is the Demon Envoy! And these are exactly the traces left behind by the person who killed my Immortal Sect disciples!"

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign said, "Demon Sovereign, although this matter is suspicious, my Immortal Sect's Elder has still come forth with evidence. Please have the Demon Envoy come out."

"There is no need to exhaust Your Majesty – I am already here." The Demon Envoy's voice sounded out. He walked into the courtyard, his face deathly pale. He first bowed to Qin Yu and then turned to Ji Changkong with a sharp glare.

"To try and shift blame to my Demonic Path, Elder Ji Changkong is quite brave. You didn't even hesitate to bury 14 others just to frame me; I really do admire your courage!"

"Shut up!" Ji Changkong angrily shouted, "Demon Envoy, do you think I have no evidence of your actions?"

He lifted a hand and grasped forward. The Demon Envoy stuffily coughed and a faint trace of silver light shot forth from the clothing at his chest, condensing into the phantom of a six-armed guardian king.

"This is a unique supernatural power that I cultivated after learning the Silent Guardian King Art from the Buddhist Nation. I call it the Raging Guardian King and in this world I am the only one that can control it. What explanation do you have?"

The Demon Envoy's complexion changed. Although he had sensed the aura of the Immortal Sect's cultivation methods from the one who sneak attacked him, he didn't expect that this would be a supernatural art that belonged solely to Ji Changkong. Moreover, a mark had been left behind on his body. Things had now become troublesome!

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign said, "I can testify that Ji Changkong's words are true. When he first obtained the Silent Guardian King Art, I was the one who assigned someone to teach him."

The Nether Domain Master looked up, "Demon Sovereign, you need to give the Immortal Sect a confession." Although he didn't believe that the Demon Envoy would do something so shocking and incredulous, the evidence was right in front of them. As one of the Immortal Sect's three heads, the Nether Domain Master didn't mind seizing this chance to kill off the Demon Envoy, leaving the Demonic Path with one less Calamity Immortal powerhouse.



Qin Yu's frowned deepened. "I can only say that the murderer is not the Demon Envoy. When he was attacked I was by his side and also fought briefly with the attacker."

The Nether Domain Master said, "Did you catch them?"

Qin Yu shook his head. "This person's cultivation was extremely strange. They managed to run away."

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign looked up, a dark light circulating in his eye as if he could see through all illusions. "Demon Sovereign, with your status, your personal guarantee is enough to act as evidence. I can see that on the Demon Envoy's chest, there is blood there that doesn't belong to him."

The Demon Envoy hesitated for a moment. "That's right. This is the blood spat out by the person who attacked me before they managed to run away due to my counterattack."

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign nodded. "In my Buddhist Nation, there is a source tracing ability that can rely on things like hair, flesh, and blood to condense a blood child that can find its original master. I will use this supernatural art so we can see exactly who the one who attacked you is."

He walked forward and lifted a hand. From the Demon Envoy's bloodstained chest, a little bit of blood was peeled off. It floated in air and condensed into a seed, similar in appearance to a blood child.

Just as it finished condensing, the blood child hummed and then flew into Ji Changkong's body without hesitation.

The Demon Envoy roared, "That's impossible!"

The scene fell silent.

"Hahahahaha! It's my blood, it's my blood..." Ji Changkong clenched his teeth, "The Demon Envoy is the killer!" He looked up, a cynical taunting look in his eyes, "The solemn Demon Sovereign, one of the highest existences in the world, actually lies with his eyes wide open. My outlook has truly been broadened today!"

You Qi was immediately angered, "Silence! Who do you think my Holy Monarch is? He isn't someone the likes of you can slander!"

Ji Changkong lifted a hand and pressed down. "You mere maid, you dare to be so impolite to me; you are simply seeking death!"

Qin Yu's eyes turned cold. A terrifying aura appeared in the void and the strength that rushed forward was instantly annihilated.

Bang –

There was a low ringing sound. Although it wasn't too loud, the entire world seemed to shake with it.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign said without expression, "Does the Demon Sovereign plan on killing the witness to the crime?"

Qin Yu lightly said, "If I wanted to kill him, he would certainly die."

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign smiled, "You can try."

The tense atmosphere left everyone panting for breath!

Purple Moon suddenly said, "Demon Sovereign, the evidence is already conclusive. Please do not argue anymore and hand over the Demon Envoy."

This disturbance occurred within the boundary of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace. But because Shen Yuanyin was in seclusion they didn't have any room to interfere. Everything was led by the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and the Nether Domain Master.

Seeing that the situation had been decided, Purple Moon needed to make a statement on behalf of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace. When it came to forcing the Demonic Path to lower their head, Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace had to be included!

Qin Yu's eyes grew increasingly cold. Shen Yuanyin refused to meet him and the Demon Envoy had been framed with planted evidence. The Immortal Sect even wanted to force the situation...Purple Moon's words became the last straw that crushed the remaining patience in his heart.

He looked up at Purple Moon and frostily said, "If I really wanted to kill someone, it wouldn't be Ji Changkong."

Purple Moon furrowed her eyebrows. "And who does the Demon Sovereign desire to kill?"

"You...Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace's Great Elder Purple Moon." Qin Yu's expression was calm and steady. Each word he spoke seemed to be accompanied by a thick winter chill, sending out a cold that pierced through to one's bones.

Purple Moon's heart shivered and she turned cold. She immediately laughed with anger, "Demon Sovereign, there was originally still some hesitation in my mind, but now I am able to determine that the one who killed my Immortal Sect's cultivators is the Demon Envoy...someone as arrogant as you can do anything!"

Qin Yu's expression was faint. He didn't respond to her words. After a long silence, he opened his mouth and slowly said, "Everyone, you should all know that today isn't the first time that I've come to the Immortal Sect."

The complexions of the Demon Envoy and You Qi changed. They never imagined that Qin Yu would be so direct and toss out this bomb that would stimulate the Immortal Sect. However, when they saw the firmness on his face, they hesitated for a moment before deciding not to say anything.

"This is a story that happened dozens of years ago. When I came to the Immortal Sect, I once lived in this courtyard. It really is quite laughable when I think of it. In the past, I actually had thoughts of joining the Immortal Sect."

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master furrowed their eyebrows. With Qin Yu's status, it was impossible for him to lie. But for the solemn and dignified master of the Demonic Path's Holy Palace to say that he once had the idea of joining the Immortal Sect, that was simply unthinkable.

Purple Moon's eyes widened and her face paled. She stared stubbornly at Qin Yu, as if she were trying to find someone from his face.

Qin Yu continued to stay, "In the past I held onto a beautiful and happy vision of the future. I diligently trained in order to earn recognition. In fact, my performance was very good, but in the end all I obtained was the fruits of a deliberate scheme against me.

"I still remember the despair and horror of that day. When my training had reached the last hurdle, the strength in my body spun out of control. What a terrifying collision of yin and yang energies it was; it was more than enough to turn me into ashes, both body and soul. At that time, I thought I would die."

He looked up, "Great Elder Purple Moon, were you in disbelief when you discovered that I was in Four Seasons City? But I continued to survive. I survived until today where I am now the master of the Demonic Path's Holy Palace."

Purple Moon's face drained of blood. She screamed out loud, "It's impossible, you are spouting nonsense!"

Qin Yu lifted a hand and stroked his face. His face slightly changed, reverting back to his appearance from when he first entered the Immortal Sect. "Perhaps you might find this face more familiar."

A trillion stars seemed to explode within the Buddhist Nation Sovereign's eyes. No wonder he faintly felt his aura mingling together with that of the Demon Sovereign's existence.

So it was him!

Alchemy Grandmaster Ning Qin...Demonic Path's Holy Sovereign Yao Bin...both of those were nicknames. His true name was Qin Yu!

The Nether Domain Master's heart sank. The crimes that the Immortal Sect had committed against Qin Yu were enough for them to become mortal enemies. For this sort of person to become the Holy Monarch of the Holy Palace, that was undoubtedly the worst news for the Immortal Sect.

Qin Yu stood up and a terrifying aura arrived. It seemed as if he could cause the skies to collapse with a single thought. He turned to Purple Moon, his expression cold as he said, "This is the reason why I said that if I wanted to kill someone, I would kill you first."

He had exposed his true identity in the Immortal Sect so that he could demand payment for what he endured in the past. His thoughts surged and his black robes began to flutter all around him. Black, gold, and purple patterns started to appear on his robes, weaving together into the supreme runes of authority of the Demonic Path. A black flaming demon dragon roared from his back, seeming as if it would fly into the heavens.

After manifesting the Holy Monarch Robes, he was like a demon god that descended upon this world. The pressure he released was like a vast sea or the endless starry skies, leaving one drowning in fear.

Qin Yu stepped towards Purple Moon. "I once vowed to kill you. I promised to turn your bones to ashes and refine your soul so that you could never reincarnate...I would even have the entire Immortal Sect pay a deep price due to your stupidity! But now, I am willing to give you a chance. Hand over Ning Ling and I will not care about anything that has happened in the past!"

He stopped and roared, "Now give her back to me!"

Bang –

## Chapter 613B – Buried With Her

The entire courtyard turned into powder that flew up into the skies.

Winds wailed and clouds roared. The skies began to darken!

Shen Yuanyin had hidden away, avoiding seeing him. This ruined Qin Yu's plans of taking Ning Ling away quietly. Since he could not find another chance, he wasn't willing to wait any longer.

Exposing his identity might not be a good idea...but it was the most likely to succeed!

Purple Moon stuffily coughed and a trace of blood trickled down from her lips. A panicked look flashed in her eyes before she immediately composed herself.

Qin Yu...the Demonic Path's current Holy Monarch...it was actually that boy from the past...that boy who had been no different than a tiny and weak ant...

Purple Moon acknowledged that she felt regret. If she knew Qin Yu had such astonishing potential then she might have made another choice...or, she would have directly slain him and stamped out any future source of troubles!

But thinking of this was already meaningless. Purple Moon only had a single thought in her mind – she could not allow him to discover the truth.

In this world there was no longer Ning Ling. There was only her final disciple, the peerless talent that had been secretly raised by Nineheaven Mirrormoon palace, the current Palace Master Shen Yuanyin!

"She has died." Purple Moon lightly said. "Not too long after you ran away her cultivation boundary collapsed and spun out of control. I tried to save her but there was nothing I could do. She yearned to die so there was no chance for her to continue living on."

The highest state of lies was when they were both true and false. Qin Yu knew that even though Ning Ling maintained a frosty demeanor, there was a deep affection for him hidden beneath the surface veneer. If she really thought he had died, there really was the possibility that she would lose the desire to continue living.

His field of vision flashed black. He gripped his fists together, his nails digging into his skin. "You lie! I once investigated this in the past; she is still alive!"

Purple Moon replied, "That should have been many years ago. When I first tried to rescue her I used a treasure that forcefully kept her alive, maintaining a last sliver of hope. But ten years ago she finally passed, and all traces of her vanished."

When one truly reached large success of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code, not only did they sever their own feelings but they also split themselves off from the world. To a certain degree this dominated above the rules.

Qin Yu closed his eyes. When he opened them again they seemed to be flooded with blood, glowing with a faint red light. "I don't believe a single word you say!"

He looked up at the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master. “You should all know about what happened between me and Ning Ling. If she really has died, then I vow that I will never be able to exist together in this world with the Immortal Sect!”

“The war between the Immortal Sect and Demonic Path, from this day forth...let it begin!”

No one doubted Qin Yu’s words. He was like a volcano about to erupt, a man that had lost control of himself.

The Nether Domain Master’s first thought was that he should immediately find Ning Ling and control her. For someone like Qin Yu who had such deep feelings, that woman would become an extremely important chess piece.

But he immediately gave up on this idea. Disregarding whether or not Qin Yu would run away, the Demonic Path would never allow this to occur. If he mishandled the situation then chaos would sweep through the world.

Especially now. The Immortal Sect’s plan had already reached its critical point. In truth he hoped that everything would proceed smoothly in order to avoid any accidents occurring.

“Purple Moon.”

The Nether Domain Master slowly said.

Purple Moon wrinkled her eyebrows. “Ning Ling has indeed died. Even if he kills me it is impossible for her to come back from the dead!”

Her expression was firm, without any hesitation.

The Nether Domain Master secretly thought that the situation wasn’t good.

Across from her, by the time her voice had fallen, Qin Yu had already lifted his hand.

“If she is dead, why should you live on?”

A low sound echoed about like the roars of a devil. A loud rumbling sound tore through the air, like wild strikes of a drum.

Kacha –

Kacha –

Massive cracks appeared in the skies, rapidly spreading outwards and racing further than one could see.

Finally, the skies began to shatter. Massive chunks broke off to reveal countless rule lines beneath, all of them flashing crazily. They were like bent bamboo strips being blown up from the inside. The curves grew larger and larger until they finally began to break down.

A vast and boundless construction of palaces appeared from the collapsed rule lines. As they appeared, they brought them with a vast momentum that looked down upon the world with disdain, arriving right in the Immortal Sect’s small world – this was the Demonic Path’s Holy Palace. The Holy Palace was

known as the top treasure of the entire world. Even though this was merely a projection it still possessed the potential to swallow the moon and sun!

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign placed his hands together in prayer and a brilliant Buddhist light erupted. The light instantly transformed into a golden sea. A great heaven-supporting Buddha statue rose from the depths of the sea.

The Buddha statue was solemn and dignified, covered with the traces of time. It seemed as if it had been drifting through the sea for millions upon millions of years before finally being summoned by the Buddhist Nation Sovereign.

At this time, the statue suddenly opened its eyes. It pressed down a single hand, its five fingers stretched out as if it could block out the entire world.

Bang –

There was a loud heaven-shaking bang as if a million bolts of thunder exploded together. Space fiercely twisted and countless rule lines appeared. They were like twisted threads that connected together, maintaining the stability of the surrounding space. But, the ground beneath everyone's feet couldn't withstand the pressure. As the strength of the collision blew out, the earth directly disintegrated.

Thus, what the Immortal Sect cultivators saw occurring was a scene similar to the apocalypse. Then, a visible shockwave spread out. Space instantly shattered into countless pieces. Within the countless sparkling rule lines, mountains began to collapse, turning into endless tumbling stones that fell down in a vast avalanche.

Faint traces of a terrifying aura caused the Immortal Sect cultivators to freeze. All blood drained from their faces. This was a level of strength that surpassed their imaginations. Just a tiny speck of this strength was enough to send them beyond redemption!

If it weren't for the Immortal Sect's world imprisoning the collision to a certain degree, they would have already been crushed like the mountains around them.

Qin Yu stepped through the void, glaring at the pale Purple Moon. His eyes were filled with blood and slaughter. "I will make sure you are buried together with her!"

Qin Yu had exposed himself on his own initiative and the situation had collapsed, completely spiraling out of control.

At this moment, no one cared about the deaths of the 14 disciples or the severely wounded Ji Changkong anymore.

Thus, no one sensed Ji Changkong's strange condition. He lowered his head and gently shivered as if he were withstanding something.

Suddenly a black spot appeared in the depths of his eyes, rapidly spreading outwards until his eyes turned pitch black.

Ji Changkong froze for a moment. When he opened his eyes once more his pupils were restored to normal, but his expression was fierce and cruel.

“Demon Sovereign, you are currently within my Immortal Sect! You can forget being so rampant here!” With a loud roar, Ji Chungkong’s aura wildly erupted and a vast phantom appeared behind him. It overflowed with endless momentum, seeming as if it could suppress all sides.

Within the loud rumbling, winds and clouds howled and raged. The phantom roared and locked onto Qin Yu.

The Holy Monarch Robes fluttered about Qin Yu and the demon dragon on his back suddenly opened its eyes to reveal a blood red light. With a loud dragon’s roar the demon dragon flew out from the robes. Its sharp claws crashed into the phantom, breaking it apart, and its great tail ruthlessly swept out.

Bang –

Ji Changkong was sent flying away. A wild annihilating strength rapidly corroded his vitality. His mortal body collapsed and disintegrated. Before he even fell, this High Prince of the Great Yan Empire, this Immortal Sect Elder, this peerless Calamity Immortal powerhouse, had been reduced to ashes in midair.

His body and soul had been exterminated!

This was the strength of a supreme figure of the world. Even though they weren’t separated from the Calamity Immortal level, they could still erupt with a strength that could kill a Calamity Immortal.

Of course, Ji Changkong had died so easily because he didn’t evade and instead chose to directly confront Qin Yu.

If he wanted to run away with all his heart, even a supreme being would find it hard to kill a Calamity Immortal.

Similar to how back in Four Seasons City in the past, The Dao Arena Master wasn’t able to kill off Woodchopper Fu.

But this story wasn’t important. What was important was that Ji Changkong had died. A Calamity Immortal Elder of the Immortal Sect had been directly killed off by the Demon Sovereign right in front of the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and the Nether Domain Master. This caused the current situation to completely spin out of control.

#### **Chapter 614A – Just a Dream, Just a Play**

“Demon Sovereign, you have gone too far!”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign angrily shouted. The phantom of the Buddhist Nation descended. As it did, phantoms of Buddha statues began to appear, their chanting scriptures reaching into the heavens.

Qin Yu laughed out loud. “He offended me, so why can’t I kill him? If Buddhist Sovereign is unhappy, then you can ask me to return his life!”

Hum –

The projection of the Holy Palace started to shine with a radiant light, as if a great sun were rising. The terrifying aura was capable of crushing everything. The two great supremes...the all-out battle was imminent!

At this time, the air suddenly froze. This wasn't a figurative description but truly freezing. A faint white layer of frost appeared, covering the world. Snowflakes fell down from the skies, causing everything to become blurry. All sounds vanished and peace returned. One could even hear snowflakes falling to the ground.

A figure walked out from the wintry snow. Her white dress fluttered in the wind. She was a beauty capable of causing the downfall of nations, like a goddess that had strolled out from a drawing.

"Enough." Her voice was pleasant to hear, but the chill in the air left everyone's thoughts bound in ice. No one dared to even think of blaspheming her.

Qin Yu looked at her and his blood-flushed eyes returned to normal a little. He took a step forward and the frost that covered his body was instantly smashed apart.

"Shen Yuanyin. You are finally willing to meet me."

This was the first time that master of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace, the most mysterious new head of the Immortal Sect, had officially appeared in front of everyone. Her beauty was glorious beyond description, as if all the joy and love in this world was concentrated within her.

She came to a stop. Her eyes were faint as she said "Demon Sovereign, the past cannot be changed, so why be so obsessive about it?"

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows together. "Shen Yuanyin, in the Sea of Purgatory you promised me that you would resolve the puzzle in my heart." He took a deep breath and said, "Now, tell me, where is Ning Ling?"

Shen Yuanyin's eyes fell. "I didn't want to ever speak about this matter again, but since the Demon Sovereign cannot forget, allow me to bring this to completion."

She raised her head and looked straight ahead. "Ning Ling is I and I am Ning Ling. Everything that occurred in the past was in order to cultivate the Sublime Lost Emotion Code. I sealed my consciousness into samsara and went to another land to gain experiences. Now that my true self has awakened, this world only has Shen Yuanyin. The existence known as Ning Ling no longer exists.

"Demon Sovereign, you have learned the truth about everything today so allow the dust of the past to be scattered in the wind. Stop indulging in the past so that you do not harm yourself or others."

Whether it was the Immortal Sect or Demonic Path, those that heard this were stunned. This explanation exceeded all of their imaginations.

Qin Yu frowned. He looked closely at her and shook his head. "I don't believe you. I don't believe a single word you say!"

Shen Yuanyin lifted a hand pressed forward. Five fair fingers opened up. Qin Yu's heart began to vigorously beat within his chest. His blood was like boiling water, rapidly flowing through his body. The demon visage behind his back appeared on its own initiative. Its eyes suddenly opened and its low demonic laugh echoed through the world.



“I was the one who bestowed to you the demon blood that runs through your body. As the original owner, I can naturally galvanize it...Demon Sovereign, you should believe me now. Stop deceiving yourself.”

Qin Yu stared at her with wide eyes. Then, he spat out a mouthful of blood and he staggered backwards. You Qi hurried forward to support him.

“Your Majesty, Your Majesty!”

The Demon Envoy moved in front of Qin Yu. 5000 True Demon Guards and 3000 Holy Nether Guards rushed out like a tide in all directions, protecting Qin Yu within.

“Samara reincarnation, gaining experiences in the mortal world of flame and smoke...what a good Immortal Sect, what a wonderful Sublime Lost Emotion Code. I struggled so hard for all these years but it turns out that my goal was actually nothing but a dream!” In just a few short breaths of time, Qin Yu’s voice became incomparably bitter. He laughed out loud, his voice echoing outwards. In the blink of an eye, his full head of black hair turned bone white.

You Qi’s complexion changed color as she screamed, “Qin Yu, don’t scare me, don’t scare me!”

Qin Yu looked at Shen Yuanyin and closed his eyes. “I’m tired. You Qi, let’s leave.”

“Good. Your Majesty, please rest first. We will immediately leave.” You Qi’s heart hurt so much she could barely breathe. She clenched her teeth and said, “Lord Demon Envoy, you should understand the Holy Monarch’s intent.”

The Demon Envoy stepped forward. “Immortal Sect, please deliver our monarch from here!”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s eyes were deep as he traded looks with the Nether Domain Master. To the Immortal Sect, this might be a once in a lifetime opportunity.

But before he could say anything, Shen Yuanyin lightly said, “Pass down my command. Bring the Demon Sovereign out of the Immortal Sect.”

She turned and looked at the two other heads. The cold chill in the air became even heavier.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and the Nether Domain Master’s complexions changed. They immediately fell silent.

Hualala –

The Demonic Path troops started to move. They were like a black cloud that quickly floated away. Shen Yuanyin stood there calmly, not a single fluctuation on her face.

“Palace Master, perhaps you should give us an explanation.” The Buddhist Nation Sovereign asked.

Shen Yuanyin lightly said, “In the Sea of Purgatory, I once received his graciousness.”

She turned and stepped away, vanishing from sight.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign humphed and the space around him began to crack. Only then did one see that the space surrounding him had been frozen.

The Nether Domain Master used a similar method to break Shen Yuanyin's imprisonment. When he looked towards the direction she left in he gradually frowned.

The two supremes had dignified expression. A terrifying thought immediately appeared in their hearts.

But after thinking about it they suppressed the thought. They were well aware of how fearful the power of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code was. If Shen Yuanyin had cultivated it to large success, she could no longer be called a 'human'.

...

Great Yan Empire, Thistle Capital.

The entrance to the Immortal Sect suddenly opened and lines of Demonic Path troops marched out. Their imposing momentum was cold and dreadful.

Above a black, purple, and golden imperial carriage, You Qi looked at Qin Yu who was leaning against her shoulder. Her eyes were filled with sorrow. She could imagine what sort of suffering Qin Yu was experiencing right now.

Starting from the land of exile, he had constantly struggled to become stronger in order to chase after her shadow. To find Ning Ling, to live together with her, no one besides him knew how much pain he had endured.

In this world there were no gains without reason. As radiant and wonderful as Qin Yu appeared from the front, there was an equal level of misery and tempering that occurred in the back.

Finally, he had become the Demonic Path's Holy Monarch, a supreme existence of the world that stood upon the pinnacle of society. So he arrived at the Immortal Sect to take back Ning Ling and fulfill his promise to be with her forever, never to be separated again.

But in the end, all of this was nothing but a dream. Strictly speaking, there was no Ning Ling in this world. She was nothing but a samsara, a little section of memories in a person's mind that they recalled as 'tempering themselves in the mortal world'.

The hard work, the struggle, the chase, the earnestness...all of it was like a bubble that popped in the bright light.

To have one's hair turn white in the blink of an eye...this was a degree of sorrow that could kill. It was a sadness that originated from the soul and marrow, something that could not be extinguished and could only be withstood.

When You Qi first heard the truth about Ning Ling, she had given birth to a tiny bit of joy. But, that sliver of joy had thoroughly vanished. Instead, she would rather be forever unable to approach Qin Yu than see him suffer what he did today!

She couldn't help but hug Qin Yu tighter towards her chest. She didn't say anything, just holding him there. She was sad, a sadness that came from being unable to comfort this person who was dear to her heart.

The silent Demonic Path troops refused the questions that came from the Great Yan Empire and directly left Thistle Capital.

The Far East Cavalry followed from afar. They had clearly received a reminder and didn't come over.

The Demon Envoy glanced at the imperial carriage and gently sighed. Everything that happened today was far too brutal to the Holy Monarch. He hoped that Qin Yu would be able to forget it with time...

He reached out a hand. Black light flowed along his fingers. But, just as he was about to open the transmission portal, a change suddenly occurred.

Bang –

Bang –

Bang –

Bang –

### **Chapter 614B – Just a Dream, Just a Play**

Four sword intents shot into the skies and terrifying sword phantoms soared into the heavens. Countless sword lights appeared, forming a thick sword curtain that enveloped the entire Demonic Path troop inside, cutting them off from the outside world.

Within the imperial palace, the frowning Yan Emperor's complexion suddenly changed. He took a step forward and appeared in the skies outside the sword curtain. "Severing Immortal, Extinguishing Immortal, Slaughtering Immortal, Slaying Immortal...the Immortal Executing Sword Array!"

Four figures appeared, one with each of the sword phantoms. Their terrifying cultivations wildly poured into the sword phantoms and cruel sword cries resounded through the heavens and earth.

The Yan Emperor clenched his teeth. "Those four old dogs have gone crazy!"

Woodchopper Fu, Old Hunchback, Buried Ghost, Speechless...each of them had lived for countless years and should have died long ago. But, they actually exhausted all possible methods to struggle to cling onto life. They were all old monsters that refused to die in peace.

In ordinary times they scurried about in the dark like rats in the shadows. Yet today, they actually dared to do something like this...to activate the Immortal Executing Sword Array to slaughter the Demonic Path's Holy Monarch!

If it were any other place, the Yan Emperor would clap and cheer for this. But this was Thistle Capital. Great Yan had a deep blood hatred with the Demonic Path. If this sort of matter were to occur here, they wouldn't be able to wash themselves clean of this crime even if they leapt into a river.

If they could kill the Demon Sovereign, then even if the Yan Emperor would suffer the crazy retaliation of the Demonic Path he would still take this risk.

But, could someone like the Demon Sovereign be so easy to kill?

Even if these four old monsters managed to form the legendary Immortal Executing Sword Array, the Yan Emperor still didn't believe that they would succeed.

What to do?

The Yan Emperor's eyes were uncertain. However, what he didn't know was that several days ago, someone had already made a choice for Great Yan.

Bang –

Thistle Capital's great array formation began to revolve. A beam of light shot into the skies, forming the phantom of a golden dragon that howled into the sword curtain.

The golden dragon entered the sword curtain like a fish into water. It shuttled through, causing the surface of the sword lights to be tinged with a hint of gold, adding to their terrifying power.

"You scoundrels!"

The Yan Emperor flew into a rage. He turned around and his eyes became golden. They pierced through all barriers, finally settling on a temple deep below the imperial palace.

There, over a dozen royal family members were led by three white-haired old men. These people cut their wrists and allowed their blood to pour into an array plate on the ground.

They used this method to avoid the detection of the Great Yan Emperor and forcefully activate the power of Thistle Capital's great array...at the same time, they had made the decision for the emperor!

Would the Demonic Path believe that this was only the actions of a minority faction within Great Yan's royal family? In other words, the Yan Emperor only had one choice he could make now.

The Yan Emperor drew in a deep breath. He stepped forward and raised his hands. The strength of Thistle Capital's great array formation thoroughly erupted.

The golden dragon within the sword curtain emitted a joyous cry. Its figure began to grow and grow, almost doubling in size.

It was impossible for the Yan Empire to remain a bystander in this. If so, then he might as well take a gamble and try to make the Demon Sovereign stay here forever!

The Demon Sovereign had entered the Immortal Sect and left in less than a day. While no concrete news had emerged yet, looking at the actions of the Demonic Path troops, there should have been some kind of accident.

The Yan Emperor couldn't help but think that today's events were likely arranged in secret by the Immortal Sect.

This was indeed a misunderstanding, but whether it was true or not no longer mattered. This was because it was impossible to separate the Immortal Sect's decisions from what happened outside Thistle Capital.

If it weren't for this, the Great Yan Empire which had endured humiliation for so many years would never have had the courage to openly and blatantly try to kill the Demon Sovereign...Great Yan's choice had dragged the entire Immortal Sect down into the water!

When the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master obtained this news they were angered to the extreme. But, because they were supreme characters of this world, they made their own decision in the blink of an eye.

This was no different from being stained with mud that wouldn't wash away. Since the Immortal Sect was doomed to take the blame for this, they might as well take advantage of this opportunity to cut Qin Yu down!

If it weren't for Shen Yuanyin stopping them, then they might have already taken action. A Demon Sovereign that hated the Immortal Sect to the extreme shouldn't live in this world.

"Block out all news!"

"Don't let Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace learn of this!"

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master each sent out their own orders. Then, they stood up, took a step forward, and vanished from sight.

In the next moment the two of them arrived at Thistle Capital. They raised their hands together and countless rule lines appeared in the world. They formed a great net that wrapped around the world, covering up all auras.

...

Within the sword curtain, the injured Demon Envoy, 5000 True Demon Guards, and 3000 Holy Nether Guards had completely vanished. All that was left was a quiet and lonely, black, purple, and gold imperial carriage.

Qin Yu calmly looked at You Qi. "Listen to me and wait inside. It's too dangerous for you out there."

You Qi gripped his hand. "I won't let you go alone again."

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows. "You aren't afraid."

You Qi smiled. "I believe in you."

So what if I die? If I can die together with you, I have no regrets.

Qin Yu could sense her feelings. A bit of warmth suddenly appeared in his ice cold chest. He held onto her hands and said in a soft voice, "Good, then together with me, let's watch this grand play unfold!"

Immortal Executing Sword Array, four Calamity Immortals, the Yan Emperor, two supremes of the Immortal Sect...the term 'earth-shaking and heaven-stirring' would be insufficient to describe this lineup of powerhouses.

But to kill him? It still wasn't enough!

Beneath Qin Yu's white hair, his eyes were icy cold, flashing with a strange mania that bordered on madness. His mood was in an unprecedentedly bad state. A volcano burned within his chest, so hot that it would burn him to ashes if he didn't vent it.

These people had brought themselves to him on their own initiative. Not only did Qin Yu not feel fear, but an impulsive desire for destruction rose within him...this destruction also included himself.

You Qi's willingness to die with him caused warmth to flow in Qin Yu's heart. It caused him to regain a glimmer of sanity within his desire for self-destruction.

He grabbed onto You Qi and lightly said, "Don't worry, nothing will happen to us." The projection of Spectral Disaster that Undying left behind was enough to reverse any hopeless situation!

...

Immortal Sect.

Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace.

The chill in the hall passed straight into the bones. Everyone in sight was bound in ice, the temperature so low that all life would perish here.

Lan Ruo stood outside the hall. She nervously looked towards the frozen center of the temple and the beautiful figure standing there. Anxiousness flooded her eyes.

Just what connection did her honorable master have with the Demon Sovereign? Just a single meeting had caused her master to suffer a backlash through her cultivation method.

For someone who had reached large success of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code, this was unimaginable. As a result, the might of the backlash was equally terrifying. Even with her master's current cultivation, it was still possible for an accident to occur.

Luckily, the worst case scenario didn't appear. When Lan Ruo's complexion grew increasingly pale, the terrifying cold in the hall began to slowly disperse.

The ice retreated like a tide. Everything it covered still maintained its original appearance. But, when Lan Ruo stepped into the hall, the two thick wooden doors directly collapsed into dust as the slightest breeze touched them.

Then the sturdy columns, the neatly arranged furniture, the magnificent sculptures and paintings in the temple...everything was thoroughly erased from existence.

Shen Yuanyin opened her eyes, her aura even colder than before. The indifference in her eyes caused Lan Ruo's heart to skip a beat. Lan Ruo subconsciously came to a halt.

"Master..."

Shen Yuanyin's eyes moved. The cold chill around her restrained itself. She asked, "Has the Demonic Path left?"

Lan Ruo respectfully replied, "Reporting to honorable master, the Demon Sovereign has left the Immortal Sect's world." She bit her lips and said, "Master, you...your condition..."

Shen Yuanyin lightly said, "I'm fine."

Lan Ruo lowered her head and her eyes reddened. How could she be fine? She also cultivated the Sublime Lost Emotion Code so she was well aware of the true nature behind this inherited technique of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace. But, since her master said she was fine, it was because she didn't want to be asked any further questions.

Suddenly, there was the sound of footsteps from outside.

Lan Ruo frowned. She had passed down orders not to be disturbed.

Shen Yuanyin furrowed her eyebrows. "Enter."

A Mirrormoon Palace maid hurriedly walked in. "This servant greets the Palace Master and Little Palace Master. There is trouble occurring at Great Yan's Thistle Capital. The Demon Sovereign has been besieged!" As one of the three factions of the Immortal Sect, while news could be blocked from them for a time, it couldn't last forever.

Shen Yuanyin closed her eyes. When she opened them once again, her clear pupils were like cold ice without any warmth. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master were no longer in the Immortal Sect world!

Without hesitation, Shen Yuanyin stepped forward and vanished from sight.

## **Chapter 615 – So It Was Like This**

Outside Thistle Capital.

The Immortal Executing Sword Array shook the heavens and earth. A terrifying curtain of a million sword lights howled about, an all-destructive aura flowing out from them. Severing Immortal, Extinguishing Immortal, Slaughtering Immortal, Slaying Immortal...these were four peerless divine swords. It was not known where they came from but each one had cut down a trillion lives, serving as murder weapons of the world.

Because the killing intent was too heavy, the four divine swords had changed. Their nearly endless destructive strength had become even more terrifying after being stimulated.

Moreover, the ones personally commanding the Immortal Executing Sword Array were four old monsters who struggled to live on in this world and refused to die. Each one of them was an extremely tyrannical existence even within the Calamity Immortal realm.

And with the addition of the Yan Emperor, the Immortal Executing Sword Array was now supported by the strength of Great Yan's national destiny true dragon, causing the sword formation's power to rise to a new level.

But the most terrifying was still the actions of the two world supremes. Within the stretch of the world that had been imprisoned, the towering Buddha phantom seemed to support the heavens. It pressed a single hand downwards, covering the sword curtain.

A mighty buddhist light flew into the sword curtain, making strings of scriptures appear within the sword lights.

This was the holy scripture 'Rebirth' that the Buddhist Nation used to cleanse specters. Now, it was being used to deliver last rites to the Demonic Path's Holy Monarch.

The land beneath the sword curtain began to collapse a bit at a time. A pitch black nothingness appeared, as if it were a tunnel leading to the abyssal hells.

A yin chill aura of despair was constantly released, causing a deep black color to appear on the edges of the sword lights.

The buddhist scriptures strengthened the sword lights, giving them a qualitative transformation. The aura of the abyss gave the sword lights an even more terrifying tearing ability. Although it seemed common, the might of the entire sword formation rose ten times over!

If an ordinary Calamity Immortal were trapped within this current Immortal Executing Sword Array, it would take at most a breath of time for them to be twisted and torn into pieces.

On the surface of the black, purple, and golden imperial carriage, endless divine light erupted. The lights wove together, turning into a spinning vortex that resisted the destructive strength outside.

Qin Yu stood up straight. He held You Qi against his chest. He could feel the warmth of her breath. Perhaps because of the heavy pressure outside, her face was pale.

He didn't want to admit it, but he had no choice but to. Deep within his heart, there existed a faint glimmer of hope that all of this was a fantasy...perhaps she would appear...perhaps everything that happened was just a lie...

You Qi looked up at Qin Yu. Although he had no expression on his face, she could sense the thoughts lurking deep in his mind...

There was a bit of bitterness in her eyes. Even now, Qin Yu couldn't thoroughly forget her. But then she gently sighed. If he really was a person who could forget someone so easily, he wouldn't be Qin Yu.

Crack –

Crack –

The three-colored vortex began to tremble. Even if this imperial carriage was a precious treasure of the Holy Palace, it could only resist the outside forces for a moment.

You Qi didn't know about the existence of the Spectral Disaster projection. In her eyes, death was about to come and take her. She hugged tightly onto Qin Yu. At this time, she even felt some pride. This was because the one that had accompanied this man until the very end...would be her.

Ning Ling, whether you truly exist or are nothing but a dream, I haven't lost to you!

A warmth spread across his face, carrying with it the soft fragrance of breath. Qin Yu revealed a look of surprise. He looked down at You Qi who was avoiding his eyes and said, "Are you trying to comfort me?"

He paused and then continued, "But I said that we won't die here. From now on, it would be best if you don't complain about me taking advantage of you."



His voice was calm, but there seemed to be a large pile of stones heaped up on Qin Yu's chest. Every breath he took was difficult.

She hadn't appeared.

This was within reason...

Qin Yu took a deep breath and looked up. His eyes pierced through the three-colored vortex to fall upon the endless sword curtain.

An intuition suddenly appeared in his heart. Something told him that the Dao Arena Master should have moved by now.

Before this thought ended, a strange voice echoed in his ears. "Demon Sovereign, my master would like to ask you when you want to begin?"

Qin Yu glanced over. But the moment he made his decision, another accident appeared outside Thistle Capital.

Space rippled and Shen Yuanyin stepped out. There was infinite dignity on her indifferent face.

A cold aura blotted out the skies as it swept out, immediately flooding the world. The skies darkened and a blizzard began to fall.

The Yan Emperor's pupils shrank. With shocked anger he rooted his feet into the ground. Behind him, a massive barrier shot up into the skies around Thistle Capital, protecting everything inside.

In the next moment, snowflakes gently drifted down and touched the surface of the barrier. With light cracking sounds, traces of freezing energy began to appear.

If it weren't for the protection of the great array, all life within Thistle Capital would perish beneath this heavy snowfall...this was the true terror of a supreme existence of this world!

"Palace Master, what is the meaning of this!?" The Yan Emperor roared in question.

Shen Yuanyin lightly said, "Withdraw Great Yan's national destiny, otherwise I will annihilate the entirety of Thistle Capital. You should know that I will not repeat myself."

The Yan Emperor's complexion paled. "Palace Master, I need a reason!"

Shen Yuanyin lifted a hand. Black clouds surged wildly above Thistle Capital and a terrifying cold aura arrived.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign turned around. "Palace Master, do not forget that you are one of the three heads of the Immortal Sect. Do you plan on becoming enemies with us because of the Demon Sovereign?"

Shen Yuanyin's expression didn't change. Her palm slowly fell down. In that instant, the entire barrier surrounding Thistle Capital was bound in ice.

The temperature beneath the barrier began to drastically fall. Faint traces of blue frost started to rapidly spread through Thistle Capital.

The Yan Emperor roared. "Stop!" He clenched his teeth. As he did, the golden dragon phantom howled out from the shadows of the sword curtain, separating from it.

He didn't doubt that Shen Yuanyin really could destroy the entirety of Thistle Capital. This was because...she was the master of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace!

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign furrowed his eyebrows. An infernal slaughter energy suddenly appeared in the eyes of the heaven-supporting Buddha phantom.

Kacha –

Kacha –

A cold layer of frost appeared on the surface of the Buddha phantom. Shen Yuanyin's white dress began to stir in the wind.

The Nether Domain Master stepped forward between the two. "That's enough. Do you want to be responsible for a civil war in the Immortal Sect?"

"Humph!" The Buddhist Nation Sovereign coldly said, "You will have to ask the Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace Master this."

Shen Yuanyin was unaffected. "Let the Demon Sovereign leave. As for what happens after today, I will not interfere again."

The Nether Domain Master looked deeply at her. "Good, I hope that Palace Master can abide by your promise today."

The meaning behind his words was clear. He wouldn't allow a similar situation like this to happen again. Even if she was a supreme being of the world, she couldn't truly act completely unfettered.

The Immortal Sect had entrusted them with unsurpassed power, influence, and status. But at the same time this also served as their shackles, making it so that they couldn't do something that truly endangered the Immortal Sect.

Shen Yuanyin nodded. She took a step forward and like a shadow, she tore into the sword curtain, entering it.

Atop the three-colored imperial carriage, Qin Yu stood in silence. When he saw Shen Yuanyin emerge from the sword curtain a look of joy flashed in his eyes.

"I knew that you would come."

Shen Yuanyin had an indifferent expression. "The reason I helped you is because in my samsara I once received the benevolence of the Demon Sovereign. From this point on, you and I no longer have any connection to each other."

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows together. "Within the Immortal Sect's world, you already helped me once. So, I won't believe this reason."

Shen Yuanyin lifted a hand and pointed down. There was a light sound. Qin Yu looked down to see an ice sword pierced through his chest. A frosty voice resounded in his ears, "Demon Sovereign, let me remind you one last time to not provoke my bottom line."

With his Saint level Demon Body, the ice sword piercing through his chest wasn't considered a serious injury at all. But, the chill seeped into his bones.

Qin Yu's lips moved. He let out a soft sigh, "So it was like this..."

At this time, a dreadful aura suddenly burst out from within Shen Yuanyin's body. The ice sword that pierced into Qin Yu's chest shattered into countless pieces!

### **Chapter 616 – Burying 'Ning Ling'**

Each fragment of the ice sword transformed into an extremely cold energy that drilled into Qin Yu's flesh and blood like an iron needle.

Kacha –

Kacha –

A pale blue layer of ice instantly covered him, turning him into an ice sculpture. Like a seal, it completely suppressed Qin Yu's aura.

Within his soul space, a black spot appeared. It immediately broke free from its shell. A thick system of black roots threaded into Qin Yu's soul.

The originally deathly silent black spot emitted a dull thumping sound like a heart that had been revived. It slowly synchronized together with Qin Yu's own heartbeat.

On the surface of his body, the blue layer of ice cracked apart and fell free from him. This was because it had fulfilled its mission.

Puff –

Qin Yu spat out a mouthful of blood. Before his blood landed on the floor it froze into chips of ice that scattered on the ground.

Qin Yu seemed to have been awakened. He looked up at the faint Shen Yuanyin. His lips moved, but before he could speak, he slumped to the ground.

The four old monsters that commanded the Immortal Executing Sword Array all revealed looks of wild joy. They thought that the heart of a woman really was the most poisonous thing in this world. The master of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace had only needed to use a minor effort to severely injure Qin Yu.

While he was down, take his life. Since they were all creatures that had become wily over time, they naturally couldn't miss out on such a good opportunity.

"Severing Immortal!"

"Extinguishing Immortal!"

“Slaughtering Immortal!”

“Slaying Immortal!”

The four old freaks all stood up together. The sword curtain rumbled in unison; this was the howling of a trillion sword lights.

“Die!”

The sword curtain rapidly shrank. The sword lights that roared through the skies began to rapidly fuse together, turning into even clearer sword phantoms. All of these sword phantoms were raised up into the air. Then, they pointed down at Qin Yu. Before they arrived, they already released an aura that seemed as if it could destroy all.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master glanced at each other. They revealed a puzzled expression, but that confusion only lasted for a brief moment before it disappeared.

They had no idea why the Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace Master would suddenly attack Qin Yu. But, all they cared about was the result, not how they got there. The current situation was even better than before. A severely wounded Demon Sovereign would undoubtedly be much easier to kill.

But at this time, their complexions changed. The shrinking sword curtain suddenly froze.

In the next moment a massive opening appeared on the surface of the sword curtain, as if someone had ruthlessly chopped down at it. A man and a bird appeared at the opening. The strange three-legged bird was retracting its wings; it appeared that it had been the one who created the opening in the sword curtain.

Several black feathers fell. The strange bird’s eyes were cold as it growled, “You four old bastards, you just destroyed my feathers!”

Then, the strange bird unfolded its wings. It howled forth, drilling into the sword curtain as fast as lightning.

“Dao Arena Master!”

“Solitary Westgate!”

Although they could only see his figure at present, the aura of a supreme being of the world was still as dazzling and striking as the sun.

There was also that hateful three-legged bird!

The two of them immediately recalled what happened back in Four Seasons City. It seemed that Solitary Westgate had come to some sort of agreement with the Demon Sovereign.

If so, things were now troublesome...

All of the people here were supreme beings of the world, but even at this level there were still those that were stronger and those that were weaker. Looking through the entire Land of Divinity and Demons, the Dao Arena Master would still be ranked in the top three. While the Dao Arena Master alone couldn’t defeat the three of them together, it wouldn’t be difficult if he wanted to screw up their

plans and take away the Demon Sovereign. Moreover, even if the Demon Sovereign had been heavily wounded, the Demon Sovereign was still the Demon Sovereign; no one could underestimate him.

But today was a uniquely excellent opportunity; they could not allow themselves to miss it. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master stepped forward. With a flick of their sleeves they split apart the sword curtain and walked in.

They didn't mean to intentionally ruin the Immortal Executing Sword Array, but they knew that since the three-legged strange bird had become angry, this sword array was no longer useful. That bird was the nemesis of all array formations in this world. No matter how formidable or exquisite an array formation was, it could easily destroy them.

As expected, when the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master entered, the inside of the sword curtain had already been torn and tattered. The strange three-legged bird screeched as it flew about and sword phantoms collapsed wherever it visited. The detonating strength also began to cause a chain of destruction within the sword curtain itself.

To put it more simply, the strange bird was using the sword curtain's own strength to destroy it.

Woodchopper Fu almost cried out loud. The four old fellows had summoned the greatest courage of their lives to utilize the secret arrangements they had been preparing for countless years. In the end, they had managed to draw the Yan Empire and Immortal Sect into the mud with them. They were almost about to succeed, so why did this newcomer have to jump in out of nowhere?

Why did you do this to us? Between people, can't there just be a little more trust and help?

Moreover, those that came were the Dao Arena Master and that strange bird. When Woodchopper Fu saw these two, his legs couldn't help but shake.

He was done for. His scheme today was destined to fail. From this day forth, what awaited him was the wild retaliation of the Demonic Path.

Woodchopper Fu suddenly stood up and walked away without saying a single word. As for joining forces to help maintain the sword array? What ridiculous nonsense! What mattered the most in this world was his own life!

As soon as he turned around, Woodchopper Fu could hear the sounds of the Immortal Executing Sword Array collapsing. He cursed inwardly. Those old bastards, he was lucky he had run away first!

Woodchopper Fu had lived until now by living like a little mouse. Not only did he rely on all sorts of methods to extend his life to live this long, but to have the timidity and wariness of a mouse was an equally important reason. As soon as he saw the situation worsening, he was the first to prepare to leave, no matter what the ending would be like. To live longer, he could resort to anything!

The Dao Arena Master's eyes were cold. As he looked at Woodchopper Fu and the other three old freaks scurrying away, he coldly humphed.

Qin Yu was the turning point for reviving his wife and child. Before his goal was achieved, his life was of critical importance.

Any attempt to kill him was undoubtedly challenging the bottom line of the Dao Arena Master.

It wasn't convenient for Solitary Westgate to chase after him today, but he would remember this. To be marked by such a terrifying supreme being of this world, the consequences were undoubtedly horrifying!

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign furrowed his eyebrows. These pieces of pathetic trash, they didn't even have the tiny sliver of courage to fight until the end. And they still thought they could comprehend something that would allow them to surpass the fear of life and death? What a dream! Even after another million years passed they were doomed to still achieve nothing!

He took a step forward and looked straight at the Dao Arena Master. "Today's war between the Immortal and Demonic Sects has nothing to do with the Dao Arena. If fellow daoist Westgate can back down, the Immortal Sect would be deeply grateful." In this situation diplomacy came before force. Even though he knew the chances of this working weren't too high, as a supreme being of this world, it was the respect that should be paid to him.

The Immortal Executing Sword Array loudly collapsed, fading between the world. The strange three-legged bird stared bitterly at the four old freaks who ran away, a cruel light in its eyes.

The strange bird eerily screeched before flapping its wings and flying up. "Stop being so delusional. The Demon Sovereign is my master's friend. If you know your limitations then get the hell out of here. Stop wasting our time on useless arguments!"

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign's eyes were ice cold. As a supreme being of the world, he could not allow his dignity to be provoked. "If there is ever a chance in the future, I will take you into my Buddhist pagoda and use the power of a million buddhas to enlighten you."

The strange three-legged bird taunted, "You pathetic bald man, what kind of impudent garbage are you vomiting out now? If you want to fight then come on over, I'm not scared of you at all!" Its aura was arrogant and reckless. As it spoke it flew in front of the Dao Arena Master, blocking the line of sight of the Buddhist Nation Sovereign.

"Silence. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign isn't someone you should offend." Solitary Westgate scolded. He cupped his hands together and said, "Buddhist Nation Sovereign, Nether Domain Master, I was entrusted by the Demon Sovereign to accompany him to the Immortal Sect and guarantee his safety for some time. If possible, please give me some face and allow me to bring the Demon Sovereign away."

The Nether Domain Master was without expression. "Fellow daoist Westgate possesses a formidable cultivation and I admire your strength. But, the three heads of my Immortal Sect are all gathered here. Fellow daoist Westgate...I ask you to reconsider your decision. The Immortal Sect has never had any thoughts of making the Dao Arena our enemy."

Solitary Westgate glanced at the pale Qin Yu and lightly said, "The three heads of the Immortal Sect are here, but that doesn't mean you all have the intent of killing the Demon Sovereign."

The atmosphere turned quiet!

Shen Yuanyin said, "I said today that I would let the Demon Sovereign leave."

If it wasn't because they cared about their image, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master would have hopped onto their feet and started spouting out curses. Big sister, what is the

meaning of this? You were the one who severely wounded the Demon Sovereign and created this opportunity. Now, you are jumping in to oppose killing him. Are you playing with us?

If the three of them joined forces, then even if Solitary Westgate was protecting Qin Yu there was still a chance of killing him. But, that all depended on what Shen Yuanyin decided to do. Drawing back from this battle was one possibility, but there was also a chance she would turn on them in a fit of rage.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master paled. They angrily coughed and then turned to leave. Today was simply...some ridiculous comedic play!

"I thank Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace Master." Solitary Westgate cupped his hands together and then teleported away with Qin Yu.

Shen Yuanyin stood where she was. Her head was lowered, concealing the pain deep in her eyes.

Qin Yu...I'm sorry...I'm really sorry...I didn't intentionally harm you...

Once the Sublime Lost Emotion Code reached large success, there was no turning back. If Shen Yuanyin acknowledged that she was Ning Ling, the terrifying backlash would cause her soul to wither and perish.

If she perished, Qin Yu would surely die from heartbreak. If he put the blame of her death on himself, she was afraid he would choose to end his own life.

Thus, Shen Yuanyin had to guarantee that she lived. She had to bury the Ning Ling that existed in Qin Yu's heart and force him to give up. This was the reason she came up with the so-called samsara incarnation.

As for the ice sword that exploded just now, the one who did that wasn't Shen Yuanyin. To be more exact, it was the will of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code that appeared after reaching large success. Because of her previous backlash, signs had already begun to appear that she was losing her own will.

"Qin Yu...Qin Yu...you must survive...you must..." She muttered to herself. As she did her face paled and dark red blood dripped out from the corners of her lips. The blood landed on her white dress and bloomed like red flowers.

Space shattered, collapsing inwards. Shen Yuanyin closed her eyes and fell forward.

Immortal Sect, Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace.

Shen Yuanyin walked out from the shattered space. A cold air lingered around her. Every step she took caused a circle of ice to appear.

Lan Ruo came to a sudden stop. Her eyes widened, "Master..." Before she finished speaking her eyes reddened and she shivered.

Shen Yuanyin's eyes were as cold as winter, piercing deep into the bone. With just a single glance, she made one feel as if their soul would freeze. It was difficult to even think in her presence.

Lan Ruo's own Sublime Lost Emotion Code began to revolve on its own, resisting the terrifying oppression coming at her. This action seemed to awaken Shen Yuanyin's consciousness.

Shen Yuanyin paused for a moment before looking away. "I'm fine."

She continued walking forward, slowly disappearing into the depths of the hall.

Snow started to fall from the skies. Massive snowflakes soon covered the earth. All around one could see a vast layer of white with Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace at the center. The surrounding temperature began to drastically fall. Rivers turned to ice and even the swaying tree branches came to a standstill.

If one looked from high up above, they would see the white snow and ice rapidly proliferating outwards!

On this day, Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace was sealed away from the outside!

## **Chapter 617 – Netherworld Lotus**

Four Seasons City, Dao Arena.

Looking at the white-haired Qin Yu who had a weak aura around him and seemed to be in a despondent daze, Solitary Westgate didn't feel any contempt or confusion at all. Rather, he was filled with understanding and sympathy.

This was because he was also a person who deeply valued emotions and sentiment. Because his wife and child died in the past, it formed a knot in his heart, leaving his mind unable to reach perfection and take that one final step.

Perhaps in the eyes of others, someone with his level of cultivation should be able to stand above the world and not be trapped by his own feelings. But, there were always some 'stupid' people in the world. Even if he knew it was wrong, it wasn't something he could reason through.

However, whether it was because he appreciated and approved of Qin Yu or whether it was because he needed Qin Yu to revive his wife and child, Solitary Westgate couldn't watch on helplessly as this depression continued.

After a brief hesitation, Solitary Westgate looked at Qin Yu and said, "Are you disappointed after confronting the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master today? Do you think that the so-called supremes of the world are merely mediocre?"

Before there was a response he continued to say, "Qin Yu, the truth is that what you saw was just a representation. The reason I was able to bring you out of that trap so easily is that the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master you saw, and me too, aren't our true bodies.

"Supremes of this world are said to have surpassed the great terror of life and death and are able to live at the same heights as the sun, moon, and stars. We all wish to take another step, rise beyond the Calamity Immoral level, and understand the essence of the Great Dao. Thus, all supremes of the world, except for the past emperors of Great Chu, have merged their bodies with the world to try and understand the source of the Great Dao.

"It is extremely difficult to cultivate an avatar. Once injured, it will even impact one's main body, causing their cultivation to pause or even fall backwards...this is one of the reasons that the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master gave up so easily."

Lying on the bed, Qin Yu had turned his eyes. Even in his current condition he still had some interest in hearing these highest level secrets of the world.



Solitary Westgate lifted a hand. "But, there is also another reason, and it is also the most important one. It is that the Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace Master, Shen Yuanyin, didn't want to kill you."

Qin Yu turned his head, waiting for the ensuing explanation.

"Reincarnating through samsara does exist, but I have never heard of any inheritance of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace that involves this. Moreover, I cultivate a supernatural art that can sense one's soul aura. When the Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace Master injured you, she wasn't unaffected as her appearance would suggest.

Qin Yu's eyes lit up. "You are saying that..."

Solitary Westgate shook his head. "I cannot determine or guarantee anything. But, I have some information that may help you.

"The highest inheritance art of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace is called the Sublime Lost Emotion Code. It is a cultivation method with extremely high requirements for one's talent. But after successfully cultivating it, it is terrifyingly powerful. Still, there are enormous drawbacks. Those that cultivate the Sublime Lost Emotion Code will gradually lose their connection to the seven emotions and six desires, becoming cold and indifferent. Moreover, when one reaches large success, they cannot give rise to feelings once more, or they will suffer a backlash through their cultivation and their soul will wither and perish."

Qin Yu almost instantly thought of the most likely possibility. Shen Yuanyin was Ning Ling but because she had reached large success in the Sublime Lost Emotion Code, she didn't dare to acknowledge him.

But when she stabbed through his chest with a sword...he looked up puzzled. Ning Ling's ice sword strike had been ruthless at the time and he had felt the deep killing intent there.

Solitary Westgate slowly said, "In the rumors it is said that when one reaches large success of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code, a second consciousness will appear within their body. Once they suffer a backlash of their cultivation method, that second consciousness will begin to condense into reality and it will try to take control of that user's mortal body."

Qin Yu closed his eyes. He could almost determine that this was the truth. Once Ning Ling's ice sword had shattered and injured him, she had even more chances to cause even greater harm to him that she could have taken advantage of, but didn't.

As he thought about the immense suffering she might be experiencing right now, Qin Yu wished he could appear by her side. His breathing began to quicken.

Solitary Westgate could guess his thoughts. "Qin Yu, it would be best if you didn't try to approach Shen Yuanyin again. If you meet up with her, there won't be any benefits for either of you."

Qin Yu's excited thoughts stalled and began to retreat like a falling tide. He opened his eyes and said, "Thank you Arena Master Westgate for the reminder. I understand now."

Solitary Westgate smiled. "Since you understand then do your best to recover from your wounds. We'll talk more once you are healed."

...

Outside Thistle Capital, the Demonic Path's Holy Monarch had been besieged from all sides. The three heads of the Immortal Sect had gathered together to face him!

It was simply impossible to conceal this sort of explosive news. In the shortest period of time possible it spread through the entire Land of Divinity and Demons.

But any cultivator who heard of this, no matter what their status or background was, their complexions all changed.

Countless influences began to enter states of emergency. They quickly recalled all of their subordinate cultivators throughout the night, trying their best to seem as meek and harmless as possible.

For something so significant, it was impossible to be ignored. The fragile peace that existed between the Immortal and Demonic sides would inevitably be broken.

These were the two influences within the Land of Divinity and Demons who were said to dominate all others. Their confrontation would surely have a profound influence over the entire world.

On the next day, the Demonic Path officially announced it was going to war with the Immortal Sect.

Two hours after this news was released, an immortal sect in the Great Han Empire was completely exterminated. All 3000 of its cultivators perished.

Six hours later, 27 spies placed on the border of the Qin Empire were dug out and exterminated. Over 10,000 people were implicated and either died or were injured.

12 hours later, 63 mines that were directly or indirectly operated by the Immortal Sect were easily destroyed by the Demonic Path.

The Immortal Sect showed no weakness. By the time a sect that was attached to their influence was destroyed, they had already begun to wildly retaliate against the Demonic Path.

For a time, both sides recklessly attacked each other. Each decision they made was accompanied by countless heads rolling across the floors and blood dyeing the earth red.

The advent of war arrived without warning. It was like a thick black cloud, enveloping everyone present.

...

Four Seasons City, Dao Arena.

After Qin Yu was able to move freely, he immediately found Solitary Westgate. His first sentence was, "Fellow daoist Westgate, do you have any methods that can counterbalance the backlash of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code?"

Solitary West gestured a hand. Once Qin Yu took a seat he said, "Qin Yu, I have been looking through the ancient texts these past days and have found some harvests."

He poured a cup of tea and placed it in front of Qin Yu. Then, Solitary Westgate continued to say, "The Sublime Lost Emotion Code walks down an extreme path. They sever their feelings and emotions in exchange for a strong mind and will. Through this, they can obtain a formidable strength. But in the end, when cultivating to this step, what they cultivate is still the path of rules."

“To be more straightforward, the strength of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code’s backlash is a backlash of the rules. If there is sufficient external force, one can counterbalance the backlash of the rules and guarantee Shen Yuanyin’s safety.”

Qin Yu quickly found the key point. “What is sufficient external force?”

Solitary Westgate said, “Above Calamity Immortal, going straight to the source of the Great Dao...this level should be called the Great Dao realm. If you can reach the Great Dao, you can help Shen Yuanyin unravel the imprisonment of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code on her body!”

At that time, his wife and child could also be truly returned from death.

There was no giving without reason in this world. If Solitary Westgate went to such lengths to help Qin Yu, he naturally had something to ask for in return. This was something both sides acknowledged.

“Great Dao realm...Great Dao realm...” Qin Yu’s eyes grew increasingly bright.

But at this time his complexion shivered and all the blood drained from his face. His consciousness immediately fell into darkness.

It was like he had fallen into a long, long nightmare. When he had restored his consciousness, he could still feel the terror and coldness of that nightmare.

He tried to stand up. But just when he moved he coughed and almost fainted once more.

Solitary Westgate’s voice sounded out. At first he sounded illusionary and distant, but he slowly became clearer over time.

“...Your soul’s Netherworld Lotus is already beginning to bloom. I’m beginning to suspect that my earlier judgment was wrong.” The Dao Arena Master had a complex look in his eyes. “She really did want to kill you.”

Qin Yu’s lips moved, “It wasn’t her!”

Solitary Westgate shook his head, “Qin Yu, please listen to me speak. I have already informed the Demonic Path to come and pick you up. After you return to the Demonic Path’s Holy Land small world, you must mobilize the strength of the Holy Palace to remove the Netherworld Lotus. Otherwise, you really will die!”

The Demonic Path cultivators came faster than Qin Yu had imagined. Six Elders from the Holy Palace, Blue Skies Yellow Springs, and Dark Night Demon Region didn’t hesitate to utilize an ultra-distance transmission array to arrive directly at Four Seasons City!

With six great Elders here, even if they faced a supreme of this world they could still fight.

The Dao Arena Master didn’t appear. Only when the Demonic Path troops left did his worried face slowly emerge from the darkness.

Netherworld Lotus...that was the most terrifying supernatural art of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace. Once contaminated by it, death was almost assured. Even he didn’t dare to touch it...Qin Yu, you cannot die!

## Chapter 618 - Devil Mark

Once Qin Yu returned to the Demonic Path's Holy Land small world, he went directly to the Holy Palace. He sent everyone away and immediately went into seclusion.

Although he had no idea what the Netherworld Lotus was, if it could cause the Dao Arena Master to become so worried then he wouldn't belittle it. But, reality proved that he underestimated the horror of the Netherworld Lotus.

The Holy Palace was known as the most precious treasure beneath the heavens. Its might was without match and by borrowing its strength he could easily destroy the Netherworld Lotus. But, the blossomed Netherworld Lotus had fused into one with his soul. To destroy it would also mean the demise of Qin Yu's soul.

This was a dilemma without a solution!

Qin Yu tried all methods to separate his soul from it, but all of his efforts were defeated. After a month, he had no choice but to emerge from seclusion.

The wellbeing of the Holy Monarch concerned the safety of the entire Demonic Path. So, there was no way for Qin Yu to conceal his injuries. The high level cultivators of the Demonic Path soon found out about the matter of the Netherworld Lotus.

After they confirmed this matter, the high level Demonic Path figures were sent into an uproar. As mortal enemies of the Immortal Sect, they understood exactly how terrifying the Netherworld Lotus was. Once it was implanted in the soul and flowered, that meant absolute death!

While some people might be dissatisfied with Qin Yu, he was still the Holy Monarch and he represented the dignity of the entire Demonic Path. If he were to die, the entire Demonic Path would be shamed.

At the same time, the entire Demonic Path's information network began to move. Every tiny tendril was completely activated to search for a treatment for the Holy Monarch. On the other hand, the Demonic Path's originally reserved offensive strategies were completely overturned. They launched an unprecedented onslaught against the Immortal Sect.

Small nations controlled by both sides immediately went to war with each other. The terror of these wars was mind-boggling. In just a single day, there could be over a million casualties.

On the border frontier of the Zhao and Qi Empire, armies were transferred over. The horrifying shadow of war had finally and truly arrived now!

...

Qin Yu sat in a grand hall. He occasionally coughed, an abnormal flush coming over his face now and then.

You Qi looked at him with an intense expression, worry and panic in her eyes. She couldn't imagine what her world would be like if Qin Yu were to die.

Perhaps she would go insane!

Some feelings were like seeds covered in dust. If there was no chance, they would never germinate.

When You Qi entered the sealed Holy Palace in the past and faced endless fear and oppression, in her lowest ebb Qin Yu had appeared in front of her. He had been radiant and heroic. Moreover, as the Demonic Path's Holy Son, he possessed a revered status.

That seed buried in her heart had slowly started to take root and grow. In a normal situation, You Qi would never have revealed her feelings, because she knew how Qin Yu felt towards Ning Ling.

But the experience in the Immortal Sect's world had caused You Qi to let go of all her shackles. She fervently hoped to embrace this man and heal all the trauma he suffered.

Sensing You Qi's gaze, Qin Yu turned around. He smiled and said, "Don't worry, I'll be fine."

You Qi nodded with effort, forcefully suppressing her teary eyes. She said, "I know. Your Majesty, rest assured and heal yourself. Everything will be fine."

She had already looked up all the information she could related to the Netherworld Lotus and knew what this all meant. Still, she was willing to believe in miracles.

Because for Qin Yu to arrive here today, that in itself was a legend.

He would surely be able to live on.

But the reality was that even with the suppressive strength of the Holy Palace, the Netherworld Lotus continuously drew strength from his soul to grow. And as it grew it became stronger and stronger, absorbing even more strength from his soul at an increasingly rapid pace.

Qin Yu knew that he had to deal with this as soon as possible. The longer he dragged it on for the more disadvantageous it would become for him.

Finally, after gathering the wisdom of the entire Demonic Path, he found a possible solution.

The Demon Envoy placed a little stone statue on the table. It was a devil the size of a palm. Its eyes were red and two long fangs jutted out from its mouth.

"Your Majesty, this devil statue comes from the Demon Realm. It contains a soul mark left behind from the death of a formidable devil. You can refine this devil statue and then relying on that devil's soul mark, you might be able to suppress the Netherworld Lotus.

"But this plan also has immense hidden dangers. The devil's soul mark has extremely powerful attributes of invasion and resistance. Once you refine it, it will appear in your soul. At that time the devil's soul mark will try to seize your body. If you cannot resist it..."

He didn't finish his words but the meaning was already clear.

Qin Yu nodded. "I understand. Prepare the ceremony. I will refine this statue."

The Demon Envoy drew in a deep breath. "Your Majesty, I hope that everything goes smoothly!"

Although there were risks, he couldn't stop this because it was the only chance for Qin Yu to continue living.

Qin Yu took out a transmission jade slip and sent a message to the Dao Arena Master about the Demonic Path's countermeasures.

Solitary Westgate quickly responded. "This plan might work, but the key problem is that the devil mark is extremely terrifying. If you do not have a firm will, you will suffer the fate of having your body seized."

Qin Yu replied, "I have no other choice. But I believe I will succeed."

Knowing that the Holy Monarch's condition wasn't the best, the Demonic Path began to rapidly move. The necessary ceremony and other arrangements needed to refine the statue were completed in the shortest length of time possible.

Two days later, after testing that the ceremony was fine, Qin Yu stepped into an array diagram that was overflowing with blood.

He sat down cross-legged. The devil statue in front of him floated upon on its own volition. As the array formation was activated, the temperature of the blood began to rise.

The smell of blood suddenly increased. Faint traces of blood fog ascended where it was rapidly absorbed by the devil statue.

The statue's eyes grew increasingly red until it turned the color of fresh blood, so bright and vivid it seemed it would flow out.

Hum –

Hum –

The statue lightly trembled and small cracks began to appear. Then, with a sharp scream, it exploded into pieces.

In the next moment a blood red light shot out and instantly flew in between Qin Yu's eyebrows.

Within his soul space, Qin Yu's soul suddenly opened its eyes. Its face twitched in pain.

Between the soul's eyebrows, it was like the area was being melted away. The skin sunk in to reveal the clear face of a devil.

It opened its mouth, wildly laughing. It seemed as if it were congratulating itself for obtaining freedom and also obtaining such a wonderful soul.

The devil mark's backlash erupted for the first time. Within the array diagram, Qin Yu roared out loud like an injured beast. The blood in his body instantly reversed and his heart began to wildly beat within his chest, reaching the fastest speed possible. It seemed as if his heart would blow up at any moment.

At the base of his neck, blue veins stuck out. Qin Yu stabbed his hands into the array diagram. As he roared, countless cracks began to spread outwards.

After a long time, Qin Yu let out a deep breath. His tense body relaxed and his robes were drenched with a cold sweat.

In this brief period of time, he seemed to suffer a sea of torture. He finally understood the horrors of the devil mark. His mind had been bombarded with tumultuous attacks just now, each one difficult to resist. If he had made even a single mistake, his will would have thoroughly collapsed.

He closed his eyes and opened them after a long time. Although there was weariness in his eyes, there was also a hint of joy.

The growth of the Netherworld Lotus had been suppressed!

He rested for some time before leaving the chamber. When the Demon Envoy and the others waiting outside sensed his condition, their faces lit up with happiness.

“Congratulations to Your Majesty for the successful refining!”

Qin Yu directly said, “The devil mark’s backlash is terrifying. I have no idea how long I will be able to last, but no matter what, I must thank you all.”

He suddenly changed the topic. “I now have another question. How long do I need to endure in order to fuse together with the Netherworld Lotus and the devil mark?”

That’s right, the ultimate effect of this plan was for Qin Yu to eventually absorb both. If he really could accomplish this then the tribulation he was experiencing would become a stroke of good fortune instead.

The Demon Envoy’s face stiffened. After several breaths of silence he said, “Your Majesty, you need to last for at least ten years.”

To a Calamity Immortal cultivator, ten years was but a moment.

But in these ten years, there was a chance that the backlash of the devil mark could erupt at any moment.

The Demonic Path had existed since ancient times. This wasn’t the only devil mark that had come into their possession.

To some degree, this so-called devil mark could be called a seed containing the soul strength of a formidable devil.

When placed into a new soul, the devil mark would be activated and it would seize the consciousness of the soul’s owner, eventually replacing them and obtaining a new life.

But from another point of view, the devil mark was also an extremely ‘beneficial’ item. As long as a person could fully absorb it they could then use it for themselves.

Within the history of the Demonic Path, there had been more than one or two people who had attempted to refine a devil mark. But in the end they had all failed.

In the ancient texts of the Demonic Path, there were detailed records pertaining to the devil mark. As the devil mark’s integration with the soul grew higher, the strength of the backlash would become increasingly strong, until it would completely replace the consciousness of the soul’s original master.

Qin Yu slowly nodded. Billowing heat surged in his chest. He needed to reach the Great Dao realm, and in order to do that he had to survive.

The second devil mark backlash happened ten days after the original refinement.

The third time was 21 days later.

The fourth time was 30 days later.

The fifth time was 42 days later.

Each time was worse than the last. Qin Yu forcefully withstood them and after careful calculation, finally came up with a general rule for them.

The devil mark's backlash would erupt about once every ten days. During this period of time, he shouldn't be in too much trouble. As long as he was careful then his plan would succeed!

### **Chapter 619 – The First Grinding Stone**

During these next ten years of suffering, Qin Yu didn't plan to stay within the Demonic Path Holy Land's small world and slowly rot away. Only by placing himself in difficult environments and experiencing tribulations and slaughter could he temper himself to develop a stronger will and resist the backlash of the devil mark.

But the Demon Envoy had a worried expression. His forehead was dripping with sweat as he hurried over and said, "Your Majesty, what problem is there?"

Qin Yu shook his head. "I'm fine." He paused and said, "I'll have to trouble you with handling affairs for me for some time."

The Demon Envoy was startled. He could immediately sense the determination in Qin Yu's words. His lips started to move but he eventually shook his head and said, "To share the worries of Your Majesty is part of my duties."

Qin Yu smiled and said, "I called you here today because I need to tell you that I am going to leave the Demonic Path for a period of time."

The Demon Envoy's complexion changed. "Your Majesty, you must not! The Land of Divinity and Demons is in upheaval right now and your strength has yet to be restored. Right now isn't the appropriate time to take such risks!"

Due to refining the devil mark and suppressing the Netherworld Lotus, over half of Qin Yu's soul strength had been imprisoned.

Qin Yu shook his head, "I've more or less understood the rules for how the devil mark's backlash works. As long as I'm careful there shouldn't be a problem."

Seeing the Demon Envoy still wanting to speak, Qin Yu waved his hand and interrupted him, "That's enough. I understand your intentions but not even half a year has passed. Although I'm fine now, the backlash is becoming increasingly strong. Only by constantly tempering my willpower will I be able to withstand it."



The Demon Envoy's complexion was uncertain, "Your Majesty has a plan?"

Qin Yu said, "That's right, I intend on personally taking action and hunting down those four people who prepared the Immortal Executing Sword Array outside Thistle Capital."

The Demon Envoy subconsciously rejected this idea. Woodchopper Fu and those other old freaks had lived for many years committing all sorts of vile and evil sins. For them to live this long, they all had incredible strengths.

Qin Yu's soul strength had fallen, causing his connection with the Holy Palace to become intermittent. There would be great danger in hunting down those four old freaks. But, the premise of this undertaking to begin with was because he wanted to temper his own willpower through perils and slaughter. If there was no danger then there was no significance to any of this.

"Your Majesty, I only have one condition. Have You Qi go along with you!"

The next day, a remote portal opened up somewhere. One tall and one short Demonic Path cultivator stepped in and vanished from sight.

This sort of small transmission happened hundreds and thousands of times every day in the Demonic Path Holy Land's small world. It was completely normal.

No one knew that on this day, the rumored Demonic Path's Holy Monarch who was severely wounded and struggling on the border of life and death had quietly entered the Land of Divinity and Demons. In the turbulence and chaos, he started a long and difficult hunt.

His first target – Speechless.

...

Wei Empire, the vassal Blue Cloud Kingdom, within the eastern Clear Sun City.

In the City Lord Mansion there was a quiet old steward. Because he had served three generations of the City Lord's family, he was highly trusted and valued and was entrusted with heavy responsibilities.

The old steward was kind and genial. He wasn't greedy for money or power and spoke to everyone with a smile. His only shortcoming was that he was a lascivious old man. Even though he was extremely old he still loved women to the extreme. Every year he had to take in several new concubines.

Not just that, but this old steward remained vigorous even in his elderly years. He continued to have child after child. But, it was unknown whether it was because of his old age, but his children had developmental problems after birth. Up until now, each one would last at most three years before they died. Some people felt regret but there were also those who gloated in his misfortune.

On this day, outside of Clear Sun City, a young couple appeared. The man wore loose robes and had a young face. The hair that was covered beneath his hat had tinges of frost to it.

The woman beside him wore a veil that covered her face. Even so, one could sense the grace and elegance that flowed out from her.

Standing outside the city, the woman turned and blinked her eyes, looking questioningly at the man.

The man nodded, "He's here."

...

Clear Sun City's City Lord was surnamed Xu. His father and brothers had died long ago in the past. It didn't take much effort for him to inherit the seat of City Lord.

His journey thus far had been smooth sailing throughout. Without any pressure he began to indulge in himself. He had countless wives and children. Many people felt that the reason the kind and gentle old steward became the way he was today was because he had been influenced by the City Lord.

Without the luck of the City Lord's father, many Xu Family juniors who were qualified to covet his position began to openly and secretly fight and plot. Every year there were several small disturbances and minor conflicts occurred everywhere. The veterans in the City Lord Mansion were already used to this sight.

The old steward held his arms behind his back as he walked along a stone path in a garden. Across from him, a number of Xu Family sirs and misses were facing each other. The atmosphere was tense and explosive.

Seeing him walk over, a little 13-14 year old girl from one side ran over. She cutely puckered her lips and sweetly said, "Grandpa Steward, 23rd Brother and the others are bullying me again. You've already seen it today so you must take responsibility for me."

Everyone was well aware of the old steward's status in the mansion. The Xu Family juniors all flattered him greatly.

The old steward smiled. "Be obedient. Grandpa has business to attend to so I have no time to play with you all. Hurry back to the courtyard."

The little girl grabbed his arm, swaying back and forth like a spoiled brat. "No, no, last time you said the same thing to me!"

The old steward helplessly sighed. With a warm expression he raised his hand and stroked her head. "I said I have business to attend to, so how come you aren't obedient..."

Puff –

Like an overly ripe watermelon, her head shattered into pieces. White and red goo splashed out everywhere.

The old steward walked over to a Xu Family junior who had been scared silly by what just happened. He wiped his hand clean and patted the youth's shoulder, saying, "Be obedient and leave."

He turned and continued walking.

"Ahhh!"

Panic-stricken screams filled the air behind him.

Amidst the chaos, the old steward walked out from the mansion's main entrance. He looked at the crowded throngs of people in the street and muttered to himself, "Isn't it good for us to all live here peacefully?"

A man and a woman appeared at the end of his line of sight. The old steward furrowed his eyebrows. This man appeared somewhat familiar.

The woman paused. She turned and vanished off somewhere. The man continued walking forward alone. Although his step wasn't quick, he arrived after several breaths of time.

"Speechless."

A direct statement without any meaning of questioning behind it.

The old steward arched an eyebrow. "It's been a long time since I've heard this name...in truth, I can speak a great deal, I just don't want to. So, this is simply a way for me to hide my identity."

His lips curved up in a smile. "I have no idea who you are nor am I interested in knowing. Because everyone that has found me throughout the years has died."

"Is that so?" The man pushed back his hat to reveal his face. "I am looking forward to that."

Speechless's pupils shrank. "Demon Sovereign!"

With a strange cry he turned and fled. He didn't even have the courage to stay and fight. What sort of ridiculous rumors were there that the Demon Sovereign had been heavily wounded? Those bastards were nothing but a bunch of swindlers!

Drawing back 10,000 steps, even if the Demon Sovereign really was injured, Speechless didn't suspect that he had the absolute strength to crush him to death.

Dang –

There was a deep ring in the void and ripples appeared all around. Speechless's field of vision flashed black for a moment as if he had run into a mountain.

"Space-time Lock!"

This was a treasure of the Demonic Path's Holy Palace. Rumors said it came from an unknown land. By utilizing it, one could block out a part of the world. Or, to be more exact, it instantly duplicated a part of the world. Unless one killed the person who activated the Space-time Lock, they would never be able to come out.

The space ripples continued spreading outwards. Wherever it passed through on the street, people would blow apart like bubbles. Soon, the only ones left in the entire city were Qin Yu and Speechless – the Space-time Lock had completely duplicated the entire Clear Sun City!

"Demon Sovereign, I acknowledge that I shouldn't have been obsessed with my desires and arranged a plan to kill you outside of Thistle Capital. I will give you sufficient compensation!" Speechless shouted out.

Qin Yu shook his head. "You and I both know that words are meaningless, so why waste time?" He paused and then said, "But, I can tell you that the outside rumors of me being severely wounded are true. Otherwise, if I wanted to kill you, I would have no need to use this Space-time Lock."

Speechless's eyes brightened. His intuition told him that Qin Yu wasn't lying. Moreover, there was no need to lie to him.

"Since your injuries have yet to heal, why come and seek me out?"

Qin Yu lightly said, "I've come across some difficulties. If I temper myself, there might be a chance of overcoming this. You are the first grinding stone I've chosen."

Speechless roared, "If that's so, then I must offend you. If I somehow luckily manage to kill the Demon Sovereign, I will be thankful for the rest of my life!"

If the Demon Sovereign was severely wounded then he might have a chance. If he were to succeed, that meant he would obtain a complete sacrifice for the ceremony.

And it would be his all alone!

This meant that he would surely break free from his shackles and free himself from life and death.

### **Chapter 620 - First Kill**

Taking a step forward, Speechless's aura began to change. There was no more fear in his expression. A frantic and manic light started to surge in his eyes.

They had struggled to live until this day, utilizing all means at their disposal. They were mocked as being as timid as rabbits and it was true that they didn't dare to face death. But at the same time, in order for Speechless and the others to survive, they had paid a deep price.

Over a long time, this sort of tenacity and perseverance might even overcome the fear of death and turn into a powerful obsession.

And on this day, Speechless's obsession had been thoroughly awakened by Qin Yu!

A strange black lotus appeared. Its petals slowly opened to reveal the blood red buds within. They were as delicate as the undulating curves of a woman.

But if one looked carefully they would discover that every bud had a distorted face upon it. These faces twisted and howled as if they were locked in a prison.

Seeing Speechless, these numerous faces revealed fear. But, their eyes were flooded with hatred.

"I have lived for 60 million years and have seen the times change around me. I have seen countless proud sons of heaven rise up from the dirt and innumerable peerless experts fall from the skies. As I walked along the endless river of time, these people I have caught have become the fountain of life from which I drink to continue living.

"I hope that after today, Your Majesty the Demon Sovereign can enter and become the core of my life. Now, I ask that my most grateful fellow daoists extend a sincere invitation to the Demon Sovereign."

He flicked his sleeves and the black lotus gently shivered. The buds inside swayed from side to side like living creatures. The pained faces opened their mouths and sent out shrill cries together.

These pained cries still didn't emit any sound. But, they actually stirred up tumultuous waves in Qin Yu's mind.

It was like a dozen rough wooden nails had been ruthlessly shoved into his brain. The pain was so fast and furious that it could cause one's consciousness to collapse.

At almost the same time, Speechless approached from the side. He lifted his hand and slammed down!

Qin Yu's complexion paled and his eyes darkened. But after an instant, his eyes lit up once more like blazing flames.

This person was indeed worthy of being one of the longest lived people in the world. His methods were unpredictable. At the very least, this soul attack technique was sufficiently terrifying.

But this was exactly the type of tempering that Qin Yu needed. Only by fighting on the edge of life and death could he thoroughly temper his will!

Bang –

Space violently twisted and fluctuations rapidly spread outwards. The duplicated world created by the Space-time Lock became a bent piece of paper. The houses, trees, and streets on this paper were bubbles popped in the air, rapidly fading away.

Qin Yu was at the center of these fluctuations. The strength of the space distortions crazily tore at his body. His heart beat wildly in his chest, causing his blood to rapidly rise in temperature and race through his body. His blood rumbled through his veins like galloping rivers, completely activating the strength of his mortal body!

His bones cracked and popped as his body grew in size. His blood vessels popped up beneath his skin and his aura started to rise.

In strict terms, a Saint level Demon Body surpassed the boundary of common body refining arts. It tempered the mortal body to a degree where it became an incomparably formidable 'treasure'.

This 'treasure' could communicate with the outside and resonate with the heavens and earth. Every movement and action could mobilize the rules of the world, thus erupting with a terrifying strength.

As a result of sealing away the devil mark within him, the strength of Qin Yu's damaged soul had been greatly reduced. The reason he dared to hunt Speechless and the other old freaks was all thanks to his Demon Body. If it weren't for that, this wouldn't be tempering himself but would be seeking death.

These old monsters had lived for tens of millions of years. If someone tried to hunt them down, they had so many cards hidden up their sleeves that the slightest mistake would turn the hunter into the hunted.

A fist punched out and the world thundered. Endless power broke free from the void. All of the strength contained in this fist instantly erupted.

Speechless had a calm and respectful expression. His eyes showed neither sorrow nor joy. Because of his obsession with the fear of death, when he was placed in danger where he could die, he was able to erupt with everything he had.

At this moment, the only thing left in his mind and his eyes was Qin Yu. His world could accommodate nothing else.

Everything he did was for one singular purpose – to kill Qin Yu!

An immense amount of force crashed down. Speechless's falling palm trembled and half of his bones emitted loud cracking sounds.

But these sounds didn't mean that his bones were unable to withstand the coming strength. Rather, it was a kind of transformation that resulted from saving his power and then...erupting!

Speechless roared out loud. His palm suddenly grew larger. The surface of his skin cracked and the blood that flowed out instantly turned into mist.

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows together. He drew back his fists and crossed his arms in front of his chest. At this time, his entire being became like a towering mountain.

Dang –

A low and deep sound passed straight into his soul. The terrifying impact strength had already started to spread outwards at an astonishing rate.

In the blink of an eye, half of the Clear Sun City that was copied by the Space-time Lock was crushed into pieces. Space folded in on itself in countless layers.

Qin Yu was thrown away, his body crashing through the city. His complexion paled and he violently coughed. Blood dripped down from the corners of his lips, splashing against the ground.

The wind carried along the thick scent of blood. Speechless closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath of this smell, muttering, "Your Majesty, so you really were injured?"

"Cough cough..." Qin Yu gasped a few times. "Since I said it, of course it's true."

Speechless nodded. "Your Majesty has a deep prestige within my heart. I thank you for bringing me this news."

Qin Yu shook his head, "I won't be killed so easily."

Speechless smiled. "The function of a grinding stone is to make a blade sharper. But, if the stone is too hard, it can also break the blade."

"I never had any talent. Then, today I will make a vow to the heavens and earth. I will become a grinding stone that breaks off the life of His Majesty the Demon Sovereign to extend my own existence."

He raised his hands into the skies and his ten fingers opened upwards as if he were trying to hug the entire world. He began to utter low and deep syllables to himself, "Imprisoned souls, if you offer the soul of His Majesty the Demon Sovereign to me, I will give you your freedom. This is the pledge I make to you!"

Within the black lotus flower, the faces there suddenly widened their eyes. Their pupils filled with earnest hope and desire towards freedom.

Bang –

The black lotus flower blew apart. Endless masses of black energy flew out from all over. Each one was an imprisoned soul. They all stared stubbornly at Qin Yu.

Speechless's pledge was a form of contract. Once it appeared within the world it could no longer be changed.

This was their only chance to escape this purgatory and welcome their final rest.

For this, these imprisoned souls were willing to bet everything!

As these masses of black energy blew apart, they wove together to form a massive black net that covered the skies above. It seemed as if the world would forever fall into darkness.

Speechless stood tall and straight. A formidable aura broke free from his body. At this moment his old and decaying aura had vanished. He was like a spear pointed towards the heavens, overbearing and mighty, with an unprecedented momentum.

To blow apart the black lotus and release the souls imprisoned within, that severed his chances of his continued survival. He had placed himself into a dangerous position...and now he had gone past the point of no return.

To a degree, this was a gamble where he first killed himself and then killed others.

If he won, he would reverse the will of the heavens and change his life. If he failed he would perish here and disappear!

Of course, the reason Speechless had made such a decisive decision was because he didn't want to delay for too long and allow further complications to occur.

Once he had determined that the Demon Sovereign was truly injured, this was the best chance for him to attack with everything he had.

The dark world beneath the net was completely isolated from the outside. The ice cold and despairing aura completely submerged Qin Yu. He could feel that his soul was like a flower in the cold of winter. Weak and withering, he slowly approached death.

He could hear the cackles of the devil mark in his ears. It was waiting for Qin Yu's consciousness to collapse and his soul to die. Then, it could break free and use his mortal body to be reborn.

Qin Yu wasn't a stranger to the flavor of death. But every time death approached it would have a different taste to it. He closed his eyes and his lips moved.

"I won't die...I won't die..." This was a psychological suggestion to himself as well as his strongest declaration towards the world!

In Clear Sun City, outside the City Lord Mansion, people walked about in bustling streams. No one knew that a peak battle had erupted right beside them.

If just a single fluctuation of this battle were to escape, it would be enough to place the entire city on the path to total destruction.

You Qi stood below a cloth cover, her fingers tightly twisted together. Qin Yu had already vanished from her line of sight for ten breaths of time.

The flow of time within the duplicate world was different from the outside. If Qin Yu's judgment wasn't wrong, the battle would end in 15 breaths of time. Otherwise, she would move according to their previous arrangements and she would immediately leave Clear Sun City.

11 breaths...12 breaths...13 breaths...

Beneath her veil, You Qi's face began to pale. Her eyes filled with worry.

Qin Yu, hurry and come out. You can do it, you must do it!

14 breaths of time.

15 breaths of time!

No miracle occurred. Qin Yu, who had vanished on the street, didn't emerge from nothingness. You Qi's legs softened and only by grabbing onto the cloth cover in front of her did she not slump to the floor. She lifted a hand and covered her mouth, tears instantly blurring her eyes.

"Miss, are you alright?" A stall owner had already noticed this woman with the heart-stirring beauty. He helped her up, his face full of concern even as anger filled his heart. Just who had caused such a beautiful lady to be so saddened in the public streets? This person had simply gone too far.

You Qi shook her head in a daze and continued to walk away. But after taking a step she couldn't move anymore. She came to a sudden realization.

If Qin Yu didn't come back, why did she have to leave?

She had already prepared herself to share life and death with him.

She turned and walked towards the City Lord Mansion. The so-called sharing life and death meant to live with him and die with him.

Standing in the area where Qin Yu disappeared, You Qi took a deep breath. Her eyes were quiet and still, like icy flowers that had no vitality remaining.

At this time, the world around her shook, as if images were overlapping together. A figure walked out from these overlapping images, sticking right up against her.

The familiar scent immediately flooded her senses. You Qi stiffened for a second before grabbing onto him with all her strength.

"Cough..." The man's voice sounded out. "I'm sorry, there were some faults in my calculations. I overestimated myself."

You Qi shook her head. She didn't care about anything else right now. All she wanted to know was that this man in front of her truly existed.



He was alive! He was alive!

“You Qi, I might need to find a place to rest soon.” Qin Yu’s voice was weak.

You Qi looked up. What she saw was a pale and exhausted face. She suddenly rebuked herself. She should have noticed this sooner; how could she waste so much time?

“Let’s leave. If you are tired, you can lean against me.”

Qin Yu smiled and nodded. He reached out and embraced her. The two stuck close to each other. You Qi soon discovered that his arms gradually loosened and his eyes closed. He had fallen into a deep slumber.

Taking a deep breath, You Qi held him up and vanished around the street corner.