

Refining 641

Chapter 641A – Invading the Immortal Sect

Within the Immortal Sect's small world, there were 36 mountain peaks that rose high up from the ground. They had different shapes, including swords, sabers, halberds, and spears, but all of them had a swift and fierce aura, an invisible killing intent that flowed down like a quiet stream. However, once a foreign aura entered, these mountain peaks would activate, flooding the world with killing intent and becoming seas of destruction that would destroy any unauthorized trespassers.

A giant stone tablet stood between the 36 mountain peaks. It was like a moon surrounded by stars, but in reality, these mountain peaks gathered their vast pressure together in a grand array of suppression. They pressed down on top of the stone tablet, placing an inconceivable degree of imprisonment upon it.

These 36 mountain peaks were a forbidden zone in the Immortal Sect. Besides the three heads of the Immortal Sect, no one could approach this place. Many people speculated about what was hidden here, but no matter how much they probed they found nothing useful. Of course, it could be that any cultivators who found a clue of what was here had quietly died, becoming nothing but ghosts.

At this moment, within the mountain range, the stone tablet started to fluctuate as faint ripples of aura dissipated outwards. Although these ripples appeared weak, they easily split up space and created terrifying ravines in the round. Soon after, two figures stepped out one after another. Powerful auras lingered around them, causing the surrounding rules to twist and blur.

Just by standing here they were like two blazing suns, radiating an invisible heat that swept through the world and caused the rules to collapse. These two people were the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master. They were two heads of the Immortal Sect, unsurpassed supreme beings of the world!

But the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master were clearly in a poor mood. An invisible pressure emanated from them, causing the atmosphere to be thick and suffocating. They were like two volcanoes on the verge of erupting.

Some time ago, the god imprisoned here had suddenly flown into a rage. The reason was simple: it had lost connection to the godhead fragment given to Woodchopper Fu. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master were well aware of what this meant. The two joined forces to subdue the crazed god and thus they were left in a dismal mood.

"What trash!" The Buddhist Nation Sovereign angrily shouted. Stars seemed to revolve in the depths of his eyes, capable of grinding apart all.

The Nether Domain Master furrowed his eyebrows together, "I still cannot figure it out. With Woodchopper Fu's strength, it would be difficult for you and me to kill him after he fused together with the godhead fragment, so how did the Demon Sovereign accomplish this? Could it be that his cultivation has made great strides in a short several years? The closer one's cultivation approaches to the peak, the more difficult it is to climb. Even if a person were to use up many years they still wouldn't necessarily have any improvements."

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign took in a deep breath. “No matter what the reason is, the reality is clear. The Demon Sovereign has slain Woodchopper Fu and taken over his status as a sequencer. Perhaps he might have already returned to the Land of Divinity and Demons...this will inevitably influence our plans.”

The Nether Domain Master frowned. “You are saying you wish to target the Demon Sovereign?”

“He is our greatest variable. In order to ensure our plan proceeds smoothly, we have no other choice.”

The Nether Domain Master sighed. “The Immortal and Demonic sides are just a single point away from completely tearing apart any pretense of civility. To scheme against the Demon Sovereign in such a situation...that is difficult!”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign was expressionless. “As long as we have the will, we can always find a way.”

...

At almost the same time as the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master decided to plot against Qin Yu, Qin Yu also decided that he would make a move against the Immortal Sect.

This was not only because of his enmity with the Immortal Sect. The more essential point was that since he had already obtained the God Imprisoning Altar, he needed to seize a true god so that he could start raising it.

And there was a god within the Immortal Sect!

This was an important piece of information that Woodchopper Fu left to Qin Yu before he died. And, what was even more wonderful was that in order to retaliate against the Immortal Sect, Woodchopper Fu had given Qin Yu his fragment of the godhead. With this godhead fragment in his hand, his plan to catch that god would be much simpler.

But to say this was simple was only speaking in relative terms. To enter the Immortal Sect and capture the god that they were secretly raising, the difficulty of this mission could be imagined.

Disregarding all else, the Demonic Path simply hadn't detected that the Immortal Sect had hidden a god in their ranks at all throughout all the years since it began. From this, it could be seen that the Immortal Sect kept this god hidden in an extremely secret place. Even if he had the God Imprisoning Altar and the godhead fragment in his hand, he still needed to find out where this god was located and force it to appear. Only like that would he have the chance to capture it.

Even though Qin Yu had grown much stronger than before, it was still impossible for him to do this alone. So, he required formidable helpers.

Standing atop a mountain, Qin Yu allowed the winds to brush back his robes and hair. He narrowed his eyes and took a step forward, vanishing from sight.

Half a day later, in a top training room of a Dao Arena, Qin Yu saw Solitary Westgate for the first time in several years. Solitary Westgate was indeed worthy of being known as a man who once fought against the heavens. With just a single glance at Qin Yu he could sense the changes beneath the surface.

“Substantialization of will!” With a loud acclaim of surprise, even the proud and arrogant Dao Arena Master couldn’t help but feel a tiny bit of inferiority when facing Qin Yu.

This boy was simply a freak!

Qin Yu smiled and cupped his hands together. “I need to thank fellow daoist Westgate for the guidance.”

Solitary Westgate shook his head. “There is no need to thank me. It is you who was strong enough to do everything you’ve done. I thought you would need at least a hundred years before coming back out...in short, while I must admit I am dumbfounded, this is still a good thing.”

The stronger Qin Yu was, the closer Yun Niang and Anning’s resurrection would be, and the higher the chances of success.

“One of the reasons I came here is to thank fellow daoist Westgate. But, there is another reason besides that.” A serious expression suddenly crossed Qin Yu’s face. “Within the Sealed Stone World, I found Woodchopper Fu. He was one of the sealed stone sequencers.”

Solitary Westgate’s eyes flashed. “You killed him and became the new sequencer, thus you were able to leave?”

Qin Yu nodded. “That is exactly what happened. But before I killed him, Woodchopper Fu used a godhead fragment to make a transaction with me.”

Solitary Westgate’s pupils shrank. He clearly knew what a ‘godhead fragment’ was. He quietly asked, “And this transaction is related to me?”

Qin Yu said, “Yes. Woodchopper Fu asked me to convey some words to fellow daoist Westgate. I hope that from here on out, no matter what I say, you can remain calm.”

He took a breath and said, “What happened in the past is because of the Immortal Sect!”

Bang –

The Dao Arena Master took a step forward. A terrifying aura erupted from his body. Faintly, Qin Yu could see a towering divine idol appear behind him. This divine idol had three eyes, and at this moment its third eye was trembling as if it was about to open.

Kacha –

Kacha –

Space began to collapse all around.

“Was that it?”

Qin Yu shook his head, “He also said that beneath the stones of the eastern emperor, blood stained the evening for a moment...after you hear this, you will know whether it is truth or lies.”

Bang –

The shattered space was instantly crushed to pieces. An incomparably wild strength rampaged in the dark void. Solitary Westgate's eyes turned red and his aura was like the arrival of a devil. The divine idol behind him opened its third eye just a tiny bit to reveal pitch black darkness.

"Immortal Sect! Immortal Sect!"

His pained cries were filled with endless hatred. He turned and took a step away but was grabbed by Qin Yu. As their bodies touched their strengths clashed. The entire Dao Arena shook and these fluctuations even spread outside to the city beyond.

All the cultivators within range suddenly turned pale white as the blood drained from their faces. They had no idea what had happened but felt an instinctual sense of terror, as if destruction was about to descend upon them at any moment.

Their instincts were right. If the Dao Arena Master couldn't suppress his anger and his strength erupted, that would be enough to raze this city to the ground.

Solitary Westgate roared, "Let me go!"

Qin Yu said, "Calm down and don't be impulsive! With your strength alone, you cannot shake the Immortal Sect. If you were to attack them now, you would only alert them!"

Solitary Westgate stiffened. His cruel and raging aura slowly restrained itself. But, the feeling he gave off was even more dangerous. He turned and looked at Qin Yu, "You will help me?"

Qin Yu nodded. "To be more exact, we will be helping each other." Without reserve, he explained the situation about raising a god. Otherwise, if he didn't, his actions today would have placed Solitary Westgate into a trap. "I want to capture the Immortal Sect's god and take away Shen Yuanyin."

Solitary Westgate was without expression. "I can help you suppress this god!"

Qin Yu cupped his hands together. "Thank you, fellow daoist Westgate. But, entering the Immortal Sect will be a truly arduous battle. Having just the two of us is still far from enough. So, if we want to heavily damage or even ruin the Immortal Sect, we need to gather more powerhouses to work with us."

The blood red color in Solitary Westgate's eyes didn't fade away but he clearly regained his cognitive abilities. He nodded and said, "You're right. If we want to make the Immortal Sect pay a steep price, just the two of us isn't enough. Qin Yu, hurry back to the Demonic Path. You must convince the Dark Night Demon Region and Blue Skies Yellow Springs to help you, as well as assembling the full strength of the entire Demonic Path. As for me, I will also mobilize all forces and gather all the Calamity Immortals in the Dao Arena system...I must have the Immortal Sect pay this blood debt with their own blood!"

Qin Yu said, "I will try my best!"

Solitary Westgate furrowed his eyes together. "I understand how the Dark Night Demon Region and Blue Skies Yellow Springs normally act. If you want them to give up all their caution and wage open war with the Immortal Sect, it won't be easy...Qin Yu, try turning things around. Say that I asked you to enter the Immortal Sect and that this might be the Demonic Path's best chance. This might be more effective."

Qin Yu said, "Alright. Then let's split up here. If there is any change in the situation, we should contact each other as soon as possible."

He turned and left.

It was said that for a gentleman taking revenge, waiting ten years wasn't too late...but this was because the gentleman had no skills. If one truly desired revenge, then they would find it difficult to even wait a single extra second.

Qin Yu was like this and so was Solitary Westgate!

No one knew that at this time, an earth-shaking event had occurred just moments after the two met.

Their spear was pointed straight at the Immortal Sect!

And this great event would initiate a series of waves that would sweep through the entire Land of Divinity and Demons, eventually becoming a great current that would rewrite the future.

Chapter 641B – Invading the Immortal Sect

The Demonic Path's Holy Monarch had healed from his injuries and emerged from seclusion. When news of this spread out, the entire Demonic Path danced in joy and celebration. This had an immediate influence on the front lines of the battlefield, causing the enemy armies to retreat a thousand miles.

"Your Majesty...are you really fine?" The Demon Envoy hurried over as soon as he heard the news. His face was glowing with excitement.

Qin Yu had a calm expression. "There are some minor remnants that can be erased at any time. There is no need to worry." He paused and continued, "You have done well these past years. I am satisfied with your performance."

The Demon Envoy fell to his knees. "For Your Majesty to be safe and sound, that is the good fortune of the entire Demonic Path. This subordinate was only following your orders, thus I don't dare to claim credit."

Qin Yu flicked his sleeves and pulled him up. "Send a message to the Dark Night Demon Region and Blue Skies Yellow Springs. I am inviting the Supreme Seat and Yama to gather at the Holy Palace...remember, this matter must be kept secret. No one must know about it!"

The Demon Envoy's heart chilled. He could smell the scent of blood and destruction from these words. "I will go immediately!"

He turned and left in a hurry.

You Qi came from behind the hall. She bowed and said, "Your Majesty."

Qin Yu stood up and walked down from the throne. He said, "There is no need for such things between you and me."

You Qi stood up, worry in her eyes. "I know how Your Majesty feels about Ning Ling, but I still ask you to be careful. As long as you survive, anything is possible. If nothing else can be done...please remember that I am still waiting here for you."

Qin Yu pulled her into his arms. He whispered in a soft voice, "Don't worry. I will definitely succeed and return alive."

...

In a world of eternal darkness, there was no light. The dark cold and gloominess could freeze the soul.

Suddenly, a voice sounded up. "An invitation from the Demon Sovereign...this junior, what other matters does he have to speak about?"

After several breaths of silence, this voice coldly snorted. Then, that endless darkness withdrew like a falling tide.

A vast canyon emerged from the darkness. It wined through the earth, as if it was a trail left behind by some massive creature crawling through the ground.

Light footsteps echoed from deep within the canyon. The tall Supreme Seat emerged. With every step he took, the world shook.

...

Rumble rumble –

A black disc spun in the air. It was so large that it seemed to block out the heavens. Yama sat down cross-legged. Her red dress hung around her, sticking to her body.

A dark golden mask covered her face. All that was revealed were her mouth and eyes. She exuded an aura of mystery.

She raised a hand and grasped forward. When the jade slip entered her hand, she probed it. Then, her eyes flew upon. A demonic light flowed around her pupils, so enchanting that they seemed they could suck out a person's soul and thrust them directly into samsara.

"The Holy Monarch's invitation!"

She stood up. With a single step forward, she vanished.

...

Everyone had been ordered to leave the Holy Palace's grand hall. Nine stone doors slowly fell down, rumbling as they struck the ground.

The Supreme Seat and Yama had dignified expressions. These nine stone doors possessed an immense power. They were able to completely isolate the outside world and not even the power of the rules could seep through them. From this alone, they could tell that something extraordinary was happening.

Qin Yu sat upon his throne. He said, "I asked the Supreme Seat and Yama to come here today to discuss an important matter. If I was rude in any way, I ask that you not mind."

Yama's voice was gentle, like water running through a brook. "There is no need for the Holy Monarch to be so cautious. If there is any matter then please speak openly."

The Supreme Seat was without expression. "I was just in seclusion so it wasn't a good time for me to come out."

Qin Yu nodded at Yama and also looked at the Dark Night Supreme Seat. "Good, I'll get to the point then." He lowered his voice, "A few days ago, the Dao Arena Master, Solitary Westgate, met with me privately and invited me to invade the Immortal Sect with him. I came here to discuss this matter with you two."

"Invade the Immortal Sect?" The Dark Night Supreme Seat furrowed his eyebrows, his gaze stern and sharp. "Holy Monarch, do you know what this means? What sort of consequences there will be?"

Qin Yu nodded, "I am well aware."

The Dark Night Supreme Seat sneered, "I oppose! The Immortal Sect stands on even grounds with my Demonic Path. We are both influences that dominate all others in this world. We have struggled in the open and in secret for countless years. If we had the confidence to destroy the other party we would have already made a move. We wouldn't have needed to wait until today."

"Solitary Westgate might not be on good terms with the Immortal Sect, but there is no blood grudge between them. If he now suddenly desires to attack the Immortal Sect, do you not fear that he might be colluding with them to harm my Demonic Path? I know that the Holy Monarch has a deep hatred with the Immortal Sect, but you must consider the interests of the Demonic Path first. You cannot let everything go to waste for your own personal reasons!"

Yama had a doubtful expression. Could it be as the Supreme Seat said? She hesitated for a moment and asked, "What does the Holy Monarch know about this?"

Qin Yu lightly said, "As the master of the Holy Palace, I place the interests of the Demonic Path above all. Supreme Seat, there is no need to be so anxious. You are curious about why the Dao Arena Master suddenly wishes to attack the Immortal Sect? The reason is simple. The Dao Arena Master has found out that what happened in the past is all because of the Immortal Sect. As for what matter I am referring to, do I need to narrate it for you?"

"What? Such a thing actually happened!?" Yama had a dignified expression. "Holy Monarch, are you sure about this?"

Qin Yu nodded, "I am."

Yama took a deep breath. "Then, this matter shouldn't be a lie...who would have thought that the bodiless murder case that shook the world so long ago was actually the work of the Immortal Sect. If so, then it's within reason for the Dao Arena Master to go insane."

Solitary Westgate's beloved wife and child had been killed. He had almost gone insane due to that. After that incident, waves of bloodshed and death were raised throughout the land and countless cultivators were buried because of it. Afterwards, because of the knot that formed in his heart, it was hard for him to make any further advances in his cultivation. Everyone in this world knew how much he loved his wife and child.

The Dark Night Supreme Seat said, "Even so, I still oppose. So what if the Dao Arena Master has gone crazy? Even if we add in his strength, is it possible for my Demonic Path to eliminate the Immortal Sect? If things really were so easy, either the Immortal or Demonic side would have been destroyed long ago."

“If we attack recklessly, that will only trigger an absolute war with the Immortal Sect. The most likely outcome is that both sides will be grievously wounded, giving other influences in this world the opportunity to take advantage of us. Don’t forget that within the seven empires there is still Great Chu. That Majesty over there has never once given up on his aspirations to dominate the world.

“In addition, the founding emperor of Great Zhou has reappeared in the world. He has returned to the ancient capital city of Zhou, and while he hasn’t made any movements recently, once he does he will surely shake the world! The Land of Divinity and Demons might seem stable right now but the truth is that mighty currents rage beneath the surface. The Demonic Path cannot take such a great risk in this current situation. If the Holy Monarch has no other matters to discuss, I will bid my farewells first!”

He stood up and started to walk away.

The nine stone doors could sever the rules, but they couldn’t stop him from leaving.

From behind, Qin Yu’s calm voice rose up. “The Immortal Sect has a god...a living, genuine god.”

The Dark Night Supreme Seat came to a screeching halt. He slowly turned around, “That’s impossible!”

Qin Yu said, “I personally experienced it. Several days ago, I fought with this god.” His eyes were cold. “The Immortal Sect has kept a god hidden in secret. Through the countless years, not a single bit of information has been released concerning this. There must be a great plot occurring in the shadows. If we don’t take advantage of this chance to attack the Immortal Sect, the Demonic Path will surely suffer disaster one day.”

Yama suddenly said, “There is a forbidden land in the Immortal Sect’s small world. To the outside world, it is said that one of the Immortal Sect’s greatest supernatural inheritance arts is located there and that no one but the three heads can approach. The Demonic Path has attempted countless times to investigate, but we have never been able to glean any information related to this place...now, it seems that this forbidden land is where this god is hidden.”

The hall fell silent.

As supreme beings of the world, as people who stood upon the pinnacle of society, they had an even greater understanding of how terrifying the strength of a god was. They were transcendent existences that dominated above the entire current cultivation system of the world. To be honest, if this god had its freedom, the entire world would grovel below its feet.

The Dark Night Supreme Seat sat back down. His words pierced to the bone. “Demon Sovereign, you must take responsibility for your words!”

Qin Yu’s expression was calm. “The Immortal Sect has a god; this is an absolute truth.” Finally, he tossed out another powerful convincing argument. “This is the reason why I hope the two of you can agree with me. Because the Dao Arena Master has promised that if the Immortal Sect begins to use their god, he will move to suppress it.”

As a man who once fought against the heavens and didn’t die, no one knew how deep Solitary Westgate’s true strength was. But it was undoubtedly terrifying. As a result, only he would dare to say something so boastful like suppressing a god.

Yama said, "Then I agree to attack!"

Qin Yu looked at the Dark Night Supreme Seat.

After a long silence, he opened his mouth and said, "I can also agree. But, I have a condition. If we succeed in killing that god, I want the godhead."

Yama frowned, "Supreme Seat, your appetite is a little too large."

The Dark Night Supreme Seat looked at Qin Yu. "What does the Demon Sovereign say?"

Qin Yu nodded, "As long as the Supreme Seat has the ability to take it, I won't seize it."

"Good!" The Dark Night Supreme Seat stood up. "Time is of the essence. We should gather our subordinates."

Qin Yu lifted his hands. "Hold on!" He looked at Yama, "I heard that in the Immortal Sect, there is a treasure called Samsara. It was something that the Blue Skies Yellow Springs lost many years ago. I promise to Yama that if there is a chance, I will help take it back for the lineage of the Blue Skies Yellow Springs."

Yama's eyes brightened. "I thank Your Majesty Holy Monarch! The Blue Skies Yellow Springs will do our best!"

The Dark Night Supreme Seat coldly snorted. He took a step out and vanished from sight.

Yama slightly bowed and also disappeared.

Qin Yu looked up, his eyes seeming to pierce through the void and into the far off distance. "Immortal Sect, I will soon teach you a lesson you will never forget!"

The three heads joined forces. While everything seemed calm on the surface, currents roiled below. Countless powerhouses were ordered to assemble.

It was time for war!

Chapter 642A – Immortal Sect Catastrophe

Within a chamber, a flickering lamp illuminated Solitary Westgate's face. His emotionless expression and his eyes that were still flushed red combined together to create an image that froze the soul.

He looked through the information on the jade slip. Then, with a little bit of strength he crushed it to pieces. He stood up and said, "Everyone, the Demonic Path had completed the preparations on their side. We should embark now."

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

13 figures shot into the skies. As if submerging into a barrier, they simultaneously vanished from sight.

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Three days later, a flying drought demon appeared in the Yan Empire. All life vanished for 10,000 miles around.

The Yan Empire dispatched experts, but in the end none of them survived. The royal family sent out a Calamity Immortal but he barely managed to return to Thistle Capital covered with grave injuries.

The Yan Empire was shaken for some time. The Yan Emperor approached the Immortal Sect to request reinforcements. They hoped the Immortal Sect could send powerhouses that could help the Yan Empire eradicate this evil being.

This was well within reason. Since the Immortal Sect received all kinds of support and provisions from the Yan Empire, they naturally had to play the role of protector.

Soon, three Immortal Sect Elders brought their subordinates to Thistle Capital. Moving like a storm, they went straight to where the flying drought demon was said to have appeared.

Following that, accidents happened throughout the world one after another, drawing out different numbers of Immortal Sect experts to locations scattered throughout the Land of Divinity and Demons.

...

The Luo Nation was located between the Qi and Wei Empires. It was a slightly stronger medium-sized country. On the surface, they were vassals of the Great Wei Empire but in truth they obeyed both sides. They barely managed to eke out a living in the gap between these two empires.

In the capital, Aid City –

The city was thick with smoke. The long streets were lined with shops on both sides. Although bloody clashes occurred all the time on the border frontiers, this didn't stop the capital from being prosperous.

Among these dense rows of shops, a dwindling medicine shop closed for a day. This was a truly common and unnoticeable sight. A nearby shop owner glanced at the closed doors of this shop and coldly sneered, thinking that it had finally closed down because its failing business could no longer support it.

Some people were already thinking of quickly contacting the owner of this medicine shop. They didn't want to purchase anything. Rather, this location was extremely good and the land was worthy of purchase. To have a business in this area was no different from a hen that laid golden eggs.

But these people didn't know that in this medicine shop they wanted to purchase, there was currently a force gathered together that could flip the entire Land of Divinity and Demons upside down.

The Demonic Path's Holy Monarch, Dark Night Supreme Seat, Yellow Springs Yama, and the Dao Arena Master! In this world, how many supreme beings were there? And yet four of them had gathered here. Moreover, these four people each had great numbers of Calamity Immortal powerhouses standing behind them.

Just as these people couldn't imagine that so many terrifying powerhouses would appear here, they also wouldn't think that this medicine shop that had barely managed to survive through the years was actually a hidden foothold of the Immortal Sect, one with a transmission array that headed straight into the Immortal Sect's small world.

When it came to dealing with the Immortal Sect, no one dared to underestimate them, even if it was all of them working together!

The first step of the strategy was to weaken the power of the Immortal Sect by drawing out as many powerhouses as they could. To launch an unexpected attack was the second step. Now that all the arrangements had been made, the only thing left to do was to kill their way into the Immortal Sect.

The Dao Arena Master said in a low tone, "Everyone, let us begin!"

Hum –

The transmission array buried deep beneath the ground started to shine. Everyone stepped inside. Space twisted and they all vanished from sight.

...

The mountains were wreathed in fog and clouds. Ancient trees lingered throughout, their branches looming. Beasts raced through the forest below, occasionally issuing deep roars that reverberated through the mist. Occasionally, birds burst out from the fog, their wings spread out and reflecting the sunlight that shined down.

From afar, this was an image of country paradise. Several female cultivators of the Immortal Sect were walking about. They were responsible for tending to the spirit beasts and spirit birds that the sect raised. They had gentle and happy expressions, and their eyes shined with a hint of smug conceit. Even if they were only the lowliest of cultivators who were responsible for raising some animals, they were still cultivators of the Immortal Sect. This was the greatest point of pride in their lives.

A female cultivator suddenly said, "Senior-apprentice Sister Qi, your assessment results this time were excellent and you have entered the inspection process. It seems you will become an official disciple of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace soon. When we see you next time, we will all have to call you Senior-apprentice Sister Qi then."

Everyone had looks of envy on their faces. Although they were all cultivators of the Immortal Sect, there was still a vast disparity between them and a genuine disciple.

The female cultivator smiled. She had a tall figure and dark eyebrows. "Nothing is for sure yet. There is no need for junior-apprentice sisters to speak about it anymore, otherwise others might laugh at me." Although she said that, there was confidence in her eyes.

Her talent wasn't the best, but she dared to think she was the most hardworking and diligent out of all her fellow disciples. Thus, her efforts led to today. After she entered Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace, her life would reach a completely different level...Qi Xuan's future was destined to be brilliant!

At this time, several female cultivators behind her suddenly cried out in alarm. A meteor seemed to crash down from the heavens, pounding open a hole in the skies.

Their expressions were frozen between stunned shock and surprise. They didn't even have time to feel fear before they were swept up and swallowed by a massive shockwave of dust that exterminated their souls and bodies. Like that, this hardworking cultivator called Qi Xuan who had high hopes for her future had died, thoroughly disappearing from the world.

This was the ice-cold brutality of reality. It never took into consideration the will of others, nor was there an absolute line that divided right and wrong. If there was a word that could be used to describe it, then perhaps one could only say it was...luck!

This might seem irresponsible, but this was a fact. Qi Xuan and the others indeed had horrible luck. They just happened to be where the transmission array arrival point was and they were instantly killed by the shockwaves of aura. The ones who killed them hadn't even noticed the existence of this group of innocent women. Or, even if they did notice, they simply didn't care.

A mountain wouldn't care about the life or death of the ants that crawled about its base...this might seem coldly indifferent, but it was the truth. Moreover, these people had come to the Immortal Sect today to kill.

Behind the Dao Arena Master, an old man with white hair and a scarred face took in a deep breath as if he were entranced. "The scent of the Immortal Sect. It's really been a long time, so long that my hands are starting to shiver and my blood is seething with excitement!"

His eyes surged with a manic light.

To the left, Yama's breathing had become rapid. She stared stubbornly at a direction, her eyes filled with excitement. This was the aura of Samsara!

Qin Yu glanced at her. "Wait a moment. Once we delay the heads of the Immortal Sect, Yama, you can go take it back!" He looked up at the Dao Arena Master. "Fellow daoist Westgate, I believe it's time that we give our greetings to the Immortal Sect."

Solitary Westgate's pupils were blood red, "Good!"

He took a step forward and his aura that belonged to a supreme being of this world suddenly erupted like a volcano. It swept out in all directions. Then, Qin Yu, the Supreme Seat, and Yama all followed in kind, released their own auras. It was like four invisible hands reaching into the heavens, stirring up wind and cloud.

In that moment, every corner of the Immortal Sect's small world was flooded with the aura of destruction.

Countless Immortal Sect cultivators revealed looks of alarm. They looked up into the distance where the black cloud appeared from the collapsing skies. The aura was so thick and heavy that it made endless fear gush out in their hearts!

...

Layers of light revealed an aura of compassion and mercy, slowly spreading throughout the heavens and earth. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign sat in the center of these layers of light. All lives through the Buddhist Nation were bathed in the light he sent out.

A trillion lives were kneeling on the ground and bowing with deep devotion and piety, worshipping the city where the Buddhist Nation Sovereign was located. Their faces were full of joy and safety, as if they had arrived in their own paradise.

Suddenly, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign's eyes flashed open. The Buddhist light that emanated from him instantly darkened.

Buddhas had many faces. They could look down upon the world with mercy and compassion and they could also glare down from the heavens and lower retribution.

"How bold!"

As the Buddhist Nation Sovereign roared, the entire nation shook around him.

Beneath the darkened light, the citizens of the Buddhist Nation seemed to have torn the masks off from their faces. They howled and screeched like evil spirits emerging from hell.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

They viciously roared out, their hectic voices rampaging through the world.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign stood up and his long pure white robes suddenly turned blood red. He took a step out and vanished from sight.

...

Space was warped and twisted into countless layers. They were like layers of ice, or mirrors randomly stacked upon each other that each reflected the image of the Nether Domain Master. Each one gave off an illusionary feeling. But, if one carefully sensed it they would discover that each one truly existed, as if they could emerge from this warped space from any time.

The Nether Domain Master lifted a hand. The countless copies of him that existed within the warped space also lifted a hand. As their fingertips pointed into nothingness, a black dot appeared and burst out with a terrifying swallowing strength...

In particular, when this swallowing strength was superimposed upon itself countless times over, it surpassed what could be described as merely 'terrifying'.

In that moment, within the layers of warped space, everything was instantly destroyed. A swallowing strength flooded outwards, wildly transforming. They fused together or tore each other apart, capable of destroying any life form that fell into this chaos.

At this time, the Nether Domain Master opened his eyes in the warped space, anger in his face. He had practiced this great supernatural art for 10 million years but hadn't been able to take the final step. Today, his cultivation was finally about to reach large success, but he met with a great accident.

Could it be that this was preordained by destiny? With a gentle sigh, the Nether Domain Master stepped out of the warped space. He turned and looked out the countless reflections of himself and his face filled with dignity as well as a bit of anticipation.

Shua –

He vanished from sight.

Chapter 642B – Immortal Sect Catastrophe

The Dao Arena Master suddenly looked up. There seemed to be a sea of blood boiling within his eyes. He lifted a hand and punched out, and a terrifying strength instantly erupted. Like a river in the skies bursting free from its dam, this strength seemed like it would drown the world beneath.

A blood red-robed Buddhist Nation Sovereign stepped out. Behind him were a trillion Buddha phantoms. They read sutras that reverberated through the heavens.

He lifted a hand and thrust down. These two supreme beings of the world directly clashed without any hesitation.

The explosive shockwaves were loud enough to sunder the skies. The thick fog all around instantly dispersed and the true appearances of the mountains were revealed. Countless ancient trees, birds, and beasts were exposed to the world.

But in the next moment, an invisible hand seemed to fall down and wipe everything away. Everything that was within line of sight was immediately reduced to nothing.

And what was even more terrifying was that destructive shockwaves began to spread outwards from the point of collision.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign was without expression. He looked at everything happening around him but remained unmoved. "Dao Arena Master, why are you collaborating with the Demonic Path to invade my Immortal Sect?"

Solitary Westgate roared out loud, "A debt of blood must be paid with blood!"

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign's pupils shrank as everything returned to deathly silence. As expected, there was no such thing as an eternal secret in this world. He didn't care about where the Dao Arena Master learned of this secret. All he knew was that the enmity of killing a wife and child could only be cleaned with dripping blood.

Perhaps this would be the blood of the Immortal Sect, or perhaps it would be the blood of the Dao Arena Master...only when one side was brought to complete ruin would things come to a conclusion.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign lifted his hand and grasped forward. Countless Buddha phantoms appeared, all of them screaming and crying.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Each shout of 'kill' was its own wisp of killing intent. These killing intents crossed space to gather in the hands of the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and turn into a gray bowl. The gray bowl had the images of buddhas imprinted on it. Their angry glares exuded a desire for destruction.

"Go!"

With a loud shout the bowl flew out. As it did, it immediately grew until it was a thousand feet in size. The buddha images on its surface became even more lifelike as if they would emerge from it at any moment. A boundless suppressive strength erupted, covering the Dao Arena Master.

"By borrowing the power of Buddha in heaven, a punishment of annihilation will be bestowed upon you. All demons of the world will be purified and brought to the shores of nirvana!"

The Dao Arena Master howled, "You bald thief, your Buddha is only your own Buddha, not the Buddha of the world or the great dao! Even though you proclaim yourself to be the Buddhist Nation Sovereign, you are nothing but a useless and pathetic old man playing dress up! Today I will take your head and refine your soul! I will sever your Great Dao and destroy your inheritance, forever plunging you into an infinite abyss where you will never be reincarnated!"

Qin Yu suddenly said, "Today, the Immortal Sect's enemy is not just the Dao Arena Master alone. The Immortal and Demonic sides have struggled against each other for countless years. Then, it's time for us to bring things to an end."

He reached up a hand and grasped at the heavens. Then, as if he had grabbed something, he ruthlessly pulled down.

Rumble rumble –

Countless cracks suddenly appeared in the skies above the Immortal Sect. Then, they loudly collapsed.

A towering palace phantom appeared. It was like the legendary dwelling of a god. As it appeared, a dreadful aura erupted that blocked out the surrounding world.

From this moment on, the Immortal Sect's small world was isolated from the outside. No one could enter or leave!

"Your Majesty Holy Monarch, your injuries have just healed and you should be resting to recuperate your strength right now. Why must you come to my Immortal Sect to stir up trouble? Do you not know that a single misstep will cause calamity to spread throughout the world, one that will cause lives to perish like coals in the wind?"

Space twisted and the Nether Domain Master emerged. His calm eyes swept over the Dao Arena Master and the three heads of the Demonic Path.

This was the confidence of a supreme being of the world. Even though they faced multiple enemies of the same level, they didn't feel any fear at all. For beings like them who had reached their level of cultivation, as long as they didn't want to die it was difficult for anything to kill them.

Moreover, this was the Immortal Sect's small world, their main stage. Who cared if it was two against one? That didn't mean their strategies had any chance of success.

Qin Yu said, "Why bother speaking at this time? I have heard that the Nether Domain Master possesses astounding strength. I have wanted to experience it myself for a long time." He took a step forward. His blood roared through his body. The twisted rules in the space around him began to break apart.

A towering phantom appeared behind Qin Yu. The Ancient race was not accommodated by the heavens and earth. But, as long as Qin Yu didn't become an incarnation of an Ancient, those unfamiliar with the Ancient race simply wouldn't know what it was.

Even though this was only a phantom, it still possessed the heaven-supporting atmosphere and boundless aura of the Ancients. Massive shockwaves began to spread outwards.

The Nether Domain Master's expression changed. "Your Majesty Holy Monarch is truly impressive." His figure flickered and divided into three. Each one had the same aura. They opened their mouths and said,

“In order to prevent the Demon Sovereign from being able to enjoy himself, I can only fill in what I lack with numbers. I really do blush with shame.”

Qin Yu coldly snorted. He lifted a hand and pressed down. The phantom of a magnificent mountain appeared. It carried with it an endless might that could suppress the highest heavens!

One of the Ancients’ three Holy Mountains – Suppressing Sea!

Qin Yu glanced at the Dark Night Supreme Seat. “If you want the godhead then you’ll have to contribute. Otherwise, even if I agree, I’m not sure the Dao Arena Master will.”

The Dark Night Supreme Seat sneered, “I’m well aware. There is no need for the Holy Monarch to remind me!” He stepped forward. Then, it was like a bucket of ink had been flipped over. The skies turned black and the darkness started to spread at an alarming rate.

Yama nodded towards Qin Yu. She turned and stepped away, her figure instantly vanishing from sight. She had to bring back the treasure that the Blue Skies Yellow Springs lineage had lost countless years ago.

Whoosh –

Whoosh –

Immortal Sect Calamity Immortals chased after Yama, but none of them dared to stop her. They knew just how terrifying a supreme being of the world was. To stop her would only invite death.

“Die!”

The Calamity Immortals of the Demonic Path and Dao Arena engaged with the Calamity Immortals of the Immortal Sect. In ordinary times, these people would be mighty characters that dominated all beings around them. But today, they had become minor characters fighting on the sidelines.

Five supreme beings of the world faced each other. The shockwaves that came from their confrontation were terrifying. Even these Calamity Immortals didn’t dare to easily touch them.

...

Because of the plotting of the Demonic Path and Dao Arena, a number of the Immortal Sect’s powerhouses were stranded in the Land of Divinity and Demons. Thus, in this battle, the Demonic Path and Dao Arena held an advantage in the number of Calamity Immortal cultivators. Within the chaotic battle, someone extricated themselves from the melee. They looked upon the boundless Immortal Sect small world and their breathing started to deepen.

This cultivator with a head of white hair and a face covered with scars was called Kong Yisheng. He was once a handsome and dashing young man, but he fell in love with someone he shouldn’t have fallen in love with. He was expelled from the Immortal Sect and he and his dao companion were hunted down.

In the end, one of them was wounded and another died...the one who survived was him. But, he no longer looked like a man or ghost. If it weren’t for his obsessive desire to take revenge against the Immortal Sect taking root in his mind, he would have long since ended his own life.

“Haha...hahaha...Immortal Sect, oh Immortal Sect. I bet none of you ever guessed that there would be a day when I, Kong Yisheng, would return here? I have waited for this day for far, far too long. Then, let’s settle the enmity between us, once and for all.

Bang –

Gray flames ignited on the surface of his body. They gave off a sense of despair, silence, and destruction. Beneath these flames, Kong Yisheng’s aura began to rise at a rapid rate. Yet, after reaching a certain limit, they completely vanished. He was like a torch that had burnt out, not a single fluctuation coming from him anymore.

Kong Yisheng laughed out loud and grasped his hands forward. A massive mountain in front of him was rapidly refined, condensing into a giant black stone rod. Gray flames spread over the stone rod, causing gray flowers to appear on its surface. Ghastly faces appeared within each flower. These faces eerily cackled, as if they sensed the coming destruction.

Holding the burning stone rod, Kong Yisheng stepped through the void. Soon, he encountered a crowd of Immortal Sect cultivators. The old man leading the group saw Kong Yisheng and his eyes flew open. He shouted, “Kong Yisheng, you rebel who abandoned the Immortal Sect, you dare to return!? Everyone, obey my command and kill this man immediately!”

Kong Yisheng’s face lit up with ecstatic joy. “Is that you? My dear, beloved master. I never thought that us master and disciple would ever be able to see each other again in this lifetime.” His voice shivered as he said, “I am so grateful to you, grateful that you managed to live until today so that I have a chance to personally kill you and avenge my dead wife.”

He raised the stone rod and laughed, “Please go on the road with all these fellow juniors!” Then, he swept out with the rod. Numerous threatening and aggressive Immortal Sect cultivators widened their eyes, endless fear beginning to rise on their faces. But, it was too late.

Countless severed limbs and body parts danced through the air. Dark red flowers bloomed all throughout the skies as the thick stench of blood filled the air.

Kong Yisheng was bathed in blood. The ghastly faces within the flowers on the stone rod were chewing and swallowing in great gulps. The things that were screaming out in pain as they were being chewed upon by these faces were the souls of the Immortal Sect cultivators he killed.

“Hahaha! Wonderful, too wonderful!” He laughed into the skies and continued forwards. Whenever he ran into an Immortal Sect cultivator he would smash them with his rod, exterminating their body and soul.

Chapter 642C – Immortal Sect Catastrophe

A cloud of black fog howled through the skies, sharp laughs spreading out from it. The sounds were like rusty nails rubbing across porcelain plates, leaving one’s scalp tingling. The mass of black fog stopped outside a city. Then, a part of it protruded outwards and condensed into the upper half of a woman’s body. Her chest was incomparably large and heavy and it shook and quaked as she laughed.

Taking a deep breath, the woman revealed an intoxicated expression. “What a delicious scent. Only in the Immortal Sect’s world can one find so many formidable souls. Then, this old lady won’t be polite.”

Her body blew apart, turning into endless black fog. She was like a black curtain that covered the skies, shrouding the entire city in darkness.

Endless screams of panic and despair came from beneath the black fog. When they gathered together, they became a gorgeous dirge of death. The woman's sharp laughter was like sweet singing, recklessly releasing the aura of oblivion.

As time gradually passed, the city beneath the black fog seemed to fall into a deep slumber, until finally no more sounds emerged.

The black fog surged towards a corner of the city and the upper half of the woman reappeared. She licked her seductive fire-red lips, a look of enjoyment on her face.

"I fear such a chance won't appear even if I wait another million years. This is only a small city; my stomach still isn't full."

Whoosh –

The black fog flew far away.

On the ground, the city that was filled with bustling activity just moments before was now deathly silent. Everyone's mouths were wide open and twisted in pain. Their eyes were glazed over, extinguished, and full of fear. Among them were good people and bad people, but none of that was important. In the face of pure slaughter, all of them died equally.

...

An old man sat down cross-legged on the ground. His skin was dark and he wore black robes with a scarf tied around his head. His eyes swept around and he nodded in satisfaction, as if he had found a place that met his requirements.

He lifted a hand and took out a jar, placing it in front of him. Then, he bit his fingers with great strength. After some time he finally managed to squeeze out a drop of blood from his pale white flesh.

The jar absorbed the blood. From the point where the drop of blood landed, blood runes appeared that began to rapidly spread outwards. The runes soon covered the entire jar, and then a light whisper came from within it.

"Old Man Wu, how much blood do you still have left that you dare wake us up? Be careful, otherwise you might find that we have sucked all of your blood dry!"

The old man grinned and revealed cracked and jagged yellow teeth. "I wouldn't provoke you without good reason. I found a great pasture for all of you. You can eat your fill so that I can live for a few more days."

There was a light rustling sound. A black centipede emerged from the jar. Its carapace gleamed with a bright luster and when it opened its mouth, words actually came out, "Humph! I hope that what you say is true, otherwise, this day next year will be the anniversary of your death!"

It crawled out from the jar. Then, the centipede trembled and screamed, "Old Man Wu, you have gone crazy! Are you already tired of living!? This is the Immortal Sect's world. You bastard, do you plan on using the knife of others to kill us all!?"

The old man waved his hand again and again, "I don't dare, I wouldn't dare. Sense your surroundings carefully. The current Immortal Sect world is the best pasture for you all!"

The black centipede rose into the air. Its antenna wildly twisted about. Then, it released a strange cry, "A group of heroes are fighting with the Immortal Sect. What an amazingly dramatic play! However, watching this play isn't as important as filling my belly. I am going to choose a direction and head out first. None of you had better fight with me!"

The centipede rapidly crawled away, quickly vanishing from sight.

Soon after, a dark green toad emerged from the jar. One of its eyes was enlarged and it jumped up and down as it cursed, "That damned smelly centipede, just because it has more legs it gave me a kick before it left! I won't let things end like this!"

With a few more curses, it leapt out and ran off in another direction.

"Old Man Wu, forget about them and pull me out. These little brats in here are really ruthless in their actions!"

Although this voice spoke in a cursing tone, it was still pleasant to the ears. Just listening to this voice caused one's bones to relax and feel better.

The old man shook his head and placed his hands behind his back. "I don't dare. Last time you almost chewed my finger off!"

The head of a beautiful young lady drilled out from the jar. What lay beneath her flowing black hair was the body of a white snake. Her eyes were filled with bitterness as she grumbled, "You narrow-minded old man, I already apologized last time and yet you still remember it."

The snake with a woman's head swung its tail about and then headed off in a third direction.

Following that, a scorpion, ant, and butterfly flew out from the jar. They laid down some words before flying off in their own directions.

The old man let out a long breath and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. "I finally managed to send these ancestors away..." He suddenly smiled, "The Immortal Sect will definitely hate me this time. Mm...30,000 years, no, I must go into seclusion for 50,000 years after this!"

Eliminate the Immortal Sect?

Whether it was Kong Yisheng who only lived on because of his desire for revenge, or the evil spirit woman who recklessly swallowed souls, none of them believed that the Demonic Path would achieve their goal today.

The Immortal Sect had survived for hundreds of millions of years and had withstood countless waves without falling. Their background was unfathomably deep, so deep that no one had managed to find out how far their depths went.

Even though the Immortal Sect seemed to have fallen into a disadvantage right now, taking a step back, as long as the heads of the Immortal Sect didn't die then their foundation would be preserved. After some time, they would be able to recover from all the damage they received today.

The old man slapped his head. "If the Demonic Path and Dao Arena are clearly aware that they cannot finish off the Immortal Sect, why are they still doing all of this? I can't figure it out, I really can't!"

...

Some people had deep-seated grudges with the Immortal Sect, but there were even more people that were taking advantage of the chaos to plunder and slaughter as much as they pleased. But no matter what their motive was, with almost ten Calamity Immortals attacking, the entire Immortal Sect world was soon turned upside down, death and destruction covering the land.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign was in combat with the Supreme Seat and the Nether Domain Master was tied down by Qin Yu. Their complexions grew increasingly ugly. They didn't care about the deaths of their subordinate cultivators, but there was clearly a limit to this. If the situation worsened, this would become a catastrophe for the entire Immortal Sect world.

These people were being far too dissolute!

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign roared, "Bones of the Arhat!"

Rumble rumble –

The phantom of the Buddhist Nation appeared. In the City of Nirvanic Joy, the 12 skeletons of Arhats that protected the Buddhist Sovereign's divine palace suddenly opened their eyes simultaneously. The chains of Buddhist light that pierced through their shoulders disintegrated and an incomparably terrifying aura of destruction erupted from within their bodies.

Then, the 12 Arhat skeletons flew into the air. The phantom of the Buddhist Nation fluctuated, and these 12 skeletons then emerged from the fluctuations.

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows for a brief moment before composing himself. He lifted a hand and pointed at the skies. The phantom of the Holy Palace started to roar and shake. Figures dressed in black armor and wielding long spears suddenly walked out. These were the greatest powerhouses of the previous generations of the Holy Nether Guard. Before they died, they willingly pledged their souls to become the Dead Soul Guards who eternally defended His Majesty the Holy Monarch. By coincidence, there just happened to be 12 of them.

"Kill them all!"

The Dead Soul Guards lifted their spears. The space beneath their feet collapsed and they produced a series of afterimages as they clashed with the Arhat skeletons.

Qin Yu lifted a hand and punched at the Nether Domain Master. Right now, what he needed to do was use every method at his disposal to force the Immortal Sect to awaken their god...today, he was going to capture that god!

...

The Immortal Sect's world had been completely cut off from contact with the outside. Even so, this massive event was unable to be concealed. The various influences that had their spies planted in the Immortal Sect reported back about this matter immediately. Soon, every single influence in the Land of Divinity and Demons was sent into sudden shock.

No one knew exactly what happened. But as if by prior agreement, their eyes all shifted towards the Demonic Path. To dare to move against the Immortal Sect and have the strength to do so, only the Demonic Path was capable of this. And, the Demonic Path's silence seemed to verify everyone's guesses.

This was different from when the Demon Sovereign visited the Immortal Sect and was besieged outside of Thistle Capital. At most, that was a sharp conflict between two superpowers. But today, there was the possibility of a war of extermination...the Immortal Sect and Demonic Path were two mountains that stood above all others. Could it be that one of these towering mountains was going to collapse today?

Even if this was only a one in a million chance, no one dared to neglect this possibility. Just thinking about it, whether people felt happiness or fear, they all felt a trembling come from the depths of their souls. No one could think of what sort of new future would appear once either the Immortal or Demonic side were destroyed.

...

In the Land of Divinity and Demons, the extreme polar north –

This was a land covered in snow and ice year round. The sinners banished here were the descendants of the monster race. In the distant past they became entangled with demons that came from beyond the world and as a result they were exiled to these far off lands. Tens of millions of years had passed since then.

The tribe had been reduced in numbers by over 90%. But, those of the monster race that survived were all formidable and vicious. They were like orphaned wolves licking their wounds in the snowfields, their green eyes staring greedily at the warm and fertile territories to the south. They never ever gave up the thought of returning to their former homeland and freeing their people from the clutches of perpetual hunger and death.

Everything was proceeding smoothly. After waiting for so many years, the monster race finally found a perfect opportunity. But just as the time to implement their plan appeared, there was suddenly a great accident. Whenever the monster race people who knew about the plan mentioned this, their words would become stuck in their throats.

A white-clothed and frail-bodied monster race Great Sage stood in front of a cave. The wind howled against him as snow stacked up on his shoulders. He looked towards the south, an uncontainable grief in his eyes.

“Oh heavens, why must you treat my monster race so harshly? Underneath the skies, aren't all lives still living beings that you gave birth to? Tens of millions of years have passed. Atop this frozen earth, how many children of my monster race have been buried here? Whether this is a punishment or a sacrifice, it has been more than enough!”

His voice was swept away by the wind. The Great Sage clenched his fists together, his knuckles turning white. He didn't mind sacrificing his life to obtain a new life for the survival of his people. But if he were to die for nothing...how could he be resigned to this? Now, he could only hope that the Immortal Sect would be able to safely emerge from this great turmoil.

Besides that, there was also one more factor that stabilized the Great Sage's heart a little. There was one person that would never allow the Land of Divinity and Demons to fall into a unique situation where they were ruled over by a singular power. This was because in his eyes, this world had always been his and his alone.

"My peoples' master, you won't watch helplessly and allow this sort of situation to occur, right? You won't, you definitely won't!"

Chapter 643A - God Devouring Race

Absolute Capital –

This was a city located on dangerous terrain, with mountains and raging waters behind it. The city walls were like a majestic mountain ridge that spanned across the earth. This place was said to possess a powerful precelestial eight trigrams array formation that could even slaughter gods. By relying on these natural defenses, the great array formation, and the undying loyalty of the citizens of the Zhou Dynasty who desperately risked their lives to preserve their nation, this capital of Great Zhou was able to become the singular city-state within the entire Land of Divinity and Demons.

That's right, this was a city that comprised its own country. Even if the territory it encompassed was less than 10,000 miles, this tiny area was a force that not even the seven great empires dared to underestimate.

Great Zhou's Imperial Palace was built in the past when the Zhou Empire stood upon the peak of the world. All sorts of experts were gathered to help construct the palace and it was expanded and further bolstered by future generations of sovereign kings. It could be called the grandest and most magnificent palace in the world. Looking through the entire world, even the Imperial Palaces of the seven empires were unable to compare with it.

In the center of the Imperial Palace, at the Primal Chaos Hall, the Zhou Empire's founding emperor sat there without expression. He wore a nine-dragon imperial robe and a golden crown. An invisible pressure constantly exuded from him, so deep that it seemed the world would freeze. After an unknown length of time, Emperor Zhou stood up. He stepped forward. Ripples appeared before him and he submerged himself within them.

If the Immortal Sect perished then the Demonic Path would be revered above all. Once this happened the overall situation of the world would change and even he would be powerless to reverse it. Since he had already returned, Emperor Zhou naturally wouldn't stare blankly on as the landscape that should belong to his Great Zhou was taken away by others!

...

Chu Empire, Ying Capital!

His Majesty the Emperor Mi Ganyuan paced back and forth. A sharp light surged unceasingly in his eyes. He suddenly saw a chance for Great Chu to rise up to the top. This opportunity had come too fast for him to feel any joyous surprise, and he didn't dare to make any hasty decisions. After carefully considering things over and over, he decided that he could not miss out on this turning point.

When news of the Immortal Sect being sealed off began to spread out, Mi Ganyuan immediately activated the spies he had placed in the Demonic Path. Information was rapidly sent back, allowing him to confirm his suspicions – the ones that attacked the Immortal Sect were the Demonic Path!

In this great storm, there could only be three outcomes:

The Immortal Sect was exterminated, the Demonic Path was exterminated...or both sides were mutually wounded.

What Mi Ganyuan wanted was the third result. If luck was on his side, then the Chu Empire would be able to watch from the side and pick up some great benefits afterwards. Although the chances weren't too high, there was never an absolute assurance when it came to matters like this. Just a small chance was enough for him to decide to toss in his hand.

He suddenly came to a stop. Mi Ganyuan's deep voice echoed out through the hall. "Pass on my edict! Awaken all the soldiers sealed within the vault. Today, I will lead them in a struggle against the heavens! We shall see whether or not my Great Chu has the destiny to dominate the world...I pray for the blessings of our ancestors!"

...

Immortal Sect world.

The 12 Arhat skeletons were being tied down in combat by the Dead Soul Guards that came from the Holy Palace. Both sides only existed in order to protect their masters. After obtaining an order to kill their opponents, their battle immediately entered a superheated phase. Wild fluctuations of strength forced the surrounding Calamity Immortals to draw back. The side of the Demonic Path cheered on with surging morale while the Immortal Sect Calamity Immortals paled.

They were Calamity Immortals of the Immortal Sect. Thus, it was natural for them to believe that the Immortal Sect world was the safest place for them to be. All of their relatives, treasures, and everything they loved and possessed was located in the Immortal Sect. If they allowed these evil beings to wildly wreak havoc as they pleased, the consequences would be dire.

But soon, these Immortal Sect Calamity Immortals discovered that the ones they should be worried about the most were themselves.

In the distant skies, there were suddenly heaven-shaking rumbles. The phantom of an incomparably large grinding pan appeared. As it spun around it immediately influenced the rules, causing the surrounding space to collapse and forming six black holes that led to somewhere unknown.

Yama walked forward in the void, her red dress flapping in the wind. Beneath her dark gold mask, her pupils shined with radiant light like stars in the night sky.

She had never once given up the will and desire to retake the inheritance treasure that the older generations had lost. But now that the day had finally arrived, it still felt like everything was an illusion.

Luckily, the immense strength surging all around her made Yama realize that this clearly wasn't an illusion. No one knew just how important Samsara was to the lineage of the Blue Skies Yellow Springs. Its return meant that her Six Path Samsara great supernatural art would finally be completed!

Yama raised a hand and grasped forward, "Samsara!"

An Immortal Sect Calamity Immortal realm cultivator widened his eyes in shock. He could feel the terrifying strength rushing at him and yet he couldn't resist at all. He could only stare on helplessly as he was wrapped up and dragged into a side of that massive black grinding pan.

Rumble rumble –

The black grinding pan began to spin even faster. It emitted sounds that dove straight into the soul, carrying with them a strength that shook the mind and caused one to feel an instinctual sense of awe. This was because the strength of Samsara represented the final fate and home which all living beings of this world returned to in the end. It could not be resisted nor could it be stopped.

At this moment, Yama held Samsara in her hands!

The figure of the Immortal Sect Calamity Immortal appeared within the black grinding pan. His eyes were closed as he was peacefully sleeping. Yama flicked her finger and the man submerged into one of the black holes. Soon, that Immortal Sect Calamity Immortal flew back out from the black hole. He arrived in front of Yama and fell to his knees, "This subordinate greets master!"

This scene caused a momentary silence in the world around them. No one thought that after obtaining Samsara, Yama would be such a terrifying character. It had to be known that this was a Calamity Immortal, and yet in the blink of an eye they were transformed into a loyal and utterly devoted servant.

This was simply far too horrifying!

If given enough time, Yama could even subdue every single Calamity Immortal powerhouse in the Immortal Sect, transforming them all into cultivators of the Demonic Path. To the Immortal Sect, this would be an absolute disaster.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master were thoroughly enraged. Calamity Immortals were different from other cultivators. The birth of a single one was incomparably difficult. If they were all captured by Yama, then the Immortal Sect would survive in name only.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign roared out loud, "Today, I will not hesitate to pay any price to make all of you stay here forever! Everyone who dares to invade my Immortal Sect and harm my Immortal Sect cultivators...must die!" Flames suddenly ignited on his body. Faint traces of aura spread out from him, causing the flames to grow brighter and higher.

The skies above the Immortal Sect began to turn dark and gloomy. Countless black clouds emerged from the void, gathering into a massive face that looked down upon the world. A vast, terrifying, and ice-cold aura emanated from this face, as if a single glance could destroy the earth and annihilate countless lives.

The Dao Arena Master stood tall. His blood red eyes looked up at the face in the skies and he coldly said, "You bald thief, I am your opponent!"

Within the flames, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign had no expression. "Then I'll destroy you first." The face in the skies opened its mouth and a beam of light fell down. This beam of light contained the strength of absolute destruction. Not too far away, the Dark Night Supreme Seat's complexion changed and he quickly stormed away.

Qin Yu's pupils shrank, "Westgate, hurry and flee!"

He suddenly thought that this was the Immortal Sect world's large array, one of the most terrifying powers here. It summoned the strength of the world's rules to simulate an attack on the level of the Great Dao realm. It could easily destroy the rules and annihilate the avatar of a supreme being.

Solitary Westgate stepped forward. Then...he flew up into the skies, welcoming the beam of light. He punched out and the beam of light was crushed to nothing. Solitary Westgate didn't stop there. He continued rising into the heavens until he came right up to the face formed from black clouds. He roared out loud, "Who the hell do you think you are? You think you are qualified to kill me? Break for me!"

Bang –

He slammed a fist into the black cloud's face, right between its eyebrows. Cracks began to spread outwards, reaching every corner of the face. Then, with a roar of anger and unwillingness, the face shattered into pieces. The skies that were shrouded in darkness started to rapidly regain their light.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign spat out a mouthful of blood that was immediately evaporated by the flames surrounding him. His eyes widened in shock. "Solitary Westgate, this isn't an avatar...you came here with your true body!"

The only standard for being a supreme being of the world was that they surpassed the limits of life and death. Their life was endless and they shared the splendor of the sun, moon, and stars. By condensing the world's rules and using up an incredibly long period of time, they could form an avatar that contained a portion of their true body's might and allow that avatar to walk through the world in their stead. Their main bodies were kept in a state of blending together with the world where they could continually perceive the Great Dao. Then, one day, perhaps they could break through that final step and ascend to the Great Dao realm.

To arrive here with one's true body meant that their cultivation would be interrupted midway, but more importantly, it meant that if they died, it would be a true death with no chance of revival.

Out of all the supreme beings of the world, the only one that walked through the world with their true body was the emperor of the Chu Empire, Mi Ganyuan. This was not because he didn't want to condense his own avatar, but because if he desired to borrow the national destiny of his empire to form a supreme ruling body, he needed to fuse together with his empire. Otherwise, his boundary would collapse and fall.

But today, there was one more person – the Dao Arena Master, Solitary Westgate!

Chapter 643B – God Devouring Race

“You will all die!” With a loud roar, Solitary Westgate stepped forward. His aura began to wildly rise, soon reaching inconceivable levels. Even the strength of the Immortal Sect’s world started to shake and tremble as it was suppressed.

Was this a true supreme being of the world? It was truly far more terrifying than an avatar! Qin Yu’s eyes brightened. Solitary Westgate coming here with his true body was a surprise. Even if he didn’t know this ahead of time, it was good news nonetheless.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master were forced into a hopeless situation. Even if they wanted to bring out their true bodies, that would still require a certain amount of time. And, in this period, the Dao Arena Master would have more than enough time to kill their avatars. If they didn’t want to lose their avatars, that only left them a single choice...to awaken the god!

Yama stimulated the Six Path Samsara supernatural art with all her strength, seizing the Calamity Immortals of the Immortal Sect at the fastest speed possible. Of the three factions of the Demonic Path, the Blue Skies Yellow Springs had always been the weakest. But, the main reason for that was because they were lacking their peerless treasure, Samsara. Now that she had such a great opportunity today, she definitely wouldn’t miss out on it. Every person she seized would increase the strength of the future Blue Skies Yellow Springs by that much.

This was similar to going into someone else’s farm and picking up the biggest and ripest watermelons there. These watermelons being eaten were sweet and juicy beyond imagination! Unfortunately, she didn’t have much time remaining. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master weren’t fools. Even if they wanted to hide the secret of their god, they wouldn’t discard their avatars and allow the foundation of the Immortal Sect to be ruined.

...

Between the 36 mountain peaks, the giant stone tablet had been standing there peacefully for a long time. It had stood here for millions of years and without accident it would stand here for tens of millions and even hundreds of millions more, until it reached the end of time.

But the appearance of ‘accidents’ was beyond the control of anyone to begin with. Ripples of light shimmered across the surface of the giant stone tablet, like the surface of a spring lake being blown by a gentle breeze. A face appeared within these ripples. He tried for a long time and finally managed to open his eyes. After a brief moment of absent-mindedness, all that was left was an atmosphere of vicissitudes so thick that it couldn’t be unraveled.

His eyes earnestly and carefully looked through every inch of the surrounding world. Joy and then greed appeared in his pupils. Then, the face let out a satisfied sigh, “I never thought that there would be a day when I could see the world again.” As this voice sounded out, the ripples spreading out on the stone tablet rapidly grew larger. Unexpectedly, it gave off a sense of oppression as if stormy black clouds were forming up above. It seemed that there was a whole world hidden within the ripples.

The face started to rise up from the stone tablet a little bit at a time, separating from it. First there was a head, then two arms, then a chest. Soon those two arms grabbed the edge of the stone tablet, and with a great push, an entire body came out. This was a blindingly beautiful man. He had long silver hair and

silver eyebrows and his pitch black eyes were like the deep winter night. Just by standing there he seemed to be the center of the world.

He stretched his waist and extended his arms to embrace this world he hadn't seen for a long, long time. He took a deep breath, puffing up his chest and then letting it out. After that, winds and clouds stirred all around him and a trillion rules trembled instinctually.

...

"You should all die! You should all die!" The flames that surrounded the Buddhist Nation Sovereign had been extinguished and his face was incomparably pale. He roared in rage, his voice cold and gloomy. Beside him, the Nether Domain Master's complexion was even uglier – blue and distorted so much that it seemed he wanted to eat others.

If they had a choice they absolutely would not take this step. This was because the difference in controlling a sleeping god and an awake god was as vast as the heavens and earth. There was even a chance that an accident would occur that spun beyond their control, and the consequences of this accident would likely be a disaster.

But it was too late to consider any of this...even if the Immortal Sect would encounter trouble, they had to deal with these people in front of them first!

The rules trembled and hummed. Fluctuations spread out from them like a tsunami, soon encompassing the entire world. As long as there were cultivators who had the qualifications to touch upon the rules, they could clearly feel this. Then, a feeling of dread drilled out from their hearts, as if they would be erased from the world at any moment.

Qin Yu looked up towards the end of the skies; that was the source of the trembling rules. The Immortal Sect had finally awakened their god. This was one of his most important goals in coming here.

The Dark Night Supreme Seat's eyes wavered. He had already learned of the existence of this god from Qin Yu's mouth and also knew that Qin Yu wouldn't joke around about something like this. Still, when the aura of the god truly appeared, his emotions shook. A numb feeling spread throughout his entire body, turning into a recklessly wild 'hungry' feeling.

If he could swallow this god's godhead...the Dark Night Supreme Seat suppressed the tumbling emotions in his heart and lowered his head, forcing himself to not pay too much attention to this new development. He had a deep understanding of how terrifying gods were. Even a glance was enough to expose himself.

He had to wait. Wait until the Dao Arena Master suppressed this god. That would be the opportunity he needed to attack and seize the godhead!

The Nether Domain Master's faint voice echoed through the world. "You all really thought you could annihilate my Immortal Sect? A year from now I will personally pour out a cup of wine in remembrance for your memorial."

A figure stepped forth. His long silver white hair fluttered behind him. Qin Yu was able to instantly determine that this was the god who had fused together with Woodchopper Fu in the Sealed Stone World.

But at this moment, the distant god suddenly looked over, his eyes like two streaks of lightning cutting through the darkness. A buzz sounded in Qin Yu's ears and he felt a cracking pain in his head. Though he soon sobered himself, his heart still shook. What terrifying strength. If it weren't for him having completed the substantialization of his will, he feared a look alone would have broken his mind.

"Oh?" A surprised voice sounded in everyone's ears. Before the voice fell, the distant god had already arrived in front of them all. The god looked at Qin Yu and furrowed his eyebrows a little, "My godhead fragment should be with you. Give me back my godhead and I will grant you a painless death."

Qin Yu's complexion changed and the air around him suddenly turned as thick and sticky as a swamp, pushing his body downwards. Although he could clearly feel this, it was like his body wasn't his own. He couldn't summon any resistance.

Every action and movement the god took caused the rules to tremble. With a single thought, the world would follow along in unison – this was an accurate description of a god. His power was hard to describe in words. To face a god was similar to facing the heavens and earth.

To judge the life and death of the Demonic Path's Holy Monarch wasn't because he was arrogant. Rather, with his status as a god, he had sufficient qualifications to.

Within Qin Yu's soul space, the purple moon suddenly trembled. Faint traces of moonlight fell down, fusing directly into Qin Yu's soul. An inexplicable aura spread out from within his body, instantly causing the oppression pushing down on Qin Yu to disappear.

A brilliant light erupted in the god's eyes. He looked at Qin Yu with a deep and profound gaze, as if two nebulas were spinning in his pupils.

But what caused this god's heart to shake was that his eyes couldn't see through the depths of Qin Yu's strength. Although there appeared to be no hindrance, there was actually a thick fog within that couldn't be overcome. It covered and concealed all of the auras inside him.

He had no idea what this thick fog was, but what was horrifying was that it gave off a feeling that caused him to instinctually tremble. This was a feeling that hadn't appeared for many, many years after he became a god.

"Just who are you?"

Qin Yu replied in his heart. "I am the master that is going to raise you." He looked at Solitary Westgate; it was about time he took action.

Solitary Westgate didn't leave him disappointed. Even when facing a god, his aura was calm and steady, without any fluctuations. Just this point alone surpassed all others here. Solitary Westgate stepped forward. His blood red eyes shined, becoming even deeper, as if two endless seas of blood were within them. Now, these seas were raging and rising, as if some kind of terrifying existence was emerging from the blood.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign pointed a finger, "I ask this spiritual god to kill this man!" Even though this god was essentially a prisoner of the Immortal Sect, the strength of a god still had to be respected.

The god turned around and looked at the Dao Arena Master. His eyebrows furrowed once again. This was because he discovered an extremely terrifying aura hidden within Solitary Westgate, one that caused feelings of hate and loathing to rise in his heart!

Without hesitation, the god lifted a hand and pressed down. A dreadful palm appeared in the skies. It erupted with an unimaginable might as it pressed down on Solitary Westgate.

This was a world-killing tribulation that couldn't be avoided!

Solitary Westgate roared out loud. This voice was different from his usual voice. It seemed to come from the pits of purgatory, possessing a hatred that could destroy everything. The sea of blood within his eyes finally shattered. A massive idol broke free from the waters. Standing in his eyes, it was the equivalent of descending upon the world.

With another roar, the phantom of the idol appeared behind Solitary Westgate. Seas of blood roiled in its incomparably large eyes. A third eye, tightly shut, lay between its eyebrows. It was unknown just what was hidden behind it.

At this time, the idol was glaring at the god. It stubbornly roared out loud, crazy and strange syllables rushing out like a hurricane. Countless tears were opened up on the god's robes. Several bloody lines appeared on the god's handsome face.

"God Devouring race!"

Chapter 644A – Awakening Ning Ling

The god's robes and the wounds on his face began to rapidly regenerate. The aura he emitted grew crazily. A destructive aura swept out, instantly flooding the heavens and earth. But the moment this strength approached Solitary Westgate, it melted away like snow beneath a blazing sun, being rapidly swallowed and absorbed.

The god's calm and serene expression finally changed. When he saw his scattered strength being swallowed up, his face became increasingly pale. One could even sense a shred of fear in his eyes.

But this fear was instantly suppressed. The god knew that his existence was the Immortal Sect's greatest secret. Since he had been awakened there was no path for him to retreat – he could only face this challenge head on.

"I never thought that in the limitless heavens and earth, the race of God Devourers would still survive. But, your strength is far too small and weak. I can suppress you and kill you and obtain a gift from the god system that exists in this world."

The god's eyes brightened. This was because today might be the opportunity for him to break free from his imprisonment and regain his freedom! But, the premise of this all depended on him killing this God Devourer!

"God said, there is a prison between the heavens and earth."

His deep voice spread through the world. As it did, a trillion rules trembled. They wildly shattered and reformed, fusing back together in new shapes. Then, a black cage appeared from nothingness. It

possessed the attribute of absorbing all strength. Even rays of light that approached it were dragged in, forever vanishing.

“God said, there is an evil demon within this prison.”

The space around Solitary Westgate instantly collapsed, submerging him. In the next moment he appeared in the cage. Black chains emerged from thin air, twining around his body. Each black chain flowed with runes condensed from the rules.

“God said, all these evil demons must die.”

The black chains rapidly tightened. The runes flowing on their surface had the attribute to ignore all defenses and melt away all strength. They easily tore through flesh and blood, digging into the body and rubbing against bone.

The god stood outside the cage, staring into the rich darkness within. There was no relief on his face. Rather, his complexion became increasingly dignified. This was because everything was happening too smoothly...if this was anyone else, even a supreme being of the world wouldn't be able to contend with the strength of a god. But, what lay in front of him was a God Devourer.

This was a terrifying race that had caused a catastrophe for the spiritual god system and destroyed countless gods. They had an aura that could annihilate the power of gods and they hunted gods down as food. How could such a person be slain so easily?

To the god, this silence represented an even greater danger. But, he couldn't figure out where the source of this danger was.

What had gone wrong?

Within the prison of darkness, Solitary Westgate's calm voice sounded out, “Let me tell you where you went wrong...it is because you are not the first god I have faced.”

Bang –

The incomparably rich darkness was torn apart by sharp claws, revealing the large fierce beast within. It stood by the side of Solitary Westgate and was shaped like a kirin and bathed in thunder. Countless tiny sparks of lightning splashed out from its body, landing on the cage and creating ripples.

Sharp claws rose and fell, easily breaking the black chains that twined about him. Solitary Westgate's wounds recovered at a speed visible to the naked eye. He walked to the edge of the cage and reached out a hand, gripping it. “You cannot suppress me, nor do you have any chance of killing me.”

Bang –

The cage shattered!

...

The rumor that the Dao Arena Master fought with the heavens and survived was actually false. It was just that in that battle, the sounds of thunder had spread throughout the highest heavens, and it was so terrifying and had such dreadful momentum that everyone was misled into believing this. In truth,

Solitary Westgate's real opponent had been this thunder-attribute God Beast standing by his side. It was also from this God Beast that he discovered he had the bloodline of the God Devouring race flowing in his body, unraveling an enigma that had long puzzled his heart.

The God Devourers were said to hunt down gods and eat them as food. So, when this thunder-attribute God Beast fell into Solitary Westgate's hands, there was no reason for it to continue surviving. However, in order to ensure that the souls of his wife and child remained in this world and didn't disperse, he used an unimaginable degree of willpower to forcefully overcome the strong instincts of the God Devouring bloodline and keep this thunder-attribute God Beast's godhead alive. To some degree it was similar to raising a god, and all of this led to today's current scene.

The god who had finally awoken after countless years of slumber began to pale. This was how the world was – completely outrageous and utterly unreasonable. His strength was clearly enough to kill everyone here today, but it was a truth that he had been captured and enslaved. And, what was even more frightening was that there was a chance he would be slain by a human that was much weaker and smaller than he was. This was simply the greatest sorrow of his life.

But any existence that could free themselves from the mortal coil and transform into a god had an incomparably formidable mindset and will. Even though he felt some dread and regret, he soon composed himself. As long as he hadn't died, a favorable turn could appear at any moment. No matter how small his chances were, he could never give up hope.

The thunder-attribute God Beast had been named Thunder Kirin. This was a simple and direct name. It roared out loud, lightning leaping all over its scales. Countless rule phantoms appeared and condensed. Lightning splashed down, forming a cage of lightning around the god.

Moments ago, the god had imprisoned Solitary Westgate using the rules. Now, he had been caged by the rules instead. Retribution in life sometimes came back this fast. Moreover, the god was in a much more dangerous situation than Solitary Westgate was. Because not only did he face the aggressive and threatening Thunder Kirin, but there was also a God Devourer staring at him who could suppress him.

The third eye of the idol behind Solitary Westgate started to tremble and open. Black magma and flames flowed out. It gushed out like an endless river and was drawn towards the cage of thunder, rapidly turning into a massive black fireball.

“Ahh!”

No one knew what was happening inside and the black fireball isolated all strength outside, so no one could sense what occurred within. However, the god's pained screams and shrieks caused everyone's minds to shake and their imaginations to come up with all sorts of possibilities.

Even though Solitary Westgate was weaker, he had been able to subdue a stronger being, playing around with them in the palm of his hand. This name of the God Devouring race shocked the minds of every cultivator present, becoming something they would never forget for the rest of their lives. But, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master were in no mood to be shaken and awed by this. They only knew that they couldn't stare only helplessly as their god was killed.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign lifted his hands up into the air. The phantom of the Buddhist Nation appeared. This time, this phantom was even clearer and one could see the countless beings living

within. They felt the will that came from the Buddhist Nation Sovereign. They all sat down-cross legged, looks of reverent awe and joy on their faces. They closed their eyes, offering their everything without hesitation to their Buddha.

“With the lives of those beneath my Buddha as a sacrifice, I invite the Buddhas of the heavens to descend!” The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s cold and compassionate voice resounded through the Buddhist Nation. Throughout the city, these pious believers had looks of ecstatic joy spread across their faces. They simultaneously pulled out short swords from their clothes and, without hesitation, stabbed themselves in the chest.

Blades tore through flesh and blood, sinking right in to the hilt. Blood gushed out from their chests, dyeing their robes red and flowing to the ground in deep puddles. These pious believers didn’t seem to feel any pain at all. There were even looks of happiness and excitement on their faces. To be able to offer up everything for their Buddha, including their lives, was the best fate for them.

Bubbles appeared in the pool of blood. Faint traces of blood red mist rose up and gathered in the skies above the Buddhist Nation. Then, this blood red mist condensed into the figures of massive Buddhas that seemed to lift up the heavens. Their faces were filled with mercy and compassion. They lowered their heads and looked upon the followers that were bleeding out and slowly dying. Their eyes were like seas that could contain everything within...or swallow all!

Blood flowed out from their chests at an increasing speed. It came out faster and more violently until even the short swords stabbed into their chests were pushed out. The bodies of these followers began to wither away into dried up corpses. The looks of pure delight on their faces gained a tinge of fierceness.

After sucking up all the blood from the followers, the phantoms of the Buddhas became even more realistic and solid. The looks of mercy and compassion on their faces also seemed much thicker. They opened their mouths and spoke Buddhist sutras. Their voices broke open the world of the Buddhist Nation, allowing them to step out and arrive in the skies above the Immortal Sect.

Qin Yu had a dignified expression. He didn’t doubt the might of this supernatural art that the Buddhist Nation Sovereign had activated by killing his followers. But even though he knew that the Buddhist Nation Sovereign was trying to stop Solitary Westgate, he still had no intention of making a move because he knew there was someone even more anxious than he was.

Bang –

A wild aura soared into the heavens like a vast mountain rising straight from the ground. The Dark Night Supreme Seat’s eyes had turned pitch black and the aura around him was so deep that it seemed it could swallow everything. Then, infinite darkness gushed out from his body, rapidly flowing outwards like the arrival of an endless night.

“Allow me to experience the Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s great supernatural art for myself!” If the god didn’t die then how could he obtain the godhead? He would not allow the Buddhist Nation Sovereign to affect Solitary Westgate. With a thought, the inexhaustible darkness rose up into the heavens, like a massive open maw wanting to swallow the phantoms of the Buddhas.

Qin Yu looked at the Nether Domain Master, his expression light. "If the Nether Domain Master has any method then I shall receive it...from this day forth, the Immortal Sect has no more god!"

Chapter 644B – Awakening Ning Ling

The coldness in the Nether Domain Master's eyes could freeze the world. "I vow that the Demonic Path will pay the price for all that happened today. That day will eventually arrive!"

Qin Yu was silent for a moment. "I won't deny that the Nether Domain Master has the strength to achieve that. But, it is something destined to happen in the future, not right now."

The Nether Domain Master coldly humphed. Avatar after avatar appeared around him, so many that they flooded out one's field of sight, each one emanating the same aura.

Countless Nether Domain Masters lifted their hands, shattering space. Before they had even made a move, they already released an aura that was capable of crushing everything around them. The terrifying fluctuations of strength seemed to be enough to destroy the world and made fear surge from the depths of one's soul.

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows before composing himself. "There are countless avatars yet only one main body. But, their auras are completely the same, meaning that all these avatars may be regarded as the main body. I only need to suppress one to suppress them all."

He lifted a hand into the skies and the projection of the Holy Palace came thundering down. It rumbled like endless thunder, shaking the earth. Then, an invisible pressure descended like a million mountains, ruthlessly suppressing one of the avatars.

The Nether Domain Master coldly sneered. "Holy Monarch, do you really believe that you can suppress me like this?" But just as his voice fell his complexion suddenly changed. This was because his countless avatars simultaneously felt the terrifying pressure that came pressing down from the skies!

"That's impossible! How did you do this!?"

Qin Yu lightly said, "The Immortal Sect has managed to perfectly conceal the existence of a god this entire time, so it's natural for the Demonic Path to also have some minor secrets. For instance, some extremely practical abilities of the Holy Palace...they just happen to perfectly counter your supernatural arts...taking a step back, even if the Holy Palace didn't have such abilities, I would still do my best to stop you."

He turned and glanced at Yama. "The strength of the Blue Skies Yellow Springs has always been a little on the weak side. Since the Immortal Sect has given you such a good opportunity today, you shouldn't miss out on it."

Yama smiled and nodded. "Of course. Today I really must thank everyone of the Immortal Sect." The black grinding pan above her head started to rapidly spin around. She pressed a hand forward and suppressed a Calamity Immortal of the Immortal Sect, dragging them right into the grinding pan.

Of course, the Six Path Samsara great supernatural art didn't succeed every time. If the will of the Calamity Immortal who was seized was formidable enough and they were able to resist the bombardment coming from the Samsara grinding pan, then that person would be exiled into the three

paths of animals, hungry ghosts, and hell from the six paths of Samsara, resulting in their strength and vitality being completely eliminated.

As for the previous analogy of running into someone else's watermelon fielding and stealing a watermelon, if that watermelon just happened to not taste good, would it still be returned back to where it was? Of course that was impossible...if the person didn't submit, then they would die!

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign was being dragged down by the Dark Night Supreme Seat and the Nether Domain Master was being suppressed by Qin Yu using the Holy Palace. These two supreme beings of the world were so angered that their eyes nearly popped out of their heads. Every time a Calamity Immortal was stolen it was like a bone was pulled out from the Immortal Sect. No matter how strong a giant was, they still wouldn't be able to withstand this.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign fiercely turned his head towards another corner of the Immortal Sect world. He angrily roared, "Shen Yuanyin, are you still not going to leave seclusion at this point!?"

It wasn't a secret that the master of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace had suffered a backlash and had gone into seclusion. If it weren't for the situation spiraling out of control, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign wouldn't have wanted to force Shen Yuanyin out.

Although she had the status of being a supreme being of the world, that was in name only. She wasn't able to free herself from life and death and condense an avatar. If she accidentally died, the Immortal Sect would lose this new head.

...

Within the 10,000 miles of ice-bound land, the world was deathly still. Besides a cold wind howling through the air, there was no other sound. At the center of this frost and snow was Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace, where Shen Yuanyin was deep in seclusion.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign's raging voice tore through the cold wind and reverberated in the skies above the palace. Loud sounds of cracking ice came from deep within. As it did, the temperature in the surrounding world began to drastically fall. A storm of snow covered up everything in sight.

Bang –

After a deep and hollow bang, the ice smashed into pieces and fluttered through the air. A cold and expressionless Shen Yuanyin stepped out. She looked towards where the battle was occurring and her pupils shrank. Her voice was so cold that it seemed it could even freeze the wind. "It's you again?"

Her figure flickered and she flew forward. Although she didn't seem fast, the space in front of her folded atop itself. With one step up and one step down, she had already passed an endless distance. The wind, snow, and extremely low temperatures that accompanied her followed in her wake!

...

When the Buddhist Nation Sovereign spoke, Qin Yu had already turned to look at the direction of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace. A cold wind appeared as the surrounding temperature rapidly fell. Ice spread across the earth.

Frost covered Qin Yu's eyebrows and began to extend outwards. The cold was like ice needles that constantly stabbed into his body. But, there was no sign of pain on his face. Seeing the figure walking in through the wind and snow, his eyes filled with warmth.

As this warm gaze fell on Shen Yuanyin, her eyes became even colder. The killing intent around her was so thick that it almost condensed into substance. She sternly said to Qin Yu, "Take your disgusting eyes off me!"

Qin Yu lightly said, "I can tell that this isn't you." There was no fluctuation in his expression and his eyes were as bright as stars in the night sky. "You are not her and neither are you that body's master."

Shen Yuanyin's eyes were faint. She didn't deny this. "With your help, this body will soon belong to me."

Qin Yu shook his head. "Please believe me. I will not give you a chance, not even the smallest one." He no longer spoke to her but glanced at Yama.

Yama stepped forward, "I ask Palace Master Shen Yuanyin to enlighten me."

Bang –

The earth suddenly shattered as an ice mountain rose up from the ground. Its peak was like a sharp arrow howling into the skies, piercing through the heavens.

Yama's eyes were crystal clear beneath her dark gold mask. She lifted a hand and pressed up. The ice mountain seemed to crash into an invisible barrier. It rumbled and broke into countless blocks.

Even though Yama was only an avatar, after obtaining Samsara she was strong enough to temporarily fight with Shen Yuanyin.

And this time was enough for Solitary Westgate to break apart the body of the god beneath the black fireball.

Until now, the Immortal Sect thought that the Demonic Path was joining forces with the Dao Arena Master to slay their god and ruin the background of the Immortal Sect. But, they didn't know that their thoughts were too simple.

Qin Yu never wanted to kill the god. Rather, he wanted to take the god and use it for himself. Moreover, he wanted to take Shen Yuanyin away so that the Immortal Sect would forever lose their master of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace.

"Ahh!"

The god's shouts became even more pitiful and despairing. It was clear that he wasn't able to last much longer. The black fireball had scorched his handsome face, cracking his skin and making him look like a porcelain doll that had failed in the kiln. His silver white hair was withered and blackened, like dead grass in the late autumn that had lost all moisture and life.

No miracle had arrived. The god could feel his body on the verge of collapse. He slowly closed his eyes. Once his divine body collapsed, it would be impossible for him to rely on his extremely weak godhead to resist the strength of a God Devourer.

Time seemed to distort, becoming especially long. When the god exhausted the last of his strength and his body dissipated into ashes, what was left behind was a glittering diamond with numerous facets. Even though it was weak and without much light, just by glancing at it one could feel a terrifying oppression as if one faced the heavens and earth.

This was a godhead!

Hum –

A halo of light erupted. The godhead flew out like a small meteor, smashing into the cage of thunder and black fire. This was its final desperate struggle. It used the gifts that the heavens bestowed upon it to attempt to flee.

“Qin Yu!”

Solitary Westgate’s low and hoarse voice sounded out in Qin Yu’s ears. In the next moment the black fireball bulged out and blew apart. The godhead flew forth from the opening.

The Dark Night Supreme Seat was fighting with the Buddhist Nation Sovereign. At this time he shouted out loud and his body grew to be a hundred feet tall. He flicked his sleeves and a net of pure darkness fell atop the Buddhist Nation Sovereign. Then, he stepped backwards and rapidly stormed away.

“Holy Monarch, abide by our agreement! That godhead is mine!”

Qin Yu’s eyes flashed with a cold light. But at this time, in his soul space, Purple Moon’s cold voice echoed out, “Don’t compete with him.”

There were many possible explanations for these words. But, the purple moon knew how important this godhead was to Qin Yu. If so, there was only a single possibility...this seemingly weakened godhead wasn’t so easy to take away.

Qin Yu’s thoughts raced and he soon chose to believe Purple Moon. Because if it were him, after capturing a god, whether it was for safety or control purposes he would definitely plan something ahead of time.

The Dark Night Supreme Seat had been paying attention to Qin Yu this entire time. Although he never mentioned anything, the Dark Night Supreme Seat was a man who had become wise in his old age. He didn’t believe that Qin Yu would be so magnanimous. After giving Yama her Samsara, how could he give up the godhead? Could it be that he had nothing he wanted here?

Seeing Qin Yu’s expressionless face, the Dark Night Supreme Seat was overjoyed. In any case, as long as the Holy Monarch didn’t steal it from him, then this godhead was his.

Chapter 645A - The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s Avatar Dies

He lifted a hand and light scales appeared around his fingers. His nails started to elongate and sharpen until they were like the claws of a beast. An imprisoning strength erupted and covered the godhead.

But before the Dark Night Supreme Seat’s smile could fully bloom, his expression stiffened. He looked up into the skies. There, a space shattered and a beam of light came crashing down. The aura of this beam

of light was the same as when the Buddhist Nation Sovereign had combusted his avatar to attempt to kill Solitary Westgate.

This was the contingency plan that the Immortal Sect had placed upon the godhead. Once any different aura touched the godhead, it would summon a terrifying killing strike on the level of the Great Dao realm. The light beam came down far too quickly and had locked onto the Dark Night Supreme Seat's aura. He roared out loud, knowing that he had no time to dodge. He raised his hands above him. Scales appeared on his other hand and both his hands became like the claws of a beast.

The power of darkness burst free from his body, wrapping around him and forming a giant black ball. In the next moment, the beam of light pierced right through the black ball. The black ball collapsed to reveal the figure of the Dark Night Supreme Seat. His chest had been pierced through and one could see a hole opened up through him. But, no blood flowed out. Rather, one could see countless runes shimmering around the wound. They trembled and collapsed, and each time they did the Dark Night Supreme Seat would tremble and his aura would weaken.

After being freed from the Dark Night Supreme Seat's grasp, the godhead flew without pausing. It was so fast that it was nearly impossible to lock onto it. If it were given a breath of time it could escape this area and escape into the boundless world, where no one would be able to find it again.

But after the mantis failed to catch a cicada, there was a sparrow who loved to eat insects staring at it. The godhead wailed out loud and suddenly swerved in a different direction. Then, beneath the disbelieving gaze of the Dark Night Supreme Seat, it flew into Qin Yu's hand.

"Holy Monarch..." Just as the Dark Night Supreme Seat said this, Qin Yu did something unknown and the godhead in his hand vanished from sight.

Qin Yu looked up, a calm expression on his face, "I have abided by my promise to not compete with the Supreme Seat. But since this godhead came to me of its own volition, I will kindly accept it."

Even a ghost wouldn't believe such words. The Dark Night Supreme Seat's face instantly twisted. If his injuries weren't so severe and his avatar weakened so much, then he absolutely would have leapt up and fought Qin Yu! This bastard, this bastard of a bastard! Did he really think this father was so stupid!?

In fact, the Supreme Seat already realized that Qin Yu had deliberately not competed with him for the godhead just now. This was because Qin Yu must have known something was wrong with the godhead and regarded him as a living human shield. After hiding behind him and emerging unscathed, he came back out to take everything! He glared at Qin Yu and nearly gnashed his teeth to pieces.

"Your Majesty Holy Monarch, this godhead is of great use to me. If Your Majesty is willing to part with it, I can pay any price!"

Qin Yu shook his head, "I apologize, Supreme Seat, but you spoke too late. This godhead is already mine and no one can think of taking it away."

Within the endless world of his mind, there was a towering golden altar that stood as high as the heavens. When the godhead appeared, it started to shine as runes rapidly raced around it. Then, without giving any chance for the godhead to respond, it forcefully completed the contract.

The raising of a god was successful!

Qin Yu's happiness nearly leapt out of his chest. He couldn't help but reveal a delighted smile. Although he knew that this smile wasn't sincere and would be an immense psychological attack for the Dark Night Supreme Seat, he still couldn't help it.

Ignoring the Dark Night Supreme Seat's pale complexion, Qin Yu looked up at where Yama was fiercely fighting with Shen Yuanyin. The latter stiffened for a moment and Yama seized this chance to send her hurtling away.

Qin Yu's body flickered and he stopped in front of Yama, preventing her from pursuing her enemy. "Leave Shen Yuanyin to me."

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign's eyes widened. He seemed to suddenly realize something and he fiercely roared, "Flee! Don't fight with him!"

But this warning came too late. Qin Yu stepped forward and punched out a fist. Shen Yuanyin condensed an ice sword in her hands and stabbed forward.

Puff –

The ice sword pierced through Qin Yu's chest and penetrated his lung. His face instantly paled but the corners of his lips still lifted in a smile. "Got you." Across from him, Shen Yuanyin's complexion changed. In the next moment, an endlessly formidable aura gushed out from his body like a broken dam and flooded into hers.

This was the aura of a god. Although it was weak, it still represented a level that no one could contend with. It instantly suppressed the consciousness that had taken control of Shen Yuanyin's body. After a brief struggle, she fell unconscious.

Qin Yu held Shen Yuanyin in his arms. He looked at her strange yet familiar face. Although he had high hopes in his heart, his palms were still sweaty with worry. Now was the time for him to accept the final result of all his efforts...was she Ning Ling?

Long eyelashes shivered. When her eyes slowly opened and Qin Yu saw her dull pupils begin to brighten and shine, all the terror in his heart vanished, replaced with joy.

It was her!

It was her!

When their eyes met, the look that passed between the two could not be faked. It was a familiar one that he had experienced countless times before. It could only be Ning Ling!

At this time, Qin Yu wished he could rear back his head and shout into the heavens. He hugged Shen Yuanyin tight to his chest and when he felt her struggle, he loudly said, "Ning Ling, I know it's you. Don't be afraid of a backlash from the Sublime Lost Emotion Code; I have already helped you suppress it. From here on out, no one can stop you and I from being together. We will never separate from each other again!"

After a moment of dazedness, Shen Yuanyin sensed her condition. Her thoughts tumbled but the power of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code remained motionless, with no sign that there would be a backlash...her body shivered and her eyes began to redden.

“Qin Yu!”

Shen Yuanyin lifted her arms and wrapped them around his back. She clung against his warm chest, as if she wanted to melt into his body.

“Sorry, I’m so sorry...I didn’t mean to injure you and I didn’t want to not recognize you...I...I am really sorry...I didn’t...”

Qin Yu lowered his head and kissed her, stopping her from saying anything else. When he did, he could taste the salty and bitter tears that rolled down from her eyes and his heart filled with a sweet warmth.

The entire Immortal Sect world fell into a deathly silence. No one expected that such a scene would appear – the Immortal Sect’s Palace Master and the Demonic Path’s Holy Monarch were holding onto each other and kissing...this was an image that subverted everyone’s imaginations. If they didn’t see this with their own eyes they simply wouldn’t believe it.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master suddenly had looks of grief. It was only at the very end that they realized what Qin Yu’s goal was. He had entered the Immortal Sect and forced out the god with the help of Solitary Westgate...all of this was for Shen Yuanyin!

He had succeeded. But to the Immortal Sect, this was a ruinous attack.

...

Shen Yuanyin was one of the three heads of the Immortal Sect, the master of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace and one of the world’s supreme beings. If she were to betray them, no one knew what the consequences of this would be. But, they would surely sweep through the world and cause earth-shaking changes...just thinking about this, all of the Immortal Sect cultivators felt their bodies stream with sweat.

“Shen Yuanyin!” The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s angry shout resounded through the world. “Don’t forget who you are! If you dare to betray the Immortal Sect, I vow upon my life that I will kill you no matter the price!”

The Nether Domain Master’s expression was dark and gloomy. “Shen Yuanyin, could it be that you don’t care about that person beneath Torment Pagoda?”

Shen Yuanyin rose up and looked at those two people with anger in her eyes. She slowly said, “I have already secretly sent away that person in Torment Pagoda. It was just that I didn’t want to cause any grievances so I did not mention it. Starting from today, I no longer have any relationship with the Immortal Sect.” Now that the Sublime Lost Emotion Code’s backlash had been suppressed, she wouldn’t be separated from Qin Yu ever again.

She held onto Qin Yu’s hand and smiled. She had waited for this day for a long, long time. It was such a long time that it seemed she had already lived an entire lifetime. Even now she couldn’t believe it.

This was the most direct response she could give, without allowing any room for argument!

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s eyes blazed with killing intent. “Shen Yuanyin, for the rest of your life you will be hunted down by the Immortal Sect!”

Qin Yu looked up. Thunder seemed to flash in his eyes. "Then let me send the Buddhist Nation Sovereign along on the road first!" He gripped Shen Yuanyin's hand tightly before letting her go. Then, he took a step forward and punched out.

"What arrogance!" The Buddhist Nation Sovereign wasn't afraid. Even though he was injured he was still a supreme being of the world. Though this was only an avatar, it wasn't easy to kill regardless. He flicked his sleeves and endless Buddhist light erupted in crashing waves around him.

The strength of Qin Yu's fist crashed into the Buddhist light and easily broke it apart. But, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign's eyes remained indifferent. The shattered Buddhist light instantly condensed, forming a swamp that stranded the rampaging dragon-like strength within and slowly grinded it away.

But at this time, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign's heart shrank as he felt an intense threat. He looked up to see Qin Yu's eyes shining bright like twin suns in the clear sky. Then, a horrifying feeling covered his mind. Before he could respond he stuffily coughed and turned deathly pale. It was like he had been pierced through by an invisible arrow. Because of the pain, he froze in place.

The power of the fist stranded in the Buddhist light suddenly broke free. The destructive force raged about, tearing apart the Buddhist light all around it. At the same time, Qin Yu roared, "Westgate!"

Chapter 645B – The Buddhist Nation Sovereign's Avatar Dies

The Nether Domain Master's complexion changed. But, before he could move to stop anything, Yama rushed in front of him and thrust her hand out. The spinning black pan covered him and the surrounding space collapsed inwards, forming six black holes that momentarily imprisoned him inside.

A blood red light pierced through space and left behind a series of afterimages as it approached the Buddhist Nation Sovereign. Then, it intersected him without hesitation. The blood red light came to a stop right behind the Buddhist Nation Sovereign to reveal Solitary Westgate's figure. In his hand was a heart condensed by countless runes.

"Immortal Sect...I swear upon my life that I will bring about your destruction during my lifetime. I will make sure that not a single one of you remains alive!"

The Nether Domain Master roared, "Stop!"

Solitary Westgate clenched his fingers together. The heart of runes in his hands collapsed into countless pieces that poured out from his palm. They disintegrated in midair before finally vanishing.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign slowly looked down at the massive hole in his chest. His lips moved but before he could say a single word his body gave way and turned into dust that blew away with the wind.

Hu –

Sounds of grief and mourning filled the heavens and earth and endless black clouds billowed forth. With loud rumbles, thunder blasted in the skies and a torrential downpour of rain fell down. Traces of sadness came from the rainwater. It carried with it a formidable strength that bathed all the souls in this rain, making them feel an unstoppable sense of sorrow.

When a supreme being of the world fell, the heavens and earth grieved...even if it were only an avatar, they still possessed a part of a supreme being's might and could thus resonate with the world. And, this

resonance was not limited to just the world of the Immortal Sect, but radiated outwards to everywhere that the rules touched.

..

Emperor Zhou suddenly furrowed his eyebrows and looked up at the rapidly darkening skies. With loud rumbles, thunder roared. Soon after there were flashes of lightning as rain flooded one's entire field of vision, drenching everything in painful sobs.

Surprise flashed in the depths of his eyes. After several breaths of silence, Emperor Zhou said in a soft voice, "Things have become messy." He was already prepared to deal with the worst possible result, but when it happened he still felt it was unbelievable. It had to be known that being called a supreme being of this world was not a hollow title. It represented not just transcendent status but also an absolutely formidable strength.

It wasn't difficult for Emperor Zhou to suppress a supreme being of the world with his cultivation. But, if he wanted to kill them, it wouldn't be easy to slay even an avatar. For beings that could control the rules and move the world with a thought, escaping from battle was extremely easy. It seemed that something unexpected occurred in the Immortal Sect or some immense accident happened.

After hesitating for a moment, Emperor Zhou raised his hand. Space split apart and a giant opening appeared. But at this time, Emperor Zhou's eyes shimmered and he didn't step inside. He turned and looked behind him, saying in an indifferent tone, "Who dares to spy on me?"

His voice was calm but each syllable contained an immeasurable degree of might. They were enough to touch the rules and shake the world, creating incomparably terrifying fluctuations of strength that were able to crush and erase everything.

The fluctuations split in half, as if they were cut apart by a sharp invisible knife. Mi Ganyuan stepped out, his expression indifferent. He slightly bowed, "Greetings, Your Majesty Emperor Zhou." Then, he stood up tall. He was like a straight mountain peak that held up the skies, proud and aloof.

The reason he bowed was because Emperor Zhou was the first one to dominate the entire world, and that was his goal. But, he was still the emperor of the Chu Empire, one of the peak existences of this world. In some ways, he could even toss aside the description of 'one of'!

Mi Ganyuan had his own pride and confidence in his strength. In front of Emperor Zhou he was neither arrogant nor servile and his mind was calm. If it weren't for this, he wouldn't have taken the initiative to appear.

Emperor Zhou said without expression, "Mi Ganyuan, you want to stop me?" In his eyes, these so-called seven great empires were nothing but rebels and fake pseudo-nations.

Mi Ganyuan smiled. "I only hope that Emperor Zhou doesn't meddle in the affairs of the Immortal Sect and Demonic Path. No matter what the result will be, allow them to determine it themselves."

Emperor Zhou said, "And if I don't agree?"

Mi Ganyuan's smile faded and the aura of an emperor erupted from him like a sun. "Then I can only express my regrets."

Emperor Zhou's eyes were ice cold. "Good! I also want to know just how strong the Chu Empire is that is trying to replace my Great Zhou!"

Mi Ganyuan said, "I will try not to disappoint Emperor Zhou."

Bang –

Space instantly shattered, turning into a thick black paste that rapidly spread outwards. Everything in its scope was sent into the abyss of destruction. One was the founding emperor of an empire that once conquered the world, and the other was the current ruler of the most powerful empire in the world. Both sides collided without hesitation.

This was because each side knew the thoughts and desires of the other. Emperor Zhou couldn't stare on helplessly as the Demonic Path reigned supreme. As for Mi Ganyuan, he hoped for both sides to be mutually wounded. One side wanted to meddle and the other side wanted to stop anyone from interfering. This was a disagreement that could not be resolved.

...

On this day, black clouds and pouring rains covered the entirety of the Land of Divinity and Demons. When cultivators learned of what happened their faces would pale and they would feel fear and trepidation rising from the depths of their hearts.

The seven great empires and all other top influences immediately reacted. Once the situation collapsed they would move to protect their own benefits...or to seek out greater benefits!

The Immortal and Demonic sides were two towering divine mountains that stood above all others and naturally possessed the largest benefits in the Land of Divinity and Demons. Countless people were looking forward to their decline, as this would usher in a new future. An anxious and constrained atmosphere covered the world. It brewed deep below like a fermenting volcano. Once a turning point arrived, there would be a terrifying eruption!

All eyes turned to the Immortal Sect world, waiting for news of the final result to come.

...

Qin Yu attacked, Yama hindered, and Solitary Westgate slayed...this process seemed simple, but one couldn't forget that this tactic used three supreme beings of the world. Moreover, the most critical point was that Qin Yu's will instantly stunned the Buddhist Nation Sovereign's mind, causing a fatal opening to appear. If it weren't for that, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign's avatar wouldn't have been killed so easily.

The importance of an avatar to a supreme being was self-evident. Once killed, not only would they need to use up a massive amount of time and energy to condense a new one, but a more serious consequence was that it would cause a backlash to one's main body.

As for what the consequences of the backlash would be, to put it simply it would all depend on one's luck. The lightest consequence was to vomit a few mouthfuls of blood and the heaviest consequence was to have one's soul damaged or even broken!

The Nether Domain Master never thought that the Immortal Sect would face such a situation. He had no idea what would happen with Shen Yuanyin betraying the Immortal Sect and the Buddhist Nation

Sovereign's avatar being killed. His heart shook. A dark and gloomy grief filled the air, soon becoming a rage that could not be suppressed.

He swept his eyes at the figures of the Dao Arena Master, Qin Yu, Yama, the Supreme Seat, and all the others. Then, an animalistic howl came out from his mouth. His body shattered into countless rule fragments that smashed into the earth.

Qin Yu's heart shook as an intense feeling of threat appeared. In the next moment, loud rumblings came from deep below the ground. The earth began to crack and split apart into horrifying fissure that extended without end. They broke mountains and swallowed cities, chopping apart rivers and making all living beings cry in sorrow.

These fissures connected to each other. If one stood in the highest skies, they would find that these fissures composed a strange image that spread over the entire Immortal Sect.

"Today, the Immortal Sect will pay any price to make you all stay behind and be buried in the nine nether abyss, never to escape!" The Nether Domain Master's voice reverberated through the world, filled with a manic craziness!

It took a great amount of courage to destroy one's own avatar, and this amount of courage was equal to how much hatred was in his heart. When had the solemn Immortal Sect ever been in such a distressed state? He wanted all these people to pay the price!

Within Qin Yu's soul space, Purple Moon said, "Qin Yu, leave immediately!" Her tone was unexpectedly filled with disbelief.

Qin Yu took a deep breath and looked at Solitary Westgate. "We need to leave! Remember, your most important priority right now is not to take revenge but to revive your loved ones!"

Blood red light surged in Solitary Westgate's eyes. He roared out loud and punched the earth. The ground collapsed downwards, forming a fathomless black pit.

"Immortal Sect, today was only repaying some interest. The hatred between you and me will never fade!"

Qin Yu loudly said, "Let's go!"

The phantom of the Holy Palace rumbled and formidable fluctuations of aura erupted, resisting the strength that was bombarding them from all sides. With loud heaven-rumbling sounds, the skies around the Holy Palace shattered and began to spread outwards, like mirror images of the terrifying fissure in the ground below.

Chapter 646 – None of You Can Leave

Kong Yisheng was wrapped in gray flames as he floated above a city. Right now he was watching as this city was being torn apart by fissures and countless Immortal Sect cultivators were screaming pitifully as they were dragged in. He recklessly laughed into the skies while striking back the small number of cultivators that were able to escape the winding fissures. He listened to their cries of despair and watched their looks of hatred as they fell back down into the chasm, and the only feeling that flowed in his chest was a comfortable warmth.

He wanted to continue watching. He wanted to bear witness to the Immortal Sect as they thoroughly crashed into the abyss of destruction, one step at a time. But what a pity, he no longer had any time left. After reaching the pinnacle of excitement, a deep emptiness appeared right after. Kong Yisheng's eyes suddenly turned around. Unfortunately, before any tears could fall down his cheeks they were burned away by the gray flames.

"Kong Yisheng...an empty life...it seems that even reincarnating into a new life requires some technical skills. My surname isn't good and my given name wasn't good, so everything in my life ended up empty anyways. I cannot leave behind even the smallest mark in this world. I pray for this dirty world to forget me, as if I never existed here at all."

He closed his eyes. Then, standing in the gray flames, Kong Yisheng twisted like a plume of smoke before vanishing from sight. He should have died long ago. The only reason he barely managed to maintain a feeble existence until this day was all in order to take revenge upon the Immortal Sect.

Today, he killed those he should have, those he shouldn't have, and many, many others. Thinking about it, if she could see him from down below, she should be satisfied...

From the moment Kong Yisheng entered the Immortal Sect, he never had any thoughts of leaving alive.

...

The sharp screams of a woman came from within a floating black cloud of fog. "I'm not like that lunatic Kong Yisheng! I still haven't lived long enough!"

She howled into the skies. During this process she didn't forget to grab several panicking Immortal Sect cultivators that were flying past her. Then, after bursts of pained screams, several bodies crashed into the earth like stones.

After doing what she did today, she never imagined she would be able to live on peacefully.

But this was the only chance for her to retaliate against the Immortal Sect. If she were to miss out on this chance she wouldn't have had a second time. Moreover, she had already done it, so what was the point in feeling any regret?

"These Immortal Sect brats, you definitely know who I am! I will wait for you to come and find me!"

...

The old man carrying a jar could hear the rampant laughing of a woman from far away. He suddenly shook and muttered beneath his breath, "What a crazy woman. I should get far away from her in the future so I'm not drawn into her mess."

As he spoke, he looked around with worry on his face. That group of old ancestors should be returning right now. If they weren't running back, were they waiting for their master to come and fry them all in oil?

But just as he was worrying, loud rumbles rose up from all around him. The black centipede, dark green toad, woman-headed snake, scorpion, ant, and butterfly were all racing towards him, leaving plumes of smoke in their wake. One could hear their shouts from far away.

“Old Man Wu, hurry up and open the door!”

“Make haste you old thing, we don’t want to die!”

“Quick, quick, this young lady is afraid, I want to go home!”

The old man quickly opened the jar. The strange creatures punched and kicked each other as they struggled to race into the jar. Then, they crazily urged, “Leave, leave!”

“I know, I know!” The old man picked up the jar and flew into the sky. He really couldn’t stay in the Immortal Sect any longer.

What? You said what do gods need to fear?

Humph, how naive. If gods really were fearless, then how could the Twilight of the Gods arrive?

This black pool of water that was the Immortal Sect was simply far too deep. After taking a small advantage, the wisest choice would be to flee before asking for more. Otherwise, prepare to be abandoned!

...

“None of you will leave. Not a single one of you...none of you!”

In the infinite darkness, a low and deep voice constantly reverberated. As the syllables grew louder and louder, a bright light rapidly spread outwards.

The darkness was torn into shreds that quickly faded away. Like ice under running water, it shrank until it all disappeared.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s main body appeared in the light. His calm and warm complexion formed a distinctive contrast with the cruel anger in his eyes.

“All of you will stay behind.”

Shua –

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s main body vanished.

...

The Holy Palace was shaking and shattering the skies. But, there was no joy on Qin Yu’s face. He looked at the dark cracks, an incomparably dignified look in his eyes. Cracked space didn’t mean it was an exit; it could be an infinite abyss that swallowed all. The giant cracks that were torn open in the skies above the Immortal Sect world gave off such a feeling.

Shua –

Shua –

Those that flew close came to a screeching halt. They were Calamity Immortals and thus had powerful sensory abilities. They naturally realized that something was wrong with these cracks. Everyone’s complexions changed. Some had harsh and stern eyes and some had panicked and anxious looks. They

all knew that once the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master lost their avatars, they wouldn't give up here. If so, then the Immortal Sect world was going to become a purgatory. If they couldn't escape from this world as soon as possible, their fates were bound to be pitiful.

All eyes focused on the Dao Arena Master and Qin Yu. When a living being was in danger, they instinctually looked towards powerhouses. These two people had suppressed the god and captured its godhead, even joining forces to slay the Buddhist Nation Sovereign's avatar and compel the Nether Domain Master to implode his avatar. With these accomplishments, they naturally became the greatest dependence in everyone's minds.

"Not a single one of you can leave!" A billowing roar rumbled through the skies like crackling thunder. Every syllable contained a terrifying strength and dreadful killing intent, causing the faces of those gathered in front of the spatial crack to change.

Buddhist Nation Sovereign!

A dot of light appeared. It rapidly grew as it released light that swept out in all directions, becoming as bright as a sun. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign's figure appeared and his ice cold eyes covered everyone. In the next moment another dot of light appeared. The Nether Domain Master followed behind. Two supreme beings of the world had arrived with their true bodies.

"In the endless years of the Immortal Sect's inheritance, when have we ever withstood shame like today? You must all be buried as an apology!"

Without any further words, these two heads sat down cross-legged and instantly merged into one whole with the Immortal Sect world. Rumbles came from the fissures all around, accompanied by a terrifying aura.

As this aura covered them, even the Calamity Immortals paled. Fear surged from deep within their soul, so heavy that they couldn't suppress it. They had no idea what was hiding beneath the fissures...but it could easily kill them all!

The black fog woman's voice rose up, "Dao Arena Master, you promised us before this that you would guarantee our safety. What are you planning to do now?"

Solitary Westgate's blood red eyes locked onto the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master. He coldly said, "Since their true bodies have already appeared, we might as well make use of this opportunity to thoroughly eradicate them!"

The Dark Night Supreme Seat coldly sneered. "Stop daydreaming. You and I both know that wanting to erase the Immortal Sect today is only the babblings of a fool! Hurry and find a way to leave here, otherwise none of us will be able to escape!"

As he spoke to here, his complexion became increasingly ugly. Today he had tried to gain an advantage but only ended up worse off. Qin Yu had used him as a shield, leaving him with nothing, and there was even a chance he would lose this avatar. Just thinking about this caused the Supreme Seat's teeth to itch with anger.

Solitary Westgate's aura erupted. Qin Yu said in a low voice, "Westgate! Don't forget what I said to you just now. It is more important to withdraw from the Immortal Sect world right now. This isn't fleeing in

fear, it is just temporarily withdrawing so we can bring the Immortal Sect to complete ruin in the future.”

“This world has been imprisoned by a great strength. I can try to break through but I don’t have full confidence I can.” Solitary Westgate took a deep calming breath. He glared at the Dark Night Supreme Seat, turned, and then punched out.

The Thunder Kirin beside him howled out loud and turned into a flow of light that fused into his arm. His arm swelled up several times over and his robes were burst open. Then, a dazzling bolt of thunder howled out like an arrow, shooting into the dark cracks.

Rumble rumble –

There was a deep thumping sound from within, like 10,000 horses galloping across the field. But, everyone’s complexions soon turned ugly. This was because the sound became quieter and quieter until it finally disappeared.

There were no changes to the dark cracks. It was like the large gaping maw of a monster, swallowing up Solitary Westgate’s punch that had been infused with the power of a god.

Everyone knew that Solitary Westgate hadn’t held back. But, even such a powerful punch was useless. There was even less need to discuss what would happen after they ventured in.

A chill rose up in everyone’s hearts as fear colored their eyes. Then, they all looked at Qin Yu. He was their final hope. If even if he was at a loss, that would only leave a single road open to them – to engage in one final battle with the Immortal Sect and risk them all dying here!

Shen Yuanyin bit her lips. But before she could speak, Qin Yu interrupted her, “I’ll try.” He patted her hands and let her go. Then, he took a step forward. Facing the black cracks, he slowly closed his eyes.

Within his soul space, his soul opened its eyes as his consciousness arrived. He directly asked, “Purple Moon, do you have any means?”

From the purple moonlight, a beautiful lady in imperial dress appeared, a chilling atmosphere around her. She shook her head. “My strength is insufficient to break through this world’s seal.” She paused for a moment before saying, “Perhaps you should seek help from that one who has always been quiet. Although I have never seen them, if they can shield themselves from my senses, they should be absolutely terrifying.”

Qin Yu fell silent. He knew what Purple Moon was referring to. His thoughts raced and he soon came to a decision – to seek help from the little blue lamp.

Chapter 647A – Medicine Garden and Tonic

They were pressed for time and disaster could arrive at any moment. Since Qin Yu had made a decision, he no longer hesitated. He began to send out a distant call through a far-off connection.

Time passed one breath at a time. When Qin Yu thought that the little blue lamp had chosen to refuse him, a tranquil thought fluctuation suddenly passed back to him. “Qin Yu, are you sure that you wish to use my strength? There is a high likelihood that this will have incomparably terrifying consequences.”

Qin Yu forced a smile. "If I don't summon you then I fear I will die here today!"

The little blue lamp was silent for several breaths of time. "I will help you. However, the consequences will all depend on your fate."

Within the world of Qin Yu's mind, above the endless earth, the silver-haired god imprisoned in the towering golden altar suddenly opened his eyes, his body shivering.

The phantom of a great sun arrived above the altar, shining down its light. The god was covered within and he suddenly felt small and weak, as if he were no different from an ant. In particular, the aura of this great sun caused him to instinctively feel fear and horror in the depths of his heart, with such intensity that he couldn't even hope to contend with it...he even suspected that if this great sun phantom wished for him to die, he would do so without any hesitation.

Just what was it?

Suddenly, an even brighter ray of sunlight shot out like an arrow, submerging into the chest of the panic-stricken god.

"Protect the human who is imprisoning you. If he can arrive at the end, then you will achieve true eternal life!"

Shua –

The great sun phantom vanished. In the next moment, golden flames began to shine at the peak of the golden altar. And, the source of these flames was the god that was being imprisoned.

"This...this is...Undying Godfire..." The god looked at the place where the great sun phantom vanished, thick disbelief etched across his face. His innermost feelings shook as if tsunamis were sweeping through his mind. As a god, he knew what this meant.

Gods evolved from living beings and stood upon the peak of the world. But at the same time, there were also strict divisions of order between them. He didn't know what the next boundary was, but he knew that only by reaching that boundary would he have the chance to light the Undying Godfire. Once his soul was fused within, that was when he would gain the ability to be reborn in flames and would become nearly unkillable.

Before the great catastrophe of the past arrived, he had already faintly touched upon this boundary, and it was because of this that he had a full understanding of how difficult it was to make this breakthrough. Even if the catastrophe never occurred and he had survived until this day, he still wasn't sure if he would have been able to make this breakthrough.

But what happened now? Just a ray of light had forcefully promoted him to another level. Although he could only temporarily control the Godfire, this in itself was sufficiently amazing!

The god couldn't help but fall into thought once more. Just what was the origin of this great sun phantom? It actually possessed such inconceivable might!

This was a question doomed to receive no answer. But, this didn't stop the god from drawing a conclusion: there had to be a strong relationship between the great sun phantom and Qin Yu. In a spark

of time, the god came to a decision. Perhaps this would be the greatest lucky chance of his life. If he could grasp it then his future would be unimaginable!

At the top of the God Imprisoning Altar where the golden Undying Godfire blazed, the god fell down to his knees and lowered his proud head. "My name is Silverfrost Frigidsky, God of Frozen Ice. I am willing to submit to my lord, giving my life's loyalty to my lord. This is a vow that shall never change!"

True name!

When a god condensed their godhead, they would automatically produce a unique title, one that was theirs alone. This title was also called their real name, and only the god themselves would know what it was...because once someone grasped their real name, they would have the qualifications to sign a contract and summon the god.

To know a god's true name was the same as grasping their life. Only extremely high ranking gods in the spiritual god system had the qualifications to obtain the loyalty of other low ranking gods. But today, as a human, Qin Yu obtained the submission of a genuine god. Even throughout the myriad worlds and endless heavens, this was an extremely rare occurrence.

After Qin Yu heard this true name it turned into a mark that fused into his soul. Qin Yu instantly understood what this meant. He sucked in a deep breath and suppressed the joy in his heart and said in his mind. "Immediately break through the imprisonment!"

Atop the God Imprisoning Altar, the god stood up and said with extreme respect, "I abide by your will."

In front of the spatial crack, Qin Yu's eyes were closed and no fluctuations of aura came from him. To some, this might have seemed as if he were deep in thought, but to most it seemed as if he had given up resistance. Everyone felt their hearts sinking as their complexions sank. Were they really going to die in the Immortal Sect today?

The Dark Night Supreme Seat clenched his teeth. It was one thing if he didn't obtain any advantages for having come this far, but if he even had to lose his avatar, then he would really owe an apology to his family. But, the more worried ones should be Qin Yu and the Dao Arena Master. They had both come here with their true bodies. If they died then that would mean the end of their lives.

Yama's eyes were gloomy beneath her golden mask. Her worries weren't placed on her avatar, but the Samsara she had just taken back. From this day forth the Immortal Sect would know how much this treasure mattered to the Blue Skies Yellow Springs lineage. If she wanted to take it back again in the future, her chances would be far more unlikely.

Solitary Westgate's blood red eyes grew increasingly deep. A terrifying aura erupted from his body. Since he couldn't leave then he might as well fight. Even if the Immortal Sect had unfathomably terrifying methods, so what? If they wanted to kill him it wouldn't be that simple...no one knew who would die here and who would live today!

Only Shen Yuanyin still looked at Qin Yu's back with a calm expression. In a short period of time he had come this far, one step at a time. She believed that there was nothing in this world that could stop him...at the very least, even if she couldn't escape this tribulation, to die together with him was also something she was willing to do.

This calm and loving gaze stabbed deeply into the minds of the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master. They smiled with anger. "Shen Yuanyin, you can give up any idea of taking even half a step out of the Immortal Sect. To betray the Immortal Sect and tarnish the unsurpassed glory of being one of the three heads, you will suffer annihilation as punishment!"

"Today, you will die and the Demon Sovereign must also die. Since you don't want to part with him, then the both of you can suffer torment in hell together, never to be freed!" At this time, the one person these two hated the most were not those from the Demonic Path or Dao Arena, but this woman who had betrayed the Immortal Sect.

Shen Yuanyin's body trembled but she immediately composed herself. She looked up, a gentle expression on her face, "Even if I must die, I will not regret."

Shua –

Qin Yu opened his eyes and warmly smiled. "You and I have an endless future to enjoy, so how can we die here today?" He looked at the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master. "Let's end things here for today. No matter what methods you two have in the future, I will receive them then."

He punched out. A towering figure appeared between the heavens and earth and a formidable aura swept through the world. The Thunder Kirin standing behind Solitary Westgate fiercely opened its eyes as if it was seeing something inconceivable occur.

As Qin Yu punched out, this figure also thrust out a fist. A wild strength rampaged outwards like flood dragons, howling into the pitch black spatial crack. The sound of clear shattering sounds, like plates and bowls cracking on the ground, spread to everyone's ears.

"Impossible!" The Buddhist Nation Sovereign roared out loud. But as he did he spat out a mouthful of blood and his face paled. When his avatar had been destroyed he had suffered a backlash. But, he had managed to forcefully suppress it due to his terrifying cultivation. Now, the imprisoning strength surrounding the Immortal Sect world had been broken through. Even though it was only a tiny crack, this was enough to initiate a second backlash that thoroughly blew open his previous injuries.

The Nether Domain Master was left in an even more pitiful state. The point between his eyebrows split open to reveal white bone. It was like he had been slashed with a saber, blood drenching his face! And this was merely the visible injuries. What was even more horrifying was that his soul had been injured in the same way as his body. The point between its eyes had been slashed, shaking its foundation...to a supreme being of the world, this was an incredibly deep wound.

Qin Yu took hold of Shen Yuanyin's hand, "Let's go!"

Shua –

They flew into the crack first.

Solitary Westgate, the Dark Night Supreme Seat, Yama, and the others followed close behind.

When they entered the spatial crack, all they saw was a pitch black nothingness that was like a fog that could never be dispersed. As everyone saw this black fog, an ice cold feeling covered their bodies. Luckily, the strike just now had opened up a hole in the fog, allowing everyone to pass through.

Besides the Dark Night Supreme Seat, everyone had grateful looks as they stared at Qin Yu at the front. They had all been on the verge of death, but in a critical moment the situation had reversed. The sudden changes had caused their emotions to surge even more.

When a cultivator reached the Calamity Immortal level their feelings were formidable and tough. If it weren't for all these events they wouldn't have been affected so much.

In the Immortal Sect world, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master reared back their heads and roared in anger. Their billowing voices were flooded with rage and unwillingness. They had lost their avatars and hadn't hesitated to pay the price to bring their true bodies here. But just as they were about to bring down disaster upon their enemies, they had managed to escape in the end. How could they accept this result?

"Don't even think about leaving!"

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign stood up and thrust his hand towards the ground, The earth shattered and the phantom of a net appeared, howling into his palm. If one looked carefully, they would discover that every line of this so-called 'net' actually correspondingly matched every crack on the earth.

Since they had escaped the Immortal Sect world, wanting to kill all of them was impossible. But at the very least they needed to catch the prime culprits of this disaster to dispel some of the hatred in their hearts. For instance, the Demonic Path's Holy Monarch...to control the strength of the broken boundary with his true body's cultivation wasn't difficult at all!

Of course, there was another reason he had to kill Qin Yu. Qin Yu was able to control the godhead and erupt with a power that shattered the imprisonment around the Immortal Sect world. No matter what the reason was, this was simply far too terrifying.

Taking a step forward, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign walked into the spatial crack.

Chapter 647B – Medicine Garden and Tonic

Mi Ganyuan lifted a hand and bolts of thunder crashed down. Every strike had the strength to shatter mountains and seas. Across from him, Emperor Zhou had a calm expression. He casually walked about as if he were leisurely strolling through a garden, melting away all the destructive strength that rumbled down at him.

Two great emperors fighting caused mountains and rivers to break and light to disappear from the world. But for them, this was only a warm-up and their fight had yet to reach a heated stage. Both sides seemed to have come to an unspoken agreement to limit their strength to a certain degree.

The avatars of two supreme beings perishing filled the hearts of the great emperors with dread. After that, as if by prior agreement, they changed their minds and decided to wait and see.

But as they just clashed, they stopped. They looked up into the distant skies. Space was destroyed from the inside and many figures flew out.

In the next moment, Mi Ganyuan and Emperor Zhou's pupils shrank. They intentionally fought here to weaken the spatial barriers of the world in this area. Once spatial strength rushed out it would erupt from here, so it was expected for Qin Yu and the others to emerge here.

The key point lay in the aura that spread out from the shattered space. It was incredibly broad and vast. Even with their strength they still felt like tiny grains of sand. It was an unimaginably terrifying thought.

Just what had happened in the Immortal Sect world? Who was controlling this strength?

But before the two of them could think anymore, another figure emerged from the shattered space. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign's expression was cruel and his aura surged out from him like a raging sea. He lifted a hand and the phantom of a net appeared behind him. The heavens and earth shook, making everyone feel an unexpected sense of awe and fear.

Even the world felt dread!

With trembling hearts, everyone's eyes focused on the Buddhist Nation Sovereign. There were suddenly loud peals of thunder in the skies as black clouds gushed out from nothingness, weaving together into a dark net that covered the heavens. Then this black screen suddenly broke apart to reveal a narrow line. Soon after that, the line opened to reveal a strange eye.

Its inside was strange and had no pupil. A bit of fog surged within and slowly swept around. At this time, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign who wanted to kill, the Chu Emperor and Emperor Zhou who decided to observe, and Solitary Westgate, Qin Yu, Shen Yuanyin, the Dark Night Supreme Seat, Yama, and the others who had just stepped back into the Land of Divinity and Demons, all stiffened.

Then, as if having thought of something, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign's eyes widened. His raised hand froze in place and his brutal aura vanished like a falling tide. He didn't dare to make a single movement, as if he were afraid that this eye in the sky would lock onto him.

Time slowly passed moment by moment. The strange eye seemed to be closely looking for something. Without any reason, Qin Yu's instincts told him that this was the consequence the little blue lamp said he would have to face for utilizing its strength. He forcefully restrained his aura as much as he could. In the world of his mind, the God Imprisoning Altar darkened as the god's aura was completely isolated inside. Even so, the restlessness in his heart grew increasingly thick, as if he would be seen through at any moment!

"Ahh!"

Not too far away, a Calamity Immortal that Solitary Westgate invited suddenly cried out loud and fled. He clearly used his life-maintaining methods as his speed increased and he shot out like a bolt of lightning. But even if he were true lightning he wouldn't be able to avoid the strength of the heavens and earth.

A great hand appeared out of thin air and grabbed hold of this person. He pitifully screamed out loud. Then he, the eye in the sky, and the black clouds all disappeared.

Everyone let out a long breath as if a mountain had been taken off of their chests. They felt as if they had all taken a trip to death's door and survived a disaster. It had to be known that the group gathered here could be called the most formidable people in the world. But for them to feel this, it could be imagined what pressure they faced.

In the pitch black spatial crack, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign was too preoccupied to think about killing Qin Yu. He turned and walked away, vanishing from sight. Emperor Zhou and the Chu Emperor glanced

over Qin Yu and the others. Without saying a single word, they both left, their hearts shaking the entire time.

“We’re also leaving!”

Solitary Westgate said. Qin Yu glanced at him and nodded.

The woman in the black fog and the man hugging a jar both bowed, “Everyone, this matter with the Immortal Sect has come to an end for the time being. We will bid our farewells here first.”

In this current situation, leaving as a group was far too dangerous. It was much safer to head out alone.

The Dark Night Supreme Seat coldly said, “I will be taking my leave.”

Shua –

His figure vanished from sight.

Yama nodded at Qin Yu. “The Holy Monarch has helped my Blue Skies Yellow Springs recapture our treasure. I am deeply grateful for this assistance. I will be sure to repay this debt in the future.”

She turned around and brought her subordinate Calamity Immortals away.

In the blink of an eye, the only ones left from the temporary patchwork team were Solitary Westgate, Qin Yu, and their subordinate cultivators. They clearly had something to say to each other.

After moving some distance away, Solitary Westgate lifted his hand, “Wait for me somewhere.” His four subordinate Calamity Immortals bowed and left.

Qin Yu grabbed Shen Yuanyin’s hand. With a wave of his hand, he gestured for the Demonic Path Calamity Immortals to fly away.

Solitary Westgate glanced at Shen Yuanyin. “Qin Yu, congratulations!”

Qin Yu earnestly said, “Fellow daoist Westgate, she now has no connection with the Immortal Sect. I hope you understand this.”

Solitary Westgate nodded, “Don’t worry. I know that what happened in the past has nothing to do with Shen Yuanyin. I understand.”

Qin Yu cupped his hands together to express his thanks. He pledged, “The reason I succeeded today was all thanks to fellow daoist Westgate’s help. I promise you that I will try my best in the future to revive your wife and child.”

Solitary Westgate let out a light breath. It was only now that the blood red light in his eyes started to slowly fade away. “I hope you can remember your words. When I need you I will come and find you.” After a moment of silence he said, “The Immortal Sect has suffered heavy losses so they will be quiet for a period of time. But, you taking Shen Yuanyin away has created an undying enmity. The Immortal Sect will never give up on this. You have to be prepared.”

Qin Yu lightly said, “If they want to take revenge on me then they can try. I invaded the Immortal Sect once and I can do it again...only next time, I won’t let things end so easily.”

Solitary Westgate's eyes revealed an appreciative look. Men should be like this. They had to have the courage to do what needed to be done and also to accept responsibility for their actions, to have a spine and strength of spirit. "Did you stay here because of that eye just now?"

Even mentioning that eye still filled him with dread.

Qin Yu nodded.

Solitary Westgate took a deep breath. "An endless flow of years has passed. It is impossible to figure out how long this world has existed, but from the earliest recorded point until now, that 'eye' has appeared several times. However, even though I've searched through all the ancient texts and classics of this world, I have not been able to find any concrete records of this matter. It is as if some secret strength has always been quietly erasing all traces of its existence.

"Any information related to it has been passed down through word of mouth. Only an extremely small number of people know about it. And to be more exact, no one knows exactly what it is. But, there is one point everyone is sure of. Every time this eye appears it represents a great catastrophe...one that even those who exist at the peak of this world cannot hope to contend with!"

Qin Yu's heart chilled and he furrowed his eyebrows. He looked at Solitary Westgate, waiting for further explanation.

"The 'eye' that Arena Master Westgate refers to...the Immortal Sect has some records related to it." Shen Yuanyin suddenly said. As she spoke up, the two others glanced at her. She thought for a moment and continued to say, "It seems to represent some horrifying outside strength that captures all peak powerhouses born in this world. The exact reason is unknown."

Solitary Westgate faintly said, "The Immortal Sect is truly well-informed. But, this isn't the complete story. I once obtained an incomplete jade slip long ago, and recorded inside it were many long lost secrets of this world. Part of it was related to this 'eye'."

His complexion revealed a strange look. He took a deep breath and said, "Would you believe me if I said that this entire world we are in is only a medicine garden in the eyes of someone else?"

Qin Yu's eyebrows furrowed tighter. "Medicine garden?"

Solitary Westgate said, "That's right." He began to hum in a soft lilting tone, "Waiting 10,000 years for a tonic, picking it as a gift to my fairy..."

For some reason, after hearing these lyrics Qin Yu felt a cold chill surge from his heart, passing through his spine and spreading across his body, making it feel as if he fell into an icy lake.

Solitary Westgate lifted his hands and gestured at the world. Then, he pointed at himself, Qin Yu, and Shen Yuanyin. "This world is a medicine garden and we are unripe tonics!"

He spoke factually. His words were soaked with a strong sense of blood, making it difficult for one to breathe.

The atmosphere fell deathly silent.

Qin Yu thought back to the guardian of the War Clan's inheritance and about the Great Dao realm eight seal sequencer in the Sealed Stone World. Was he a 'ripe tonic' who had hidden himself away in the Sealed Stone World so that he wouldn't be captured?

But if this were true, what explanation was there for the god held in the God Imprisoning Altar within the world of his mind? If the Great Dao boundary was the standard for having reached maturity, then why would this unknown existence let off a god that was ten times, or even hundreds of times stronger?

Before Qin Yu could ask, Shen Yuanyin mentioned this point. "How would that explain the existence of gods? They are real existences. Not only are their records preserved in the ancient texts but there are many relics of gods from ancient times."

Solitary Westgate said, "When I obtained that jade slip I was also like you two; I couldn't figure it out. But, after I sifted through a massive amount of information, I found that it is extremely likely this 'eye' only appeared to start picking up 'tonics' after the great catastrophe that led to the Twilight of the Gods. Of course, there is no absolute evidence of this. The truth might already be buried in the endless flow of time, or perhaps this riddle can only be explained after leaving this world."

"Medicine garden? Tonic?" Qin Yu let out a long breath, "I've discovered that the higher my cultivation is, the less I understand this world. There are far too many layers of fog that hide so much cruelty."

Solitary Westgate shook his head, "You are still far from that boundary so you have no need to worry about it...or perhaps our assumptions are all wrong." He wryly smiled and it was evident he didn't believe himself, "Alright. Let's part ways here. After experiencing today, the Dao Arena well comprehensively contract and tighten our strength. You should also hasten back and prepare for the Immortal Sect's retaliation."

Qin Yu cupped his hands together, "Then I bid my farewells."

Solitary Westgate turned and walked away. He brought his four subordinate Calamity Immortals to fly away.

Shen Yuanyin took hold of Qin Yu's hand, "Don't worry too much."

Qin Yu welcomed her gaze. He let out a breath and said, "I'm fine! As long as I'm together with you, who cares if this is a medicine garden or if we are tonics? As long as they don't mess with me then that's fine. And if they try, I'll break a hole in the skies and then take a good look at who is stirring up mischief!"

"But from today on, you are no longer one of the three heads of the Immortal Sect. Because of the suppression of the Sublime Lost Emotion Code's backlash, your cultivation will also be temporarily sealed. Are you feeling strange or uncomfortable anywhere?"

Shen Yuanyin shook her head, "It's fine as long as I'm with you!"

Qin Yu laughed, "Let's go. We're heading home!"

Chapter 648A – We've Returned

Demonic Path, Holy Palace –

Decorate lights were hung everywhere and the atmosphere was festive with celebration. The cultivators of the Holy Palace all had bright smiles on their faces.

The reason was simple. His Majesty the Holy Monarch was getting married today. Moreover, it was the Holy Queen and Holy Concubine together. It could be said that a double happiness was arriving.

The Holy Concubine was You Qi – this was within everyone’s expectations. But, the Holy Queen was an incomparably mysterious person. Everyone had only heard that she was a woman as beautiful as a flower, and thus she was able to catch the heart of His Majesty the Holy Monarch.

In the rear halls of the Holy Palace, Shen Yuanyin was wearing a bright red wedding dress. She leaned into Qin Yu’s embrace, whispering, “I never thought that this day would come.”

Qin Yu hugged her. “I already decided to marry you many years ago and now I’m finally going to...but I still have wronged you.”

Shen Yuanyin shook her head, “You Qi has already spoken with me a great deal and told me everything that you’ve experienced together. Without her, there wouldn’t be us. For us to be together, we both have to thank her. So I don’t feel wronged at all and there is also no reason for you to feel guilty.”

“Thank you!”

“Don’t thank me. Because from this day forth, there is no longer Shen Yuanyin, only Ning Ling...only your wife.”

The great wedding was like a dream, coming to a perfect conclusion with guests in attendance from all around.

...

Immortal Sect.

Within a shattered hall, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master sat down facing each other. They each held a jade slip in their hands that contained a list of the losses the Immortal Sect suffered in this catastrophe.

Calamity Immortals lost – 13.

Cities destroyed – 270.

Ordinary cultivators and others that died – countless!

Bang!

The jade slip in the Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s hand was smashed to pieces. His expression was fierce as he raged, “Marriage, they actually dare to hold a marriage. Good! Very good!”

The Nether Domain Master was without expression, “What do we do?”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign coldly replied, “We reply with an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!” His expression darkened even further. “Marriage? Then I’ll give them a great present!”

He stood up and flicked his sleeves. The ground split apart, revealing stone steps that led downwards. It was unknown just where it was connected to.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign stepped onto the stone steps. The Nether Domain Master followed behind. After walking through this crack for a long time, they arrived at a great temple hidden deep below the earth.

A light gray altar was placed in the center of the temple. It was the same color of grass that was burnt to ashes. It was deathly still with not a single bit of vitality to it.

“As a head of the Immortal Sect, glory and responsibility come together. Shen Yuanyin abandoned the Immortal Sect so she must suffer the punishment of doing so...does she think she can live a life without worries after having escaped? She is far too naive!”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s cold voice echoed through the temple. He bowed deeply and said, “With my title as the Buddhist Nation Sovereign, I ask Immortal Origin to kill the traitor Shen Yuanyin!”

The Nether Domain Master bowed, “With my title as the master of the Lucid Nether Domain, I ask Immortal Origin to kill the rebel!”

Hum –

The altar trembled as faint traces of aura gushed out. It formed a balance scale atop the altar. The balance scale sank to one side as a round bead appeared on it. Shen Yuanyin’s figure could be seen flashing within.

“Do we need to offer a sacrifice of lives?” The Nether Domain Master frowned.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign stood up. He slowly said, “It’s time to make use of what we prepared many years ago. We just happened to have collected a sufficient amount of sacrifices.”

The Nether Domain Master furrowed his eyebrows, “Right now?”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign said, “Even if the losses are serious, as long as you and I exist then the Immortal Sect’s background will be preserved. They wouldn’t dare to tear apart the agreement. Moreover, in this matter, those sinners in the north are even more worried than we are...before we begin our plan, there is something else that must be dealt with ahead of time.”

The Nether Domain Master said in a low voice, “Solitary Westgate!”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s eyes were cold. “What I regret the most is that I didn’t firm my heart and decide to kill him no matter what the price was, leading to today’s disaster!” He took a deep breath and stood up, “I will immediately go to Absolute Capital and invite Emperor Zhou to join us.”

The Nether Domain Master furrowed his eyebrows. “With Emperor Zhou’s personality, he won’t necessarily interfere.”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign stood up, “I will offer half a country as a bargaining chip. I don’t believe he can remain indifferent!”

He walked away, soon vanishing from sight.

...

The city-state, Zhou. Absolute Capital –

In a teahouse on the side of a street, an old monk with a warm and benign appearance bowed. The originally hard-hearted teahouse owner felt an unexpected flash of compassion. He looked at the travel-worn appearance of the old monk and respectfully asked him to enter the teahouse to rest.

“Thank you, benefactor. I am only a little thirsty. A cup of water would be more than enough.”

Seeing the dazed waiter, the teahouse owner glared at him. The waiter hurried to bring a cup of warm clear water. When the waiter saw the teahouse owner hold the hands of the old monk with a respectful expression, he couldn't help but twist his face in confusion.

This was his mean-spirited and cheap boss? This was much harder to believe than flying pigs!

The old monk sat down in a corner of the teahouse and started to quietly drink tea. A moment later, the curtains of the teahouse were pushed apart and a blue-clothed man waked in. He casually glanced at the old monk and sat across from him. Then, eyeing the waiter, he said, “A pot of dragon green tea.”

The owner sent the old monk a worried look but didn't dare to say anything. He personally offered up the highest quality dragon green tea they had in the storehouse and then bowed before carefully walking away.

The blue-clothed man seemed to be around 40 years of age and had an imposing momentum. He lifted the teapot and poured his cup to the brim. After drinking three cups he laid the teacup down with a loud ‘pa’.

Hum –

The space around the tea table twisted. Although there was no change from the outside, all perception was blocked out.

The old monk smiled and bowed.

The blue-clothed man said without expression, “Great monk, did you come to Absolute Capital for something?”

The old monk nodded, “There is something I wish to discuss with Your Majesty.”

The blue-clothed man's lips twisted up. “Hiding yourself in the shadows. Don't you think you lack too much sincerity?”

The old monk smiled. “My true body is outside the city. If Your Majesty wishes for it, I will come and personally greet you.”

The blue-clothed man humphed. “No need. Just tell me what your purpose in coming here is.”

The old monk said, “There will soon be a great upheaval in the world. If Your Majesty is willing to help, I would be deeply grateful.”

The blue-clothed man's eyes flashed. “What are you asking me to do?”

“Block the Dao Arena Master.”

“Monk, you are too impolite. Solitary Westgate isn’t someone who is easy to mess with and I have no reason to provoke a powerful enemy for myself.”

“The land of half a country!” The old monk raised a hand and crossed a finger across his palm. “I vow to Your Majesty that as long as you help, no matter what the result is you will obtain a territory of no less than 5 million miles around Absolute Capital.”

The blue-clothed man’s eyes flashed like lightning. “Monk, do you know what the fate is for those that deceive me?”

The old monk lowered his head, “Your Majesty has no need to worry.”

“Good! Then I agree!”

The old monk stood up. “Thank you, Your Majesty. Please wait for further news.”

He bowed and turned to leave. After arriving in front of the teahouse owner he smiled and walked out. His figure vanished into the stream of people.

Chapter 648B – We’ve Returned

The Great Qin Empire was located on the western side of the Land of Divinity and Demons. The people there were fierce and aggressive, and since ancient times they had produced many stubborn heroes. Due to this, they had established the renowned Great Qin Cavalry. Their fearsome strength was known throughout the world.

At the border frontier –

Black Border City wasn’t too large. It was covered in snow all year round and on the map it was only a common little dot. But, there was a troop of Great Qin Cavalry that were permanently stationed here.

This was because Black Border City was like the point of a dagger stabbed deep into the territory of the frozen north. They needed to be prepared at all times to defend against the invasion of sinners from the snow regions.

According to the old frontier soldiers in the city, those cold, starving, and half-dead sinners each had eyes greener than the last. They were all filled with unimaginable greed. If they had even the smallest chance they would all race south. The smallest accident and they would have a good chunk of their flesh and blood torn off.

“This damned weather is becoming increasingly cold. Once I earn some merits I need to try and find some way to be transferred out from Black Border City. This isn’t a place where anyone can stay!” An old frontier soldier mumbled out loud, his teeth chattering as he wrapped a thick sheep wool coat around himself. He spat at the ground. But, before his spit hit the dirt it had already frozen.

Across from him was another veteran soldier with horrid yellow teeth and a face full of folds. The veteran taunted, “You brat, you started saying this 20 years ago and yet I haven’t seen you achieve a single merit.”

The frontier soldier's neck bulged and he angrily said, "You're blaming me for this? You should know about the array formation that the empire set up outside Black Border City. It's difficult for even a fly to get through. After suffering some losses those sinners no longer attempt to assault us. If they don't, how can I obtain any merits?"

The veteran curled his lips. "You brat, are you too content? Did you forget how I broke my arms and feet? If you want to kill those sinners and gain some merits, I'm afraid that in the end you will be captured by them and turned into food that feeds their families!"

But just as he finished speaking his complexion appeared. He stared at the direction behind the frontier soldier, a horrified look on his face as if he had seen a ghost.

"Old Yu, you're doing this again? You've tried this trick too many times. Even if you're not tired of it, I'm still over it..." His voice suddenly stopped. He could see the flames reflected in the old veteran's eyes, and his last thought was that someone had actually ignited a fire outside Black Border City...

Pa –

A head shattered, splashing out red and white goo. Then this goo flew through the air before freezing into chunks that clattered along the ground.

The veteran dragged his broken legs as he raced away, his movements even faster than a rabbit. The moment that his companion had been killed he had already fled far away. He grabbed a rope on the platform and desperately shook it.

Ring –

Ring –

The sound of a ringing bell spread through the wind and snow, soon covering the entirety of Black Border City. Inside numerous thick tents, lots of pairs of eyes opened wide.

"Enemy attack!"

There was the sound of clashing metal. A black current of people flowed out. Although there weren't many of them, they possessed a momentum that could sweep through the world.

They were the Qin Empire Cavalry!

Outside of Black Border City, the thick snow began to rapidly melt away, revealing the earth that had been hidden for many years. The frozen earth split open as blazing orange flames roared out.

What was even more inconceivable was that strong and formidable sinners began to run out from the flames. Their naked bodies were covered in scars and their eyes were cold and filled with a maddening frenzy. Combined together, they exuded endless brutality.

At the head of the cavalry, the captain's eyes were dignified beneath his helm. But, there was no hesitation. He lifted the spear in his hands and shouted, "Attack!"

Bang –

It was like two mountains clashing together.

An hour later, the old veteran watched with a horrified expression as the last of the Great Qin Cavalry slumped to their death. Across from that rider was a tall and burly sinner. The sinner picked up a sword and beheaded the rider; this was how they showed respect to a strong enemy.

Taking a step away, the sinner walked in front of the old veteran. He glanced at the old veteran's disabled hands and legs and grinned, "We've returned."

He was only stating a fact; there was no need for an audience or for anyone to bear witness to him. Thus, the sinner raised the sword and slashed down, and the old veteran was split in half.

He lifted a hand and pointed towards the city gates, "Kill everyone – don't let a single one of them live!"

...

Occupation Pass. This area was located in the westernmost regions of the Great Qin Empire. The bustling military battalion was now covered in blood as flames reached into the skies.

"Sinners! It's sinners from the northern snow regions!"

"Light the beacons! Request more reinforcements!"

"We will charge forward. No one take a single step back!"

The counterattack of the Great Qin frontier army was like a wave of water crashing into a large boulder, shattering into countless splashes. But, the empire's pride and their mission didn't allow them to retreat. They continued to block the advance of the sinners.

Unfortunately, they were doomed to receive no help. They all died in pools of their own blood. Their unclosed eyes reflected the callous looks of the sinners from the northern border.

...

Jade Gate.

The setting sun on the western frontier was the color of blood and flames. It illuminated the bleak and desolate earth, pulling long shadows on the panic-stricken crowds that were fleeing in long lines. These people looked up all around them, despair in their eyes.

Strong figures stepped through in the fading sunlight. As the blood red sunlight shined upon their bodies, they seemed like devil-eating humans. Their eyes locked onto the fleeing citizens. Even though they saw the elderly, women, and even children and babies, there was no change in their eyes.

"Commander?" A sinner asked, hesitating a little.

The commander was a large man with a dark face. He was naked aside from a tattered fur-lined coat. His eyes were oppressive. "Throughout the years, just how many of our race's babies were born and died in the bitter cold before they could even open their eyes and look at the world? How many of our elderly and how many of our women have walked into the wind and snow to save food for us...but how many of these people have ever had any pity for them?"

The sinner had a shamed expression. "I understand, commander!" When he looked back up, his expression was merciless and brutal. This was because status was irrelevant in this war. If his tribe wanted to continue living, then these people had to die.

The commander waved his hand, "Kill them all!"

...

Monstrous fires burned in the Great Qin Empire. The sinners that were chased out to the northern snow regions – the monster race – had begun an all-out war in order to survive. Battles occurred simultaneously throughout the northern border of the Qin Empire in 81 different cities. The smoke and flames of war soared to the heavens.

Within one day, all 81 cities had been overrun. 300,000 border frontier soldiers died in battle. As for the citizens, they had been encircled and killed by the monster race. Whether they were men or women, young or old, not a single person survived. These methods were so brutal and bloodthirsty that it made one's blood boil. The border had become a land of scorched earth.

News spread out quickly, shocking the world. The monster race were sinners who had been expelled from sight for tens of millions of years and were said to barely be able to maintain a feeble existence in the north. But, they actually possessed such terrifying strength. This surpassed everyone's expectations.

The capital of Great Qin, Xianyang, immediately reacted. They dispatched an army to meet their enemy. But when the gathered army met the monster race they suffered complete defeat. This wasn't because the Qin Empire's military wasn't strong, but because the monster race sinners were even more horrifying and crazy. They were like a storm headed south, a pack of wild and vicious beasts that destroyed anything and anyone who got in their way.

For a time, the Qin Empire was sent into a panic. A large area of their land fell into the hands of the monster race and the imperial court was shaken. They looked towards the Demonic Path and urgently requested assistance.

...

In the northern regions, one only saw an endless field of snow. Monster race warriors stepped onto an altar and knelt respectfully. Then, they untied a wrapped pack and poured the soul within it into the altar.

The Great Sage moved several steps forward, a look of excitement on his face. He took in a deep breath of the soil and then he shivered and fell to his knees. He plunged his fingers into the soil, ignoring the blood that stained his hands as he placed it near his mouth and kissed it.

"All previous generations of my monster race, do you see this? Our people's soldiers have entered the Qin Empire and returned to that vast land that should have belonged to us! Today, I vow to you all that no one will ever be able to chase us away again. The children of our monster race will be raised in the warm sun and grow up in good environments. No longer will they be born starving and facing the endless threat of cold and death."

The messengers of ten great clans followed silently behind. As they saw the Great Sage's increasingly frail figure, their eyes filled with worry. They had no idea how long the Great Sage would be able to last.

“Do not worry. Our children on the frontlines are opening up our land for us. I will live until they all return in triumph. Until I watch my people leave this cold and bitter land with my own eyes, I refuse to die.”

The ten clan messengers fell to their knees, sorrow and respect on their faces. “Great Sage, the deeds you have done for our people will be remembered for generations to come!

The Great Sage smiled. “To be able to contribute everything I have to my tribe is my greatest pride.” He looked towards the south where the Qin Empire was and his eyes brightened with anticipation. “They should have already sent out a call for help. Inform those on the frontline that the true battle is coming!”

Chapter 649A – Monster Race Fires Burning the Heavens

In recent years, the cold weather of the northern regions had become increasingly dire and the living environment suddenly worsened. The Demonic Path had never lowered their guard against the monster race. But, it was clear from the Qin Empire’s current situation that their previous attention was insufficient. As the backer of the Qin Empire, the Demonic Path had the duty to guide and support them.

After Xianyang sent out a message requesting reinforcement, the Demonic Path also received an even more comprehensive report detailing the frontlines of the battle. The incomparable battle efficiency of the monster race sinners was shocking and they also realized how panicked and fearful the people of the Qin Empire were.

The monster race was like a pack of ghosts and devils from hell. They spread across the land of the Qin Empire like a plague, destroying wherever they passed by. For every second that passed, countless Qin citizens died in the war.

“Countless years ago, the monster race was the most formidable strength in the Land of Divinity and Demons. Although they were exiled into the northern snowy regions until now, the Demonic Path has never relaxed their guard against them. Every year a massive amount of manpower and resources are expended to collect updated information related to the monster race. In their war with the Qin Empire, the monster race army’s level of strength surpasses the level they should be at.” The Demon Envoy explained, standing in front of the hall.

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows. “Have we not found the reason yet?”

The Demon Envoy presented a jade slip with both hands. “Reporting to Your Majesty, we know that the monster race has a special type of inheritance, and this inheritance has a successor that is called a Sage. They possess a formidable support-class supernatural art that can increase the strength of the monster race warriors on a large scale. However, there are extremely severe limits for this kind of ability and they cannot use it on too many people. According to what we know, the monster race only has three sages and it is impossible for them to increase the strength of their entire army.”

Qin Yu took hold of the jade slip and probed it with his divine sense, gleaning over information related to the monster race Sages. After several breaths of time his eyes flashed and he stood up, saying, “The Dark Night Demon Region and Blue Skies Yellow Springs have come.” He stood up and flicked his sleeves, opening the palace doors. “Supreme Seat, Yama, please enter.”

The Dark Night Supreme Seat's face was still pale. He clearly had yet to fully recover from the injuries he suffered in the Immortal Sect. When he saw Qin Yu his expression became icy cold.

Yama had a much more friendly expression. She had gained an enormous amount during her trip to the Immortal Sect. Just bringing two Immortal Sect Calamity Immortals under her control had caused the overall strength of the Blue Skies Yellow Springs to rise drastically.

The three sides casually greeted each other. Without much chatting, they dove straight into the reason for gathering. Qin Yu said, "The Qin Empire is requesting reinforcements. The Demonic Path cannot stand idly by. We should discuss countermeasures."

"There is nothing good to discuss. We either have the Demonic Path directly assist or mobilize other strengths to help the Qin Empire. These are our only choices." The Dark Night Supreme Seat sneered. "During the battle with the Immortal Sect the Dark Night Demon Region suffered extreme losses. If the Holy Monarch desires to help the Qin Empire then I have no opinion. But, the Dark Night Demon Region will not be sending anyone."

Anyone could hear the thorns in his voice.

Yama hesitated for a moment and said, "Your Majesty Holy Monarch, the Immortal Sect might have remained quiet so far, but the Demonic Path cannot be moved so lightly otherwise we will be giving them the opportunity to strike against us."

Qin Yu's eyes flashed. "I understand your opinions. Then, send a message to Handan City for the Zhao Empire to assist the Qin Empire. Have both countries utilize their strength to repel the monster race!"

The Zhao Empire and Qin Empire had been on good terms for many generations and they were both influences attached to the Demonic Path. Thus, generally speaking, they had reasons to help the Qin Empire.

The Demonic Path's three heads made up their minds. A message was soon sent to the Zhao Empire. It was unknown what struggle occurred in Handan City, but in the end they agreed to dispatch troops.

The will of the Demonic Path was the main reason. Another reason was that they were both neighboring states that relied upon each other. The Qin Empire and Zhao Empire shared a border. If the monster races from the northern regions were to win and spread further, they would inevitably pour into the borders of the Zhao Empire.

To ensure their enemies stayed outside their borders...perhaps this was the only point where the Zhao Empire could comfort themselves, that at the very least they were much luckier than the Qin Empire. Moreover, since the Zhao Empire obeyed this order then the Demonic Path had to show goodwill in return. They couldn't just call upon others without giving anything back.

Without expectation, the Demonic Path sent masters to assist. But, the leader of the regiment shook the entire Zhao Empire, and Emperor Zhao personally came to the city gates to welcome them.

"I welcome Your Majesty Yama."

Yama smiled. "There is no need for Emperor Zhao to be so courteous. I have been cultivating recently and I need some materials. The strong bodies of the monster race just happen to fit what I need, so I decided to help with the army."

Emperor Zhao's heart relaxed. He smiled and said, "With Your Majesty Yama's assistance, there is no worry that the monster race will not be defeated!" Supreme beings rarely interfered in world affairs. Their strength was far too terrifying and they could easily tilt the balance to one side. But if she were to go against the monster race sinners, no one would try to stop her.

Yama's arrival caused an upsurge of confidence in the Zhao Empire. All of the ministers and rulers recognized that the result of this war was already decided. Now, they began to argue about how to split the advantages and rewards.

In determining the division of war merits, the process of the war itself was one part, but the number of troops involved was also an important factor...if Great Zhao had obeyed the orders of the Demonic Path and dispatched an army of several million soldiers to aid Great Qin, it wouldn't be wrong to be paid well for this, right?

On this basis, the Zhao Empire sent out a decree and the number of soldiers dispatched to the Qin Empire suddenly multiplied to three million. The generals split into three different routes as they left the country and entered into the territory of Great Qin. Along the road, the panicked and horrified citizens of Great Qin cheered and celebrated, looking towards the armies of Great Zhao with grateful and joyous expressions.

The Zhao Empire's support helped the Qin Empire stabilize their situation and stand firm. After several great battles, they blocked the wildly advancing monster race and gained control over the battlefield. Emperor Qin personally wrote a letter to Handan City expressing his gratitude for the aid of the Zhao Empire.

As the Qin and Zhao armies united, they gradually reversed the tides of battle. The monster race army realized this and started to contract their strength. They concentrated their forces in several great cities they had seized control of and began to wage war with both nations.

The war entered into a temporary stand-off. But, battles and bloodshed frequently broke out on a small-scale level all over. Both sides probed each other in a wild flurry of activity, trying to gain as much intelligence as they could.

...

Long Snake River.

There was no profound meaning to this name. It was only given this name due to the way the river wound through the land and touched upon several areas within the Qin Empire's borders like a large snake.

The ferry crossings built across both sides of the wide river had been destroyed and large pits marred the banks. Each pit had an arrow embedded at the bottom. Because the arrows couldn't withstand the amount of destructive force, their surfaces were covered with cracks.

The Qin and Zhao allied armies had confronted the monster race army here. Luckily, both sides were only probing each other and left after a quick skirmish, otherwise this Large Snake River would have been razed to the ground.

With this river as the dividing line, both sides distantly confronted each other. An invisible aura spread out, turning the air thick and gloomy. The banks on both sides of the river were deathly silent and not even a bird dared to pass through.

Near an arrow pit at the riverside, a pair of eyes was exposed from beneath mud and stone. The eyes rapidly looked around, cautious and wary. As a scout cultivator of the Zhao Empire military, his mission here was to monitor these regions and prevent the monster races from making any sudden attacks.

Although over a dozen days had passed uneventfully, he was a skilled and well-trained scout who wouldn't lower his guard because of this.

Suddenly, beneath the mud and stone, a bright light flashed in the scout's eyes, like a hawk that had found its prey.

Several breaths of time later, a figure flew across the ground. This person carried something on their body that caused light to distort around them. They looked like a faint shadow, almost impossible to detect.

As this figure was about to fly over the river, the arrow pit exploded and a black arrow shot into the skies. The scout was more than just a scout. He also had another job as an assassin. If he were to find any important enemy personnel, he was authorized to kill them without hesitation.

Thus this scout had been equipped with a powerful Sky Piercing Arrow. The figure flying over didn't even have time to react before they were pierced through. The arrow sank into flesh and blood and tore that person's body apart. With the sound of splashing sounds, fragments of bones and limbs fell to the ground.

The Zhao Empire scout rushed out from the arrow pit and took anything of value from the corpse. Then, without hesitation, he turned and fled. His mission was complete.

He quickly sifted through the items. After not finding anything particularly valuable, the scout handed everything over in accordance with the rules.

Chapter 649B – Monster Race Fires Burning the Heavens

The items that the scout turned over would be processed by specialists to avoid missing any vital information. Moreover, they had to pass through two examinations before being determined as useless and sealed away.

There was a seal discovered in the items that the scout handed over, and something improper was detected during the second round of examination. The surface of the seal seemed to be some sort of flower, but it turned out to be an ancient language that was nearly extinct. After being translated, it was an order to monster race armies in other regions. The contents could be summarized as such: Capture the Qin people in the occupied area and transport them to Red Sand Beach.

These instructions were irrelevant to movements of the army, but the intuition of the intelligence workers told them that this matter wasn't normal. A response was soon decided and more efforts were put into investigating this.

Several days passed. With the lives of several outstanding scouts as the price, a breakthrough was finally made in this matter: the monster race was planning to sacrifice a massive number of Qin citizens to open a portal. They wanted to connect this portal to their lair in the northern snowy regions and allow the great tribes of the monster race to enter.

This was a significant discovery. The Zhao Empire military hastily informed the Qin Empire. Both sides quickly met up and compared the dynamics of everything occurring around them. They soon came to a conclusion: this information was true!

The only thing that confused the Zhao Empire people was why such important information was personally sent by a person and why the cultivator who brought it over had such a low cultivation.

A Qin general sneered and explained, "The monster race has finally gained some smarts. In the region of our Qin Empire, they are suppressed by our national destiny on all sides. If they use any other methods to send a message, it would be easily intercepted. In the last several battles, the only reason we were able to win was because we obtained information on the enemy first.

"As for why they sent an ordinary monster race cultivator to deliver a message, it should be to lure us into a false sense of security. This information was concealed well so that even if it were to be intercepted it would likely be overseen. For this method of sending a message, there should be more than one. Immediately send people to reexamine all the items that have been intercepted recently. There should be some harvests."

Sure enough, in the intelligence networks of the Qin and Zhao Empires, they found four hidden messages. After being translated, the information was exactly the same. If so, this shouldn't be wrong.

A part of the monster race army was already terrifying enough. If the entire monster race tribe were to arrive, the course of battle would likely instantly reverse.

"We cannot allow the monster race's scheme to prevail!"

As the militaries of both sides were urgently negotiating plans to dispatch troops, there was another suggestion made: the monster race army wanted to open a portal. If so, they would gather up their troops in one spot to protect it. The Qin and Zhao Empires could concentrate their armies and wipe out the main force of the monster race army, ending this war early!

...

Qin Capital, Xianyang City.

In a hall deep inside the imperial palace, Emperor Ying had his hands held behind his back as he looked at a map opened up in the space before him. On it was a noticeable red dot with three characters beside it – Red Sand Beach.

Four generals in heavy armor stood quietly behind him. All that could be seen were their quiet eyes, as cold and silent as rocks.

“The Great Qin Empire has existed for 30 million years and until now, there have been four generations of inheritance. Today, I do not hesitate to gamble the lives of my trillion subjects and our national destiny on a single roll of the dice. If we succeed today, the Qin Empire will usher in a new life.

“The arrow has already been nocked. I entrust the future of our nation to you. I hope that you generals will not disappoint my expectations and destroy the shackles that wind around the body of my Great Qin!

“I vow that if we succeed, glory and honor will be shared with you all. And if we fail...although I am in Xianyang, I will still share life and death with you!”

A deep dignified sound spread throughout the hall. Like gold and iron clashing, it struck the walls and emitted a deep tremor.

The four Qin generals bowed in unison, their armors rubbing against each other. The thick scent of blood filled the air. “We will not disappoint Your Majesty’s trust. We offer our lives for the future of the Qin Empire!”

...

Immortal Sect.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s hands were as clear as jade. His ten fingers fell upon the void, each one splashing in space and creating ripples. Each point left behind shined like a star in the night sky.

“Yama’s avatar is within the Zhao Empire’s army. I need to use the Heaven Filling Art in order to temporarily blind the perception of yin and yang aura so that she doesn’t sense anything amiss and destroy the great plan.”

The Nether Domain Master furrowed his eyebrows. “The Heaven Filling Art is invisible and leaves behind no mark, but if you are aiming at a supreme being of the world, you still might be discovered.”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign said, “Don’t worry. Emperor Zhou is a careful and crafty man. Since he has agreed to help, his plan will not fail. With his assistance, Yama will not be aware.”

As he spoke the last finger tapped down. The vast star map was completed and all the spots shined together at once, releasing a hazy light.

It was like burning mist, concealing all strength. As the Buddhist Nation Sovereign raised his hands the star map shined and fused into the void.

...

Qin Empire border, Zhao army station –

The space inside the large military tent where Yama was suddenly shattered. The darkness seemed to be infinite. The massive Samsara grinding pan hung above her head, spinning and rumbling as it roared like a raging river.

She was gathering the strength of six different types of souls to practice her supernatural arts. The souls of the monster races were exactly one of those that she was missing. And, what the battlefield did not lack was new souls.

A sudden palpitation grew in her heart. Yama's eyes opened beneath her dark golden mask. She furrowed her eyebrows, a surprised look on her face. Just now she had sensed some danger but it had immediately vanished. When she tried to find it again it had disappeared.

Was this an illusion caused by creating the Six Path Samsara supernatural art?

Yama took out a jade disc. After searching it with her divine sense she connected with the distant Demonic Path. Once she confirmed that the Immortal Sect hadn't made any unusual actions recently, her heart calmed a little.

"This should be a warning from the sacrificed souls." Yama whispered to herself. She looked up at the Samsara grinding pan, a helpless look in her eyes.

From ancient times, the lineage of Yamas had never experienced a peaceful or natural death. One of the most important reasons was because they manipulated souls and interfered with the samsara of the world. When too much karmic retribution accumulated upon their bodies, they would eventually suffer world tribulation as punishment.

"Once I complete my Six Path supernatural art, I need to find some way to reduce the karmic retribution I have."

...

Emperor Zhou sat motionlessly, his majesty and aura so powerful that it seemed to form a prison around him. His eyes flashed and his finger moved as fast as lightning as he pointed in the air. From the point of his finger an immense invisible force erupted into nothingness, completely extinguishing the waves that just formed.

"Are those two from the Immortal Sect so confident that I will help?" Looking at the nothingness in front of him, Emperor Zhou's lips curved upwards. However, there was no happiness there, but an infinite cold instead.

He lowered his head, his eyes veering to a person standing in a corner of the hall. "Lingtian, have you ever hated me?"

Zhan Lingtian respectfully knelt to the floor. There was a hint of a struggle on his countenance. With a trembling voice he said, "I dare not deceive ancestor...I have."

Emperor Zhou was not angry. Rather, he smiled in appreciation. "That's right. This is the breadth of spirit and valor that a descendant of my Zhou Family should have. Even when facing me, you still dare to reveal your heart. Do not worry. Since I owe you, I will give you back enough. Soon I will send you a great good fortune."

The Immortal Sect had offered him half a country to stop Solitary Westgate. Emperor Zhou would certainly agree with this. This was not only because the offered stake was enough, but the most fundamental reason was...back in the Sea of Purgatory, the monster race had already submitted to him.

If the monster race was released from their cage in their northern snowfields, Great Zhou would be able to recover a bit of their energy. While it was the Immortal Sect who had provoked this matter, they might not be able to control the ending.

This world should have fallen into chaos already, otherwise how could an opportunity open up for him? Then, he'd push the timeline forward and fill it with death and blood so that the flag of the Great Zhou Empire could be planted all over the world once more!

Chapter 650 - Qin Empire Betrayal

The Qin and Zhao armies seemed the same on the surface, but they began to secretly mobilize en masse. Their armies passed through large-scale array formations to arrive at the assigned strategic points.

A massive pocket began to slowly take shape. All that it awaited was for the monster race army to march in. Once they did, it would close up and the monster race army would be annihilated.

From Xianyang City, Emperor Ying passed down a decree that the four great war generals would join the warfront. The Qin army cheered and celebrated. As the four strongest divine generals of the Qin Empire, they had fought battles throughout the south and north and had never tasted defeat even once. They were the spiritual leaders of the army.

It could be seen from this how determined the Qin Empire was. After the Zhao Empire held a short discussion in Handan City, they dispatched a group of imperial powerhouses to enter the army. The time had come to compete for merits and they naturally couldn't fall behind.

Though there wasn't an exact count, the Qin and Zhao Empires had sent out an army totaling almost 10 million troops. They were prepared to deliver the monster race a fatal strike as soon as they received the order.

Before the start of the war, no one expected that the closely cooperating Qin and Zhao Empires would become the leads of this historical event. And that their actions would lead to the entire Land of Divinity and Demons falling into chaos and turmoil on an unprecedented scale.

The curtains would soon open on this play. Everyone had their own plans and calculations, but, would the final result really be as they wished it would?

Only time would tell!

...

A long time ago, Red Sand Valley used to be a place that a river ran through. But, because the river changed course due to various events, the riverbanks were exposed and gradually dried up, revealing the riverbed. The red stones were washed down from the mountain range upstream. Over time, they were smashed by the elements and turned into sand, eventually becoming today's Red Sand Valley.

This was a low-lying land with some puddles and small lakes formed from the gathered rain. But, the land remained barren and it was hard for any vegetation to grow here. As the sun shined down, it seemed like blood had dyed the earth red, giving it a strange and eerie feeling. Due to this, it was rare for anyone to visit this place.

But right now, this barren land was especially lively. Squads of tall and strong monster race warriors patrolled back and forth. Their expressions were grim and sharp like hawks. The space at the center of the valley was twisted up. If one looked in, they could only blurrily see the phantom of a massive altar. All aura was isolated inside by the warped space, so no one outside could sense it.

Red Sand Valley was surrounded by rough and dangerous terrain. The mountains weren't high but they were extremely steep. The landscape of the mountains sunk without warning, as if they had been chopped by sharp sabers.

Somewhere beneath a broken cliff, space suddenly twisted and collapsed inwards. Because arrangements had been made to isolate auras ahead of time, no fluctuations spread out.

Two Qin cultivators walked out first. They held lotus-shaped lanterns in their hands. As they flooded the lanterns with magic power, light spread outwards, covering the area beneath the cliff with an enchantment.

Soon after, the army continuously poured out. The first were the Qin army soldiers that occupied the left, and then the Zhao army soldiers that occupied the right. No one spoke and the atmosphere was constrained.

Even though both countries had joined forces and held an overwhelming superiority, they had fought with the monster race several times before and knew how horrifying their enemies could be. The monster race were a bunch of lunatics that would try to drag someone down with them even if they were on the verge of death. They couldn't be underestimated at all.

As if sensing the tense atmosphere, a Qin cultivator carrying a lotus-shaped lamp smiled and said, "You may all speak. It's fine as long as you don't use your cultivation." He looked in the direction of the Zhao Empire army. "I also think my colleagues there will approve."

The Zhao army cultivator responsible for concealing their auras nodded, "That's right."

The constrained atmosphere relaxed. A Qin soldier glanced at a Zhao soldier not too far away. "Brother, where are you from? I visited the Zhao Empire a long time ago, so perhaps I've been there."

The Zhao soldier smiled. He said in a low voice, "My home is in the far north in quite a remote area. You shouldn't have gone there before."

The Qin soldier reached out and patted the Zhao soldier's shoulder. "Once we force the monster race back, Qin and Zhao will become brothers for 10,000 lifetimes. If there is a chance, we soldiers should get to know each other. Perhaps I might come and visit someday in the future. If that happens, brother must make sure to entertain me!"

The Zhao soldier thumped his chest. "That doesn't even need to be said. If any brothers from the Qin Empire come, I will have my woman cook you up some great dishes!"

"Brother is married? Do you have a child...?" Before the Qin soldier finished speaking, his complexion suddenly changed.

The Zhao soldier across from him thought he was remembering some painful event. The Zhao soldier hurried to comfort him, "Marriage is a matter that will happen sooner or later. There is no need to worry so much about it."

...

Demonic Path, Holy Palace.

Qin Yu suddenly laid down his teacup. He looked up above, his eyebrows slowly furrowing together.

Ning Ling had a puzzled expression. "What is it?"

Outside the pavilion, You Qi was trimming and watering some plants. She also turned around.

Qin Yu hesitated for a moment. Then he slowly said, "I don't know, but I feel like something isn't right. As if something is going to happen."

Ning Ling's eyes flashed. "Is it because you have been too anxious lately?"

Qin Yu shook his head. "No, this has nothing to do with the Immortal Sect..." As he said this, his heart skipped a beat and the uneasy feeling became increasingly strong.

Could the Immortal Sect really have done anything? The Demonic Path was normal in all aspects. If so, where would they begin moving in from?

Shua –

Qin Yu fiercely looked up, his eyes icy cold – the Qin Empire battlefield!

...

The Qin soldier lowered his head. His mood became gloomy and depressed. After several breaths of time he said, "Brother from the Zhao Empire, I'm sorry."

Puff –

The Qin soldier's sword pierced through the Zhao soldier's chest. Strength erupted and crushed the Zhao soldier's vitality. Blood gushed out from his head and his eyes filled with shock.

...Why?

Unfortunately, this question was doomed to never receive a reply. The soldier's highest priority was to follow the commands given to him. The soldier had no idea why he would receive such an order, but it was a joint one that came from the four great war god generals. Since it was sent to the receiving stone he held on his body, it shouldn't be wrong...

The land beneath the cliff instantly turned into an Asura hell. The Zhao soldiers were caught off guard and suffered immense casualties!

Meanwhile, the monster race army in Red Sand Valley suddenly rushed out, wildly firing towards the Zhao Army encampment like a crazed snake.

...

The Qin Empire had changed sides. They joined together with the monster race army to create an inescapable net. The Zhao Empire completely lost the three million strong army they sent to assist the Qin Empire. The avatar of Yama, one of the supreme beings of the world, died. With her death as the price, she sent the inheritance treasure Samsara away. News of this spread throughout the Land of Divinity and Demons like a hurricane, causing the entire world to go into an uproar!

At the Qin Capital, Xianyang –

Emperor Ying went to the temple and prayed to his ancestors. He announced to the world that traces of the Demonic Path were found in relation to the death of the founding emperor. After listing the evil crimes that the Demonic Path had committed over the years, he indicated that the Qin Empire's actions today were justified.

From this day forth, with the rebellion of the Qin Empire, there was no more chance for peace. All influences throughout the Land of Divinity and Demons veered towards them.

First, the Demonic Path had joined forces with the Dao Arena in order to invade the Immortal Sect and kill the avatars of the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master, also inflicting severe casualties on the Immortal Sect. Now, the Qin Empire had revolted, swallowing the three million man army of the Zhao Empire and becoming eternal enemies with the Demonic Path...countless people couldn't help but sigh over such a series of events!

No one was an idiot. If the Qin Empire had no support, no matter how powerful they were, how could they dare to betray the Demonic Path? Although no one saw traces of the Immortal Sect in this affair, to say that they weren't involved would be a joke!

With things having come this far, it was impossible for it to end like this. The Demonic Path was always overbearing in their disposition and never liked to suffer a single loss. So, how could they endure something like this? The true chaos was still to come!

...

"Qin Ying! Qin Ying!" In the central palace of the Blue Skies Yellow Springs, Yama's angry screams reverberated outwards. Her luck was poor. Not only had her avatar died but her true body had suffered an immense backlash.

And the Six Path supernatural arts she had just crossed the threshold of had been destroyed. If she wished to cultivate it again it would be over ten times more difficult. It was simply impossible for her to ever reach large success.

How could she not hate!

But no matter how angry she was, she never lost her sense of reason. She knew that the Qin Empire had laid down an inescapable net.

If she went forth to take revenge, whether or not she would be able to kill anyone was uncertain. There was a high likelihood that she would be suppressed and killed instead, her life's cultivation wasted.

At this moment, Yama received a message from the Holy Palace. She stood up and stepped out, vanishing from sight.

In the next moment, space shook around Yama. Everyone kneeled as she walked into the hall.