

## Refining 661

### Chapter 661A – Blue Heaven Finger

Emperor Ying took a deep breath and suppressed his tumbling thoughts. He took a step forward and the phantom of a golden dragon roared above his head, its shout echoing through the world. “To all those within my Qin Empire, follow me to battle! Fight!”

Since there was no path of retreat, he might as well seize the initiative and launch an attack. For the Qin Empire to suppress all sides and become one of the seven great empires, they naturally had their strengths.

Bang –

Bang –

The sound of the shooting ballistas filled the air. 36 God Slaying Ballistas howled out, shattering space as they tore a straight black line through the void.

The reason the God Slaying Ballistas were so terrifying was that they could easily tear through the strength of the rules and travelled at an inconceivably fast pace. They could even pose a threat to Calamity Immortals.

Even at a far-off distance, it could arrive in less than the blink of an eye...36 arrows roared!

“Leave it to me.” Solitary Westgate lifted a hand and the roar of a beast resounded through the heavens and earth. The Thunder Kirin leapt forth. The skies started to darken as countless black clouds gathered and endless bolts of lightning leapt through them.

The Thunder Kirin roared out loud and lightning flashed in the dark clouds. 36 bolts of thunder crashed down, forming 36 columns that protected the two people inside.

In the next moment, the god slaying arrows arrived. They crashed into the 36 columns of thunder and terrifying fluctuations instantly erupted. Visible shockwaves spread out, crashing into Xianyang’s protective array like endless waves.

The barrier of light protecting the city instantly distorted. Countless runes shimmered into existence, rapidly covering the barrier.

Outside the capital city, the small towns that were nearby, the villages, fields, mountains, rivers, lakes...everything seemed to be wiped away by an invisible hand, turning the land into a blank slate.

There were many innocent Qin Empire people here. From beginning to end, they never saw Qin Yu or Solitary Westgate before being buried by their hands.

But, Qin Yu and Solitary Westgate didn’t feel any guilt at all. Because the one who gave up on these people and brought them total annihilation today was the emperor they had pledged their loyalty to.

This was the price that the people of the Qin Empire needed to withstand...and, this wasn’t the end!

Solitary Westgate narrowed his eyes. Looking in the direction of Xianyang, the Thunder Kirin rapidly shrank before submerging into his arm.

He raised a fist and the black clouds in the heavens wildly tumbled about. When he punched out, a purple bolt of thunder sizzled out from the clouds, falling onto the golden dragon.

Bang –

Xianyang shook as if a meteor had crashed down into it. Terrifying amounts of strength diffused outwards, forming horrifying shockwaves.

The golden dragon phantom angrily roared as lightning fell down on its body like a giant waterfall. The lightning was quickly counterbalanced and destroyed.

But whether it was the capital's great protective array or the golden dragon phantom that counterbalanced the lightning attack, they both expended a tremendous amount of strength. And for a supreme being of the world, wherever they stood could be called the center of the world. They could mobilize the power of the world as they pleased and erupt with an almost endless amount of energy.

So, Solitary Westgate's gaze didn't change. After punching once, he drew back his fist and punched again.

More importantly, the strength he erupted with now wasn't just his own, but also the terrifying might of the Thunder Kirin God Beast.

If it weren't for this, he wouldn't have been able to easily threaten Xianyang's great protective array and also weaken the strength of the national destiny golden dragon.

“Fight!”

Atop the city walls, the innumerable Qin Empire warriors shouted. The killing intent that had been tempered through countless battles broke free from their bodies and gathered in the skies above.

An incomparably massive face appeared in the heavens. It had a complete head, neck, body, arms, and legs.

This was a grand and towering Qin Empire warrior. It raised its hands and a sword rapidly condensed in its grasp.

“Die!”

Bang –

The sword cut down.

Like a mountain falling into a sea, mighty waves rose up and the entire world fell into chaos. The terrifying aura caused everyone's hearts to shiver with despair.

This was a strike that was formed from the killing intent of a million Qin Empire warriors. In terms of simple power, it surpassed the level of a Calamity Immortal.

The sword blade destroyed all things before it!

Solitary Westgate had a dignified expression. His falling punch intensified and the power of thunder erupted. The head of the Kirin emerged on the surface of his fist, its mouth open in an angry growl.

The sword collided with the fist and a heaven-shaking explosion occurred. Terrifying shockwaves spread out, twisting the skies and stirring up the winds and clouds, turning it into a raging sea of darkness.

In a collision of pure strength, even though Solitary Westgate was at a disadvantage, it was still within his scope of tolerance. But when a million warriors of the Qin Empire joined together to attack, the most terrifying aspect of their strike lay in the inherent will of annihilation contained within.

This was condensed from the killing intent of a million Qin Empire warriors. The impact of will it created was alarming, wildly tearing at Solitary Westgate's mind.

Even though supreme beings of the world all had formidable souls, they would inevitably suffer heavy losses under such an impact.

Like a rock being struck by crashing waves, although it was indestructible, it still had its limits. Once the power of the waves reached a certain degree, it could still damage the rock.

Solitary Westgate humphed and his complexion rapidly paled. Dark blood dripped out from his nose and mouth. However, just as this blood appeared it was evaporated by a powerful strength, causing it to disappear into nothingness.

As a supreme being of the world, he possessed a dignity that would not allow himself to be in such a distressed state. A cruel look flashed in his gloomy eyes. It was as cold as the winter wind, piercing straight into the soul.

"They are worthy of being the Qin Empire Cavalry, one of the strongest military forces in the world. The combined strike of a million soldiers is actually able to injure me. But by relying on this alone it is impossible to make me lower my head." Solitary Westgate took a deep breath. Then, he raised his hands as if he were sticking them into something. His ten fingers curved and grabbed, maliciously pulling down. "Endless Prison of Thunder, arrive!"

Bang –

The skies seemed to sink. Within the roiling black clouds, dazzling lightning flashed like a thousand suns, making it impossible to look straight at it. Innumerable strands of thunder wove around each other like a net, thick and dense, circle after circle, forming a horrifying world of thunder.

It was so vast in size that it covered all of Xianyang Capital as it came slowly falling down from the heavens. Even with the great protective array still in full revolution, the entire capital city fell into panic and disarray. Anyone with slightly weaker cultivations or minds had already lost all color from their faces.

Slowly but steadily, in several breaths of time, the prison of thunder covered Xianyang City. The twining snakes of thunder were like vicious beasts that had been awakened from their slumber, angrily attacking the city's protective barrier.

Rumble rumble –

Heaven-shaking explosions filled the air as if the world was collapsing all around them. One could feel the horrifying fluctuations emanating from here throughout the entire Land of Divinity and Demons.

Underneath this insane bombardment of attacks, great hollows began to appear in Xianyang City's stable array formation. Layer after layer of ripples spread out and the tremors caused cracks to appear one after another.

If it weren't for the entire array formation being formed by countless layers stacked up over each other, it would have already blown apart!

Bang –

Bang –

Bang –

Within the rumbling of crashing thunder, loud bangs suddenly erupted. 36 explosions sounded out at the same time, even momentarily suppressing the sounds of bombarding thunder. Long channels of torn space cut through the void, firing at Solitary Westgate who was controlling the power of thunder in the skies.

For an empire to stand proud in the world, even if they had to bow their heads to the Immortal Sect and Demonic Path, they still deserved a certain respect.

If they didn't have the strength to preserve themselves, how could they accomplish this?

Although supreme beings of the world were strong, if they wanted to suppress an empire with their strength alone, this was simply impossible.

Even if this person was known as the man who had once fought with the heavens and survived, the incomparably deep Dao Arena Master.

Right now, only one choice was available to Solitary Westgate – to disperse the Prison of Thunder and block the god slaying arrows...but today, it wasn't just Solitary Westgate who was fighting the Qin Empire.

Qin Yu lifted a hand and punched out. The world rumbled and the towering phantom of an Ancient appeared, punching together with him.

Terrifying strength swept out like a tsunami, covering every inch of space present. When the 36 god slaying arrow passed through, it was like they had fallen into a swamp.

After tearing forward a little, they began to slow down and stagnate. The runes that flowed across their surface rapidly lit up and imploded.

Qin Yu trembled as he resisted 36 god slaying arrows with his punch. But, he never took a step backwards. Instead, he moved forward.

The Ancient race. When they were born they supported the world, and even after death they would not fall!

Moving forward, knowing no fear...to face strength with even greater strength.

He lifted a hand and formed a fist. The phantom of the Ancient above him reared back its head and roared. Before he had punched out, the world already started to shake.

In the skies above the imperial palace, Emperor Ying's pupils shrank. Once again, a trace of regret appeared for the initial decision he made.

Still, this regret only lasted a brief moment before it was erased. Then he lifted a hand and thrust forward. The golden dragon phantom above his head roared out loud.

As the emperor of the Qin Empire, when he was in the imperial palace he could summon and mobilize the national destiny of the entire empire. With its support, his own strength rose drastically.

A dark golden seal appeared in the skies. The characters at the bottom read: With a mandate from heaven, may you thrive and prosper forever!

These characters had the momentum of swallowing the sun. When they gathered together, they represented an unsurpassed power that could suppress the world.

The dark golden seal appeared outside Xianyang's great array formation and collided with Qin Yu's fist. The entire world fell into a deathly silence. Then, what followed was endless rumbling thunder.

### **Chapter 661B – Blue Heaven Finger**

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows together and his ice cold eyes landed on Emperor Ying. As a supreme being of the world, although he had used a shortcut of borrowing the strength of his empire's national destiny, he was still a person who had broken past the boundaries of life and death. When he summoned the power of his empire's national destiny, he was actually no weaker than Qin Yu.

It had to be known that what Qin Yu used right now was the inherited supernatural arts of the Ancient race. It was a technique that summoned a trace of the will of the Ancient ancestors.

"Demon Sovereign, I am the Qin Empire and the Qin Empire is me! You can give up any idea of stepping into Xianyang!" Emperor Ying shouted, his voice reverberating through the heavens and earth.

"Long live Your Majesty!"

"Long live Your Majesty!"

"Long live Your Majesty!"

Atop the city walls, the million strong Qin Empire Cavalry bellowed. The massive Qin Empire warrior phantom condensed once more, becoming more realistic.

At the same time, the 36 God Slaying Ballistas began to recharge. Although this sort of continuous use would drastically reduce their durability and could even leave them ruined, in this current situation the Qin Empire couldn't care about such things.

Qin Yu's eyebrows unfolded. He said without expression, "Is that so? Then I want to see just how hard this turtle shell around Xianyang really is!"

He lifted a hand and pressed a finger forward.

Hu –

Strong winds swept through the world. More and more clouds began to emerge and join the black clouds up above, causing the skies to darken further.

The phantom of a finger appeared. As it absorbed the strength of the heavens and earth, it started to fill out and seem ever more lifelike. One could even see the clear fingerprints on its surface.

It came from the skies and pointed at Xianyang City!

Emperor Ying's eyes flashed. He flicked his sleeves and space twisted, opening up like a giant mouth as it swallowed this finger.

Although he had easily and effortlessly dealt with this attack, he wasn't happy at all. Rather, he instinctively felt a sense of restlessness rise within him.

With Qin Yu's cultivation and in today's situation, how could he display such a weak supernatural art...was there another truth behind all of this?

Before Emperor Ying could mull over this further, Qin Yu pointed a second finger. Another finger phantom appeared. As it did, the dark world began to turn cold.

Wu wu wu –

Phantom after phantom appeared. Dense and numerous, they filled the world below. Men and women, young and old, there were so many that it was incalculable.

They seemed to be weeping and sobbing, their cries becoming a complaint against the world. Their voices became increasingly sharp and shrill.

Bang –

Bang –

These phantoms blew apart one after another, turning into gray flows of energy that were swallowed up into the finger as if it were a black hole.

The translucent finger rapidly condensed into reality. It was gray-white in color, like a corpse that was beginning to rot.

This finger summoned the specters of those that died within the world. Or, to be more accurate, what it summoned were the obsessions that these specters weren't willing to let go of.

Although this was a strange finger, in the eyes of a supreme being of the world, it was still far too weak.

Emperor Ying didn't need to use his full strength to easily destroy it...it was the same as the previous finger.

These two sequential fingers had both been weak supernatural arts...could this really only be a coincidence?

The third finger arrived!

Between the heavens and earth, countless picture scrolls appeared. Mountains rose up from flat plains and collapsed once more after countless years before being slowly filled up by the rain that fell from the skies.

This showed the evolution of the endless vicissitudes of the years!

The third of the Blue Fingers, the Blue Sea Finger.

For some unknown reason, when Emperor Ying saw these changing picture scrolls, doubt and unease flickered in his heart. Then, all of these feelings turned into a strange throbbing.

He fiercely looked up, a sharp light flashing in his eyes as he stared intensely Qin Yu.

At this time, Qin Yu lifted his hand once more and pointed out a fourth finger.

He finally opened his mouth. His voice was broad and light, as if a god were speaking from up high.

“This finger is called Blue Heaven!”

The first finger was Boundless Blue.

The second finger was Blue Spirit.

The third finger was Blue Sea.

The fourth finger...Blue Heaven.

This was the next finger that existed in Qin Yu’s premonitions. It represented the limits of this supernatural art.

It was one finger but also four fingers. Moreover, it was the fusion of all four fingers.

Bang –

The vanished Boundless Blue Finger appeared.

Bang –

The Blue Spirit Finger appeared!

Bang –

The Blue Sea Finger appeared!

Together with the final Blue Heaven Finger, the four fingers connected into a line. Then, like four waves, they crashed down together. When supernatural arts fused together, the power they erupted with was more than just the sum of their parts. Moreover, this was the fusion of four supernatural arts.

This was absolutely the strongest strike that Qin Yu had ever erupted with. The black clouds in the skies instantly split apart. Bright sunlight sprinkled down, illuminating Xianyang City below.

But now, whether it was Emperor Ying or any other person in Xianyang City, none of them felt any warmth at all...all they felt was an endless chill!

“Ahh!”

Emperor Ying roared out loud and the golden dragon phantom dove down, submerging directly into the earth.

Even if he were a supreme being of this world, he still didn't dare to directly face this strike head-on. He erupted with all his strength and integrated it into Xianyang City's great array formation.

Block it! I have to block it!

Emperor Ying wildly roared in his heart.

Bang –

With a crash the world shook. Everyone's minds fell into turmoil.

...

Within the void, four figures stood silent. Although they hadn't made an appearance, they could clearly feel everything happening outside.

At this moment, the four of them all had widened eyes. This sufficiently proved how shaken they were right now by the strength of the four Blue Sea Fingers. If any one of them were in Emperor Ying's position, they would have likely suffered an even more miserable fate.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign took a deep breath. "Everyone, the plan has changed. Only by luring the Demon Sovereign into the Immortal Sect can we kill him...otherwise, even if we all join forces, we might not be able to keep him from leaving!"

The Nether Domain Master shouted, "If the four of us join forces with Emperor Ying, that will be an absolute death trap. No matter how strong the Demon Sovereign is, he will definitely die!" He swept his eyes over Emperor Zhou and the monster race's Great Sage, "With my life, I vow to you that I will not harm either of you!"

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign made a similar vow. "The opportunity is fleeting. You two must come to a quick decision!"

"Fine!" Emperor Zhou shouted back, "I agree!"

The monster race Great Sage nodded. "I am willing to join hands with you to kill him!" His eyes were deep and profound, "But with the Demon Sovereign's intelligence, he won't necessarily be fooled."

He didn't dare to underestimate this Demonic Path Demon Sovereign who had risen from nowhere at all.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign said, "Sage, do not worry, the Demon Sovereign will definitely fall for this trap!"

...

A hurricane seemed to have passed through Xianyang City. The towering walls had collapsed and countless buildings were razed to the ground. Occasionally, one could see bodies partially exposed beneath the wreckage. It filled the world with a dismal and frigid atmosphere.



Out of the million strong army, less than 10% had survived. The survivors limply struggled around with missing limbs, hollow cries of despair coming from their throats. But in the context of Xianyang City and the catastrophic number of people that had died, their casualties weren't anything to speak of.

The dignified, glorious, solemn, and respectful Qin Empire imperial palace had been thoroughly demolished. In a giant pit situation in the deepest parts of the ruins, Emperor Ying was bathed in blood. His robes were in tatters and he had fallen to his knees. With him as the center, cracks spread out, covering the entire imperial palace.

Xianyang City had been broken through and the national destiny of the Qin Empire had been suppressed. As the ruler of the Qin Empire, the wielder of highest authority, he had suffered a horrifying backlash.

He fought to stand up. This simple movement caused beads of sweat to appear on his forehead. He moved forward, one step at a time.

Standing on the edge of the pit, he could see the ruined imperial palace and Xianyang City that was now like a hell on earth. Helplessness surged in his heart before transforming into endless hatred.

Through four generations of emperors, the Qin Empire had maintained its dignity for tens of millions of years. But all of that honor and pride had been thoroughly shredded to pieces today and recklessly trampled over.

Emperor Ying looked up into the air, his eyes red with blood. "Demon Sovereign! Demon Sovereign!"

His screams were filled with sorrow and rage.

### **Chapter 662 – Immortal Origin vs Spectral Disaster**

In the distance, Solitary Westgate's eyes shook. He felt as if he would never be able to completely understand Qin Yu.

The power of the Blue Heaven Finger completely surpassed the level of the Calamity Immortal realm and was even more terrifying than the Great Dao realm.

However, he was still left confused. If Qin Yu possessed such terrifying supernatural arts, why didn't he use them before?

Solitary Westgate had no idea that Qin Yu perceived the Blue Heaven Finger in Ning Ling's dream. In that dream that lasted dozens of years, he had never once revealed any hint of his cultivation or other abilities. But, it was because of this that he had been able to precipitate his knowledge and complete his breakthrough.

Qin Yu stepped through the void and walked forward. His eyes were cold and faint, "Emperor Ying, when you decided to betray my Demonic Path, you should have already expected today's outcome. Those citizens of the Qin Empire who died in this catastrophe weren't killed by me, but were personally sent to hell by the emperor they decided to give their loyalty to."

He lifted his hand into the skies and the phantom of a giant palace appeared. The projection of the Holy Palace released a formidable imprisonment that blocked out the world.

“I will end your eternal life and allow the entire Qin Empire to atone for your mistakes for generations to come.”

Qin Yu’s aura erupted, rumbling through the world.

But at this moment, the Holy Palace’s imprisoning strength was shattered. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign held a vajra in his hands and he stepped forward. The warm Buddhist light around him carried with it a deep sense of grief. The light slowly flowed like a river, illuminating the hellish landscape around him.

“Your Majesty Demon Sovereign, you should understand that it isn’t easy for a supreme being of the world to be born. There are so few of us right now, so how can you commit the sin of murder?”

Qin Yu roared, “Buddhist Nation Sovereign!” His aura rose once more and the towering phantom of an Ancient appeared, pressing its hands down.

“Suppressing Sea!”

The phantom of a mountain appeared. It emitted a vast and boundlessly ancient aura and carried with it an annihilating strength as it crashed towards the heavily injured Emperor Ying, wanting to kill him where he stood.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign smiled. “It seems I can only leave the Demon Sovereign disappointed.”

His figure flickered and he stood in front of Emperor Ying. Without trying to resist the Suppressing Sea Holy Mountain, he lifted his hand and a bead appeared in his palm.

Within it, there was a deeply sleeping shadow – it was Ning Ling.

“This bead is called Soul Lock. It is condensed from the Shen Yuanyin’s soul aura that Immortal Origin absorbed. Without accident, this is the only chance for reviving her.

“Does Demon Sovereign wish to personally destroy it?”

Qin Yu’s pupils shrank. Although he had already guessed that the Immortal Sect would do everything in their power to enrage him, he never expected they would use such methods.

Without any need for concealing it, anger and rage burst out from his chest, almost lighting him aflame like a burning sea that could extinguish the heavens.

Bang –

The Ancient race’s Suppressing Sea Holy Mountain instantly vanished, leaving behind strong winds that whipped up the Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s white robes. The Buddhist Nation Sovereign narrowed his eyes, his smile becoming increasingly warm and gentle.

“Demon Sovereign is truly a man of heavy sentiment. Then, I will take Emperor Ying away.”

He lifted the vajra in his hands and smashed the imprisonment of space. He picked up Emperor Ying and then turned around.

“I forgot to mention something to the Demon Sovereign. The Immortal Sect has always been ruthless towards traitors, without any room for mercy.

“So today, in the Immortal Sect, I will call upon all of our cultivators and destroy this bead in their presence. Shen Yuanyin will forever vanish from this world, without a single trace left of her. There will not be any possibility of reviving her.”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign bowed and said, “I hope that this gift can satisfy Your Majesty.”

The space around Qin Yu instantly collapsed and the Holy Palace phantom emitted heaven-shaking rumbles. Qin Yu shouted out loud, his icy voice seeming as if it came from the nine nether hells, “I’ll kill you!”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign smiled. “I fear that Your Majesty Demon Sovereign will not be able to accomplish that. Then, I will bid my farewells first.”

“Don’t even think of leaving!”

Whoosh –

Qin Yu howled forward, his face full of rage and craziness.

Solitary Westgate’s heart shook. He instinctively roared, “Qin Yu, don’t fall for their trap!”

Just like Qin Yu, although they had already discussed this plan, there was no longer any need to pretend right now.

Thus, there were no flaws in either of their performances.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign stood within the shattered space. Looking at the rapidly approaching Qin Yu, although his smile was warm and gentle, he was actually screaming out in his heart.

“Come! Come! Don’t stop! Come!”

The Nether Domain Master, Emperor Zhou, and the Great Sage all had anxious expressions in the void.

In the battle of Xianyang City, Qin Yu had relied on the strength of a single strike to almost destroy the Great Qin Empire.

This level of strength surpassed all common sense. If he was allowed to grow, he would surely become someone who would suppress all sides and be unstoppable.

And today was likely the best and only chance to kill him. Otherwise, Qin Yu might not fall for this type of trap again.

“Come! Hurry and come!”

The three supreme beings all fervently anticipated this.

Shua –

Finally, like a comet, Qin Yu’s figure rushed into the shattered space without any hesitation, wreathed in a destructive aura.

He lifted a hand and punched out at the Buddhist Nation Sovereign!

“Die!”

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign laughed. “There will be death, but the one who dies today will not be me.” He took a step backwards. Then, with Emperor Ying, he sank into the darkness.

The shattered space and the tunnel it formed vanished from sight. The entire world turned pitch black.

In the skies above Xianyang, Solitary Westgate’s face was dark and gloomy. Although he was confident in Qin Yu, he couldn’t help but feel apprehensive about this.

There had to be a death trap in the Immortal Sect. Could he really arrive there safely and lower destruction upon them? Solitary Westgate clenched his teeth and punched out, shattering space. He stepped inside and chased after the fluctuations of aura as fast as possible.

...

The Immortal Sect world –

The skies thundered and space shattered like a mirror. With the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master in the lead, the five supreme beings of the world stepped out.

In front of them was a deep darkness, as if it had been formed by gathering night from all around the world. The sounds of thunder roared within it.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign’s eyes surged with light. He confidently said, “Everyone, we will join forces to summon the strength of Immortal Origin to arrive. After today, there will not be a Demon Sovereign in this world again!”

The Nether Domain Master coldly sneered, “Time is of the essence. Let’s immediately begin!”

“Good!”

Emperor Zhou, the Great Sage, and Emperor Ying all spoke up together.

In particular, Emperor Ying hated Qin Yu to the extreme. Not even every sea and river in the world could cleanse his hatred. The capital city Xianyang had been destroyed and the strength of the Qin Empire had been weakened by at least half. The laborious accumulations of millions of years had all been wasted!

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master glanced at each other. They each took out a jade pendant fragment. When put together, the jade pendant fragments fused with each other. But, one could see that even after fusing, the jade pendant was still missing a section.

Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace.

A withered old woman sat in a hall with a dazed look. She looked at a jade pendant fragment placed atop a wooden frame. This was the token of the Palace Master, representing a third of the highest authority within the Immortal Sect.

She thought back to many years ago when she first saw Ning Ling. With just a single glance, she knew that she would be the new master of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace.

And reality proved that her suspicions weren't wrong.

But, why did things end up this way?

It clearly wasn't supposed to be like this.

Suddenly, the jade pendant fragment on the wooden frame began to tremble. It flew up and soared through the skies.

After being stunned for a moment, the old woman's pupils shrank. She realized what this meant.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Nether Domain Master were successful in their plan. The Demon Sovereign had entered the Immortal Sect and would soon encounter the destructive might of Immortal Origin.

The old woman suddenly laughed out loud, her voice sad and shrill. Like the howls of evil spirits from hell, it was filled with endless hatred.

"Qin Yu, you should die, you must die!

"If it weren't for you, how could my disciple have fallen to such a state? How could my Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace be on the wane!?"

"Immortal Origin! Please plunge him into the depths of the abyss so that he will be reincarnated!"

Withered white hair parted to reveal a face stacked with wrinkles. Who would have imagined that this old woman was once the Great Elder of Nineheaven Mirrormoon Palace known for her beauty...although she was still alive, she was already dead. All that remained was the shell of her body!

The third jade pendant fragment tore through the void. Then, the jade pendant was completed. The entire Immortal Sect world trembled along with it as a boundless aura erupted from deep below the earth.

Immortal Origin had awakened!

Between the heavens and earth, a phantom appeared. This was a middle-aged daoist with long hair and white robes. He grasped a jade scepter in hand. His thin lips revealed a cold pride that looked down upon the world with disdain.

Even if this was only a phantom, when the five supreme beings of the world saw this phantom appear, shock and awe rose up in the depths of their hearts.

As if just by opening its eyes, this phantom could easily take their lives!

Immortal Sect's Immortal Origin, known as being the origin of the entire Immortal Sect. It was said to possess endless might...who would have known that it was actually a person?

Or to be more accurate, it was only a projection left behind by an unsurpassed mighty being.

### **Chapter 663 – Devil Race**

Emperor Zhou's pupils shrank. The Great Sage widened his eyes in surprise before revealing a look of helplessness. This world was so splendid and amazing. Perhaps they were nothing but little worms

swaying back in forth in a pond. To not be able to realize the splendor of the world with their own eyes, this was truly the greatest regret of their lives.

The Buddhist Nation sovereign roared out, "Everyone, Immortal Origin has already appeared! I will fuse into the forehead and the Nether Domain Master will enter the left arm. The three of you may choose your own spots.

"I will go last. The rest of you enter first!"

The Nether Domain Master was the first to fly up. He entered Immortal Origin's left arm.

Emperor Zhou entered the right arm.

Emperor Ying and the Great Sage each entered a leg.

The Buddhist Nation Sovereign looked at the strength of darkness that was being broken apart. Then, he took a step forward and entered Immortal Origin's forehead.

Shua –

The eyes of the middle-aged daoist opened up, revealing a reflection of the world around...it was like he controlled the entire world in his hands, capable of extinguishing all with a single thought.

Bang –

The darkness shattered and tore apart, rapidly fading away in space. When Qin Yu stepped out and he saw the phantom of the daoist figure, his pupils shrank and his mind shook. This was the same as someone meeting their natural enemy. Fear and dread surged out from the depths of his heart, completely beyond his control.

Immortal Origin!

He was Immortal Origin!

Without any reason, this thought leapt into his mind. Then, like a hot iron, it was branded there forever. Even after thousands of years passed, he wouldn't forget about this!

Inside the daoist phantom, one could see the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and the others sitting cross-legged. They were the medium used to channel Immortal Origin's power.

With the strength of a supreme being of the world, even five of them gathered together were only just able to activate Immortal Origin's strength. One could imagine how terrifying its might was.

"Demon Sovereign, now that you have entered my Immortal Sect, today is the day you die."

This voice thundered into Qin Yu's consciousness. It was like a formidable outside impact smashing into him.

Even though Qin Yu had completed the substantialization of his will, he still felt a deep sense of fear. He knew that by relying on his strength alone, it was impossible for him to resist the strength of Immortal Origin.

No wonder the Buddhist Nation Sovereign had used every means at his disposal to make him enter the Immortal Sect. He actually had full confidence in killing him here.

Qin Yu bit down hard on his tongue and lifted his arm. His five fingers spread out and a pitch black bead appeared.

Within Immortal Origin, the Buddhist Nation Sovereign who controlled everything lifted his lips in a taunting smile. "You still haven't lost heart after seeing the strength of Immortal Origin?"

"Let's bring this to an end!"

The middle-aged daoist phantom raised a hand and pointed forwards.

In the left arm, the Nether Domain Master opened his eyes, his gaze sharp and cold.

Death!

Kacha –

There was a light sound that shouldn't have been heard in the current chaos. When this middle-aged daoist phantom attacked, its might was simply far too terrifying. Although the attack was still gathering and hadn't yet been released, the entire world seemed to be suppressed. All fluctuations were calmed and space and time seemed to fall still.

Thus, even though this sound was so minor, it was highlighted and became especially clear.

No one could have imagined that this common-looking black bead would erupt with a terrifying power after it was shattered – this was because it originated from the outside world, from an object that was once the supreme treasure of a powerful family.

It was the life-maintaining object that Undying had left behind for Qin Yu.

This was the greatest card in Qin Yu's hand. It could even be said that it was able to rescue him from any danger, no matter how extreme it was.

But today, Qin Yu had shattered it without hesitation...this was because the Immortal Sect needed to be destroyed. Everyone that harmed Ning Ling needed to be punished.

Spectral Disaster arrived. Although it was only a projection, in terms of power alone, it could compare with the true body's all out strike.

This was because this bead had a part of Spectral Disaster's source strength sealed inside!

The skies suddenly darkened and a yin chill filled the world. Corpses broke free from the ground, sad and despairing cries coming from their mouths.

Their numbers were incalculable. In the blink of an eye, the entire Immortal Sect world turned into a land of the dead!

Bang –

Bang –

The ground shattered again and again as 12 metal giants rose up. Each one seemed to lift the heavens, each containing a dreadful aura that suppressed all sides.

In an instant, without Qin Yu needing to do anything, the 12 metal giants all locked their eyes onto the middle-aged daoist phantom. They opened their mouths and roared.

An unimaginable imprisoning strength arrived, as if thousands of mountains were falling down together. The middle-aged daoist phantom was instantly suppressed. Then, the 12 metal giants hurtled forward with a speed that was completely incongruous with their appearance. Their 24 hands grabbed onto the middle-aged daoist phantom and ruthlessly tore outwards!

...

Infinitely far away in the vast endlessness of space, there was a giant nebula. Hundreds of stars swirled within like pearls in the deep sea, shining brightly.

At the center of this nebula there was a super planet that was at least three times larger than an ordinary one. Its surface was covered with lakes and mountains, forests and rivers. White clouds floated about, making it seem like a scene from a picture.

Without warning, fluctuations appeared and rapidly spread outwards. Like a meteor crashing into the sea, it set off a vast tsunami.

The mountains were crushed like foam. The quietly floating white clouds were instantly wiped away.

The clouds cleared and a palace was revealed atop a summit. Beneath the sunlight, it shimmered with the colors of a rainbow.

In the depths of a hall, a cultivating daoist opened his eyes. Lightning flashed in his pupils. Then, endless lightning tore through the skies of the nebula.

“Who is it? Who dares to touch my primordial spirit fragment! They must die!”

...

The moon hung high above, sprinkling down a cold luster. In a giant city below, in a teahouse near a road, Undying was sitting alone. He wore black robes as he peacefully sipped a cup of tea. But at this time, lightning flashed in his cup.

Paka –

Paka –

Lightning shrouded him. Within this lightning, one could faintly see a vast nebula. Undying’s complexion changed and he stood up. Darkness erupted from his body, rapidly diffusing outward and instantly covering the entire city.

Rumble rumble –

A heaven-shaking rumble erupted. The countless lives in the city shivered. As they looked at the explosions occurring in the darkness, their faces drained of blood.



“My little master, you really gave me a pleasant surprise...” He wryly muttered to himself. The darkness quickly gathered and Undying’s figure vanished. At the location where he had been sitting, the tea set, chair, and table all vanished, as if it was a point in space that had been erased.

...

Immortal Sect world.

The eyes of the daoist phantom that had been grabbed by the 12 metal giants suddenly shined. At this point, it gave off an even more terrifying feeling...as if it were a great beast that had regained consciousness!

Kacha –

Kacha –

The surrounding space disintegrated!

The five figures sitting inside the daoist phantom all cried out pitifully as their flesh and blood started to wither away. At the same time, the daoist phantom became increasingly realistic. It seemed as if it wanted to suck the flesh and blood of these five people dry to turn its illusory form into reality.

Roar –

Roar –

Flames ignited in the eyes of the 12 metal giants. The source strength of Spectral Disaster was thoroughly detonated.

Cracks immediately appeared over the surface of the daoist phantom. Dark red water unexpectedly flowed out from between these cracks.

The cries of the five inside became even more pitiful. It was like they were the ones that would be turned into shreds.

The projection of Spectral Disaster started to collapse. All of its strength was sucked out and gathered into the bodies of the 12 metal giants, allowing them to become incarnations of the most horrifying killing machines in the world.

Beneath their hands, the daoist phantom was ripped apart. Blood drenched the skies red and thundered resounded. Soon, an endless downpour of rain followed.

This rainwater was red in color and as thick as blood. Winds howled throughout the world, whimpering and sobbing, as if crying in grief.

Today, a supreme being of the world had perished!

Emperor Ying opened his eyes, all of the light and luster there gone. There was a pained and stunned expression on his face.

Until death finally came for him, he never once imagined he would end up in this situation.

But death was death; it wasn't merciful towards anyone. When one was swallowed up by death, everything became meaningless.

The work and efforts of an emperor, the ambitions to scheme against the world, the countless years of waiting and scheming for revenge, the laborious preparations...from this point on, none of those things held significance anymore.

Unexpectedly, the originally severely wounded Nether Domain Master was in the best condition.

Of course, this best condition was only relatively speaking in comparison to the miserable states of the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Emperor Zhou. They were soaked in blood and withered to the bone.

Dark fluctuations erupted, instantly wrapping around the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Emperor Zhou. The two of them yelled out in shocked anger, "Nether Domain Master, what are you doing!?"

The darkness didn't reply, only becoming increasingly deep. Fear filled the voices of the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Emperor Zhou. Loud thundering rumbles fiercely spread out, but their resistance was clearly useless. Soon, everything quieted down.

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows. Looking at the darkness in front of him, small sounds began to spread out...it was like...the sound of chewing and smacking lips.

Beyond his control, a cold chill rose up from his heart and spread through his entire body, leaving his scalp tingling.

At this time, the darkness rapidly disappeared. Or to be more exact, it submerged into a figure...it had a head, torso, two arms and two legs, and its shape seemed similar to that of a human. But that was where the similarities ended.

Dark purple scales, thick and dense, covered this figure like layered fish scales everywhere the eyes could see.

Its eyes were elongated and perilously thin, as if they were slits cut open with a knife. There were no eyeballs there – only an unfathomably deep darkness, like the endless abyss, capable of swallowing everything. Its hands and feet ended in long claws that flashed with a metallic sheen.

Two short pointed horns jutted out from both sides of its forehead. They were clear and transparent, as if polished from red jade. A slender tail with a triangular point slowly swung out behind it.

Abyssal devil!

With just one glance, Qin Yu recognized that this was the terrifying race that had landed on the Land of Divinity and Demons millions upon millions of years ago and created dreadful catastrophes.

In the past, if it wasn't for the rising Zhou Empire gathering all the strengths in the Land of Divinity and Demons and fighting back, then this world would have been seized by the abyssal devils and all living creatures degenerated into their food.

But this terrifying race had clearly been killed off...who could have imagined that the Nether Domain Master, one of the three heads of the solemn Immortal Sect, was actually the disguise of a devil.

But this was clearly a fact.

The clothes of the Buddhist Nation Sovereign and Emperor Zhou had been ripped into pieces. They were drenched with blood as they came falling down from the skies.

The two of them had vanished from the world. There wasn't a need to talk about what their fates were.

"Your Majesty Demon Sovereign is truly strong to be able to grasp such unexpectedly terrifying strength. I, the Devil Overlord Babasa, would like to express my most sincere respect towards you."

The devil slightly bowed. His voice was deep and grating, like iron striking stone. When it spread out it shook the void and carried with it the strength to frighten the heart.

"But unfortunately, this isn't a strength that belongs to Your Majesty to begin with. After using it once, it will forever vanish from the world."

Qin Yu's eyes were ice cold. He slowly said, "I can indeed only erupt with this strike once. But, Immortal Origin has been destroyed. To deal with a mere devil like you, my strength is more than enough."

The Nether Domain Master...no, the Devil Overlord Bababa smiled. "Your Majesty's confidence is inspiring. But, you underestimate the power of a Devil Overlord.

"Then, I ask Your Majesty to enter my stomach and become a part of me!"

Shua –

A series of afterimages were created. Babasa didn't seem to have moved, but his sharp blade-like claws were already cutting down. Space was torn open, like a scratch in white snow. But what this represented was the world being torn – this was the world truly being broken. All of the rule lines were thoroughly severed and they began to rapidly self-destruct from both sides, forever disappearing from the world.

From this point on, these destroyed world rules would not be able to be restored. It was an injury to the world and also the most terrifying aspect of the devil race. This was because they themselves didn't belong to this world and possessed the power of absolute destruction.

### **Chapter 664 – Powerful Devil**

"Devil race!"

Qin Yu said in a low voice, "He is the Nether Domain Master."

Solitary Westgate looked up, his eyes shaking. Then, a look of pain crossed his face, eventually transforming into torrential killing intent.

"It was you! It was all because of you!"

His poignant cries rolled through the air like roars of thunder.

Babasa turned around. A strange smile appeared on his scaled face. "You only managed to find the murderer of your wife and child when I had no choice but to reveal myself. How pitiful and pathetic. Your wife and child must be disappointed in you down below."

Solitary Westgate had an incomparably pained expression. "I should have thought of this...a long time ago..." In the past when he rose so rapidly, he still hadn't come into direct conflict with the Immortal Sect. He had been puzzled as to why they had killed his loved ones.

Today, everything was explained.

The Nether Domain Master was the disguise of the Devil Overlord. And his wife Yun Niang had the bloodline of light flowing within her body. She was the inborn adversary of the devil race.

He had already known of this, but there were no longer any traces of the abyssal devils in the Land of Divinity and Demons. He had once followed this trail, but after obtaining some plausible information and finally deeming it to be worthless, he had turned to other aspects.

But reality was this brutal. If he had continued to follow down that trail, he would surely have obtained some harvests. He wouldn't be mocked by his hated foe like this today.

In particular, Yun Niang and Anning had both suffered unjust deaths even to this day...

Solitary Westgate's face twisted.

Qin Yu didn't know any of this, but it wasn't hard to guess what was happening from the scene unfolding before him. When he saw Solitary Westgate's pained and self-blaming expression, he shouted out loud, "Westgate, you have finally found your life's greatest enemy, so do you plan on only sobbing and wallowing in your own pity? Yun Niang and Anning are both watching you. What you need to do is to kill this devil and take revenge for them!"

"That's right, you're completely right...what I need to do now is take revenge...revenge!" Solitary Westgate howled. He glared at the Devil Overlord, cruelty and viciousness gushing out from his gaze. "I will tear you to shreds and turn your bones to ash!"

He raised a hand and loud rumbles instantly filled the skies. The rumbling of thunder echoed through the world. Endless lightning wove together in the heavens, forming an incomparably large kirin phantom.

The kirin's eyes were blood red. A dreadful pressure erupted from it, carrying with it a terrifying aura that suppressed the world.

Babasa smiled, "Come, pitiful child...oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Your wife and child's blood was very delicious. Even after all these years, I still think back to it fondly."

"Die!"

Solitary Westgate was like a demon. The kirin phantom reared back its head and roared into the skies. A million bolts of thunder shot down, all of them aiming at the Devil Overlord like arrows.

Bang –

All of the lightning collided together, immediately fusing into a massive pool of thunder. Waves of thunder tumbled within, emitting an aura that could destroy all things.

Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows together. He could feel the terrifying power within that pool of thunder, but the Devil Overlord's aura wasn't weakening at all.

No, not only was he not weakening, he was only growing stronger!

As if the Thunder Kirin that Solitary Westgate summoned and the destructive thunder he cast down was only supplementing the Devil Overlord's strength.

"Hahaha! Solitary Westgate, is this your only move? You want to take revenge for your wife and child with just this? Dream on!"

Babasa recklessly laughed from within the pool of thunder.

Qin Yu roared, "Don't fall for his trap! The Devil Overlord is intentionally enraging you! He wants to use the power of thunder to restore his own strength!"

But the current Solitary Westgate seemed to have lost himself in his own hatred. Not only did he not seem to hear Qin Yu, but he instead galvanized the strength of the God Beast.

More and more lightning fell. Bright flashes constantly exploded in the skies, turning into bolts of white light that crashed down.

"It's finally a little interesting? But, it is still far from enough. Solitary Westgate, even if you know that I personally killed your wife and child, you will never be able to take revenge for them! You are destined to forever remain a useless and incompetent fool!" The Devil Overlord's callous voice rose up once more.

"Die! Die! Die!"

Solitary Westgate's eyes were fierce. His body had grown larger and bloodstains started to appear on the stretched surface of his skin. Tiny blood vessels erupted in his eyes, causing his eyes to become increasingly red with each one.

In the clouds, the kirin phantom had a pained expression. It was by no means the complete main body of a God Beast. Once the godhead lost too much strength it would fall into a weakened state. If it wasn't able to maintain itself, the godhead might even collapse.

Qin Yu stepped forward and flew towards Solitary Westgate. But before he could approach, he was forced back by a fist.

"Screw off! Anyone that tries to stop my revenge will die!"

Qin Yu's complexion paled but it wasn't because he had lost his temper. This was because he had confirmed that there was something wrong with Solitary Westgate's current condition. He hadn't lost himself in his own anger and hatred. Rather, at some unknown time, he had fallen into a trap.

The most terrifying strength of the abyssal devils lay in their attribute of annihilating strength. But besides that, they also possessed the power to mislead and deceive the hearts and minds of others. In the far off past when they still roamed the Land of Divinity and Demons, the abyssal devils had used this cunning power to control several powerful forces, almost sweeping over the entire world.

The monster race that had been expelled into the northern snowy regions and forced to withstand punishment for tens of millions of years was one of those powerful forces controlled by the abyssal devils.

It was clear that Solitary Westgate had fallen into a trap laid down by the Devil Overlord. The Devil Overlord wanted Solitary Westgate to use up all his strength to restore him.

Qin Yu could not allow this to continue!

A cold light flashed in Qin Yu's hand. He raised a hand and pressed a finger forward. Then, without hesitation, he pressed a second, third, and fourth finger.

With four continuous fingers, four finger phantoms appeared. Waves rose up in the world with loud rumblings, their wild fluctuations capable of destroying all.

The Devil Overlord could absorb strength to restore himself. But, there had to be a limit. Otherwise, even though the world was endless, it would have already been fully seized by them.

You want to deliberately enrage Solitary Westgate and use his strength to restore your body?

Okay. Then I'll let you eat all you want this time. But I fear that if you eat too much, your body might blow up instead.

Bang –

Bang –

Bang –

Bang –

Boundless Blue, Blue Spirit, Blue Sea, Blue Heaven – the four fingers erupted at the same time, gathering together into an incomparably dreadful strength. It pierced straight through the pool of thunder, opening up a direct tunnel that revealed the Devil Overlord's form within. The scales between his eyebrows broke apart and a clear hollow finger mark appeared. Destructive strength burst free like a tide, wildly pouring in.

"Although I witnessed this once already, to personally experience it myself, I realize that Your Majesty is truly terrifying. By gathering the strength of these four fingers, you can undoubtedly dominate this world."

Babasa revealed a look of praise. "But to rely on this finger alone, you can only barely manage to harm me. You cannot cause any truly substantive damage."

On Babasa's two blood-colored horns, the markings suddenly split apart. The rules of the heavens and earth wailed as the surrounding space shattered.

### **Chapter 665 – The Ancient Race Appears**

When strength exceeded the limits, as it did now using these horns as the medium, it would crash into the void where it would be withstood by the world itself.

As long as one couldn't break through this world, no matter how horrifically strong an impact was, Babasa would be safe and fine.

The powers of the abyssal devils were truly formidable and strange. No wonder he had been reckless enough to face Qin Yu and Solitary Westgate without any sense of fear.

"Your Majesty Demon Sovereign, you should be proud of having forced out my true body." Babasa laughed, "As a token of my respect towards you, I will make sure you die a painless death."

Qin Yu was silent, as if he were at a loss for words. Babasa's laughter became increasingly rampant, his billowing voice constantly echoing through the air.

"You are afraid."

The laughter suddenly stopped. Babasa looked at Qin Yu, an incomparably strange look in his eyes.

"You are indeed afraid."

Babasa smiled, "Your Majesty Demon Sovereign, on what basis are you drawing your conclusion?"

Qin Yu lightly said, "To vent any strength that surpasses your withstanding limits into the world itself, although this is something that seems impossible to overcome, it does reveal one thing."

His gaze suddenly sharpened, like the shining blade of a sword. "You absorb outside forces to restore yourself, but there are clearly limits to this. If these venting channels are blocked and the strength is forced to accumulate inside your body, just what would happen then?"

Babasa's smile faded away. He clapped his hands, a look of acclaim on his face, "Your Majesty's intelligence is truly worthy of the name of the Demon Sovereign. You unexpectedly realized the secret of my devil race."

His tone suddenly changed, filled with a taunting flavor, "But this world never lacks smart people. The abyssal devils run rampant through the endless heavens and countless people know the flaw of my race, but how many of them can make use of it?"

The horns of an abyssal devil were formed from the life essence they gathered. As their cultivation rank rose, they received all sorts of inconceivable supernatural powers.

Babasa was a Devil Overlord, just a step away from being a Great Overlord. Even though his horns looked real, they couldn't be touched at all. Because the space where they were located was in a state of countless layers that cycled endlessly and couldn't be passed through.

Since his horns couldn't be touched, who could seal off the strength that was vented from these horns and into the world?

Qin Yu said without expression, "Is that so? Then I must give it a try."

He took a step forward and raised his hands into the skies.

Roar –

With a loud roar, a towering phantom appeared. It stood as high as the heavens as its eyes were filled with stubbornness, as if not even the heavens could make it bow its head.

This was the undying true spirit of the Ancient ancestors!

The true spirit moved in sync with Qin Yu. It lifted its hands and spread its fingers, ruthlessly grasping as if it were searching for something hidden.

The ten fingers curved and the arms filled with strength. The muscles of its arms bulged out and it howled into the air.

Rumble rumble –

The phantom of a mountain appeared in the skies. It seemed as if it had been buried in the endless void, but now it had been grasped and was slowly being dragged into the world.

Before it had completely arrived, an endless suppressive erupted from the mountain phantom. The air in the world became thick and viscous, like a pitch black swamp that could submerge and swallow everything.

Babasa's complexion changed. "Ancient! You are an Ancient!"

This was Qin Yu's first time fully stimulating the strength of the Ancient inheritance and summoning the full projection of the Ancients' Holy Mountain. It was no longer possible for him to conceal his status as an Ancient.

Looking at the endless heavens and 10,000 realms, the abyssal devils could be ranked in the top ten races. Their influence was spread throughout the highest heavens and deepest earth.

If it weren't for the fact that the abyssal devils always loved infighting and their great generals kept killing each other, they could even be ranked in the top three.

But in this world there was no such thing as absolute power. When the terrifying devil race faced the small and weak descendants of the bloodline of light, their strength would be completely restrained.

In addition to that, there were also several races that possessed the power to suppress the devils. This included the Ancient race.

To be more exact, it was the strength of the Holy Mountains that came from the Ancients' inheritance. Even if the race was on the wane, they had never once been grasped by others.

Suppressing Sea, Suppressing Heaven, Suppressing All Directions.

The name of the sea was Endless.

The name of the heaven was All Worlds.

All directions included all things in existence.

To suppress the Endless Sea.

To suppress the Heavens of All Worlds.



To suppress All Things in Existence!

The Ancient race's three Holy Mountains had a prestige that spread throughout the infinite heavens and 10,000 realms. The decline of the Ancients in the past was connected to this.

The strength of the Holy Mountains could indeed seal away the supernatural arts of the devil race's horns. Even if their master was a formidable Devil Overlord.

"How hateful! Qin Yu is an Ancient, he is actually an Ancient!"

Babasa roared out in his heart. His strength had been severely wounded and his true body and consciousness had been in deep sleep for all these years. He unexpectedly wasn't able to discover this ahead of time.

With his current condition, once the channels on his horns that vented strength were sealed away, the strength within his body would run wild and the only fate that remained for him would be exploding to death.

"Don't panic. Even if Qin Yu is an Ancient, with his current cultivation he can at most summon the phantom of a single Holy Mountain. There is a limit to the amount of suppression he can summon. As long as I can restore some of my strength as soon as possible, I can erupt with an Overlord level strike and kill both him and Solitary Westgate!"

The Suppressing Sea Holy Mountain arrived. Like a passageway being blocked, the strength that blasted into the world suddenly decreased dramatically.

Babasa's entire body swelled up. His face turned red and his eyes turned blood red.

He glared at Qin Yu. "I never imagined that you were actually an Ancient. But, so what? With your strength, you cannot summon a second Holy Mountain! The one that will remain smiling victoriously in the end will still be me!"

Qin Yu's face paled. He lowered his head a little, gasping for breath.

Babasa was right. With his present cultivation, summoning the complete Suppressing Sea Holy Mountain was already straining his limits.

But he still had another card in his hand!

Within his chest, his heart began to vigorously beat, pushing blood to race through his body.

"Ancient!"

With a single word, a vast and dismal aura filled the world.

Across from him, Babasa's eyes widened and he screeched, "In the world of the great sun, you dare to become the incarnation of an Ancient! You are courting death!"

"Supporting the heavens and earth from birth!"

Rumble rumble –

From all sides, endless strength of the heavens and earth rushed over in tides visible to the naked eye, submerging Qin Yu.

“But after death, we will not fall!”

All of the gathered heaven and earth strength seemed to be sucked in by a black hole. All of it wildly poured into a massive figure that slowly appeared.

Its eyes seemed to flow with nebulas. As if it could contain the heavens within them, making all things bow in its presence!

After endless millions of years, another Ancient finally appeared in the world of the great sun. Like a drop of dark ink falling into water, it produced fluctuations that rapidly spread outwards.

The fluctuations weren't limited to just this world. They erupted to the worlds beyond, transmitting a signal to the rulers of the great sun world that the Ancient race had appeared once more.

It informed them that the Ancient race that had been hunted down endless years ago and exterminated had once again reappeared!

“Hah...”

In the endless void, a light sigh seemed to sound out. It was filled with a bit of strange helplessness.

The fluctuations that rapidly spread out from the world seemed as if they were wiped away by an invisible hand, vanishing from sight.

At the top of the world within terrifying astral winds, an eye that had just formed and hadn't even had time to open was pierced through like a bubble.

“Ahh!”

Astral winds howled, immediately annihilating this pitiful crying sound. Faint traces of blood red color appeared in the wind, as if dyed by blood.

### **Chapter 666 – Are You Afraid of Death?**

As the incarnation of the Ancient race, Qin Yu's aura suddenly rose. He stepped upon the earth, his head reaching the skies. His massive figure represented an absolute strength that could not be suppressed.

Billowing blood energy fluctuated like immense waves, roaring and tumbling beyond any constraint. It roared through the heavens and earth, leaving loud rumbling in its wake.

As if feeling the complete aura of a clansman, a fluctuation appeared in the eyes of the summoned undying true spirit of the Ancient race. It roared out loud like it was reciting something and the endless strength of the heavens and earth began to seethe in excitement once more.

In contrast, the stir that Qin Yu created when he previously transformed into the incarnation of an Ancient was like a little wave in a pool, completely beyond any comparison.

Rumble rumble –

Rumble rumble –

As the voice resounded through the world, a trillion strands of spiritual strength gathered together, wildly flowing into the body of the Ancient undying true spirit's body. Its body began to rapidly condense and become increasingly realistic, as if it would walk out from the illusion and truly arrive in the world!

At the same time, the aura that the Ancient undying true spirit released rose at a mind-boggling speed, suppressing everything around it.

Babasa screamed out loud, "Qin Yu, you madman!"

As an Ancient it was impossible that Qin Yu didn't know what sort of fate he would experience if he exposed himself...even so, Qin Yu still wanted to ruin him; it was simply preposterous!

"Ahh!"

With a loud scream, the horns above Babasa's head became increasingly red. Little drops of blood seeped out from them.

Once this blood came into contact with the air, or to be more accurate, once it touched the world's rules, it would explode and violently burn.

Beneath the shining crimson flames, Babasa's complexion was pale white. As one of the devil race, his horns were where his life essence was gathered. This blood contained most of the strength that Babasa had saved up over these many years.

Once this blood was exhausted, he would inevitably fall into a deep sleep. But in this situation, Babasa already had no other choice. With the strength of the Ancient race's true body, once a second Holy Mountain was summoned he would immediately suffer a powerful suppression.

Qin Yu lifted a hand into the skies and a giant shadow spread across the land. As the incarnation of the Ancient race, he punched out a fist and space violently trembled. With the strength of the Ancient's true body, even if 10,000 mountains lay in front of him they would be easily broken through. So, breaking space was even easier.

But right now, it seemed incomparably difficult. As if this space had become different because it had drawn close to something.

"Break for me!"

The roar was even more terrifying than thunder. The wildly shaking space suddenly split open. From the darkness, a blue divine light spread out.

This light passed through the cracks and shined into the world. An unimaginably terrifying pressure broke forth like a shattered dam, crazily gushing outwards.

Kacha –

Kacha –

Like shattered ice, countless cracks appeared in the skies.

The second of the Ancient race's three Holy Mountains – Suppressing Heaven!

A blue mountain, as if covered by some kind of moss, slowly appeared from that trembling space. With every inch of it that entered the world, the suppression became that much more potent.

The blood red flames on Babasa's horns blazed with more violence, resisting the suppressing strength that arrived through countless layers of stacked up space to arrive here.

Pika –

Paka –

Loud crackles of flesh and blood echoed from within Babasa's body and he grew once more. Blood vessels burst out from his skin and exploded. Blood seeped out from between the slits of his scales, dyeing him red.

Suppressing Sea and Suppressing Heaven. The strength of these two Holy Mountains blocked off 70% of the strength that vented out from his horns. The strength inside his body began to accumulate.

Suddenly, there was a heaven-shaking rumble. An ice cold look appeared in the reddened eyes of Solitary Westgate that controlled the bombarding thunder all around.

He looked at the Devil Overlord and said, "For countless years, I have been waiting for the day I could take revenge for my wife and child. No matter what happens, nothing will change this. The devil race's skills of controlling the hearts and minds of others are indeed terrifying, but I have not truly lost myself!

"Since you want to absorb the power of thunder to restore yourself, I will satisfy you and then completely detonate that power...now, go die!"

Solitary Westgate lifted a hand and tapped the point between his forehead. A rune in the shape of a lightning bolt appeared. When his finger touched it, it cracked apart.

As if struck by thunder, Solitary Westgate's aura instantly declined. Blood spurted out from his nose and mouth.

The God Beast Thunder Kirin he controlled had long since mastered the path of thunder in the passing of the years. The lightning rune between his eyebrows was the mark of thunder.

Now, with shattering this mark as the price, he would awaken the power of heavenly thunder and bring down a tribulation of endless destruction.

The Devil Overlord screamed out loud. The scales on his body were instantly covered with crackling thunder. The tiny arcs of lightning were deep purple in color. Although they were incomparably beautiful, they also contained a dreadful strength that could turn everything into powder.

Scales started to lose their luster beneath this purple thunder. They withered, broke apart, and fell down, revealing charred flesh and blood below.

This process seemed slow, but the reality was that traces of raging thunder appeared all over Babasa in the blink of an eye. What was especially terrifying was that as his mortal body suffered heavy losses, it became increasingly difficult for him to control the gathered strength in his body. The strength became like a flood, wildly attacking his body that served as a dam.

Once the limit was surpassed, a backlash was bound to occur. All abilities in this world had limits and restrictions. The devil race possessed the heaven-defying ability to plunder outside strengths to restore themselves, but at the same time there was also a tremendous flaw.

If they went beyond their limits of tolerance, then the so-called backlash that followed would equal death. Their body and soul would perish, erasing all traces of themselves from the world.

Babasa roared out loud, pain and horror in his eyes. Because he knew how terrifying the consequences of a backlash would be, he could not allow it to happen.

This damned Solitary Westgate, he actually pretended to be mind-controlled by him, only to launch an attack at this moment! But thinking about this was no longer useful. The Devil Overlord fiercely looked up into the skies and screamed at the heavens.

Rumble rumble –

With a dull thumping sound, a vortex appeared in the thunderclouds above. The inside was pitch black in color like endlessly flowing ink.

Cold and gloomy, an aura of destruction and slaughter spread out from this vortex. But to the Devil Overlord, it had an incredibly helpful function.

Bathed in the aura of the pitch black vortex, Babasa's scales started to regrow and be restored to how they were at the beginning. His declining aura was like a flame that had oil poured on top of it, instantly blazing into the heavens. He seemed to be even more formidable than he was at the start!

But there was no joy on the Devil Overlord's face. The atmosphere around him was icy cold and his voice was flooded with killing intent as he said, "Today, the two of you will die...I vow that I will draw out your souls and plunge you into the endless abyss to suffer the torment of darkness forever. In pain and despair, you will struggle for eternity without any hope of ever being freed!"

Roar –

The Devil Overlord roared out loud and the lightning that wreaked havoc on his body was torn apart.

Puff –

Solitary Westgate spat out a mouthful of blood. His aura fell precipitously and he wobbled on his feet, barely managing to stand. His vision flashed black and became blurry. But, he could feel that destructive aura howling at him.

It was cold and cruel!

"Yun Niang, Anning, I'm sorry..."

Ruefully smiling, Solitary Westgate closed his eyes, waiting for death to arrive. But at this moment there was a heaven-shaking rumble. A massive amount of blood spilled onto him, bringing with it a warmth that spread through his body.

He looked up and wiped his blood-covered face. Solitary Westgate looked up to see a towering figure standing in front of him.

Right now, that figure's arm was pierced through and blood was gushing out. But, that figure remained steady and firm, like a mountain that blocked out wind and rain.

Warmth appeared in Solitary Westgate's heart. He took a deep breath and said, "Qin Yu, don't worry about me. If you can leave then immediately do so!"

The peak Devil Overlord had nearly touched upon the level of a Great Overlord. There was no one that could match the power he erupted with.

In the end, they had lost...

At this time, Qin Yu's low voice rang out. "Westgate, are you afraid of death?"

### **Chapter 667 – Suppressing All Directions**

Solitary Westgate bitterly smiled. Was there still any meaning to asking such a question at this time?

Qin Yu seemed to have already anticipated his thoughts and didn't really need him to answer. He quietly whispered, "I am afraid of death, because there are too many things in this world that I cannot let go of, that I cannot give up on.

"But today, you and I can only live by placing ourselves in the jaws of death. If I succeed then there is no need for you to thank me for saving you. But if I fail, then you can join me on the road to the yellow springs."

The Devil Overlord angrily screamed. His terrifying aura was like an endless abyss. When released from his body, it seemed as if it could swallow all things in existence.

"You have destroyed the great plan that I had been arranging for tens of millions of years. All of my efforts have been turned into running water. You...deserve death!"

As he spoke that final word, the world seemed to freeze up. It didn't really ice over, but instead, all fluctuations were flattened down by a formidable strength!

Like a great lake that froze over in the winter!

This was true even for an incarnation of an Ancient. Although they possessed an indomitable spirit, as long as they existed in this world they would be suppressed.

Right now, Qin Yu was like a giant fish frozen in a block of ice and struggling to survive. Every movement he took resulted in the pervading power around him crushing in on him.

Kacha –

Kacha –

The small sounds were especially clear in this absolutely quiet environment. These sounds came from Qin Yu's taut body as he struggled against the tightening space around him. Every inch of his flesh and blood was in full force, erupting with all of his strength.

His hands were placed together and he formed a strange hand seal. His roar was filled with a desolate grief. "With my Ancient body, I open the sacrificial pagoda!"

This was a forbidden art of the Ancient race. It was to abandon everything for one final struggle. When the sacrificial pagoda was opened, there were nine chances of death and only once chance of survival...and the process was extremely painful, so painful that almost no one could withstand it.

White flames erupted from Qin Yu's body. They were cold and without any heat, but strangely burnt space, causing space to distort around him.

From this twisted space, a white pagoda phantom appeared. At first it was blurry and unclear, giving off a sense of a hallowed and sacred atmosphere. Once it stabilized, when one looked at this white pagoda they couldn't help but suck in a breath of cold air.

Because this was a white bone pagoda!

This pagoda was formed from an incalculable number of bones that seemed to be perfectly woven together through the hands of a grandmaster.

There was not a single part of it that wasn't exquisite.

"Impossible!" The Devil Overlord screeched, losing his voice, "With your level of strength, how can you summon the Sacrificial Bone Pagoda!"

"Stop! Otherwise your soul will perish, turning into fragments that are swallowed up by the Sacrificial Bond Pagoda, never to escape!"

Qin Yu shivered. It was like bamboo pipes had been maliciously stabbed into him and his flesh and blood was wildly being sucked out.

In truth, what he felt right now was far more terrifying than words could describe. This was a torment that not even his soul could avoid!

But his complexion remained calm. Because Qin Yu wanted to survive, and if he wanted to survive, he first needed to place himself in death's way.

Without suffering hardship, how could he pass this hurdle of life or death?

But with just himself, he was still a bit away from reaching a necessary sacrifice. Qin Yu lifted a hand and pointed out. A pale white line of fire shot outwards, falling onto Solitary Westgate's body. The pale white flames were like an open mouth, swallowing him whole.

"Strength! I need an even greater strength!"

Qin Yu opened his mouth and roared towards the white bone altar in the space distortion above him.

Bang –

The pale white flames that wrapped around him seemed to receive some kind of instruction. Like a stream of water, they howled through Qin Yu's nose and mouth, drilling into his body.

"Ahh!"

At this moment, with Qin Yu's willpower, even he couldn't withstand it anymore. His body tightened and he screamed out loud.

As the pale white flames poured into his body, his aura started to rise at an astonishing rate. Loud crackling sounds erupted from his body as he grew at an alarming speed.

As he grew, even the growth of his skin couldn't keep up with the growth of his muscles. His skin began to tear apart and blood dripped out.

"Die! Die for this Overlord!"

Babasa shrilly screeched. He couldn't watch helplessly as Qin Yu summoned the third Holy Mountain of the Ancient race.

Otherwise, he would surely die today!

Bang –

Wild fluctuations of strength spread out like an erupting volcano. In an instant, the void started to burn as dreadful fluctuations spread out all over like crashing tsunamis.

The Devil Overlord lifted his hands and pressed down. The endless power of the abyss erupted, condensing into a giant devil head in the void. Its eyes began to tremble and slowly open.

With just a glance, the world fell silent. Like a scene that had been paused and subsequently destroyed.

The incarnation of an Ancient, Qin Yu, was caught in this scene. He seemed to suffer the suppression of a million mountains. His rapidly growing body suddenly stopped.

But the crazily erupting strength within him didn't stop. With his body as the medium, this growing strength collided with the suppression around him.

In an instant, massive chunks of flesh and blood broke apart, turning into powder. However, because of the struggle between the two formidable strengths, Qin Yu's body maintained its original appearance.

But this 'quiet' only lasted for an extremely short period of time. Dark red blood suddenly splashed outwards. The crushed flesh and blood, supported by a formidable strength, flew out in all directions.

At this moment one could even see the white bones and broken organs beneath – Qin Yu seemed to have become a terrifying skeleton covered in flesh and blood!

The pain this produced was beyond imagination. It was enough to crush anyone's will. Once one's will collapsed, such severe injuries would be enough to kill anything.

Qin Yu could feel that he was like a tiny boat in a storm. He could capsize at any moment and be swallowed up by the roiling waves.

"I cannot die!"

"I cannot die!"

"I have to live...I must live...I must survive!"

The strength from the sacrificial altar thoroughly activated Qin Yu's vitality. The flesh and blood that hung over his skeleton began to tremble and wildly grow back at a speed visible to the naked eye.



In several breaths of time, his body of an Ancient was restored. However, stimulating his vitality like this without any hesitation was sure to leave behind severe consequences.

But at this moment, Qin Yu couldn't bother with these things any longer. The more strength that came from the sacrificial altar, the more dreadful its claim on him would be.

What he was withstanding now was a pain ten times worse than before. He was barely managing to maintain that final shred of brilliance in his mind.

As for how long he could last, he had no idea. Perhaps in the next moment his field of vision would turn black and he would never wake up again.

His trembling hands reached into the skies. His fingers reached out and slowly pulled down.

Rumble rumble –

The winds and clouds moved. An unimaginably terrifying aura arrived, as if the sun hanging in the skies had fallen onto the world.

In an instant, there were no more fluctuations between the heavens and earth.

Everything in existence, whether it was alive or not, whether it was an illusion or not, was thoroughly suppressed.

Because at this moment, a mountain phantom arrived from nothingness. Its name was Suppressing All Directions – it was the Ancient race's third Holy Mountain!

### **Chapter 668 – Origin of the Devil**

"Ahh! With my source of darkness, I summon the origin of the devil!" The Devil Overlord screeched, his eyes instantly turning blood red.

No matter what happened, he wasn't willing to die like this. Even if his soul perished he still wanted to drag Qin Yu into the grave with him.

A devil head condensed in the void. It emitted a loud roar and opened its great mouth. Then, it sucked in deeply. Babasa's body instantly withered away.

It was like he was a dried corpse that had been sealed in a coffin for thousands of years. His skin was like dead bark and there was no vitality left in his gaze.

But, his pair of eyes still stared stubbornly at Qin Yu. He wanted to see Qin Yu fall into eternal hell, just like himself.

After plundering all of Babasa's strength, the devil head's appearance started to rapidly change. Between its horns, a section of its forehead began to bulge. Then a third horn drilled out.

It was pitch black in color, as if it were condensed from the deepest darkness of the world. Just from looking at it, one felt an inexhaustible sense of fear appear from the depths of one's heart.

"The flavor of food, it is so wonderful...I haven't experienced this world for such a long time."

A low and hollow sound came out from the devil head's mouth. It wasn't too violent, but it contained a strange strength that shook the world.

This shaking caused invisible fluctuations that pushed the devil head's voice out, causing it to instantly spread over the entire Immortal Sect world.

...

Mountains toppled and crushed stones scattered everywhere. A beast leapt through the cracks amongst the landslides, its powerful limbs capable of spanning hundreds of miles with every jump.

Every breath it took carried with it the sounds of wind and thunder. Every time it touched the earth the ground would collapse under its strength.

But even such a strange and powerful beast was filled with complete panic and dread, scurrying away like a stray dog.

Suddenly, the strange beast turned its head and looked at the empty void behind it. Its eyes widened, revealing endless fear.

Its tyrannical body suddenly froze. Like a stone, it fell to the ground. Its eyes were still wide open with fear, proving that it was still alive and conscious. But, it simply couldn't resist what was happening to its body.

Its bright and clear fur began to rapidly darken. After losing all its luster, it started to wither away and turn yellow, black, and then finally disintegrate into pieces.

The mottled skin below was revealed below as well as the rapidly drying flesh and blood. In the blink of an eye, this formidable strange beast had turned into a dried corpse.

...

The city walls were high and towering, and the buildings inside were magnificently structured, soaring high into the heavens. With a single glance, one could see that this was a prosperous city.

But now, the city was in ruins everywhere. Great cracks had ripped through the earth and a suppressive strength crashed down from the heavens, leaving everything in chaotic rubble.

In the ruins, the Immortal Sect cultivators cried out in pain and agony. The arrogance and confidence in their eyes had completely disappeared. All that was left was fear.

Why did things become like this?

The incomparably formidable Immortal Sect that looked down upon the world with disdain and fallen into such a state today.

Old heavens, please let this nightmare pass a little faster. Please let us wake up!

Suddenly, a low and deep voice came from the horizon. The Immortal Sect cultivators that were trapped in pain and fear finally obtained freedom.

They all slumped to the ground like blocks of stone or pieces of wood, completely drained of all vitality.

...

Rivers were severed. The cracks that raced through the earth suddenly split into countless branches. Large fish were wrapped up by the waters as they furiously swam forward.

They had no idea what lay ahead. They only instinctively wished to avoid the terrifying aura that was coming up from behind.

Suddenly, the clear river water turned murky and unclear. The furiously swimming fish sank to the riverbed, looking like pieces of bark that were tossed into the river.

On both sides of the rivers, the ancient trees darkened. Their branches and leaves turned yellow and it looked as if they had been scorched by an inferno, all of their life force gone.

...

This sight almost simultaneously occurred in all corners of the Immortal Sect world.

When the Origin of the Devil arrived, it meant that all life in this world, and even this world itself, would welcome death!

Beneath the three-horned devil head, a massive body began to condense. It was like a true devil had appeared in the world.

Its breath was able to easily corrode the world, causing the rules to collapse and be destroyed. A black fog lingered around its body, as if it had emerged from the nine nether hells.

Looking at Qin Yu, the Origin of the Devil smiled. "Low and humble ant, to express my thanks to you, I will take your strength so that you will become a part of me. You will be forever imprisoned in this great abyssal body in eternal perpetuity."

With it as the center, darkness started to spread everywhere. Wherever the darkness passed, everything was destroyed, turning into an endless night.

...

In the inexhaustible nothingness, crossing a limitless space, a condensed world was slowly growing. Despite its incomplete state, it still emanated an aura that looked down upon the highest heavens.

Without a doubt, once this world was complete, it would surely be of a shockingly high rank!

Looking deep past the barrier of the world, in the blue skies and white clouds, one could see a massive green leaf gently swinging about. It was as delicate as willow branches, but it constantly emitted a sharp aura that shook the mind.

Suddenly, the leaf seemed to feel something. It instantly tightened like a sharp sword emerging from a sheath. A terrifying aura instantly passed through the vast skies.

A spatial crack appeared. From here, all the way to the end of one's light of sight, crossing a great distance, arriving at a glorious divine palace.

The divine palace was gold in color, as if it were a golden sun placed atop the earth. It shined with a light so dazzling that one couldn't look straight at it.

The spatial crack vanished beneath the golden light. After several breaths of time, a deep voice came from the glorious divine palace.

"Star Cutting Grass, I know your feelings, but I cannot help in today's situation. Otherwise, not only will I not be able to rescue him, but both you and me, and even this world, will be completely ruined."

Shua –

Another crack came from the distance.

"That's right. If I lose Qin Yu, the chances of finding another appropriate successor will be impossibly low. Even so, this is the only choice I can make. I cannot change it."

Shua –

A third crack.

The divine palace was silent for a long time. Then, the voice slowly said, "The Origin of the Devil is born from the abyss. Even if it is only a projection, it has the strength to easily annihilate a god. Qin Yu is doomed to not escape this calamity. I promise you that if there comes a day when my strength is restored, I will descend upon the abyss and slay a trillion trillion lives there. I will bring down infinite destruction to seek revenge for the death of Qin Yu!"

The three cracks dispersed. Beneath the great sun in the skies, the winds that passed through the shade of the Star Cutting Grass seemed to become mournful and sorrowful, as if it were sobbing.

In the center of the divine palace, a figure was faintly visible. It lowered its head and said in a soft voice, "This is the path you chose. I am truly sorry, but I cannot help you..."

But before its voice fell, the figure looked up. Although it was blurry, one could clearly see the shock in the figure's widened eyes.

### **Chapter 669 – That Clan**

Qin Yu's blood energy was violently shaking within the endless darkness, as if his body which was the incarnation of the Ancient race was violently resisting the plundering from the Origin of the Devil.

But the strength of the abyss was like ink. Once contaminated it would be impossible to get rid of it. It continued to corrode Qin Yu's blood energy away.

Then, like the arrival of the everlasting night, the darkness gradually approached Qin Yu. It wanted to submerge him, assimilate him, and thoroughly swallow him.

Hoh –

Hoh –

The roars of the Ancient race were like billowing thunderclaps. But, they couldn't break through the imprisonment of the darkness. The darkness grew closer and closer until it finally covered that heaven-supporting body.

The world had turned black, as if everything had come to an end.

"Hahahaha..." The corpse-like Devil Overlord cackled, "Demon Sovereign, in the end you still die in front of me!"

But what he didn't realize was that there was no joy on the face of the Origin of the Devil. Its eyebrows were furrowed together instead, revealing a slightly dreary expression.

For everything in this world, there were countless variables that led to an unpredictable future. Often, when one was unprepared, surprises would rush at a person with a resolute attitude.

The Origin of the Devil revealed a strange look in its eyes. After a long silence, it let out a deep breath and muttered, "I never imagined that in such a distant and bleak land, I would encounter a member of that bloodline. Although it is only half and it is incomplete...he is still a member of that clan."

There were some other words that the Origin of the Devil didn't say. Since this person was a member of that clan, he wouldn't die like this.

Just as its voice fell, the darkness that flooded the world blew up from within without warning. A terrifying aura erupted like a volcano.

Qin Yu was restored to his original size. His black hair surged in the wind. Dark golden lines wove together on his faint face. His pupils had turned a light gray color and a dreadfully cold and cruel aura was released from his body. It was like even the collapsing heavens and earth around him couldn't shake his mind in the least.

Qin Yu looked up at the Origin of the Devil. He took a step forward and punched out.

The might and potential behind this fist was almost indescribable. Although it seemed to be moving straight, it was like a star falling to the earth, bringing with it an absolute power that could easily destroy anything.

Vast and boundless, it could not be avoided, it could not be resisted, it could not be blocked!

For a moment, the world fell into a deathly silence. Then, like the surface of a mirror, it cracked. The cracks penetrated through the three-horned incarnation of the Origin of the Devil, they penetrated through the wide-eyed Devil Overlord Babasa, and they penetrated through the world behind them as well.

Everything broke apart, tumbling down as it was constantly annihilated, finally vanishing into nothingness.

This punch seemed to have exhausted all of Qin Yu's strength. He closed his eyes and fell backwards. The dark golden lines that wove across his face rapidly disappeared.

Then, dark gray lines appeared on the surface of his body like a spider web, immediately sinking into him.

An extremely thin and pale Solitary Westgate rushed over and grabbed Qin Yu. After giving Qin Yu a shocked look, he turned and tore through space, escaping within.

...

In that far off world, in the golden sun-like divine palace that stood above the earth, the shocked figure finally let out a long breath.

“That clan’s bloodline is still wandering about outside...no wonder I didn’t sense it before. With that clan’s methods, if they decided to seal Qin Yu away, just who could discover it?”

“But, if they chose to seal him away, why not just kill him? That clan has always held the purity of their bloodline in the highest of regards.”

The figure fell into silence once more, as if thinking about something. “Whatever. There must be other secrets behind this. Since I am not yet involved with that clan, it is impossible to figure out.

“But today’s events have untied a puzzle in my heart, one that has been nagging at me for all this time...Qin Yu...I fear that your surname isn’t Qin...”

Beneath the great sun, at the height of the white clouds, the Star Cutting Grass cheerfully beat up and down. Its giant leaves swept through space, cutting open cracks.

The wind carried with it the sounds of cheers.

...

“Ahhh!”

A cry of extreme pain resounded from deep within the Dark Night Demon Region. A vast darkness shook like the tide, emitting thunderous roars.

Shua –

Sitting down cross-legged in the darkness, the Dark Night Supreme Seat suddenly opened his eyes. His pupils violently contracted before turning upwards.

“Qin Yu!”

“Qin Yu!”

Repressed roars constantly echoed through the hall.

...

The Emperor of the Qin Empire had perished and the Immortal Sect world had collapsed. In a single day, it was like a meteor had fallen into the sea. Endless waves swept throughout the entirety of the Land of Divinity and Demons.

No one thought that the situation would suddenly change in such a terrifying turn of events. The Demonic Path that was on the decline had decided the war in a single battle.

The name of the Demonic Path’s Holy Monarch, Qin Yu, was at the height of its power!

The Yan and Qi Empires immediately fell into chaos. After determining that the Immortal Sect had become a part of history, they concluded an alliance treaty with the Chu Empire without any hesitation.

The Han and Wei Empires followed close behind, joining in on the alliance. Many other influences that were dependent on the Immortal Sect as well as many influences that were enemies with the Demonic Path also join in. The alliance was finally formed with the five great empires as the head.

With the destruction of the Qin Empire, their territory was incorporated into the Zhao Empire. After losing an army of three million troops, the Zhao Empire's domain was able to surpass that of the Chu Empire in a single move, becoming the largest empire in the Land of Divinity and Demons.

The attached Demonic Path influences started to expand on a massive scale. Even if the Five Empires Alliance was formidable, they still fell into a disadvantage at every confrontation.

The reason was simple.

No one wished to draw out the terrifyingly strong Demon Sovereign once more.

Luckily, the Demonic Path didn't seem to have any thoughts of unifying the world under their control for the time being. After a period of collision, the situation gradually calmed down.

The Five Empires Alliance didn't know that the Qin Yu they feared and dreaded so much had fallen into a deep slumber after the destruction of the Immortal Sect and hadn't yet regained consciousness.

Time continued to flow. In the blink of an eye, a year passed. You Qi watched Qin Yu as he lay down on a bed. Besides the faint rise and fall of his chest, there was almost no other movement. She lifted a hand and covered her mouth, tears sparkling in her eyes.

"Your Majesty, a year has already passed. Not only have you not woken up, but your aura is only becoming weaker...I cannot wait any further. I must follow the suggestion of the Dao Arena Master and bet everything on one final attempt...I hope that my decision is correct. If anything were to happen to you...then I will come accompany you on the road to the yellow springs."

She dried her tears and walked out of the hall. By this time, she had composed herself. Besides her slightly reddened eyes, one couldn't see any fluctuation in her mood.

She bowed. "I leave everything to you two."

Beneath a golden mask, Yama's eyes were solemn. "Imperial Consort You, rest assured that I will try my best."

Solitary Westgate drew in a deep breath. "Since a decision has been made, let us not delay any further. With Qin Yu's current condition, we must begin as soon as possible."

You Qi moved to the side. She said, "I will be waiting here for His Majesty to emerge."

Solitary Westgate furrowed his eyebrows. From these words, he could sense her resolve. If anything were to happen to Qin Yu, he feared this Imperial Consort You would follow right behind.

In this world, feelings of love were the most difficult to resolve. Solitary Westgate hesitated for a moment and decided not to say anything. He nodded at Yama and stepped into the hall.

Rumble rumble –

The doors slowly closed behind them, isolating them from the outside. No other sounds came out.

### **Chapter 670 – Strange Dreamland**

Holy Palace, inner temple.

Looking at Qin Yu lying down on the bed, his aura becoming increasingly weak, Solitary Westgate said, “Alright, let’s begin.”

He lifted a hand and pointed a finger. Ripples immediately appeared in space. Like wind blowing across the surface of a lake, they spread outwards until they covered the entire hall.

These spatial ripples contained a formidable imprisoning ability. They thoroughly blocked outside perception from the inside, so that no one could sense what was happening within.

Beneath Yama’s golden mask, her eyes began to shine. Her aura suddenly rose as the dress she wore wafted about her, like a god descending to the earth.

She lifted a hand. Between her five clear fingers, the Samsara grinding pan appeared. It slowly rotated, emitting a deep and loud rumbling sound.

It was like a great suppressive strength was pushing down on the grinding pan. For every inch that it spun around, a tremendous amount of strength was required.

“Dao Arena Master, even when combining our strengths together we can only maintain the soul summoning for two hours. If the Holy Monarch cannot awaken within that time...”

If he couldn’t wake up then he would never regain consciousness. In other words, he would die.

Solitary Westgate had a deep expression. “I believe he will wake up!” In his eyes, Qin Yu was a brilliant existence destined to shine amongst the highest heavens. How could he possibly die like this?

Yama nodded. The Samsara grinding pan between her fingers began to quicken. In the presence of obstruction, a loud thundering sound erupted.

A light shot out from the Samsara grinding pan. Both white and black in color, it covered Qin Yu’s body.

...

Qin Yu was trapped in a long and endless dream. No matter how much he struggled, he couldn’t wake up from it.

In this dream, he was born in a vast courtyard. He seemed to have an extremely honored status.

But for some unknown reason he couldn’t clearly see the faces of anyone in this dream, including the man and woman that should be called his father and mother.

He was in the dream and yet he also felt like an outsider watching from within. And, the entire dream only lasted from the moment he was born until he was four years old, and it kept repeating itself from the beginning.



Again and again, Qin Yu's initial curiosity slowly dissolved into unease. Because the world of his dream became increasingly blurry each time it repeated itself.

At the start, he was only unable to make out the face of the people; the sights and sounds of everything else were clear. But sound slowly vanished and the surrounding scenery also started to distort.

In fact, he even saw a person that appeared in his dream be directly swallowed up by the twisted space.

And after that, no matter how much Qin Yu looked for them, he couldn't find that person's existence in this repeating dreamland.

Thus he was able to determine that in this collapsing dream world, the person who had been swallowed had thoroughly vanished.

Qin Yu wasn't able to work out what this event meant. But, he instinctively felt a cold and brutal aura around it.

If he was swallowed up by the collapsing dreamland world, then he feared his fate would be the same...however, that didn't mean he would then wake up from this dream.

The dreamland world became increasingly unstable. The giant courtyard also began to break apart. Qin Yu was stranded on a fragment. He tried everything in his power to leave, but in the end he failed.

"Am I going to die in this strange dream?"

Standing in the courtyard, Qin Yu looked down at his hands that had shrunk to the size of a child's. His voice was bitter and unwilling.

Suddenly, a thunderous roar entered his ears. At first he didn't care about it because in this dreamland world, as space collapsed, it would often make similar sounds.

But soon, he realized it was different. Because this sound didn't come from around him, but from above his head!

Qin Yu fiercely looked up. In the distorted and shattered skies, he could see the faintly visible form of a spinning black grinding pan.

"Samsara!"

Overjoyed, Qin Yu stared tightly at it. He soon determined that this grinding pan wasn't something that was created by the dreamland world. A faint attraction force was released from the Samsara grinding pan phantom in the skies. After discovering Qin Yu's existence, it rapidly flew over.

There was a shock to his consciousness. Qin Yu wasn't surprised by this, because he knew that the Samsara grinding pan was trying to separate his consciousness from this strange dreamland.

A transparent Qin Yu started to emerge from the child-aged body he occupied in the dream. But then, the young child screamed out in pain. In the next moment his eyes turned gray.

A young, cold, and eerie voice came from the mouth of the young child. "This is your family. If you don't stay here, where would you go?"

The child lifted a hand and grabbed onto Qin Yu's transparent shadow. A piercingly cold aura surged out, rapidly corroding him.

Weng –

Weng –

The suction strength that twined around Qin Yu seemed to be affected by this corrosive power. It rapidly weakened.

In fact, a layer of white frost began to appear on the Samsara grinding pan spinning in the skies.

As if it was also being frozen by the ice cold strength invading Qin Yu's body.

...

Holy Palace –

In the great hall, the temperature in the air began to rapidly fall. A layer of white frost appeared on Qin Yu's body.

Standing at the bedside, Solitary Westgate and Yama who were both galvanizing the Samsara grinding pan with all their strength suddenly had different complexions.

They could clearly feel the absolutely ice cold aura. It was like a poison snake striking out from the darkness, drilling into their bodies.

"This is bad!"

Solitary Westgate spat out a mouthful of blood. Before this blood fell, it started to burn in midair.

Within the bloody flames, a rune appeared. It released a blood red light that covered both him and Yama.

The intrusive ice cold aura was immediately suppressed. But whether it was Solitary Westgate or Yama, neither of them had a happy expression.

Because at this time, the rune in the bloody flames was trembling with an extremely small and incredibly alarming magnitude.

Kacha –

Kacha –

Light sounds constantly came from the rune. Cracks started to appear on its surface.

Pa –

The rune shattered. From the moment it appeared until now, it had only lasted for three breaths of time.

Solitary Westgate stuffily coughed. Blood flowed out from the corners of his mouth. Before this blood dripped to the ground, it had become pitch black in color.

Winds suddenly stirred up in the hall. The sounds of sobbing as well as an extreme frost chill were carried along with the winds.

As if in the endless nothingness, a pair of ice cold eyes had locked onto the two of them.

Yama said, "Dao Arena Master, there is something wrong with the Holy Monarch. I fear we have provoked additional troubles!"

Solitary Westgate clenched his teeth. "With things having come to this point, we cannot give up here. Otherwise, today will be the day Qin Yu dies!"

Yama forced a smile, "Even if we can persist, how long can we last?"

Solitary Westgate took a deep breath, "Until I have reached my limit, I will not give up...I still believe that Qin Yu won't die here!"

The temperature continued to fall. What froze was not flesh and blood, but the soul and consciousness.

...

In the dreamland world, Qin Yu's consciousness turned around. His eyes met the eyes of the young child and his heart shook.

Because this young child had the same appearance as he did in his childhood.

Could this really be his childhood?

And why had this strange dreamland appeared?