

## Refining 751

### Chapter 751A – A Dream

Less than a hundred miles away from where Qin Yu slayed the three monsters, a figure stood high in the air. He seemed to be condensed from countless pure rays of light, like a bright and radiant sun.

At this time he pointed out a finger. Rays of light shot out from his fingertip, weaving together into a net that covered the mass of shadows in front of him.

Faintly, one could see a tall and slender figure in the darkness. She wildly attacked the net but couldn't escape.

Her low and coarse voice was slightly twisted with anger. "Saint, do you know what you are doing? Once the Divine Seat learns of this, he will not show mercy!"

The figure formed from rays of light let out a breezy laugh. One could almost see his shoulders shudder and his lips curve with humor.

"You are just a sinner who has luckily managed to not die. You dare to threaten me? After today, I will have you kneel before me, allowing me to take what I want."

Looking up, the Saint's eyes veered towards the direction where the sun and moon phantoms were going. He smiled in satisfaction.

It seemed that he had already found the true key to locate the holy relic. It had been worthwhile for him to help that young man and suppress this sinful attendant here.

Go, open up a path for me, one that leads straight to the holy relic. At that time I will fuse it into my body and be reborn.

After that, who would care about the Ji Family that had ruled over the Western Tomb for hundreds of thousands of years? They would still have to crawl on their knees before him and hand over all the authority they wielded.

For this goal, the Saint had prepared for tens of thousands of years. Everything that he had endured and waited for, all of his patience, would blossom and bear fruit today!

...

At some unknown time, the skies above had darkened. This was a darkness that was pure black without any impurities at all. It was like the mouth of a great monster that had opened up, ready to swallow everything!

Qin Yu could feel a terrifying threat coming from the pitch black skies up above. A cloudy and humid breath seemed to linger on his ears. It was as if a pair of cold eyes was floating alongside his face and he could see them as long as he turned his head.

But right now, Qin Yu was only silently moving forwards as if he didn't realize any of this. He clearly remembered the warning that Purple Moon had given him – to hurry forward earnestly, to not turn his head, and to not be distracted and lose focus.

The skies grew increasingly black. An inkwell seemed to have fallen over, gradually soaking the world in darkness. It was so dark that a person couldn't see their fingers in front of their eyes.

In this infinite darkness, hushed whispers rose up from all around as if they were in deep discussion. Qin Yu could even feel something that felt like cold tongues sweeping across his hands, his face, and the rest of his body.

His back sank as if someone was riding on him. Then, a laughing child's voice rang out, "Hehe, big brother, won't you stay and play with me?"

When she didn't obtain a response she was clearly angered. "Big brother can you not speak? Answer me! Answer me quickly!"

The sharp cries were like rusty iron needles stabbing into his mind, so painful that it caused him to twitch.

Qin Yu's face paled but he didn't stop moving. Although he couldn't see the sun and moon phantom that guided his way, he could feel their existence.

The little girl's shrill scream echoed in his ears for a long, long time. When she discovered that she had no way of making Qin Yu stop, there was a dull ringing sound and Qin Yu's body lightened. He could still hear her hate-filled voice as it faded away in the darkness. "We will meet again."

Along with these words, this whispers in the darkness as well as those frightening touches disappeared like a falling tide. Then, the darkness gradually thinned away and disappeared. Faint traces of light passed through, as if dawn had arrived.

Without knowing how much time had passed, Qin Yu felt as if he passed through an invisible barrier. Then, the scene in front of him brightened and all sorts of loud noises entered his ears.

Bright and soft light caused him to subconsciously squint his eyes. He looked up. Without warning, an incomparably vast city had entered his field of vision.

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Shadow Clan compound.

Ji Yun looked at the silent and sullen Zhou Li who was emitting a cold irritation all around her. He sighed inwardly. If she really didn't care about him, why would she be like this? The more exasperated she was, the more it proved that she cared.

He suddenly discovered that he had been underestimating the traces that Qin Yu had left behind in Zhou Li's heart. If that man continued to appear in Zhou Li's heart, the future might not turn out as he hoped.

Fortunately, he wouldn't return after today; he would be buried in the Hell Mystic Realm. The response that came from the Western Tomb was unclear, but Ji Yun had a good understanding of his father and could naturally sense the meaning behind all of this.

But this matter wasn't aimed at Qin Yu to begin with. He was the one who had insisted on going in no matter how many warnings he was given. Even if he died, it would be due to his own choice.

Ji Yun had a clear conscience!

He took a deep breath and calmed his restless mind. Looking at Zhou Li's profile, he revealed a warm and gentle look. He really liked this arrogant, proud, and self-sufficient woman!

...

Radiance Temple's station.

Numerous beauties of various styles gathered together once again. The atmosphere today was much more relaxed and joyful than the last time they convened.

The Hidden Fog Sect's dark star ice serpent spirit beast had suffered dire injuries. According to the intel they received, it was in a half-dying state. This was an incredibly happy surprise!

The Witchcraft Sect had acted out of character and remained silent towards the Hidden Fog Sect. This left Radiance Temple feeling anxious. However, who would have thought that the Blue Origin Sect would suddenly launch a suicidal attack against the Hidden Fog Sect?

Although they still couldn't figure out the reason why, this wasn't important. What was important was that in the arena finals three days from now, no one would be able to resist Radiance Temple!

"Temple Master, the Hidden Fog Sect has enacted a strict blockade of news from within. We have only managed to obtain some vague information. It seems that they still haven't given up on treating the dark star ice serpent." An Elder slowly said. Her long black hair fell across her hips, accentuating her incredible beauty.

Another Elder coldly sneered, "It is just a mere three days. Do they still think they can succeed? Those Hidden Fog Sect people are nothing but fools!"

"With such severe injuries, they are already lucky enough that they can preserve the life of the dark star ice serpent. Yet they want to continue attending the arena finals? How laughable!"

The Radiance Temple Master's eyes flashed. She suddenly said, "Within Dragon City, there is a fantastically mystical place. It can slow down the flow of time."

The surroundings fell silent.

The high-level figures all around revealed enlightened expressions, followed by sighs of admiration. The Temple Master was worthy of her position; she had considered the situation far better than they did.

The Elder with the long black hair stood up. "Temple Master, before our sect's spirit beast enters the finals, it will need to rest for some time. I will immediately schedule that place so that our phoenix luan can get the full rest it deserves."

The Radiance Temple Master nodded, "Of course."

In this world, anything was possible. Who dared to say that they had everything in their grasp? All she could do was be as careful and meticulous as possible, eliminating the last hope of the Hidden Fog Sect.

...

Because of the sudden intruder, the large city covered in light looked as if a pause button had been pressed. The various chaotic sounds that filled the air came to a sudden screeching halt.

A farmer carried a pole over his shoulders that supported two bamboo baskets. Lush green vegetables were inside, still wet with drops of morning dew.

Not too far away, a fat middle-aged man dressed up in wealthy garb took out a white silk handkerchief and covered his nose, disgust and loathing in his eyes.

A little closer, there was a large and gorgeously decorated carriage parked to the side. The driver wore a deep blue work outfit. Seemingly because he was bored, he held the reins and stood to the side. Through the white gauze curtains that hung over the carriage windows, one could vaguely see two people sitting inside, one master and one maid.

All sorts of people had turned around, their shock-filled eyes gathering onto Qin Yu. It seemed as if they never expected that an outsider would arrive here.

An old man wearing a wide scholar hat and holding a feather fan stepped forward. He cupped his hands across his chest and said, "Young friend, may I ask where you came from? And what you came for?"

In several breaths of time, countless thoughts raced through Qin Yu's mind. He thought about asking within himself, but his soul space was quiet. For some unknown reason, his three residents were shielded from the outside, so he could only reply to this question himself.

Welcoming the old man's gaze, Qin Yu said, "I came from Dragon City. I came to find the place where the bones are buried."

"Whose bones are buried?"

Qin Yu was silent for a moment. "Where the Ancient is buried."

The feather fan in the old man's hands fell to the ground. Following that, tears began to flow from his old eyes and he looked at Qin Yu with shaking excitement.

"How many years has it been? You've finally arrived. This suffering can finally end!"

Next to the carriage, the seemingly bored driver raised his head. His face was old and shriveled as if a layer of skin had been stretched across his skull. Tears rolled out from his sunken eye sockets.

"Miss! Miss! Did you hear that? We can finally go home!"

Within the carriage, the master and maid behind the white curtains started to hug each other and cry.

The impatient-looking wealthy fat man suddenly leapt a few feet high. He lifted a trembling finger and pointed at Qin Yu. "He came! He came! Hahaha, he finally came!"

The farmer who carried a pole on his shoulders grinned. "I've been waiting for hundreds of thousands of years. I'll finally be able to sell these two baskets of vegetables!"

In front of the city, numerous figures drew back, revealing a road that led straight to the city gates.

“The person from Dragon City has arrived. How come the city gates aren’t open yet?” The old scholarly man roared out loud.

### **Chapter 751B – A Dream**

“The person from Dragon City has arrived. How come the city gates aren’t open yet?” The old scholarly man roared out loud.

After a brief silence, there was a loud rumbling sound as the massive city gates began to slowly open. Several burly and heavily armored gatekeepers stood on the other side of the gates. Behind their visors, their eyes were filled with extrication and guilt.

They fell to their knees. “Everyone, it is not that we are cruel and haven’t opened the city for you all until now, but it is because it is beyond our control.”

“Now that the city gates have opened, us brothers have fulfilled our mission. We do not have the face to see you all, so we will be going first.” As they spoke they bowed deeply to the ground. Then, the heavily armored gatekeepers vanished in puffs of blue smoke.

The fat wealthy man cursed out loud, “Those pickled worm scumbags. Do they think they can end things like this with just some flowery words? Keep on dreaming!”

He ran forward until he reached the city gates. His figure twisted and then just like the gatekeepers, he vanished in a plume of blue smoke.

The feather fan that fell to the ground had already been picked up. The old man laughed several times, “Everyone, the tribulation we have endured is finally over. If we don’t leave now, when will we?”

He turned around and moved toward the city gates. Following him, numerous other figures walked into the city.

Moments later, there were no more people in front of this massive city. Only Qin Yu remained in front of the vast and empty gates.

After a brief silence, Qin Yu walked forward. As he came closer and closer to the city gates, his heartbeat started to accelerate.

Finally, he stepped through the gates. A light sigh echoed in his heart.

“How many years has it been? I’ve been waiting for you, descendant of my clan.”

Rumble rumble –

The earth shook and swayed. The vast and boundless city around him disintegrated in a moment. Then, the entire world shattered and dissipated.

How was this a giant city? It was clearly a mountain peak. Countless broken traces were everywhere, as if this place had experienced a catastrophe. The entire mountain top had been smashed inward and an astonishingly large skull lay in the bottom of the pit. A milky white light was released from its seven orifices, filled with dignity and majesty.

It was this light that illuminated the darkness. It slowly fluttered in the air, like waves in water.

Shadows often appeared within the light. In these shadows he could see the farmer who was selling vegetables; he was chatting and bantering with others. He could see a fat wealthy man in the middle of a banquet, surrounded by numerous beauties and having the time of his life. He could see a carriage hurrying along, being driven home by the driver. The white gauze curtains had been lifted up a little and one could see the pretty face of a young girl. An old man with a feather fan was slowly walking into an academy. Young scholars came out and bowed to him...

These scenes kept appearing and disappearing. And, these people were clearly the same people Qin Yu had seen in front of the collapsed city.

“Thoughts turn into illusion, dreams become their own realm!” Purple Moon’s low voice rang out. She was unable to conceal the shakiness in her tone.

Qin Yu sucked in a breath of cold air, understanding the meaning behind her words. That massive city he had seen was nothing but someone’s dream. Moreover, as far as he could see now, there were many similar dreams, and each dream had thousands of lives within it.

Perhaps they knew that they were nothing but existences derived within a dream. Or, perhaps they didn’t know and only thought they were ordinary beings born within the world.

If it was the former then it was good, but if it was the latter...just thinking about it caused a cold chill to pass through Qin Yu’s heart. Who knew if he was the same as these people, and he was nothing but a life wandering through the dream of some mighty being?

Blue Sun’s cold voice sounded out, “You and I do not live in a dreamland!”

She gave no further explanation. But, her cold and emotionless voice caused Qin Yu’s tense heart to relax. The indescribably chaotic emotions that flooded his heart soon faded away.

He looked up to see the skull which had smashed into the summit. From one glance, he could see this was the skull of an Ancient. And, the familiar feeling allowed Qin Yu to determine that this skull belonged to the one that he saw when he arrived at Dragon City – the Ancient who constructed that city!

He had indeed perished. But, what kind of terrifying existence could suppress and kill that Ancient, dismembering his body and leaving it scattered in the world?

As if sensing Qin Yu’s thoughts, the sighing voice echoed in his heart once more. “The one who killed me is the unsurpassed Dao Monarch.”

Dao Monarch! The Dao Monarch that the Western Tomb Divine Church worshipped!

Qin Yu’s heart quaked. It seemed that his previous guess had been a little wrong. He took a deep breath and composed himself. Then, he stepped forward and bowed. “Ancient race descendant Qin Yu greets ancestor!”

Since the Ancient who constructed Dragon City had been slain by the Dao Monarch who was worshipped by the Western Tomb, why would his head be placed in such an important place within the Western Tomb?

Moreover, the creamy white light that came from the skull's orifices was clearly the divine power controlled by the Western Tomb. How could this be explained?

Too many unexplained puzzles caused Qin Yu to feel a bit of dread. His body tensed up so that he could respond at any moment.

"I know that you have many questions. Do not worry, I will give you an explanation..." The voice came to a sudden stop and a terrifying aura erupted between the heavens and earth. Then, from beneath that giant Ancient skull, light flooded out, condensing into its body.

Rumble rumble –

The mountain range below shivered. A complete Ancient skeleton stood in the world, its spirit indomitable as it roared at the heavens.

"Just what has happened? In the bloodline of my Ancient clan, how come you are the only one left remaining?"

Each word was a peal of thunder. It tore through the darkness above, widening the scenery around.

Qin Yu was shaken so badly that his head ached. He saw that the road he came from was actually a path of stone steps so long that he couldn't see its end.

Sharp wooden stakes lined both sides of these stone steps. Each wooden stake pierced through a corpse.

Their blood had already drained away, submerging into the earth along the wooden stakes and dyeing them darkish red. The air had dried them out over time, producing large cracks.

Among them was a small body that seemed to be around seven or eight years old. Although it was a far distance away, Qin Yu could actually see it clearly.

The little girl had been dead for countless years and her corpse had withered away long ago. But, a happy smile still hung on the edges of her lips. Combined with her empty eye sockets it was an eerie sight, so macabre that it caused a chill to pass up through his body!

Before Qin Yu could answer, the Ancient skeleton that stood on the summit lifted a hand and grasped at the skies. In that moment 3000 vortexes appeared, and within each vortex there were millions of streams of light.

They were far too fast, at least 10,000 times faster than lightning. Even with Qin Yu's cultivation he couldn't see the true appearance of these streams of light.

Suddenly, the Ancient skeleton coughed and a crack appeared in its skull that overflowed with light. Below, the Ancient's skeleton turned illusory and unreal. The 3000 vortexes in the skies shattered and disappeared.

After a long silence, the Ancient's skeleton slowly sunk to the ground. "As I thought, the Ancient catastrophe that was predicted in the past has already been fulfilled." The voice was tired and weary. The eye sockets looked at Qin Yu, making him feel as if he were being stared at intensely. "But

fortunately, even with the extermination of the heavens and earth, the Ancients were still left with a slim hope of survival. As all Ancients in existence perished, you became the new Ancient race!

“As long as you survive, there will come a day when the Ancients prosper again. The Ancient Clan which vanished within the myriad heavens and worlds will finally return!”

Qin Yu’s thoughts raced. He said, “Ancestor, I have several matters I am unsure of.” He needed to clearly determine whether this Ancient consciousness could be trusted. That was the premise of everything.

“Of course. I will tell you everything and give you my final strength.” The Ancient’s voice was calm. “But right now I need to handle some matters. Do not interfere; you may watch from the side.”

As the Ancient’s voice fell, faint traces of grayish white color appeared. It started at Qin Yu’s feet and rapidly spread upwards.

In the blink of an eye, it covered his body, turning him gray like a statue.

After a period of surprise Qin Yu soon discovered that this grayish white color didn’t harm him at all. In fact, with just a thought he would be able to break it.

His eyes flashed and he chose to remain silent for the time being. He wanted to see what this Ancient’s consciousness, who had already been dead for countless years, would do next.

Whoosh –

There was the sound of breaking air. A figure composed of pure light appeared on the long stone steps, landing atop the broken mountain summit.

The Saint, Do Ermo, looked around and locked onto Qin Yu’s body that had turned to stone. He chuckled, “He died. Good, it’s saved me some extra work.”

Then, he looked at the Ancient skull that was emitting a creamy white light. The eyes of the Western Tomb Divine Church’s First Saint suddenly filled with an incomparable heat.

## **Chapter 752 – The Dao Monarch Has Fallen**

Do Ermo took a step forward. But at this moment he furrowed his eyebrows and stepped backwards. In the next instant, a pitch black crack appeared where his foot had been. Space shuddered and started to collapse.

The Saint furrowed his eyebrows even more. He flicked his sleeves and fluttered backwards. A cold and severe look flashed in his radiant eyes.

Bathed in darkness, the sinful attendant stepped out from the collapsed space. Her tall figure stood stiff and straight, but her breathing was labored.

She had broken free from Do Ermo’s imprisonment and forcefully torn through the space of the mystic realm to arrive here. In order to achieve this she had to pay an enormous price.

“Saint, this is the restricted holy site. It is not a place you can approach. Leave immediately!” Her cold voice was filled with a firm resolve.



Do Ermo slowly said, "You sinful attendant, do you not feel anything even when seeing the skull of your former master?"

Beneath the darkness, the attendant shivered. Traces of pain appeared in her frozen eyes.

Bang –

Do Ermo attacked without warning. He pressed a hand forward and a dazzling light arrived like a rising great sun, wrapping around the attendant. The darkness that enveloped her began to melt like snow beneath the summer heat, rapidly sizzling away at a speed visible to the naked eye.

"Sinful attendant, you want to delay for time so that the Divine Seat can arrive? But since I decided to come here, I've made all the preparations I need. The Divine Seat won't be able to come here any time soon."

The First Saint smiled and walked forward. "After today, I will fuse together with the strength the Holy Monarch left behind and become his speaker in this world. With the aid of your former master's head I will be reborn and become the ruler of these heavens and earth."

Suddenly, Do Ermo stopped. A rope condensed from dark strength twined around his foot. Light and darkness hissed and crackled as they came into contact, like cold water being splashed onto hot oil.

"Why resist? If I succeed, it can be considered as another way in which your former master is reborn in this world."

As he took a step forward, the rope of darkness collapsed around him. The sinful attendant that was barely managing to support herself beneath the bright sun cried out loud.

The Saint continued forward. But as he took one more step he came to a stop. Two hands condensed from the power of darkness drilled out from deep beneath the earth, grabbing hold of him.

Do Ermo let out a long breath, and all the fluctuations of emotions in his eyes thoroughly vanished. He turned around and looked at the sinful attendant that was suffering beneath the great sun. "I originally wanted to allow you to live and become my servant, but since you remain so stubborn I will send you along the road first."

He lightly sighed, as if he were feeling some regret. But when he attacked, his movements were cruel and merciless, without any hint of hesitation or pity. He lifted a hand and pointed a finger. The intensity of the light that the great sun released increased ten times, a hundred times over, like an erupting volcano.

The light nearly condensed into tangible essence. It pierced through the darkness like an arrow, violently crashing onto the attendant and making her screams of pain twist in agony. Most of the darkness that bathed her was extinguished beneath this light. Her true appearance was slowly revealed, and one could see the enchanting person beneath.

But there was no change in the indifference that was within the Saint's eyes, nor would he become softhearted because of this. The sinful attendant's cries weakened. When the darkness was completely scattered, her life would reach its end.

At that time, no one would be able to stop the Saint from obtaining the power that the Dao Monarch left behind in this world, kept in the skull of her old master.

Then, another great sun appeared. It was much smaller and less bright than the Saint's. But the moment it appeared, the Saint's complexion changed. He looked up and hissed, "Divine Seat!"

At the same time, the great sun he controlled burst out with an even greater light. However, the second great sun seemed to possess some strange absorbing attribute. It sucked in most of the light so that the sinful attendant didn't suffer too many injuries.

Within the second great sun, a face appeared. The face's eyes slowly opened. It was the face of the Western Tomb's Divine Seat, Ji Xiangtian!

"Saint, I am disappointed in you."

Do Ermo had no change in expression. He remained calm and thoughtful. Since he decided to make his move today, he had already expected this moment.

"The Ji Family has ruled over the Western Tomb for hundreds of thousands of years already and their fortune is unparalleled in this society. Still, it is time for you all to abide by the laws that govern the river of time and be gradually eliminated before disappearing."

Ji Xiangtian lightly said, "The Ji Family was chosen by the Dao Monarch to be the bloodline which governs over the Western Tomb on his behalf. Your actions today have violated the will of the Dao Monarch. Are you not afraid that you will trigger a backlash and be incinerated by the power of dao arts?"

Do Ermo chuckled, "Divine Seat, there is no need to deceive me. The Dao Monarch has not passed down any edicts for the last several tens of thousands of years. During this period of time, there have been no new Cardinals or Saints born in the Western Tomb. Do you actually believe that I wouldn't notice this change?"

He sighed with emotion, his eyes drifting towards the heavens. "It is truly hard to imagine that an existence as formidable as the Dao Monarch can also fall from the skies. This world is vast beyond our imagination and we have only come into contact with a miniscule corner of it. Today, I came here to take advantage of the Western Tomb's power, opening up a path for me that will lead me to a higher realm."

Ji Xiangtian fell silent, as if tacitly confirming Do Ermo's inference. And at this moment, his face within the second great sun fiercely twisted in pain.

"Hahaha!" Do Ermo laughed, his heart carefree. "Divine Seat, did you think I wouldn't know you are attempting to arrive at this Hell Mystic Realm? I intentionally gave you time so that you could fall into the trap I laid down.

"How is it? The energy of withered souls doesn't feel great, does it? This is something good I've prepared after using up 10,000 years. Now, Divine Seat, I fear you are unable to descend here any longer. And by the time you manage to force out the energy of withered souls, everything will have finished.

“I, the First Saint of the Western Tomb, Do Ermo, will fuse with the Dao Monarch’s strength and revive within the body of the former master. I will become his incarnation in this world and spread the light of the Western Tomb throughout the entire world.”

Ji Xiangtian was silent for a moment. After a long time he gently sighed. There was some helplessness, but there was even more serenity.

“Saint, you think too much.”

As his voice fell, a light breaking sound spread out from the second great sun. Countless cracks suddenly erupted all over it!

Do Ermo’s eyes widened with shocked anger. “Ji Xiangtian!”

Bang –

The great sun collapsed.

The temperature between the heavens and earth rapidly fell. A layer of white frost appeared on the towering shattered mountain summit, spreading outwards at an astonishing speed.

Beneath the blinding light, the suppressed and powerless darkness began to violently roil. It turned rich and deep in color.

It was like a great beast that was finally awakening from its slumber!

Do Ermo’s complexion sank. He raised his hands, solemn and reverent words flowing from between his lips, “You are Eternal, You are Extinction, You contain All Things, You are One.”

The dark skies up above were torn apart by a creamy white light. A massive phantom appeared, wearing blue daoist robes. Heavenly bodies swirled behind him. His face was blurry, but his faint eyes seemed to reflect the revolution of everything.

Beneath the gray white layer of stone, Qin Yu’s pupils shrank. He was able to instantly determine that this phantom was the unsurpassed Dao Monarch that the Western Tomb believed in. And according to the conversation between the Western Tomb Divine Seat’s Ji Xiangtian and the First Saint Do Ermo, this giant that lived on some unknown world should have perished. If so, why could he still be summoned with divine arts?

The Dao Monarch’s phantom raised its hand and pointed down at the mountain summit. No aura arrived, but Qin Yu instinctively screamed out in his mind, his soul trembling! At this moment he could feel the shadow of death approach. It was like the heavens had turned pitch black and there was no more light in the world.

“There is no need to panic. Just wait here and watch.” A calm voice echoed in his mind. There was a bit of disdain in it too, as if this voice thought this scene playing out in front of them was nothing more than a farce.

Qin Yu’s thoughts raced and he decided to believe in these words. He bitterly smiled within. In truth, facing the power of just a single finger from the Dao Monarch’s phantom, he simply didn’t have the strength to escape. This unbelievable sensation left him feeling powerless.

“Ahh!” With a sharp scream, the darkness suppressed by the bright light suddenly gushed outwards.

The great sun was instantly corroded by darkness. It fell into the pitch black darkness and was swallowed up. The sinful attendant’s figure started to rapidly grow and balloon.

In several breaths of time, she grew to be several thousand feet tall. The power of darkness condensed into a suit of chilling armor around her. She was awe-inspiring and amazing, like a goddess of war in a dark world.

For the first time, Qin Yu clearly saw the sinful attendant’s appearance. Even though she had grown to be several thousand feet tall, she still possessed a delicate and mesmerizing beauty. With her cold expression and the imposing armor she wore, it also served to make her appearance even more soul-stirring!

At this time, the sinful attendant lifted a hand. The power of darkness surged, condensing into a jet black sword in her hands. She slashed downwards.

In the next moment, the dark sword collided with the Dao Monarch phantom’s finger and the world fell deathly silent. Time and space seemed to come to a standstill. This appeared to last for only a moment but also a hundred years. Then, with the point of collision as the center, annihilation arrived.

A shockwave swept out. Wherever it went, destruction followed in its wake. Everything was disintegrated into powder, forever destroyed.

The entire process lasted for less than a single breath of time, but the shattered mountain summit was leveled and smoothed over. Several thousand layers of the stone steps vanished, turning into a massive platform that was soon as flat and smooth as a mirror. Only the Ancient’s skull and the stone-covered Qin Yu survived the fallout.

The Dao Monarch phantom in the skies had vanished from sight. Do Ermo’s body of light turned dark and gloomy.

Across from him, the sinful attendant’s body size had returned to normal. The sword of darkness in her hands had disappeared. She was slumped to her knees and blood dripped down from her nose and mouth, falling onto the ground.

Do Ermo lifted his hands and light appeared once more, turning into a ten foot long lance. Its tip was incomparably sharp and flashed with a dazzling light. Just looking at it made one feel as if their soul would be torn apart!

He locked his gaze onto the sinful attendant. Then, he softly said, “It’s over.”

The sinful attendant looked up, a cold sneer on her lips. The blood that dripped to the ground started to wriggle and twist, drawing the outline of a rune.

It was incomparably complex and blood red in color.

“Sinners that perished in rebellion, this is your final opportunity to use your dead bodies filled with hate to fight for the master once more...die, and you will be freed!”

Because thousands of layers of steps had been erased, the corpses that were pierced through with wooden stakes had become much closer. As the sinful attendant spoke, these withered corpses that had dried up over the years and lost all moisture suddenly began to shiver and quake. Then, they reached up with their hands and grabbed the wooden stakes that pierced through them. A tooth-aching sound followed as these withered corpses started to pull them out!

### **Chapter 753 – Godfall Art**

These withered and shriveled corpses had been dead for countless years already. Yet, they didn't decay away. When they freed themselves from the wooden stakes and landed on the ground, they rushed forward like wild tigers. Guttural howls came from their throats as they raced ahead with astonishing speed!

In the blink of an eye they ran up from the stone steps and plunged themselves at the lance-holding Do Ermo. The Saint's weary face revealed an expression of loathing and disgust. He took a step back and fell to a knee, stabbing the lance condensed from light down into the smooth mountain stone.

Bang –

The entire mountain peak trembled and fiercely vibrated. Then, the mirror-smooth summit was torn and smashed apart by a terrifying strength.

Lance phantoms broke free from the ground and shot into the skies. They carried with them a swift and fierce aura, one that could pierce through all things as they tore through the withered corpses that were rushing over.

Burning heat erupted from the wounds, causing these corpses that had not decayed over the years to suddenly ignite like dead wood.

They were instantly reduced to ashes!

Even so, Do Ermo's crazy slaughter didn't frighten these corpses away. On the contrary, their attacks became even more manic and wild.

To die was freedom!

Because of their betrayal in the past, they were imprisoned here after death. Their souls could not rest in peace and they suffered heart-wrenching pain every day. This sort of torture had lasted for hundreds of thousands of years. And now, for them, being able to disappear forever was already the best result.

Qin Yu watched with cold eyes as these shriveled and fierce corpses crazily tossed themselves at the Western Tomb Saint and were burned to ashes.

Although he still didn't fully understand what was happening, he could still make out the key players here and get a sense of what they were trying to do and what their motives were. For instance, the First Saint had descended upon the Hell Mystic Realm in order to capture the power and authority of the Western Tomb. And, there was also the Western Tomb's Divine Seat who had some way of undoing the seal within the sinful attendant so that she could fight Do Ermo and delay for more time.

It was clear that this stage today was no longer his alone. Moreover, the Ancient's skull and his consciousness that hadn't yet dispersed seemed to have expected this. Whether it was Do Ermo or the Divine Seat, everything seemed to be within his plan.

But even now, Qin Yu couldn't determine whether or not he would be the last one smiling today.

As these chaotic thoughts raced through his mind, he caught a glimpse of a small figure from the edge of his vision. It was the corpse of that seven or eight year old girl. Because her body was withered, she appeared even smaller and thinner than she should. She was mixed in with the numerous corpses as she hurtled at the Saint.

Without accident, she would suffer a similar fate to those corpses in front of her. She would be pierced through by a lance, burned to ashes by the holy light.

But when Qin Yu saw her, the little corpse turned her head and their eyes met in midair. Her eerie and strange smile suddenly widened.

In the next moment, the little girl's corpse leapt over and she jumped on top of Qin Yu's stone-covered body. Her young laughter rang out like little bells, "Big brother, I said that we would meet again."

A familiar sound echoed in his ears. Then, there was a series of loud ringing, of stone being struck over and over. The little girl screamed in anger and irritation. She sneered, "Do you think you can block me just because you put on some stone armor? Big brother, you are underestimating me!"

Qin Yu could hear the sound of flowing liquid. Then, a piercing yin chill aura slowly seeped into him.

"Hehe, stay behind and play with me! I like big brother very much! When I grow up, I will be your bride and marry you. How about it?"

Qin Yu's complexion was ugly. He never thought that he would be sucked into this mess even though he was just watching from the sidelines. How come this little girl's corpse was so extraordinary and why wasn't she summoned by the blood of the sinful attendant?

At this time, if someone were standing nearby, they would see that the corpse of the little girl that held onto Qin Yu's back was rapidly decaying and melting away. The little corpse turned into a thick black liquid that covered Qin Yu's stony gray outer layer, continuously seeping through.

Her empty eye sockets stared at Qin Yu's brain, as if she were pondering how tasty it would be to bite into it.

However, why did she think that this big brother's flesh and blood could help revive her? And how did she think about such things? It was as if all these thoughts had suddenly appeared in her mind. It was strangely unexplainable.

But the little girl's simple thoughts didn't allow her to ponder such complex things. Still, none of this mattered. All that mattered was that she needed this big brother to stay behind so that they could be together forever.

Mm, if the two fused into one whole, wouldn't they be together forever and never be separated? Hehe, it was definitely like this!

The little girl closed her eyes and let out a sigh of comfort. She allowed herself to melt into black goo, drilling through the stone layer that covered Qin Yu.

“Huh?” A surprised voice rang through Qin Yu’s thoughts. “Throughout all these years, I actually never discovered that such a funny little thing is hidden within the corpses of the sinners.

“Hoho, this can be considered a lucky chance for you. Since she delivered herself on her own initiative, then I will help you receive her. Perhaps she will be of some use to you in the future.”

Then, in Qin Yu’s ears, the little girl’s panicked screams rang out loud, as if she had encountered something extremely horrifying and was unable to resist. The black goo that poured through the gray-white stone layer was forcefully drawn out and concentrated together by a formidable strength until it was the size of a knuckle.

Then, a cool feeling touched Qin Yu’s hand as if he had caught a drop of rain. The black ball merged into his flesh and blood. In Qin Yu’s soul space, within the light that sprinkled down from the Chain of Stars, a knuckle-sized black bead appeared.

One could see the face of a seven or eight year old girl floating within it, lying on her back. She had a sweet smile, as if she would open her eyes at any moment.

The Ancient’s consciousness was silent for a moment before letting out a burst of acclaim. “I never thought you would have such good fortune. I am even more sure that one day in the future you will lead the Ancient race to return to the world.

“Soon, I will give you another stroke of good fortune. I will help you establish your Great Dao and give you the most solid foundation for growth!”

It was clear that the Ancient had sensed the existences of the Purple Moon, Blue Sun, and Cosmic Seacross Bell within Qin Yu’s body. But, the praise in the Ancient’s voice didn’t cause Qin Yu to feel any joy at all. Rather, it made him feel dread, the dread of someone whose secrets were all seen through.

No one hoped that they would be completely seen through. Maintaining some sense of privacy was one of the most basic demands for a living being.

But at this time, Qin Yu naturally wouldn’t mention this. He respectfully said, “Thank you, my lord.”

The Ancient faintly said, “You are the only bloodline of my race still preserved in this world, so I will give you everything I can. But right now, I am still missing something. Wait a little longer and you will be fine.”

As the voice fell, the kneeling sinful attendant suddenly raised her hands into the skies. After restoring herself to her original state, she was just a woman who was taller than an ordinary man. Her pale fists were delicate.

But as she punched out, loud rumbling sounds came from the skies above her.

Wild strength poured out. It swept through the skies like a dragon, breaking space apart. Because of the sudden collapse of space, a massive vortex formed.

Do Ermo’s complexion changed, “You are seeking death!”

He lifted his hands and threw the lance of light forward. The lance howled ahead at the sinful attendant, tearing through the air with an inconceivable degree of speed and strength. But, she still stood tall and straight. Her eyes were calm, as if she didn't realize that imminent death was upon her.

A mote of light suddenly appeared. When the terrifying lance of light struck it, it burst apart like a bubble. The bright light disappeared in the next instant and the lance of light vanished along with it.

Up in the skies, Ji Xiangtian walked out from the vortex of shattered space. He was tall and wore glorious white robes. His expression was impossibly calm, without any hint of anger, as if everything occurring in the Hell Mystic Realm was within his anticipation.

His gaze swept over. He didn't look at Do Ermo, but at the sinful attendant. "Although I withdrew your imprisonment, it isn't difficult for me to suppress you in your current condition. Be sealed by me and you can continue living on with the status of the sinful attendant. Otherwise, while I can save you, I can also thrust you beyond redemption."

The sinful attendant's eyes were icy cold and filled with a bone-deep and unforgettable hatred. But, she chose to bow her head and give up all resistance.

The Western Tomb Ji Family had been chosen by the Dao Monarch to govern and also represent the orthodoxy of the Divine Church. They naturally grasped terrifying methods that others didn't know of. The sinful attendant had already experienced this once before. Since she knew she couldn't resist, she could only continue living on. She believed that there would be a day when her master returned and these despicable traitors would all be tossed into the abyss, never to be reincarnated!

Ji Xiangtian pointed a finger. Light gushed out, weaving together into a rune that shot in between the sinful attendant's eyebrows and fused into her body. The formidable aura that erupted from within her rapidly faded like a falling tide. Her complexion paled once more, and the iciness and hatred in her expression became faint once again.

She bowed and kneeled, "This sinful attendant greets the Divine Seat."

Ji Xiangtian waved his hand. "Draw back." It was only now that he looked up at Do Ermo. This First Saint of the Divine Church didn't take advantage of this time to do anything. Rather, from the very moment the Divine Seat appeared he had maintained his silence.

At this time, Do Ermo looked up and locked eyes with the Divine Seat. The air became thick and viscous, as if it would turn solid!

"Saint, if you are willing to acknowledge your guilt and surrender yourself to be captured, I will spare your life."

Do Ermo darkly chuckled. "And after that? You will extract all of my divine strength and create a new Saint? You want to secretly warn those who are covetously looking at the Divine Church that the Western Tomb's Dao Monarch is still alive?"

He shook his head, "I will not allow you to do as you wish. If you want to punish me, then go ahead and try. In truth, starting from many years ago, I've wanted to fight you. It seems that my long-cherished wish will finally come true today."



Ji Xiangtian shook his head with disappointment, “How stubbornly thickheaded!”

Since persuasion was useless, he wouldn’t delay any further. He lifted a hand and grasped forward.

Rumble rumble –

A trillion rays of light erupted, instantly gathering into a sea that swept out in all directions.

Do Ermo flicked his sleeves. A similar trillion rays of light gathered into a sea. Then, the two sides maliciously collided!

The two seas of light constantly broke apart and collapsed as they grinded into each other. Finally, they counterbalanced each other and disappeared.

He laughed out loud, “You are the Divine Seat and I am the Divine Church’s First Saint. The divine arts you possess, I also possess...Divine Seat, how can you kill me?”

Ji Xiangtian calmly said, “Is that so?”

The Western Tomb’s Ji Family had ruled the Divine Church for hundreds of thousands of years and experienced endless storms of wind and rain. Even greater disasters than today had appeared in the past. Yet, they still ruled over the Western Tomb. There was naturally a reason they held supreme power.

The Divine Church had numerous divine techniques. As long as a disciple had enough faith, they could comprehend and cultivate them, obtaining a formidable strength.

But there were a few exceptions. They were gifts from the Dao Monarch, and only the Ji Family bloodline that he had chosen could successfully practice them.

He lifted a hand and pointed a finger.

“Godfall Art!”

### **Chapter 754 – Killing a Divine Dao**

With Ji Xiangtian as the center, the skies behind him started to overflow with light. A meteor suddenly descended. It locked onto the location of the Saint as it came blasting down with unbelievable force.

It released an incomparably powerful aura, as if it would fall into the sea setting off endless raging tsunamis and destroying everything it passed through.

The Godfall Art appeared only a few times in the teachings of the Western Tomb. But each time it did, it represented the fall of an arrogant powerhouse who stood at the peak of the world. Whether it was an internal danger that came from the Western Tomb or a formidable enemy from the outside, there were no exceptions.

Do Ermo’s eyes started to shine. His weak aura was restored to its original state at an incredible rate and then surpassed its peak.

He slowly raised a hand. As his finger fell down, he trembled. His body formed from light started to rapidly darken.

Bang –

In the other half of the heavens, light erupted like a volcano and recklessly ignited outwards. Within the infinite heat, a meteor appeared. A long tail followed behind it as it soared across the skies, crashing into the other meteor.

Godfall Art vs Godfall Art!

After a brief pause, the calm and tranquil expression on the Western Tomb Divine Seat's face finally broke. He clenched his teeth and roared, "Impossible, how can you grasp the Godfall Art!?"

The unique divine art granted to the Ji Family by the Dao Monarch was inconceivably strong. It was also one of the key factors that allowed them to maintain their superior status. But now, someone else had mastered the Godfall Art. This in itself was a great assault on the status of the Ji Family.

The Saint smiled. He lightly said, "Are you very surprised? The Dao Monarch controls the Western Tomb and every subject is his faithful believer. And in front of him, every believer is equal. If the Ji Family can control the Godfall Art, I can naturally cultivate it too."

His expression changed and was filled with a cold difference, "The Ji Family falsely seized the authority of the Dao Monarch and stole the rightful rule of the Western Tomb for hundreds of thousands of years. It's time that you all paid the price for this."

A shocking explosion erupted as the shockwaves from the two Godfall Arts collided. It was like a supernova, sweeping through the world with a terrifying strength.

Hum –

Hum –

In the skies, massive chains of light appeared from nothingness. They constantly disintegrated as they withstood the shockwaves of the two Godfall Arts.

The Hell Mystic Realm was the holy site of the Western Tomb and was also where the Divine Church hid their greatest secret. To conceal this secret to the best of their abilities they naturally added the best defenses to it. These chains that appeared were a great array formation that was said to be able to block out the heavens and contained enough power to even seal gods.

Yet now, beneath the collision of these two Godfall Arts, it clearly wasn't able to withstand the bombardment of energy. Great cracks began to appear throughout the array formation as it was heavily damaged.

But, the key problem was that the Western Tomb's great array not only sealed the Hell Mystic Realm, but also had the ability to suppress and imprison.

As the great array was destroyed, terrifying existences hidden in the Hell Mystic Realm finally started to awaken. No powerful being was willing to live out their life in a cage. Their desire for freedom spurred them to riot.

..

The black mountain range lay down against the ground, winding past the horizon. Its ancient trees rose up and blocked out the skies. Suddenly, in the far off distance, blinding light appeared as two meteors collided in midair.

Even tens of thousands of miles away, the terrifying shockwaves could still be clearly seen. Everything in range was thoroughly disintegrated into nothingness by the power!

The ancient trees atop the black mountain range started to tremble. Then, cracks appeared in the mountain stone they took root in and began to rapidly spread out.

Massive chunks of black stone continuously fell, crashing into the ground.

Dust and dirt rose into the heavens, gradually blocking one's line of sight. After an unknown period of time a pair of gray eyes appeared. It looked towards where the two meteors clashed, endless hatred within them.

Hou –

With a roar, a giant shadow shot into the skies, tearing apart the cloud of dust. It was unexpectedly a massive bone dragon!

...

In the Soul Refining Lake, countless souls were immersed in roiling lava, constantly withstanding a heart-wrenching pain.

Suddenly, great waves appeared on the surface. The pitifully screaming souls were ruthlessly thrust into the bottom of the lake.

In the blink of an eye the entire Soul Refining Lake fell silent. An extremely terrifying aura erupted, as if some sort of horrifying existence was gestating within it.

Bang –

A lava arm drilled out, breaking apart the tumbling lake surface. This was followed by a giant head and a body that seemed to support the heavens.

This was a giant formed of endless lava. What was even more frightening was that countless souls were wrapped around the lava giant's body. They struggled and cried out in pain as they provided potent strength to the giant.

The lava giant looked up, its eyes locked onto the place where the skies burned with light. Its feet moved as it rumbled forward.

...

There was an endless sea of flowers that flooded one's field of view. Pale blue petals gently swayed in the wind, carrying with them a hint of sadness. A light gray fog covered the skies above the sea of flowers. It seemed to isolate this part of the world, making this place seem even more dismal and quiet.

Occasionally, when the wind blew the sea of flowers, flowers would part and one could see the bones beneath. It added a gloominess and eeriness to the silent atmosphere.

It was clear that there was no truly peaceful place in this Hell Mystic Realm. This delicate sea of flowers appeared to be beautiful and gentle, but it was also a terrifying danger zone.

Suddenly, a wind carrying with it a blazing heat rushed in from the distance. It blew away the fog that covered the sea of flowers, exposing it to the exploding star-bright light in the skies.

“Ahh!” There was a painful scream. The voice was sharp and piercing like that of a crying child. The endless sea of flowers vanished in the blink of an eye, and finally only a single flower remained.

The fog that was blown away by the scorching winds crazily gathered over. It formed a thick, nearly black layer of fog that covered this pale blue flower.

Within the tumbling fog, a pair of blue eyes appeared. It stared at the hated source of light. There was loathing, fear, as well as a burning heat in its gaze.

..

Hu Fu obediently stayed where he was, holding onto the blood red stone that mister had given him. He felt dangerous auras approach several times, but in the blink of an eye they veered off into the distance.

This caused Hu Fu to sigh in acclaim and also be more confident in Qin Yu. It seemed that this mister had a certain understanding of this mystic realm. If so, there was a higher chance they would obtain the resurrection lily.

12 hours passed and mister still hadn't returned. Hu Fu comforted himself by saying mister would never suffer an accident.

By the 14th hour, he couldn't help but stand up and impatiently pace around.

By the 16th hour, Hu Fu's complexion sank like water. He stared at the blood red stone in his hands, an uncertain look in his eyes.

And now, 18 hours had passed.

There was less than six hours to go before the transmission portal would close and there still wasn't any news of Qin Yu.

Did he experience some accident? He must have experienced an accident! Otherwise, with mister's abilities, how could he be delayed for such a long time?

As Hu Fu clenched his teeth and decided to search for Qin Yu, a heart-racing feeling rose up within him.

He fiercely looked up. In the distance, he could see a trillion rays of light erupting. A meteor suddenly appeared, bringing with it an apocalyptic aura.

Hu Fu's eyes fiercely shrank. Godfall Art!

Although he had never personally witnessed it, he naturally knew of this. It was rumored to be the strongest divine art in the Western Tomb Divine Church, one capable of destroying the world.

What had happened? Why would the Western Tomb Divine Seat be in this mystic realm and also release the terrifying Godfall Art which was said to be able to bring down gods?

Before Hu Fu could gather his thoughts, another terrifying aura arrived. His mind buzzed and hairs rose all over his back. A second meteor appeared in his field of vision, carrying with it a similarly horrifying strength.

A second Godfall Art...

Hu Fu froze in place, gawking. Could someone tell him if this world had gone insane? It was well known that only the Western Tomb Divine Seat was able to cultivate the Godfall Art. But now, he saw two Godfall Arts being used, and what was even stranger was that they were clearly hostile to each other.

When he saw the first Godfall Art, Hu Fu immediately thought that the Western Tomb was secretly trying to kill them again. But then he hesitated. An even greater possibility was that some unknown accident had occurred within the Western Tomb Divine Church, and he and mister had been sucked into the mess because of their bad luck.

Bang –

A heaven-shaking explosion occurred. Even from such a far-off distance, Hu Fu stuffily coughed as if he had been struck in the chest by a great blow. His heart nearly stopped beating and his face paled.

This was the might of the Godfall Art...the Godfall Art that could bring down gods!

Moreover, it was two Godfall Arts colliding. Hu Fu didn't doubt that if he were in that area, he would instantly be reduced to nothingness. Then, what followed afterwards was a terrifying ring-shaped shockwave. It passed across the land like an unstoppable tide, destroying everything it swept over.

Hu Fu paled even more. This was an instinctual awe one felt towards such an immense destructive strength. He could only pray silently in his heart and hope that mister wasn't over there, otherwise if he was involved in that mess there was no chance he would survive.

Before the shockwaves from the collision of Godfall Arts disappeared, Hu Fu froze in place. The skies above him immediately darkened. This was a shadow that came from the highest heavens. He slowly looked up with difficulty, and he could even feel the sounds of his neck cracking as he did.

Finally, Hu Fu saw the figure that was flying through the skies. It was a long snake with two wings and a half-rotten body. There was a fierce wound on its belly, one that nearly split it in half. One of its eyeballs had blown apart and pieces of flesh and blood were dripping out.

At this time, the half-rotten snake looked down. Its lone eye locked onto Hu Fu. A piercing chill erupted in Hu Fu's heart and he felt as if he had fallen into an eternal cave of ice. The blood in his body nearly froze.

Inexhaustible fear filled him, making him want to run away. But, his feet seemed to have taken root into the ground, not allowing him to move.

Hesitation flashed in the half-rotten snake's eyes. If this was ordinary times it definitely wouldn't let go of such a sweet snack. But right now it had more pressing matters to attend to.

It looked away. Then, it flapped its great wings that were broken in many places. Black winds were whipped into existence and it flew towards the place where the two meteors collided.

## Chapter 755 – I'm Sorry

When the giant half-rotten snake disappeared from his line of sight, Hu Fu finally regained control of his trembling body. He gasped for breath, shaking.

Just a bit, just a bit and he would have been buried in that snake's belly!

Just now, Hu Fu was able to see that the half-rotten snake had hesitated. It seemed that it had other things to worry about.

That damned Western Tomb Divine Church. They clearly knew that such terrifying beings existed in this mystic realm and yet they allowed them to come here to pick the resurrection lily.

Hu Fu took a deep breath and suppressed his roiling thoughts. He knew that he couldn't stay here any longer. First it was the collision of two Godfall Arts and then the appearance of that massive half-rotten snake. That was absolutely a Divine Dao level monster. This mystic realm has already become an asura battlefield. With just the smallest mistake he would die where he was, and his death would be completely worthless!

"Mister, I hope you can survive."

Hu Fu lifted a hand and slapped his forehead. The mark left there was activated. Space fluctuated in front of him and a portal quickly appeared.

But what happened afterwards caused Hu Fu's complexion to change. This was because the portal was blocked and he couldn't pass through.

Damned Western Tomb Divine Church!

...

Hu Fu's prayers were clearly ineffective. Not only was Qin Yu drawn into the shockwaves from the collision of Godfall Arts, but he was at the central point where it was most powerful. Annihilating strength flooded his field of vision, making it so that he couldn't see what was happening around him.

Fortunately, the layer of stone that the Ancient covered him with had unimaginable defensive abilities. Even though the shockwaves crashed into him, they weren't able to inflict any damage.

This caused Qin Yu to realize that the Ancient's consciousness possessed a strength far surpassing the Western Tomb Divine Church. But then, a question rose in his mind. If this Ancient had such strength, why didn't it leave this place? In fact, it could simply attach itself to a new body and complete its resurrection.

Although this seemed unthinkable difficult, Qin Yu believed that it would actually be easy for the Ancient.

Why did he stay in this mystic realm? Or did he have other difficulties? Was he waiting for some turning point?

Qin Yu couldn't figure out the answer. A coldness lingered around his heart, not dispersing.

“Eh?” The Ancient’s consciousness sounded out in his mind. “Someone has used the Dao Monarch’s strength to open up a transmission portal. It seems that some of your blood energy fluctuations are on their body.”

Qin Yu immediately guessed that it was Hu Fu who opened up the portal. Hu Fu clearly felt the incoming threat and had to leave in advance.

“My lord, he came here with me.”

The Ancient’s consciousness said, “If so, then I shall help him leave alive.”

...

Dragon City, Shadow Clan dwelling.

Ji Yun was standing next to Zhou Li, conversing with her and trying to ease her heart. But suddenly, he looked up towards the temple where he stayed.

Zhou Li subconsciously clenched her hands together, “What happened?”

Ji Yun’s eyes shook before he calmed himself down. “The portal has opened. It seems they have returned.”

Zhou Li let out a breath of relief. She immediately snorted, “According to what you said, the resurrection lily doesn’t exist in the world of the living and will wither if touched. I want to see just what sort of strange and amazing thing it is.”

Ji Yun forced a smile. Wasn’t this sort of excuse a bit too forced? But since he had no intention of just standing here right now, he nodded and started walking over.

When he evaded Zhou Li’s eyes, his eyebrows wrinkled together and surprise shined in his eyes.

The portal had actually been opened. How was this possible?

Soon, he arrived at the temple with Zhou Li. With a wave of his hand the array formation opened and he stepped inside.

Within the spacious hall, a distressed Hu Fu had a pale complexion. When he saw them he coldly said, “Young Master Ji Yun, the Western Tomb needs to give me an explanation for what happened in the mystic realm!”

Time rewinded a little.

Back in the Hell Mystic Realm, as Hu Fu stood by the transmission portal, he had been locked onto by a blood-eyed spider. Not only did it not fear Qin Yu’s blood energy fluctuations left behind on the stone, but it was actually stimulated and became even crazier.

Just as Hu Fu couldn’t fight it off any longer and was about to be torn to pieces, the stone in his hand shattered and he was sucked into the portal, ending up back here.

Ji Yun took a deep breath. He asked, “Sect Master Hu Fu, may I ask what happened? I have to know in order to give you an explanation.”

Hu Fu's breathing paused for a moment. He really wanted to describe what he saw, but if he were to say that two Godfall Arts collided with each other, that was surely something that would shake the orthodoxy of the Western Tomb. If this came from his lips, it was bound to lead to endless troubles in the future. Moreover, there was also that terrifying half-rotten snake. There was absolutely some great secret hidden in the Western Tomb's mystic realm!

These were all sources of disaster!

As someone who had become the master of a sect, his temperament and wisdom were both high. After an almost imperceptible pause, Hu Fu coldly snorted, "Not long after I entered, I encountered a blood-eyed spider. It was incomparably strong and I wanted to summon the portal to leave, but I was actually forced to wait a long time before I could step through it. I was nearly buried in that spider's stomach!"

There were both truths and lies in his words. He wouldn't be easily seen through.

Ji Yun furrowed his eyebrows even further. But before he could say anything, Zhou Li anxiously said, "Sect Master Hu Fu, what about your companion who went into the mystic realm with you?"

Hu Fu had a heavy expression. He said with difficulty, "Not long after we entered the mystic realm, me and mister were forced apart. Until I returned, I received no news from him."

Although he had no evidence, it was likely that the terrifying events occurring in the mystic realm were related to mister.

If this was true, then he feared mister was already...it wasn't that he lacked confidence in Qin Yu, but the collision of those two Godfall Arts and the appearance of that half-rotten snake was enough to destroy anyone's confidence.

This was a level of strength where even Divine Dao beings would fall from the skies!

Zhou Li's legs softened and her heart twitched with pain. In truth, after her initial bout of anger passed, she began to feel regret.

She should have urged Qin Yu again. How could she have just let him go to die like this?

And now, with what Hu Fu said, it wasn't hard to judge how terrifying the Western Tomb's mystic realm was.

Even a Sect Master of one of the seven great sects could barely escape with their lives. What could an average person do? His fate was likely more unfortunate than fortunate!

No, this wasn't right. Qin Yu still had a slim chance of survival. The one controlling Qin Yu from behind was Ning Qin. This person had a mysterious origin and seemed to be all-knowing; there was no way he would allow Qin Yu to go in and just die. Perhaps Ning Qin had some other means of preserving Qin Yu's life. For instance, his avatar would descend, or his consciousness would take over Qin Yu's body, or some other methods.

But after asking, Ji Yun's reply shattered the final traces of hope in her heart. "I'm sorry Zhou Li. I don't want to deceive you. This mystic realm has an extremely important status in the Western Tomb. Without permission, no one is allowed to enter."



In other words, Qin Yu was alone. There was no way anyone could protect him.

Tears fell down Zhou Li's cheeks. She didn't know why she wanted to cry. Everything he did was his choice. It was Qin Yu who decided to follow the path to his own doom. She had done everything she could to change his mind.

But her heart still felt bitter. A tide of emotions flooded her mind. For the first time, Zhou Li hated herself for being so stubborn and prideful. She couldn't forgive herself for the fact that she watched Qin Yu walk to his death and did nothing.

Watching a woman he liked cry for another man wasn't a good experience. Ji Yun was silent for some time before he said, "Zhou Li, perhaps he will come back." Although he didn't want to acknowledge it, the truth was that he hoped Qin Yu had already died inside.

Zhou Li paled, clearly not hearing his words. Ji Yun smartly didn't say anything. At this moment, maintaining his silence was the best choice.

He looked at Hu Fu and said, "Before entering the mystic realm, I warned Sect Master that it was extremely dangerous. It was Sect Master who asked to go in to pick the resurrection lily. So, while the Western Tomb does express our apologies for what you have suffered, we cannot give you any further explanation."

You mother f\*cker!

Hu Fu cursed in his heart. Even the Godfall Art appeared, so why are you still trying to pretend here? If I wasn't worried that this would cause trouble for the Hidden Fog Sect, I would have spread out news of this all over so that the Western Tomb could be praised!

On the surface, his complexion remained dark and cloudy. He nodded and said, "Young Master Ji Yun, I need to stay here and wait for mister to return."

Ji Yun nodded, "Of course. Until the 24 hour deadline arrives, Sect Master Hu Fu can stay here."

Hu Fu didn't say anything further. He glanced at the absentminded Zhou Li and sighed. Before entering the mystic realm, the Saintess had parted on bad terms with mister. And there was a high likelihood that would be the last time the two ever met.

His thoughts turned and he immediately suppressed them. Hu Fu wasn't in the mood to feel pity for anyone right now, because if something happened to mister, it meant that the Hidden Fog Sect's time in Dragon City would come to an end. Not only would he die for nothing, but his intent to resist would be exposed. The Hidden Fog Sect was bound to usher in a period of turmoil.

From the moment he inherited the position of Sect Master and learned the secrets of the sect, Hu Fu had already been preparing for this day. Just as his wish was about to be fulfilled, everything fell apart.

Was this destiny? Heavens, how could you be so unfair to the Hidden Fog Sect!

The hall fell silent. The gentle fluctuations coming from the portal illuminated every corner.

Suddenly, the silent and crying Zhou Li suddenly rushed forward.

Ji Yun's complexion changed, "Zhou Li, no!"

But she was very close and there was no previous warning. Before his voice fell, she had rushed to the portal. Qin Yu, in the end it was I who killed you. Today I will die with you. Consider this as paying back a life!

Bang –

A shaking strength sent Zhou Li flying backwards. Ji Yun's face was full of fear as he flicked his sleeves and grabbed hold of her.

"Zhou Li, what are you doing!?"

Fortunately, the portal was still in a closed state, otherwise she would have been sucked inside. As for what the consequences of that would be, just thinking about it left him scared.

"Ji Yun, open the portal, I want to go in!"

"Calm down, I won't let you kill yourself!" Ji Yun roared out loud. Sensing something, he quickly said, "The mystic realm is too dangerous. If you go in with your cultivation, you will never come out. And if you die inside, your death will be in vain. It is impossible for you to help him!"

"Zhou Li, you have to know that you are not alone. Your grandmother and grandfather are still waiting for you to support them so they can live long and comfortable lives. If something happens to you, what will they do? Can you accept this reality?"

Zhou Li shoved him away. She looked at the sealed portal and tears flowed down once more.

Qin Yu, I'm sorry, I'm really sorry!

### **Chapter 756A - New Saint Son**

The shockwaves from the collision of the Godfall Arts slowly dispersed. Looking down from above, it was like a giant invisible hand had wiped across the earth, erasing everything in a vast area.

The endless towering mountain, the stone steps, as well as the wooden stakes that were soaked with blood...right now, all of that had disappeared, replaced by an immense crater.

The crater went deep below the ground and was so large that one couldn't see its edges. The surface was incomparably smooth. After the stone was melted away by the terrifyingly high temperatures, it became smooth to the point that it could reflect an image of the clear skies above.

All of the dark fog had been scattered by the collision of Godfall Arts. From the moment this Hell Mystic Realm was formed, this was likely the clearest the skies had ever been.

Soft light sprinkled down, falling atop the skull of the Ancient. The bone was like jade and shimmered with a hazy brilliance, complementing the white light that gushed out from its seven orifices.

There was a common-looking crack on the skull. But, this had nothing to do with the Godfall Arts. Rather, it came from the Ancient's consciousness trying to reverse the 3000 vortexes as it searched for the reason why the Ancient race suffered a backlash and perished. In terms of the intensity of strength

involved, even if 100 Godfall Arts were to descend together, it would still be impossible to harm the skull in the slightest.

Meanwhile, the 'statue' Qin Yu was completely fine. After all, he 'died' due to the remnant strength of the Dao Monarch, so the Divine Seat and Saint didn't have any suspicions regarding why he was still there.

"Do Ermo, you have blasphemed the will that the Dao Monarch left behind in this world. With my status as the Western Tomb's Divine Seat, I hereby strip from you your title as Saint Son." Ji Xiangtian slowly said. He was calm and expressionless, without any emotion in his eyes.

"Then?" Do Ermo smiled. "You want to deny my status and then suppress and kill me, to maintain the Ji Family's control over the Western Tomb."

Ji Xiangtian no longer spoke. He stood there and straightened his body. His weak aura rapidly turned powerful and icy cold. Boundless pressure erupted from inside him as faint traces of light continuously appeared around him. The light gathered into a great sword. He lifted it with both hands and slashed down.

Do Ermo lifted his hands and a blinding light erupted. He was like a great sun, so bright that one couldn't look straight at him.

The great sword slashed down and the dazzling great sun hollowed downwards. The great sun's surface twisted and trembled, as if it would collapse at any moment.

Puff –

With a low cough, a trace of red appeared within the light of the great sun, rapidly diffusing outwards. In the blink of an eye the great sun turned into a blood sun.

Then, it slowly broke apart to reveal Do Ermo's figure. Countless tiny cracks appeared on the surface of his skin. One could see the blood red color of his flesh below, but no blood flowed out.

He coughed hard. Bits of blood splattered outwards, dyeing his gorgeous and pure white robes with red spots. A pained look crossed his face, as well as a bit of helplessness. Although he grasped the Godfall Art and several other divine arts, he still needed to pay a great price to use them, one steeper than the Divine Seat's.

After using the Godfall Art and the Great Light Sword one after another, Ji Xiangtian's face was dark and gloomy. It looked as if he had aged dozens of years over the last few moments and he couldn't conceal his weariness. But great waves still fluctuated within his eyes. They were filled with endless coldness and a killing intent that had not diminished at all.

Do Ermo had to die!

"Let's end this." Ji Xiangtian lifted his hands. He completely disregarded his weakened body and the backlash this would produce as he started to use a third divine art.

"Lance of Ruling!"

Not too long ago, Do Ermo had used this divine art to deal with the corpses on the wooden stakes that had arrived. But when the Western Tomb Divine Seat used this technique, it was clearly much stronger.

Light condensed into an incomparably sharp lance. It flashed with a light that shook the heart, one that was capable of piercing through and destroying all.

Whoosh –

The Lance of Ruling howled out, leaving a series of afterimages in its wake. It soared through the skies, shooting straight at Do Ermo's chest!

The expelled Saint had a tranquil expression. When he looked at the Lance of Ruling that hurtled his way, he suddenly said, "When I kill the Divine Seat, I will become the new ruler of the Western Tomb. I vow here and now that I will grant you all freedom."

Ji Xiangtian's pupils shrunk.

Then, with a loud rumbling sound, the ground shattered once again. Endless lava burst out, as if a volcano had erupted from below.

The lava submerged the Lance of Ruling. A heaven-shaking explosion followed as the lava burst apart and splashed out in all directions. Painful cries filled the air.

Before the splashing lava struck the ground, it was drawn back in by a powerful and invisible strength, rapidly fusing together again. Lava still flowed out continuously from the shattered earth below.

A lava giant appeared. Its figure was wrapped in millions of souls that howled and screamed as they constantly withstood the pain of being burned.

The lava giant's blazing red eyes fell upon Do Ermo. Its voice thundered as it said, "Remember your vow, otherwise I guarantee you that I will reduce your soul to ashes!"

Do Ermo nodded. "I will not go back on my word!" He looked up at Ji Xiangtian, "Because of their own selfish interests, the Western Tomb's Ji Family has imprisoned all of you here and in doing so they have violated the oath they made to abide by the teachings of the Divine Church. Once I become the new Divine Seat, I will allow you all to handle the expelled Ji Family as you wish."

He naturally understood what it meant to cut the grass at the roots. And, he knew how heavy of a temptation this was.

"All of the Western Tomb Ji Family should die!"

A hate-filled roar rolled through the air as a giant bone dragon flew in from the distance. Its eyes blazed with burning soul flames. The temperature that had risen after the lava giant appeared began to rapidly fall once more.

Its massive bone body folded together like a mountain. The dragon looked up at the Divine Seat and opened its jaws wide, spewing out a dark gray dragon's breath the color of specters.

Ji Xiangtian's robes started to shine. Motes of light appeared on a pitch black backdrop, as if they were stars in the night sky.

The spectral dragon breath covered him but wasn't able to harm him. In an instant, those motes of light counterbalanced the dragon breath and scattered it away.

The vestments of the Western Tomb Divine Seat were said to be granted to him by the unsurpassed Dao Monarch. It was said they possessed a formidable defense that could resist the attacks of a god.

After its attack failed, the bone dragon roared in anger. But it didn't attack again. Rather, it restrained its aura, as if it were waiting for something.

Winds rose from nothingness. A light fragrance spread with it. There was a soft and sweet taste to it, one that made one feel nostalgic longing.

Do Ermo's heart tensed up. He said in a soft voice, "I knew that none of you would be absent from today's great meeting. Since you've all come then make your decision. Either help me obtain your freedom, or be imprisoned here forever."

A pale blue flower appeared, swaying in the wind. As it appeared on the ground, it rapidly took root and grew to the height of a person's waist. Each flower petal flowed with a halo of light, vaguely forming the outline of a face.

"Why should I believe you?"

The voice was ethereal and lonely, filled with a cold intent.

It was the voice of a woman.

Do Ermo faintly said, "Since you've appeared here, that means you've already made a choice. If I am defeated today, I will only die. But as for the rest of you, I fear you will be trapped here for endless years in the future without any chance of ever leaving again...killing Ji Xiangtian is something that benefits us all."

The Ancient's consciousness suddenly spoke up in Qin Yu's mind, "I must make my move soon. No matter what happens, do not resist."

### **Chapter 756B - New Saint Son**

Hum –

The pale blue flower gently trembled. A faint halo of light spread outwards, forming visible ripples that fell on the Western Tomb Divine Seat.

The giant bone dragon sneered coldly. The soul flames in its eyes contracted to two pinpoints that locked onto the Divine Seat.

Hou –

The lava giant roared out loud. Its body collapsed, turning into a stream of flowing lava. The souls within it screamed miserably as they rushed at the Divine Seat.

The three most terrifying existences sealed within the Hell Mystic Realm had simultaneously attacked the Western Tomb Divine Seat. With the Western Tomb's great array formation destroyed and unable to be restored for the time being, their strength was no longer suppressed.

Moreover, the Western Tomb Divine Seat had used the Godfall Art, Great Light Sword, and Lance of Ruling once after another. He was no longer in his peak condition.

Do Ermo smiled. His eyes filled with a burning heat as he looked at the giant skull of the former master. He muttered below his breath, "I follow your will and shall inherit the power you left behind, becoming your representative in this world..."

The lava giant, bone dragon, and resurrection lily had all attacked together. Ji Xiangtian would undoubtedly die and no one could stop him anymore.

Do Ermo stepped toward the giant skull. His eyes were reverent and filled with worship. He bowed deeply and fell to his knees, "Please grant me your strength!"

Behind him, the slaughter between the Divine Seat and the three ancient beings had erupted. With the Divine Seat Vestments protecting him, while he was at an absolute disadvantage he still couldn't be easily killed.

Ji Xiangtian lifted a hand and pressed it between his eyebrows. A cracking sound came from within his body. Then, the white holy light that flowed across his body began to burn like flames.

On the surface of the Divine Seat Vestments, the star-like spots each erupted within infinite light, as if a sun was descending upon the world.

The pale blue halo of light that wrapped around him rapidly evaporated and disappeared.

The lava that flowed beneath him quickly hardened beneath this light. Then, it shattered and started to break apart.

The bone dragon roared in pain. Billowing black fog gushed out, covering its massive body. When the black fog came into contact with the light, a vicious corrosive sizzling sound filled the air.

In an instant, three ancient beings were suppressed. The Western Tomb Divine Seat was known as the person in this world closest to being a True Divinity. He always had hidden cards in his possession that others could not fathom.

He fell to his knees and began to chant, "You are Eternal, You are Extinction, You are Everything, You are One!"

The skies broke apart and a phantom appeared. As it stood upon the world, heavenly bodies floated behind it. Its blurry face seemed to contain all the dignity and nobility within the world.

The projection of the Dao Monarch had appeared once again. Compared to Do Ermo's summoning, this one was even more condensed into reality, and its aura was even greater, as limitless as the stars in the skies.

He lifted a hand and pointed at the silent giant skull on the ground.

Hou –

A great roar rang out. It seemed to cross through endless time and space to arrive here, and even then it carried with it a terrifying aura that could suppress the heavens.

At this moment, the three ancient beings that had been sealed away all sobbed and shivered in unison. In particular, the giant bone dragon. Its body crashed into the ground as it shivered. Black tears started to flow from its eye sockets that beat with soul flames.

Because this aura came from its master, the only supreme ruler in the world!

The Dao Monarch's projection stepped forwards, fusing directly into the skull. The white light that gushed out from its empty orifices began to burn.

A boundless dignity erupted. It was like a mountain that came down from the highest heavens, suppressing everyone here.

Do Ermo felt something was off. He looked up at the giant skull in front of him and a chill drilled out from his heart.

Space quietly shattered. A black vortex appeared. The lava giant, bone dragon, and resurrection lily cried out in pain as they were sucked inside.

Rumble rumble –

The black vortex rapidly spun around. A formidable swallowing strength covered Do Ermo. His face was deathly pale and filled with disbelief. "Impossible, this is impossible. I am the one you chose, so why would it be like this!"

No one replied to him. The boundless will arrived, and like a heaven-lifting pillar, it crashed into Do Ermo's mind and smashed apart his consciousness. He was directly sucked into the black vortex.

His body was torn to pieces, soon vanishing from sight. All that was left behind after several breaths of time was a dazzling mass of light.

In this light, one could faintly see Do Ermo's face contorted in pain. But no matter how much he tried to struggle, he couldn't escape his final fate.

Pa –

Do Ermo's face shattered, vanishing into the light.

The deathly pale and exhausted Divine Seat fell to his knees in worship and devotion. "Your strength dominates above this world, ruling all in existence."

He looked up at the sphere of light in the vortex. There was an excited expression on his face, as well as a bit of yearning.

Do Ermo had died. The strength he left behind would be granted to a new Saint that would continue spreading the will of the Dao Monarch.

And here, only he met the requirements for fusing with the holy light. If he obtained this holy light, perhaps his strength would break past its limits and he would reach a new boundary.

Hum –

The black vortex trembled and the sphere of light shot out. Under Ji Xiangtian's stunned expression, it struck the statue that had been neglected by everyone this entire time and fused into it.

Then, a broad and boundless voice filled the heavens and earth. "From this day forth, you are my new Saint Son!"

Cracks appeared on the surface of the gray statue. The stone started to chip and fall off, revealing Qin Yu beneath. His black-robed figure was now covered in a halo of white light.

Within his soul space, a blurry phantom appeared. As it arrived, an invisible aura swept out, suppressing everything.

Then it took a step forward and fused with Qin Yu's soul. No dark or negative feelings appeared. Rather, it was like taking a sip of cool water in the intense summer heat. It refreshed the heart and invigorated the mind.

Pa –

Pa –

Qin Yu could clearly hear the remaining cracks in his soul, the ones still there after taking the dragon soul, being sealed up.

Bang –

A formidable soul aura erupted from within him!

The soul injuries that had plagued Qin Yu this entire time were completely healed at this moment. Moreover, his soul force broke through its limits and reached a new boundary.

This feeling was as if he was one with the world, like he could wave his hands and stir the stars.

The Ancient's consciousness said, "I discovered that you have injuries in your body, so I decided to push things along and help you recover from them. Moreover, you now possess the status of Saint Son, so it will help your future plans.

"Of course, the most important reason is that only after becoming the Saint Son will you have the chance to inherit the strength the Dao Monarch left behind in this world."

As for the matter of his breakthrough, the Ancient didn't mention it at all. Perhaps in his eyes, Qin Yu's current level of strength was too low, at a point where it wasn't even worth his attention.

The Western Tomb Divine Seat Ji Xiangtian was dumbfounded for a long time. When he finally managed to regain his composure, he stared at Qin Yu who was wrapped up in light. The disbelief that flashed in his eyes slowly disappeared, turning into bitterness and finally unwillingness and anger.

Who would have imagined that this good fortune that should have been his had fallen into Qin Yu's hand – someone who was completely unrelated to the Western Tomb and a 'medium' he had intended to kill not too long ago.

How could Ji Xiangtian accept this result?



He took a deep breath and looked deeply at Qin Yu. A cold light flashed in the Divine Seat's eyes. In order to inherit the holy light and become the new Saint Son, one needed to possess a firm faith in the unsurpassed Dao Monarch. Only then did one have a chance of fusing with this power.

Otherwise, the holy light would be like a terrifyingly strong bomb, blowing apart the person it fused with to the point of there being nothing left!

How could this black-robed figure from the Hidden Fog Sect be a devout follower of the Dao Monarch?

It was simply a joke!

The Divine Seat calmed down. He didn't know why the Dao Monarch's will would choose this person, but he knew it had to be a mistake...yes, because the main body had perished, did the projection he summoned also lose its mind?

Ji Xiangtian took a deep breath and suppressed these blasphemous thoughts. His heart became firm and reverent once more, and he prepared himself to fuse with Do Ermo's strength.

When Qin Yu's body blew apart, he would be the only one here that met the required conditions. No matter what considerations the Dao Monarch's will made, it could only choose him...

In the end, what is mine is mine. There was only a small delay!

But in reality, Qin Yu didn't feel any test. The holy light submerged into his body, directly fusing with him.

And as more time passed, the speed of the fusion became faster and faster. After his soul injuries were completely restored, it continued to push his strength to all new heights.

This clear feeling of growing stronger was unimaginably astonishing. Even though Qin Yu felt nervous, he couldn't help but immerse himself within it and hope that this process never stopped.

Three breaths of time passed.

Ji Xiangtian's eyes were cruel and callous. Brat, you will die!

Another three breaths of time passed.

Ji Xiangtian's eyes were still merciless. Brat, you will die!

Another three breaths of time passed.

Ji Xiangtian's eyes were vicious. Brat...you will die!

### **Chapter 757 – Dao Monarch vs Ancient (1)**

Suddenly, the holy light that wrapped around Qin Yu began to weaken at an astonishing rate. In the blink of an eye it all contracted into his body.

The viciousness in the Divine Seat's eyes didn't even have time to disappear before he saw Qin Yu appear in front of him, all of the holy light gone.

Hold on. What kind of situation was this?

Hadn't it been decided that he would blow up and die!?

Fused...he had fused...this bastard had actually fused...

Ji Xiangtian felt stuffiness in his chest. All of the strength he had been using to suppress his internal injuries suddenly loosened and he spat out a mouthful of blood, his face full of grievance.

What was going on here? A random person had managed to smoothly fuse with the holy light and become the Divine Church's new Saint Son?

"You. Have resentment?"

A boundless and dignified voice sounded out once more, exploding in the air like a million thunderclaps.

Ji Xiangtian was shocked. His face paled further and his pupils wildly contracted.

He suddenly realized something. The idea that the Dao Monarch may have fallen from the skies...that was only a guess he and Do Ermo made.

It wasn't necessarily the truth!

If the unsurpassed Dao Monarch hadn't died, then what happened here was the choice of his descended will. As the Western Tomb's Divine Seat, he was known as the walking representative of the Dao Monarch in this world. If he were to hold any enmity towards the one he believed in, there was no need to speak of how dire the consequences would be.

A cold sweat soaked his robes. Ji Xiangtian fell to his knees and his noble head struck the ground. "Your will is absolute!"

Bang –

The space behind him shattered. It sucked Ji Xiangtian in, directly expelling him from the Hell Mystic Realm.

The Western Tomb's Divine Seat, the one who wielded the highest level of authority in the Divine Church, had been chased out in his own sphere of influence...if this matter were made public knowledge, countless jaws would drop.

The black vortex that crushed Do Ermo to pieces soon shrank and submerged back into the rich white light within the Ancient's skull. The Ancient's consciousness sent out thought fluctuations once more, "I know that you have many doubts. I will give you an explanation."

Hum –

A mass of holy light flew out and sank between Qin Yu's eyebrows. His mind was instantly drawn within, and in the next moment countless images appeared.

...

In the skies above the towering Dragon City, a great blood dragon reared back its head and roared. Its massive body was covered in a terrifying wound that nearly cut it in half. One could see the bones and injured organs inside the great dragon's body from this wound.

A crystal clear image was reflected in the dragon's eyes – it was that of a battle occurring in the skies right now, a slaughter that moved winds and clouds. The heavens were shattered and distorted so much that one could only occasionally make out figures that appeared above.

In the battle, on one side was the Ancient who constructed Dragon City. On the other side was a daoist who wore long blue robes.

Although the daoist was as small as an ant in front of the Ancient, the aura he erupted with was like a true sun that hung above the highest heavens. It was impossible for anyone to belittle him.

Even when directly facing the Ancient, he wasn't at a disadvantage. He raised his hand and supernatural arts cut across the horizon, bringing with them an earth-shaking aura.

The Ancient across from him attacked, his moves plain and simple. But in his fist and feet, boundless strength erupted, enough to break open the heavens and sunder the earth.

With the strength of both sides, the aftermath from this battle was enough to destroy the world and erase everything in existence. But in the void, a layer of golden light appeared, completely counterbalancing and absorbing the shockwaves produced by the fight.

"Dao Monarch, you and I are not great enemies, so why must this happen today?" The Ancient's deep voice reverberated outwards.

The Dao Monarch lightly said, "On my road to the Great Dao, you are a stepping stone."

"What a wonderfully overbearing road! Then, let me see whether or not you have the strength to crush me beneath your foot!"

The scene changed.

Above a vast plateau, within a vast divine palace, 109 temples burned with blood red flames.

Suddenly, space shattered. The Ancient stepped out and grasped at the ground.

Bang –

Flames in the 109 temples shot into the skies, forming 109 columns of flames. Within these columns of flames, the phantom of a saber appeared. It was red in color, as if it had drunk the blood of a trillion lives. Even though it was only a phantom it caused the surrounding space to shatter. Great cracks rapidly spread outwards, as if the abyss were opening up around them.

Outside the divine palace, a trillion believers were on their knees. At this moment they looked up in unison, a fervent and heated look in their eyes. Flames leapt and sizzled in them!

The Dao Monarch's figure appeared from the shattered space. He looked at the crimson saber and said, "If you had managed to develop this sword, I might not have been your opponent."

The Ancient laughed. "Even if it hasn't yet reached large success, it is still more than enough to kill you!" He lifted a hand and drew the saber. The saber's cry resounded through the heavens. A crimson arc of light crossed through the world like a waterfall falling from the highest heavens. It seemed as if the world itself would be cut in half.

The Dao Monarch pointed a finger. A golden lotus the size of a bowl appeared. The lotus blossomed and countless halos of light were released.

The halos of light spread out like the tides of an endless sea, swallowing the crimson saber phantom. Like two stars colliding, a wild strength swept out in all directions.

Pa –

Pa –

Cracks appeared atop the golden lotus like a spider's web.

The Dao Monarch furrowed his eyebrows before composing himself. He looked up at the 109 temples that burned with flames.

The blood saber in the Ancient's hand gently trembled. White textures appeared on its surface. They were soft and gentle, but they managed to divide and imprison it.

Outside the 109 temples, a warm white color appeared in the burning blood red flames. Like ink in water, the white color rapidly spread outwards. As it did, the number of white textures on the blood saber increased.

The Ancient roared, "You lot dare to betray me!?"

He raised a hand and flung it downwards.

The 109 temples exploded simultaneously, revealing cultivators wearing divine robes inside. They were all deathly pale with blood flowing out from their heads.

There was fear in their eyes but they calmly fell to their knees and bowed, "You are Eternal, You are Extinction, You are Everything, You are One!"

A white holy light emerged from their bodies, burning away and expelling the last bits of blood energy within them. After a brief bout of pain and struggle, their expressions became serene and gentle.

The pieces of the 109 shattered temples still danced in the air. Then, drawn by an invisible strength, they flew back in, quickly gathering together. Soon they were restored to how they were in the beginning. The only difference was that they were now all bathed in a warm and gentle white holy light.

The Dao Monarch's calm voice sounded out, "You are defeated."

The Ancient roared, "Despicable!" The blood saber in his hand burst apart, turning into countless blood red fragments.

"Those who betrayed me all deserve death!"

Outside the divine palace, the trillion believers all exploded at the same time. Like firecrackers that had ignited, all one could see was a vast sea of red below.

It was a sea of blood, a mountain of corpses!

The Dao Monarch's expression was faint. He flicked his finger and the golden lotus howled forward. Like a great mouth, it opened up and swallowed the Ancient.

The scene changed again.

The Dao Monarch held a blood saber in his hands. It was unexpectedly the Ancient's treasure that had been shattered before. His expression was cold and indifferent as he said, "This Ancient cultivator has slaughtered a trillion lives and has been stained with their karma. Now, I will divide his body and suppress it in this world. The two will never be separated!"

Shua –

Shua –

A saber light flashed down. The Ancient's massive body was split into five. His head shot into the skies before it was sucked into a vortex of collapsed space.

The other four pieces of his body howled in four different directions. With a loud rumbling sound, they were thrust deep into the earth.

The Dao Monarch looked down at the blood saber that was born from absorbing the blood of a trillion lives. He casually tossed it away.

"It is unknown how long this slaughter weapon will last. Then, let it be suppressed with the remnants of your body. After being corroded for hundreds of millions of years, it will eventually decay into nothingness."

The Dao Monarch turned and walked away, vanishing from sight.

Hell Mystic Realm.

A loud rumbling sound continued without end. Radiant lightning wove into a net, covering this entire space.

Suddenly, the skies shattered and a massive figure dropped downwards. The skies full of heavenly thunder were drawn to this object and crazily gathered around it.

The thunder wreaked havoc. Flesh and blood rapidly disintegrated. Soon, with a loud crash, a white skull fell down.

A mountain peak was instantly shattered and hollowed in. Vast cracks appeared in the lightning.

"Dao Monarch, you harmed me using tricks! I will never accept this!"

Within the lightning, the Ancient's phantom appeared, his head rearing back as he roared into the skies.

Shua –

The Dao Monarch's figure appeared, his expression tranquil. "I have no need for you to be convinced of your loss." He lifted a hand and the lightning tore apart, shredding the Ancient phantom into pieces. A wild strength swept out, causing the mountain peak to fall into even greater chaos.

The Dao Monarch placed a finger between his eyebrows and pulled out a mass of holy light. He thrust it into the Ancient's skull. Then, holy light flooded out from the skull's orifices. The cruel and vicious aura faded away, replaced by a gentle and dignified one instead.

“I hope I won’t have to use these arrangements in the future.”

The Dao Monarch muttered beneath his breath. He glanced at the Ancient’s skull one more time before departing.

## **Chapter 758 – Dao Monarch vs Ancient (2)**

Qin Yu’s mind trembled. Feeling a little dizzy, his field of vision was slowly restored.

“Now, you should know approximately what happened. I will explain it to you again in further detail.” The Ancient’s consciousness became more gentle as he said, “Although I was defeated in the past because I fell into a trap, I have no choice but to acknowledge that the Dao Monarch was a formidable match. If he achieved his goal of becoming a Heavenly Monarch, then that would be enough to cross the sun and moon and wander the skies without limit.”

“But there is one thing. He miscalculated my strength and did not truly understand the reason for why the Ancient race is considered strong. In the past when I was dismembered and suppressed, a wisp of my remnant soul was hidden away in my soul orifice and avoided the divine sense of the Dao Monarch. This is why I survived until today.”

“Of course, I have already died. The meaning of ‘living’ is only a bit of my divine sense that has yet to fade away as I wait for the descendants of my people to come and inherit my strength. Moreover, because of certain reasons I must borrow the Dao Monarch’s strength to exist during this long expanse of time. You can consider it as a kind of fusion. In this fusion state, I am unable to take even half a step away from this skull. It is the equivalent of being imprisoned here forever.”

“I have no idea how many years have passed but I finally waited for you. I just never imagined that you came, there would also be news that my Ancient race’s bloodline has been obliterated in the endless river of time.”

The Ancient’s consciousness fell silent and the atmosphere was constrained.

Qin Yu remained quiet. He knew that he didn’t need to say anything just now; he only needed to listen.

After a moment, the Ancient sighed and continued to say, “Fortunately, the Heavenly Dao always leaves open an opportunity. Your existence is the hope upon which the Ancient race will be revived. I will help you with everything I have so that you may inherit my strength as well as the Dao Monarch’s strength. You might be confused as to why I would control the strength of the Dao Monarch, someone who killed me. This is a complex question and there is a correspondingly complex answer. All you need to remember is that the Dao Monarch has perished and the strength he left behind has now become ownerless. If you can control it, there is a chance you will become a new Dao Monarch, stepping on the path to be a Heavenly Monarch. This is a road that goes straight above the highest heavens, that looks down upon all others as it heads to the transcendent Great Dao!”

Within Qin Yu’s body, the holy light he fused with faintly trembled. A hopeful yearning suddenly gushed out from his heart.

Countless incomplete images flashed through his mind. Most of them were blurry, but one was especially clear.

A daoist phantom stood above the highest heavens. Endless light emanated from his body, as if he were a great sun that illuminated the world.

Countless lives kneel beneath his feet. They chanted in worship, their expressions pious and devoted.

This daoist's face was that of Qin Yu!

At this moment, Qin Yu felt omnipotent, as if he ruled the world. He felt as if he could sunder the heavens and earth with just a single thought.

Everything he saw was his domain!

Even with Qin Yu's firm willpower he was almost submerged within this vision. An intense intuition surged in his heart. If he could inherit the strength of the Dao Monarch and step foot on the road to the Great Dao of the Heavenly Monarch, then this future he saw would eventually be one he achieved.

But at this time, a palpitation came from deep within his soul. It was like a bucket of cold water, extinguishing his frantic desires.

Qin Yu froze beneath his black robes. A cold sweat gushed out, causing him to feel icy cold all over.

In that instant, his mind had nearly fallen into illusion. If it weren't for that palpitation, he would likely still be wallowing within it. In fact, it might even distort his mind, turning him into a puppet that frantically chased after the Great Dao of the Heavenly Monarch.

At that time, Qin Yu would still be Qin Yu, but he would no longer be himself.

The Ancient praised out loud, "I really did not misread you. With your will alone, you were able to resist the temptation of the Great Dao of the Heavenly Monarch."

The conversation turned. The Ancient proudly said, "The Heavenly Monarch Great Dao is indeed a fantastic and ingenious method that can be used to reach above the highest heavens. Once successfully, one can suppress the myriad heavens. But, my Ancient race's bloodline need not care about this. As long as we temper our body and soul, gradually and constantly awakening our bloodline, we can eventually use our Ancient bodies to become indestructible and everlasting, suppressing divinities and demons!"

"You are very good. Without my help, you were able to resist the temptation on your own. With that, I can feel relieved and allow you together with the Dao Monarch's strength. The Heavenly Monarch Great Dao will one day become a supportive strength for your Ancient race body in the future and will assist you in stepping upon the pinnacle!"

Qin Yu bowed. "I shall listen to senior's instructions in everything."

There was some excitement and anticipation on his expression. Of course, there was also some anxiousness and restlessness.

His movie king skills had been activated.

Qin Yu didn't know why, but when facing this Ancient, he always felt uneasy.

But he believed in his intuition. Moreover, that palpitation just now was a warning from the little blue lamp. Although Qin Yu still didn't know what the little blue lamp was even today, if he had to compare it

to this Ancient in front of him, he was more willing to believe in the little blue lamp who he had shared life and death with to reach where he was right now.

The Ancient said, "Do not worry. You are the only hope for my race, so I will not let you suffer any accident. You will be the only inheritor of the lucky chance sealed in this world."

"I have used up too much of my strength today. You can leave first. I will give you guidance through the holy light within you."

"Remember. You are an Ancient, the most honored bloodline in this world. There is no need to be afraid, and there is no need for you to lower your head to anyone."

Space shattered, sucking Qin Yu within.

The Hell Mystic Realm quieted down. The burning flames on the Ancient's skill slowly contracted. The two empty eye sockets looked at the place where Qin Yu vanished. After a long time, a low sigh echoed in the air.

...

24 hours had already passed. The portal had closed and disappeared. Hu Fu closed his eyes in pain, unwillingness in his heart.

In the end, he failed!

But he soon opened his eyes. Now was not the time to despair. He needed to finish his arrangements. He hoped that the Hidden Fog Sect would be able to survive the following turbulence.

Hu Fu took a deep breath and cupped his hands together. "Young Master Ji Yun, I will bid my farewells first."

His voice was hoarse. After he finished speaking he didn't pause and walked away.

Ji Yun watched him leave. He turned and looked at the dazed Zhou Li, his expression complex and a little bitter.

After some hesitation, he softly said, "Zhou Li, what's done is done. Don't feel too sad."

Zhou Li nodded blankly. Although she had already guessed what the result was, when the blood-drenched truth was placed in front of her she still felt as if her heart had been pulled out.

Qin Yu had died. That man who appeared in her world and changed her destiny would never return.

"Ji Yun, I know this matter has nothing to do with you, but he still died in the Western Tomb's mystic realm. I hope you won't disturb me for the time being."

Zhou Li turned and walked away. Her long dress dragged along the ground. Although she was still beautiful, she was like a fresh flower that had wilted, losing all of its spirit.

Qin Yu, I won't let you die in vain. Some people will pay a price for this!

Please believe me!



An hour later, Zhou Li stood in front of the Shadow Clan Patriarch. She said, "Patriarch, I have made up my mind. I am willing to enter the Shadow Clan's Holy Land."

The Shadow Clan Patriarch furrowed his eyebrows. "Saintess, I have already clearly informed you about the Holy Land's dangers, so I won't repeat them to you. But, you have to think carefully about this matter. There is no need to rush your decision."

Zhou Li said, "I have already decided."

What she needed was a greater strength.

The Shadow Clan Patriarch lightly sighed. "Very well. I will personally deliver the Saintess to the Holy Land."

Before a stone wall where nine dragons were entangled together, a vortex slowly appeared. With a calm look, Zhou Li stepped inside.

### **Chapter 759A – You Can Do It**

Western Tomb.

Divine Palace, central shrine.

A portal stood in a hall. At this time, fierce spatial fluctuations spread from it as the portal violently opened. Ji Xiangtian stepped out with a dark complexion. His eyes were cloudy as his thoughts raced at an astonishing speed.

Do Ermo may have believed himself to be sufficiently careful in his actions, but Ji Xiangtian had still sensed his ambitions beforehand. The reason that he tolerated his actions was because Do Ermo didn't do anything that was out of the ordinary so he wasn't given a reason to take action. Moreover, the Divine Seat was also waiting for a turning point, one that would allow him to draw strength from Do Ermo to take a step further.

Finally, with the events occurring in the Hell Mystic Realm, Do Ermo couldn't help but make his move. Everything proceeded as Ji Xiangtian expected. Besides Do Ermo controlling a few forbidden techniques like the Godfall Art, everything had been within his grasp.

But, the Divine Seat never would have expected that a little insect that wasn't within his plans would suddenly appear and take away the strength that should have been his.

Was this a warning from the Dao Monarch?

As this thought appeared, Ji Xiangtian's complexion became increasingly ugly. If the Dao Monarch hadn't yet died, then it would be easy for him to take away his authority over the Western Tomb. Ji Xiangtian was the Divine Seat and he possessed a revered status, but in the end he was only a representative of the Dao Monarch in this world...he needed to quickly investigate the status of the Saint Son that had just appeared. Perhaps doing so would help him clarify the current situation.

The Divine Seat's expression suddenly changed. The portal that had faded away had condensed once more. It was far larger than before, and the patterns that decorated it were much more exquisite. They wove together, sending out a noble and dignified atmosphere.

A black-robed figure stepped out.

“It’s you!” Ji Xiangtian shouted out loud. His eyes locked onto Qin Yu as a suppressive aura flooded out from him.

Qin Yu hadn’t expected that the Ancient would transmit him to the Western Tomb. His thoughts turned and he said, “Divine Seat, it seems as if you have some misunderstandings about me.”

Ji Xiangtian was expressionless. “A mysterious man of unknown origin has suddenly become the Divine Church’s Holy Son. What do you think I should be thinking right now?”

Qin Yu said, “Divine Seat, the Dao Monarch’s will does not need to be explained to anyone. I hope you remember this.”

Ji Xiangtian’s paused for a moment. He slowly said, “The Saint Son is correct. I will naturally comply with the Dao Monarch’s will. But, I would like to know what your true identity is.”

How could the mere Hidden Fog Sect have such a person? There was surely a great secret beneath those black robes.

Since this person had become the Divine Church’s Holy Son, Ji Xiangtian naturally had the qualifications to question him as the Divine Seat.

Qin Yu shook his head, “My status involves the grand plans of the unsurpassed Dao Monarch. I cannot inform you right now.”

He paused briefly before continuing, “Divine Seat, there is no need for you to worry. Although I have become the Saint Son, I will not be staying in the Western Tomb, nor do I have any plans of seizing your authority. The Divine Seat is the representative of the Dao Monarch in this world and I am only someone who has received the Dao Monarch’s will to complete a mission. Once the mission is fulfilled, I shall leave.”

Qin Yu had no interest in controlling the Western Tomb Divine Church. In fact, he instinctually didn’t want to have much connection to the Western Tomb. So while he spoke calmly and steadily, one could feel the sincerity in his voice.

Ji Xiangtian’s eyes shined. “Should I believe the Saint Son?”

Qin Yu said, “Time will prove everything.”

Ji Xiangtian nodded. “Good. Then I shall be here, wishing for you to complete the task given to you by the Dao Monarch as soon as possible. If you ever need the support of the Western Tomb, then you need but to ask.” He suddenly changed his tone, “However, if you plan to keep your identity a secret, how will cultivators of the Divine Church recognize your status?”

Qin Yu was startled. Could the Western Tomb Divine Seat not feel the holy light within his body? He carefully examined himself. The fused power of the holy light was enveloped by his blood energy. It was like flowing water beneath a layer of solid ice.

With a thought, Qin Yu lifted his hands and grasped at the air. A mass of holy light appeared. "If necessary, I will indicate my status. Moreover, I hope that for now the Divine Seat can temporarily keep the fact that I became the new Saint Son a secret."

Ji Xiangtian smiled. "Of course."

Do Ermo had died and the holy light had fused into a stranger's body instead of his own...he hoped that no one would ever learn of this.

Qin Yu cupped his hands together, "I ask the Divine Seat to help me open up a portal to Dragon City. I temporarily do not possess such an ability."

Ji Xiangtian nodded. "I can." He flicked his sleeves. Space rippled as a great door opened up in front of him. "Saint Son, please."

Qin Yu turned and stepped inside.

He wasn't worried that Ji Xiangtian would try to get rid of him. At the very least, not before he clarified what was actually happening.

The reason was simple. He was the current Saint Son chosen by the 'Dao Monarch'!

When Qin Yu stepped into the transmission array, the door trembled and vanished. The calm Divine Seat immediately paled.

Just now, when Qin Yu released the aura of the holy light, it was unexpectedly no less than his own.

Within the system of the Divine Church where there existed a strict hierarchy of rank, such a mistake was not allowed to exist. To put it in a more blunt way, Qin Yu already possessed the qualifications to replace him as the new Divine Seat!

Hu –

After a long time, the Divine Seat let out a long breath of air. As Qin Yu expected, he didn't dare to do anything right now.

He would simply watch on for now. If this Saint Son was true to his word and was only here to complete the task handed down to him by the Dao Monarch, then the Western Tomb would do everything in its power to help him accomplish his goal.

Otherwise...the Ji Family had ruled over the Divine Church for hundreds of thousands of years. They had their own methods to resist.

In the past, they were able to revolt against their former master and plunge him into the abyss beyond redemption. If so, why couldn't they do the same thing twice?

A dark light flashed in Ji Xiangtian's eyes. Of course, this was only a last resort. He hoped that things would never reach this point.

...

Dragon City, Hidden Fog Sect's station.

Hu Fu had returned, bringing with him news of Qin Yu's accident. Although he didn't explicitly state that he had died, the meaning behind his words was clear.

The Hidden Fog Sect people had originally held onto some hope. Now, after receiving this news, it was like they had all been struck by thunder. After a short period of stunned silence they fell into a panic.

Mister had died. The treatment of the dark star ice serpent was hopeless. Although the arena finals had yet to begin, the Hidden Fog Sect had already been defeated. They would never be able to secure the position of leader. Once they lost, the Hidden Fog Sect would surely pay the price for all the glory they experienced before.

Everyone was filled with bitterness.

Hu Fu issued order after order. Messengers continuously flew to the Hidden Fog Sect as he set up his own arrangements.

In the eyes of the watching Elders, the Sect Master's actions were too intense, like he was dealing with a great disaster that involved his life and death.

But in such times, no one tried to stop him. Making some more preparations was inevitably a good thing.

As for Yun Die, when news of mister's death emerged, the halo that surrounded this beautiful disciple dissipated. In their panic, no one had any thoughts to care about her.

Yun Die walked out from the hall and looked up at the white clouds in the blue skies. Although the weather was clear and sunny, her eyes were dark and gloomy.

To her, the world had lost all color.

Teacher had died. He had really died.

Although she didn't want to believe it, she knew that Sect Master Hu Fu wouldn't joke about such a thing.

You are so powerful. How can you die?

Yun Die was silent for a long time. Her gaze slowly became firm and resolved.

Teacher, this disciple won't let you be lonely.

I'll accompany you on the road to the yellow springs!

Yun Die turned and walked out of her room. Her face was pale and sorrowful. But with each step she took, she gradually calmed down.

Teacher had died and the Hidden Fog Sect was doomed to be defeated. The bet made with that secret influence was already lost. But, she would not allow the Chaotic Sky Chronicle that had cost the lives of thousands of Ying Family members to fall into their hands!

Shua –

A shadow suddenly flew out from a corner and blocked Yun Die's path. This was an extremely ordinary man who wouldn't be noticed in a crowd. He appeared to be around 30 years of age. At this moment, his eyes were blank and his expression indifferent.

Yun Die's heart skipped a beat. She said in a panic, "Leave! I want to be alone!"

The common-looking middle-aged man shook his head, "Miss Yun Die, your teacher has died. The bet has ended."

Yun Die's pupils shrunk. If the enemy dared to reveal their status so easily, they clearly had the confidence that they could take her away.

Without any hesitation, she opened her mouth to cry for help.

The middle-aged man lifted a hand. The air in the space around her was immediately sucked out.

His faint voice entered her ears. "According to the bet, please leave with me, Miss Yun Die. Do not try to resist, otherwise I can only apologize for what I will have to do."

After the air was sucked out, Yun Die felt as if her body had frozen. The powerful suppression of strength made it difficult to move.

Her eyes filled with despair. Could she not even commit suicide?

Suddenly, in the deathly silent atmosphere, space rippled and a portal appeared. Qin Yu walked out.

He first saw Yun Die and then sensed the powerful suppression around her. He furrowed his eyebrows together.

He lifted a hand and punched out!

### **Chapter 759B – You Can Do It**

Bang –

The imprisoning space shattered. The common-looking middle-aged man's complexion changed. He clearly recognized Qin Yu.

Damn it! Was this all a ruse? But the grieving and mourning appearances of the Hidden Fog Sect people shouldn't have been a lie!

There was no time to ponder what had happened. He took a deep breath and lifted his hands into the air. A rich black light erupted from his palms.

In the next moment, with a muffled crashing sound, the middle-aged man's eyes flew open. His palms and arms cracked and shattered as he was sent flying away.

"Teacher!" Yun Die cried out loud, tears flowing down her face.

Qin Yu nodded. He said, "I will send him away first."

The middle-aged man rolled as he struck the ground, tearing open a long gully in the earth. His face was extremely pale and he cursed those that gathered information for the Dark Parliament in his heart.

Holy shit, your strength is supposed to be ordinary isn't it!? But that single punch was almost enough to kill me! That is definitely the strength of a proper Great Dao level master!

This isn't good. I have to run, otherwise I'll die here!

He tumbled around once more, pushing out the strength that entered his body. Then, he began to fade away like a shadow, disappearing from sight.

"Humph!"

A cold cough echoed out. Like a shocking thunderclap, blood gushed out from every orifice of the middle-aged man's head. He felt as if a mountain had struck him from above. With a loud sound ringing in his mind, he couldn't summon any other thought.

In the next moment his neck tightened; someone had already grabbed hold of him. The middle-aged man didn't doubt that the five strong fingers holding onto him would only need to use a bit of strength to wrench his neck.

"Forgive me my lord! This lowly one mistakenly thought you had died so I was only acting according to the bet. I never had any intention of offending you!"

As Qin Yu thought, this person was from the Dark Parliament.

Beneath his black robes, Qin Yu's expression changed. He could already feel a large number of auras heading his way.

The Hidden Fog Sect people were coming.

Strength burst out from his palm. The middle-aged man spat out a mouthful of blood before he was tossed away.

"Screw off!"

The middle-aged man crawled up from the ground in distress. He turned into a shadow that faded away.

Moments later, with Hu Fu leading the way, the Hidden Fog Sect people arrived. As they saw the black-robed figure in the messy courtyard, their eyes flew open.

"Mister!?"

Qin Yu turned around, his expression indifferent. "I only returned late, and yet you all take care of my disciple like this?"

If he had been a step slower, Yun Die would have been taken away. The consequences could be imagined.

A cold wind blew through. As long as anyone was swept over with Qin Yu's eyes, they froze up.

The Hidden Fog Sect people weren't even able to feel any joy before they were suddenly drowned in unease and nervousness.

Hu Fu drew in a deep breath. He bowed and said, "Mister, I thought you had already...so I accidentally neglected Miss Yun Die for a moment. This is my mistake! Luckily, mister returned in time and Miss Yun

Die wasn't injured. The Hidden Fog Sect is willing to offer a generous gift as an apology. I hope that mister can forgive us!"

When he finished speaking, he pleadingly looked over. "Miss Yun Die, this was a mistake on my part. I ask that you forgive me and say some words on my sect's behalf."

With his status as the Sect Master, he had lowered himself sufficiently.

Clearly, with the 'death and rebirth' of mister, hope had returned to the Hidden Fog Sect. He couldn't allow any other accidents to occur.

Yun Die wiped her tears away. "Teacher, please don't blame Sect Master Hu Fu and the others. It was I who ran out..."

Qin Yu was silent for several breaths of time. He coldly said, "This gift must satisfy Yun Die!"

Hu Fu was ecstatic. "Yes, yes!"

He gratefully bowed towards Yun Die.

Then, Hu Fu started to speak but hesitated. Although mister had come back, he didn't know if he had obtained the resurrection lily.

This was something that concerned the fate of the Hidden Fog Sect!

Qin Yu lightly said, "I have not obtained the resurrection lily."

Hu –

With this, Hu Fu's face drained of blood.

Looking at him, Qin Yu coldly coughed. "Immediately prepare the other materials. I will begin the treatment in two hours!"

It was like rising from the abyss to the heavens. Hu Fu's face flushed red. Only then did he discover that his robes were soaked wet with sweat.

Of course, he didn't dare to complain that Qin Yu was intentionally scaring him. Hu Fu bowed repeatedly as he led the overjoyed Hidden Fog Sect people away.

With no more outsiders, Yun Die couldn't endure it any longer. She threw herself at Qin Yu and held onto him as she cried.

Teacher was alive! He was still living!

Her tears soon drenched his black robes. Qin Yu revealed an embarrassed look. Yun Die was not only beautiful, but her figure was domineering. In her excitement she had thrown all caution to the wind. She held onto him extremely tightly, so much so that he could feel every curve of her body.

"Cough cough! That's enough. Teacher is fine and I don't have much time right now. I need to obtain the resurrection lily as soon as possible."

As expected, this topic diverted Yun Die's attention. She looked up. "T...teacher...you...really haven't...obtained the resurrection lily..."

Qin Yu nodded. "Yes. But, I have my own methods. Straighten yourself first."

Yun Die was sobered up by this news. She glanced at his robes that were drenched with tears and blushed before taking several steps back. "Teacher, what method do you have?"

Qin Yu thought for a moment. "It should work...stay here and don't allow others to disturb me."

Looking at him enter the room, Yun Die was left stunned and dumbfounded. What did teacher mean by 'it should work'?

Teacher, if you cannot obtain the resurrection lily, this beautiful disciple of yours will be taken away!

You have to try harder!

...

The middle-aged man from the Dark Parliament fled in distress. After running far away from the Hidden Fog Sect's station and making sure that Qin Yu wasn't chasing him, it was only then that he relaxed. But, the cautiousness he had gained through years of training didn't allow him to be careless. He made numerous circles and only after using a multitude of methods to confirm that he wasn't being tracked did he arrive at the contact point.

This was an ordinary courtyard. A young couple lived inside. The middle-aged man arrived at an inopportune time; the two people just happened to be in bed making love.

But the two parties only paused for a brief moment. The couple immediately stood up and faced the middle-aged man. Not caring about their exposed bodies, they rolled up the bedding to reveal a pitch black entrance into the ground.

The middle-aged man jumped inside. The young couple put down and tidied the bedding. Then, they hugged each other and laid down on the bed once more, beginning their heated and passionate lovemaking again. From beginning to end, only a few breaths of time had passed, as if nothing had happened just now.

Pa –

With a light sound, an illuminating array formation lit up the darkness. The light sprinkled through every corner of the simple underground chamber.

On top of a black square table, there was a single-line contact array formation. When the middle-aged man poured in his magic power, the runes of the array formation began to light up.

Soon, a projection appeared in midair. The middle-aged man fell to his knees and respectfully said, "This subordinate greets the Protector!"

"Mm, what is it?"

"Ning Qin has returned. I was just about to take Yun Die when I was stopped by him. Moreover, there seem to be errors in the information that the Dark Parliament collected about his cultivation. At the very



least, Ning Qin is a Great Dao boundary master, and his soul force is even more amazing!” He thought back to the cold humph that interrupted him when he was dissolving into shadows. It had struck him like a thunderclap, wiping out his thoughts.

The projection was silent for several breaths of time, “How did you escape?”

The middle-aged man truthfully said, “I did not escape. It was Ning Qin who let me go.”

“Mm, it seems he still has some self-awareness.” The projection paused before continuing, “You know the rules. Someone will soon come to contact you. Hand things over and leave Dragon City.”

The middle-aged man respectfully bowed.

Pa –

The projection shattered.

The middle-aged man glanced around at this place that had been the contact point for many decades. There was a complex look on his face as well as a bit of relief.

He turned and walked over to the transmission array in the corner of the chamber.

Hum –

The array formation activated and the middle-aged man vanished.

The illuminating array formation dimmed down and the underground chamber returned to darkness. If things went as expected, this place wouldn’t be used for another hundred years.

## **Chapter 760 – One Month**

Hidden Fog Sect’s station.

In his room, Qin Yu suddenly furrowed his eyebrows. Before the middle-aged man fled, he had done something inconspicuous to him.

This was a small skill he obtained after the breakthrough of his soul. He was able to lock onto a person’s position.

If he could find the Dark Parliament’s position within Dragon City, there would be much more room when dealing with them.

But now, the middle-aged man’s aura was rapidly moving further and further away. It was clear he had left Dragon City.

For the Dark Parliament to have remained hidden for so many years, it made sense that they had been sufficiently cautious in their actions!

He shook his head, no longer thinking about these things. This was nothing but a casual plan to begin with. Success would be worth celebrating, but failure didn’t matter.

Now, onto proper business!

Qin Yu closed his eyes and his thoughts sank into his body, activating the holy light which was covered up by his blood energy.

Hum –

He started to emit light. Traces of light diffused from every single pore of his body.

It was hallowed and dignified.

All thoughts came to a standstill. Qin Yu stood up and bowed. “My lord, there is an issue that this junior requires your assistance with.”

There was a brief silence without any change. Qin Yu’s expression remained calm as he maintained a bowing stance.

Suddenly, space collapsed inward and cracks appeared.

The Ancient’s tranquil voice spread out, “What is it?”

As he thought, after fusing with the Dao Monarch’s strength, he could communicate with the other party.

Qin Yu’s expression didn’t change. He continued to say, “My lord, the initial reason for why I entered the mystic realm was to obtain the resurrection lily. It is of the utmost importance to me. If possible, I hope that you can grant me the resurrection lily.”

His injuries had healed and his cultivation had drastically improved. But, the bet with the Dark Parliament was still there. It was something that involved Yun Die’s life and death, so Qin Yu certainly wouldn’t stand by and do nothing about it.

The Ancient said, “Very well.”

Several breaths of time later, a figure stepped out from the spatial crack, carrying a blue flower petal in her hands.

“A flower petal is enough for your needs. The Ancient attendant will stay by your side for the time being. She has regained a portion of her strength and will be able to guarantee your safety.”

Qin Yu cupped his hands together, “Thank you, my lord.”

The spatial cracks vanished.

Qin Yu looked up at the Ancient attendant in front of him. She was nearly as tall as he was and her body was bathed in darkness. One could clearly see the tyrannical and arrogant figure within.

“I greet master!” The Ancient attendant kneeled and bowed. Her hoarse voice was a bit metallic, carrying with it a sense of cold aloofness.

But this type of beautiful woman was now kneeling in front of Qin Yu. Unknowingly, it gave off a great feeling of psychological satisfaction.

Qin Yu nodded. “Rise.” He didn’t have much to say about this. Since this was the arrangement of the Ancient, there was naturally no way for him to refuse it.

“Give me the resurrection lily petal.”

“Yes.” The Ancient attendant offered it with both hands.

Qin Yu received it. He asked, “You will be following me?”

The Ancient attendant nodded, “This is the order given to me by the old master.”

Qin Yu said, “But right now, I am your master.”

The Ancient attendant was silent for a moment. “I comply with master’s words.”

Qin Yu said, “Good. Then you will stay here. If I need you I will call you.”

He turned and left!

After escaping her line of sight, a cloudy look appeared on Qin Yu’s face. It seemed that some of his thoughts had been detected by the Ancient. For instance, that he needed the resurrection lily to treat the dark star ice serpent. In Qin Yu’s eyes, this wasn’t good at all.

Having the Ancient attendant stay here was Qin Yu’s counterattack and probe. He wanted to let the Ancient know that he wasn’t a pawn to be played around with.

Of course, this was what a normal cultivator would do in the current situation. It wasn’t considered too excessive.

For the time being, Qin Yu didn’t want to create distance between him and the Ancient. Did he really plan on wholeheartedly helping him? After all, Qin Yu was the only remaining Ancient between the heavens and earth.

But even if that were true, Qin Yu still lacked some confidence. He always had a great deal of faith in his own intuition.

Shaking his head, Qin Yu suppressed these thoughts. He walked outside.

Pondering on these things was useless. He would simply take things one step at a time. Right now, treating the dark star ice serpent was his most important task.

Yun Die was perturbed. She stood guard outside the door the entire time. When Qin Yu pushed it open and walked out, she welcomed him, “Teacher...”

She looked over him.

Qin Yu extended a hand and revealed the flower petal in his palm. “I’ve obtained it.”

Yun Die bit her lips. “Teacher, it’s one petal.”

“It’s enough.” With the Ancient’s eyesight, if he said that it was enough, there definitely wouldn’t be a problem.

Qin Yu took a step forward. “Let’s go.”

Yun Die followed close behind.

Moments later, all materials needed to treat the dark star ice serpent had been gathered.

Qin Yu gestured with his hand. Yun Die walked forward and carefully inspected the materials. She turned and nodded, "Teacher, there isn't a problem."

Hu Fu let out a long breath of relief. "Everything is in mister's hands!"

Qin Yu nodded and left. Yun Die took the materials and left with him.

Seeing the master and disciple leave, Hu Fu sighed inwardly. Originally, the relationship between mister and the Hidden Fog Sect had eased up, but after what happened to Yun Die, it was clear some points had been deducted from their side.

Aiya...it would be good if they could obtain Mister Ning Qin's approval...even if they were defeated today, the Hidden Fog Sect would still receive his protection.

Hu Fu quietly decided that the apology he prepared for Yun Die must be even richer. He had to ensure that she felt the sincerity of the Hidden Fog Sect.

Flattering Yun Die could be considered a side-path to salvation!

Mm, then let's do that.

...

Laboratory.

All of the array formations were activated and the outside was protected with layers upon layers of Hidden Fog Sect experts. Not even a fly would be able to enter.

Whether their trip to Dragon City was a success or failure all depended on if the dark star ice serpent could be saved!

"Teacher, I have finished the preparations." Yun Die took a deep breath as she stood in front of the testing platform.

Qin Yu nodded. "Begin."

Yun Die was incomparably nervous, but also excited. She never imagined she would ever have the chance to participate in such a high level treatment.

Besides the resurrection lily, the other materials that the Hidden Fog Sect had prepared could all be called precious. Each one could even be called priceless.

"I can do this! I can do this!"

Yun Die took a deep breath and drummed up her confidence. She summoned the Chaotic Sky Chronicle and started to configure the medicines according to the guidelines it gave.

Past life fruits, twincloud wood, deepsea spirit grass...

Spiritual items were placed into the mixing vessels one after another. They reacted with each other, causing bubbles and color changes to constantly form within the beakers.

Qin Yu paid close attention to Yun Die. After her initial panic, as she continued to work, her actions became increasingly calm and steady. Her movements were smooth and flowing, and even this rigorous medicine forming process gave off a pleasant feeling.

His heart relaxed. It seemed that there wouldn't be any problems at this point. Qin Yu revealed a look of appreciation. Even though he was a 'fake' Grand Expert, it seemed that his disciple had a great deal of talent in being a beast trainer.

The last material was the resurrection lily. By drawing upon the support of its extreme yin strength, all of the medicinal efficacy of the materials would be instantly absorbed and condensed, creating the medication.

Qin Yu had a dignified expression. He could feel Yun Die's cautiousness. This was the crucial key step. A single mistake would mean a total failure.

Two fair fingers punched the resurrection lily leaf. Then, they let go, letting it gently fall...

In an instant, the flower petal dissolved. An invisible net seemed to form around the medicinal solution and started to contract.

Contract...

Contract...

Contract...

Qin Yu rubbed his forehead. "Is it finished?"

Yun Die let out a deep breath, "It's finished!"

In her imagination, this had been an incomparably difficult step. But in reality, it went much smoother than expected.

It was just that the speed at which the solution contracted was a bit too slow.

So, Qin Yu asked an essential question. "Yun Die, how long do you think it will take before the solution will be completed?"

Yun Die sighed with relief. Right now, her feelings were brimming with excitement...

But when she thought about this question, her face suddenly paled.

Qin Yu immediately felt a foreboding premonition. As he expected, in the next instant Yun Die nearly cried out loud, "One month."

Qin Yu's face stiffened. Before he could take a breath, his field of vision flashed black.

What kind of joke was this? In a month, even if the dark star ice serpent was healed already, what use would there be?

"Teacher, what do we do?" Yun Die felt her hands and feet turn icy cold.

Qin Yu took a deep breath. "You leave first. I will give it a try."

Yun Die's eyes lit up. She thought back to the 400 mature shadow trees she had seen before. Teacher was someone who always seemed to make the impossible possible.

"Yes."

She bowed and drew back.

Qin Yu stood in front of the platform, his eyes dark and uncertain. With a loud shout, all the power of his blood energy erupted.

The holy light within his body connected him to the Ancient's consciousness. Qin Yu wasn't sure if what he did now would be able to completely shield him.

But in this current situation, he had no other choice but to try. Yun Die was no longer just a stranger to him. He couldn't stand to the side and do nothing as she fell into a desperate situation.

He closed his eyes and his mind sent out a summons to the distant nothingness. Right now, only the power of the little blue lamp could help him.

But he had no idea whether it would help...the little blue lamp's highest priority had always been to hide itself first and foremost.

Perhaps Qin Yu had the qualifications to make it take certain risks, but Yun Die was absolutely not included on that list. If the little blue lamp felt any threat at all, it definitely wouldn't descend with its strength.

Time slowly passed and Qin Yu's complexion grew increasingly gloomy. No deep blue light appeared between his five open fingers.

Was it really no good?

Qin Yu didn't know how to convince the little blue lamp. But, if he gave up like this and allowed Yun Die to be sent beyond redemption, it would be difficult for him to find peace of heart.

His thoughts raced. Just as he decided to try his best, faint strands of deep blue light flowed out from his palm.