

I, Thanks To My Unlimited Investment, Am Admired By All Races

Chapter 397: The Chaotic Star Domain

At the same time...

Ruins City.

It was an ancient city.

Magnificent, yet shrouded in mystery.

Rather than being built upon a star, it had been forged directly into the void itself, bathed endlessly in the light of countless stars. The sight was breathtaking.

The city covered an immense expanse. Its walls stretched like mountain ranges, extending beyond the horizon. Within them stood towering palaces and grand halls, arranged in orderly rows, each as imposing as a mountain peak and reaching high into the heavens.

The city gates, open on all four sides, resembled the gaping maw of a colossal beast, swallowing an endless stream of living beings. They seemed capable of devouring even ancient saints. Even cultivators of the Divine Palace Realm could not help but feel a shiver in their hearts upon arriving here.

At this moment...

Moonlight poured down, and starlight cascaded like waterfalls. Countless streams of white spiritual energy descended from beyond the heavens like inverted galaxies, draping the entire Ruins City in a veil of mystery.

Anyone approaching the city could feel an overwhelming pressure that made their hearts race, as though countless peerless experts lay dormant within its walls.

Outside the city...

Savage beasts roared, and exotic birds soared through the skies. Each possessed an enormous body—some as massive as mountain ridges, others spanning the heavens themselves. They blotted out the sky and sun, while their surging blood aura gathered together like a blazing furnace, scorching the very world.

Even the surrounding void seemed to twist under its heat.

Upon the backs of dragon-like beasts and giant hawks sat powerful cultivators. They had journeyed here beneath the stars, divine radiance flowing around their bodies. Lightning flashed from their eyes whenever they opened them.

Clearly, every one of them was an overlord in their own right.

Figures of the Divine Palace Realm—rarely seen in Heavenly Island Ancient Domain under normal circumstances—were now everywhere. One could even glimpse living fossils that had survived since the ancient ages.

These ancient beings had lived through countless years. No one knew how profound their cultivation had become. Although they spent most of their

time sealed in slumber, they were still far beyond anything the cultivators of today's Heavenly Island Ancient Domain could compare to.

Boom!

Just as powerful experts from every direction converged upon the ancient city, a thunderous roar echoed through the heavens.

The stars across the surrounding cosmos flashed simultaneously, erupting with dazzling brilliance. In that instant, the entire Heavenly Island Ancient Domain was illuminated by an immeasurable force.

Everywhere became as bright as day.

The light was so intense that no one could keep their eyes open. Looking around, all they saw was an endless expanse of white, unable to distinguish up from down or left from right.

At the same time, an indescribably profound fluctuation spread outward like a rising tide, enveloping half the starry sky.

It was as if an ancient god had crossed the river of time itself, descending from a distant era into the present.

Boom!

Another tremor shook the heavens.

The brilliant light gradually faded.

The beings gathered around Ruins City instinctively raised their heads. Every one of them trembled, their eyes shining with astonishment that refused to subside.

The sky had seemingly been split cleanly into two.

Beyond Ruins City, the stars glittered brilliantly, filling the heavens with dazzling light.

But before the city, the scene was entirely different.

From heaven to earth, there was only endless darkness.

The countless stars that had once filled that region of the sky had vanished, as though they had been swallowed whole.

It was eerily silent.

A silence that sent chills down one's spine.

Everyone understood that it was not the sky itself that had been erased.

Rather, an unknown pocket world had descended.

Within Heavenly Island Ancient Domain, this mysterious realm was known by a unique name—

The Chaotic Star Domain.

It bore this name for one simple reason:

Within the Chaotic Star Domain, it was nearly impossible to determine one's direction.

Anyone who entered would lose all sense of orientation.

Even a Quasi-Emperor could become hopelessly lost.

Finding an ancient inheritance was only a secondary concern.

The true question was whether one could ever find the way back out.

But to countless cultivators, life itself no longer mattered at this moment. Only strength was fundamental. Without sufficient power, how was one any different from the dead?

Because of this, although everyone knew that the Chaotic Star Domain was unimaginably dangerous, every time it appeared, it still drew innumerable cultivators like moths to a flame.

"The Chaotic Star Domain has really appeared!"

"It seems our calculations were correct. This era's Chaotic Star Domain has indeed manifested here. No matter what, the inheritance left behind by the Master of the Desolate Dao shall be mine!"

"The Chaotic Star Domain contains far more than just the Master of the Desolate Dao's inheritance. Over countless years, innumerable experts have perished within it. Even obtaining the inheritance of a Saint King—or merely a Saint—would be enough to benefit someone for an entire lifetime."

"That may be true, but how many people who enter will actually make it out alive? That's another matter entirely."

...

Discussions erupted throughout Ruins City.

Without hesitation, countless powerful beings transformed into streams of divine light and shot toward the depths of the Chaotic Star Domain.

From afar, they resembled an endless river of stars stretching across the heavens.

Each streak of light represented a powerful cultivator. Their numbers were beyond counting—likely hundreds of thousands, perhaps even over a million—ranging from Divine Palace Realm experts down to Spirit Meridian Realm cultivators.

Anyone capable of flight charged toward the Chaotic Star Domain.

In their eyes, this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to defy fate and change their destiny.

Whether they could seize it depended entirely on themselves.

If they missed this chance, they would have to wait until the next appearance of the Chaotic Star Domain—and that would only happen when the current Master of the Desolate Dao was about to fall.

Yet every generation's Master of the Desolate Dao possessed cultivation that rivaled the very workings of creation itself.

For such a figure to perish was no ordinary matter.

Just as countless experts were about to disappear into the Chaotic Star Domain...

At the edge of the heavens, crimson flames suddenly erupted into the sky.

They swept across the horizon like an all-consuming sea of fire, blotting out the heavens.

This was not a living being.

It was a divine technique.

The instant it appeared, the overwhelming pressure of an ancient Saint burst forth, flooding tens of thousands of miles in every direction with boundless might.

Countless crimson flames descended like a setting sun.

The sight was awe-inspiring.

Before anyone could react, untold numbers of people were engulfed.

"No...!" A furious cry rang out.

It came from a Human cultivator whose cultivation had already reached the early Divine Palace Realm.

In the Desolate Ancient Continent, such a person might not have been particularly remarkable—perhaps only worthy of serving as an elder in a holy land.

He might not even have attained true sainthood.

But in Heavenly Island Ancient Domain, he was considered a major powerhouse.

Yet before this attack, he had no chance to resist.

He managed only a single scream before being completely swallowed by the crimson flames.

After him, countless Human cultivators perished as well.

With a single strike, nearly every Human expert attempting to enter the Chaotic Star Domain was annihilated.

The only survivors were those who had hesitated for a brief moment and remained inside Ruins City without making a move.

Because of that hesitation, they narrowly escaped catastrophe.

Only then did the remaining Human cultivators finally realize what was happening.

This attack had been aimed specifically at the Human race.

A terrifying existence did not wish to see the Master of the Desolate Dao's inheritance fall into Human hands.

Thus, it had intervened here to prevent any Human cultivators from entering the Chaotic Star Domain.

With this obstacle in place, it was all but certain that the next Master of the Desolate Dao would be born among one of the other races.

At this realization, every Human cultivator present felt as though they had fallen into an ice abyss.

Their hands and feet turned deathly cold.