



EMPEROR'S DOMINATION

BOOK 19

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Emperor's Domination

(帝霸)

by

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Synopsis

One million years ago, Li Qiye planted a simple water bamboo into the ground.

Eight hundred thousand years ago, Li Qiye had a koi fish pet.

Five hundred thousand years ago, Li Qiye cared for a little girl.

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In the present day, Li Qiye woke up from his slumber; The water bamboo reached the apex of cultivation; The koi fish became a Golden Dragon;

The little girl became the Nine Worlds' Immortal Empress.

This is a tale regarding an immortal human who was the teacher of the Demon Saint, Heavenly Beast, and Immortal Empress.

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Chapter 1801: Crushing A High Gods Will

“Rawr!” The gigantic figure erupted with fury while being repeatedly smashed by the invisible fist. It roared and shattered everything in its path. The stars in the sky were rustling from the impact.

Just imagine, the furious scream of a god was quite something and could massacre countless living beings and make the rest tremble in fear.

The cultivators here turned pale; even the lords felt their legs shaking uncontrollably.

The figure’s power amplified with loud detonations and turned into a storm that ravaged everything above.

“Is this place done for?” A spectator murmured before this frightening rise in power.

“Just a little intent yet you dare to resist my will?!” Li Qiye who was still sitting down focused his gaze and mind again.

“Boom!” A domineering force instantly appeared as if a supreme lord was personally taking action.

The fist continued to rain down blow after blow on the figure’s face with an unstoppable momentum and smashed it into a pulp.

“Rumble!” Every time the figure wanted to counterattack, the fist slammed down again with a torrent of brutality. The figure simply couldn’t resist despite being made of a divine intent before Li Qiye’s will.

Finally, the figure crumbled into pieces before dispersing into tiny particles and scattered with the wind.

At a location countless miles away, a meditating god suddenly stood up with a cold expression. He blurted out: “Hao’er!”

He was Southern Sun High God, an old ancestor of the clan and

Tianhao's grandfather.

Due to his position, he had only seen his grandson once but this didn't diminish the great love he had for the boy. That's why he granted Tianhao a protective rune. But now, the rune and his intent inside were destroyed. The High God knew exactly what was going on, hence his ugly expression.

This was a blatant provocation to a High God like him. A powerful foe had destroyed his will and showed utter contempt.

Meanwhile, Li Qiye glanced at Li Tianhao and said: "If I want to kill someone, not to mention a High God, not even an emperor can protect them."

"Pluff!" The desperate youth couldn't even scream before being rendered into a mist of blood.

When even the divine intent failed to do anything, a character of Tianhao's level was inferior to an ant under Li Qiye's absolute will.

In a short time, everyone here became speechless. The lords and leaders nearly dropped to the ground.

How could a divine intent be crushed so easily? This was the first time they've seen a divine intent in such a helpless and desperate state. It heavily left a deep and unforgettable mark in everyone's mind.

Even the princess became serious. She was much stronger than anyone here so she understood the gravity of the situation. Li Qiye's glare earlier was especially too much to take. It was a supreme pair of eyes that could reign over everything.

Meanwhile, the four from Sago Palm were mesmerized by Li Qiye's fierce domination and couldn't react. This was their first time actually seeing him in action, crushing a divine intent to death. Just imagine, if Li Qiye wanted to destroy their sect, he would only need to flick a finger to do so. Having thought of this, Tieshu Weng felt beads of sweat running down his body. Their

sect's existence was once dependent on this man's whim.

“Hey, hey, where is this guy from? Is there a High God protecting him too?” The crowd eventually calmed down and one master whispered.

They became afraid of this ordinary looking man and was sure that his background was incredible with powerful existences in the shadow protecting him.

From start to finish, Li Qiye didn't even lift a finger and his cultivation was too apparent. It meant that someone else had destroyed the divine intent of the god.

In order to accomplish this task, it must be a High God here in person. This indicated the fella's great status; he must be from an imperial lineage.

This prompted the next question. Why did someone from this prestigious lineage have such weak cultivation? Was this because of his talents?

Only a real expert like this princess could see that no one was behind Li Qiye. Even though he didn't take physical action, he used his will to destroy the divine intent.

What kind of will and dao heart were required to do so? Only an emperor would be able to do this.

After annihilating Jinlong and Tianhao, Li Qiye finally looked at the princess and said: “What's your name?”

He spoke from a place of power to the astonishment of the crowd. Their princess was an unreachable character but Li Qiye was looking down on her.

“This little girl's name is Jilin Mengying.” The princess hesitated for a moment and didn't know the proper honorifics to be used in this conversation. The man ahead was simply unfathomable.

“A descendant of the Jilin Immortal Monarch, a decent

bloodline.” Li Qiye casually commented.

Tieshu Weng’s group became speechless. Their imperial princess had impeccable talents and unfathomable cultivation yet he only said, “not a bad bloodline”? Was he praising or belittling her?”

“How should I address you?” She eventually asked.

She had no grasp over the situation due to not knowing who this guy really was. Was he someone with a great background or an emperor in disguise? She couldn’t tell either way.

“Your clan has fateful ties with me, forget it, out of consideration for the clan, I’ll take you in as a maid. Call me Young Noble now. Li Qiye said leisurely.

Many jaws almost fell to the ground after the crowd heard this.

What, what was he saying?! People couldn’t calm down at all. Their princess was an unreachable goddess yet Li Qiye made it sound as if she was only a maid, and that it would be her honor to be his maid.

The whole thing was too outrageous. Shen Xiaoshan was in disbelief as well. She didn’t want to wait on him in the past since she considered it humiliating. She had changed her mind since.

But today, Li Qiye still treated the princess like a maid. She held the princess in such high esteem but in Li Qiye’s eyes, the princess was only another girl. She finally understood that he meant it when he said that waiting on him was her honor.

Now, this was indeed a lucky chance. Others would love to have such fortune, being able to stay by his side and gaining his protection. She came to understand just how fortunate she was.

The princess herself was stunned. It wasn’t because she was arrogant or anything but she was about to become the successor of the Jilin’s dao legacy. How many people in this world would dare to claim her as a maid?

Chapter 1802: Tea-serving Princess

Li Qiye interrupted the princess' momentary daze: "Your Jilin Clan has a good type of immortal tea. Make a pot for me."

The princess was surprised again. This guy was not holding back and was really ordering her around like a maid.

Suddenly, an ethereal old man appeared next to the princess and handed her an old looking tea box before disappearing again.

"This geezer is quite smart." Li Qiye smiled calmly at the old man.

The old man was the ancestor giving the princess pointers in the shadows all this time.

She sighed and personally readied the fire in order to boil a pot of tea for him. The crowd was naturally caught off guard by this development.

A moment later, Shen Xiaoshan calmed down and helped the princess by finding more firewood for the flame. She didn't dare to say anything and understood just how unreachable Li Qiye was. It was her fault for being blind at the start.

For the experts here, just being able to look at the princess was already a type of glory. Being favored by her was even greater like being blessed by the ancestors. Youths like He Chen felt the same way.

But now, the goddess in their mind was boiling tea for Li Qiye like a maid. Who else in this world would enjoy this level of treatment?

He Chen thought that he had eyes but couldn't see Mt. Tai. He was next to a treasure all along in ignorance and had wasted a chance in the last several days with Li Qiye.

After the tea was finished, the princess personally got him a cup.

This was quite a magnificent and enviable scene, a beauty serving fine tea.

Everyone here never dared to imagine such a thing but for Li Qiye, this was too ordinary. Jilin Princess was only another girl in his eyes. Even real daughters of emperors have served him in the past, let alone the princess.

“Quite a reminiscent taste.” Li Qiye took a sip and said with a tinge of emotion.

The princess was shaken inside after hearing this because she understood some clues after carefully listening.

He turned his focus towards the stars in the sky again in order to calculate the appearance of the corpse. Occasionally, he would take another sip of tea while the princess continued to keep his cup full just like an ordinary maid.

She also joined him in perusing the stars in the sky but couldn't understand the mysteries within, only a little bit of clues, such as realizing that he was collecting spatial coordinates and reflecting them on the ominous ground.

It was now obvious to her that he came for the ominous ground. It looked like the rumor of a treasure coming out wasn't completely baseless.

After a long time, he finally got what he wanted, the location of the corpse. He withdrew his gaze and finally tasted this excellent tea, letting the unique taste permeate the tip of his tongue.

“Too many people, too many mouths. Leave us.” Li Qiye gently waved his sleeve towards the four from Sago Palm and ordered.

The four quietly left without daring to bother Li Qiye. The princess also waved her sleeve to signal for everyone to leave. All the experts on the peak left without uttering a single word.

Li Qiye and the princess were the only two left to enjoy the pleasant, light breeze.

He finally took a careful look at her with an unbridled gaze, starting from top to bottom.

She had a natural demeanor and let him be, able to tell that there was no intention of disrespect.

“You really look like Jilin Immortal Monarch despite being a girl, especially your eyes.” Li Qiye said after assessing her.

“You have seen our Progenitor?” The princess curiously asked.

Li Qiye didn't answer and only smiled while taking another sip of tea. He patted on the seat next to him, telling her to sit down.

The princess coolly sat down without any hesitation and stared back at him. The only thing exceptional about this ordinary man was his unfathomable eyes. People would be devoured by staring at them.

The eyes were the windows to the soul. After looking at his eyes, the princess understood that no one could ever spy into it.

It was a satisfying moment to drink tea and enjoy the breeze with a beauty keeping one company. Li Qiye became quiet without saying anything. This prompted the princess to do the same.

After a while, he gazed towards the distance and asked softly: “Has there been any news about your Nightfall Immortal Monarch?”

The princess didn't expect this question. After a brief contemplation, she shook her head: “Nothing for now, or at least the two other ancestors haven't told us anything with regards to Ancestor Nightfall.”

Nightfall was the third monarch in their clan, the only female and also the strongest.

She had eleven palaces and eleven wills, much stronger than their Progenitor, Jilin Immortal Monarch. She was only one step away from being a peak emperor.

For their clan, Jilin Immortal Monarch was the one who created their clan but Nightfall Immortal Monarch was the one who made them untouchable.

After all, such an emperor was too powerful, more than enough to look down on anyone. Only someone like World Emperor was stronger than her.

As one of the few powerful female emperors, she didn't hesitate for a moment before joining the sixth expedition started by Immortal Emperor Qi Zhen.

There had been no news at all about the emperor so no one knew the result of the expedition.

Li Qiye already knew the answer but he still had to ask while grasping for a straw of hope. Alas, he knew full well that there was no luck to speak of after embarking on that path.

He lamented with a disappointed sigh: "Rare is a companion on the arduous path of the dao; how many have the privilege of growing old along the way?"

After numerous battles and close encounters with death, his heart has grown numb, just not enough.

He knew that this was a type of cycle, the fate of each emperor. Nevertheless, he still hoped for a miracle.

"It's not easy to become an emperor." He looked at the princess and said: "But it is even harder for them to face their fate. Before the ascension, they were doing it for themselves but this isn't the case afterward."

The princess was moved after hearing this and thought about many legends regarding the emperors that she had heard in the past.

Chapter 1803: Leaving A Mark

Li Qiye stared at the sky above while reminiscing. People continued to depart one after another. This was a feeling only those at the apex could understand.

Because of this, many emperors rarely asked about the mundane realm after entering seclusion. They stopped caring about their descendants; this was one way of severing their ties with worldly constraints.

No matter who they might be, after spending too much time and seeing people leave them one by one, their dao heart would eventually be affected. Time was truly cruel.

Being overly involved in these matters would turn people crazy. They would either become a saint or a devil, no longer an ordinary being.

Generations went by and Li Qiye had to see people off or even buried his lovers more than once. He sent emperors on their path towards the unknown of the ultimate journey. They all knew there was no returning but each emperor still bravely walked forward.

He knew that nothing good would come from these expeditions but he was powerless in making substantial changes. All he could do was to accumulate power for the final battle at the end of the world.

He wanted an answer at that place, same with all the emperors. Qian Suyun also searched for an answer. However, the answer was different for each of them.

Even though they had the same goal at the end of the world, their proposed solution was different.

Jilin Princess watched the contemplating man. Her heart suddenly shuddered as if something was affecting its deepest part.

He was still as ordinary as before but there was a strange feeling

emitted. He seemed to be eternal and stained with the karma of time. There was a sad air of vicissitudes around him.

His profound eyes encompassed everything in the world: emotions, gods and devils, the worthies, and ordinary life in the three thousand worlds.

It looked as if this man had experienced countless reincarnation cycles. He continued to be unchanging along the river of time. His immovable heart was beating with the same rhythm as the heart of the world.

Oceans turned into mulberry fields; all things transformed and changed except for his heart and his relentless pursuit as well as his determined pace.

This was when the princess thought that this man was anything but ordinary. There was an irresistible charisma that had nothing to do with physical appearance or even temperament. It was gifted to him from the years, an accumulation of time polished by the endless revolution of the three thousand worlds. This charisma was unique and boundless.

Her heart was leaving her body. It took a long time before she recovered and let out a wry smile. She rubbed her forehead and wondered what the heck she was going on about?

Li Qiye came back to earth a while later and told her: “Your clan has received an item after the sixth expedition. It is something that fell down from above, probably straight for your clan.” He pointed at the sky.

“How do you know?!” The princess blurted out but after the initial shock, she didn’t find it too strange. This unfathomable man seemed to know everything.

She took a deep breath and nodded: “Yes, young noble. We did obtain something.”

They had it for some years now but couldn’t understand its

mysteries. That's the reason why they wanted to recruit mortals and cultivators versed in ancient runes.

“What did your two monarchs say?” Li Qiye asked.

The princess shook her head: “Our ancestors said that our two monarchs do not want to take it and only said that it is unbelievably prestigious. It is waiting for the fated.”

“That's fine.” Li Qiye gently sighed: “They do not want to be pulled into this karmic event so they continue to hide. That's understandable. The Heavenly Execution looming above is scary indeed.”

“So you know what it is? Would you please let us know?” The princess had to ask.

The ancestors from her clan had been thinking about it the whole time without any result. Even without the two monarchs, this clan was still full of experts and masters. Thus, this failure of recognizing the item only incited further interest from the ancestors.

Moreover, even their monarchs praised the item. It meant that the thing was peerless indeed.

“I'll know once I see it. Go tell your old men that I want to see it in person.” Li Qiye said.

The princess was slightly stunned. The item was one of their top secrets. Not to mention an outsider, even their disciples couldn't see it. She was the future successor of their legacy yet she had only seen it once.

Nevertheless, she agreed: “I'll let the ancestors know. Hopefully, they'll be able to arrange something.”

She couldn't take charge of this matter so she could only do this much for him.

Li Qiye smiled and stared back at the sky. It wasn't up to the clan

at all. It was only out of respect and friendship that he chose to ask first.

“Young noble, what is your purpose here?” She asked.

Li Qiye replied: “Mad God had died for so long, it’s about time for his body to emerge but if it won’t, I’ll still drag it out.” He wanted the White Armament in this place regardless of whether it was coming out on its own or not.

“That corpse is still nowhere to be found, people believe that all of his treasures are there as well.” The princess commented and was very aware of this rumor due to her position at Jilin.

“Your clan has no lack of treasure, Mad God’s treasures might not be bad but it can’t compare to your monarchs’ treasuries. Don’t tell me you’re here for them?” Li Qiye chuckled and said.

“Leave it up to fate.” The princess smiled. When she smiled, it was kingdom-toppling enough to sway all young men.

She continued: “Our clan is already aware that something evil might come out after seeing the visual phenomenon. That’s why I’m here to prevent it, in order to save our citizens.”

It made sense for the clan to worry because this ominous ground was right next to their border. Thus, they would be the one suffering first if any evil creature were to come out. They didn’t want the same world-devouring event to happen again.

“This place might be a bit ferocious but there are only remnants of despair and hatred on top of an Immortal Emperor’s murderous energy.” Li Qiye shook his head: “There is no evil creature here. Mad God was strong back then but that arrow encompassed the ultimate dao of archery. He was completely annihilated, there was no coming back from that regardless of what awesome means he possessed.”

“Not to mention a High God, even an emperor will die if they fail to block it.” Li Qiye commented with enthusiasm.

Even though Immortal Emperor Diyi Jian was not the most brilliant or the strongest emperor from the nine worlds, his archery was indubitably number one.

That's why as his descendant, Jian Wushuang still had a long way to go in order to surpass him with regards to archery. Her path would be long and arduous.

Li Qiye finally found what he wanted from the stars above and told the princess: "Go tell your geezers first. I'll visit your clan after I'm done here."

The princess kept on looking at his departing figure. She eventually sighed and went to give the message.

Chapter 1804: Mad Gods Corpse

The fog resembled ink at the depth of the ominous ground. One would think that they were under a pond of ink. This fog was concentrated enough and nearly became liquified.

There was one broken star above the cracked earth. It was large enough to blot out half of the sky.

There was one particular pool here with thick blood of a black shade. More and more oozed out from the ground as if there was an endless supply below.

A large corpse the size of a hill was floating on this pool. However, due to its solidified state, people would easily mistake it as a hill if it wasn't for the body outline.

Laoliu cried out and dragged this body onto the shore. He breathed raggedly after finishing the task due to the fatigue.

Someone at his level could easily move mountains and oceans. However, he still found moving this body quite laborious.

Size alone wasn't a good indicator of its weight. This was the corpse of a god who had eleven totems, only one step away from being an Ancient God. Such an existence was quite terrifying with a body as immense as the sky. This remained true even though he had died a long time ago.

“It's finally out, good, less work for me to take it out from the ground.” Li Qiye nodded and said.

“Aizz, I could die right now.” Laoliu was covered in filth while panting.

Li Qiye gave him the side-eye and said flatly: “Your real form can take down a galaxy easily, let alone this corpse here.”

“Hehehe, my little ancestor, please don't play like that.” Laoliu smiled awkwardly: “If my master finds out that I was playing

around here, he'll definitely break my legs.”

He was hiding his real body in order to play around at Jilin and escape his sect. If he were to reveal it and his true strength, the seniors from his sect would find out right away. At that point, he would be taken back to his sect to be punished by his master.

“It's just a matter of time.” Li Qiye nonchalantly said.

Laoliu felt his scalp tingling. Of course, he knew that it was inevitable but one more day was still better than nothing. He'll enjoy life one day at a time.

He cleaned the black blood off the corpse to reveal the true form. Mad God had brutish features and still had a stately aura to him. No one would dare to act arrogant before him.

There was a scepter marking on his forehead. It was still glowing like before as if made from gold.

He came from the Heaven Race, hence the unique marking. Plus, due to his eleven totems, his scepter had reached the most prestigious level. Even time couldn't erase this defining symbol.

“The corpse of an eleven-totem god... if its divinity is still present, it would be a priceless treasure.” Laoliu commented: “If that was the case, just this scepter alone will be a supreme weapon, enough to suppress everyone!”

Rumor has it that the first Ancient God of the thirteen continent had defeated Nether Heaven Emperor before and even challenged Origin Heaven Emperor. His title was Inconcealable.

Of course, there was no need to describe just how powerful Origin was. This was a twelve-wills Grand Emperor, the starter of the second expedition.

Nether was also a terrifying character. He was the first to have eleven wills after Immortal Emperor Purewood started the Grand Emperor Era and even helped the young Origin.

Alas, he still lost to Inconcealable Ancient God, a testament to this being's power. Of course, some did say that Inconcealable was the strongest Ancient god of them all.

But ultimately, this went to show how strong Mad God used to be with eleven totems. If his corpse still had some divinity, it would be priceless like Laoliu said earlier.

“The arrow from Immortal Emperor Diyi Jian wasn't that nice.” Li Qiye shook his head and explained: “Even though it was from many spatial spheres away, it wasn't just a casual strike from the emperor. That was his ultimate shot containing the fruit of lifelong effort and the extreme profundities of his archery. Otherwise, the Heavenly Execution wouldn't have come right after. The fact that Mad God's body is still here after that attack speaks volume of his power. As for his divinity, probably not much was left and time took care of it later on.”

The battle back then was decided in a single move, one that shocked the entire thirteen continents. The fact that Mad God died with an intact body was truly impressive.

“What should we do now?” Laoliu looked at Li Qiye and said: “It might take a few decades for me to break into his internal world.”

Li Qiye looked at the body and jumped up on its forehead. He placed his hand on the scepter symbol with chaos energy rotating around.

“Buzz.” The scepter issued an immortal light and became even more dazzling than before as if it was coming back to life.

“Get in.” Li Qiye ordered.

With a cracking sound, the forehead had a crack like a valley and Li Qiye disappeared inside.

Since Li Qiye came in first, Laoliu stopped worrying and jumped into the internal world as well.

It was a dark world without any life. Anyone looking up would be

greeted with a black sky without any stars. No light existed in this place.

When looking forward, one could see twelve huge palaces, as high as the heaven. They gave off the feeling of being unclimbable.

Alas, they were dimmed and mottled. Some even had cracks and were on the verge of collapsing.

“Twelve palaces and eleven totems... Despite a true death and destroyed totems, the fate palaces are still there. Quite tough they are.” Laoliu emotionally stated.

After Mad God’s death, even his eleven totems turned to ashes. However, under such destructive force, the palaces still existed. Just how tough were they?

“The palaces have undergone countless polishing. For a cultivator, to a certain extent, the palaces were everything. Without the palaces, there is nothing.” Li Qiye nodded: “But these palaces are still broken after the arrow strike.”

“It would be so nice if they were perfectly preserved.” Laoliu salivated.

Li Qiye smiled and said: “High Gods and emperors wouldn’t die so easily without a fatal attack. In the case of sure death, they wouldn’t be able to preserve their palaces anyway.”

“But, I have heard of a Grand Emperor leaving behind perfect palaces to protect their descendants.” Laoliu pondered before speaking.

Li Qiye agreed with a slight nod: “Indeed, a Grand Emperor had accomplished this task, and it is the best thing an emperor can do to protect their descendants, including staying alive. This is because even if they were still around, a Heavenly Execution would come eventually. Thus, if they were next to their children at this time, that would be a disaster for everyone. However, palaces are the safest guarantee in this world, the greatest of all blessing that

allows for their children to live without worries. But ultimately, this is extremely painful and difficult.”

Li Qiye sighed when he got to this point.

Chapter 1805: Little Devil

Laoliu became silent after hearing this, aware of the significance and difficulty behind leaving one's palaces. If an emperor wanted to do so, the price and pain required are simply unimaginable. Just think about it, how deep was their love to carry out this task despite the pain in order to protect their descendants?

"Go look around." Li Qiye told Laoliu: "Outside of the White Armament, you can have all the other treasures."

"Hehehe, if ancestor says so, then this lowly one won't be so reserved. Thank you." Laoliu became excited with a bright flash in his eyes before bowing towards Li Qiye.

Mad God must have accumulated countless treasures and artifacts throughout his life. Outside of the peerless armament, the other treasures were already incredible enough to make Laoliu extremely rich.

Of course, even if Li Qiye didn't give anything, he wouldn't dare to utter a single word. Li Qiye's current reward showed how much he liked Laoliu.

Laoliu stared at the twelve palaces, the treasuries in his eyes. The happy guy didn't know where to start.

"That one then." He randomly picked one before running for the main hall of that palace.

"Hahaha, who dares to cause trouble in my domain?!" When Laoliu got close, a deep voice suddenly came from above.

"Mad God!" Laoliu turned pale from shock.

"That's right, it is I!" The voice came again: "Who would have thought people would still remember me after millions of years, how rare."

"Oh, mommy!" Laoliu was truly scared and immediately hid

behind Li Qiye: "Ancestor, please save me, Mad God didn't die completely."

He looked just like a turtle peeking out of its shell at this moment, ready to let Li Qiye handle the sky falling down by himself.

It wasn't because he was a coward but Mad God's reputation was too notorious. An existence with eleven totems could threaten the thirteen continents in any generation.

He wouldn't be weaker than an ordinary emperor, no, he even had the ability to slay one.

Just imagine, one would be fooling themselves to say that they weren't afraid when standing before such an existence.

Laoliu was very powerful but he was still a junior. The best course of action for him was to run as far as possible. Opposing Mad God would only result in his death. Only peak emperors could deal with this fella.

Li Qiye looked up and smiled: "[Stop trying to dress up as a god](#). If Mad God was still alive, he wouldn't let his corpse rot like this."

"Hahaha, junior, what do you know?! Break and rebuild, from death comes life, how can someone like you understand this?" The voice sonorously responded.

"Is that so?" Li Qiye smirked: "If you are indeed Mad God, then go all out. I shall exorcise you to the afterlife for the beings that you have killed! You deserve eternal damnation!"

"Exorcise me? The voice scowled: "Junior, I'll be the one sending your ignorant souls towards the light." With that, starry lights descended from above.

The world of silent, lifeless darkness was invaded by starry lights everywhere.

"Buzz." It seemed that a new world was opening and the twelve

palaces disappeared. Only a vast expanse remained with flowing galaxies and celestial planets.

The stars were so close to them and gave the feeling that one could actually grasp these celestials, that they were the center of the world.

"Buzz." One galaxy turned into a bridge, expanding from Li Qiye's feet all the way to the depth of space. In this place, immortal energies were expanding with laws. One could see figures of mysterious immortals. This gave a sense of envious yearning.

In the blink of an eye, a majestic figure stood on top of this bridge, too faint to have a clear look. The holy light he emitted made him look like the welcoming emissary to the immortal world.

"Young one, even though you have shamelessly boasted, our meeting here is still a touch of fate. Let me take you to the immortal kingdom." The figure's voice was extremely warm and friendly since it harmonized with the grand dao. This was an extraordinary feeling.

"This kingdom is real?" Laoliu peeked out from behind Li Qiye and stared at the bright kingdom.

"Less daydreaming." Li Qiye slapped the back of his head and laughed: "This is just a common bewitching spiel, how can your heavenly gaze not see this? Are you too scared to think straight right now?"

He continued on: "This is only child's play yet you dare to do it before me?" With that, his eyes flashed radiantly.

"Crack!" Li Qiye didn't exert any power at all. His truth-seering gaze destroyed all bewitching illusions.

The galaxies, stars, bridge, and the majestic figure all popped like water bubbles.

The sky was dark and lonely again. There was no immortal

kingdom at all.

"Junior, daring to break my divine art? I'll forever be the maggots in your bones!" The dark voice became furious.

An ill wind ravaged the area with a black fog. This fog seemed to have its own life and rushed for the two as if wanting to infiltrate and take over them.

"Dam! What the hell is this?" Laoliu immediately sealed his body after seeing this.

"Fiend, enough playing around!" Li Qiye laughed with his eyes flashing again.

"Boom!" Two endless light rays spewed out from his eyes like two pillars crossing through time itself.

They locked onto the dark fog and pulled it into the sky before twisting together and trapped it inside.

"Temporal Rays." Laoliu was envious to see the rays from Li Qiye's eyes. Young juniors like them couldn't have such a thing. This required countless years of life and allowed its user to see through all truths, origins, and mysteries. It was one of the most precious things in the world, created by experience and time.

The black fog was forced to reveal its true form before his glare. It was only the size of a palm and looked like a creature with sharp fangs, thorny wings, and a ferocious face just like a little devil.

"Who, who the hell are you? Release me right now or I won't spare you!" The tiny creature was still as fierce as ever and shouted at Li Qiye.

"What is it?" Laoliu asked with curiosity, finding the little guy's aggressive demeanor quite strange.

Li Qiye said: "It's the resentment left by Mad God before death. It was too strong and became a living being. The Jilin Clan was right to worry, this will eventually be a problem."

"Junior, let me go now or I'll let you taste a fate worse than death!" The immobilized creature screamed without any fear at all.

The idiom is dress up as god and playing as the devil. It is very commonly used to say that someone is pretending. I left it literal because the thing is actually masquerading as a god which makes the statement funnier

Chapter 1806: The Destruction Of The Internal World

"Zero remorse even in death, looks like I can't let you live." Li Qiye stared at the little devil and said.

"Buzz." The end of his sentence was the start of the devil's combustion. It was only a resentful intent so Li Qiye's gaze could destroy it completely.

The devil finally became afraid as it was burning up and shouted: "I'm born from Mad God so I know all of his merit laws. Just release me and I'll let you have them all!"

"Mad God's merit laws..." Laoliu's eyes lit up.

An eleven-totem High God's merit laws were naturally tempting. Not too many would be able to say no.

"Merit laws your ass." Li Qiye slapped his head again and smiled: "Your sect has laws from Immortal Monarchs, so much stronger than the deviant dao of Mad God."

"That's true..." Laoliu rubbed his head and laughed awkwardly.

"I know where Immortal Emperor Diyi Jian's arrow is, if you get it, you'll be invincible. Let me go and I'll tell you!" The devil changed its tone right away after seeing Li Qiye's lack of interest.

"The best arrow!" Laoliu was startled to hear this because the strength of this arrow was as clear as day.

"If it isn't the emperor unleashing the attack, this arrow alone can't be invincible." Li Qiye was still unmoved.

"If, if you kill me, you'll never get Mad God's treasuries, I'm the only one who can open his fate palaces." The devil cried out.

"No need." Li Qiye's eyes incinerated the devil.

"Ah!" This little creature became ashes instantly!

"Rumble!" The palaces crumbled, allowing treasures to rain down.

Wish Pearls, Immortal Steel, Cloud Wood, Heavenfeast Jewel... All of them were resplendent and fell down like a flood. This scene was quite shocking due to all the visual phenomena and blinding lights.

In the blink of an eye, treasures piled up in front of the two. Anyone would be astounded at this sight.

While Laoliu stood there in a daze, Li Qiye was already going through the piles in order to find the supreme Armament.

"Rumble!" The internal world quaked and was on the verge of collapsing. Tsunami appeared out of nowhere as if wanting to drown out this place.

"Oh crap." Laoliu was half-submerged instantly. He gathered his wits and blurted out: "Is this the worldly essence?"

"To be more exact, this is the myriad essence from everything, from this land and the other beings." Li Qiye said: "He didn't have time to refine these essences before being killed. They have been trapped in here until the palaces collapsed. Now, it's like a broken dam."

"This is priceless, so much of them." Laoliu stood there looking silly.

"Keep waiting and you won't even get a piece of scrap metal. So priceless then." Li Qiye said flatly.

"My treasures!" After being reminded by Li Qiye, Laoliu finally noticed the piles of treasure being drowned out by the tsunami. He screamed like a chicken being butchered and immediately lunged forward to pull all the treasures into his pouch.

He eventually finished the task as this world was being ravaged by the unrelenting torrents of essences.

The two finally made it out but there were still nonstop explosions. Cracks appeared on the gigantic corpse with essences spewing out in a destructive manner.

“What should we do now?” Laoliu was feeling lost before this scene due to the sheer amount of essences.

Remember that this land used to be quite vast with many stars above. All of these powers and lives were devoured by Mad God. Thus, one could extrapolate the insane amount of energy he had gotten.

“Open!” Li Qiye was floating above the dark sky while touching one of his temples. His eyes lit up again and two more pillars of light shot out.

“Boom!” Debris scattered crazily as the rays pierced through the depth of the earth.

“Rumble!” The already broken place seemed to be completely collapsing with blaring fanfare.

However, this wasn't the case. After cracking noises, this dead zone had rays shot out from underground. They wove together into a huge symbol. But after the lights finished with their formation, Laoliu found that this wasn't a symbol but rather a wheel of time. It left its mark on this land.

“The mysteries of time, only emperors are qualified to step into this domain!” Laoliu was shaken to see the land marked with the wheel of time. Even ordinary High Gods couldn't do something like this.

“Buzz.” The land became ethereal from far away due to its current glittering state.

“Boo!” Li Qiye turned his gaze towards the dark sky.

Under the two rays of light from his eyes, the broken galaxies and stars were slowly pushed back to their original path.

Next, his gaze turned into countless tiny strings and pierced through these celestials. This eventually created a wheel of time up there too with a faint light.

“Temporal Ray is dependent on the amount of time accumulated, not someone’s power.” Laoliu gasped after seeing this.

Li Qiye was actually changing the world with his eyes. However, no one else noticed this because no actual power was being released.

This was a way to protect the order of the universe, a primal affinity. Li Qiye earned this due to the generations of hard work in the mundane realm. Other powerful beings wouldn’t have this privilege since it wasn’t within the boundary of cultivation.

Laoliu had only heard of it before in the legends, hence his astonishment after witnessing it in person today.

Meanwhile, Jilin Princess was paying attention to the changes at the ominous ground. In the beginning, she didn’t notice anything strange until the strings of light over yonder. She finally used her heavenly gaze then to carefully look through the land.

When she saw the rays coming out of his light to change the land itself, she became astounded and took a deep breath: “Not an emperor but even more formidable than one, who, who the hell is he?”

The princess was completely lost at this moment about Li Qiye. He didn’t seem like a reincarnation of an emperor but it was impossible for him to be a new cultivator as well. What was the real answer behind his identity?

Chapter 1807: The Appearance Of A High God

“Boom!” With a deafening explosion, Mad God’s corpse finally collapsed and the escape of essence intensified. After destroying everything inside, the flood was on an unstoppable path to the outside world.

However, the two temporal seals in this area slowly turned. Coordinates and latitude lines in space flashed with tiny shimmering dots.

In a short time, the essence was being absorbed by the broken land and space. The lights eventually dispersed but the place became bright again.

In the beginning, one would think that the change was quite minimal. However, the ever-so-present black fog was completely eliminated.

The ominous ground was still silent and devoid of life like before, but one could see faintly shining star lights in the far horizon. This flickering light would eventually illuminate the space above one day.

There weren’t any vegetation either but moisture was emerging in certain locations. The land was regaining its power and essence. One day, seeds would be brought here by the wind to take root in the soil.

“Returning to the earth, a reversal back to the origin; the emperors can’t do better than this.” Laoliu was completely speechless. No words could describe his current thoughts.

Even though emperors could also change the landscape of the world such as moving mountains and the celestials, Li Qiye wasn’t doing it forcefully with his own power. He was simply reversing the flow; dust to dust and earth to earth. The myriad essences

returned from where they came. This had nothing to do with power; it was a type of primal affinity or order belonging to the heaven and earth.

Laoliu was completely in awe as Li Qiye was floating back down to the ground. He stared at Li Qiye with utmost reverence and said: “Ancestor, you are so benevolent, how many people would be willing to trade these temporal wheels to change this dead land?”

Li Qiye nonchalantly said: “This is the order of time and the heaven and earth shall guard over the land. I am simply returning them to the source. The fortunes of the world, let them be with the world. As for whether this place will become a paradise or a barren land, that’s not my business.”

Laoliu quietly nodded. This was beyond his knowledge and comprehension. Only someone truly at the top would be willing to wait with that perspective.

While Li Qiye was inside Mad God Ominous Ground, there was a prosperous place in a remote region of the Jilin territory with a clan presiding there.

One would see old shrines and beautiful pavilions everywhere. Bushels of Lingzhi and auspicious clouds were everywhere.

This was one of the strongest clans in Jilin, the Southern Sun. Today, red clouds and bright lights engulfed the sky.

“Boom!” Sacred laws rushed upward from inside the clan. They wove together to form a divine order.

It looked as if a deity was ordering everyone in the nearby vicinity. The disciples outside were shocked to see this order and quickly abandoned their business in order to return home.

“Southern Sun High God is coming into being.” This news spread across Jilin like a storm.

A High God coming out in all of Pure wasn’t a big deal but it was still a grand event in Jilin.

“What’s going on?” People found it quite strange.

The messenger said: “I don’t know, but that High God is returning from the primordial chaos back to the clan. This is one-hundred percent accurate.”

“It’s must be something big for a High God to leave the chaos. Otherwise, these reclusive gods wouldn’t do so.” Others wondered as well.

High Gods at a particular level also invoked the Heavenly Execution. The difference was the smaller probability. That’s why High Gods would come out more often.

“The Southern Sun Young Lord was killed so the High God came out with wrath.” Someone who had more access to information revealed.

People were surprised to hear this: “That doesn’t make sense. A High God lives for so many years, why would they come out just for a descendant? They have so many of them already. If one has to come out every time a descendant is killed, they’ll get tired to death.”

“It’s different this time. Whether the High God likes Li Tianhao or not isn’t the main issue. Most importantly, his divine intent was smashed before a crowd, its face, to be specific. In the end, this big shot behind Li Qiye also destroyed the intent. The High God can’t swallow this anger. Being humiliated is one thing but destroying his intent too? That’s a declaration of war!”

“Just who the hell is this Fiercest fella? He has such powerful backers behind him, I wonder who his ancestor is.” The majority had this thought.

No one would believe a new cultivator could destroy a divine intent. The most common guess was that he also had his own High God helping him in the shadows.

“A High God level battle is about to happen?” Some became

excited if this speculation was true.

While the return of the High God alarmed many of the sects and cultivators in Jilin, a different great power sent out a message.

“Li Qiye must give us an answer!” The Shrouding Sun Gate officially declared: “It doesn’t matter which High God did it, the successor of Shrouding Sun cannot die for no reason!”

“Shrouding Sun is joining too?” This further shocked the crowd in Jilin.

“It’s not just the sect, this is a message from the Grand Rule High God too.” A royal lord received the newest information and warned those closest to him.

“Grand Rule, Shen Qianjun? The amazing High God from that sect? He’s also returning from the chaos?” People were skeptical.

One ancestor said: “No way, Grand Rule has been quiet for a long time now, he’s quite old too. Why would he come out for the death of a successor?”

Shen Jinlong had a high position in Shrouding Sun, the successor of its dao legacy. However, he was still only a junior; there were many others like him in that sect.

“Ha, you guys don’t know then.” One influential ancestor playfully smiled: “Jinlong isn’t only the successor. Hehehe, there’s a rumor in the sect that he’s Grand Rule’s son but they chose against making this public. Who knows the exact reason why? Maybe because he’s too old and doesn’t get along with his son very well.”

“Grand Rule’s son?” Even sect masters were astounded to hear this. Jinlong had never talked to outsiders about his background. Others only knew him as Shrouding Sun’s successor.

“Maybe Grand Rule is embarrassed about having a child at such an old age? And right, maybe they don’t get along too well too.” Another big shot commented.

There were too many speculations and explanations but they didn't wish to pry too much. After all, this is related to a High God's secret. It could bring about some sect-destroying trouble if Shrouding Sun or Grand Rule became offended by this.

“Both Grand Rule and Southern Sun High Gods are demanding an answer from the Jilin Clan since their successors died in their territory. It doesn't matter who Fiercest is.” An even more heavyweight news came out.

“That's two High Gods pressuring the Jilin Clan so they probably won't just ignore this issue. I guess Southern Sun and Shrouding Sun are on the same boat then and want others to know then.” A sect master understood the real message sent by the two clans.

Chapter 1808: Departing

Li Qiye and Laoliu left the ominous ground. He climbed Godwatching Peak again with the princess standing there waiting.

She bowed deeply and spoke with respect: “I thank you on behalf of my clan and the future living beings in the area. You have created prosperity and fortune for that domain.”

The world-transforming deed of Li Qiye would benefit Jilin in the future as well as the citizens there. The princess’ gratitude came from the heart.

Li Qiye accepted her grand gesture and sat down without any hesitation.

The princess was surprised to see Laoliu too. After looking at him carefully, she cupped her fist and said: “I see, Dao Brother is hiding in our Jilin. The elders from the Divine Dragon Mountain are all looking for you. Some even visited my clan.”

Unlike the others, the princess was able to recognize his real identity.

Laoliu became a bit awkward and smiled wryly: “Please don’t tell my elders or they’ll break my legs. Hehehe, I can assure you that I’ll play nice at Jilin and won’t do anything to put you in a tough spot.”

“And the sun would set to the east.” Li Qiye laughed and said: “Even the masters of your sect are troublemakers.”

Laoliu let out another awkward laugh. The princess shook her head since she had heard of this stubborn fella. He had a great foundation with an enviable sect yet he didn’t like staying there and rather went outside to play.

Divine Dragon Mountain had two Immortal Monarchs on top of possessing a bloodline of true dragons. It was a power that could call for winds and rains at Pure.

For someone like Laoliu, he could have any treasure and merit laws if he were to play nice and train hard in the sect. However, the guy rather played around as a swindler in the mundane world. It was a love for freedom and being carefree.

Laoliu quietly left since he could tell that the princess wanted to talk to Li Qiye. She was having a hard time finding the right words.

Li Qiye looked at her and said: “Speak, I shall pardon your sin if you were to say something inappropriate.”

She heaved a sigh of relief after gaining permission and calmly said: “Southern Sun and Grand Rule High Gods are complaining to my clan; they want an answer.”

There was no doubt that these two were pressuring the Jilin Clan. Even though they wouldn't dare to say that they were dissatisfied with the clan, the Jilin owed them this much since their successors did indeed die under the clan's jurisdiction.

The Jilin Clan was slightly vexed by this. They couldn't find Li Qiye's background at all. Of course, they couldn't ignore the complaints from the High Gods either because their sects were tributaries to the Jilin. Thus, the clan needed to voice an opinion. Otherwise, the hundreds of powers under them would feel slighted.

Furthermore, it was one thing if the two sects were the ones complaining. Even their sect masters didn't mean much in front of the Jilin Clan. This wasn't the case for the two High Gods. They were powerful in their own rights with prestigious status on the same level as many older ancestors of the Jilin.

“Oh?” Li Qiye's response was very leisure. He smiled and said: “What is their demand?”

“They want us to hand you over, young noble, for killing their successors. They want an answer.” The princess said.

Of course, their demand was more than this. The aggressive High

Gods demanded the Jilin to kill Li Qiye but the princess chose against being too direct.

Li Qiye naturally knew this even if the princess didn't tell him. He leisurely said: "Then I'll see them at your clan. If they have something to say or some kind of demands, I'll love to hear it. I'm someone who listens to others' opinion."

The princess knew that this wouldn't end well after hearing his response. She wasn't worried about Li Qiye but rather, the two High Gods and even her own clan.

Others might think that High Gods were untouchable existences that could do whatever they want or sweep through the land. People were very fearful of High Gods.

A High God could easily massacre a clan, a sect, or even a race. The princess didn't think so. She found Li Qiye to be much more terrifying than these two High Gods. He was completely unfathomable so she worried that her clan might be dragged into this whole mess if he were to become angry.

"Young noble, I will let the two High Gods know. I hope that friendship will come of this, not war." The princess said.

Li Qiye nonchalantly said: "Go tell your geezers that I want to see that item. They shouldn't be hiding anything or I won't be happy. At that point, don't blame me for not giving your monarchs any face."

The princess sighed in her mind. Li Qiye clearly didn't care for the two High Gods. The only thing he wanted was the item in her clan.

"I will definitely let the ancestors know." The princess bowed again.

"Go." Li Qiye ordered: "I will visit your clan, hoping that it won't be an unpleasant trip."

He didn't want to cause trouble at the clan because of his

relationship with Nightfall Immortal Monarch. Of course, he wouldn't be so polite either if some ignorant fools were to stand in his way.

The princess bowed again and left. Li Qiye called for Laoliu and asked: "What is your plan?"

Laoliu smiled happily while feeling quite spirited: "This lowly one wants to follow ancestor as a servant and work for you despite my meager abilities. If you are willing to take in a lonely soul like me, I'll disband Hooligans and follow you instead."

For Laoliu, being able to follow Li Qiye was the blessing of a lifetime. He would never regret such a choice.

"Lonely soul my ass!" Li Qiye struck the guy's head again: "You are the beloved son of the Divine Dragon Mountain with the thin bloodline of a true dragon."

"But I'm all alone right now, a lonely soul indeed." Laoliu forced a wry smile.

Li Qiye told him: "Go back from whence you came. Be a good seed instead of playing around in the mundane world, it is a waste of your cultivation and the sect's hope on you. Even if you don't care about being strong, your sect still needs strong pillars in the future. It can't be prosperous with just the protection of the monarchs and ancestors, future descendants need to work hard too. You are a genius from the sect, uphold your responsibility with pride."

Li Qiye rarely gave such earnest and well-meaning advice to the juniors. The only reason why he did it this time was because he liked Laoliu.

Laoliu pondered quietly before softly answering: "I don't want to let the sect down either but I yearn for the freedom in the mundane world."

"You'll have your chance once you are at the apex. You can pick

then, to either mingle with the mundane world or to continue finding the grand dao. Listen to your heart at that point.” Li Qiye persuaded.

Laoliu smiled wryly and said: “If I do reach the apex, at that point, it will no longer be up to me. With great strength comes great responsibility. Even the emperors are helpless since they shoulder more than just themselves.”

Laoliu had seen and heard about many things due to his background. Being invincible was both glorious and full of suffering.

Chapter 1809: High Gods' Arrival

Li Qiye stared at the horizon and said slowly: “Why did some emperors want to embark on the final expedition while others chose to live in seclusion? This is a choice they made after reaching the apex for all kind of reasons. Does the former group think they will return alive? No, in fact, each of them knew that this was a fruitless war and fully aware that they would be going to their death. Nevertheless, they still made this choice for their descendants, their race, and all the existences in the ten worlds, but also themselves. After making the decision, they met it straight on without hesitation.”

He gently sighed at this point. Laoliu became quiet as well. The apex was both cold and full of heavy burdens.

“Go back, these are your best years. It’ll be too late if you waste them now.” Li Qiye said: “Try again after reaching the apex. Maybe you won’t be so attached to the mundane world then.”

“Master and the others will break my legs if I go back now.” Laoliu said with a painful expression.

This wasn’t his first time escaping, just the longest and most fun. He would be done for if his master were to catch him. The guy might even peel his skin as a punishment.

Li Qiye chuckled and took out a piece of paper to start writing. He handed it over to Laoliu and said: “Give it to your forefather since I’ve agreed to put in a good word for you. Take my personal letter and you will see Qi Gong but whether he’ll take you in or not, that’s up to your own fortune.”

Laoliu was stunned at first but he eventually accepted the letter in a respectful manner.

His eyes shifted around with a new idea: “How about this, ancestor? Take me in as a disciple-in-name only and I’ll just follow

you.”

“Halt your wily nature.” Li Qiye slapped his head and scolded: “You don’t think your Immortal Monarch is good enough for you?”

“No, no, of course not. That’s not what I meant.” Laoliu hurriedly denied.

“Leave now, we’ll meet again if it is meant to be.” Li Qiye waved his sleeve dismissively.

Laoliu knew that Li Qiye had given him a great opportunity and this was the end of their relationship. He prostrated and kowtowed three times: “This lowly one hopes to see ancestor’s supreme presence again in the future.”

Li Qiye accepted the grand gesture and nodded before closing his eyes.

Laoliu stood up and saw that Li Qiye was already in a meditative state so he bowed once more before leaving.

Li Qiye sat there quietly as if sleeping. He reached a zen state in order to search for the mysteries of the dao.

He didn’t leave the peak right away and continued to absorb energies up above. Occasionally, he would think about that White Armament and how to refine it.

This 88,888 fetuses White Armament was one and only in this world. The only thing that was greater than it was the ultimate 99,999 fetuses armament in the hand of Holy Emperor.

Li Qiye didn’t want this armament to be the best in the world or reach the same level as True Immortal Armament.

However, this was a profound and challenging art, being able to refine one’s armament and exert it to the maximum limit.

Thus, this armament was a great training tool for Li Qiye, allowing him to understand armaments even more.

Shen Xiaoshan was staying by his side to wait on him. At this moment, Tieshu Weng's group found that being able to serve Li Qiye was a blessing from the heavens and a supreme glory. Others would love to be in this position but couldn't.

At the same time, Jilin became very rowdy. On this day, with a loud blast, countless rays of light spread around like the wings of an angel. A divine aura surged all around and shocked everyone in Jilin.

An old palanquin was carried out of Southern Sun with celestials floating around it. The inside of the palanquin seemed to be gestating a world itself.

This majestic aura engulfed all of Jilin like an ocean. Its unstoppable pressure mentally assaulted everyone in waves.

The experts in Jilin were all alarmed. The weak cultivators were out of breath while those too close to the palanquin were forced on their knees.

“Southern Sun High God.” Even those who had never seen the High God knew that only a being of this level would command such a scene after coming out.

Another loud blast exploded not long after the emergence of Southern Sun High God. A world suddenly appeared above Shrouding Sun.

Everything was present such as stars and laws. When this world emerged, an unquestionable divine aura permeated the world. Nothing could escape its grasp.

With a hymn, a gigantic figure emerged from this world. Above his head were the sun and moon while he stepped on the stars. The laws of the world were present to his sides.

He controlled the universe and all the laws as the center of all. Not only was he the master of the world, he was also its creator.

“Let the Dao be free.” The hymn echoed across the world and

resonated with the heart of people. They voluntarily kneeled down to worship.

In this blink of an eye, the figure started to grow hands until there was one thousand; each had stars floating around it and they seemed to be raising three thousand worlds.

“Grand Rule High God!” The people in Jilin immediately knew who was in the world.

“Shen Qianjun.” People started murmuring his name, the strongest High God from Shrouding Sun.

“After so many years, Qianjun has finally become a High God.” An extremely old ancestor said with a tinge of emotion. In the past, this ancestor debuted at the same time as Shen Qianjun but now, the guy was an invincible High God.

People knew a storm was coming in Jilin after two High Gods emerging at the same time, especially when they were heading for the Jilin Clan.

“Damn, those two are strong enough to do whatever.” A big shot had to say.

“They’re just posturing while trying to raise their clans’ status too.” A smart man noticed something: “The successors of their clans were killed so if they don’t demand justice, their position would fall in Jilin. Moreover, they have to be the ones asking the Jilin Clan for an answer, just the sect masters alone can’t do anything. The Jilin won’t care for some juniors.”

When Southern Sun High God came to the Jilin Clan, a golden bridge was paved out from inside the clan. Flowers started to fall down with springs gushing out on top of resonating hymns. In a short time, golden lights were everywhere. The clan was engulfed in the light of an Immortal Monarch with an unstoppable prestige.

Even though the Jilin didn’t do anything too crazy, just the light of an Immortal Monarch alone spoke volume. This was indicative

of their power.

Inside the clan, a big character came out to greet the High God.

The High God himself maintained a polite demeanor after coming here, exiting his palanquin early on.

Even though High Gods were strong and same with their clans, they needed to play nice before a monster like the Jilin Clan.

Chapter 1810: Jilin Clan

Everyone heard about the High Gods' visit to the Jilin Clan.

“That brat who calls himself Fiercest will have his head removed. It'll be a sacrifice to the two young lords from Southern Sun and Shrouding Sun.” Someone was fanning the fire from the shadow: “Otherwise, some random people can just massacre disciples from Jilin all they want, it'll be a terrible precedence. How are we going to walk with our head high in Pure again?!”

“That's right, use Fiercest's blood as an offering for the young lords or the rest of the world will laugh at us for being weak.” Someone else chimed in right away.

“Our Jilin Clan has three emperors, enough to smile proudly across Pure. Fiercest is unbridled and doesn't care for Jilin's prestige, doing whatever he wants in the Jilin's territory, killing the innocent. This is provoking the Jilin, a crime worthy of death!” Many were asking for Li Qiye's death.

Many sect masters and ancestors glanced at each other after hearing these messages. The experienced people naturally knew that some people wanted to cause trouble. They wanted these rumors to reach the experts in the Jilin Clan.

“Looks like the High Gods want Fiercest's life, no chance for peace.” A royal lord concluded.

“Fiercest will be visiting the Jilin, he's not afraid of anyone.” Another news came out soon after.

“Not afraid of anyone? He dared to say that? That's too arrogant and domineering. It means he doesn't care about the High Gods or even the Jilin Clan. Who the hell is this guy?” More people stirred the pot, wishing chaos upon the world.

“Hmph, if this brat dares to act arrogant at our clan, we'll show him even if he has a High God as his protector. No one can

challenge our prestige.” Some young disciples from the Jilin Clan were affected by the messages.

In a short time, the people of Jilin became animated with all kind of undercurrents flowing about. Some sects wanted to please Shrouding Sun and Southern Sun while others steered clear from the trouble.

During all of this, the Jilin Clan suddenly issued an invitation to the influential characters from the sects within its territory.

Some ancestors began to speculate the clan’s intention.

One ancestor thought: “Does the Jilin Clan want to make an example out of this event, starting with this Li Qiye?”

“That’s possible. Fiercest killed whoever he wanted in Jilin and two successors at that. It is indeed a blatant disrespect towards the clan. Remember, Southern Sun and Shrouding Sun are tributaries to the clan. You have to look at the master first before beating his dogs.” Another sect master said.

It didn’t matter what the clan wanted to do. All the ancestors who received an invitation quickly headed for the clan. Some juniors who wanted to broaden their horizon also followed along.

During the turmoil, Li Qiye finally left the peak for the clan.

“Come, off to the Jilin Clan.” Li Qiye told Shen Xiaoshan’s group.

Tieshu Weng’s legs grew weak right away for some reasons after hearing this.

If this was the past, he would be so excited. After all, a small sect like his wasn’t qualified to have an audience with the Jilin Clan.

Just staring at the clan from the distance was a type of glory but actually entering the clan was something they never dared to dream of.

But now, following Li Qiye to the clan should be a type of rewards. In theory, he should be very excited. However, when Li

Qiye said he wanted to do so, Weng had a strange premonition as if the sky was about to fall down. Something major was certainly going to happen. His intuition had always been apt.

He Chen, on the other hand, was excited with his eyes flashing after hearing this. It was definitely an exciting thing, being able to visit the Jilin Clan, almost like a dream coming true. He wished that he could be there at this very second.

Shen Xiaoshan didn't care too much. She only wanted to follow Li Qiye wherever he went, even if it meant jumping into a cauldron of boiling water. She was willing to do anything as long as she could stay by his side.

“Sir, I heard that both Southern Sun High God and Shrouding Sun High God are at the imperial clan right now.” Weng had also received some news despite staying at the peak.

He didn't dare to tell Li Qiye that these two High Gods wanted Li Qiye's head. The best thing to do now was to avoid the Jilin Clan so he was indirectly reminding Li Qiye.

“So what?” Li Qiye smiled freely: “They should thanking their ancestors that I'm not causing trouble for them but if they choose to be blind, then it's their own fault for seeking death.”

Weng was scared out of his mind. For a minor character like him, just talking about a High God was terrifying enough, let alone actually opposing one.

However, this seemed so trivial to Li Qiye as if he didn't care about a High God.

Despite his fear, he still closed his eyes and followed Li Qiye to the clan. After choosing the path, he had no choice but to follow Li Qiye to the end. This amazing man was their only chance to rise.

Imperial Jilin, one clan with three emperors, a renowned lineage in Pure.

In the nine worlds, there were many imperial lineages with no lack of three emperors. However, it was a bit different in the tenth world.

A lineage from the nine worlds was only a legacy left behind by an emperor, but in the tenth world, some of these emperors were still alive. Thus, an imperial lineage from the nine worlds was weaker than one in the tenth world.

There was a big probability of a lineage from the nine worlds collapsing. However, even without any decline, other great powers had a chance to surpass them if these imperial lineages couldn't produce any capable successors.

This wasn't the case for the tenth world. As long as their emperors were still alive, these sects could last forever.

It didn't matter how strong other powers grew to be, they still had something incomparable - their emperors!

Thus, even the strongest great power wouldn't dare to talk about destroying an imperial lineage. Even the strongest High God wouldn't dare to do so.

After all, destroying an imperial lineage meant opposing an emperor which is why the High Gods had to tread very carefully.

This was the reason why Shrouding Sun and Southern Sun High Gods remained vigilant and acted properly in the Jilin Clan.

The clan had three emperors. Two were still alive while Nightfall Immortal Monarch had embarked on the ultimate expedition. There had not been any news about her but this didn't affect the Jilin at all.

Her influence and fame were still there in Pure. She played a great part in Jilin's current success. It was because of her that the clan was able to become a present-day behemoth.

Before Nightfall, despite having two emperors already, the clan was still much weaker compared to the War-Monarch Clan and

Dragon Citadel. But after the appearance of Nightfall with eleven wills, everything became different. Henceforth, the clan became a force to be reckoned with!

Chapter 1811: Arrival

Nightfall Immortal Monarch was one step away from being a top emperor. However, in the eyes of the inhabitants of the thirteen continents, having eleven wills was already a top emperor in some sense.

She was indeed a bit weaker compared to Purewood, Origin, and World Emperor since they had twelve wills.

But remember, only nine people in history had twelve wills. Only four were still alive right now. Moreover, these four virtually never appeared again so the world wouldn't be able to see them. There was no way for them to hide from the Heavenly Execution. The moment their real body came out, the probability of the execution descending was immense.

This was the reason why those with eleven wills were considered the strongest emperors in the world, in a certain sense. That's why Nightfall was able to elevate her clan's position in Pure.

The strongest imperial lineage in Pure was the War-Monarch Clan but even their progenitor, War Monarch Heaven Emperor, only had eleven palaces and ten wills.

Just imagine, Nightfall was even more powerful than War Monarch who had countless war accolades. There was even a time when he gave orders to the rest of the world. From this, one could see Nightfall's status, being even stronger than War Monarch.

When Nightfall was in charge of the Jilin Clan, the War-Monarch Clan with four emperors, Heavensearch Sect with four as well, and Dragon Citadel all played nice.

Even though these sects had surviving emperors, dragons still had to coil and tigers had to lie down on their stomach before Nightfall!

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that she was completely

unstoppable when the peak emperors didn't come out.

Even though there hasn't been any news of her, her prestige was still present at the clan.

When Li Qiye and the group go there and saw the place full of imperial aura, Li Qiye gently sighed and said: "Nightfall Immortal Monarch."

The past couldn't be gazed upon again. Li Qiye didn't experience the sixth expedition or sent the group away, but he didn't want to do it either. There were too many familiar faces and people he didn't wish to lose on that journey. It left him with a heavy heart.

"Jilin Clan." He Chen was too excited at this visit. He had dreamed of this in the past but he knew it was impossible. But now, the clan was right in front of him.

The clan was situated inside Jilin City but it was also not part of it. The entire clan was built up high in the sky.

Jilin City was extremely vast and in the center was a high plain. It looked just like a divine mountain.

Just imagine, a thousand mile vast plain that towered all the way to the clouds. This was a magnificent and moving spectacle.

It looked as if someone had used a supreme mean to uproot the entire clan from its foundation. The craft was meticulous so all eight directions were neatly carved.

Thus, the entire clan looked like a kingdom in the heavens. People couldn't help but feel a sense of respect. Along the cliffs were beautiful stream gurgling down just like true dragons.

One would either fly or use the bridges to reach the clan. There were bridges leading to the clouds all around the plain. Climbing up gave an illusion of ascension.

There were experts guarding all the bridges. Without an invitation, no cultivator could gain access to the clan.

The arrival of Li Qiye's group caused quite a commotion. It was hard for him to keep a low-profile due to his current notoriety in this region.

He killed Heavenly Phoenix Crown Prince and crushed both Li Tianhao and Shen Jinlong. This was enough to make him famous on top of being enemy with three powerful lineages. This was definitely fierce enough. No wonder why he called himself, Fiercest.

“Fiercest is here.” Someone shouted when Li Qiye was outside of the Jilin Clan.

All eyes turned towards him instantly, only to see his leisure stroll.

He was still as leisure and nonchalant as ever despite the massive attention. Meanwhile, Tieshu Weng was nervous and afraid, secretly praying that nothing major will happen.

“He really dares to come here even though both the sun sects said they wanted his life, not caring about the two High Gods. Such courage and decisiveness far surpass his peers.” The experienced leaders from the last generation were both surprised and found it admirable.

Any other young cultivator would have pissed their pants in this situation or ran away long ago unlike Fiercest.

“A new cultivator with only several hundred units of chaos energy yet daring to oppose Southern Sun and Shrouding Sun. That's quite unbelievable.” Disbelief was a common sentiment among the members of the crowd.

In the beginning, they heard that this person called Fiercest was going against two High Gods. They assumed that it was a supreme genius from a great lineage, not a newly-debuted junior.

They shifted their focus towards his entourage and found that it was made up of nobodies. How could such a person dare to go

against the two High Gods? The unaware was simply astounded.

“Ha, you don’t know about it. Weak his cultivation may be but his background can scare you to death. I heard he has a High God protecting him in the shadows. That’s why he wasn’t afraid of anything. Cultivation no longer matters nowadays, a nice upbringing is still the best. That alone will allow you to act however you please.” A cultivator said with a hint of jealousy.

“Oh, I see. A High God protecting him? His background must be great.” The ones who heard this for the first time understood right away.

After seeing Li Qiye’s group, the experts guarding the bridges became austere right away.

He Chen’s face was turning red from excitement while Tieshu Weng’s legs were giving up. He knew that there was a chance of dying after entering but he still took a deep breath since they have gotten so far already.

“May I ask for the reason for your visit?” One expert from Jilin asked.

“The name’s Li Qiye, tell your princess to come and get me.” Li Qiye calmly said.

The disciples guarding the bridge were startled. Wanting their princess to personally see him was quite a domineering request.

Nevertheless, the group here didn’t show any slight. One of them went to report the message.

“That’s some grandstanding.” The spectators didn’t like his choice of words. As members of Jilin, they considered Jilin Princess to be a supreme existence. The young ones especially didn’t like it because she was a goddess in their mind.

“Hmph, too arrogant, not showing the imperial clan any respect at all. He should take a look in the mirror, who the hell is he for the princess to come out and greet him?!” A young expert said with

annoyance.

“Right, so what if he has High God protecting him? The Jilin Clan has Immortal Monarchs. Does he think he’s the heaven’s favorite just because he has a High God?” Another chimed in.

In a short time, a dozen youths landed before the bridge from above. The leader was a handsome youth with a stalwart and oppressive aura.

“You must be Fellow Daoist Li.” He smiled and said after seeing Li Qiye.

Chapter 1812: Establishing Dominance

The guards didn't expect this youth and his group to be the one seeing Li Qiye.

“Is Her Highness not coming?” One expert quietly inquired.

The youth told Li Qiye in a friendly manner: “Fellow Daoist Li, Our Highness is occupied at the moment so I am here to welcome you instead.”

This youth answered the expert and stated his intention towards Li Qiye in one go.

The experts outside slightly raised their brow after hearing this.

“First Brother Zhang Yang is here. Her Highness didn't come out but it looks like First Brother will be representing her.” Someone immediately recognized the youth.

“Hmph, why would this Fiercest even ask for Her Highness to come and greet him? Even if he has a High God backing him up, the imperial clan won't let him do whatever he wants. The fact that First Brother is here to greet him is already giving him ample face. In terms of cultivation and status, First Brother is on the same level as any main successor of a great power.”

Zhang Yang might be the First Brother but he wasn't from the main branch. Nevertheless, he was quite exceptional at his age and was taken in by an elder of the branch to be a disciple.

Li Qiye simply smiled at this reception. Even though Zhang Yang was friendly enough, his company clearly showed displeasure and even hatred towards Li Qiye, evident by their cold glare.

Tieshu Weng's expression darkened after seeing them due to his discerning gaze built from experience. He knew that they came with malicious intent.

Was this the clan's attempt of taking Li Qiye down a notch? Of

course, Weng would be worried since they were dealing with a behemoth like the Jilin Clan.

“I see, let us go in then.” Li Qiye remained aloof.

“Fellow Daoist Li, this way, the elders are waiting.” Zhang Yang didn’t lose his respectful demeanor.

The group stepped on the bridge in order to climb to the top. However, a different youth who came with Zhang Yang immediately shouted at the group: “Stop.”

Li Qiye didn’t become angry and asked: “There’s something else?”

“For safety reasons, one must leave behind their weapons here before entering the clan. Also, this is an imperial lineage, random dogs and cats can’t just enter whenever.” He pointed at Tieshu Weng’s group.

The group couldn’t become angry after being treated with such contempt because they were minor characters. Just being able to enter the clan was already a type of honor.

“Oh, Fellow Daoist Li, this is just a misunderstanding. This is my Junior Brother Ma Sheng, he’s too straightforward and is only going by the rules. He doesn’t mean anything by it.”

The experts guarding the bridge wondered what was going on and if this was the intent of their princess.

This made the cultivators outside glance at each other. Zhang Yang was purposely causing trouble. No cultivator would hand their weapon to an outsider. Of course, some Jilin cultivators, especially the younger ones, felt that this was how it should be.

“Hmph, that Li guy thinks he’s cool with a High God backing him up. Let’s take him down a notch so that he knows the Jilin Clan isn’t a place for him to do whatever he wants.” A youth cheered after seeing Li Qiye in trouble.

Li Qiye smiled in response: “And if I don’t?” He naturally knew what they were up to.

“The Jilin Clan is an imperial lineage, not a place for you to act presumptuously!” Ma Sheng said with a stern expression while being full of pride.

Despite being a disciple of a side branch, his talents were high enough. He was also a relative of an outer elder so it meant that he had some status even within the clan. It was normal for him to be a little conceited.

His peers were smirking in the back, clearly feeling schadenfreude. So it turned out that this group was egged on by several people from the two High Gods camps. It made them stand on the side of Shrouding Sun and Southern Sun.

This shouldn’t be too surprising because as side branches’ disciples of the Jilin, they were originally from other great powers under Jilin anyway. More importantly, they considered other powers within Jilin as their own. That’s why when Li Qiye bullied Southern Sun and Shrouding Sun, it was the same as bullying the Jilin Clan, hence their antagonistic view of him.

Right now, they even had two High Gods at their backing. Li Qiye couldn’t cause any trouble regardless of who he had behind him. Daring to oppose the clan at their home was the same as declaring war against two Immortal Monarchs, quite a suicidal endeavor.

Thus, this young group took advantage during the princess’ visit to the ancestors and stopped the messenger from informing the princess. They took the initiative of seeing Li Qiye in order to show him the deal.

Li Qiye stared at the proud Ma Sheng and said: “I don’t care if you are from an imperial lineage or not, they’re no different from little puppies in my eyes. Provoking me won’t end well regardless of your background.”

Not just Ma Sheng but the rest of the disciples were shocked. Even the guards felt the same way. The spectating cultivators from Jilin were glaring angrily at him too.

This comment was a straight slap at the clan so the Jilin disciples became angry, regardless of whether they were from the main or side branches. Even the experts from other great powers under Jilin became enraged. Insulting the clan was the same as insulting them.

“Li, such big tone. You want to fight one on one then?!” Ma Sheng loudly challenged.

“One on one? You?” Li Qiye smiled and gave him the side-eye.

This naturally made Ma Sheng furious. It was one thing to be looked down at by a genius but this was someone with virtually zero cultivation.

“Boom!” Chaos energy rose to the sky like a waterfall, eventually resulting in fiery wings forming behind Ma Sheng’s back. The laws of a monarch made him look formidable.

“So powerful.” The spectators were startled to see the powerful imperial laws.

One expert added: “That’s a [side-branch senior disciple](#) for you, he might just be as strong as the First Brother.”

Despite being side-branch disciples, Ma Sheng and Zhang Yang were definitely more powerful than Li Tianhao. They were originally brilliant talents from their own great powers. After joining the Jilin, they gained access to imperial laws which propelled their abilities.

“Brat, come, I’ll let you know the consequence of insulting our clan!” A white aura illuminated the sky after Ma Sheng took out his sword.

“Is that so? Go for it, I’ll give you a chance.” Li Qiye said flatly.

“Very well!” The sword howled continuously before the slash. Its sharpness could pierce through the world while its momentum could flatten the earth!

“Boom!” Before people knew what was going on, Ma Sheng’s sword cracked and he was hanging in the air with something gripping his neck.

“A High God!” People instantly recalled the rumors of Li Qiye’s protector!

I know that side-branch might feel like an insult or a downgrade, but it isn’t in this case. The literal translation is “disciple with a different last name”, but I can’t come up with a shortened/better way for this outside of side-branch. It just means that they were accepted to the Jilin Clan despite being from outside families. That should be a positive indicator of their talents/worth

Chapter 1813: Heads To The Ground

Zhang Yang's group was shocked to see Ma Sheng's sorry state; they instinctively took one step back.

“Brat, let him go now! Touching a hair of his is the same as provoking our clan. Not even a High God can protect you then!” Zhang Yang screamed at Li Qiye.

They trained together since youth; this fostered a close relationship between them so Zhang Yang instantly became anxious.

“Provoking the clan? You think I care about that?” Li Qiye couldn't help but smirk.

“Crack!” The invisible hand wrung Ma Sheng's neck, resulting in the death of an expert without a chance to scream.

He died with his eyes still agape, unable to accept that someone would actually kill him right outside their clan. Who in this world would dare to do something so blatantly disrespectful towards the Jilin Clan?!

The entire scene became muted. This wanton murder was too much to take in.

When Zhang Yang and the others regained their wits, their face turned red with rage. They were just as close as brothers so how could they let this go?

“Little animal, die!” Zhang Yang roared and the other disciples followed his lead. All of them rushed towards Li Qiye like multiple storms in order to seize retribution!

Tieshu Weng's group was shocked because this torrential assault could instantly annihilate them.

“Rumble!” Someone instantly knocked all of them down.

This was not a weak group yet they were subdued so easily to the

astonishment of the crowd.

Everyone thought that it was either Li Qiye or the High God protecting him. However, they saw that a gray-haired old man was standing in the middle of the scene.

“Master!” Zhang Yang cried out, unable to believe his own eyes.

“Bang!” The old man slapped his face without holding back, breaking some of the youth’s teeth in the process.

“Unfilial child! You have thrown away all of my face by recklessly pretending to give an order from Her Highness for the reception, it is unforgivable!” The old man shouted.

“Elder, falsifying messages is a crime worthy of death!” A majestic voice came about as a woman walked over with unparalleled regality.

“Your Highness!” Both the disciples from Jilin and the spectators outside instantly kneeled.

Jilin Princess initially was visiting a reclusive forefather from her clan because her ancestors wanted to figure out which supreme existence coming into being was Li Qiye.

She didn’t expect that these young disciples would fake an order from her and took the initiative to see Li Qiye.

“Your Highness.” The elder kneeled as well.

“Elder, do not blame my lack of mercy.” The princess said: “This is a crime punishable by death. We have our rules that can’t be broken. Do you want me to be the arbitrator or the other elders?”

“It’s my fault for being an insufficient master.” The elder turned pale. He couldn’t bear to lose his disciple but there was no point in beseeching. The fact that the princess didn’t make him responsible as the master was already showing exceptional benevolence.

Keep in mind that if anyone could falsify an order from the princess, then the clan would fall into disarray with destruction in

the early horizon.

Zhang Yang's group became horrified. In the beginning, they thought opposing Li Qiye was upholding the clan. Their hot-blooded selves didn't think too much about the matter before coming to cause trouble. But now, this had involved the princess and there was no way out of this.

In the end, even his master gave the order: "Take them away for decapitation."

At this moment, all he could do was to give his disciple and his peers a swift death.

The Jilin experts by the bridge immediately pulled the group away. In the blink of an eye, more than ten heads fell to the ground and caused the crowd to gasp. The silent cultivators finally understood how strict this imperial clan was with their ironclad rules! Even geniuses weren't spared.

Everyone held their breath. Earlier, Zhang Yang was relying on his clan's prestige to act aggressively. Now, their heads were on the ground for violating its rules.

"Excuse me for the inadequate reception and our disciples' blindness. Please forgive us." The princess quickly walked before Li Qiye and bowed deeply.

The spectators were naturally shocked from this apology, especially the ones that haven't seen the event back at Godwatching.

This was the successor of the Jilin dao legacy, a descendant of Jilin Immortal Monarch. She herself was amazing enough with a powerful cultivation. Rumor has it that she had reached the Dao Celestial realm. She was an unreachable and noble existence in the eyes of many cultivators.

But today, they saw with their own eyes just how respectful she was towards Li Qiye. She went even as far as apologizing to him

and made jaws drop to the ground.

“It’s just, just juniors being juniors. Let it go.” Li Qiye said before moving his arm to the side.

The princess personally held his arm and leaned on him before the two climbed the bridge into the clan. From the perspective of the stunned crowd, it looked as if their supreme princess was only a servant next to Li Qiye.

They wondered who the hell was this guy? Why was he able to look down on the rest of the world in this imperious manner?

Among the vastness of the clan, there was a high palace deep in the clouds. This was the chamber clan used to deliberate important matters.

It was majestic and grand with a large field paved with a thousand stone steps, capable of accommodating a massive crowd. To the left and right were stalwart statues, such as an eagle soaring through the sky or a dragon exhaling mist; a phoenix in the nine heavens was present as well.

There were many experts sitting on these steps. All of them had gray hair and oppressive aura. They were the ancestors from the great powers within Jilin, all preeminent characters.

Inside the main chamber were two High Gods sitting down, Shrouding Sun and Grand Rule. They filled the chamber with divinity just like a boundless ocean, capable of drowning out the world itself.

Southern Sun was to the left and had a golden glow just like a rising sun. Perhaps a sun god in the legends would look like this. His magical flame was the source of all the fire in this world. With a single thought, he could incinerate the myriad realms or grant the salvation through embers and ashes.

Grand Rule on the right had circulating stars around him as he derived the myriad laws. He was clearly sitting there yet he also

seemed to be in a remote region in space. There were arms raising behind him as if he was creating multiple worlds.

The ancestors on the steps didn't dare to breathe loudly in their presence. Even though there were many Dao Celestials among them, some even had more than 100,000,000 chaos units, there was still a big gap between them and the High Gods.

There was one ancestor talking to these two High Gods. He seemed to be half-asleep despite the big shots sitting before him. Perhaps he didn't have a good sleep last night.

Once the princess brought Li Qiye to the chamber, all eyes instantly turned towards him.

Chapter 1814: High God

The ancestors on the steps perused this ordinary brat. In fact, some of them were not happy to see him.

They have heard about how he crushed the divine intent of Southern Sun High God. It didn't matter whether it was him or a big shot behind him. Daring to do so was not showing Southern Sun High God any face.

It was one thing if the High God was already dead. But if he was alive, this was a blatant declaration of war due to the insulting nature of the act.

People didn't know where this brat was from and how it emboldened him enough to challenge a High God. Even the most arrogant and invincible wouldn't dare to do so. It showed that either he was unbelievably powerful or the person behind him was.

After Li Qiye made his entrance, the sleepy old man next to the two High Gods finally opened his eyes.

With an amicable laughter, he greeted: "Young Noble Li, thank you for visiting our humble abode. My name is Jilin Guanjin, in charge of today's event, hoping to resolve many issues."

This eminent old man was an ancestor of the clan. Even though he wasn't the strongest, he made quite a name for himself while traveling outside during his youth. He made friends and foes while accomplishing many feats.

Rumor has it that he had reached Dao Celestial a very long time ago and currently had 300,000,000 chaos units!

This was a frightening number, boundless even. This meant that he was at the door of the High God level.

Some even believed that he had fused his grand dao with his fate palaces, meaning that he was already a High God.

Regardless of whether he was a High God or not, someone as famous and experienced like him had no problem sitting next to Shrouding Sun and Southern Sun High Gods.

The two High Gods stared intensely at Li Qiye with fire in their eyes. The glares were capable of destroying the myriad laws and moving the celestials. Some experts, even certain ancestors, felt the urge to kneel down before their divine aura.

These were terrorizing existences that could create clouds with one wave and rains with the next. They could burn the sky with one thought and boil the ocean with a second.

Their suppressive aura made the ancestors here shudder from realizing their own lacking. There was an uncrossable gap between them and the two High Gods.

The two finally looked away after a thorough search and became quite perplexed. There was no trace of power in Li Qiye. His cultivation was very obvious, only a new cultivator with several hundred chaos units.

The two were discerning enough to tell. It would be exceedingly difficult for Li Qiye to hide a heaven-defying cultivation in front of these two.

In terms of cultivation, Li Qiye was only a trivial cultivator at the Dao Ant realm. There were too many of them to count in Pure.

In theory, it was impossible for someone like him to destroy the divine intent of Southern Sun. Thus, this pointed to someone else being involved.

“Brat, tell your High God to come out.” Southern Sun uttered coldly with an awe-inspiring fury.

It was understandable for the High God to be angry. His divine intent was crushed by someone else. It was a different story if he was already dead but no, doing this to a living High God was the same as slapping his face.

Even the calmest and graceful High God wouldn't be able to endure a slap to the face.

A descendant being killed wasn't a big deal for a High God since they had a thousand or even more. However, a slap was a different story.

Li Qiye smiled and shook his head: "I'm all alone, there's no High God. Looks like you have wasted all your years living, only a bunch of senile fools."

The ancestors here were stunned by this arrogant and domineering insult.

"How presumptuous!" Grand Rule instantly shouted.

"Boom!" Endless waves of destructive divinity ravaged the sky with enough force to instantly kill many ancestors.

Big shots like Dao Sages and Dao Saints would instantly turn to ashes, unable to stop this terrorizing divinity. Even ancestors at the Dao Celestial realm would have trouble resisting it.

"Rumble!" A series of explosion occurred. The annihilative divinity still halted right in front of Li Qiye with no chance of touching him.

One Thought To Reign, one of the six in the Thought Scripture. Li Qiye's will was strong enough to stop Grand Rule's divinity from harming him.

Both the High Gods surveyed the area but found no one powerful hiding in the shadows. This confused them even more. How did this junior stop that level of divinity? Did he have a supreme artifact on his body?

But if that was the case, only the mythical True Immortal Armament could allow for a Dao Ant to stop the divinity attack earlier. However, only five armaments of this level have appeared since the dawn of time. How could a no-name junior have one of them?!

“Hmph.” Southern Sun High God snorted after seeing the successful defense.

At this time, both High Gods emitted a blinding radiance. Their divine aura swept through the myriad realms, proving the fact that they were deities that could rule over all the living beings. In the next second, they soared to the sky and poured down streams of laws. Marks only available to gods appeared but not their totem yet. This allowed them to control all the origin powers in this world.

This astounded the ancestors sitting on the stone steps because they could feel their grand dao being suppressed by those two. Both their chaos and primal energies were repressed as well. This meant that they were completely helpless; those two High Gods could do whatever they wanted in a fight. Even though the majority of ancestors here were Dao Celestial with some even referred to as “Supreme” by their own disciples, the disparity between them and true deities was too great.

“A bit capable.” Southern Sun High God looked down at Li Qiye from above with a profound pair of eyes. They were deep just like an endless abyss, stirring fear into the souls of the enemies.

The High Gods didn’t need to attack since their auras could do all the work by interfering with the dao heart and mentally imprisoning Li Qiye.

Alas, the reality was that mental attacks were useless against Li Qiye due to his matchless mental fortitude.

“Just child’s play.” Li Qiye smiled freely, unaffected by the High Gods’ attack.

“Rumble!” With loud explosions, Li Qiye had a passing thought and golden liquid emerged from the ground. These golden springs gushed out and raised Li Qiye into the sky.

“Rawr!” A gigantic golden dragon also flew out from the spring.

It wasn't just an image of a dragon. This was a real creature, seemingly made of gold. There was a primal draconic aura to it, showing that it used to be the lord of the ancient eras!

Chapter 1815: One Thought To Create

“Rawr!” The golden dragon circled around Li Qiye as if protecting him.

“Buzz.” The rest of the golden spring turned into a tyrannical throne, full of imperial aura. Only emperors were allowed to enjoy this seat.

“Rawr!” The dragon roared with a frightening draconic tempest, capable of destroying the sun and moon. It blew away several ancestors sitting on the step and nearly made them run from fear. It almost lifted both the High Gods off the ground until they used their divinity for stabilization.

It made the throne look like a supreme imperial draconic treasure, only an unreachable emperor would be able to sit on it. Li Qiye’s ordinary self became the ruler of the world and the myriad races. Everyone would want to kneel before him.

The two gods were astounded by this scene. They opened their heavenly gaze but couldn’t see whether this was real or just an illusion.

After reaching a certain level, cultivators would gain magical abilities. For example, when the two High Gods came with their real body, golden springs and immortal flowers would arrive with the grand dao. All of this was quite inspiring to any spectator.

However, only High Gods or emperors would have such a grand scene. This Li Qiye was neither an emperor nor a High God. The more bizarre thing was that something like a golden dragon shouldn’t be part of these abilities.

Even a High God couldn’t summon a golden dragon because a mature dragon was just as strong as a High God. How could they summon one so easily?

A High God could use his ability to create a dragon that would

look quite real with draconic aura, at least to the weak. But others on the same level could tell that it was only an illusion or an image at a glance.

The problem now was that the two High Gods couldn't tell whether this golden dragon was real or fake.

If it was fake, then Li Qiye's illusion art was too devilish and peerless, capable of hiding it from High Gods. But if it was real, how could a junior like him summon a golden dragon? Not even an emperor could do so easily. After all, the dragon race was exceedingly rare in this world, especially a mature golden dragon.

In the end, the two of them believed in the former scenario, that Li Qiye had an ultimate illusion spell that was hard for even High Gods to tell.

“Golden serum of the earth.” Jilin Guanlu couldn't help but murmur after seeing the golden spring turning into the throne and dragon.

This ancestor of Jilin instantly knew what it was since he couldn't be more familiar with it.

The spring that came along with High Gods was only a type of technique but this wasn't the case for Li Qiye. It was truly a golden spring, an underground resource of their clan called golden serum; their ancestral ground relied on it as a power source. This was the reason why he became so surprised to see it pouring out.

The two High Gods were outsiders and didn't know much about the Jilin Clan. Moreover, they were only focusing on his abilities. Meanwhile, Guanlu was fixated on the golden spring belonging to their clan!

This shocked him to the core. Remember that this was the ancestral ground of their clan that had been empowered by countless sages, High Gods, and even their three Immortal Monarchs.

Only an emperor would be able to force the spring out of their home. He finally understood that the princess was right. This Li Qiye at the Dao Ant realm could actually be an emperor using some sort of strange means to return. Even though his cultivation was limited, he still had all the supreme techniques and abilities of an emperor!

Ultimately, all three didn't understand what was going on.

This was One Thought To Create, one of the six wills of the scripture. Creation was possible with just one thought. For example, this golden dragon was created for battle. Of course, it couldn't be done out of thin air without a particular foundation. Just imagination and thoughts alone weren't enough. Nothing could create something out of nothing, outside of the high heaven.

Thus, in order to create the throne and dragon, his foundation material was the golden serum. It already had a majestic power so Li Qiye used it for creation.

Of course, one would need a powerful will and vast knowledge. If one had never seen an imperial throne, the divinity of an emperor, or a golden dragon's power before, they wouldn't be able to create anything. At best, they would be able to create an ordinary chair or a yellow flood-serpent.

The last prerequisite was having a strong enough willpower and dao heart to support them. Otherwise, the power of the throne and the dragon would crack the user's mind.

This single thought creation technique sounded amazing on paper, but truly creating something was exceedingly prohibitive. Only a talent like Li Qiye with all of his conditions could create anything he wanted!

This was the reason why the two High Gods came to the wrong conclusion. It wasn't due to their shallow knowledge but the chance was simply minuscule.

Just imagine, a person with the greatest dao heart and boundless knowledge on top of cultivating the Thought Scripture, how many of these beings have come out in history?

Only one. Thus, the two High Gods were rightfully mistaken.

“Alright, the two of you got a bone to pick with me?” Li Qiye looked just like an emperor while sitting on his throne with surging imperial aura.

Everyone was shocked to see this, especially the ancestors from the great powers. They turned pale from this amazing scene. Someone at the Dao Ant realm could create this imperial atmosphere. Even if it was only an illusion, it seemed so real and made others lost inside.

“No need to be so reserved, use whatever means you have and I’ll entertain you both. Killing a High God or two is no big deal.” Li Qiye leisurely said.

This domineering statement naturally astounded the ancestors from the great powers. Outside of High Gods themselves, only emperors would dare to utter the words, “killing a High God”.

These two weren’t so easily provoked because they have seen countless storms in the past. Nevertheless, their eyes still burned with furious murderous intent after hearing this. It was akin to the eruption of many suns, scaring all spectators.

“Cough.” Jilin Guanlu interrupted at this time: “Gentlemen, there might be a misunderstanding going on. Everyone here are influential masters in the contemporary, just talk it through and turn animosity into friendship.”

Guanlu naturally didn’t want a fight to happen in his clan. One was a supreme existence of unknown origin, the other were two High Gods. If a fight broke out, it would literally be world-shattering, not a fun event regardless of the victor.

“A life for a life, a fitting end for a murderer.” Grand Rule High

God spoke in a definite manner.

“This can’t be forgiven!” Southern Sun added. Even though he wasn’t as resolute as Grand Rule, his tone was still aggressive.

This was the difference in the intent between Southern Sun and Grand Rule. Southern Sun wanted to win some reputation back while Grand Rule aimed for vengeance.

Chapter 1816: Golden Python Sovereign

Both of the High Gods wanted to settle the score with Li Qiye, albeit with different goals.

Southern Sun simply wanted to regain his lost reputation from having a divine intent crushed publicly by a junior. Because he was still alive, this would result in a big blow to his prestige if he were to ignore it.

Of course, avenging the dead Li Tianhao was a matter of convenience. This was only a minor issue. Even though he liked Tianhao, a High God like him had too many descendants to count, several hundred, if not a thousand.

Even if Tianhao was his favorite, he wouldn't necessarily come into being just for revenge. Though the probability for a Heavenly Execution to appear was much lower for a High God compared to an emperor, there was still a chance.

Vengeance was used here only as an excuse. He couldn't exactly tell the world that he especially came out to trouble Li Qiye just because of face. Thus, revenge was a perfect and justifiable reason.

This was not the case for Grand Rule since he truly wanted vengeance for Jin Shenlong. He was ready to take the risk of Heavenly Tribulation just to do so.

Li Tianhao was only one of his many descendants, there was a limit to this regardless how much Southern Sun liked the boy. On the other hand, Shen Jinlong was Grand Rule's son, the only one with his real bloodline.

Grand Rule didn't have a child until later in life. From this, one could imagine just how important Jinlong was in his eyes, potentially the most pivotal out of everyone.

For different reasons, Grand Rule and his son didn't have a close relationship. It was rather strained because Jinlong didn't want to

let others know about his father. This was the reason why no one knew about it.

In spite of this, Jinlong was still his only son. Grand Rule would risk everything for his child.

This was why he decided to pressure the Jilin Clan. Remember, the clan still had two surviving emperors. He wasn't much of a threat towards the clan since it still had other High Gods too.

This was a relatively risky move for a High God to pressure a behemoth like Jilin. Nevertheless, he still chose to do so. It showed his resolute determination and will for vengeance.

Li Qiye didn't care for their current feelings at all and leisurely said: "Come one at a time or together?"

The guy was boasting about going against two high Gods at once without a care to the astonishment of the ancestors sitting on the stone steps. This might be the most aggressive youth they have ever seen.

The High Gods' expression soured and were successfully provoked despite their numerous life experiences. Being shown such disdain by a junior before everyone necessitated them taking care of it. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to keep their head high later on.

"Arrogant junior!" A different ancestor stepped up and coldly uttered: "I shall take the first battle in my master's stead to see how capable you are!"

An aura surged with the faint image of a python behind him. This looked like a beast during the primal eras with a sinister feel, especially the eyes. Once stared at by them, people wouldn't be able to stop shuddering.

"Golden Python Sovereign!" Someone quietly said. Most ancestors sitting on the steps recognized him.

This was a famous ancestor throughout Pure who was from

Shrouding Sun as Grand Rule's disciple.

He was a Dao Celestial with 135,000,000 chaos units. This was a pretty formidable character in this particular realm.

Keep in mind that 50,000,000 chaos units were the requirement for breaking through Dao Saint into Dao Celestial.

However, for the top Dao Celestials, cultivators with 50,000,000 chao units weren't Dao Celestials. This was the requirements of the weak.

In the eyes of the big shots, only 100,000,000 chaos units and up were considered real Dao Celestials.

Normally, celestials with 300,000,000 and more could compete for the Heaven's Will or become a god. Thus, this was the door to the next level. Of course, there were exceptions. In the thirteen continents, even some aberrations that had more than 600,000,000 chaos units still couldn't reach the next level.

Golden Python Sovereign with 135,000,000 chaos units was indicative of his strength. If 50,000,000 chaos unit was considered a half-step celestial, then the sovereign was definitely an expert among celestials.

He was considerably weaker compared to Jilin Guanlu with 300,000,000 chaos units but his cultivation was still enough for him to do as he pleases across Jilin or even all of Pure.

"Buzz." A longbow engulfed in an imperial aura was his weapon of choice, seemingly cast from gold with an orange-yellow glow.

"A grand emperor's dao weapon of the Orange Martial grade!" One ancestor loudly revealed.

Shrouding Sun was ultimately an imperial lineage with weapons left behind by its progenitor. This was the Sun Shooting Bow; it was a postnatal weapon but its orange grade made it powerful enough.

His cultivation alone was strong enough but with an imperial weapon in his hand, it culminated in a force that would frighten everyone.

“Boom!” An ancient battlefield slowly rose from the Jilin Clan, full of chaos energy and locked tightly with strands of dao laws.

“If everyone wants to fight, then go up the battlefield.” Guanlu gently sighed and gave up on trying to mediate.

There was no way for Guanlu to change Shen Qianjun’s mind on avenging his son. Maybe only a High God with ten totems and up or an Immortal Monarch from their clan would be able to do so.

“Brat, come!” Golden Python Sovereign shouted at Li Qiye.

In the blink of an eye, he released all of his chaos energy. It erupted like an ocean being released at the same time. This power assaulted the sky and nearly broke it open.

All existences seemed insignificant before this majestic aura since this ocean-like energy could drown all of them instantly or annihilate a continent.

People held their breath and stared at Li Qiye. This was a real expert so they were eager to see how Li Qiye would take him on.

The sovereign didn’t come out rashly nor was it an attempt to scout the foe for his master. He also wanted to see whether Li Qiye had real power or it was all an illusion.

“I’ll indulge you then.” Li Qiye smiled casually and reached forward.

There were many statues of varying shapes and forms in this battlefield, such as dragons, beasts, and fierce birds. Li Qiye was touching a phoenix statue on the right side.

With his palm on it, he closed his eyes and gathered his wits.

“Chirp!” The statue actually came back to life! The phoenix immediately stretched its wings and moved its body.

Everyone became silly after seeing this, including Southern Sun and Shrouding Sun High Gods! Both of them became serious and stared at this living creature.

Chapter 1817: Real Or Not

“Woosh!” The phoenix’s entire body was ablaze. This raging flame could incinerate everything in this world. This was the Samadhi Flame wishing to refine all living beings.

Everyone opened their heavenly gaze in order to see if it was a phoenix or not. However, they found this flame to be so real and didn’t resemble an illusion at all.

“Screech.” The bird soared around the sky, leaving a blazing trail in its path. The Samadhi Flame could even burn the void itself. Nothing could stop its terrorizing power.

“Is that really a phoenix?” Both the High Gods were perplexed, filled with uncertainties.

First, it was a golden dragon created from the spring. Now, it was a statue turning into a phoenix. This technique was even more devilish than [turning rock into gold](#), no, even more unbelievable than summoning a phoenix or dragon.

After reaching a certain level, it wasn’t hard for a cultivator to turn rock into gold. Summoning a divine beast was much harder - virtually impossible - but there was still a chance.

For example, if an emperor had groomed or tamed a phoenix or dragon, then he could summon either one. Plus, this type of summoning is predicated on having the beasts beforehand. Otherwise, what non-existent beasts would they be calling out?

However, Li Qiye had nothing of that sorts. There could be an argument made for the golden dragon, that Li Qiye had one beforehand. However, everyone saw him rub the phoenix statue back to life.

This was the strangest part. Could he give birth out of nothing, granting life to this phoenix statue with a single touch?

This was impossible and outside the realm of living beings. Only

the heaven and earth could bestow life! Even emperors couldn't do so because they were unable to create life.

Alas, a real, living phoenix was flying before their very eyes.

“No way!” Both the High Gods were in disbelief. If Li Qiye had the ability to create life, then he would be the high heaven, not a mortal.

The high heaven was one-and-only; this brat certainly wasn't it.

The only explanation was that they were mere illusions or that this brat had an extraordinary technique of turning illusion into a pseudo-reality, such as this phoenix.

Alas, this was far from the truth. The single-thought creation let Li Qiye use his intent to turn the statue into a full power phoenix. This was due to his powerful dao heart, capable of shouldering the creation of this phoenix. Otherwise, he would be the first victim to its Samadhi Flame.

“Screech.” The phoenix jumped into the sky of the battlefield before plunging down for the sovereign and attacking with its flame.

“Rumble!” The sky was completely ravaged by the torrential Samadhi Flame, resulting in a spectacle of carnage. Anything drowned inside would be instantly turned to ashes. The ancestors on the steps were horrified because of this sight.

“Come get me!” The sovereign wasn't afraid at all and let out a battle cry.

“Buzz!” All of his chaos energy poured into the bow and made it resplendent. With some reverberating noises, an extremely sharp arrow appeared.

The string pulled back before the ultimate unleash. “Boom!”

This arrow made the world tremble with its imperial aura erupting and gathering at the tip.

There was no resisting this particular arrow. No one would doubt its capability to pierce through space and the sun!

Under the empowerment of 135,000,000 chaos units, the imperial arrow's destructive force was truly impressive. Even if it was much weaker than if an emperor himself were to fire, another opponent on the same level without an imperial weapon wouldn't be able to stop this arrow. They would instantly be pierced to death with one blow with no chance to resist.

“Poof!” The phoenix spread its wings in response and gathered all the flame in the sky. In the next second, the flame turned into a shiny, crystal door and protected the beast within.

“Bang!” This shocking arrow was completely stopped. Even the weapon of an emperor couldn't penetrate this defensive flame barrier.

“Impossible!” Both the High Gods got up from their seat while the other ancestors became agape.

“That's a real phoenix then?” People were shaken due to their expectation earlier being dispelled.

They thought it was only an illusion earlier but for something to stop an imperial arrow so easily using its own strength, this must be a real phoenix! An illusion had no chance of doing so without the aid of a different imperial weapon.

The two High Gods stood up and stared intensely at this phoenix. Everything became so muddled since this “illusion” was able to stop the arrow of an emperor.

Jilin Guanlu felt the same way with his mouth wide open. How could a fake phoenix stop an imperial arrow?

“Boom! Boom! Boom!” After the first arrow was stopped, the sovereign's body was covered in radiance since he channeled all of his power to unleash several dozen arrows in one breath.

This barrage of star-destroying arrows had a matchless level of

destruction. They struck the flame barrier one after another, creating ripples on the surface. It seemed as if this continued, the sovereign could actually break through.

The spectators were completely immersed in this fight. If even this barrage couldn't break through this barrier, then they would need to question their initial speculation again.

The sovereign wanted to pave the way for his master so he tried especially hard to figure out Li Qiye's technique. He didn't mind wasting a great amount of chaos energy in order to unleash these arrows on the flame barriers, wishing to break it down in the shortest amount of time.

“Screech!” With a loud blast, the phoenix exuded even more Samadhi Flame like a tsunami rampaging through the sky.

This galaxy-destroying fiery wave came down the second time. Despite the relentless onslaught from the sovereign, he simply couldn't get through the barrier to get to the bird.

He was completely stunned from the counterattack because he had placed all of his focus on offense. There was no time to escape.

“Ah!” The tyrannical flame drowned him, leaving not even a speck of bone dust behind.

Everyone shuddered after seeing the swift death of a Dao Celestial with 135,000,000 chaos units. This was too much to take in. They finally believed that Li Qiye had crushed Southern Sun's will in the past.

Shen Qianjun's expression became as cold as the mist since he could only watch his disciple being burned to death. Since the guy wanted to fight Li Qiye, his participation would have been dishonorable.

“Crash!” The phoenix flew back to its original position and closed its wings. The Samadhi Flame disappeared; the oppressive bird earlier was now a statue again.

Everyone took a closer look. This was indeed only a stone phoenix carving, nothing out of the ordinary.

Rock into gold is a common idiom - remarkably improving something. I don't think it makes sense in English here with a literal translation because turning something into gold shouldn't be impressive in Xianxia. However, this particular usage here is fine in China because readers recognize that it's a literary idiom/vernacular phrase

Chapter 1818: Enmity

The sovereign's death silenced the scene. Grand Rule's expression became austere.

First, it was his son, Shen Jinlong, who died to Li Qiye. Now, even his favorite disciple couldn't escape. It would be strange if he wasn't furious right now. This was an irreconcilable feud.

The other ancestors here didn't dare to say anything and only stared at him.

From beginning to end, he didn't even lift a finger and quietly sat there while Golden Python Sovereign had scattered with the wind.

“What kind of damn technique is this?” Southern Sun couldn't help but ask, forgetting about his initial goal of regaining face by defeating Li Qiye.

After seeing this display of might, Southern Sun was filled with curiosity and questions.

A while ago, he thought that everything was only an illusory art, despite its realistic appearance. After the death of the sovereign, he understood that this wasn't the case. It was a supreme technique that they have never seen or heard of before.

Keep in mind that these two High Gods have lived for a long time with great knowledge. They have seen and talked to emperors. There weren't that many techniques they were unaware of in the world.

But the reality was that they had never seen the techniques from the Thought Scripture before. It wasn't strange for them not to know about it.

Purewood Divine Emperor was the only person besides Li Qiye who had trained with the scripture before. Alas, too few people in the thirteen continents have met him. A rumor existed stating that not more than five have actually seen the emperor and who knows

how many among them had seen Purewood use techniques from the Thought Scripture?

Perhaps this was the first time the world had seen it, thanks to Li Qiye.

“A thought to create the myriad laws and all living beings; one will to grasp the universe.” Li Qiye freely smiled and said.

Southern Sun carefully repeated the words in his head and pondered the mysteries within.

Meanwhile, the rest of the ancestors thought that this statement was too arrogant. Only the high heaven was capable of such a thing! Even emperors didn't have this privilege.

“Such nonsense, you think you're capable of such a task?” Grand Rule snorted before speaking with authority.

Li Qiye didn't care for the skepticism and replied: “Come, try it and see.”

“Hmph.” Grand Rule had murderous glint flashing in his eyes. Each strand was as ferocious as the fiercest sword. They could easily make mincemeat out of someone. Even before Grand Rule did anything, the people present felt a faint pain on their skin due to his gaze.

Guanlu stepped up again and said: “Gentlemen, how about everyone takes a step back?”

Southern Sun had no objection. He only came to regain some face but after seeing Li Qiye's techniques, he felt the need to be prudent.

Hesitation surfaced about teaching Li Qiye a lesson. He wasn't sure that he was capable of doing so successfully. Once failed, it would only make matters worse.

Guanlu noticed this and continued: “The grand dao is long; feuds and revenge happen every day along with the competition of the

youths. The path towards the throne is ladened with bones, every day, a genius would fall down...”

“High Gods, it might not necessarily be appropriate for the two of you to step up for your juniors. If you are willing, our clan will be the mediator for peace and prosperity.” Guanlu sincerely advised.

He was mainly aiming it at Grand Rule because he could see that Southern Sun was starting to change his mind. As long as he could convince Grand Rule, he would be able to diffuse the situation at hand.

At the same time, he had no hope of convincing Li Qiye. Just like the princess said, this was a supreme existence descending to the mortal realm. It could be a type of training for him.

Even though a few High Gods could compare to emperors, Grand Rule was definitely not one of them. Thus, Li Qiye would not be afraid of him. In fact, he probably didn't even take the guy into consideration at all.

Now, Guanlu had to convince Grand Rule. As long as Grand Rule were willing to acquiesce, it was no problem to do the same to Southern Sun.

“A death feud can't be forgiven, there is no going back!” Grand Rule uttered coldly.

He had no intention of settling this peacefully. His son and disciple have been killed; there was no way he would be able to swallow this indignation.

It didn't matter whether Li Qiye had an invincible technique or not, he must have revenge. Their death must not be in vain!

Guanlu continued to persuade the stubborn fella: “High God, it is admirable seeking revenge for your descendant and disciple. However, as an intelligent visionary standing at the apex, you should know that life is not a smooth road. The Jilin Clan does not want to see its members being killed inside our territory but we

also don't want to see further conflicts. Will you let this go or not?"

He clearly made his point - the clan did not support the High God seeking revenge. It showed that they were standing on the same side as Li Qiye.

Though Guanlu wasn't as strong as him, Grand Rule needed to be careful because Guanlu represented the Jilin Clan. They had High Gods at the same level as him, not to mention the two emperors!

The ancestors here exchanged glances before shuddering. The clan had revealed its opinion on this issue.

It should be siding with its own tributary but it chose mediation instead. There was only one explanation - the opponent was too strong!

They became quiet and recalled the death of Golden Python Sovereign. Just how strong was this Li Qiye? No one was certain of this particular question.

A cultivator with only several hundred chaos units was actually unfathomable. Quite bizarre indeed. People began to wonder if Grand Rule could actually defeat Li Qiye in combat.

Under normal circumstances, everyone would naturally pick the High God instead of the junior. This wasn't the case right now.

"I will not share the same sky as my son's murderer! A life for a life! One of us will die today!" Grand Rule said with resolution. There was no changing his mind the moment his only son was killed.

"High God." Guanlu began again. He was trying to protect Grand Rule, not Li Qiye.

His obsession with revenge would be his demise. A High God wasn't much against a supreme existence like Li Qiye.

"Elder Ji, this is my personal feud, it has nothing to do with the

sects. Even if I die in battle, just send a message to Shrouding Sun, no need to avenge me.” Grand Rule interrupted Guanlu and calmly said.

“Take care then.” What else could Guanlu say after hearing this?

Southern Sun also wanted to chime in. His mouth slightly opened but it turned into a quiet sigh.

He didn't wish to stop Grand Rule from doing so due to their differing goals. Grand Rule must avenge his only son, even if the boy didn't accept him as a father. He was willing to do anything for Jinlong.

On the other hand, Southern Sun had several hundred descendants. He couldn't avenge every one of them that had fallen on the path towards the dao. Even ten clones wouldn't be enough to do so.

Chapter 1819: Totems Of Grand Rule

"Junior, come, one of us shall go down today!" Grand Rule stood up with lightning coursing through his eyes as he glared at Li Qiye. He didn't try to hide his bloodthirst at all.

Grand Rule no longer cared at this moment after telling Guanlu that this was a personal feud. It had nothing to do with their sects.

The ancestors here watched with bated breath. A High God was about to take action; here comes the ultimate bout.

Li Qiye was nonchalant on his throne even before the challenge of a High God. He said flatly: "If you want to be reunited with your son down at the Yellow River, I'll help you. How do you want to die?"

"You're the one dying!" Grand Rule roared with a force that shattered the sun and moon. He became livid after his son was brought up.

He took one step and crossed through an entire world. The celestials moved with his pace while the universe was reversed. He instantly appeared before Li Qiye with a punch thrown.

"Bang!" Explosions detonated even before any connection with the punch. The six dao and reincarnation cycle were gone with the wind.

"Boom!" It was inches away from connecting with Li Qiye's head. Keep in mind that the divinity of this punch was as immense as the myriad realms, capable of shattering everything. The crowd was astonished by this power.

Alas, the last inches were unsurpassable as if there was a boundless invisible hand stopping the punch and made it dispersed.

"Activate!" Grand Rule didn't give up and roared. His divinity erupted with all the chaos energy gushing into the sky.

“Rumble!” Gushing was not enough to describe this eruption. It was as if a world of chaos energy had exploded. The result was a flood-like shockwave that could end the world.

Three totems appeared behind Grand Rule, each resembled a separate world with a unique grand dao, empowered by vast chaos energy.

Earlier, Golden Python Sovereign’s 135,000,000 chaos units were frightening enough but it seemed too tiny compared to Grand Rule’s power. His three totems were three worlds with their own chaos energies. It was hard to measure the quantity with just number.

“Three totems!” An ancestor shouted in dismay.

Everyone knew that Grand Rule had become a High God since long ago but no one knew the exact level. Some were surprised to see three totems.

“Boom!” His fist became resplendent after being blessed with the forces of three worlds. The resulting attack was two times as strong as before.

“Rumble!” In the end, he broke through the invisible defense and tried to connect the punch.

“Not good.” The first reaction for many was to scream, not out of worries for Li Qiye. It was just a natural reaction of the shocking spectacle.

“Boom!” The punch failed again since Li Qiye was nowhere to be found but the remnant shockwaves broke many statues on the battlefield. A deep hole in the shape of a fist was left in the center.

Keep in mind that every corner of the Jilin Clan had been reinforced by wise sages and monarchs. Nevertheless, the High God’s punch still did some damage.

Li Qiye suddenly appeared in a different location, still with the throne and the golden dragon.

Space and Thought Scriptures allowed him to do whatever he wished. He could appear in any coordinates of time and space without the slightest mistake!

“Only three non-set totems yet you want to challenge me? So weak.” He nonchalantly declared.

The ancestors stared at each other after hearing this. Even a High God with three totems wasn't enough to challenge him? This was quite a domineering statement.

A High God fused their dao, palace, and chaos energy into a single totem. It allowed them to jump out of the celestial realm and gave them the ability to challenge emperors.

A god with twelve totems belonged to the ancient realm. An Ancient God was the top existence of this particular cultivation path while an emperor with twelve wills was the top of the other.

However, number alone wasn't enough for High Gods against an emperor. What would a High God with three totems need to do to contend against an emperor with three wills?

Very simple, they need to form a set, meaning that they could support each other. Of course, a set of three was the most basic. The number of totems in a set could be greater.

There was all kind of rumors as to why only High Gods with sets were capable of challenging emperors. Only by reaching that level would people actually know the reasons why.

Rumor has it that with a set, a High God could learn about the mysteries of the four images in the fate palace. Through understanding them, their true power would come out.

The power of the four images was unique in this world and to the individual. [This type of power was called anima.](#)

Normally, a cultivator would never be able to grasp this power. Even emperors, in the beginning, weren't aware of it, not until they had three wills.

Same with High Gods, they needed a set of three totems before grasping the anima.

With the power of the inner soul, High Gods would finally be able to challenge emperors. Just having the same number of totems to wills wasn't enough.

“I can still kill you without the anima!” Grand Rule was still as confident as before, completely hellbent on taking the guy down.

“Gentlemen, please enter the ancient battlefield.” Jilin Guanlu immediately requested.

This level of a fight was too destructive for even the Jilin Clan. Grand Rule ascended to the stage and pointed at Li Qiye: “Come, I will not stop until you are dead!”

“Very well.” Li Qiye smiled and said. He stopped looking at Grand Rule and gazed towards the distance with his eyes becoming blurred.

“Buzz.” At this time, a person came out of the Jilin Clan and stepped onto the stage.

Everyone stared intensely since this was only a faint figure. No one could see clearly but they could tell that it was a woman, judging by the shapely contours.

Jilin Guanlu's heart skipped a beat after seeing this figure while feeling unrest.

“This is...” Southern Sun raised his brows as well. He was much older than Grand Rule so he had experienced many generations. Despite not being at the top of the High God's hierarchy, he had seen the three monarchs of the Jilin Clan.

“Hmph. You won't fight yourself?” Grand Rule snorted while staring at Li Qiye with derision.

He naturally wanted to take down Li Qiye's real body in order to avenge his son.

“Fight against you?” Li Qiye’s muddled eyes became clear again as he answered insipidly: “Just one thought of mine is enough. Kill it first if you are capable, then I shall fight you with my real form.”

Everyone took a deep breath after hearing this. One thought to fight against a god? Only a twelve-will emperor could do something like this in this world and defeat a three-totem High God.

“Fine, I’ll kill her first!” Grand Rule roared.

“You won’t have this chance.” Li Qiye’s eyes became extremely hot just like two suns. No one could open their eyes before this blinding flash.

In this split second, Li Qiye’s dao heart exerted the most unbreakable will, meaning the strength of his will was proportional to the power of the beautiful figure!

The word is atman in Hinduism, meaning inner-self or soul. Using soul to describe a type of power is strange and I might have to use the word soul for the actual soul in another passage, so I tried to find something else that means soul yet will never be used in that same context on top of sounding cool. Anima is concise and sounds cool; its origin might be problematic to be used in a xianxia

Chapter 1820: Indistinct Woman

“Buzz.” The figure took action instantly and raised its hand, creating a disk-like galaxy that flew straight for the High God.

The impact of countless stars shattered the fabric of time and space where he was standing and made him fall into chaotic space.

“Ra!” He crazily howled as the three totems behind him became resplendent. The chaos energy inside immediately turned into a great wall spanning across space and time for millions of miles and thousands of years.

“Rumble!” The stars continued to break down this great wall trying to reach out of the chaotic space.

Even the power of the totems couldn't stop the first attack of this figure.

“Die!” The High God didn't wait as he watched the wall crumbled section by section. He tried to regain the initiative by thrusting with a spear.

“Clank!” The thrust carried his supreme intent while possessing eight variations, each carried a massive momentum.

The name was Breaking Momentum, his proud spear technique and one of the top divine arts.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!” The stars in the galaxy were being destroyed by the eight variations.

It was quite magnificent to see each thrust destroying a star, resulting in a destruction resembling fireworks each time.

The ancestors here were mentally shaken. The power of this High God could easily take down a great power.

Even though the ancient battlefield was hovering above them, the fight wasn't taken place in the same spatial sphere.

Otherwise, the explosion of thousands of stars could greatly

damage the Jilin Clan.

After taking care of the stars, the eight variations fused together into one straight thrust piercing through the fabrics of reality straight for the female figure.

It was virtually impossible to describe the speed of this attack. Before one knows it, the tip was next to the figure's throat.

“Boom!” Sparks flew everywhere. If this was happening in the world, each spark could spell doom to a country instantly.

Time seemed to have stopped. Two beautiful fingers were holding the tip of the spear and robbed the shimmering brilliance from the spear.

Grand Rule was astounded to see this. This ferocious spear was of the High God level at the Heaven Bestowment grade.

“Crack!” She tightened her fingers and found no trouble in breaking the spear. It felt no different than a small branch; just a little bit of force from her was enough.

“Not good.” Grand Rule immediately retreated.

In this blink of an eye, the figure floated upward and spread out her arms, creating an illusion that she had countless of them. She moved them up and down; each cycle seemed to be the reincarnation cycle of a world.

“Boom!” The battlefield fell into darkness. There was no escaping this terrible entrapment and suppression.

A door was opened in this black world with strands of light pouring down. It was as if there was a beautiful moon in the sky shining down on this world.

However, these strands were murderous ray with a will of destruction from an emperor. It could destroy everything in this world - time, space, and the grand dao...

“Activate!” The stunned High God howled.

The three totems intertwined with each other as three grand dao rushed out. They also coiled together to form a massive ocean above the High God in order to stop the incoming rays.

“Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!” Numerous holes were pieced so the defensive ocean looked just like a sieve. Even though this defensive barrier made from three grand dao was unimaginably thick, it was penetrated all the same.

This was the intent of an emperor, how could a High God’s defensive dao stop it?

Nevertheless, the power of the rays still weakened a bit after the penetration but was still enough to kill top experts.

The panicking Grand Rule roared and formed the strongest defensive wings that covered his entire body. At the same time, he took out an ancient bell on top of that and placed it over himself.

“Rumble!” The wings were penetrated and rays fell upon the bell. Tiny holes were formed on the surface but it was a successful stop.

He was still blown flying through several stars in the process. The explosion from the impact made him vomit blood.

“So strong.” A spectator said. Three defensive barriers were taken down and the High God still suffered damage from the incredible moon days.

Southern Sun in the chamber finally stood up and stared at the ethereal woman in disbelief. He took a deep breath and contemplated about this night sky.

He immediately thought of someone after seeing this scene because it was the ultimate move of a particular monarch. Though he hasn’t seen it in person, he had heard of its power.

“Buzz.” The moon on the night sky poured light down again with the force of a torrential river. This ray was unstoppable and nothing could exist under its current.

“Clank!” The High God roared and adorned a set of armor, also consisting of a shield in his left hand and a sword in his right.

Supreme symbols emerged around him with the endless power of the origin erupting. His three totems imprinted themselves on the armor and empowered it with chaos energy.

A majestic figure appeared with wills behind him. He stood above the symbols and became the mightiest defensive measure in this world.

“Boom!” The supreme symbols finally stopped the river of light to protect the High God.

“An imperial armament of the Violet Force grade!” An ancestor blurted out.

“Shrouding Sun Divine Emperor’s set.” An ancestor from a dynasty said enviously.

He was Shrouding Sun’s progenitor with six palaces and three wills. Despite having three totems, Grand Rule was much weaker than his emperor because the emperor had anima while his totems couldn’t become a set. The moment the emperor used his anima, the High God could only stand there and be crushed.

This particular armament was used by the emperor during his youth. It was nothing for an emperor since it only was a postnatal Violet Force with only three fetuses.

For vagabonds and cultivators from small sects, a Violet Force armament was quite precious. Contrary to this, powerful cultivators only saw them as ordinary uniforms.

The truth was that after becoming strong, the emperor had much better armaments. Alas, this one had sentimental values since it kept him company during his most wretched and difficult hours. That’s why he couldn’t bear to throw it away.

After he became a Grand Emperor with three wills, he still refined it and turned it into an imperial armament. Most emperors

wouldn't take the time and effort to polish such a common piece of gear. Nevertheless, his great effort still turned the armament into something impressive. He used special means to temper it in order to stimulate its utmost potential.

Because he had better ones, he gave this armament to his descendants. It eventually made its way to Grand Rule and rightfully so because Grand Rule loved it despite its mediocre grade.

Chapter 1821: Violet Force Imperial

Armament

The ancestors present were envious after seeing Grand Rule adorn the imperial armament.

This was the perk of being from a powerful sect. All were tributary sects in Jilin; some even had High Gods but never an emperor. Thus, they didn't have an imperial armament.

“Clank.” After metallic ringings, the rays were stopped at his body.

Grand Rule's armament was not just a simple armor. The runes were made from blessed fortified rocks so it had a mighty defense; this was the primary focus. Moreover, the shield added another layer as well, allowing it to stop the majority of attacks in this world.

“Boom!” All of his chaos energy erupted from the three world-like totems and poured into the armament. An imperial aura surged as if there were three wills hovering above him.

His totems were powerful enough already but with the addition of the imperial aura, his might reached a frightening level.

“Bang! He rushed forward with this newfound strength and crashed through several stars. The gap disappeared for he was now in front of the ethereal figure.

He instantly started with a sure-kill move by slamming forward mercilessly with the shield on his left hand while slashing downward with his sword, resulting in splitting the sky like a waterfall. A combo consisting of the “Shield Against The Ages” and “Heavenly Devil Decapitation.”

It wasn't easy for him to stabilize the situation so he had to go all out right away with a pincer combo in order to take down the figure and get to Li Qiye.

“Buzz.” She raised her finger resonating with the myriad ages, “Eternal Night”. Darkness came down and became her most powerful weapon.

“Boom!” The night struck the imperial armament causing sparks to fly like the eruption of numerous volcanoes. The continuous ringing was accompanied by endless lava and all-burning flames. They turned the celestials nearby to ashes in this other spatial sphere.

This was a High God level fight to the astonishment and horror of the ancestors by the steps. Total destruction of the vicinity was no big deal.

The ancestors here weren't qualified to even join in. To put it frankly, even a spark from this battlefield could destroy them.

“Activate!” Grand Rule howled with more divine lights crazily surging out of his three totems. He gained a pair of holy wings made from the light; each strand was full of divinity as if the door to heaven had been opened.

He didn't give a damn any longer and wanted to kill this ethereal figure first regardless of the price.

Southern Rule's expression became austere because Grand Rule was risking his life by using an absurd amount of chaos energy and primordial power. Even if he were to win, he would need a long period of recuperation. There was a chance that he would never be able to reach his prime again.

“Rumble!” Explosions echoed across this space and shattered the physical fabrics.

The shield and sword were empowered with imperial aura. They tried to overwhelm and shatter the entire darkness.

“Buzz.” He finally gained the upper hand after expending all of his energy in this reckless retaliation. The black curtain receded like the tide and became smaller and smaller. If this continued, the

ethereal figure might finally be taken down.

Li Qiye chuckled after seeing this: “A bit capable for a non-set three totems to reach this level, how rare. Okay, watch, looks like you won’t give up until the last second.”

Having said that, his eyes poured out endless brilliance. “Boom!”

Next, the thing producing light was no longer his eyes but his chest right at the heart area. A beam of light rushed out with the accumulation of time. Everything in this world settled down and turned into these light particles - love and hate, the changes of the world, the derivation of the myriad laws... everything was encompassed in this beam.

“Boom!” It crossed through space and imprinted itself onto the ethereal figure in the form of a mark. This supreme will instantly fused with her.

“Behold, my inviolable will!” Li Qiye declared.

“Ba.” A very quiet noise resounded from the supreme mark like the blossoming of a flower.

In this split second, time seemed to be frozen in that space. The ethereal figure finally opened her clear and bright eyes, an awakening that has granted her life once more.

She was still ethereal and indiscernible like before but life was present. She wielded a supreme will and an extraordinary dao heart. He had given her his most determined will from his peerless dao heart. It represented his unopposable authority!

Her awakening allowed her to control all in this world.

“Rumble!” The entire Jilin Clan lit up with bright imperial laws soaring to the sky. They emanated from the temples and pavilions; the marks of a monarch engulfed the whole area.

“Clank.” The laws twisted together into symbols and runes but were hidden behind an imperial iron curtain shielding down the

entire clan. The clan was sealed entirely and no outsiders could peek inside.

“What’s going on?” The ancestors from the clan were stunned because something like this rarely happened.

There were two possible explanations for this curtain to come down. First, a disaster was coming to their clan and they needed the protection of their monarchs. Second, their monarch was coming back and required the curtain to avoid the Heavenly Execution!

“Boom!” The hair of the ethereal figure started fluttering with an explosion of imperial power. All the laws in the clan gushed towards her, causing her body to become resplendent.

“Rumble!” Eleven wills hovered above her and coiled just like a maelstrom of three thousand worlds.

This invincible power of a monarch filled every inch and space of the clan.

“Thump!” After the awakening of the figure, sounds of knees hitting the ground resounded everywhere. All the ancestors from the great powers didn’t dare to lift their head.

“An Immortal Monarch...” They could only murmur while shivering.

Li Qiye took a good look at this woman. She was the prettiest flower of a generation; all beauties paled before her presence. He gently sighed and said: “I’ve still alarmed your will.”

“Nightfall Immortal Monarch!” Southern Sun was aghast as well and didn’t dare to be arrogant. He quickly prostrated with reverence.

Nightfall, the strongest of the three monarchs in the Jilin Clan. Eleven palaces and eleven wills; such a monarch was exceedingly rare in the history of the thirteen continents, only one step from the apex.

The spectators were rightfully shocked. Just her name alone could make people tremble but now, she was standing before everyone.

Chapter 1822: Nightfall Immortal Monarch

Nightfall Immortal Monarch had swept through the thirteen continents before, instilling respect and notoriety into her name. She challenged the other gods and the emperors while wearing a proud smile!

All the ancestors from the great powers and disciples of the Jilin Clan were down on the ground. The ancestors from the clan didn't know what was going on to cause their monarch to show her spirit.

This wasn't the real monarch but just imagine the scene it would be if her real body was here. This monarch ahead was created by Li Qiye, only a shadow through his Thought Scripture.

The power of the figure came from Li Qiye's will. He needed to imprint his dao heart after Grand Rule used his imperial armament and gave the figure a crazy soar in strength. This triggered an awakening.

With this eruption of power, the will and intents of the monarch herself congregated into the figure. Keep in mind that this was the place where she grew up, her home. She had left her footprints in many locations in this place and blessed them later on.

Traces of her were all around the clan. On this night, they were awakened and gathered on this figure before turning into the eleven wills hovering above.

She seemed to be here in person with an unbeatable might. The sun and moon followed the whims of her eyes. Before her potency, even High Gods seemed insignificant.

Southern Sun was shocked to see this since he had seen the monarch in person before. Today, she was still as wondrous and awe-inspiring as before.

Her eyes were shimmering stars that could illuminate a generation. When she reached out with her slender and long arm,

stars of the night sky appeared in her palm. At this moment, the night curtain encompassed all spatial spheres and even the river of time itself!

Omnipresent darkness covered everything in the world with an incalculable weight. The gods and devils would be crushed to dust.

“No!” Grand Rule roared and started to burn his own longevity blood and chaos energy.

But it was futile. Li Qiye’s unstoppable will on top of the monarch’s own intents resulted in an era-destroying force. It was at the level of a twelve-will emperor, not something a High God without access to anima could stop.

“Crack.” His imperial armament started to crack in many places. Blood oozed out of his body resembling a broken porcelain vase.

“Boom!” The armament finally collapsed completely, unable to withstand the night.

“Ah!” Grand Rule’s amazing techniques were useless now without the protection of the armament. He was crushed into a bloody mist. It eventually dispersed; no corpse was left behind in this world. A High God was taken down just like that.

The ancestors here trembled like crazy and was scared out of their mind.

That was an imperial armament and a three-totem High God yet they were crushed into nothingness! They would never be able to escape the shadow of the horrifying spectacle today.

They remained on the ground in a submissive pose, no longer daring to steal a glance. Southern Sun himself turned pale since he was aware that even without the anima, Grand Rule was quite powerful due to the armament. This figure seemed as if she was a real eleven-will monarch coming back to life.

The entire place fell into a serenity. Everyone held their breath yet they didn’t dare to blatantly watch the next event. The

ancestors from the Jilin Clan were no exception either.

Li Qiye sat on his throne while staring at the beautiful monarch. Images of the past surfaced in his mind - each grimace and smile - as if it was just yesterday.

However, they have become so unreachable, separated completely with no way of seeing each other again. Even his amazing means and her invincible self couldn't change any of this!

The figure was also staring at Li Qiye. Their locked gazes froze time itself as a million years seemed to have passed by. The gentle breezes didn't dare to disturb them; time didn't dare to annoy them. Thus, everything came to a halt. The spectators didn't wish to break this eternal peace either.

In the end, the figure withdrew her gaze and entered the clan once more to return to the earth. She wasn't the real monarch, only her remnant wills and undying intents.

Li Qiye gently sighed at his helplessness in life. They didn't even have a chance to say goodbye.

People finally heaved a sigh of relief after the figure dispersed since her suppressive aura was finally lifted, allowing them to get up from the ground.

“Boom!” This didn't last long due to a mighty explosion. Time and space were ravaged again with another set of imperial laws descending down to the clan. A majestic force filled the place. It was full of life like the arrival of a real monarch.

Even though no one could see him, they could sense that there was a monarch present in the clan.

“My ancestor!” The ancestors from the Jilin Clan cried out after feeling this vibrant aura.

“The Progenitor!” The disciples from the clan kneeled once more in astonishment.

“Immortal Monarch Jilin!” The ancestors on the steps were amazed. They have just sent off Nightfall but now, Jilin himself was here.

Jilin had ten palaces and eight wills, not quite a top monarch but still very talented. After creating the Jilin Clan, he had been reclusive and chose not to interfere with the mundane world.

His sudden appearance shocked all the ancestors present. Two of their monarchs have appeared today, this was completely unprecedented.

“Southern Sun, heed my decree!” A dignified voice came from above. The monarch didn’t arrive completely; he was only watching the clan in a distant space and sent down an imperial decree!

Southern Sun hastily got out of the chamber and kneeled in the middle of the yard. He respectfully raised both hands and said: “Your unworthy disciple hears your guidance, master!”

The ancestors from the great powers were quite surprised. No one knew that he was actually Immortal Monarch Jilin’s disciple. The High God himself and everyone else had never talked about this.

The truth was that he was really only a pseudo-disciple. The monarch didn’t take him in as a disciple or accepted him into his faction. However, the High God at a young age had met the monarch and received some pointers.

This was the reason why he never dared to tell outsiders that he was Jilin’s disciple in order to avoid ruining the monarch’s reputation. Nevertheless, he worshipped the monarch as his master in his mind. After all, the monarch had really taught him how to cultivate. This was indeed the relationship between a master and disciple.

Chapter 1823: Imperial Decree

A scroll descended from the sky and landed right on Southern Sun's hands. Everyone watched with bated breath, including the Jilin ancestors as well. The sudden decree from their Progenitor was truly shocking.

“Your disciple respectfully bids farewell, master.” After accepting the decree, Southern Sun ceremoniously kowtowed three times.

Despite being an imperious High Lord in the present, Southern Sun never forgot about the kindness and guidance Jilin had given him.

The strands of imperial aura finally receded from the clan and slowly dispersed. It meant that the monarch had gone into hiding again, no longer in the mundane realm.

Southern Sun took a deep breath and reverentially opened the scroll, revealing a wondrous light and power inside. This was clearly the supreme will of a monarch.

All eyes were on Southern Sun, wishing to know the content of the scroll. There must have been reasons for the sudden scroll and the chosen messenger.

Everyone paid attention to each movement from Southern Sun and time seemed to be passing by so slowly. Each minute lasted for as long as a generation.

After reading the decree, the High God assumed a dignified and solemn expression.

This made the crowd even more curious. Just what the hell was written on this decree?

In the end, the High God carefully rolled the scroll up again and tidied up his attire. He floated up to Li Qiye's throne and prostrated respectfully: "This lowly god was a frog under the well,

unable to recognize Your Excellency's arrival, unaware of the immensity of the heaven and earth. I gladly accept your punishment!"

All were stunned by this scene with jaws dropping to the ground. No one could close their mouth.

This was a High God kneeling so respectfully in front of Li Qiye. Some ancestors rubbed their eyes and thought that they were only seeing things.

Li Qiye gently nodded in response: "Ignorance is not a sin, I pardon you." He waved his sleeve afterward.

After being granted forgiveness, Southern Sun finally stood up with piety in his eyes.

The crowd was still in disbelief. Earlier just now, Southern Sun wanted to teach Li Qiye a lesson so his shift in attitude only invoked further curiosity about the content of Immortal Monarch Jilin's scroll.

For Southern Sun, this sudden shift wasn't shameful at all because he was facing an overlord of the tenth world who once fought against the emperors of the three races. Moreover, this was someone who worked for the hundred races and obtained peerless merits. Just this alone was enough for the High God to worship him.

"I shall stay at the Jilin Clan for the next few days." Li Qiye spoke with a dignified tone towards Jilin Guanlu.

"Young Noble, no, Your Excellency, your presence is our honor." Guanlu quickly responded.

Li Qiye nodded and got down from his imperial throne. Southern Sun quickly said: "This lowly god will entertain you for the next few days in my master's stead, just let me know if you require anything, Your Excellency."

Li Qiye accepted: "I shall accept Immortal Monarch Jilin's

goodwill and shall meet him later."

The monarch wasn't in a position to come into being so he sent down this decree, telling his pseudo-disciple to handle the reception.

[Southern Sun didn't speak twice and supported Li Qiye's arm before leading the way.](#)

They didn't get far because Li Qiye turned around and told Guanlu: "Tell the geezers from your clan that I want to see that thing!"

"Absolutely." Guanlu hurriedly replied: "We will arrange it, Your Excellency." He didn't dare to refuse at this moment.

Li Qiye finally left with Southern Sun leading the way. Guanlu breathed a sigh of relief... A supreme overlord, an ancient existence on the same level as their progenitor.

He became quite excited at this moment. That little princess was indeed smart and guessed Li Qiye's identity correctly. Otherwise, their clan could have been involved in this mess. At that point, even their forefathers might not be able to save the offending juniors.

Meanwhile, the other ancestors present had an even harder time calming down. Even if they couldn't guess Li Qiye's true identity, judging from the monarch's decree and Southern Sun's attitude, this Li Qiye was definitely at the overlord level. Only such a being could alarm a monarch.

"Gentlemen, watch your words." Guanlu slowly told all of the ancestors present: "Don't recklessly talk about today's matters, I'm sure no one wants to invite a sect-destroying disaster?"

He wasn't trying to threaten them, merely speaking the truth. A supreme overlord entering the mundane world for an unknown reason? He must have an earth-shattering purpose, something beyond their ability to speculate.

This wasn't the topic for a casual chat. It could have something to do with the hundred and three races or even the monarchs and emperors.

Thus, running one's mouth could end up offending somebody who was easily capable of annihilating a great power!

"Brother Guanlu, we'll keep it in mind." One ancestor shuddered before solemnly answering.

First, let's not even bring up Li Qiye's identity. Just the scroll from Immortal Monarch Jilin alone was a taboo subject. There was no need for the monarch to do anything himself, his clan would take care of the leakers.

The other ancestors hastily chimed in accordance, not daring to take this situation lightly.

"That's for the best." Guanlu nodded and said.

In fact, he also took this matter very seriously due to its mystique. After all, an overlord coming into being was truly shocking.

Remember that it was prohibitively difficult for any emperor and monarch to come into being since a Heavenly Execution could come at any moment. But now, an overlord even destroyed his own cultivation to avoid the execution for an unknown purpose? Something incredible was about to happen.

It took a while before the iron curtain blotting out the sky dispersed. The ancestors from the clan finally breathed easier.

The young disciples from the clan were curious about this great matter but they couldn't ask anything after seeing their seniors' austere expression.

Even if a junior was bold enough to ask about it, all they would get is a scolding to not do it again.

In the depth of the clan with brilliant sceneries, immortal lights

were oscillating everywhere. Birds were flying in this auspicious place with deers resting. Lingzhi was everywhere next to the divine trees...

An ordinary person couldn't stay at such a paradise, not even ancestors from the clan. Only forefathers were allowed in this place, such as the monarchs and High Gods.

However, these high-level beings weren't staying at the clan. Their descendants wanted nothing more than for their forefathers to return to this wondrous place for a few days.

Alas, after their monarchs went into seclusion, they have never returned to this place. Occasionally, some High Gods would visit for a few days.

Even the individual blade of grass was familiar to Li Qiye, stirring emotions in his heart.

The grasses and trees were still here but what about the familiar faces? The Jilin Clan was different now. It was still as prosperous as before but he couldn't find the same emotions as before. The tinge of closeness and familiarity was gone.

After a long time, a knock came from outside. Li Qiye casually said: "Enter."

The Jilin Princess came in while holding a large wooden trunk. She placed it in front of Li Qiye and took out an item from inside: "This is the item that came down from the outer realm. The High God ancestors from our sect said that it has something to do with our Nightfall Immortal Monarch. Please have a look, Young Noble."

With that, she carefully placed the item in front of him.

Well, isn't this usually a pretty girl's job? Not sure I want an old man doing this for me

Chapter 1824: Item From The Outer Realm

Li Qiye gazed at the item. It looked quite ordinary and seemed to be a rock that has been burnt to a crisp and full of cuts. These cuts couldn't have been done by the juniors of the clan since they were formed naturally at its inception.

Upon closer inspection, one would find that the charred appearance wasn't due to heat. They were laws of the grand dao twisting together and causing uneven surfaces.

Inside these surfaces were ancient runes. The ancestors from the Jilin Clan have never seen them before.

“It directly flew to the clan?” Li Qiye mentally shuddered after seeing this and asked.

“That's right.” The princess nodded: “The ancestors said that a long time after our forefather embarked on the ultimate expedition, this meteorite fell from the sky. The ancestors couldn't see through its mysteries so our monarchs said to wait for the fateful person.”

Back then, the appearance of this meteorite shocked all the ancestors in the clan. Keep in mind that a great lineage like them had a land that was completely reinforced. Without their permission, not even a mosquito could get through. There must have been a reason why this meteorite was able to gain entry.

The ancestors understood that the item was shocking even if it wasn't a treasure due to the information contained inside. Alas, they failed to learn anything so they left it to the “fateful ones”.

The item was of the utmost importance since it fell down from the sky. It must have something to do with the ultimate expedition so the ancestors kept it a secret from outsiders. Today, it wasn't easy for them to let someone else see it.

Li Qiye took a deep breath and gently placed both hands on the

item. He had always been unperturbed regardless of the circumstances but his hands were uncontrollably trembling this time around. This wasn't good news for him because there were many things encompassed within that he didn't wish to face.

Alas, he still had to face them. He couldn't personally send the last expedition away with Immortal Emperor Qi Zhen but it was time to look at the item from the sky.

The world fell into a terrible silence with time stopping. The princess stood there calmly and was willing to keep him company. From start to finish, she didn't issue a single sound and even purposely slowed down her breaths.

Eventually, he withdrew his hands. The princess could see that they were trembling.

Li Qiye slowly said: "I want and will take this thing away."

He didn't wait for a response before putting it away.

"I will let the ancestors know." She spoke softly.

What else could she say? He didn't give their clan any time to negotiate at all nor had any intent to do so in the first place. Their opinion simply didn't matter.

Li Qiye sat down and ordered: "Tell Tieshu Weng and his disciples to see me."

The princess called for a disciple to send the message.

After Tieshu Weng's group came in and saw Li Qiye, they simply didn't know what to say. Tieshu Weng and He Chen had no power in their knees and dropped to the ground. Shen Xiaoshan was also kneeling.

"This, this lowly one greets Young Noble." The old man was stuttering. He was truly frightened after the last two days. Alas, there was also a trace of excitement.

Just imagine, even the ancestors from the Jilin Clan were

respectful towards Li Qiye while Southern Sun High God served him. In the past, just an ordinary disciple from the Jilin Clan was already a big shot to a small sect like his. As for the princess and Southern Sun High God? They were simply unreachable. His sect wasn't even qualified to see them.

But in the last two days, the four of them not only met many big shots and ancestors from the clan but also received great hospitality. They might not be VIPs but they were still guests nevertheless.

This was something they had never dared to dream of in the past. Just making friends with an ordinary disciple from the clan alone was the blessing of the heavens, let alone staying here as guests.

This period was more colorful and eye-opening than the first half of their lives. They finally understood that being able to wait for Li Qiye was the good karma accumulated by their ancestors. Being able to stand by his side was their honor, the happiest matter in the world. Unfortunately, they didn't hold on tight enough.

“Rise.” Li Qiye said.

The group finally stood up for a quick glance before lowering their head again, full of admiration.

“It is a twist of fate between her and me.” Li Qiye told the princess: “Let her cultivate at the clan. Her future achievements will be up to her own fortune.”

Shen Xiaoshan stood there in a daze and thought that she had misheard him. She pointed at herself in confusion and asked: “Young Noble, you're talking about me?”

After seeing a nod from him, she became even more out of it. Tieshu Weng's group were astounded as well. Such a good thing came too swiftly and caught them unprepared.

“Rest assured, Young Noble. I will find her a suitable master.” The princess agreed right away.

The clan didn't lack disciples like Xiaoshan. In fact, someone of her level needed to pass many assessments before entering. An exception was being made here.

It took a while before the group could calm down. They felt crazily happy afterward since they were already satisfied with visiting the clan. Being able to see the ancestors was a fortune in and of itself.

These meetings allowed their sect to have a firm position back at West Bank. At the very least, West Bank wouldn't dare to destroy them or do whatever they please like in the past. It needed to think twice now against this tiny sect.

Thus, Tieshu Weng had already accomplished his goal with this trip. But now, his disciple could actually enter the clan and have the princess find her a master?

It meant that their sect's status at West Bank had soared. One could even say that they wouldn't need to rely on West Bank any longer and could establish their own businesses.

Shen Xiaoshan entering the direct branch of the clan meant that Sago Palm had a fundamental boost in status.

"Thank you for your grace, Young Noble." Weng and his disciples kowtowed.

Li Qiye waved his sleeve: "Go back from whence you came. This is a type of fate."

Weng took a deep breath and kowtowed again, realizing that this was the end of their connection. Nevertheless, he was already satisfied and wouldn't ask for anything else.

Chapter 1825: Departure

Tieshu Weng and the group bowed towards Li Qiye before leaving. Shen Xiaoshan stole another glance at this moment. This was a man she thought was below her; this turned out to be anything but. He was at a height that she would never be able to reach for a lifetime and she could only watch in the distance.

She understood how lucky she was to be able to wait on him earlier. Even if she wanted to now, she wasn't qualified to do so. The ones who wanted to be his servants would make a very long line and she wouldn't be a forerunner in terms of qualification.

All kind of emotions ran in her mind and words weren't enough to describe them. Perhaps later on in her life, she would still remember the happy memories that this man had brought to her.

“Young Noble, will I be able to see you again?” Shen Xiaoshan summed up all of her emotions and thoughts with this one line. It represented hope in her mind.

Li Qiye sighed in his mind but still slowly answered: “The grand dao is endless and many years are still to come. We will meet again if it is meant to be. I'm sure that day will come.”

“I understand, I'll try my best.” She took a deep breath and nodded with determination.

Her answer wasn't only for him to hear but also herself. This was the end for the two of them. She needed to work hard to become powerful in order to meet him again. Power was necessary to be his companion. Otherwise, she would only be an ant, unable to scale the height.

“I believe you.” Li Qiye nodded and showed his support.

Shen Xiaoshan gripped her fists after seeing this and said: “I understand.”

She left immediately, not wanting to cry or for him to see her

tears. However, she didn't even make it to the door before turning around and gave him a tight hug using courage she didn't even know she had.

Tears finally overflowed as she grabbed his shoulders. This might be the last time for her.

Li Qiye gently sighed and patted her soft hair: "Go, you will need to continue forward on this long path."

"See you, Young Noble." She mustered even more audacity to kiss him on the lips before leaving against her will.

Li Qiye shook his head after her departure. He could take goodbyes easier than most due to his own experience. Each time this happened, a part of his heart would grow numb.

He stayed at the clan for several days and focused on training outside of thinking about the item from the outer realm.

In this second, he was sitting on his bed to absorb primordial and chaos energies. They were surging within his fate palaces as if an animated new world was being born.

"Rumble!" His chaos energy was rampaging like thousands of stallions. They turned into a maelstrom to gestate his grand dao and true fate.

He had more than 700 units of chaos energy at this moment to go from Dao Ant to Dao Insect.

Cultivation didn't overly matter to him but nevertheless, this was a necessary procedure regardless of his other abilities. He had no way of going from Dao Dust all the way to Grand Emperor.

Of course, he had methods to accelerate his cultivation speed but the early logic applied. One must do this one step at a time to become an unprecedented existence. Each step must be firm and polished a thousand times in order to go even further. Only by bravely facing one's demon and inevitable disasters would one be able to gain the necessary perseverance.

Li Qiye could rise from Dao Dust to Grand Emperor in one or two years, but this absurd boost in cultivation would leave behind fatal flaws. There was no way of becoming a perfect emperor in this manner.

This was indeed the truth. Many geniuses in history had frightening cultivation speed but more often than not, they fell down on the path. On the other hand, average cultivators who took their time polishing themselves were able to ascend to the throne.

Cultivation was an arduous path that could require more than ten thousand years of experience. Without a dao heart capable of withstanding hardship, a cultivator wouldn't be able to find the greatest success.

Li Qiye followed this belief in the nine worlds and continued in the tenth. He was thinking about creating an unprecedented cultivation method in order to start an epoch. There must be a metamorphosis from the foundation of the old world, removing the old while in with the new.

Nevertheless, without personally going through the steps, it would only be hollow principles and theories. He wished to train in the cultivation methods of two worlds in order to build up his own, a completely new system!

After absorbing sufficient energy, his fire of life jumped inside his palace. It was pure without any flaws. This seemed to be the greatest fire-seed in the world as it continued to refine some dao fetuses. The process was gentle and harmonizing just like the melting of snow.

The dao fetuses being refined were the white armament taken from Mad God Ominous Ground. It hasn't been refined in the past so each fetus was still perfect and in its initial state.

Mad God didn't start his process because he wanted to use anima to refine it. This was another reason why he wanted to become an

Ancient God so quickly.

He had lived for a long time since he was a High God with eleven totems. He shouldn't have rushed to become an Ancient God since he had a great probability of becoming one anyway. Alas, his impatience made him take the wrong path in devouring the world. It eventually led to his demise.

Anima was a very profound domain that only emperors and High Gods can reach after they were at a certain level. The unique power of this domain was created by the four images of the fate palace.

There were all types of power in this world, such as the origin power of the primordial chaos energy or the supreme power of the grand dao. Then there were the forces belonging to the seven emotions and six desires of the mundane world and the tribulation power of the high heaven...

However, these things didn't belong to the cultivators themselves. They were either created in this world or sent down by the high heaven!

This was not the case for anima. This power truly belonged to the cultivators, not part of the world.

A Grand Emperor once said that only by grasping the anima would one truly be able to free themselves from all shackles. Otherwise, even an invincible emperor didn't possess his own power without the anima.

This was the reason why Mad God wanted to become an Ancient God so quickly. He wanted to use anima to refine his white armament.

Anima was not a problem for Li Qiye since he had already taken the first step forward with his Nirvana Heavens when he got his thirteen palaces before becoming an emperor. He already understood the profundity of the four images!

“Rumble!” The 88,888 dao fetuses changed continuously under

the tempering of the fire of life, resulting in a magnificent spectacle. Any spectator would be shocked to see something like this.

White Adornment was the lowest level among the ranks of dao weapons. However, after reaching a certain level, it was still quite powerful.

For example, Holy Emperor's ultimate armament was stronger than any emperor's armament. The only thing that might be stronger than it is a True Immortal Armament.

Li Qiye's armament wasn't on the same level as the ultimate armament but once the refinement was complete, it would possess a terrifying might as well.

Chapter 1826: Leaving The Jilin Clan

After staying at Jilin in the last several days, Li Qiye was ready to leave since the time was right.

He wanted to see old friends at Jilin but alas, he didn't even get a chance to say goodbye.

“Your Excellency, may I ask where you are heading to? If you don't mind, this lowly god is willing to follow you.” Southern Sun respectfully said.

Despite being an amazing High God, he assumed the position of a junior when speaking to Li Qiye.

In fact, this wasn't shameful at all. There were so many emperors from both the nine and tenth worlds who considered themselves as Li Qiye's juniors.

This was an existence who started Emperor Hunt. He gave commands to the emperors from the hundred races, only World Emperor could stand on the same level as him. The other emperors had no chance.

Thus, a god like him was no different than an insect before this supreme existence.

Li Qiye smiled and chuckled: “Even though the chance for a Heavenly Execution is very low for a High God and virtually non-existent for one without anima, the chance is still there.”

He looked at the High God and continued: “Knowing propriety is rare so that's commendable on your part. You have a way to go before grasping anima since it isn't easy to turn your totems into a set.”

“Right you are, Your Excellency. When a High God has a set and anima, there will be a chance of contending against emperors but it isn't easy to reach that step.” Southern Sun said with a tinge of emotion.

“Very well, out of appreciation for your good judgment, I have written about anima in the last two days. Try your best to learn it since it will be quite beneficial.” Li Qiye took out a manuscript and handed it to the High God.

Southern Sun was startled to see this. Each emperor and powerful High God had their own method with anima. This particular domain was too important and laden with secrets; these powerful beings wouldn't pass their technique down so easily.

But now, Li Qiye casually gave him some knowledge on anima. This was a priceless treasure in Southern Sun's eyes.

His hands were shaking while accepting the manuscript. He gently opened it and confirmed that it was indeed related to anima. Ordinary cultivators wouldn't be able to understand this.

“Thank you, Your Excellency.” The High God kowtowed and said: “My Southern Sun Clan will forever remember your kindness. If you ever need us, just say the words and we shall jump into the boiling water for you.”

This manuscript was truly too much for the High God. If he could grasp anima, then he would take a huge leap forward, allowing him to form a set with his totems!

Li Qiye nonchalantly accepted the grand gesture. The High God bowed once more before leaving quietly.

Li Qiye called for the Jilin Princess and said: “I won't take your clan's item for nothing. So be it, you are a smart girl so I will give you a fortune. Wait at the Outer Realm City, I will take you somewhere.”

“Thank you, Young Noble.” She gently bowed her head. This was indeed a peerless opportunity in her eyes to be favored by a supreme overlord like this.

“I need to go somewhere first, just meet me over there.” Li Qiye

ordered.

She agreed but still became curious: “Where are you going first, Young Noble?”

“Quite a distant place, to see an Immortal Emperor.” His eyes drifted to the horizon.

“An Immortal Emperor?” She was surprised to hear this.

Everyone in the thirteen continents knew that all emperors would hide after the end of their generation without seeing outsiders. Only the most amazing characters could meet them.

“You are off to Exploration Ground?” The princess asked after regaining her wits.

Exploration Ground was an endless space, full of mysteries. The emperors were usually hiding in this place.

“No, right in Pure.” He flatly responded.

She thought she had misheard him because she wasn't overly startled to hear him meeting an emperor. After all, he was indeed capable and could do so whenever.

But to meet an emperor in Pure was a shocking story. Her eyes widened in disbelief: “That's quite something, there are still emperors hiding in Pure and not Exploration Ground?”

This would shock everyone, an Immortal Emperor from the nine worlds staying at Pure?

“There are exceptions to everything. Of course, one or two emperors can be staying in the mundane realm along the river of time.” Li Qiye said slowly.

“But if the emperors don't hide in Exploration Ground, a Heavenly Execution will surely come.” She wasn't questioning him but this was too astonishing. All the emperors needed to hide because no one could handle these executions.

“It's true that only Exploration Ground would allow them to hide

from the execution. But so much time has passed, a few eccentric emperors could avoid this rule for different reasons.” Li Qiye said with a tinge of emotion.

The princess wasn't too surprised about the exceptions. Just because she hasn't heard about it didn't mean that it didn't exist.

“But there are trade-offs to everything.” Li Qiye continued: “For the emperors from both the nine and tenth worlds, certain things are out of their control.”

The princess had no response. She also wanted to see this emperor, to see how amazing they were.

Of course, Li Qiye wouldn't take her to see the emperor. She had a prestigious background but this was not enough to qualify her an audience. Even if she were to inherit the legacy of her clan, she might not be able to do so either. Only when she herself became strong enough would she be able to meet her progenitor and the other emperors. If her progenitor had to meet with every future successor in each generation, he might as well not be in seclusion.

“We'll meet at Outer Realm City.” Li Qiye reminded one more time before leaving.

He didn't tell anyone as he left outside of the princess. There was no need for a goodbye ceremony either as he disappeared into the vast sky.

Pure was boundlessly large. When one stood high enough above to look down at this world, they would find this territory exceeding their imagination.

Mountain ranges resembling dragons situated themselves on the earth. Divine peaks towered into the blue clouds to shoulder the sky with the celestials floating around them. Rivers surged torrentially just like furious dragons as well. All of these things were grand but paled in comparison to Pure as a whole.

On such a grand place, the hundred races were mere ants, no,

even smaller than ants.

Not to mention mortals, even cultivators couldn't reach all the corners of Pure or be able to gaze at its entirety. Only emperors had such vision and control.

An existence in Pure was the same as a drop of water in the ocean, blending in with its peers. Just imagine how difficult it would be to find a particular drop.

If a person at Pure didn't want to be found, someone could spend the rest of their life and fail to find that person.

Chapter 1827: World Waiting For Death

People were rarely found in desolate and barren regions, not fit for agriculture.

Briars and vines were everywhere; there were the only things that could grow on this dried up land. The sun didn't show any mercy either. Whether it be the sparse vegetation or the occasional bird and fish, all had to hide under the breeze and gasped for air.

Everything was fading away in this place. Though there was minor vegetation as decoration, anything with true life seemed to be waiting for death.

It was as if nothing wanted to live any longer, that there was nothing worth pursuing in this world. As one tried to find solace from the scorching sun, they would inevitably feel the urge to bury themselves here and die. No point in continuing to live.

In such a bleak place was a flat plain in the middle of a ridge. There were sogon grasses and sharp weeds growing everywhere, surrounding a hut with the frame made out of old trees and stuck them together with mud. The rest was covered with tree barks, resulting in a very primitive hut.

From the house, one could extrapolate the level of poverty its master was suffering, a life of destitution.

The door was slightly opened and would quietly creak at the slightest breeze.

There was a path in front of the house but calling it a path was the polite way of putting it. It was covered in briars with no visible pathway but because people could walk through it, it could still barely qualify as a path.

This remote path finally had a traveler today. A youth was pushing through the bushes from the base to this hut at the ridge.

This was naturally Li Qiye who smiled after seeing the hut. There

was a vegetable and potato farm right next to the hut.

An old man was working on the field. He wasn't that old, only around fifty if he was a mortal. However, he also appeared weather-beaten with a sad temperament.

His gray robe was turning white from being repeatedly washed. Due to the long years, it became old and dirty despite his meticulous effort.

There weren't that many wrinkles on his face but his complexion was yellow while the rest of his skin was tanned. From this, one could see that he lacked proper nutrition on top of working on the farm for many years now.

He brushed his sparse, gray hair every day but they still became a bit disorderly from working.

When he opened his mouth, one would find that there weren't that many teeth left. Even the ones left were stained and had cavities.

This old man lived in this desolate place, working in the day and resting during the night. He relied on this little plot of land to barely not starve to death while living one day at a time.

Just imagine, an old man living all alone without neighbors, friends, or any children to speak of in this desolate place. Toiling on the yellow soil during the day while sleeping on his bleak wooden bed at night; such a poor and lonely way to live.

He was swinging his old hoe at the moment by the sweet potato section. Due to his old age, each swing took a lot of effort. A young one could dig up enough soil to get a potato out with one swing while he needed at least eight for the same result.

After doing so, he squatted down to flatten the area and threw the potato into an old bamboo basket. He gasped for air from exhaustion after taking each potato out.

Li Qiye chuckled after seeing this and didn't go strike up a

conversation. Instead, he began picking up the potatoes and put them into the basket.

Just like that, the old man worked the soil with his hoe while Li Qiye searched for potatoes. He would need to rest after three to five swings but Li Qiye was having fun with his scavenging game.

The two worked flawlessly together without uttering a single word. It was as if this was how it should be, the normality of things.

After half a day, the old man managed to get out six to seven pieces. He grabbed the basket and hoe before returning to his hut.

Li Qiye came in uninvited and was met with a dark scene despite it being the day. It wouldn't be easy to get acquainted with the sudden change.

There weren't that many things in the hut, nothing inessential. There was a wooden bed to the left and the blanket had black spots despite being constantly washed. To the right was the kitchen stove with a rusty pot on top.

Next to the window was a table that could seat two or three people. All meals and tea time were done on this table.

Li Qiye sat down on this simple table and looked at the wildlands outside on top of the sickly vegetation while resting his chin on his hands. He eventually fell into a drowsiness.

The old man had started a fire to boil the potatoes. The flame on the stove might be the only thing that can survive in this place. When it jumped, it lets the spectators know that they were still alive.

The old man sat motionlessly in front of the stove and occasionally added some sogon grasses to the fire. He was just like a withered tree without any emotion; his only goal in life was to wait for death.

A long time passed in this grim manner. This was eventually

interrupted by the sweet fragrance of the potatoes, bringing life to this world. The growling of the hungry stomach was replaced with a newfound strength after smelling the potatoes.

The sleepy Li Qiye finally opened his eyes and sat straight.

The old man placed the boiled potatoes into a pan and brought it to the table. Before he could even sit down, Li Qiye took the first one without any hesitation and ate it after peeling off the skin.

The old man did the same except he ate very slowly as if his teeth were failing him.

Li Qiye spoke after he filled his stomach with one potato: “Some people want to leave the rowdy scenes but not in this solitude. At the very least, he would have an old man selling meat-bun or an old woman selling salt. I suppose that such a life isn’t so lonely, just one way of making it through. However, your world lacks any inhabitants, not this salt-selling woman or meat-bun vendor. Only you are around.”

The old man continued to eat as if he wasn’t used to expressing himself.

“This is the apex of solitude.” Li Qiye smiled wryly: “Emperors might be hiding in the Exploration Ground but they are still famous with peerless prestige. This is only a type of avoidance from the Heavenly Execution. But today, when we’re sitting here eating potatoes, this is the ultimate seclusion.”

The old man continued to eat without responding. In fact, he didn’t even remember the last time he had a conversation.

Li Qiye grabbed another potato and took his time eating. After finishing, he looked up and asked: “When are you going to die?”

The old man was relishing this meal that didn’t come by easily so he put all of his heart into eating.

After a long time, he finally licked his fingers and said: “I don’t know, I’m still waiting for the day of death.”

Li Qiye smiled and shook his head: “I see. Your only reason for living is to wait for death. Back in the nine worlds, I told the kid from the Yu Clan that you also have a shop with wine even worse than his horse-urine crap. His waiting for death is nothing like this since he had many things he could see in the mundane world. You’re taking it to the next level though by inhibiting all your senses. Alas, it’s not that easy to die.”

Chapter 1828: Stealing Potato

A while later, Li Qiye finished his second piece and reached for the third but the old man immediately swatted his hand away and grabbed the pan.

“Is this really necessary?” Li Qiye couldn’t help but smile: “It was only two potatoes.”

“Yes, they’re my meals for the next two days.” The old man didn’t show any mercy at all and held onto the pan as if Li Qiye was about to rob him. His miser appearance was quite amusing.

“So you still care about something, such as a meal. If you don’t do at least this much, it’ll be really waiting for death without a care in the world.” Li Qiye smiled.

“Waiting for death isn’t the same as starving to death.” The old man peeled another potato and ate it slowly. He was very respectful towards his food, not wanting to waste the smallest crumb.

“That’s true.” Li Qiye became quiet.

A person waiting to die didn’t need to starve. Moreover, starvation wouldn’t kill this man. It was a duality of wanting to live and die, resulting in sad days ahead.

“Nothing is more painful than waiting for the unreachable death.” Li Qiye gently sighed.

“You don’t feel the same way?” The old man looked at him and said: “Burying those who love and care for you, the ones you love... Or when everyone is still alive yet unable to ever meet again. I am only waiting to bury myself, but you? You have buried too many people.”

The old man was apt about Li Qiye’s pain. Li Qiye eventually replied with a sigh: “You have also done so like all the other emperors, unless they were to die early. This is inevitable even if

they were to hide at Exploration Ground. Isn't this the reason why you chose this path?"

The old man denied completely: "No. I simply wanted to. Everything suddenly felt insignificant, the only salvation became death."

"Being able to let go is also a good thing. Come, give me another one." Li Qiye sighed and reached out for another potato.

"No." The old man decisively refused.

"You must." Li Qiye didn't waste words and lunged forward like a robber. Meanwhile, the old man protected the pan with his life.

In a short time, both of them relied on brute strength like mortals rolling around on the ground. Li Qiye must have the potato while the old man tried to stop him with all of his might.

Outsiders would be astounded if they were to see the two of them fighting for a piece of potato. One was the dark hand behind the curtain, the ruler of the nine worlds. The other side was an imperious Immortal Emperor.

"Did you throw your morality away? This old man toiled for these potatoes just to stay alive yet you would go as far as to rob me? Are you worthy as your title of being the teacher of Immortal Emperors?!" The old man didn't yield and shouted in a pitiful manner.

In the end, Li Qiye was still young and vigorous. He grabbed the potato and kicked away the old man without any mercy then laughed: "My ass, I climbed up dozens of peaks just to get to this place where the birds don't even want to shit. There's no tea, no, not even water here for a guest. So what if I rob your potatoes?!"

"Old bastard!" The old man clutched his pan while glaring at Li Qiye, muttering under his breath.

"That's right." Li Qiye peeled the potato and leisurely took a bite: "You're a young bastard, I'm an old bastard."

“You owe me money for a funeral!” The old man murmured: “I’m old beyond description yet I still have to work all day long just to eat but you still robbed me anyway!”

“You’re waiting to die anyway, starvation isn’t that bad of a death.” Li Qiye instantly finished the potato and retorted.

“Asshole.” The old man cursed.

“Sigh, be more cultured, please, since you’re still an Immortal Emperor. Is this uproar really necessary over a few potatoes?” Li Qiye smiled: “Don’t you remember your youth? How prodigal and extravagant you were, throwing money away without a care.”

“The past is the past, this is the present.” The old man said flatly: “If you have one million gold ingots and only one piece of ration, would you rather give the gold away or your only meal, given that you can’t buy anymore?”

“How deep.” Li Qiye smiled and reached out again: “I’m not quite full yet, one more.”

“In your dream.” The old man tightened his grip on the pan.

Li Qiye didn’t really care for his permission. The old man lost another potato to Li Qiye after a brief struggle.

Li Qiye ate and tapped his stomach satisfyingly: “I guess this is okay, no immortal tea but at least I got a few potatoes. Not an empty-handed trip.”

“I didn’t invite you though.” The old man unhappily said.

Li Qiye replied: “I know I’m uninvited but all of Pure can smell your accursed stench. The moment I got up here, I got a taste too so I came running to steal your food~!”

“Teacher of Immortal Emperors? More like a hoodlum thug.” The old man muttered under his breath.

Li Qiye laughed and said: “That’s true, I’m a thug, robbing from the nine to the tenth world. Refuse to give me something and I’ll

just take it by force.”

The old man stared at Li Qiye with disdain. No one could do anything about this problematic fella, not even the emperors.

Li Qiye stopped robbing the old man after getting his fill and smiled: “No need to be unhappy, I only come to see you once every millions of years so even if I were to steal your potatoes, it’s not a common occurrence. I’ll scam again after this time.”

“Scram right now then.” The old man had no intention of keeping the guest around.

Li Qiye leisurely said: “No rush, no rush. Wow, I still remember back in the nine worlds when you were so gallant and dashing, a man with countless fans ranging from young ladies to mature wives. You might be an old man now but don’t act so miserly.”

The old man didn’t answer. All of his focus was on protecting what was left of his meals.

“If it wasn’t for your accursed stench, I wouldn’t have recognized you at all, an emperor who used to smile proudly.” Li Qiye sentimentally said.

This old man was an invincible emperor who used to be quite handsome and heroic when he was younger. After his ascension, he stole the heart of many goddesses and fairies. The guy even married the prettiest woman in the world.

After coming to the tenth world, his imperial and haughty style didn’t diminish at all. He even took the prettiest devil during that generation as his wife.

Alas, after the long years, this peerless emperor became an old man seemingly weak and dispirited through illness, unable to have full meals.

“This bag of skin can’t handle the passage of time.” The old man feebly said as if still malnourished.

Of course this wasn't the case. As an invincible existence, he could show his unstoppable aura and style in any location. However, he had abandoned his own body.

“I only have one thing to say to you - it's nice to be alive.” Li Qiye looked at the old man and said slowly.

The old man looked up with a serious stare and replied: “Do you actually think that?”

Li Qiye contemplated in silence before nodding solemnly: “There are pain and helplessness among the long years but ultimately, I'm still alive. I won't die until I obtain my obsessive goal and will never give up. That's why I'll keep on living.”

“Fight to the end.” The old man said.

Li Qiye agreed: “That's right, fight to the end. I will not fall before the final battle, regardless of who wants to kill me and how painful it is to live!”

“Having a goal and dream is good, necessary for a colorful life.” The old man stared at the horizon with his muddled eyes. Who knows if he could see clearly or not?

“Everyone can dream.” Li Qiye said.

“You're trying to persuade me to join the final battle?” The old man looked back and said: “Unfortunately, you will return empty-handed. I am cursed so that door to the battlefield won't open for me. Anyone who looks at me will run away. Otherwise, I would join that battle.”

“Forget it, with you along, all the troops will lose their morale.” Li Qiye shook his head and said: “I'm not here to get you to fight since you can't do it anyway.”

Chapter 1829: What Is Life?

The old man looked at Li Qiye and asked: “Then what are you here for?”

Li Qiye said: “This world requires an Immortal Emperor like you, the people of the hundred races need you even if I don’t.”

“I’m old now.” The emperor shook his head: “I know just how much weight I carry, my little skills can’t do much now. There are too many emperors in this world; the hundred races have some top ones too so I make no difference.”

Li Qiye shook his head: “You’re wrong there. I’m not telling you to go to the battlefield, it’s not something you want to do either.”

“Then what is it?” The old man asked.

“Mediation.” Li Qiye smiled deviously: “Just imagine, the emperors on both sides are ready to go all out with their sleeves rolled up. At that exact second, foul diarrhea rains down from the sky and makes the battlefield unbearable, even staining some of the emperors. Are they going to keep on fighting? No, they’ll just go back home for a shower and a change of clothes.”

“Your sister! You’re the one with diarrhea!” The old man angrily said.

“It’s just an example.” Li Qiye burst out laughing: “I’m saying that your accursed stench has a peerless power. You just need to fart on the battlefield and everyone will lose interest in fighting! Can’t you see? This is the best reason for you to continue living, for the peace of the tenth world, for the sake of the hundred races. I think it’s best if you live till the end of heaven and earth and fulfill your purpose.”

The old man stared skeptically at this guy who never cared about the mundane world and asked: “[Did you get hit on the head?](#)”

“You’re the one that got hit on the head. Can’t you pick your

words better?” Li Qiye kicked the old man mercilessly.

“I’ve lived all this time and know that the Dark Crow is not one for mediation nor a peacemaker.” The old man played nicer: “The Dark Crow kills wherever he goes, turning his surrounding into a bloody battlefield! You were the one who started Emperor Hunt, why do you want peace between the two sides now? Such a sudden change in attitude.”

“It shows how peace-loving I am.” Li Qiye smiled and said: “I was born to bring peace and prosperity to the inhabitants of this world. Fighting and killing and fighting and more killing are only things on the surface.”

The old man scoffed after hearing this with skepticism: “If the Dark Crow wants peace, then the high heaven can go ****.”

“Don’t make it sound like I’m a devil king or a bloodthirsty murderer.” Li Qiye said with a smile.

“Not that much different.” The old man said: “There probably isn’t anyone who had killed more emperors than you.”

“Alright, fine, a devil king it is.” Li Qiye shrugged in response: “Darkness will come after the light. I am benevolent and hope to leave behind some sparks that could illuminate the path forward for the hundred races. Of course, if some people are stubborn and suicidal enough, we’ll have no choice but to wipe them out.”

“Not interested.” The old man refused: “The world’s wellbeing has nothing to do with me, same with the prosperity of its inhabitants and the light versus darkness. I’m only someone waiting for death.”

Li Qiye expected this type of response: “I guess dying earlier will actually be better for someone like you.”

The old man remained calm like the unmoving water in a well.

“Is there anything that you still care about in this world? That you can’t give up?” Li Qiye eventually asked with a serious

expression.

“None.” The old man calmly answered with no ripple in his emotion.

“What about your children, your lovers in the nine and tenth world, the place where you belong?” Li Qiye continued.

The old man replied: “There is only one thing I care about - when I will die.”

“That’s a bit difficult for you.” Li Qiye commented.

“I know. The greatest tragedy in life is not being able to die even when you want to.” The old man said.

“Death is not scary, it can be a form of salvation. Yes, your situation is torturous indeed.” Li Qiye gently nodded.

He was immortal and had experienced countless disasters and pain. Death wasn’t always the worst fate possible.

The old man stopped talking while holding his pan. Even the heaven and earth couldn’t mess with a cursed character like him. All existences would stay away due to sheer hatred.

Suicide wasn’t an option either. He could only live on and hope for solace in death one day.

Li Qiye gently sighed and said: “Looks like you really have taken this path to the extreme or even broke through it. Nothing in this world matters to you, I didn’t expect this.”

“It’s understandable, no one had ever reached this level of condemnation before. Even the high heaven doesn’t want to get involved.” The old man said nonchalantly.

“An execution never came for you?” This was Li Qiye’s second reason to come here.

“I want that old villainous heaven to send down an execution but I haven’t seen one yet. After taking this path, there was no trace of it.” The old man replied.

“Can’t tell if this is a happy thing or a tragedy.” Li Qiye smiled wryly.

It was quite unbelievable for an Immortal Emperor to not invoke a Heavenly Execution. All the emperors were apprehensive about this particular tribulation because even the strongest emperor couldn’t survive. The moment the execution came, so did the reaper.

Without it, it meant that the emperors could walk freely in the world. Thus, any other emperor yearned for its absence in order to have freedom.

However, this old man didn’t find this to be a good thing at all. If an execution came, he would finally find eternal reprieve.

Alas, he had been staying in the mundane realm for generations now without seeing one so he had no choice but to keep living on.

“If there is nothing else, you should leave now. I need a nap to rest or hunger shall ravage me at night.” The old man calmly said.

“Fine.” Li Qiye acquiesced: “So be it, despite the fruitless visit, I still hope that you will be able to die soon.”

Hoping for someone else to die might provoke them but this was the best type of blessing one could say to this old man.

The old man nodded and climbed up his bed before closing his tired eyes.

Li Qiye gently sighed while staring at this old man on the old wooden bed. Who would think that this was an invincible Immortal Emperor?

“Your Excellency.” The old man suddenly opened his eyes and said before Li Qiye made it out of the door.

“What can I do for you?” Li Qiye turned and replied.

The old man took out a yellow page from the corner of his bed. Wrinkled and decayed it was; who knows how many times it had

been rolled up?

“I don’t have any interest in this world but sometimes, I can’t help but want to see the high heaven and the end of the world. Suddenly, I became enlightened with some thoughts and I wrote them down.” He gave the wrinkly paper to Li Qiye.

“Your Excellency had experienced so many ages and has no lack of merit laws. I only hope for these thoughts to be passed down. You can look at it if you want but if you don’t care for them, please find someone to pass them down or just store it.”

Li Qiye accepted it and fixed it up a bit before nodding solemnly: “I will think about it.”

The old man nodded back and said: “I am waiting for death so the darkness will be good for me since I might be able to die faster. However, I hope you can be successful at the final battle and return triumphantly. Only you will be able to do it, Your Excellency.”

“I hope so.” Li Qiye gently sighed and left.

The old man closed his eyes again and fell into a slumber.

This particular line is interesting because of the different possible translations. The characters in question are 变性, change of personality/nature, to have a sex change, transgender. Basically, a broad range of potential meaning, depending on the context. The key here is to show surprise and translate it as a playful, slightly insulting quip that doesn’t match an emperor’s bearing. Some possible variations for: “Did your personality changed?” This one is the most literal but it lacks the punch. The sex change meaning of the characters is supposed to be humorous but there was no way of including it - “Did you get a sex change?” or “Are you a woman now?” This would be completely jarring; the latter being too offensive to fit. I went with the common English phrase that would be used colloquially for this type of situation, even though it deviates from the raw

Chapter 1830: Outer Realm City

Outer Realm City was not in Pure. It was far away at the border of the sky, hanging in the galaxy.

Due to the prohibitive distance, ordinary cultivators couldn't fly from Space to this city. A portal from an imperial lineage was necessary.

Nevertheless, the city wasn't the final stop since it was actually the beginning of adventures and would lead to even more dangerous areas.

People loved to talk and go to the place right outside of it, Exploration Grounds. There were too many legends and each place was different.

For millions of years now, people came and went. Some ended up being buried there.

No one knew how vast it was or described it with details. Just talking about one corner of the place was difficult enough. Some even said that just one corner of this place was larger than Pure.

No one had been able to travel through the whole place, not even the supreme existences like emperors.

The reason why the place was so popular was due to its elusive nature. As long as it was the right time and place, Heavenly Execution couldn't come down. Rumor has it that the high heaven couldn't peer through this place completely.

This was the reason why emperors and gods chose to hide in this place.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that all the living emperors and Ancient Gods were hiding in the different Exploration Grounds. Even some High Gods were staying here as well.

This was the reason why many experts came to this place. Some

of them wanted to see the appearance of these higher level beings. Others wanted to meet their forefathers just once.

Of course, the emperors weren't so hospitable. Even if their descendants were to come, they wouldn't necessarily give them an audience. Only influential ancestors or High Gods were eligible to meet their ancestors.

This was also an adventurous ground, full of unimaginable excitement. There were supreme divine artifacts from older epochs and immortal panacea. In deeper regions, there were immortal ores that were created at the start of the primordial chaos.

One could come across treasures easily here that were not weaker than the imperial level. They could casually dig out a unique immortal ore or medicine that could bring one back from the brink of death.

These treasures were the other reason why so many cultivators wanted to come here. Of course, there was a proportional risk to the reward.

Artifacts were scattered about but so were the ominous items.

The latter had been found too many times to count in history. Someone excavated a corpse that laid waste to his group of one thousand, causing them to decay to death.

Another devil was found and it scooped out the hearts of seven High Gods. A golden spring in the legends was found and it instantly turned all of the imperial children into corpse liquid.

Finding an artifact meant becoming rich overnight, but digging out an ominous item meant complete destruction, a death without a grave.

Nevertheless, numerous experts still planned for it despite knowing that they may not return. The adventurous soul was uncontainable.

Outer Realm City was the start for these adventurers. They

pulled up their anchor and spread their sails to follow their lofty dreams and aspirations.

It was created from a large planet, resulting in ancient ruins everywhere. It floated in the galaxy and had a sun and moon rotating around it. The sky here was no different than the one seen in Pure.

When one stood outside, they would find large walls covering the entire planet. These walls were simply impenetrable. The city was prosperous and rowdy, one of the biggest in Pure. Thousands of cultivators were staying here along with other beings.

Majestic mountains and grand rivers were present just like other cities in Pure. As time passed, people took root in this place and even started sects and businesses.

Li Qiye walked on the old street with many emotions. This was once the outpost where he declared war against the three races. The walls here stopped their great armies.

Today, the smokes of war have receded and this place had become a paradise for adventurers. People have forgotten the grisly carnage of the past. Wise sages traded their blood and bones so that the hundred races could stand strong today.

This great street with ten lanes was paved with bluestones, hard and lasting. Millions of years weren't enough to damage it.

Li Qiye and the Jilin Princess were supposed to meet here. However, he wanted to see an old friend beforehand.

At the end of this street was a large mansion with a gate large enough to be a city's entrance. It was heavy and thick, capable of stopping an army. Two bronze lions sat to the left and right, looking quite stately.

The years have done a number on this mansion. The two bronze lions were rusting as well from the rains and winds.

There was an old plaque hanging above with the words, "Peng

Mansion". It carried an immense imperial power that has withstood the test of time.

Below its name was a signature, "Min Ren". This made it look like an emperor was standing right there. Anyone would uncontrollably feel a sense of respect after reading this name.

In fact, some experts from the hundred races would always take off their hats and bow when they came across this mansion.

This was one of the ancient clans in Outer Realm and had produced several High Gods. Despite not having an emperor, the experts from Pure still respected it all the same.

The most famous and revered of their High Gods was Star Stomper.

He had nine totems that have formed a set but the most amazing thing about him was his prestigious Nine Cauldrons bloodline.

Keep in mind that the Nine Cauldrons was one of the eight ancient bloodlines and one of the two most magical and precious bloodlines of the human race.

This was an exceedingly powerful High God due to his set of totems and bloodline. However, this wasn't the reason why he was so respected.

His contribution to Emperor Hunt was the main reason, on top of surviving the war.

Because of this, Immortal Emperor Min Ren of the human race personally wrote the name of the mansion and even his own signature. This was the highest form of ceremony that an emperor could do for these title inaugurations.

Today, the Peng Mansion wasn't as unstoppable as before. It looked a bit cold under the rays of dusk. Only a few lamps were lit up inside its abandoned ground.

In front of the mansion were two red lamps. One of the words

was “longevity”. This prompted Li Qiye to calculate with his fingers after seeing the longevity lamp.

“Looks like its Star Stomper’s birthday in several days. Looks like his descendants are having a celebration for him.” Li Qiye murmured.

Having said that, he headed towards the mansion. Though he didn’t want to bother the High God, he still wished to congratulate his birthday.

Two disciple guards stood proudly by the entrance. One of them asked right away: “May I ask for Fellow Daoist’s name? How can I help you?”

“Star Stomper High God’s birthday must be near.” Li Qiye told the disciple.

This disciple was slightly surprised. Even though his forefather’s birthday was no secret, not too many people could remember the date since the god had lived for so long, outside of his own descendants.

“Yes, sir. May I ask for your purpose?” The disciple calmed down and inquired.

Li Qiye calmly said: “If the god’s birthday is coming soon, I wish to congratulate him.”

“Well.” The disciple hesitated for a moment: “We’re not receiving guests for the forefather’s birthday.”

Chapter 1831: Peng Clans Birthday Celebration

The disciple made it clear in a polite manner that they didn't want outsiders at the celebration of Star Stomper High God.

"I know." Li Qiye said: "I came uninvited but so what? Will your estate not welcome a guest?"

"No, of course not." The disciple hurriedly said: "Our clan is receptive to guests from all over the world. May I ask for your name and where you are from?"

"Li Qiye, a vagrant cultivator. I am here specifically to celebrate the High God's birthday due to his great contribution to society."

The two disciples exchanged glances. One of them said: "Please wait, I will go report to the higher-ups."

Li Qiye nodded and stood in front of the mansion to stare at the old plaque. He was slightly moved by Min Ren's signature. Everything flashed before his eyes as if it was only yesterday.

Back then, regardless of their personal feud, Min Ren still didn't hesitate in standing by his side and supported him just like the past.

He was the first to rush in battle during Emperor Hunt, the one to uphold an entire domain to fight against the top emperors of the three races!

Unfortunately, things didn't always go as one's wish. Not too many people were left, Star Stomper was one of them. This was one of the High Gods who followed him during this campaign.

He wasn't a match for peak emperors and Ancient Gods but he was ferocious enough with his spear dripping with the blood of his enemies.

During his sentimental recollection, the disciple who went to

report came back and told him: “Young Noble Li, please come inside. The servants have prepared a quarter for you.” With that, he led the way.

Li Qiye nodded and followed the disciple into the Peng mansion. Even though he came uninvited, the clan appreciated anyone who was here to celebrate their High God’s birthday.

His stay was at a minor courtyard. It was not a VIP treatment but the clan didn’t slight him. Their hospitality was attentive and thorough enough.

He took out the yellow page given to him by the old man and meticulously read it. The more he read, the more surprised he became.

As the teacher of Immortal Emperors and the dark hand that had experienced millions of years, which merit law had he not seen? Heaven’s Will Laws, heaven-destroying techniques, ancient arts... He had seen too many to count. Just naming a random yet famous one could shock people.

Alas, the content of the yellow page still shocked him. He murmured: “This old man is extraordinary to have this level of enlightenment. It must be due to the lack of Heavenly Execution. Other emperors wouldn’t have a chance to see this so clearly and research further.

The old man himself was already brilliant. Despite turning back into a mortal, this didn’t change his true nature as an emperor. Because he didn’t suffer from the looming threat above, he had a better chance than the other emperors to peer into the high heaven!

Other emperors could be stronger than the old man but they lacked this opportunity because they needed to hide in Exploration Grounds in order to avoid the Heavenly Execution.

This old man’s profound content was inscrutable. Even someone

at the ancestor level wouldn't be able to understand it. Only emperors could read and comprehend it.

Li Qiye took his time perusing the page. It was only some thoughts written down and had nothing to do with laws and techniques. Thus, Li Qiye wanted to derive these ideas down even more in order to create a supreme merit law.

On the second day of his stay, a youth around the age of twenty came to see him. He dressed properly and was handsome to boot. His little gestures seemed experienced, same with his dignified expression. Alas, due to his age, there was still an unavoidable greenness to him.

The youth saw Li Qiye and immediately cupped his fist: "Brother Li came from afar to visit our humble abode yet I was overwhelmed with business and couldn't give you a better reception. Please excuse me."

He was very polite and even slightly bowed with enthusiasm towards Li Qiye.

"I came uninvited so no need for a grand reception." Li Qiye chuckled and nodded back.

The youth hurriedly said: "My name is Peng Yi, I'm temporarily in charge of the mansion's administration. Please forgive us for any mistake in hospitality."

This youth was the current clan master of the Peng. He was startled to hear the disciple earlier sending the message about someone named Li Qiye coming to offer his respect.

Li Qiye took a second glance due to the age of this clan master. It wasn't because he looked down on young people or that he cared about the appearance of such a young clan master in this ancient clan. Ultimately, this was a bad sign for the clan.

An ancient clan always had orders and ranks. Thus, the role of a clan master was usually taken by someone experienced and this

usually came with age.

If this clan had a youth like this as its master, there were two possibilities. The first being that this youth was exceptional and brilliant with enough experience. This type of genius was considered top-notch. The second possibility being that the clan had fallen. The older generation was gone before their time so the young generation had no choice but to step up and face the trials and hardships.

There was no doubt that Peng Yi didn't belong to the former type. His cultivation and talents weren't bad but there was a big gap between him and a supreme genius. This meant that the second possibility was happening.

Peng Yi understood the inquisitive glance and smiled: "The seniors in the clan have taken a step back so I have no choice but to bear the great responsibility despite my naiveness and ignorance. Feel free to give me any guidance."

"Being young is also an advantage. Keep accumulating positive experiences and your future will be limitless." Li Qiye slowly said.

Peng Yi cupped his fist in response: "I'm not worthy of your praise, Brother Li, but I will keep it in mind."

Li Qiye smiled and nodded.

"Not too many people are aware of my forefather's birthday, your goodwill visit truly brightens our clan." Peng Yi was very careful with his choice of words in order to keep the right amount of decorum.

It wasn't out of dubiousness but he needed to be careful. Outer Realm was far from Pure, especially the Jilin territories. Nevertheless, he had still received a message stating that someone named Li Qiye had taken down the crown prince of Heavenly Phoenix.

There was no doubt that the description matches this fella ahead.

In his mind, someone who dared to murder the crown prince was definitely ferocious. Keep in mind that Heavenly Phoenix Crown Prince was an imperial successor and Jin Ge's brother-in-law. Normal people wouldn't dare to provoke him, let alone taking him down in front of everyone.

Thus, when such a fierce character showed up in their clan in order to celebrate their forefather's birthday, it did bring up some questions in his mind.

Even though the forefather's birthday was coming up in the next few days, the forefather still wasn't back for many reasons. He was still hiding in Exploration Grounds so his descendants couldn't offer their respect in person. It was only going to be a small party.

Moreover, the Peng was no longer the same as before. This was another reason why they didn't want to invite outsiders.

So now, the uninvited guest made Peng Yi wondered if there was any ulterior motive?

Li Qiye could see through this and chuckled: "Don't worry, I am here with sincerity. Star Stomper High God had done everything he could for the hundred races. This is worthy of respect."

"No, Brother Li, that wasn't my intention, I was simply curious." Peng Yi became a bit awkward after Li Qiye exposed him. His young age meant that his skin was still quite thin.

Li Qiye took out a box and said flatly; "I won't bother the High God since he is in seclusion right now. This is a minor gift to show my sincerity."

Peng Yi quickly accepted the box, opened it, and became frozen right away. Waves of fragrances came from within. Anyone who smelled this would feel as if they were walking on air after falling into a comfortable state with their energy channels opening up.

One could faintly hear the cry of a dragon as well. Just the smell and the roar were enough to let others know of the gift's

extraordinary nature.

[“This... this is the mythical resin of a dragon?”](#) Peng Yi gasped and said in disbelief.

Even though their clan wasn't as strong as before, it was still an ancient clan so Peng Yi knew his stuff. Even though he had never seen the resin of a dragon, this matched its description in the books exactly.

Keep in mind that this was a True Dragon's resin, not a pseudo-dragon like a half-serpent or a flood dragon. Only emperors could access this level of a treasure.

don't know about this one, 脂 is fat, rouge, resin. Usually, if it was blood, the author would use xue (blood), not this character. Dragon fat seems a bit weird so I went with resin

Chapter 1832: Rumors About Star Stomper High God

“Yes, I was in a rush so only brought a tiny piece with me. Just a minor gift, not enough to show my respect.” Li Qiye answered.

The resin of a dragon was a priceless treasure but it wasn't much for Li Qiye. When he destroyed Soaring Immortal and the other top lineages, he obtained a monstrous amount of treasures. His treasury back in the nine worlds was quite impressive.

This time, he also brought a few good items along to be prepared for any situation.

“Uhh...” Peng Yi was petrified. Such a tone was too much to take in; it was as if the guy was an emperor.

Even High Gods wouldn't necessarily be able to obtain the resin of a True Dragon and would salivate after seeing them, only emperors were truly qualified to use them. So when Li Qiye was saying that this was only a minor gift, it sounded so unbelievable.

Peng Yi didn't feel like he was being too outrageous, only generous to a peerless level. Imperial children and successors wouldn't spend as much as him.

“This is too precious of a gift.” Peng Yi didn't dare to accept this resin. His hands were trembling just from holding the box.

“Take it, it's for the High God, not you.” Li Qiye ordered.

Peng Yi took a deep breath and solemnly accepted it before bowing: “I will accept it in my forefather's stead and will hand it to him in the future. The entire clan appreciates your generous gift.”

“The High God's contribution and effort are more than worthy of this gift.” Li Qiye nonchalantly said.

Peng Yi naturally didn't know Li Qiye's underlying meaning and thought that he was only showing respect towards the forefather.

After all, he had participated in Emperor Hunt so the members of the hundred races respected him.

“Will you give me a chance to show you around the clan?” Peng Yi suggested.

Li Qiye agreed with a smile so Peng Yi acted as a tour guide, explaining the clan’s layout and a few legends.

The clan itself was large with an ancient atmosphere. Each building and temple had their own origin and legend.

Peng Yi enthusiastically took Li Qiye to the majority of the sites in the clan. In fact, even without this tour, Li Qiye still knew more about the clan than Peng Yi. He had stayed in this place many times in the past.

Nevertheless, Li Qiye still listened attentively with a smile on his face.

“Has Star Stomper High God returned?” Li Qiye casually asked during their stroll. He hadn’t seen the High God in a long time now, not wanting to disturb him in Exploration Grounds.

The casual question made it difficult for Peng Yi. He hesitated with a strange expression.

“Is something wrong?” Li Qiye immediately noticed and asked.

“Have you not heard about it, Brother Li?” Peng Yi said softly.

Li Qiye answered: “I was occupied with reading the sacred texts in the past and rarely asked about outside events, thus I’m not privy to the chaos of the world.”

“Oh, I see.” Peng Yi didn’t doubt this at all. He pondered a bit before continuing: “Something big happened in the last few years and our forefather came into being.”

“War.” Li Qiye’s eyes became serious since he was able to read the boy.

“Yes.” Peng Yi smiled wryly and had to tell the truth: “When Ren

Sheng from Arrogance ambushed Jin Ge's ascension, many ancestors from the hundred races heeded the call. Our ancestor personally came out and attacked the High Gods from the War-Monarch Clan, so Ren Sheng was able to ambush Jin Ge and stopped him from gaining some Heaven's Wills."

"Was the High God injured?" Li Qiye asked.

"I'm not sure, I was too young during this conflict, unaware of the details. Alas, after this war, there has not been any news of our forefather, so the elders from the clan believe that he was indeed injured." Peng Yi revealed.

There was no point for Peng Yi to hide this matter because many big shots from Pure were aware of it.

Jin Ge was a supreme genius and was one of the most hopeful candidates to become a top emperor. His talents were amazing enough and he was highly regarded by the Heaven Race.

If Jin Ge had three smooth seizing events, the most common and conservative estimate was that he would get ten wills. If all stars aligned, he might even be able to obtain twelve wills to become someone like World Emperor.

Having twelve wills meant becoming a top emperor. If one were to come out in this generation, it would reshape the political landscape of the thirteen continents.

In history, only nine emperors had twelve wills and only four were still alive to the present.

Of the four, the only person from the hundred races was [Immortal Monarch Yi Ye](#).

Outside of the extremely mysterious Purewood Divine Emperor, the other two emperors were World and Profound. World Emperor came from the Heaven Race while Profound Emperor came from the Divine Race.

Because Purewood was too elusive, the other three top emperors

created a balance of power situation.

If Jin Ge were to catch the right wind and become a twelve-wills emperor, he would definitely stand by World Emperor's side since he was a heavener as well.

Moreover, the War-Monarch Clan always had a great relationship with World Emperor. At that point, World Emperor's faction would have two top emperors. Even if Profound Emperor maintained a neutral stance, the Heaven Race would have an absolute advantage and became a great threat towards the hundred races.

Even though Immortal Monarch Yi Ye was a supreme existence, he wouldn't be able to fence off two other emperors at the same level.

Because of this speculation, Star Stomper High God joined the ambush without any hesitation.

Wen Sheng from Arrogance was also a top genius in the contemporary. Only Jin Ge was his match so the two of them have been rivals for a long time. Each of them had different strong points so a victor was virtually impossible to decide.

However, one generation simply couldn't have two emperors with twelve wills. First, not to mention the high chance of a Heavenly Execution from the appearance of two top emperors, no one in the world wanted to see it either. It would deliver a great blow to the thirteen continents' current political landscape.

A Difficult Dao Era would start as well. These two emperors would absorb all the primordial chaos energy of the origin during their reign. Thus, other emperors would immediately interfere whenever this possibility arose.

Because of this, if two top emperors were to come out in this generation, it certainly would be Jin Ge and Ren Sheng.

That's why Ren Sheng had this plot during Jin Gen's ascension

attempt. Killing Jin Ge would have been the best outcome but stopping him from becoming a top emperor would have been fine as well.

Ren Sheng went to find Star Stomper and stated his plan and the High God didn't refuse at all. Despite not being an Ancient God, Star Stomper was crazily powerful due to his set of nine totems and prestigious bloodline. Moreover, he was battle-hardened and experienced after surviving Emperor Hunt.

Thus, he alone was able to stop the High Gods from the War-Monarch Clan and contributed greatly. In the end, the ambush was a success. Even though Jin Ge came out without heavy injuries, he lost his chance to seize the Heaven's Wills. He would never be able to become a top emperor with twelve wills from that point on.

I can't translate this name without more context. It can be One Leaf, Harmonious/Solidarity

Chapter 1833: Human Bloodlines

Li Qiye sighed after hearing Peng Yi and replied: “The High God has always kept the hundred races in mind, bearing the responsibility of bettering the overall situation.”

He wasn't surprised to hear about the ambush because it was all too common in the tenth world. It would happen at least once every generation, going up to more than ten at times.

Despite having a pact, the three races and the hundred races still had conflicts and disputes. The imperial path was the most heated area since both sides didn't want to see new emperors for the other.

There might not be any battle beforehand, but at the day of ascension, a High God or a behemoth sect would start an ambush.

Even though the tenth world had seventy-two Heaven's Wills, not all would be shouldered in a single generation.

If all seventy-two were shouldered, then a difficult period would drape over the thirteen continents. All of its chaos and origin powers would be drained. Descendants would have a hard time cultivating. Even older emperors and gods would be affected, especially the High Gods. It meant that they would be stagnating during that generation.

Because of this, High Gods didn't want to see all the wills taken, same with the older emperors. Once there weren't that many wills left, the behemoths would start ambushes so that no one else could shoulder the wills. After ten thousand years, the remaining wills would disperse and return to the world.

Due to these factors, some wills would always be left behind in each generation. This became the norm.

It meant that the candidates needed to be one step ahead of the others. Otherwise, they could bear the risk of being ambushed by

the previous generation at the later stages.

“Right. The forefather has always cared about the matters of the hundred races. He taught us that our clan will definitely cease to exist if the hundred races were to face a perpetual decline.”

“A calm nest will have eggs.” Li Qiye said with a tinge of emotion. The High God had a keen understanding of the hundred races’ current situation. Without it, the hundred races will surely decline.

“I wonder how forefather is doing right now.” Peng Yi eventually said with a sad expression: “We haven’t heard from him after that battle. No news of him either.”

Star Stomper was quite fierce during that battle but rumor has it that he suffered some damage as well. After all, the War-Monarch Clan was no slouch. This was an imperial lineage with five emperors. Even if these existences didn’t come out, just their number of High Gods alone was frightening enough.

Peng Yi was only a junior and wasn’t qualified to know the hiding coordinates of the High God so he had no contact channel.

Even their older generation had withered so the clan couldn’t communicate at all, let alone letting their descendants come to meet the High God. This was the reason why the High God’s birthday celebration was so low-profile.

“Don’t worry, your forefather has the Nine Cauldrons bloodline and can handle this much. As one of the two great ancient bloodlines of the human race, its power is beyond your imagination.” Li Qiye consoled.

The thirteen continents’ strength was predicated on one’s bloodline. The major ones were the four great immortal bloodlines, eight ancient bloodlines, and twelve ancestral bloodlines.

Generally, the age of the bloodline was proportional to its power.

Because the older, the closer it was to the origin and the primal state of the world.

Because of this, an ancestral bloodline was referring to atavism, returning to the beginning of each race. An ancient bloodline could be traced back to the eras in the legends. As for the immortal bloodlines, they were even more mysterious. Rumor has it that immortals once existed in the older eras and they passed down their lineage.

“Right, the forefather’s Nine Cauldrons bloodline is mighty. I heard the seniors in the clan said that it was extremely pure. Unfortunately, it couldn’t break through the bottleneck to become a Human-monarch bloodline.” Peng Yi said with admiration.

The bloodlines were divided into four branches: heaven, devil, divine, and the hundred races with the humans as the main representatives.

The reason was very simple. The first immortal bloodline of the hundred races appeared on a human. Thus, though some people considered a Human-monarch bloodline to belong to the hundred races, it was more of a human bloodline. Of course, the other races from this faction have also produced Human-monarch bloodlines.

Human-monarch was one of the four immortal bloodlines, the most prestigious of the hundred races. The Nine Cauldrons was one of the two ancient bloodlines right below the Human-monarch bloodline. It was a big reason why Star Stomper was so powerful despite having only nine totems.

“It’s impossible for an ancient bloodline to turn into an immortal one.” Li Qiye explained insipidly: “So many people have tried to do so before. There is a chance for an ancestral bloodline to turn into an ancient bloodline but not an ancient into an immortal one. No need to think about it since the possibility is simply zero.”

Bloodlines were different from physiques. In the nine worlds, a physique could go up in rank but the possibility of bloodline

fundamentally improving in the tenth world was low to a negligible level.

As Li Qiye had said, there was a chance going from the ancestral to the ancient level. However, there was no chance of going from ancient to immortal. An immortal bloodline represented the ultimate authority with an unfathomable power beyond imagination.

“I heard when one has an ancestral bloodline for a long time, there is a probability of giving birth to an immortal bloodline in the future.” A tiny sliver of hope flashed in Peng Yi’s mind.

No descendant in their clan had inherited their forefather’s Nine Cauldrons bloodline. This was the most regrettable thing in their entire clan. After all, it was too precious so the clan wished that it could continue to pass down. Alas, they couldn’t get any of the three atavistic bloodlines of the human race either.

Their only remaining hope was the rumor that after a bloodline existed long enough, it would have a certain chance of evolving.

“It does exist but the chance is predicated on one’s bloodline power.” Li Qiye smiled and elaborated: “If one doesn’t have a powerful bloodline already, it won’t be possible. We’ll use your Nine Cauldrons bloodline as the example. In order for it to become a Human-monarch bloodline, it requires the polishing of an imperial blood. In other words, after three generations of Immortal Monarchs in your clan and one of them must have the Nine Cauldrons bloodline on top of further refinement of the bloodline, there is really a tiny, tiny chance of an evolution.”

Peng Yi smiled wryly after hearing this. An Immortal Monarch was something the clan didn’t dare to think about. Just revitalizing their clan was already good enough.

“No need to be sad because this is the norm.” Li Qiye said: “Many imperial lineages can’t even grasp such a precious bloodline. They tried to have marriage alliances for generations with matching

bloodlines but still can't get an immortal one. Of course, they still have a better chance of getting this bloodline more than ordinary clans since their bloodlines are innately more powerful.”

He continued: “This played a big part as to why the three races are stronger than us in the beginning and have immortal bloodlines before us. Their bloodlines are simply greater at the start. Later on, the hundred races became stronger, so did their bloodlines. Thus, the first Human-monarch bloodline was born in Six Dao Human-Monarch. Even though this wasn't a twelve-will emperor, it was still enough to contend against the ones with twelve wills!”

Li Qiye sighed emotionally. The evolution of the four great bloodlines was the same as the evolution of the races. Growing stronger was essential in keeping up with the others in term of innate bloodlines.

“That's true.” Peng Yi agreed that it is a fool's wish for his clan to have an immortal bloodline: “The clan only hope to have another person with the Nine Cauldrons bloodline. At the very least, this will prolong our lineage.”

“There is a chance as long as the clan sticks around.” Li Qiye said: “This is up to fate but also, just keep growing stronger in order to produce more formidable offsprings.”

Chapter 1834: Looming Shadow

Peng Yi nodded after hearing this: “I guess that’s all we can do.”

Despite saying this, he felt a bit helpless since his clan wasn’t the same as it once was. After Emperor Hunt when their forefather was still in charge, their clan was at its apex. Despite being very far from Pure, they still had a pivotal position in that continent. So many cultivators came to show their respect.

This was no longer the case. They still had some resources but there was a desperate lack of promising youths, leaving no room to grow in the future. Moreover, the last generation had withered as well. If this lack of production continued, they would eventually run out of their reserves.

Peng Yi continued his tour for Li Qiye because he had a lot of time on his hand. There was no need for a grand feast since the birthday celebration was only an internal one.

However, his good mood was interrupted by the sudden report of a disciple: “Clan master, the Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord is here for the forefather’s birthday.”

Peng Yi’s expression quickly changed after hearing this title. With a slight panic, he asked: “Why is he here? How many people? Is the War-Monarch Clan here too?”

“No, clan master. He came by himself.” The disciple hurriedly answered.

“Alone.” Peng Yi finally heaved a sigh of relief. His nervousness was justifiable since his forefather played a pivotal role in the ambush back then.

Meanwhile, this royal lord was Jin Ge’s father-in-law and the clan certainly didn’t give this person a birthday invitation. Perhaps this was an opportunity for revenge in the royal lord’s eyes.

“But, Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord also had a card from the

Donggong Clan. This group will come after.” The disciple quietly said.

“He’s with the [Donggong](#) Clan?” Peng Yi’s expression changed for the second time. This was not a good sign.

The Donggong was an imperial clan in Outer Realm City. They and the Peng used to rule this area.

However, their Eastern Palace Heaven Emperor had fallen to the execution. Later on, they have also produced several High Gods. Alas, these gods either died or went missing.

The two clans had an interesting relationship, neither friends nor foes. They maintained contact with each other.

This relationship became tenser in recent years due to one simple reason, the Donggong was on Jin Ge’s side during the ambush.

This wasn’t a big deal because everyone worked for their race. However, Star Stomper actually killed a High God from the Donggong so the two clans became enemies overnight.

Juniors didn’t dare to comment on their forefathers’ actions but there was no peace from then on in the city. The fact that these juniors didn’t start an all-out war showed impressive restraint from both sides. Nevertheless, minor scuffles were unavoidable.

“Are they trying to cause trouble during the birthday celebration?” Peng Yi became nervous and took two steps back.

The Donggong had been on the War-Monarch Clan and the Heaven Race’s side. So now, things didn’t look good when Jin Ge’s father-in-law was going with the Donggong Clan.

Li Qiye smiled and tapped the youth’s back to calm him down: “Visitors are guests and it’s not like the sky is falling down. Even if it is, you can still shoulder it! Everything is possible in this world as long as you continue to persevere in spite of all difficulties.”

After the gap, Peng Yi suddenly calmed down. Li Qiye’s carefree

smile was a calming dose of medicine.

He took a deep breath and ordered the disciple: “Use the highest ceremony to greet Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord. I will personally see him. Tell the ancestors to get ready for the worst, prepare for battle.”

“Affirmative.” The disciple immediately went to carry out the order.

Peng Yi felt much better after making up his mind. Despite being the clan master, his age was still a limitation since he hadn't experienced enough storm. Moreover, he himself wasn't strong enough so he naturally panicked in times of trouble.

“I can't accompany you any longer then, Brother Li.” Peng Yi apologized.

Of course, he didn't wish for Li Qiye to show himself in this key moment because Li Qiye was the prince's murderer. If the royal lord were to see him, a fight would break out even before the royal lord set his foot inside the mansion.

“Let's go, it's no big deal.” Li Qiye understood Peng Yi's thoughts and simply smiled.

The whole thing was nothing to him. He only came for the birthday celebration while Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord's group couldn't get into his sight. They would be wise to leave him alone.

Peng Yi gave Li Qiye a look of gratitude before leaving to prepare for a reception.

The Peng Clan became tense with the royal lord's arrival. Despite the enthusiastic appearance, the entire clan was a bow armed with an arrow with the string pulled all the way back, ready to fire at any moment. It was clear that the royal lord and his group came with hostility due to their past.

Fortunately, the royal lord didn't come to cause trouble. He was still polite enough so the clan became relieved. However, the

successor of the Donggong, Zheng, also came right after.

Zheng's arrival scared Peng Yi out of his mind but he still personally came out to see the guy.

Zheng stood there alone outside of the entrance. This was a gallant prodigy.

“The forefather's birthday is only a small party within the clan, I didn't expect Brother Donggong to catch wind of this. Excuse me.” Peng Yi welcomed Zheng.

“No way, our two clans are neighbors. As the adage goes, close neighbors are better than distant relatives. This little brother is here to show my respect for Star Stomper High God.” Donggong Zheng was all-smiles with no sign of hostility.

Nevertheless, Peng Yi still sensed that something was amiss as if a storm was approaching.

No one could forgive a feud of death. But now, as a descendant, Zheng was here to offer his respect?

After the event in the past, the two clans have been keeping their calm. There was no sign of wanting revenge. In fact, it was more accurate to say that both clans were in decline.

The Donggong's only remaining High God was killed by Star Stomper during the ambush. Thus, without anyone left, the clan suffered a great blow. Of course, The Peng didn't fare much better even though Star Stomper survived the battle.

The two clans stopped interacting with each other after this event. So now, when Donggong Zheng suddenly came to visit, no matter how one looks at it, it couldn't have been a friendly gesture.

After Zheng entered the clan, he and Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord were talking among themselves. This only made Peng Yi even more nervous.

The clan felt as if they have led two wolves into their home.

Anything could happen now. Alas, there was no other choice. These two came openly with a good justification. There was no denying a guest who came to offer their respect to Star Stomper. Otherwise, their clan would look petty, indecisive, and weak to outsiders.

Donggong means Eastern Palace

Chapter 1835: Birthday Celebration

Donggong Zheng and Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord's arrival was only the beginning. Many more guests came in the next two days such as the Sunset Glow Valley, Divine Dragon Mountain, Heaven Searching Sect, and Dragon Citadel... Many of the great powers from Pure sent their disciples for the celebration. Certain imperial lineages came as well.

The majority of the imperial lineages were from the hundred races. Even though none of the big shots from these clans came, just sending their disciples alone was enough to show that they haven't forgotten the High God's contribution to the races.

In fact, Peng Yi didn't expect this at all. Their forefather was still hiding in Exploration Grounds and couldn't show up even on his grand birthday. This was the reason why their clan didn't invite outsiders to the feast.

At the very least, few lineages from the three races came to Peng Yi's relief. Most of the guests truly came with goodwill.

If there were more people from the three races, then it would look much more unfavorable for their clan. It would be a pack of wolves wanting to feast on their clan.

Nevertheless, the sincerity of the guests didn't weaken the clan's vigilance. Despite the happy appearance, the clan was still ready for battle.

If anything major happened at this party, their clan would come under great scrutiny. If they couldn't take charge and stabilize the situation, then the result would be very negative and might even spell their doom. Everyone would try to get a bite of their resources.

After all, they had enough businesses here at Outer Realm. Remember how busy this place was since it was the starting area to

the Exploration Grounds. Imagine if their clan were to fall, so many would covet what they had, including old friends.

These were sleepless nights for the disciples at Peng despite their jubilant appearance. They kept their weapon by the side the whole night.

Then came the birthday finally with all the guests gathering. The mansion had lamps and decorating flowers. Each disciple had a red ribbon symbolizing longevity and prepared all sorts of colorful and delicious meals to each table.

The guests quickly took their seat while the Peng had their own experts and ancestors participating in the celebration. However, their real goal was to look out for trouble.

The strongest ancestor from the Peng was also here. This was their Profound Ancestor named Peng Yue. His hair was as gray as the early morning dew but his eyes were still spirited and sharp.

This was the only capable ancestor left from their clan outside of Star Stomper. He was a Dao Celestial with 80,000,000 chaos units. This was a peerless master compared to ordinary cultivators.

Despite his powerful aura, he was really quite old with withering vitality. He rarely cared for mundane matters but he had to preside over the situation this time. Other ancestors couldn't handle this mess.

He sat on top and made the guests much more polite. After all, having a Dao Celestial here changed the atmosphere. Any cultivator must think twice before doing anything unwise. A peak Dao Celestial or a High God needed to show up in order to deal with him.

Though there were many disciples from imperial lineages here, they weren't big shots or anything. That's why they acted respectfully towards someone of Peng Yue's level.

The truth was that Peng Yue would be a big deal in any place on

the thirteen continents. Of course, it would be a different story if a High God was here. There was still a big gap between him and the next level.

Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord sat closer to the top with Donggong Zheng alone. The other guests didn't dare to sit with them because they were only ordinary disciples. He, on the other hand, was a lord on top of being Jin Ge's father-in-law. This was an immensely prestigious character.

More importantly, he was on the side of the three races. After the ambush, racial relations became tense again. Thus, who from the hundred races would dare to sit with him?

Li Qiye was also a participant even though he didn't really care for it. He agreed because Peng Yi asked him.

Peng Yi took quite a risk to do so. The outcome could be easily imagined since the victim's father and the murderer were attending the same party. However, Peng Yi couldn't just ignore the guy due to his great gift. This more than qualified him to sit in this place.

Meanwhile, Li Qiye kept a low profile during the whole thing by picking an inconspicuous corner. People didn't even notice someone like him.

Of course, he wasn't afraid of trouble, not because of someone like Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord. No one here could get in his sight. Nevertheless, this was a birthday celebration so he wanted to get through it peacefully.

Alas, regardless of his wish, an aggressive pair of eyes was fixated on him the moment he sat down.

It was no other than Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord! He had seen Li Qiye's portrait before so he could recognize the guy even if he was burnt to ashes. A murderous glint flashed in his eyes just like a poisonous serpent staring at its prey. The fact that he didn't attack

right away was indicative of his patience and grace.

Peng Yi was sweating after seeing this. The thing he didn't want the most was happening. He and the Profound Ancestor exchanged glances after all the guests sat down. He went up to the podium and the only thought on this mind was for this to be over as soon as possible.

“Gentlemen, we as the descendants can only wish our forefather happy birthday from afar because he is still staying at Exploration Grounds.” He began his speech: “Your presence at our humble abode honors this lowly one. Please forgive any slight in the reception and hospitality...”

The guests applauded after he finished his speech. Many wanted to see Star Stomper High God but if it was inconvenient for him to come out, they didn't dare to voice any displeasure.

“Brother Peng, congratulation on this joyous day. There are so many esteemed guests here today but my knowledge is shallow. Will you introduce me to some friends from all over the world here?” Donggong Zheng stood up and asked after the speech.

The crowd nodded approvingly after hearing this. People here were from all over Pure and didn't know each other prior to this. It was a good opportunity to make friends.

Of course, Zheng's eyes were locked on Li Qiye in the corner by himself. He knew what was going on the moment he saw the royal lord's gaze.

The guy was purposely causing trouble and Peng Yi became anxious, knowing that something big was going to happen. However, this was inevitable at this point.

“May I ask which Fellow Daoist you want to know, Brother Donggong?” Peng Yi asked while exchanging another glance at the Profound Ancestor.

“This Fellow Daoist looks exceptional so in my opinion, he must

be from a famous sect. Will you introduce me to him?” Zheng was heading for Li Qiye.

Li Qiye sat there nonchalantly with a faint smile on his face while the royal lord continued to stare at him.

“His name is Li Qiye.” The royal lord answered before Peng Yi and stood up. His voice was cold to the extreme, same with his gaze.

Many of the guests were surprised to hear this. Some began to whisper among themselves.

“That’s Fiercest?” A few have heard of Li Qiye’s title but haven’t seen him in person before. They assumed that Fiercest would look quite brutal and aggressive instead of this ordinary appearance.

They didn’t expect he would be here on top of sitting in that lonely corner.

Chapter 1836: Excuses

In a short time, all the guests stared at Li Qiye with hushed discussions.

“That’s Fiercest, I heard he killed Heavenly Phoenix Crown Prince.” An expert whispered.

“Shh.” His friend instantly signaled for him to stop and quietly said: “Lower your voice, don’t let others hear you because this is a big deal.”

The guests nearby shuddered as well. Some of them glanced at the bloodthirsty royal lord.

There was no way the lord would forgive someone who killed his son. More importantly, because his son-in-law was Jin Ge, the War-Monarch Clan might come for revenge as well.

Li Qiye sat in the corner as if he didn’t hear the royal lord. He took his time sipping his wine and enjoying the snacks. From start to finish, he didn’t look at the lord or Donggong Zheng at all since he didn’t want blood to stain this celebration. Ignoring them was the best way.

Everyone should be happy that Li Qiye wasn’t causing trouble, including the emperors. Unfortunately, the royal lord didn’t understand this fact just like so many others in the world.

His silence was viewed as weakness. Many guests thought that he was afraid of the lord.

“Little animal, you think you can avoid this by not speaking?” The lord walked towards Li Qiye. He swore for retribution regardless of the cost.

Li Qiye slightly frowned but he maintained his neutral stance and sat there like a quiet, handsome fella.

“Not to mention the quiet corner, even if you run into a rat nest,

I'll still capture you." The lord lost his cool and rushed forward.

"Your Majesty." Peng Yi quickly blocked his path and hurriedly said: "Please calm down. If you have any grievances, please wait until after the celebration. I'm sure Brother Li doesn't want to run, it is only a matter of time to settle the scores. No need to rush it, am I right, Brother Li?"

Peng Yi naturally didn't want to see killing during his forefather's celebration. It wouldn't only ruin the party but also rob their clan of face.

A fight at this event would be trampling over their clan's prestige. If they couldn't control this situation, they wouldn't be able to stay at Outer Realm any longer!

Donggong Zheng smiled after seeing this and said: "Brother Peng, it is not His Majesty not giving your clan any face. Remember, this Li fella is his mortal enemy with an irreconcilable feud. But Brother Peng, you are letting him sit in this hall like an esteemed guest. Does your clan wish to oppose His Majesty too? Or are you on the same side with him all along?"

Zheng was fanning and adding oil to the fire in order to ruin this celebration. Star Stomper killed their High God, this was also another irreconcilable feud!

Peng Yi grimaced in response. He knew no good would come from their visit but he couldn't chase guests away without a justifiable reason.

"Brother Donggong, no need to make baseless conjectures." Peng Yi responded: "Today is our forefather's birthday so we welcome all guests who want to offer their respect. How could we turn anyone away?"

"Virtuous Nephew Peng, I have no intention of antagonizing your clan either but this person is my son's murderer. I vow to never let this go until I kill him!" The royal lord aggressively

declared with a cold and murderous expression.

He and Donggong Zheng came with ill-will in the first place. Star Stomper ruined his son-in-law's ascension and killed a High God from the Donggong. If the two of them actually came with sincerity, that would be the hardest thing to believe in the world.

Peng Yi had a hard time controlling the situation. He was in the same generation as Zheng so he could stop the guy but the royal lord wouldn't give a young person like him any face.

"Cough." The old Peng Yue spoke feebly: "Royal lord, I can sympathize with the pain of losing a son. However, today is our forefather's birthday, all are guests here at our mansion. Please let today pass and you can settle the scores later."

All the experts held their breath after hearing this and stared at the royal lord. Those from the imperial lineages were aware of the unfriendly nature of the royal lord's visit.

Nevertheless, a Dao Celestial with 80,000,000 chaos units had some weight to his words.

"Ancestor Peng, I want to be considerate and do not want to cause trouble on this day, but my will for vengeance is insuppressible!" The royal lord maintained his aggression.

"So you are saying you want to ruin our feast?" Peng Yue frowned and became serious.

All eyes were on the two of them at this moment.

The royal lord was also a Dao Celestial. His talents were only average among cultivators so it was hard for someone his age to reach this realm. In fact, his power and talents weren't worthy of the throne in his own country.

But ultimately, he was fortunate enough to have an amazing daughter. Not only was she incredibly talented and laid down a strong foundation for their branch, she also married Jin Ge. This marriage alliance gave their country an unprecedented advantage

and heightened their status in Pure.

Because of this, the royal lord easily took the throne. After his coronation, the ancestors in the royal clan helped and gave him enough spirit medicines to break through any bottleneck. He barely stepped into the Dao Celestial realm after having 50,000,000 chaos units.

“Do not blame me for this. This is your clan inviting someone like this here, it will herald a disaster to this place!” The royal lord said.

“That’s right.” Zheng smiled deviously and followed up: “Brother Peng, you need to think carefully as the clan master. One can lose everything with one wrong move. It will bring about a clan-destroying disaster!”

“Brother Donggong, what are you implying?!” Peng Yi’s expression darkened. Even if it wasn’t for Li Qiye, these two would have come up with another excuse to cause trouble.

“Nothing.” Zheng sneered: “I’m only advising you out of kindness. After all, this isn’t like the past any longer. Many great powers are rising like the suns with no lack of clans facing the dusk. If you aren’t careful, this land might have a new owner!”

Peng Yi’s expression changed completely. Zheng was blatantly referring to the decline of their clan.

The guests looked at each other after hearing Zheng. They realized that the royal lord and Zheng didn’t come here to celebrate.

“Is that so? I want to see who can change the master of this land!” Peng Yue’s old voice slowly uttered each word.

He spoke powerfully this time around. As an experienced ancestor, he wouldn’t allow someone to bully them in their own territory. Even if they had to go all out, they must maintain the prestige of their clan.

The guests took a deep breath. Peng Yue had made it clear. Anyone else who dared to cause trouble would become enemy with their clan.

“Ancestor Peng, I don’t give a damn about your land.” The royal lord said coldly: “Today, anyone who dares to stop my retribution will become the enemy of my kingdom and we do not stop until our enemies are dead!”

The royal lord was just as fierce. Both sides simply wouldn’t relent.

“So you intend on ruining our event?” Peng Yue’s eyes turned cold with a stately and oppressive aura.

“Ancestor Peng, no more playing games. You might be an expert with 80,000,000 chaos units but I’m not afraid of you. If your clan is smart, don’t stand in my path for revenge or I won’t show any mercy!” The royal lord was unperturbed.

Chapter 1837: Overbearing Forcefulness

The guests took a deep breath after hearing the royal lord. His comment wasn't only aggressive but also refused to give any face to the Peng Clan.

Remember that this was their forefather's celebration. But now, causing trouble due to past grievances was directly ruining the feast without giving any consideration for Star Stomper High God.

The humans among the guests scowled in response. Star Stomper's contribution to the hundred races was too famous so it didn't matter whether the Peng was in decline or not, the hundred races would always view him with reverence. But now, this royal lord wanted to ruin his celebration? It was also an attack towards the hundred races.

"So I should be testing your kingdom's imperial arts then?" Peng Yue stood up without hesitation with lightning coursing through his eyes!

Heavenly Phoenix was indeed powerful on top of having a mighty son-in-law. People should fear them but the Peng Clan would never swallow this indignation.

"Ancestor Peng, you need to rethink this. You might be stronger than me but I'm not someone you can provoke! I came with sincerity to this celebration today but when your High God ambushed my son-in-law back then, this was already a declaration of war against the Monarch Clan. If it wasn't for my son-in-law's magnanimity, your clan would already be flattened by now! Today, you dare to protect my son's murderer? This is an unforgivable sin! Hand him over now and apologize on top of accepting your punishment to my son-in-law, or my daughter will mobilize against your clan! She has millions under her banner with more than ten High Gods and the War-Monarch Emperors behind her. You better think twice right now!" The royal lord was oppressive

in tone, no longer holding anything back.

All the guests were stirred by his speech and felt a chill running down their spine.

The royal lord actually wanted the Peng Clan to submit to Jin Ge and compensate for his losses? This was no longer a slap to the face, more like a stomp.

The cultivators from the hundred races were angered but no one dared to step up and say anything. They needed to think about whether they could afford to do so. His daughter had a massive army with emperors as her backing. It meant that she was simply unstoppable. Who would dare to provoke her?

Everyone understood that Jin Ge had gained enough allies after the ambush last time. He was determined to win in the next competition for the Heaven's Wills.

In fact, no one here knew that the royal lord was only boasting, borrowing the prestige of a tiger.

It was true that his daughter had a massive army with a few High Gods listening to her. Moreover, Jin Ge had also won the support of some Grand Emperors.

However, she didn't demand any reparation from the Peng Clan. On the contrary, she wanted to keep a low profile in order to amass more strength. At the right moment, she would use all of her accumulated resources and forces for her husband's next attempt.

She was worried about a second ambush from the hundred races. Thus, she did everything possible in order to have a smooth sailing. There was no way she would waste one good soldier on another cause!

She even went as far as talking to certain sects from the hundred races such as the Jilin Clan, Dragon Citadel, and Sunset Glow Valley. She wanted to please them and had thoughts of forming alliances.

The royal lord didn't feel the same way. He believed that because of his daughter's current military potential, he was unstoppable.

He tried to get her to agree to avenging her brother but she refused and even persuaded him, asking him to calm down.

Alas, her words fell upon deaf ears. He was hellbent on retribution.

Recently, he heard of Li Qiye staying at the Jilin Clan. This further convinced him that his death had something to do with that clan. However, his power alone couldn't do anything if the clan wanted to protect him.

This was why he secretly persuaded some friends and allies under the guise of his daughter's banner. He hoped that a strong alliance would be able to pressure the Jilin.

He came to Outer Realm City precisely to talk to the clans out here in order to recruit more High Gods. Meeting Li Qiye here was unexpected. His murderous vengeance erupted with a touch of greed. He wanted both revenge and to swallow the Peng Clan's wealth!

Peng Yue's expression became ugly. No one would be able to stay calm after hearing this, demanding them to yield on their forefather's birthday celebration. Even if it wasn't for Li Qiye's matter, Peng Yue wouldn't have backed down anyway.

"Royal lord, you are out of line!" Peng Yi was also furious. His face turned red as he glared at the royal lord.

Some of the guests were naturally unhappy about the lord's unreasonable attitude. However, Jin Ge and the War-Monarch Clan were indeed untouchable in Pure.

"Brother Peng, you can't say that. The royal lord is sincerely giving your clan a good chance. If His Excellency Jin Ge were to come with his army, not even an inch would be left of this land. Changing war into peace by acquiescing is the best course of

action." Donggong Zheng smiled deviously and added.

"Shut your mouth!" Peng Yi as the clan master was going to stay calm during this celebration. But now, this matter related to the prestige and honor of their clan. To acquiesce was to let all of this go. They might as well get the hell out of Outer Realm at that point.

"Peng Yi. I'll be frank." Zheng's expression also turned cold as he called Peng Yi by his given name: "Don't think your clan is so amazing anymore. The respect from everyone else is no longer there, your clan is a withered flower, a setting sun now. Hah, your only backing, Star Stomper High God, is grievously wounded and can't come out. But even if he can, so what? Offending the War-Monarch Clan could only end in death! The moment His Excellency Jin Ge mobilizes, our clan will be the first to heed his call! No one will speak up for your clan."

Zheng no longer tried to be amicable in appearance. Their clan specifically came to check on the Peng for this celebration.

Peng Yi turned pale with his chest huffing and puffing while Peng Yue became even more livid. His eyes flashed with bloodthirst but he couldn't kill Zheng because of his status as a senior.

"The War-Monarch Clan ain't shit." A leisure voice interrupted Donggong Zheng's gloating moment.

Everyone looked towards the source of the voice and saw that it was Li Qiye. He was still enjoying his meal and wine.

After he made his statement, he elegantly picked up a tender piece of Fierce Bull's meat and carefully chewed before swallowing.

Everyone forgot about him since the royal lord was going at it with the Peng Clan. Now, they finally remembered that he was the main actor.

"Such a big tone!" Zheng snorted and aggressively said: "Ignorant brat, do you know who the War-Monarchs are? It is a clan with

five emperors, the leader of Pure. If they want to kill you, it will be as easy as crushing an ant!"

Some among the crowd grimaced. Pure was the territory of the hundred races. Since when was the War-Monarch Clan its leader?!

"Only five emperors, no big deal." Li Qiye gracefully wiped his mouth and hands, still as nonchalant as before: "A clan with nine emperors and a Heavenly Scripture like the Qian might, just might, be able to utter some words before me, as for the War-Monarch Clan? Mere trash."

From start to finish, Li Qiye didn't bother to look at Zheng and the royal lord as if they were beneath him.

Everyone was astounded after hearing this. The War-Monarch Clan's power was unquestionable, even in Pure. No one could touch their status in this land because if they could, this clan wouldn't still be here right now. Pure belonged to the hundred races, after all.

Chapter 1838: Smashed Into Bits

Li Qiye's remark about the War-Monarch Clan was simply too arrogant. No one would dare to repeat this sentence outside of top emperors with twelve wills.

The more stunning part was how lightly he viewed the Qian Clan. This made everyone shudder or even wanted to get away from him like the plague.

The Qian was an existence striking fear into the hearts of all throughout the thirteen continents. This was one of the most awe-inspiring lineages in the three races.

Even though the Qian was located in the far Essence Continent, but any cultivator with a bit of knowledge had heard of it and its many legends before.

This was the supreme symbol of authority within the three races. It had nine emperors, with the fifth being World Emperor. He was also the fifth to have twelve wills in the tenth world. One could easily imagine how terrifying this clan capable of producing so many talents was.

It didn't end there. Two even more horrifying rumors existed about this clan. First, that it had one of the nine Heavenly Scriptures but no one knew which one exactly. Second, World Emperor might have a True Immortal Armament.

Just these two things alone could let the Qian become invincible and look down on the world. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that the Qian was the leader of the three races.

So many emperors wanted a Heavenly Scripture but this was easier said than done. Alas, the clan had a complete version. Furthermore, there had only been five True Immortal Armaments in history yet World Emperor had one.

Two were missing among the five. One belonged to Immortal

Emperor Min Ren who went on an ultimate expedition. It was never seen again. The other one was with Six Dao Monarch but after he fell to the Heavenly Execution, it disappeared as well.

Thus, there were really only three left and World Emperor had one of them. He was one of the most brilliant emperors in history with twelve wills, supreme arts, and a True Immortal Armament.

But now, a youth like Li Qiye looking down on the War-Monarch Clan was one thing, but to go as far as looking down on the Qian Clan? The War-Monarch would only be a child compared to the Qian.

Even Peng Yi and Peng Yue were shivering with a pained, pale expression. Peng Yi was praying for this little ancestor to speak a little less. Offending the War-Monarch was one thing but offending the Qian can scare someone to death.

Their clan could face the consequence of offending the War-Monarch but the Qian was a whole different story.

Everyone knew that offending the Qian was the same as offending the three races. To put it bluntly, the Qian just need to say the words and the billion and billion members of the three races could drown someone to death with just their spit.

This was the reason why the guests stood far away from Li Qiye in order to avoid being implicated.

“Haha, shameless fool, someone like you isn’t qualified to comment on the Qian Clan. Just a hair from that clan alone could crush you to death.” Donggong Zheng smiled deviously.

“Is that so?” Li Qiye tore up another piece of beef and said: “Not to mention talking, I’ve killed many people and I’m still fine and well right now.”

“Little animal, you won’t make it past today!” The royal lord shouted: “I will chop off your head and dig out your heart and offer them to my dear son!”

With that, two nine-section whips exuding imperial light appeared in his hands and looked just like two divine dragons. These strands of light could easily pierce the heart of everyone in the room.

“Nine Dragons Whip!” Someone blurted out after seeing the whips.

This was an imperial dao weapon created by his kingdom’s progenitor and left behind for the descendants. It was of the Heaven Bestowment rank.

The royal lord became magnificent with this dao weapon. His vitality surged as if he had become several times stronger.

“If you want to fight, I’ll take you on.” Peng Yue said coldly. The two sides have let go of all pretension so he had no qualm of fighting against Heavenly Phoenix. At the same time, he felt that Li Qiye was too young and was afraid of him being bullied.

“Clank.” He took out a giant sword of immense weight, akin to a mountain.

“Peng Yue, this is you and your clan courting death for opposing us.” The royal lord had quite an oppressive aura.

Peng Yue snorted without replying. Suddenly, Li Qiye waved his sleeve and told Peng Yue: “For every grievance someone is responsible, for every debt there is a debtor. If he wants revenge for his son, I shall indulge him and reunite the two of them together so that his son won’t be lonely in the Yellow River.”

“Little animal, die! Dual Dragons Aiming For the Pearl!” The royal lord’s face twisted with ferocity after his son was brought up.

“Whoosh!” The two whips went straight for Li Qiye with surging imperial aura. In the blink of an eye, the whips were replaced by two huge dragons dancing and mercilessly made their way forward.

The claws on these dragons were incomparably sharp just like

swords, capable of destroying all in their path.

This was an imperial technique from Heavenly Phoenix, meant to subdue the enemy instantly, leaving no room to run. At the same time, it had enough destructive power to tear the enemy into pieces as well. This was a domineering technique. Those who weren't strong enough to face it would go down instantly.

Many guests were alarmed to see this technique. Not too many could handle this imperial aura so their legs went weak. They felt as if they were the victims of the two dragons.

“Scram.” Li Qiye didn't even spare a glance. He simply had a thought.

“Boom!” An invisible fist slammed down with the annihilative force of a planet.

“Bang!” The two dragons howled pitifully with sparks flying everywhere before they got crushed.

The two whips were blown away and pinned on the wall by this invisible attack.

The royal lord was slammed down into the ground and cracks emanated from the point of impact.

“Pluff!” He vomited blood as his bones broke. Blood stained both his clothes and the surrounding area.

“Cease your assault!” An old voice sounded along with a sword hymn.

An old man with gray hair appeared out of nowhere. His 70,000,000 chaos units erupted and gathered on his star-cutting sword. The slash came down like a waterfall straight at Li Qiye who was still sitting in front of the table.

“High Ancestor Lin!” Peng Yue snorted at this ambush and wanted to fight against this Heavenly Phoenix High Ancestor.

The royal lord didn't come alone. His guard was this Dao

Celestial with 70,000,000 chaos units.

“Boom!” Another invisible hand took action before Peng Yue. It blew away the old man’s sword before slapping him to the ground. Blood splashed everywhere.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!” Before everyone could regain their wits, a flurry of punches descended and created a symphony of bone-breaking noises.

This High Ancestor didn’t even have the chance to scream. His body was flattened into a thin, fleshy patch. The remaining bloody paste painted the soil red.

Chapter 1839: Killing Without Batting An Eye

At this particular juncture, all the guests were stunned and couldn't regain their composure at all. Their legs trembled from this horrifying sight.

Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord was a Dao Celestial, albeit a weak one. More importantly, he had a Heaven Bestowment-level imperial dao weapon. This made up for his lack of chaos energy to a large extent.

Alas, he still couldn't handle a single blow; same with the High Ancestor with 70,000,000 chaos units. The latter was smashed into smithereens.

It was a sad death for the ancestor who was supposed to be the bodyguard. He died with his eyes wide open from confusion about the swift nature of his demise.

Even Peng Yue shuddered from this scene since he didn't know how this ancestor got smashed into a meat paste. Remember that this ancestor had a similar cultivation to him so he naturally couldn't withstand that attack either.

The royal lord was struggling to break free but the invisible hand easily subdued him and robbed him of any movement.

"I wished to avoid blood on this birthday celebration but unfortunately, you chose to be blind. The gods and devils praised their fortune when I don't cause trouble yet you dare to provoke me? Tell me now, do you wish to die?" Li Qiye finished the wine in his goblet and signaled for more.

The servant's hands were trembling as he filled Li Qiye's goblet with the best of wine so that he could keep his life.

"Little, little animal, if you, you dare to touch me, you will die without a grave!" The royal lord was scared out of his mind since

death was in front of him.

“Is that so?” Li Qiye chuckled and finished another cup.

The royal lord screamed: “Of course! My daughter is the future imperial queen with millions under her, thousands of High Gods ready to contribute and emperors as dao protectors. Touch a hair of mine and my daughter will bury you! My son-in-law, Jin Ge, is the future Grand Emperor, untouchable in this generation...”

He became emboldened when bringing up his daughter and son-in-law since this always worked in the past.

“Boom!” The invisible palm slightly increased the pressure and blood gushed everywhere. The royal lord became meat paste without the chance to scream.

“No idea who they are.” After crushing the royal lord, Li Qiye cut another piece of beef and savored it.

The crushed royal lord was also perplexed. He wanted to avenge his son but he didn't expect to throw his life away in the process.

The scene was silent, no one dared to open their mouth or even breathe loudly. The only sound left in the entire hall was Li Qiye's careful chewing noise.

At this moment, Peng Yue was visibly trembling. This Li Qiye only had several hundred chaos units yet he easily took care of two Dao Celestials without lifting a single finger.

In the end, he finally finished his steak and elegantly wiped his mouth before slowly standing up. He stared at the two meat pastes on the ground and shook his head: “The auspicious hour is ruined. If I don't kill a few thousands today, my fury won't subside.”

With that, he walked towards Donggong Zheng who was paralyzed on the ground. His pants were visibly wet with a foul stench coming out.

He was trembling as Li Qiye walked over and used his elbows to

push himself away.

Li Qiye smiled while looking at him: “So I’ve heard that your clan and Heavenly Phoenix want to divide the Peng Clan’s businesses?”

“My...” Zheng’s teeth were chattering loudly and he failed to form a coherent sentence: “My... ancestor, Divine Palace High God, has returned. I...”

The unclear rambling continued.

Peng Yue slightly raised his brow after hearing this and didn’t believe Donggong Zheng because this High God had been missing for a long time now. He was presumed dead by everyone. Maybe Zheng was scared out of his mind and making up things.

Li Qiye smiled and said: “One High God? Come on now, no one can stop me if I want to kill, not even a Grand Emperor. My hand is a little itchy, wanting to kill a little. Very well, I’ll give you a chance. Run as far as you can, if you can escape from my sight, I’ll spare your life for now.”

“Why, why, why should I run...” Zheng’s brain stopped working from fear.

“Now!” Li Qiye’s expression darkened to the horror of everyone present.

In this split second, Zheng was stirred and found strength out of nowhere. He rolled and escaped outside while lamenting the fact that his mother didn’t give him four legs. He mustered all of his strength and ran for the Donggong Clan.

“Time to wash my hands with blood.” Li Qiye leisurely said and went outside while Zheng was running for his life.

His nonchalant attitude made everyone shudder as if the nightmare-inducing words came from a devil.

The guests glanced at each other before quickly following outside. They wanted to see what Li Qiye was going to do. In the

blink of an eye, only members of the Peng Clan were left.

Peng Yi and Peng Yue also exchanged glances. Peng Yue calmed down first and gave instructions before chasing after the group.

They could smell a bloody stench already, not from the two meat pastes earlier. It was from afar when they envisioned the scene of Li Qiye massacring everything.

Donggong Zheng's hair became disheveled as he ran towards his clan. He didn't care to maintain the graceful appearance he had earlier in Outer Realm. Running towards the safest spot was the only thing on his mind.

Alas, he didn't know he was leading a death god towards his own home, a clan-extinguishing disaster.

He made it back to the clan in the shortest time and didn't realize he could run this fast before. The guy was crazily ecstatic after seeing his clan in the distant.

“Quick, quick. Close the gate and ring the alarms, let the ancestors know that an enemy is coming!” Zheng shouted after jumping inside. His shrill scream echoed across the clan.

“Clang, clang, clang...” Alarms resounded through the clan at a large scale.

This clan was majestic and vast with walls reaching the clouds. The entire place turned into a fortress under vigilance. No one could take half a step forward.

Though their emperor had died to the execution, they still had plenty of resources. Of course, they have fallen just like the Peng but not too many lineages in Outer Realm would dare to look down on them.

Li Qiye leisurely walked up to their gate with a horde of spectators far behind him, ready to watch the fun.

In fact, the crowd got bigger with random people joining in. They

didn't know what was going on.

Li Qiye took a look and chuckled: “Kneel and surrender or must I kill my way in?”

“Braaa-at! Don't be arrogant!” Zheng appeared on top of the fortress. He was much calmer now and his clothes were tidy. After returning to his clan, Zheng felt much safer so he shouted down at Li Qiye: “Brat, leave right now if you are smart and I, I won't pursue this any further. I'm a benevolent person so I'll for-forgive you. Otherwise, you'll have to face our entire clan!”

His tone was one of weak uncertainty despite its loud volume. Nevertheless, his clan was ready to meet the enemy with its disciples standing in the right positions.

Chapter 1840: Donggong Clan

In a short time, people stared at Li Qiye and didn't know the feud between this ordinary human and the Donggong.

Despite being unaware of the details, they could see that Zheng had suffered in the hands of Li Qiye after seeing his sorry state.

Li Qiye smiled and said while standing outside of the gate: "You won't pursue this any further? How funny. Unfortunately, it is too late. You can open the gate, surrender, and hand over everything or I will make rivers run of blood here."

The spectators watching for fun took a deep breath after hearing this. The Donggong was in decline but it was still an imperial lineage with great resources. Their ancestral ground had been blessed by an emperor and High Gods. Not to mention a youth, even top Dao Celestials from the last generation wouldn't necessarily be able to take it down.

Thus, this youth's claim was quite something.

"Who is this brat, why is he so bold?" Someone asked right away.

"Fiercest, Li Qiye." A guest from the Peng's party said: "He said earlier that he wanted to massacre the Donggong's 180,000 disciples."

Of course, this was an exaggeration from the guest. The entire clan didn't have this number of disciples.

"That's the guy who killed Heavenly Phoenix Crown Prince?" Some spectators became startled: "This guy is too ferocious then, doing all of this before everyone? Will he cause trouble wherever he goes?"

"No, that's a thing of the past now. Earlier, he turned the Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord and a High Ancestor from that country into meat pastes. The royal lord tried to avenge his son but he only lost his life in the process." The party guest revealed.

“What?!” The unaware cultivators here were shocked. One of them said: “That’s, that’s too much... is he not afraid of implicating his sect after killing Jin Ge’s father-in-law?”

“No, he didn’t give a damn about Jin Ge since he even declared war against the War-Monarch earlier and looked down on the Qian Clan.” The guest embellished.

“Is the crazy brat tired of living?” The spectators were astounded again and retreated from Li Qiye. Offending the Qian was a terrifying matter.

“What is his backing then to not be afraid of a war with the monarch clan? Is he also from an imperial lineage? Only Heaven Searching Sect and Dragon Citadel are strong enough to go against the War-Monarch but I’ve never heard of a disciple like him from those two clans.” Even top Dao Celestials couldn’t see through Li Qiye.

This was only a junior with several hundred chaos units yet he was able to kill the royal lord. Quite an unbelievable matter.

Amidst the hushed discussions, Zheng standing on a high wall was both scared and furious at the same time. He was truly spooked this time so his tone was a lot more subdued than normal.

“You, you shouldn’t push us too far! Our clan isn’t that easily bullied, not by you. If our High God comes out, your death is certain. Be smart and leave now then we can mind our own business.” Zheng shouted.

“Since when is the Donggong so nice?” Cultivators from Outer Realm found this perplexing.

This clan wasn’t so nice in this region but it felt rather weak today. Only the party guests understood why Zheng was so scared after being chased like a dog back to his clan.

“No, the right way to put it is that I am merciful in giving your clan a choice. Otherwise, you wouldn’t be standing up there right

now. Surrender or don't blame me for being ruthless." Li Qiye smiled and said.

Zheng loudly retorted: "Li, don't have no sense of propriety! Take half a step inside the clan and our High God will take care of you!"

Everyone could hear the weakness in his retort. They didn't believe him either since the clan no longer had someone of that level. Their final High God was already killed by Star Stomper.

So now, people thought that he was only boasting in order to scare Li Qiye.

Li Qiye chuckled in response: "I'm actually missing an appetizer to go with my wine. If your clan still has a High God, he'll make a good dish."

People glanced at each other again and thought that this brat was too outrageous. He acted as if these powerful beings were nothing but drifting clouds in the sky. Such words were too arrogant and overbearing.

"Fire!" Zheng ordered. He was buying time earlier for his disciples to prepare the divine crossbows meant for defending the clan.

"Whoosh!" The sky turned dark due to the massive amount of arrows raining down.

These arrows were actually made out of refined laws. They locked onto the coordinates and left no room for anyone to escape. These countless arrows could break through any thick defensive line.

This was something personally prepared by a High God with a terrifying destructive power. A Dao Celestial wouldn't be able to withstand this unless they had a divine or imperial armament.

Li Qiye slightly looked up and casually threw out a treasure.

“Crank, crack!” This treasure crazily assembled into a majestic wall blocking in front of him.

This treasure was a three-colored sphere - looked like gold but wasn't made out of gold; looked like wood but not wood. It seemed that this sphere was created from numerous tiny pieces latching together. It only took the blink of an eye for this tiny sphere to turn into a divine wall.

Though the arrows made out of sharp laws were quite fierce, the wall managed to repel their onslaught.

This casual treasure thrown out by him was mightier than these arrows. Its name was Ancestral Eighteen Transformations, made from the three ancestral trees of the Ancestral Terra and refined by the laws of the world. It was as if it had the power of three ancestral trees.

More wind-cutting sounds came from the arrows pouring down. The disciples from the clan unleashed one arrow barrage after another like a swarm of locust in the sky. They made an arc in the sky before fixating on Li Qiye with extreme velocity, intending to make a sieve out of him.

The treasure instantly turned into a shield before covering Li Qiye entirely like an upside-down pot.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!” All the arrows were stopped again.

The relentless onslaught of the clan's High God weapon couldn't break through this strange defensive artifact.

Remember, this was a treasure shaped by the true bodies of three ancestral trees. These were existences that could handle an imperial attack! Thus, these arrows had no way of breaking through the treasure's defense.

In other words, this Ancestral Eighteen Transformations was much better than an imperial weapon because it contained the pure power of an ancestral tree.

Thus, Li Qiye didn't need any merit law or power to control it. He had already imprinted his seal on the artifact. It essentially became a part of his body, allowing him to control it on a whim.

Chapter 1841: One Sphere Breaking A Thousand Walls

A break finally happened for the arrow barrages. Li Qiye smiled and said: “My turn.”

“Crack!” The gigantic shield instantly disappeared.

“Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!” The sky turned dark with a torrent of sharp pins raining down.

“Ah!” Screaming was all that could be heard in the clan during this period. Many experts were taken down, especially the ones on the walls. They were the first to die after having many holes added to their body.

This scene was too horrifying. The artifact turned into numerous needles and rained down. In fact, calling it a rain wasn't enough. This was an ocean breaking through a dam with billions of needles shooting for the Donggong Clan. The buildings weren't spared either. Pavilions and temples were completely pierced.

“Woosh!” The needles crazily returned from the clan like a river flowing backward due to a reverse of time. They flew back into Li Qiye's palm and became a tiny, three-colored sphere again.

“Go.” Li Qiye once again threw the sphere out.

“Crank! Crack!” The sphere transformed with an amazing speed beyond the naked eyes' perception.

“Boom!” It turned into a rolling ball that was one hundred feet tall.

“Rumble!” As it continued, it rolled even faster and became bigger.

“Boom!” The walls blessed by many generations couldn't withstand this force. The main gate got annihilated as well.

The ball continued its unstoppable trajectory through the clan. At this moment, it was already the size of a mountain and nearly blotted out the sky. People looked up and watched in awe.

It wasn't only increasing in speed and size; its weight was also being amplified. Everything was flattened completely under its roll.

In just a short time, the buildings in the clan became nothingness, resulting in a magnificent scene of destruction.

“Shit, run!” The Donggong disciples turned pale from horror and lost the will to fight. They forgot about holding their position and kept on running before being made into meat pastes.

They scattered like wild animals. Some escaped the clan completely while others ran for their ancestral ground.

“Rumble!” This huge ball wasn't in a rush to chase the fleeing disciples. It rolled back to the beginning and made circular runs in order to crush everything in the vicinity.

The only left after this disaster was broken debris. The large clan with majestic walls had half of it destroyed in a short time to the astonishment of the crowd.

Such a method was too ferocious and dominating. The buildings built with sweat and blood and have housed numerous people were destroyed completely. The effort of the clan members for generations was now gone with the wind.

“Is this the strongest offensive artifact in the world?” One cultivator said in astonishment.

“I want a weapon like it too.” A top Dao Celestial swallowed his saliva after seeing the Ancestral Eighteen Transformations. It was more magical than normal imperial weapons.

This artifact had the power of three ancestral trees on top of eighteen explosive variations. Each was different from each other but still incredible all the same.

It could be used for offense and defense or even items with unique purposes. There seemed to be no end to its versatility.

Of course, it wasn't easy for Li Qiye to create it. It wasn't the most powerful or magical artifact in his arsenal. However, it was absolutely the easiest yet most destructive one to use. Li Qiye didn't need to use any power, vitality, or grand dao to control it.

He just needed to use his mind and it would obey all orders, morphing to the right transformation for the task at hand.

The escaped disciples could only watch the destruction of their clan and home. They cried and cried until tears couldn't come out any longer.

Some spectators were quietly celebrating. If this was the end of the Donggong, then their other businesses in Outer Realm were up for grab.

After finishing its last round, the ball has successfully flattened the entire clan into ruins.

Only the central area with their ancestral ground was left. There were mountains and peaks surrounding it with palaces on top. The lack of buildings was made up for the exuberant chaos energies spewing from this place.

It was the most heavily guarded area in the clan. Only their ancestors were allowed to stay.

For this clan, as long as this central area remained, their clan would still remain strong. The other buildings could be rebuilt since they had resources and treasures still. But in case of destruction, then it would really be over for their clan. There was no way to rise up again in the future.

“Rumble.” The ball was rolling towards the border of the clan, far from the central area. It began to vibrate.

“It wants to attack the central area.” Someone murmured after noticing the ball's intent.

Everyone became excited and wanted to know if this strange ball could actually take down the Donggong's ancestral ground or not. It wasn't that easy destroying an imperial-level defensive barrier.

The disciples from Donggong were praying before this scene: "Ancestors, please protect our clan."

Losing the central area would be akin to losing all resources to the enemy. The clan would be truly finished. Even if its disciples were to survive, they would only be dogs without a master.

"Start the defensive barrier." Donggong Zheng was lucky enough to return to the ancestral ground and shouted.

"Buzz." Defensive layers of scintillating light were erected from the ancestral ground.

Chapter 1842: Rolling Ball

“Rumble.” The ball became larger and heavier after each vibration.

“Go.” Once it reached a particular level, Li Qiye smiled and gave the order.

In a flash, the huge ball crazily spun with an insane speed towards the central area.

Meanwhile, the ancestors of the clan poured out a monstrous amount of chaos and primordial energy into the defensive barriers, causing them to shine even more. Powerful supreme runes appeared on the layers; these belonged to the blessing of their ancestors for generations. Time did not diminish its power.

“Rumble.” The ball left behind a deep trail on the ruins. After its velocity reached a certain point, it left the ground and accelerated even more before flying towards the ancestral ground like a meteor.

The Donggong disciples felt their heart hanging on a string. Some covered their mouth to avoid screaming.

“Boom!” The world quaked with an explosion nearly rupturing everyone’s eardrums. They felt as if the world was sinking down.

They saw the gigantic ball slamming into the defensive barriers. These barriers became unreasonably caved in till the limit. It was only a bit before the ball could touch the mountains in the central area.

Nevertheless, under the boost of the ancestors, the runes on the barriers exerted the brightest of light. This eternal power resembling an ocean stopped the ball.

“Bang!” The ball was bounced back all the way out of Outer Realm City and disappeared into the vast sky.

“Yes!” The disciples couldn’t help but cheer loudly. Their final defense finally stopped the might of this ball.

They heaved a sigh of relief and could finally breathe easy. This meant that their clan was still able to fight against this disaster. The ball that had easily destroyed their clan earlier robbed them of their confidence. But now, they have regained some of it back.

“It’s still an imperial lineage with a certain level of prowess.” The older cultivators had to admit.

“Li Qiye, our clan isn’t so easily bullied. Our High God wants me to tell you that it is not too late to give up.” Zheng appeared again and shouted.

The crowd was skeptical after hearing this and felt that Zheng was only posturing. Everyone knew that their last High God had already been killed by Star Stomper. This message was only a way to scare Li Qiye using the prestige of a High God.

“The fun has only just begun, why end now? The ball is coming, prepare your defense.” Li Qiye was unperturbed before answering with a smirk.

Zheng was shocked after hearing this. He immediately looked up at the sky and bellowed: “Barrier, get the biggest barrier going!”

The sky turned dark to the astonishment of the spectators. A huge planet was descending down. No, it was the repelled ball earlier.

It was of an unimaginable size right now. An attack of this magnitude seemed to be wanting to put an end to the entire city. Remember, this city itself was made of a gigantic star.

“Oh mother!” Many felt their legs giving in and began to flee lest they would be dragged in as well.

“Rumble!” When the ball was about to hit the ancestral ground, the explosive noises finally came from the horizon. This was indicative of its immense speed.

“Boom!” The entire city was blown away as if another sky was slamming into the existing one.

Some dropped to the ground in the fetal position. The cultivators here that a world-ending calamity was coming. That ball was going to annihilate this entire star.

“Rumble!” The shockwaves from the impact traveled freely towards all directions. The ruins collapsed completely. The end of days was near.

The defensive barrier instantly shattered, unable to stop this calamitous power.

The mountains in the central area collapsed in a slow-motion scene in the eyes of the crowd. These mountains were large enough but they seemed so insignificant before the attacking star. Pebbles scattered everywhere, resulting in an unforgettable scene.

The ball continued to aim for the depth of the ancestral ground, wishing to deliver the fatal blow before stopping.

“Buzz.” The place where Eastern Palace Heaven Emperor used to stay became resplendent. The benevolent mark of an emperor instantly appeared in the form of a peerless figure. It was quite faint now but its aura still emanated across this world like the coming of an emperor.

Its palm spreaded, one that could blot out the world, and managed to halt the rolling star.

Under the full effort of the figure, the ball’s rolling speed decreased but didn’t stop completely. More deafening blasts echoed.

“Progenitor!” The escaped disciples from the clan applauded.

“Grand Emperor!” They kneeled on the ground with tears streaming down their cheeks.

At this juncture of life-and-death, their progenitor’s spirit had

returned. His prestige filled the mind of his descendants.

“The spirit of an emperor.” People commented with respect.

This was a power belonging to imperial lineage. As long as they had emperors, their clan would have auspicious landmarks and places left behind that stored the wills of the emperors. These wills would come out to protect their descendants at critical moments.

Unfortunately, Eastern Palace Heaven Emperor had died to the Heavenly Execution. If he was still alive, then the power of this auspicious mark would be even greater, no different from if the emperor was here in person.

Of course, people normally wouldn't dare to attack an imperial lineage with surviving emperors, unless they were on the same level. Otherwise, they would risk facing an emperor in their sect-extinguishing effort.

The disciples from the clan were moved after seeing the spirit of their progenitor. A glimmer of hope flashed in the abyss of despair.

“Rumble!” The ball still didn't stop. The rolling speed crazily increased again; it was actually contending against a Grand Emperor. No, it was even pushing the majestic figure back, leaving an ever-growing chasm on the ground.

Chapter 1843: Divine Palace High God

The crowd gasped as the figure of the Grand Emperor was being continuously pushed back. They wondered in dread about the power of this ball.

“Just a four-will Grand Emperor.” Li Qiye shook his head and said after seeing this.

“Rumble.” The numerous explosions signaled the increase in potency of the ball’s speed and power at a rapid pace.

This was the terrifying aspect of this artifact being made from three ancestral trees. As long as it continued to erupt in this manner, who knows of its actual limit?

The imperial figure was also slowly losing its radiance.

“The auspicious mark of the Grand Emperor will be destroyed at this rate.” A top Dao Celestial became startled.

“This rolling ball is too outrageous, I can’t believe something like this exists in the world. How unbelievable. This is worth some rumination.” Someone else commented with emotions.

This was shocking indeed, the massive ball destroying a remnant left behind by an emperor.

The disciples from the clan that had just gained some hope turned pale at this development as if they have fallen into a pit of ice. The destruction of the auspicious mark would also spell the demise of their clan.

“It’s almost over.” People murmured at this time and could see that the imperial figure was about to go down.

“Buzz.” Right before the complete demise of the auspicious mark, strands of divine light oozed out from the deepest location of the Donggong Clan. They pierced into the sky like swords, wishing to tear it apart.

“Boom!” A tempestuous power ravaged the entire city like a primordial flood with its waves capable of drowning countless stars.

“Clang, clank, clank.” Divine chains instantly rushed upward like waterfalls. A magnificent figure came out from within the divine light.

Each step was accompanied by a galaxy. Stars hovered around the sun which was his right eye and moon which was his left. Outer Realm City seemed to be having a hard time accommodating his presence.

“This is...” The sudden eruption of a divine power scared everyone in Outer Realm. A High God had arrived.

“An invincible High God!” Someone shouted before dropping to the ground.

Many experts couldn't handle the pressure so they fell to the ground, unable to stand up again. This left them with a blanch countenance.

“A High God with a set of ten totems!” Top Dao Celestials stared at this High God with reverence.

“Divine Palace High God!” A celestial with 60,000,000 chaos units turned pale and prostrated on the ground for he had recognized this High God.

Many experts were horrified to hear this title that was true to his presence in terms of divinity.

“Forefather! We're saved!” The kneeling disciples from the Donggong were stirred and applauded.

Peng Yue became alarmed as well. He couldn't stand still before this divinity despite having 80,000,000 chaos units. The more shocking thing was the suddenness of this person's appearance, not just his divinity. Their Peng Clan wasn't mentally prepared for this.

This was the Donggong's strongest High God. However, for some unknown reasons, he disappeared completely without any news within Exploration Grounds.

Later on, many ancestors from the clan tried to communicate with him, even some High Gods. There was no response.

The later generations lost all hope and felt that something must have happened to their High God, that he was dead and no longer in this world. This was a great blow to the clan since Divine Palace had the power of anima from his set of ten totems.

Some people even thought that Divine Palace High God was more powerful than Eastern Palace Heaven Emperor because this emperor only had four wills. The death of such a High God would be a massive blow even to an imperial lineage.

This was why his sudden appearance truly scared all of the spectators here.

Donggong Zheng did send a message from his High God earlier but everyone thought that it was mere posturing in order to scare Li Qiye. Who would have thought that it was indeed the truth? Their missing High God had returned.

After regaining their sanity, the disciples from Donggong became jubilated. There was still a chance for their clan to survive. No, they could even rise to prosperity and power again!

Peng Yue and Peng Yi lost colors on their face. This High God was still alive while there was no news of their Star Stomper High God. This sent a chill down their spine.

It made them think about the worst case scenario, that their High God was already dead. One of the reasons for this birthday celebration was to show those who have been watching their clan that their High God was still alive.

But now, Peng Yue wasn't confident at all. The Peng and the Donggong had a mortal feud right now. If Li Qiye were to die to

Divine Palace, their clan would be next.

He saw a vision of the destruction of his clan after thinking that Li Qiye wouldn't be able to stop Divine Palace.

“There are ten totems!” Everyone was suppressed as this High God walked over. None could get back up on their feet.

Though he wasn't actively pushing them down, just his mighty divinity alone was too much to take.

Just imagine, could one stand up straight when an emperor with four wills like Eastern Palace was in front of them? This High God was even more powerful than the emperor. Even a real expert with 300,000,000 chaos units wouldn't be able to withstand this power and drop to the ground.

“Boom!” Divine Palace raised his palm with a sky-shouldering force in order to repel the rolling ball.

“Rumble!” The ball rolled slower and weakening explosions before finally stopping.

“Yes!” The kneeling Donggong disciples roared in a frenzy. Their forefather had finally put an end to this terrible nightmare.

“Crank! Crack!” The ball disassembled into countless pieces and flew back into Li Qiye's palm. It was as if time had reversed since all people could see was a gigantic ball shrinking back into a three-colored sphere the size of a thumb.

If people didn't see it with their own eyes, they wouldn't believe that this tiny sphere had destroyed the Donggong Clan. Its power was quite awe-inspiring.

They stared at this artifact while salivating. This supreme item was definitely not weaker than any imperial dao weapon. If one could have it, they would be able to rampage through the nine heavens and ten earths. No one would dare to provoke them.

Chapter 1844: Star Stomper High God

The strongest god of the Donggong Clan stood there and calmed the universe. He was the supreme ruler of Outer Realm City, no, this entire spatial domain.

There was no wasteful movement but everyone felt as if his touch was pulling the whole sky, that it was rotating around him. No one doubted the fact that one palm from him could shatter this place.

The experts here got a cold chill. Many were already prostrating on the streets under this suppressive aura. The city became very quiet.

Everything paused including the celestials. All were waiting to listen to the High God.

“Junior, you have gone too far.” He finally spoke with a thunderous voice that echoed in the sky. Each of his resounding words turned into laws and mantras capable of suppressing the myriad realms.

His demeanor was still calm but this didn't stop people from trembling due to his prestige that command respect.

“There are countless feuds in the world, destroying my clan should be enough yet you wish to end us?” Flowers descended from the sky with his voice filled with divinity. They pinned into the ground and left no room for change.

While everyone was prostrating, Li Qiye stood there nonchalantly and said: “There had been countless lineages turning into specks of dust and disappearing among the river of time. It is a kill or be-killed world. If I don't extinguish your clan today, your clan will annihilate the Peng tomorrow. This is only a change of order with me seizing the initiative.”

People didn't dare for Li Qiye's background anymore. To be able

to articulate so clearly in front of a ten-totem High God with such calmness and resolution already impressed them. The big shots from the last generation kneeling on the ground felt that his courage was peerless and worthy of respect.

“So you wish to intervene for the sake of the Peng.” The High God responded.

“Not quite.” Li Qiye smiled freely: “I am a human, this type of battle is inevitable. This is only a warm-up.”

The experts from the hundred races shuddered after hearing this. After Emperor Hunt, the racial tension had lessened and few large-scale battles have happened.

However, after the recent ambush of Jin Ge, both sides had High Gods interfering. Only the emperors haven't joined yet.

Perhaps the situation wasn't as optimistic as they thought and another great war could break out!

“If that's the case, broaden my horizon with your supreme techniques.” Divine Palace didn't waste words and tried to grab Li Qiye.

“Boom!” As this huge palm was coming, space and time shattered with black holes appearing. Everything would be destroyed before this terrible and unblockable attack.

Dao Celestials with 300,000,000 chaos units were still scared out of their mind because this attack could instantly annihilate them. Anything below the realm of High God were less than insects.

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that this strike could kill every single person here.

“Bang!” The resulting blast wasn't as loud as expected. It was just like a palm attack of a mortal yet everyone could hear it.

When the dust settled, this attack was actually stopped by someone. No destructive shockwaves could be found.

The crowd was astounded. A palm attack from a ten-totem High God was stopped so easily?!

In the beginning, people thought that it was Li Qiye stopping this attack. However, they found that it was an old man.

He was tall and sturdy like a majestic mountain. His hair was gray and face filled with wrinkles. However, his features seemed to be carved by a knife. Each line was full of power, especially his unyielding pair of eyes. Nothing in this world could touch them.

There were no divinity or supreme laws accompanying him. He stood there calmly yet was able to stop the shocking attack from Divine Palace.

The old man revealed a bright smile after seeing Li Qiye, one that was as comfortable and sunny like the sun.

Li Qiye also leisurely smiled back without being surprised.

“Fellow Daoist Star Stomper, you’re still choosing to come out.” Divine Palace moved his hand back and said without any hint of fear.

“These old bones couldn’t handle it before so I needed to rest for a bit. But resting too much will make me moldy so I’m here to exercise. After several hundred thousand years since our last meeting, Fellow Daoist Divine Palace is still as vigorous as before. Quite enviable.” The old man replied in a friendly manner.

“Star Stomper High God!” The reveal of this old man’s identity shocked everyone.

Two top High Gods have appeared in just one day. They were both prestigious, especially Star Stomper who had experienced many battles, including Emperor Hunt that had been eternalized in the historical annals. He was essentially a living fossil that had experienced the change of th hundred races.

“Star Stomper High God!” People from the hundred races voluntarily kowtowed with reverence. It wasn’t due to his divinity,

only his contribution to the hundred races.

The hundred races wouldn't have their status and prosperity today without Emperor Hunt. Star Stomper's effort in the war was worthy of respect.

"Forefather!" Peng Yue was trembling from excitement. This was a pleasant surprise. Their clan was willing to pay any price as long as their forefather was around. They found his presence to be a panacea for the mind, putting them at ease.

The prostrating Peng Yi lifted his head to look at his forefather. He grew up listening to the forefather's tales and knew them like the back of his hand. To be able to see his hero in person was the most exciting thing possible.

Today was destined to be extraordinary in Outer Realm due to the appearances of these High Gods.

In a short time, all eyes were on them. One was a ten-totem High God while the other had nine totems on top of the Nine Cauldrons bloodline!

People became curious about the stronger one of the two. The victor didn't matter since the crowd was eager to see the fight between the two gods.

In terms of battle record, Star Stomper was the more decorated one due to Emperor Hunt and his successful ambush of Jin Ge. He even killed a High God from the Donggong Clan during that battle.

Thus, everyone thought he had the upper hand with regards to battle experience.

However, Divine Palace had his own advantages - the clearest one being his ten totems. Moreover, there were rumors of him saving his strength and resting all this time so his vitality was even more plentiful than younger High Gods. He maintained his peak state just like his youth so if he were to take action, it would always be a decisive blow.

The experts from the hundred races were naturally on Star Stomper's side. However, they were worried about his injuries from the previous battle. If he had yet to recover, this would be quite detrimental.

The two gods showed no sign of relenting so the crowd held their breath, ready to see an inevitable battle between the gods!

Chapter 1845: Battle Between The High Gods

During this confrontation, Divine Palace fully activated his divinity with sharp rays tearing apart the sky. He looked like the ruler of the world; each of his gestures could destroy everything; a single thought could dry up the ocean.

On the other hand, Star Stomper was very ordinary looking like a neighborly old man. There was no oppressive aura but he presided in the world like a mountain. Just this casual stance alone was unshakable and impenetrable.

“It looks like a fight is inevitable today, Fellow Daoist Star Stomper.” Divine Palace slowly spewed out mantras. Each word was powerful and resounding.

“I agree.” Star Stomper smiled and said: “Fellow Daoist Divine Palace, don’t you want to experiment your new techniques on this old man anyway?”

“Looks like you have heard quite a bit, Fellow Daoist Star Stomper.” Divine Palace thunderously said: “Such quick information meant that you have eyes and ears everywhere.”

“It’s no secret.” Star Stomper said flatly: “You entered an ancient ground back then went back to your lair without any news from then on. Your appearance today certainly symbolized a fortuitous harvest, one that is enough for you to concoct a grand plan.”

Many people glanced at each other after hearing the conversation. So it turned out that Divine Palace’s disappearance was due to gaining something amazing.

Remember, this was a god with a set of ten totems. His merit laws and refined treasures were not necessarily inferior to an emperor’s!

Thus, just imagine how wondrous this fortune must have been and made it worth it for a High God to go into seclusive

cultivation? Ordinary things couldn't get into his sight so everyone became curious.

“Very well, it's time to settle the feud between our clans.” Divine Palace said slowly: “This city is a bit small, and as the adage goes, one mountain cannot have two tigers. Today, let the winner take everything. This will be the end of our feuds.”

“So be it, we shall have our conclusion today. If I lose, my clan's businesses shall be yours.” Star Stomper smiled.

Everyone was slightly shaken after hearing this. The two sides were betting their clan's several hundred thousand year businesses.

Of course, these resources were nothing to High Gods. The two simply wanted to settle the score so this shouldn't be too surprising. It was only a matter of time.

Both the Peng and the Donggong were in decline. In order to rise again, they must swallow the other. With the appearance of their High Gods now, one would surely rise again on the ashes of the other.

Moreover, the Peng was part of the human race and the Donggong was part of the heaven race. The tension was naturally inevitable. It certainly didn't help when Star Stomper killed the Donggong's High God. The Donggong would never forget this feud, one that was both personal and racial. There was no chance of them sitting down for a peaceful resolution.

Members of both clans were shaken with no words to describe their current emotion. They didn't know whether to be happy or sad at this moment.

This battle was going to determine their fate. If their ancestor were to win, then a golden era was about to come. They would be the sole tyrant of Outer Realm. But in case of defeat, they would lose everything, including their home in this place.

The disciples held their breath and quietly prayed for their ancestor to return triumphantly. They palpitated from the anticipation.

“Fellow Daoist, let us fight up there.” Divine Palace suggested and stepped into the sky.

“Very well, hurting the sceneries of this tranquil land is a scene.” Star Stomper smiled and also stepped into the upper sphere.

The two High Gods still maintained an air of courtesy despite their fight to the death. Both were still as amicable like old friends, no trace of anger in any of them.

Just their graceful attitude towards the enemy was admirable enough. This was the style of High Gods; a manner worthy of their position and status.

“Come, let’s watch.” The capable big shots all rushed to the sky and opened their heavenly gaze to watch from afar. They didn’t dare to enter the upper sphere because remnant shockwaves could render them to ashes

“Go back now, tell the ancestors to activate the heavenly mirrors.” Some juniors immediately ran back home in order to watch with the mirrors.

In the depth of space, two High Gods calmly stood there and were surrounded by many large stars and floating meteorites. All of this was a part of the galaxy system here.

A fight between them would have a devastating effect on the surrounding thus they needed to fight in space. Outer Realm City wouldn’t be able to handle the impact. Even ordinary ancient battlefields wouldn’t be able to contain them either; it needed to be a high-level one.

In a short time, big shots everywhere and clans used heavenly gazes and mirrors in order to watch this incredible battle.

“The Nine Cauldrons bloodline of the human race is full of

legends. This fight will be worth it because I will get to see it.” Divine Palace spoke. His left eye was the moon and his right the sun. An endless light poured out and turned into a yin-yang symbol.

The lucky spectators became even more excited. The Nine Cauldrons was one of the eight grand ancient bloodlines. Not just anyone could see it; just an ancestral blood was already amazing enough, let alone an ancient one.

More importantly, this was part of the Human-monarch bloodline. The first time it appeared was on the Six Dao Monarch, a human. This meant that the particular immortal bloodline originated from the human race. Though there was a chance for all members of the hundred races to have it, it was still the strongest when the host was a human.

This was similar to the Eternal bloodline of the deities; Authority bloodline of the heaveners, and Bestowment bloodline of the devils.

Bloodlines could be mixed together through interracial marriages. For example, humans can have the devils’ Bestowment bloodline or someone from the divine race could have the Human-monarch bloodline.

However, the true power of these bloodlines still came out with the corresponding race, meaning that a Nine Cauldrons bloodline would be much stronger in a human.

“You will have the opportunity to see it.” Star Stomper smiled and casually attacked.

“Boom!” Multiple meteors flew towards Divine Palace with a ferocious momentum.

This annihilative force was quite horrifying right outside of Outer Realm’s spatial border.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!” The entire space was quaking by the

impact of these meteors.

“Buzz.” Divine Palace’s eyes turned ablaze and spewed out a light that could instantly refine the yin and yang. This yin-yang ray swept forward and could cut this space into two halves.

“Rumble!” The meteors exploded one by one after being touched by the ray.

Just imagine, numerous stars instantly exploded - this was such a magnificent scene with engulfing smoke and fire illuminating the entire area. Everything else paled in comparison.

This might have been the most incredible scene of fire the spectators had ever seen.

“Uzz.” After the yin-yang ray destroyed all the meteors, the black and white portions came together to form a pulsing ray with the radius of a thousand mile. This new beam shot straight at Star Stomper!

Chapter 1846: Nine Versus Ten Totems

The new beam could sever the reincarnation cycle. Even a High God would go down after touched by this light.

The spectators found the attack dreadful. Only a High God would have this type of ability to instantly pierce through the earth and annihilate a great power. It was simply catastrophic.

“Activate!” Star Stomper didn’t try to hide at all. He shouted and took out a galaxy disk that turned into a huge shield.

A galaxy spanning for innumerable miles turning into a shield was a terrifying scene.

“Rumble!” The beam pulsed on the shield with rampant explosions. The shockwaves could shatter all the meteorites nearby. This was a world-destroying force.

Crumbs of stars went flying after the galaxy shield shattered. The stars couldn’t handle the power of the yin and yang.

This magnificent scene looked like a universe spewing out debris into the sky. Each little piece could shatter an entire continent.

Star Stomper let out a battle roar after the collapse of his artifact and threw out what was left of the shield. It shattered the void, resulting in a black hole. Next, it pierced through it and instantly appeared in front of Divine Palace. This gigantic shield was flying straight for his head.

Dao Celestials simply couldn’t stop such an attack. This was the difference between a High God and a Dao Celestial. The gap between the two realms was unsurpassable. No one could make up for the difference in cultivation.

“Rumble.” Divine Palace was not shaken before this shield. His eyes became even brighter like the explosion of a thousand suns. Another yin-yang beam shot out and turned the shield to ashes.

“Eat this.” Star Stomper roared and created seven stars with floating runes. These runes locked the entire area and soared straight at Divine Palace.

“Come!” Divine Palace formed a dragon mudra with his hands.

“Rawr!” Dragons roared continuously with ten True Dragons leaving their nests to attack Star Stomper’s seven stars.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!” Seven dragons aimed for the seven stars while the three remaining ones raised their fangs to claw Star Stomper. Just one slash was enough to tear a galaxy apart.

“Scram!” Star Stomper yelled at the three dragons. He was finally going all out with nine totems appearing in the sky. Nine morning-stars represented nine supreme grand dao and were connected with each other.

Nine totems forming a set - this was Star Stomper’s true power. He instantly destroyed the ten dragons and attacked Divine Palace with his nine totems.

This power was incredible and immediately shattered all laws and space. It gathered around Divine Palace with a force capable of destroying a world.

“Break!” Divine Palace was not afraid at all.

“Boom!” Ten different totems emerged with the shape of a serpent-dragon, ancient tree, sun and moons...

The ancient tree blotted out the sky; the serpent-dragon coiled around the branches; the sun and moon were illuminating the place... This was a set of ten totems - harmonizing and supporting each other just like an independent world.

In a split second, the two High Gods have exchanged several hundred blows with an indiscernible speed even for top Dao Celestials.

“Boom!” After another devastating blow, everything was

annihilated. The entire spatial realm became nothingness. Time and space were completely crushed.

After this exchange, Star Stomper staggered several steps back while Divine Palace's shoulder slightly trembled.

There was no doubt that Star Stomper was at a disadvantage. It was ten versus nine totems. Star Stomper was inferior in the anima, power of the origin, and chaos energy.

“That's ten totems for you.” Big shots from the last generation murmured.

The disciples and ancestor from the Donggong Clan heaved a sigh of relief. Their High God had the upper hand for now.

Meanwhile, the ones from the Peng felt their heart jumping out of their throat. If their forefather were to lose, then it was over for their clan.

“Again.” Star Stomper shouted and took one step crossing through ten million miles to appear again in front of Divine Palace.

“I'm not afraid of you!” Divine Palace was also fierce enough. This was usually the case for characters at this level. They were never afraid of anyone on the battlefield.

“Rumble!” It was a contest between a dragon and tiger. The two were as fast as lightning with world-destroying techniques. There was no way for top Dao Celestials to understand the profundity of each move.

Only other High Gods could understand the complexity behind the attacks. Dao Celestials were there only to watch the visual spectacles.

Several thousand moves have been exchanged. Star Stomper was decisive and only used fatal techniques due to his battle-hardened experience. On the other hand, Divine Palace used raw strength to make up for his deficiencies. There was no clear winner but Star Stomper was at a disadvantage.

“Boom!” The two sides separated again after another blast. Star Stomper staggered just like before while Divine Palace could stand still.

The two faced each other and were in no hurry to attack again.

“Fellow Daoist Divine Palace had meditated for several hundred thousand years; your understanding of the grand dao is incredible on top of possessing such pure and lasting power; I’m no match for you in this regards. Even another 100,000 moves won’t be able to do anything.” Star Stomper commented with a tinge of emotion while looking at Divine Palace.

His words came from the heart and not superficial. There was no need to lie at their level, especially during a fight to the death.

“Fellow Daoist, your power is inferior to mine but your battle techniques and experience make me look clumsy in comparison. I’m no match for you in controlling the dao.” Divine Palace said straightforwardly.

During his previous battles, Star Stomper saw fights between emperors with twelve-wills with his own eyes. This broadened his horizon and solidified his battle experience.

At their level, they were able to view emotions and hatred with a nonchalant outlook. This allowed them to speak with each other like old friends.

Star Stomper smiled and shook his head: “[A broadsword has no edge. Techniques can’t make up for the power disparity of having one less totem.](#)”

Star Stomper feely admitted his lacking compared to Divine Palace. He was unconvinced in the beginning and wanted to rely on his experience and peerless battle techniques to bridge the one totem gap.

However, after several attempts, he found this exceedingly difficult. The two of them didn’t use external items and power,

only relying on their own to fight.

Thus, the difference of one totem had determined everything. Battle experiences weren't enough in this scenario. Just one totem meant having one less grand dao, fate palace, and a large amount of chaos energy.

After several thousand moves, Star Stomper realized that he couldn't defeat Divine Palace with his own strength. No one could refute the fact that ten was greater than nine. This painted a clear picture for everyone about the importance of having more totems.

This is a line from Return of the Condor Heroes, referencing Yang Guo's heavy broadsword. A literal translation won't make sense unless you understand the reference from having read/watch Condor Heroes. The meaning is that true sword skill doesn't only rely on the sharpness of the sword but on one's cultivation. In essence, after reaching a particular level, even a blade of grass or a feeble branch can be the deadliest weapon. To elaborate further, this is the opposite belief of the taiji belief of using soft to defeat hard. The mantras of this sword technique are - simplicity into complexity, heavy to defeat light (taiji), clumsiness to defeat skillfulness, big to overcome small. Also, Return of the Condor Heroes is what got me into wuxia. I devoured so many wuxias during that period

Chapter 1847: Star-Stomping Stallion

Armament

The entire Outer Realm fell into a hush. Many big shots from Pure were shaken by today's battle as they watched on.

The fight between a nine and ten-totem High God was magical and brilliant. The two sides were nearly even as well, resulting in a rare spectacle.

For many people, an imperial battle was too unreachable. After all, the emperors would bring about Heavenly Execution so they would easily come out to fight.

However, the battles between High Gods made up for this. An imperial fight might happen once in every ten thousand years but a divine fight commonly occurred. Because of this, experts were able to witness true invincibility and broaden their own horizon. The memories would become a foundation for their future path towards godhood.

A fight between low-level High Gods wasn't that exceptional but this one was different. They were nearly at the apex of this branch and weren't weaker than some emperors. Their style, grand dao, and profundity truly benefited the spectators.

The low-level High Gods were shaken. Some even came out in person just to watch this amazing battle.

“Warm-up time is over, time to fight for real now.” Star Stomper stretched and laughed.

“Very well, to the death!” Divine Palace was not afraid at all and let out a roar.

It was only an appetizer earlier between the two with physical techniques. They haven't used their weapons just yet. It was an assessing attempt so neither used external powers.

The crowd was startled. Just their warm-up was already frightening enough. If the two were to use their real murderous attack, even low-level High Gods wouldn't be able to withstand a few moves.

“Kill!” Star Stomper made the distance of several planets with a single jump and appeared inside Divine Palace's sphere.

“Clank!” His armament instantly appeared. He was riding a celestial steed with a cosmic bow. This particular set emitted an orange glow of the stars.

“Pluff!” Light particles turned into an arrow that was already next to Divine Palace's chest in the blink of an eye.

This speed was virtually peerless. Even Divine Palace felt that way.

“Boom!” He was one thought away from death but he chose the right course of action. A shield of the Heaven Bestowment rank blocked his chest. This was a divine dao weapon of the Heaven Bestowment level; one that wasn't inferior to any imperial weapon.

“Boom!” Even this shield couldn't stop the arrow and was penetrated. Meanwhile, Divine Palace was blown away by the force.

“Rumble!” Divine Palace took out multiple powerful weapons and built an unsurpassable wall.

“Buzz.” In the same time frame, Star Stomper gathered the force of endless star to shoot another arrow.

This wall was pierced again and Divine Palace was blown away by the impact of this arrow. He actually spat out a mouthful of blood this time around.

Star Stomper had seized the upper hand after using two fatal moves instantly.

“Star-Stomping Stallion Armament.” Divine Palace praised after being pushed back by several spheres.

Star Stomper was wearing a postnatal Orange Martial armament with six dao fetuses. It had a bow and arrow, a heavenly stallion, an armor, and two more weapons.

Such an armament wasn't considered rare in this world. However, this was Star Stomper's main armament of choice. His dao and merit laws were created around it, hence their great harmonization. It was an amazing fit.

Moreover, this armament worked so well with the anima of his totems. This was the reason why he chose to use it all this time. It had experienced years of refinement and battles with him.

From start to finish, he had many weapons and saw countless treasures. Only this armament stuck with him all along. To a certain sense, this reinforced the notion that there wasn't a strongest weapon, only a most suitable one. After reaching a certain level, cultivators needed to make the right choice about their dao weapons.

People were shaken to see this incredible set adorned by the High God. He looked quite majestic and awe-inspiring.

In fact, his god title came from this armament. When people heard his name, they would automatically imagine him in this particular form.

This armament was well-rounded since it had speed, destructiveness, offense, and defense.

There was no doubt that without an armament, one would be at a disadvantage even if they had a powerful dao weapon. This was the reason why Divine Palace still couldn't stop Star Stomper's offense despite using many powerful weapons. This was why so many experts would try to obtain an armament for an entire lifetime.

It was the Donggong disciples' turn to be nervous. Earlier, they

felt quite good because their god had the advantage but the situation had reversed so quickly. Their god was wounded now.

“It is time for you to use your move, earned after several hundred thousand years of rumination, Fellow Daoist.” Star Stomper didn’t give chase. He stopped and calmly said.

He clearly had the upper hand but instead of pushing for victory, he became quite vigilant and careful.

“The grand dao isn’t easy, the power of an individual isn’t enough to gaze into the heavenly way.” Divine Palace sighed sentimentally and uttered a confusing response.

“Clank.” He slowly unsheathed a crescent saber completely shrouded in a cold aura. The blade wasn’t as white as snow; there were only faint pulsing lights of a gray shade. People got the illusion that this grayness was death itself!

This saber wasn’t complete since a side of the blade was broken. However, it seemed to be born in this manner, that it was already a broken blade upon inception.

Despite lacking an invincible glint and oppressive aura, people still lost control of their mind after gazing at it. This blade seemed capable of reaping their lives without any problem.

“A High Heaven War Scroll!” A low-level High God was astounded and blurted out.

However, there were young cultivators who had no idea what it was.

“No wonder why you have been so reclusive for so long, it is all because of this saber, a war scroll. I suppose it is worth it.” Star Stomper’s eyes became serious after seeing this weapon and said.

“It’s only a Broken Half-scroll.” Divine Palace said: “One hundred thousand years to break the sale, another to incubate the blade, then the same period to comprehend the text; all of this was required to have today’s result. An individual is too weak, it’s not

easy to gaze at the claw of the high heaven at all.”

Star Stomper looked at the saber and said: “It’s enough already. This is a primordial form of this scroll and you are its first master, grasping the oldest primal force, it’s the same as wielding the high heaven’s trusted tool. This saber will allow you to do whatever you want, no wonder why you came into being today. If it was me, I would also want to test this saber against a High God of the same level.”

“Maybe I’ll be the one sacrificed to the saber.” Divine Palace didn’t become complacent: “This ferocious blade will either kill the enemy or its user. Its first slash must taste divine blood. Who knows if it will be your blood or mine.”

The crowd was creeped out after hearing this. Even those who didn’t know about a High Heaven War Scroll still gazed at the crescent blade.

Chapter 1848: Limit Severer

The spectating low-level High Gods shuddered at the sight of the blade as well despite its incomplete form. Intuition told them that it still could easily harvest anyone's life.

“What is a High Heaven War Scroll?” A junior asked their senior.

“Your master isn't so sure because our sect never had one before. Rumor has it that they are items that fell down from the ultimate expeditions, not all have to be weapons. Normally, its first master would determine its final form. What you comprehend is what it shall be.” The senior mused before answering.

“Why is it called a Broken Half-scroll?” The inquisitive junior inquired again.

“Items falling down from the ultimate expeditions come in all shapes and forms. But at the most fundamental level, they aren't only simple treasures, they themselves contain the composition of the heaven and earth. A complete item will have a complete composition. Later on, some supreme emperors separated the compositional laws from the items, wishing to turn these laws into amazing hereditary techniques. However, the majority of the items falling down are usually flawed or incomplete, this makes the compositions inside flawed as well. Thus, people usually call this a Broken Half-scroll.” The senior patiently explained.

“Is this half-scroll very powerful?” The junior asked after seeing his master's austere expression.

“Not just powerful, this is a ferocious weapon. Normally, no one wants to separate the item and the laws. Only the fusion of the two would result in a real murderous tool. It can be said that they are capable of killing gods and devils; there's no sheathing them before they taste blood.” The senior said.

The spectators who understood these weapons were quite

solemn, Star Stomper included. His eyes were flashing while staring at the blade.

“Fellow Daoist, if I were to lose, please treat this weapon well.” Divine Palace said slowly.

“Perhaps I will be the loser and my blood shall be the sacrifice.” Star Stomper replied.

Both sides showed humility at this moment because they were evenly matched. There was no point in boasting in this death match. An opponent was too rare at their level and should be treated with respect.

“Its name is Limit Severer.” Divine Palace gently tapped the blade with such meticulous tenderness and unwillingness to let go as if he was caressing a lover.

“It’s a good name, I will remember it.” Star Stomper seriously nodded.

Divine Palace closed his eyes while holding the blade: “Come, to the death!”

There was no point in using his eyes, the blade in his hand was all-seeing. All of his divinity and oppressive lights disappeared, leaving only his fluttering robe in the wind.

Divine Palace seemed to be no more. Star Stomper’s foe was this incomplete blade.

It had no murderous intent or unstoppable momentum, only a faint glimmer that could make the soul jump.

Star Stomper stopped focusing on Divine Palace as well because that High God no longer mattered.

“Boom!” Star Stomper erupted with a blinding light after exerting his nine totems to their limit. They circled above him with countless stars. His Star Stomping Stallion Armament also exuded an orange glow, just like a god spreading their two wings.

The runes on the armament became extremely clear. The dao profundity of this armament had been completely understood by Star Stomper so its majestic power engulfed the entire area.

“Buzz.” He pulled back the bowstring and readied the arrow. The starry lights nearby all gathered on this arrow. People began to feel as if this arrow could penetrate three thousand worlds!

“Pluff!” The sound came after the release of the arrow. There was a glorious and blinding trail illuminating the entire spatial sphere. It was even more dazzling than the explosion of ten thousand suns. Many couldn’t look straight at all; their vision had been temporarily compromised from the flash.

Low-level High Gods were astounded. One of them said: “This arrow isn’t comparable to the one released by Immortal Emperor Diyi Jian back then, but it can definitely slaughter a four-totem High God!”

“Boom!” The arrow crossed the countless distance and made it to Divine Palace’s throat. Despite containing the power of endless stars, it was only the size of a finger. Nevertheless, its sharpness could pierce through all things.

In this split second, Divine Palace finally slashed his blade forward in a direct and simple manner.

There was no decoration in this slash but it was enough to split the invincible arrow into two halves. The trail of light disappeared and the arrow lost its power.

“Whoosh!” Star Stomper’s two weapons to his left and right immediately raided in a criss-cross manner. It looked like a golden-dragon scissor, capable of severing the yin and yang, the reincarnation cycle, and the three thousand worlds. Nothing could be connected after its cut.

This scissor also aimed for Divine Palace’s head, wishing to decapitate him with unbelievable speed. There was no chance for

people to retaliate.

The scissor was fast but Divine Palace's saber was even faster. No one could see it clearly but he had knocked away the two ambushing weapons.

Next, this saber was coming for Star Stomper's chest through endless space. Distance seemed to be meaningless before its offense.

This all happened in the blink of an eye - from the first slash stopping the arrow to the second stopping the scissor to this third attack. It was as if Divine Palace had slashed three times instantly. The slashes were flawlessly connected.

There was no technique or variation to this third place, it was only a simple cut without the profundity of the dao. Just the beautiful slash itself was enough, no need for garish spectacles.

Star Stomper was very fast due to his stallion armament. However, he couldn't evade this slash either. Even low-level High Gods couldn't see it at all.

"Bang!" The slash finally connected and blood stained the blade. One could hear the pattering noises of blood dripping down the blade, the crimson blood of a High God. Each drop was full of divinity.

Star Stomper's armor had been cleaved open by the slash. There was a shocking wound on his chest since one could see the ribcage. The slash had almost split Star Stomper into two halves.

The thing that saved Star Stomper's life was a short halberd. Alas, a scar had been left behind on the weapon.

This halberd looked ugly and seemed to be a rushed job but it was taking in and out a frightening aura. It could break the heaven above and punish hell below. Nothing could ever stop this halberd from achieving victory.

It looked as if it was made for killing - this was too apparent due

to its destructive aura. It also had an imperial presence and the supreme will of a Grand Emperor. This will could slaughter everything in the world.

Chapter 1849: Benevolent Halberd

After seeing his forefather bleeding, even an ancestor like Peng Yue was scared out of his mind and shuddered. He didn't calm down until the forefather had successfully stopped the saber.

On the other hand, the disciples and ancestors from the Donggong were ecstatic and found it regrettable that it wasn't the end of the battle. Nevertheless, this gave them hope that their forefather would be the victorious one.

“What weapon is that, capable of stopping a Broken Half-scroll?!” Top Dao Celestials were stirred and took a deep breath.

Remember that Star Stomper's armament was incredible and capable of stopping imperial dao weapons yet it was cut open so easily by the slash. One could imagine just how sharp and terrifying this saber was.

However, the short halberd was able to stop it. There was no doubt that this particular weapon was superior to his stallion armament.

“This is...” A low-level High God recalled a rumor to his horror.

“A Heaven Punishing Imperial Weapon!” Divine Palace raised his brows after seeing this weapon with an emotional stir in his voice.

“Keen you are, Fellow Daoist.” Star Stomper didn't bother to look at the wound on his chest and let blood continue to stain his armor. An injury caused by a High Heaven War Scroll was hard to close so he wasn't in a rush. Moreover, he was already used to having injuries.

“I didn't expect you to have a Heaven Punishing Weapon. This is quite surprising indeed, normally, emperors wouldn't pass down these weapons to the world so yours is very precious.” Divine Palace spoke with austerity.

People glanced at each other. Someone who has never heard of

the item asked: “What is a Heaven Punishing Weapon?”

Even a few disciples from imperial lineages had never seen them before.

“These are weapons prepared by emperors specifically for the ultimate expedition. They have magnificent power, far above regular imperial weapons.” An imperial ancestor elaborated.

“Benevolent Halberd.” Li Qiye gently sighed after seeing the weapon.

The emperors still needed to be careful when facing the ultimate expedition. Choosing to go wasn't a hasty decision; it required preparation and planning. Thus, they would create specific weapons called Heaven Punishing.

“It is thanks to the generosity of Immortal Emperor Min Ren.” Star Stomper didn't gloat. He slowly said: “The emperor had always wanted to go on the expedition so he experienced creating man weapons. Unfortunately, some failed and couldn't compare with his True Immortal Armament. During Emperor Hunt, he personally bestowed this weapon to me for protection.”

The crowd was shocked since they didn't expect this weapon to have such an amazing origin.

Immortal Emperor Min Ren was a title that could be heard anywhere in the thirteen continents. Even though he was a quiet emperor was from the nine worlds, he was simply unstoppable during Emperor Hunt. His cultivation was strong enough on top of possessing a True Immortal Armament. This gave him the ability to fight against the peak emperors from the three races!

Some considered him to be on the same level as Immortal Emperor Jiao Heng, Empress Hong Tian, Immortal Emperor Fei, and World Emperor... Thus, he was absolutely part of the highest echelon of the imperial order!

The fifth expedition was started by him. This and his

achievements in Emperor Hunt gave him an everlasting fame throughout history.

“Immortal Emperor Min Ren is a hero. It is an honor to witness the emperor’s Heaven Punishing weapon. Fellow Daoist, let us finish this.” Having said that, he aimed his Limit Severer at Star Stomper.

“Buzz.” His saber emitted strings of light that weren’t overly bright yet as they were spreading out, they looked like remnants of light from the beginning of the heaven and earth.

They pierced straight to the soul. Not to mention ordinary experts, even top Dao Celestials felt their soul being peeled off. Their neck uncontrollably presented itself for a decapitation without a chance to resist. The low-level High Gods shuddered as well. Their true fate was untouchable but it still trembled all the same.

“Very well, let’s go again.” Star Stomper loudly responded with a voice as crisp as a bell.

“Boom!” His vitality crazily surged into the sky like an apocalyptic tsunami. This energy condensed together to form an ancient cauldron.

With another loud explosion, the cauldron illuminated everything before fusing with the High God’s body.

Runes appeared everywhere on his body as if each of his muscles had been polished by them.

In the blink of an eye, faint bronze rays exuded from him. It wasn’t blinding but there was an ancient power within. At this moment, it looked like his body was created by this ancient cauldron.

“The Nine Cauldrons bloodline lives up to its fame!” Divine Palace was slightly moved at this sight. Even a god found this bloodline astonishing.

“One of our two human ancestral bloodlines.” So many people became envious.

All races would love to have this bloodline since there were only eight in the world. To see one in person was a stirring event.

The members of the Peng Clan were even more shaken. This bloodline has been their pride all this time because even imperial lineages couldn't have one.

Some of these imperial lineages even wanted a marriage alliance with them just to have the chance for this bloodline. Thus, for the descendants to see this bloodline was an exciting matter. Unfortunately, it also reminded them that no one else in their clan had it outside of Star Stomper.

“Time to end this!” Star Stomper took one step forward in this new cauldron state. It could shoulder the world or cover the thirteen continents, even calming the myriad ages!

“Boom!” Star Stomper instantly closed the distance and thrust his halberd forward. The weapon pierced through the void and aimed straight for Divine Palace's chest.

“Boundless Severer!” Divine Palace's expression turned dark and answered back with a reverse slash from the ground up.

“Clank!” The saber dragged a trail of long, faint image. Its faintness could still sever the myriad ages. The six dao and time itself were instantly cut off.

This image of a saber crossed through the halbert thrust but also managed to stop it entirely.

“Pluff!” This long saber image instantly made contact with Star Stomper, wanting to annihilate him.

It wasn't only fast but also destructive enough to grasp the entire universe. No one could escape. Star Stomper had no choice but to face it directly.

The spectators gasped as the blade was going to hit Star Stomper.

Chapter 1850: Nine Cauldrons Bloodline

“Pluff!” The slash was still going to hit Star Stomper. In this interim, the High God’s body suddenly emitted an ancient light as the runes on his skin floated around. It looked as if he had an old armor on.

“Bang!” The saber image struck the armor with sparks flying everywhere.

The armor managed to stop the initial slash but the blade shadow continued for Star Stomper’s body.

A terrible blade wound appeared on his body. However, with buzzing noises, this wound quickly came together and disappeared. The first wound earlier was gone as well.

The Nine Cauldrons bloodline was incredible due to its unshakable property. It resembled nine cauldrons calming nine continents or locking the myriad ages. It was capable of withstanding many attacks!

Divine Palace was surprised to see the failed attack and quickly retreated through ten spatial spheres.

“Wow... this is too heaven-defying, capable of stopping a High Heaven War Scroll. Even the emperors might not necessarily be able to do so.” A low-level High God saw through the fight and took a deep breath.

“That’s an ancestral blood for you.” Li Qiye commented as well: “There’s a reason why people say that bloodlines determine everything in the thirteen continents. Even a grand completion Indestructible Diamond Physique might need a thousand years of recuperation in bed after that strike.”

Physiques weren’t a thing in the thirteen continents, only bloodlines. This was because bloodlines have exceeded the physiques. For example, Nine Cauldrons bloodline was different

from the diamond physique but their effect was similar.

However, this bloodline was even better than the diamond physique. It didn't only protect one's body, it also boosted the user's vitality, talents, and True Fate...

In the nine worlds, the physiques only boosted one's body while the bloodlines at the thirteen continents were all-encompassing.

The low-level High Gods couldn't believe it. A physical body was able to stop a High God with ten palaces using a Broken Half-scroll.

Divine Palace was very confident in his saber. Not to mention a nine-totem High God, he thought he could even take down one with eleven totems.

"The Nine Cauldrons bloodline is unbelievable!" Divine Palace was caught off guard by the power of this bloodline.

He was certainly stronger than Star Stomper but he lost all of his advantages the moment Star Stomper used his bloodline.

"Let's settle this with one move!" Star Stomper laughed and exuded endless light from his body. He looked just like an ancient bronze statue now.

"Heaven-Breaking Thrust!" Star Stomper roared. All of his bronze light gathered on the halberd before piercing through the sky. The galaxy itself seemed insignificant before this heavenly halberd's powered-up form.

"Boom!" The halberd swept by with an annihilative momentum. All laws collapsed; they were so fragile before this attack.

This was a Heaven Punishing technique created by Immortal Emperor Min Ren. He didn't use it and passed it down to Star Stomper instead.

Low-level High Gods thought that this attack could instantly render them to ashes!

"Activate!" Divine Palace crazily howled and did another reverse-

slash with his saber.

Limit Severer was accompanied with boundless primordial chaos and the power of the high heaven. The sharpness of this slash could cut through everything in this world.

“Clank!” The two weapons collided with a force shaking three thousand worlds. The ensuing fiery sparks could destroy many galaxies and pierce through the void.

However, the slash was stopped and didn't leave a mark behind on the halberd. The first slash left a scar behind, not this time around.

This wasn't only because of the Heaven-Breaking Thrust because the peerless bloodline played a big part as well. It made Star Stomper virtually invincible and when he channeled this energy into his weapon, it became untouchable as well.

“Boom!” Limit Severer went flying after Divine Palace lost his grip.

The halberd slammed down on Divine Palace. Many could hear a horrifying sound of bone breaking!

The High God screamed before collapsing. His vitality dissipated as he left one last comment: “Still one step below...”

Having said that, he closed his eyes and embarked for the Yellow River! This was the end of a ten-totem High God.

The entire place became quiet. The only audible noises were the ragged breathing of the excited crowd.

The curtain had finally fallen for this battle. Divine Palace High God had lost his life.

No one mocked him at this moment since none was qualified to do so. If it was another High God, the outcome might have been even worse. Not to mention low-level High Gods, even an ordinary emperor might need to think carefully before challenging Star

Stomper!

“No!” After coming back from their stupor, the disciples and ancestors from the Donggong Clan miserably bellowed. They all fell into an abyss of despair!

Their forefather had died in battle. This also meant the end of their clan. They must leave Outer Realm in the future or even the cultivation world. They had a hard time accepting this but were also powerless to do anything.

Star Stomper brought Divine Palace's corpse back to the Donggong Clan. He handed it to a disciple from that clan and said flatly: “Find a treasure land and bury your forefather.”

Despite being enemies, all grievances and animosities have ended with Divine Palace's death. Someone of Star Stomper's level wouldn't bother dealing with these Donggong juniors now.

These young ones didn't dare to say anything and accepted their forefather's corpse with teary eyes.

“From today on, your Donggong Clan is disbanded. Your businesses shall be taken by our Peng Clan. I allow you all to pack up your treasures and leave.” Star Stomper declared.

There was no resistance to this demand. It would only be throwing eggs at a rock for the Donggong disciples. They might as well just try their best to stay alive in order to keep the clan going. The ancestors and disciples quietly packed up despite any unwillingness. They didn't wish to leave the land and home that had fed them but there was no other choice.

There was no place for them in Outer Realm any longer. The Peng Clan was already merciful enough for not kicking a dog while it's down.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Even an ancestor like Peng Yue couldn't help but applaud three times. The rest of the Peng disciples cheered as well.

They could finally breathe easy now since this battle had

solidified their position in Outer Realm once more. Their High God had returned triumphantly. Nothing could be better than this for them.

Li Qiye simply chuckled at this outcome since it was within his expectation. Star Stomper was once his follower so he was confident in the guy's abilities. After the end of the battle, he returned to the Peng clan with the same calmness as always.

In just one day, the situation at Outer Realm had changed completely. The declining Peng Clan was shining again. Perhaps they would be able to herald a new golden age. As for the Donggong, this name was no more in Outer Realm. Their disciples wouldn't be seen in this city in the future.

This news created quite a stir after it got to Pure. Even though High Gods weren't too rare, one at Star Stomper's level who had also participated in Emperor Hunt wasn't common at all.

This victory stopped anyone from having doubts about his past exploits and prestige!

Chapter 1851: Heavenly Phoenix Princess Decision

The news of Star Stomper High God coming into being and killing Divine Palace High God spread across Pure in a short time. It shocked many great powers and even imperial lineages.

This was especially noteworthy because Star Stomper was prestigious and had an ancestral bloodline. Thus, the great powers were more attentive to the event.

This news overshadowed something else, the death of the Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord.

People didn't care about this particular casualty during the ordeal because they were only focusing on news about Star Stomper.

However, one person didn't forget about him, his daughter, the Heavenly Phoenix Princess. She instantly heard about his death and became horrified.

“What?! Father was killed?!” She stood up and shouted after hearing the message.

The princess was a very calm and steady person even in face of many great responsibilities and troubles. Alas, she still became flustered and trembled, needing to push down on the table in order to stand straight since her legs were giving up.

“Yes, Your Highness, please mobilize and avenge His Majesty!” The messenger was an old minister under the royal lord; he was also part of the royal family. He was prostrating before the princess at this moment.

This news was too much for the princess. Her brother was just killed a while ago and now, it was her father's turn to die. It definitely shook her to the core.

“Who is the murderer?!” The princess chillingly inquired.

The old minister hurriedly responded: “It’s that Li Qiye who calls himself Fiercest, he killed His Majesty and a High Ancestor. Looks like he won’t stop before killing all of Heavenly Phoenix!”

“Li Qiye...” The princess’ expression turned cold.

There was an old adage - nothing is thicker than blood. So now, it was a tough period for the princess with the death of two family members.

“Tell me everything, carefully.” The princess took a deep breath and quelled her emotional pain before asking the minister.

“Your Highness, His Majesty only wanted to offer his respect during Star Stomper High God’s birthday. Who would have thought that the Feng Clan would conspire with Li Qiye to humiliate him. He couldn’t stand comments besmirching our kingdom’s glory and honor so he fought against Li Qiye...” The old minister embellished the story.

Of course, this was the opposite of what had actually happened. He made it sound as if Li Qiye was a heinous villain who humiliated their kingdom and the War-Monarch Clan. On the other hand, Heavenly Phoenix Royal Lord was the humble gentleman who kept it cool until the line was crossed. In the end, he died to Li Qiye.

The princess sat down in silence after hearing this. Despite the embellishment and lies, the princess was clear on one thing, that she must at least avenge her father.

She was full of regrets because she did try to convince him against vengeance before he left. It wouldn’t have been late to do so after the bigger picture was finished. Alas, her father went against it and rushed for revenge, his last undoing.

“Your Highness, please mobilize. This Fiercest first killed the prince and now also the royal lord. He truly wants to destroy our kingdom. Kill him and flatten the Peng Clan to show the world

your might!” The minister slammed his forehead on the ground and beseeched.

The princess gently waved her sleeve and said: “I’ll make a decision about this. They will not die in vain but the time is not now.”

“Your Highness, please mobilize now! For His Majesty and the crown prince! All of Heavenly Phoenix are willing to die at the vanguard!” The old minister cried and continued to kowtow.

“Elder Shi, you are stricken with grief, please go rest. Take your leave.” The princess spoke, leaving no room for objection.

“Your Highness, you must avenge His Majesty!” The old minister didn’t want to leave but her attendants dragged him out. He continued to shout outside the door.

She sat there and ignored him then closed her eyes. Her fists were tightly clenched as she shuddered and tears inadvertently dripped from her eyes.

“Your Highness, will you mobilize?” After a long while, an old woman resembling a specter appeared next to the princess and softly asked.

The princess sat with a mournful expression without replying. Despite being an amazing woman, the pain of losing a father was still overwhelming.

“With your current status, if you personally go and ask the High Gods of the War-Monarch Clan, capturing this Li Qiye might not be difficult.” The woman suggested after seeing a lack of response.

The princess composed herself after a while and gently shook her head: “I knew this day was a possibility when Father didn’t listen to my advice.”

In fact, she knew that her father would go looking for revenge but she couldn’t stop him. Thus, it would only be a matter of time but she still felt terrible about it.

“It’s too late for words now because His Majesty is dead. The only thing we can do is avenge him.” The old woman said.

The old woman followed the princess to the War-Monarch Clan so she was emotionally attached to Heavenly Phoenix, hence her support for vengeance.

“No.” The princess refused: “My position isn’t to scheme for Heavenly Phoenix nor personal vendetta. The only reason I’m sitting here is because the Grand Emperors believe in me and my ability to act within the realm of my authority.”

The princess was still an outsider. Just imagine, how many talents did a clan with five emperors have? Why did they pick a daughter-in-law and give her authority over their armies? Even the clan’s ancestors and a few High Gods listened to her orders? Was this all because she was Jin Ge’s fiancée?

That alone wasn’t enough regardless of how much Jin Ge adored her. An outsider like the princess wasn’t qualified to have so much authority on this basis alone. Her power was predicated on the trust that the Grand Emperors of the clan have in her.

The other ancestors couldn’t be in charge of this decision, putting an outsider in charge of administrative duties.

“Well... do we just act as if nothing has happened then?” The old woman understood the gravity of the situation and the right choice. Nevertheless, she was still unwilling because she was born in Heavenly Phoenix, a citizen from there. No one could swallow the anger of their lord being killed.

“I understand, everyone in Heavenly Phoenix wants revenge for Father, but not now!” The princess said with a serious tone: “I will not mobilize a single soldier to have retribution for my own family. Nothing is more important than my husband becoming a Grand Emperor. Why is it that I am in this position? It is all because my husband can become a Grand Emperor. Everyone holds him in high regards. That’s why the resources of the War-

Monarchs are poured into him. The gods in the thirteen continents all give him some face, and this is why Heavenly Phoenix is respected today. If Husband was only an ordinary in the clan, would I be sitting here today? Would Heavenly Phoenix be enjoying all of the current perks and glory? Our side's prosperity is predicated on husband becoming an emperor.”

Here, the princess became solemn and continued: “If he can't become an emperor, then it is tantamount to [being a flower in the mirror or the moon in the water](#). Thus, if he can't become an emperor, then nothing else will exist. This was why I didn't mobilize when father came to ask me for help.”

“It wasn't because I'm cold-hearted, that I'm untouched after brother and father were murdered! I will be a sinner if I waste military power for vengeance, causing my husband to fail during his ascension. I would be letting both the War-Monarch and Heavenly Phoenix down. Without the War-Monarchs, how much stronger can our kingdom grow? Without the protection of a son-in-law Grand Emperor, can we become stronger than we are currently?” The princess said sternly.

Can't touch a flower in the mirror or the moon's reflection in the water, meaning ephemeral or a lack of true sustenance, I suppose

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