

Emperor 1831

[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 counts. 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. [1]

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.

[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. [1]

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 heaver 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 Ge'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.

[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 God 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 elaborate: “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. [1]

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 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.

[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 isn’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 in the guest 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 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.