

EMPEROR 1921

[Chapter 1921 - A Mysterious Woman?](#)

"Who is that?"

Many people couldn't help but sound a question as they saw Schleya still wear a mask as she descended on the battle stage.

The people's attention peaked when they saw someone from the Alstreim Family's seating area step onto the battle stage. Although the last few performances of some young experts pulled into the Alstreim Family's quota to represent them were unsatisfactory, they still couldn't help but expect more, wondering if this black-robed woman would show a battle prowess as astonishing as Zestria and Natalya did.

Her peculiarly to enter with a mask made them curious, catching their undivided attention amidst the four other opponents.

"Young lady, masks aren't welcome on the battle stage. If you're taking part, you must remove it."

Honorable Elder Julian Kruse spoke in an advising tone.

Normally, he would've given a warning to the participant and even go as far as to admonish the power behind them, but unfortunately, the only hegemon that was daring to make trouble in the competition was the Alstreim Family. In fact, he had even secretly requested to step down as the arbitrator, but it was rejected to his lamentation.

No one was willing to take on this position of having to deal with an anomaly like the Alstreim Family.

Fortunately, the black-robed woman brought her hand to her mask and switched it out with a crimson veil with the help of her spatial ring. In the interval, only a crimson light flashed, disallowing them to view her beautiful visage, but just her shapely crimson eyes alone had some of their hearts skipping a beat.

"So mysterious..."

Some people muttered under their breath.

What was this woman trying to do?

Thirst for attention?

Honorable Elder Julian Kruse looked above and saw that the sun was going to set in a few hours before he lowered his head, witnessing that everyone was in position before he dropped his hand.

"Let the battle begin!"

Schleya instantly shot towards an opponent who wore blue robes. His eyes looked sharp, and his brows looked threatening, not to mention that he possessed a burly body capable of intimidating anyone on the battlefield.

However, smooth-flowing water flowed from his pores and gathered around his palms, making him seem different from the norm as people would usually expect him to possess Earth Laws or Metal Laws instead of Water Laws.

Nonetheless, seeing that the black-robed woman chose him as her first opponent, they were eagerly waiting to see what would happen upon their clash.

While numerous thoughts ran in their heads, Schleya quickly appeared in front of her opponent, radiating little to no undulations. People could see that she was concealing her attack method, but the moment she neared, a thin strand of crimson poured out dreadfully.

At the same time, two curved blades appeared in her palms as she held them sideways.

"Hmph!"

The burly blue-robed man had his fists wrapped around in clear water as he punched out, emitting Peak-Level Law Sea Stage undulations and prowess that reached the peak of the Low-Level Law Rune Stage! He was certainly confident in himself over conjuring a thirty-kilometer Abundant Sea. However, he didn't even see how her arms moved before his two hands separated from his body.

Splash!~

Blood spurted in copious amounts as his opponent's curved crimson blades severed his arms.

"What!?"

"A wicked path expert...!"

"Who is that!?"

Numerous people instantly stood up in shock as they saw the two of them clashing before Blood Laws filled the space around them. The strands of blood lines covering the two blades cut through the blue-robed man's powerful defense easily as though encountering no resistance and severed his arms, causing him to scream out loud as the sudden pain overwhelmed him.

However, he quickly shut his mouth and retreated, but a blade followed him and stabbed his chest, causing him to spurt a mouthful of blood.

"Pui! You...!"

The fear of death quickly overwhelmed him as the foreign blood energy ran rampant inside him, corrupting his blood while his water was unable to stop it. His scalp turned numb as he saw her near her him once again.

It was as though the Goddess of Slaughter was upon him, seeking to reap his life as he saw the bloody light gleaming in her eyes, full of killing intent.

However, just before Schleya could make a move, an incredible amount of pressure suddenly descended on her, causing her to plunge towards the ground and almost bend her knees upon touching the surface.

"Hmph! A wicked path trash dares to infiltrator this righteous competition? Courting death!"

Honorable Elder Mihangel Evans coldly uttered. As he was from the Heaven Mandate Temple, he was the one who should be dealing with unforeseen circumstances that needed punishments and directly suppressed the woman who used Blood Laws with his formless might, using the great power of Mandate Laws.

Bang!~

He was just about to deal a death blow when another type of pressure directly destroyed his formless might, causing him to reel in disbelief as he turned to look at the source.

"Emperor of Death!?"

That kind of pressure was completely seamless that he couldn't scan its prowess, but he traced it back and saw the Emperor of Death shake his finger at him.

"Tsk, ts. Trying to kill my people in front of me? You're the one who's courting death, Mihangel Evans."

"This..."

Honorable Elder Mihangel Evans became nervous and confused.

Did this mean that this woman didn't infiltrate but was brought here by the Emperor of Death? The whole crowd also became confused as they became silent, filling the battle arena with a silent atmosphere.

"Blood Demoness. What are you doing here?"

Abruptly, the cold voice of youth suddenly resounded.

Everyone turned to look at a young and tall man who wore golden robes. He had an incredible bearing and kept his hands behind his back, appearing noble. The eyes of the single ladies lit upon seeing him.

'Lezlie Starchild...'

He was Starnova Emperor's seventh son and a younger generation member. However, he was at the Law Rune Stage and did not deign himself to participate in the Eighth Stage Segment.

As the Astral Light Sect looked after the northwestern sector of the Fifty-Two Territories, he knew about the movements of the Blood Pledge Villa, Poison Lord Villa, and a few other magical beast powers. The news that the Blood Demoness was sullied and fled for her life was also available to him, but it was unexpected that she was under the umbrella of the Emperor of Death.

But he couldn't understand. Why would the Emperor of Death give an umbrella to a fallen wicked path woman? Out of pity? Or could it be that the one who violated her was actually the Emperor of Death!?

How'd this work? He couldn't understand and let his voice out once again amidst the shock of the people who learned that she was the Blood Demoness of the Blood Pledge Villa from his reminder.

"You ran around in circles from the Blood Pledge Villa in dire straits after becoming sullied by another wicked path powerhouse that you were called the Humiliated Demoness by your own power, and now you're suddenly here? If you're looking for pity and sympathy, you won't obtain them here because of all the crimes you and your power have committed in the past."

"Sullied?"

Schleya looked unperturbed as she answered, her voice unexpectedly sounding melodious to the crowd.

"His intent still manages to fool the people. As expected of the exceptional individual who made your father cower in fear."

Lezlie Starchild's expression twisted. He raised his hand, looking as though he was about to point at Schleya and shout when an authoritative voice echoed.

"Lezlie. Stand down. It's not time for you to take matters of this level into your hands."

"Yes, imperial father."

Lezlie Starchild obediently returned to his seat, but his expression was obviously unsatisfied.

No one could humiliate his father in his mind, yet this wicked path woman was courting death. However, he could only keep his mouth shut as his father told him.

Although the Astral Light Sect was a sect, it had long been following the tradition of an imperial household, with one family ruling them, the Starchild Family. It was still a sect because there were other factions present, but the waves they could create internally were very small, and therefore, becoming an imperial family was a given.

It wouldn't be surprising if they suddenly changed their name to the Astral Light Empire one day.

"What is the meaning of this, Emperor of Death?"

The Starnova Emperor's indifferent voice resounded, but it was like pouring oil to fire, making the atmosphere become heated up as the crowd felt that they were unexpectedly going to see an altercation between two apex powerhouses!

[Chapter 1922 - Rampage](#)

Looking at the Starnova Emperor who questioned him, Davis couldn't help but feel that the Starnova Emperor would take this offense personally if he didn't answer this question or acted arrogant and dodged the question.

Davis inwardly felt that he had pushed the Starnova Emperor a bit too much with his threats. Moreover, a needless confrontation was time wasted that could be better spent. He was too lazy to even buy a fight as he already had an appointment with the Vast Sky Emperor and the Emperor Sword Sect.

"Schleya left the wicked path a long time ago. Right now, she's a part of my power. As for her impudence, who told your son to believe in rumors? He needs a beating for trying to sully the reputation of a woman with baseless words, don't you think?"

The Starnova Emperor narrowed his brows.

In the righteous path, it was an unwritten rule for men to not degrade women with words unless they had some personal vendetta or some sort of altercation between them.

Only women were allowed to degrade other women, which could usually be resolved.

After all, if a man was going to degrade a woman, it usually meant that he was degrading someone's woman or daughter, which meant touching the reverse scale of a husband or a father, and depending on their strength, he might die without a corpse.

Therefore, men should keep their mouths shut when it comes to a woman's reputation unless it personally involves them.

That's why he had relinquished the matter of Faus Lanate and admonished the Glorious Pill Palace for acting out of place.

After considering this, even though the Blood Demoness wasn't a righteous path woman, the Starnova Emperor perfunctorily nodded.

"I will see to that I will discipline my seventh son. However, don't you think that having the Blood Demoness join unannounced is going too far? At least, you could've explained that she didn't belong to the wicked path anymore before putting her name on the list. Then this wouldn't have happened."

Davis shook his head in response.

"I am sure this would've happened at the time of confirming the participants if I put the information along with the name on the list, so why not now when the millions of people from the righteous path could see that Schleya is no longer from the wicked path and had cut ties with the Blood Pledge Villa? It's efficient for me to deal with this matter in this way."

'Bastard. You repeatedly keep causing trouble in this competition that you should be honorably backing away by now, but you're still so shameless...!'

Not only was the Starnova Emperor inwardly screaming in his mind, but many people in charge of the competition also complained, except without cursing him. However, they had no comeback other than to temporarily accept his claim of the Blood Demoness defecting the wicked path.

Her personal crimes were pretty much non-existent. Actually, they couldn't find one even after checking with intelligence experts just now through soul transmissions and soul sense.

It was as though she never laid her hands upon the blood of an innocent, making them feel confused.

How did she practice her Blood Laws without killing other humans? Could it be that she had solely targeted magical beasts?

It was possible but not efficient.

The wicked path people who practiced Blood Laws killed other humans and refined their blood mostly. This was seen as an act of cannibalism by the righteous path, and some wicked path people really ate human flesh as though they were magical beast meat, choosing to refine their bloody carcass in their stomach instead as though it would give them better insights into the sea of Blood Laws.

Without much consuming or devouring of human blood, she wouldn't have been able to become this powerful.

It was like not absorbing the flames of a magical beast or a Spirit Attribute Source for a human and expecting to become powerful in Fire Laws. It just did not make sense because refining the blood of

magical beasts was much harder than refining human blood, as each time someone refines the blood of a magical beast, they had to make sure to completely dissipate the powerful aura of the magical beast, leaving it with nothing but the pure energy of the blood.

Otherwise, the human consuming or refining magical beast blood would start turning into a mindless fey or a fey themselves.

Judging by Schleya's appearance, her pale skin was flawless without any rashes, and she had no features of a magical beast, so how could she be so powerful at a young age when training like this? It just didn't make sense, unless her talent in Blood Laws was that terrifying?

Honorable Elder Julian Kruse saw that the altercation had come to an end. After receiving permission from the Heaven Mandate Emperor, his voice echoed.

"Continue the battle."

He gave out a simple command, causing the young experts on the battle stage to feel a terrifying coldness permeate into them. Their gazes collectively fell on Schleya, who radiated killing intent towards them.

However, it was the same for Schleya, who received countless gazes of killing intent on her. It was unknown how many people wanted her death just because she was from the wicked path who might've ruined the lives of their loved ones. Such hatred fell on her at this moment, making the two frail hands holding the curved blades tremble.

Nevertheless, this kind of hostility blazing at her really did invoke her life and death instincts, making her feel rejuvenated.

Schleya took a step forward and pointed one of her curved blades at her four opponents.

"I'll be striking with the intent to kill, so defend or even try to kill me as much as you can. I promise the Emperor of Death won't interfere."

"Let's team up!"

The four of them exchanged soul transmissions and decided to eliminate Schleya first. From the initial clash she had with the blue-robed man, it became obvious to them that she possessed a Vast Sea, far outstripping them in prowess but by how much, they didn't know, and consequently, they wisely teamed up.

The blue-robed man clenched his teeth and stopped the bleeding negatively affecting him.

Blue-colored water emerged from the pores of his body as he readied himself to unleash various techniques. The others also invoked their elemental laws, wanting to strike Schleya with their best shot.

Schleya's might grew with each step she took before her speed vastly increased. Her entire body shone crimson as she shot towards them, unafraid of their cohesive might that could topple her defense and destroy her frail body.

In the northern area of the New Era Battle Arena, the Four Great Righteous Sect Leaders were exchanging soul transmissions, wondering if they should allow this farce to pass as they looked at the

battle. They helplessly concluded that they could only allow this as the Emperor of Death seemed adamant.

After coming to this conclusion, they went silent, but the Vast Sky Emperor sent a separate soul transmission to the Starnova Emperor.

"Starnova, that brat doesn't give us any respect. I suspect he's going to enslave us once he gains enough might and reason."

"Vast Sky, I don't bother speaking with death-row inmates."

"..."

Vast Sky Emperor's expression turned frigid on hearing Starnova Emperor's words.

Looks like the Starnova Emperor was of the idea that he was going to die by Emperor of Death's hands, and this response more or less just drove a wedge between them.

"You coward. You're only fit for shoving your head into countless skirts."

"Oh? That's a compliment. I mean, all I did was shove my head into the right skirts but I wonder what's going to happen to a man who tried to shove his head into the wrong skirt?"

The Starnova Emperor sneered at the Vast Sky Emperor, causing the latter to emit a deep chill bordering on turning into one of hostility, but he took his gaze away and sat back comfortably, appearing calm.

The former also looked away, knowing that the Vast Sky Emperor wanted him to turn against the Emperor of Death. How could he allow that to happen when the end result was almost assuredly certain death?

He wasn't foolish or young enough to get jealousy or moment's anger get to him.

Bang!~

A glowing sword cracked and shattered under the heaviness of the curved blades gleaming with crimson as they struck the same spot.

Schleya didn't stop but cut down as the heaven and earth trembled under her onslaught.

Every single one of her attacks was made with ruthlessness and brutality from the start. Her footwork was strange, her long legs pouncing here and there while having her posture slightly bent as though she was an assassin but attacking like a praying mantis, the two claws signified by her two curved blades.

Puchi!~

A severed hand flew towards the side as it sprayed blood.

A bunch of toes along with the ankle was sliced and diced in the air.

An entire knee flew and hit someone else's head.

"Ahh! Wait...!"

The opponents were overwhelmed by terror when they were caught. They tried to gain distance, but after taking care of one for a short while, she always arrived instantly in front of the others, making their scalps turn numb.

She was just too fast and too ruthless with her attacks that they couldn't even see a hint of her shadow as she was like a flowing strand of blood, extremely flexible yet striking with heaviness as though her flowing blood turned into coagulating blood.

Unless they could overpower her, it felt like it was impossible to counterattack!

All her opponents seemed to have Abundant Seas on or under thirty kilometers. It was a forgone conclusion that Schleya would win but how she ripped her opponents apart wasn't certainly under the equation. She didn't go as far as to kill them but still severed their limbs or body parts like ears and fingers.

Screams of terror continued to echo before all the opponents gave up.

When Schleya finally stopped, she had her crimson curved blades under the chin of her last opponent. Any later and his head might've flown off, but Schleya wouldn't have done it because she promised Davis not to kill anyone, but the opponent didn't know that almost pissing his pants in fear.

He didn't know what he did to deserve this kind of humiliation from a woman as he gave up screaming like a little girl.

Only after those words left his mouth did that bloody woman flick her sleeves and clasp her hands as the curved blades disappeared, causing him to heave a sigh of relief.

The millions of people had their jaws wide open.

Cultivators usually tested their might by throwing sophisticated binding of elemental energies at each other, and even sword cultivators wouldn't battle like this, but she... what kind of a cruel woman was she to slice and dice everything in her path, not even leaving the thing that lies in the inner thighs?

The very sight of it had them shuddering in fear of the wicked path women. If they were all like this, then would their little brothers be fine if they met one somewhere?

Davis also shot a wry look at his little brother and assured it something like that wouldn't happen in his sleep. Maybe this was nothing more than Schleya's way of showing that she could sever limbs better than him, no?

However, all of them understood one thing: the origin of her title, the Blood Demoness, wasn't just for show.

[Chapter 1923 - Are You Mocking Us?](#)

The New Era Battle Arena was silent, but it seemed to boil with emotions.

Some people looked indifferent, but many were angered.

A wicked path woman appeared right into the heart of one of their most important competitions of the millennium, no, this era and made a fool out of them!? How could they let this pass?

They were rearing to demand answers from the Emperor of Death and punish Schleya for her impudent actions that disrespected the way they fought battles.

Things were tense on the battle stage after Schleya announced the winner.

However, Schleya didn't release her clasped hands. Instead, she connected her ten fingers and formed a triangle, her crimson lips moving as her melodious voice echoed out.

"Blood Pledge: Blood Rejuvenation Art."

The blue-robed person who had his four limbs severed. The one who had knees ripped off and had injuries in his inner thighs. The other person who had a part of his shoulders missing along with one of his legs and the last person whose fingers and toes were sliced and diced...

Suddenly, the bloodied body parts that lay on the ground shook before they floated in the air, shooting towards their respective owners. They were already covered in blood, but one could see a thin layer of foreign blood energy surround them.

The four opponents had their scalp turn numb as they saw their own body parts attack them. However, hearing Schleya's voice, they forced themselves to stay their hands and felt their severed body parts attach themselves back to their bodies, that thin layer of blood energy hurriedly reconstructing their tissues back as they attached themselves back to their bodies.

The expressions of the crowd changed. Some even had their mouths that were already hanging further drop to the bottom of their neck.

This... that wicked path woman actually healed them back to health!?

The four opponents stood stunned in different locations as they were forced out of the battle stage upon giving up, but looking at their own bodies that had healed without them having to take any kind of pills, they were stunned beyond recognition.

Although some parts of their bodies were still missing, that was because they were blown by their own energies while battling with Schleya. They understood that it couldn't be brought back.

However, to think that she had covered their severed body parts with blood energy and later intended to activate this strange yet unique technique. They were still dumbfounded, to say the least.

However, some took this the other way.

"What is the meaning of this?"

The Karmic Guardian Emperor's voice echoed out, causing everyone to turn to look at him.

"Pity? A show of force? Or are you mocking us?"

His voice echoed once again, causing Schleya to close her eyes before reopening them.

"Blood is ultimately a part of us. I don't understand why the righteous path looks down on cultivating Blood Laws, for blood is almost everything, starting from creating your flesh in your mother's womb to deciding who are your ancestors, relatives, progenies, and even karmic bindings. When it is so intrinsic to us than any other law, why is it so deviled?"

Hearing her tone, many people were 'horrified'. A wicked path woman actually wants to debate than battle to the death?

However, the content of her words made them feel strange.

Indeed, blood was so unique that it many times decided their fates. Who could deny that it did not play a vital role in their lives? For example, their talent, the blood that flowed in them alone, was something that their father and mother gave them through conception.

In truth, it wasn't like the righteous path didn't use Blood Laws.

It was embedded in formations to check one's bloodline. People knew how to check if their children were theirs through blood assimilation methods. The technique to sacrifice one's blood essence to increase one's strength temporarily. These were truly intrinsic in nature to them, like Schleya said. However, their usage of Blood Laws ended there and didn't go to the point of killing and refining the blood of others.

"You are right, but this kind of speech ends in sophistry." The Karmic Guardian Emperor shook his head, "Ultimately, you have to kill and refine others in order to improve Blood Laws, and such blatantly evil and direct method of increasing one's power will not be tolerated. As humans, the least we should do is not kill each other to improve ourselves, not act like magical beasts, devouring each other."

"So it's fine if done indirectly?" Schleya narrowed her eyes, "I mean, don't you righteous path people also fight for and kill each other for resources?"

"That's merely the last resort. Peaceful exchange is always our first option."

"More like subtle threatening to end their life that's even more devious and despicable than showing one's honest feelings..."

Schleya shook her head and turned around, "Ridiculous."

Leaving a single and final word, she left the battle stage, heading back to the Alstreim Family's seating area while leaving millions of dumbfounded people wondering to themselves.

They weren't stupid. Just now, they had seen what Blood Laws was capable of. It could be used to heal others and not only oneself, but all they've seen was the brutality committed by it, just like how Schleya severed the limbs of many. If she hadn't shown them that she could actually heal others, they would still think of her as a wicked path person, and the pre-conceived notions towards Blood Laws still remained, but this kind of scene at least dismissed the initial doubts they had possessed on the subject of her defection.

Schleya was probably no longer a wicked path person as the Emperor of Death proclaimed.

Otherwise, she wouldn't go as far as to heal her opponents.

Even righteous path experts didn't do that.

Many people who were angered had their expressions ease as they finally understood why the Emperor of Death decided to give her, the Young Blood Demoness, a chance.

Schleya returned towards Davis's side, clasping her hands to him as she inwardly thanked him for believing her.

Davis had his eyes widened when he saw her healing her opponents as he didn't expect it from the Blood Demoness. It was no wonder Mo Mingzhi would vouch for her.

"How does your healing technique work? More than a technique, I felt that it was a binding of some sort."

Davis curiously asked, causing Schleya to answer without any hesitation whatsoever.

"Indeed, by forcing a connection similar to karmic or hex bindings with the severed parts of my opponents, I am able to connect them back from where I severed them. This wouldn't work if I didn't encase their limbs with my blood energy when I severed them."

Davis's brows raised. She was doing that while battling? He hadn't noticed it since blood mixed, no, blended with blood. The only way he could've noticed was if he had his soul sense cover the battle stage. Nevertheless, he nodded and asked.

"So you planned to heal them even before you ripped them?"

Schleya's eyes brightened while a smile appeared underneath her crimson veil.

"Mhm. I learned it from someone great."

"..."

Davis couldn't help but recall his actions back then when he ripped her legs off and shoved a healing pill into her mouth.

Was that supposed to be a jab against him?

"Haha..."

He couldn't help but wryly chuckle before he spoke.

"I'm sure that some people have changed their biased opinion of you. However, even I am shocked to see you possess such high-level battle techniques, movement techniques, and healing techniques. Not only did you overwhelm them in cultivation but also techniques, allowing you to trample on them."

The way he saw it, wasn't she chased to dire straits by her power? How come she has so many powerful techniques and maneuverability? Did she rob the Blood Pledge Villa before leaving?

[Chapter 1924 - End Of The Day](#)

Contrary to Davis's assumptions, Schleya nodded her head.

"Except the immortal version of my Blood Pledge Worldheart Manual, I know everything, every technique the Blood Pledge Villa has to offer, even the one I used is something the Blood Pledge Villa's people rarely ever used."

"How come?" Davis blinked, "Disciples, even successors wouldn't usually receive such benefits unless they reach the Ninth Stage."

He understood that wicked path people wouldn't usually heal other people, but how did she have all the techniques?

"I don't know. Maybe the Villa Master wanted to conquer me at my strongest as he knows I'm going to kill him for what he had done. Other than that, I couldn't think of any reason."

Davis's lips twitched.

"I see. It's like a game to you wicked path people. Twisted enough, but you don't need to worry about getting sullied by that Villa Master. Even if you fail once or twice, I'll be there to aid you."

"..."

Schleya bit her lips, her neck coming to possess a deep shade of red before she shook her head.

"Don't. You're taking away my life and death instincts, allowing me to relax, which will dampen my will and rust my claws."

"What the...?" Davis became flabbergasted before he felt like he had had enough, "I've been meaning to ask, but why are you so fixated on life and death battles?"

Schleya lowered her head clenched and unclenched her fists, repeating those movements as though she was hesitating before her lips moved.

"Because... because that's what forces everyone's hands to kill..."

Davis's lips parted before he smiled.

"You're so kind."

"I'm not!"

Schleya's crimson eyes wavered as she heard his gentle words before she took a step aside and left, appearing to go to a lonely corner again.

Davis watched her leaving back before a soft feeling encroached his arm.

"I told you. My eyes know what they're looking at." Mingzhi had her arms wrapped around him as she smiled, causing Davis to pat her head.

"Mingzhi's eyes for measuring people is unparalleled."

Mingzhi proudly grinned as she placed her two fingers before her right eye.

"If only I had an evil eye to accompany my adventures like Evelyn has, how cool would it be... sigh..."

"Haha."

Mingzhi deflated like a balloon after realizing reality, causing Davis to chuckle while the others had a hard time understanding why she would desire an evil eye. On the other hand, Evelyn pouted, inwardly complaining that her third eye wasn't evil.

Davis had whispered to her many times that it was cute, even mystically beautiful.

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Time passed.

It was already night and going to be midnight soon enough.

There were a total of two hundred and forty competitors, and two hundred had already fallen, experiencing defeat and sometimes, humiliation. They thought they were elite geniuses, basking in glory but never saw that there were geniuses above them until they entered the competition and saw the situation for themselves.

The women of Drake Blackburn all won their matches, bringing immense glory to the Dual Lotus Manor. People were astonished to see Vast Seas appear on Lora Ren, Elayne Bluestone, Amber Will, and Jade Sua. However, the quality of their Vast Seas certainly didn't reach the likes of Zestria and Schleya as far as people could tell.

From the Soul Palace, Threelotus also won her battle. People were shocked to see her Peak-Level King Soul Stage Cultivation practically compared with a Low-Level Emperor Soul Stage Cultivation. Despite her opponents being powerful in terms of prowess, she suppressed all of them, disallowing them to use their prowess as much as they could.

The people all mused that this kind of genius could only appear because the Emperor of Death took over the Soul Palace.

Moreover, a dark horse appeared, appearing to belong to no one as a vagrant cultivator yet representing the Alstreim Family as chosen by the Emperor of Death during the time of having to select the participants. Back then, the people thought that the Emperor of Death was amusing to recruit him even before he stepped onto the Sea Measuring Formation. They thought that he was having fun, but now, they understood why because the Emperor of Death's powerful senses had picked up on his specialty way before anyone could sense it.

Other than them, victors from the Dragon Families, Heaven Mandate Temple, Astral Light Sect, Vast Sky Palace, Emperor Sword Sect, Jade Lotus Valley, and other prominent powers emerged. Clearly, the ability to nurture geniuses became clear that the hegemony possessed a huge advantage over it.

Unfortunately, the Zlatan Family wasn't able to win a single battle because the Emperor of Death killed their geniuses, and the Law Sea Stage Experts had been crippled. They only had their Martial Sage Stage Cultivations to use, but it wasn't enough against geniuses who possessed Abundant Seas.

For the first time in their lives, they were experiencing such humiliation in a competition, but Klade Zlatan and Lezella Zlatan, the current Patriarch of the Zlatan Family, and his wife didn't seem abashed or humiliated, maintaining an indifferent decorum.

From their point of view, just being allowed to attend the competition was alone a blessing as each day, the scene of Grand Elder Ragnar Zlatan being hung atop of the city to dry out like an abandoned corpse remained visible to their eyes whenever they looked up, reminding them that they have been spared by the Earth Dragon Queen and the Emperor of Death.

What else could they ask for as they have been subordinated, or to speak plainly, enslaved?

There were eight more battles left in the first round of the Eighth Stage Segment.

Two more battles took place, and the winners walked out with cheers welcoming them while the losers dejectedly lowered their heads.

On the forty-third battle, Bylai Zlatan's name appeared on the ranking projection, causing her to finally step up.

"This will be the last battle for today. The remaining battles will take place tomorrow."

Honorable Elder Julian Kruse announced as he saw the competitors fly towards the battle stage.

Davis saw Bylai Zlatan leave without saying anything, and then he noticed something different about her golden robe but couldn't particularly tell what it was. Nevertheless, he cast a glance at her four opponents and saw that none of them were worth anything just from sensing their undulations.

His Alstreim Family didn't have the luck of meeting someone from the Emperor Sword Sect or the Vast Sky Emperor Palace from Zestria's battle. Otherwise, he would've asked Bylai Zlatan to take special care of the opponent.

He hadn't seen Ellia battle today but knew that she would battle tomorrow from the arbitrator's words.

From the place he stood, just looking at her face filled with complex expression was alone aching. They had exchanged numerous glances already, but whenever he tried to establish contact for more than two seconds, that white witch would always appear on her facial expression that Davis became able to tell when they switched out because Ellia's gaze towards him was obvious as it could be while Myria's gaze towards him was as annoyed as it could be.

Clearly, Myria didn't want him speaking with Ellia, but...

'Well, tomorrow... tomorrow would be the last day you'll be having control over Ellia like that...'

Davis let out a confident smirk before he lowered his head, looking at the battle stage where Bylai Zlatan flew into position. Her opponents also took battle poses, their bodies turned towards her as they seemed to be wary of her from the get-go, appearing to not look down on her even though she was still a slave, but by this time, if they weren't wary of her, people would call them stupid as most of the participants from the Alstreim Family were anything but ordinary.

The crowd momentarily became silent before a commanding voice echoed out.

"Let the battle begin!"

[Chapter 1925 - Golden Dragon Queen](#)

Once the curtains to the match opened, everyone instantly moved.

Bylai Zlatan's Peak-Level Law Sea Stage Cultivation surged. Her golden hair swayed as her metal energy overflowed from her pores, swirling around her. She seemed to be covered by a layer of metallic sheen, becoming golden herself.

"That's the Zlatan Family's Golden Metal Armor Technique...!"

The people who recognized it screamed with joy as though they were avid fans, knowing that it was a technique harder to master even for the many geniuses of the Zlatan Family, but as expected of the Golden Dragon Queen, she made it seem easier than it should be.

The opponents also surged with their own attacks, but it could be seen that they were stiff from witnessing her golden metal body and sensing her prowess that reached the peak of Mid-Level Law Rune Stage. Bylai Zlatan didn't hide her prowess, but at the same time, it became a deterrent, weakening their minds as they felt that there was no way they could break that kind of defense which made her body as strong as Mid-Level Martial Overlord Stage Cultivators.

Bylai Zlatan quickly arrived in front of the person who was the closest to her, throwing out a punch packed with immense prowess. Unlike earthen magical beasts, that still had to be careful, she was like a metal magical beast, surging with a metallic luster as she punched out using an additional technique.

The heaven and earth in front of her fist trembled before it blasted her opponent's fiery defense, causing a deep gash to appear on her opponent's shoulder as blood spurted.

Hss!~

That opponent sucked in a breath of cold air from suppressing the pain. However, he didn't give up but retreated. While he was retreating, the other three opponents ganged up on Bylai Zlatan from behind, causing her to turn around and launch a punch with her other hand, her fist raging with a golden glow as it struck out.

Bang!~!

Four energies clashed as they exploded mid-air.

Bylai Zlatan was sent flying from the explosion that occurred the nearest to her. However, she quickly regained her balance, looking unharmed, much less out of breath. Her confident expression didn't even change.

Even opponents at the same level would be hard-pressed to break her defense unless they could overpower her.

Whoosh!~

Taking a step forward, she rushed towards them. Her smile became even more resplendent, but the crowd could only see her glowing eyes that were full of excitement as her expression was slightly hidden by her golden veil.

"She seems to be having fun...?"

The people noticed, but they didn't understand.

How can an enslaved person be having fun?

Her family's Grand Elders were massacred. They killed her father. Her fellow half-brothers and sisters were crippled while she was nothing more than a slave.

Where were her soulless eyes? Where was the look of hatred they expected her to have?

In the Zlatan Family's seating area, Klade Zlatan, Lezella Zlatan, and the others possessed complex expressions on their faces.

Did she come to hate them that much that she would rather find happiness in slavery?

Zestria's case was also mind-boggling to them. But unlike Zestria, Bylai Zlatan wasn't hugged by the Emperor of Death, nor had he shown any kind of intimacy towards her. There was no such news or even actions that denoted such a case, making them feel bewildered.

Bylai Zlatan neared her opponent as the space around her shook. Her eyes slightly widened as she saw a black-robed man use spatial distortion to hinder her movements. However, her astonished eyes calmed as the spatial distortion wasn't anything to be worried about. Her body passed through the distortion, feeling heaviness.

Blazing fire and mountainous boulders attacked her from the other two sides, while the fourth opponent she attacked seemed to be slowly healing back to health.

Bylai Zlatan spread her hands when a golden energy wave erupted, defending against the attacks as she made them explode in mid-air. They were unable to near her, and the spatial distortion was unable to stop her. With a step forward, the space underneath her trembled as she shot forward again.

She was not fast, nor did she possess an explosive speed. In fact, she could be said to be slow, but the aura erupting from her was many times powerful as she gained momentum, causing the one who used spatial distortion technique to shiver as his scalp turned numb.

Bylai Zlatan neared and shot a contemporary fist at him. The golden sheen on her fist raged into a golden dragon and shot towards the fleeing figure with immense speed.

Boom!~

Despite the spatial trajectory changing many times from distortion, the small golden dragon didn't change directions, heading straight towards him. Knowing that he couldn't dodge this, he turned around and unleashed a chaotic wind tornado, but it broke past his defense and struck him!

It caused her opponent's rib cage to cave.

"Ahhh!"

With a miserable shout, he was sent flying, but at the same time, Bylai Zlatan received two attacks on her body, receiving it while only having her Gold Metal Armor Technique as a defense.

Bang!~

Earth struck, and flames exploded on her, causing the people to jump from their seats. However, moments later, they saw her appear outside unscathed, looking at her opponents with a mocking gaze.

'Dammit! Is she invulnerable...!?'

Facing the Zlatan Family's famous defense, they finally understood what kind of existence they were facing. The previous Zlatan Family disciples that appeared couldn't hold a candle to her. Even their

attacks that could cause a Mid-Level Martial Overlord Stage Cultivator to be gravely injured was nothing to her.

Quickly, they scrambled again, disallowing her to catch up. As long as they maintained distance, they felt that she could do nothing against them, just like how they could do nothing against her at the moment, opting to waste her energy.

After all, it was one versus four. How could her energy last long against them?

"She's playing with them..."

Zestria opened her mouth, causing Davis and the others to look at her.

"She's intentionally lowering her speed. She was way faster than this when we fought decades ago."

"Of course." Fiora nodded like she understood, "After being enslaved by us and having almost nothing to do, she should be happy that she has time to play around. She's merely savoring this moment, isn't she?"

"Could be..." Zestria spread her hands, indicating that she didn't know.

But on the other hand, Davis turned to look at Evelynn missing around him. She was not beside them but was inside the palanquin Isabella was in.

Were they planning something? He couldn't help but think.

After all, they were the ones who advised and recommended him Bylai Zlatan, and he couldn't help but sense some peculiarity in the atmosphere.

Was it because they couldn't see a slave fighting and representing them as Ancestor Dian Alstreim wondered before?

Boom!~

Bylai Zlatan managed to injure another opponent. Her third opponent's chest caved as her golden dragon energy fell flat against his body, causing him to spew a mouthful of blood. Only one attack landed, but it caused her opponent to reel in dizziness.

However, as though pitying him, Bylai Zlatan shot towards her fourth opponent, targeting him instead of making the others give up.

[Chapter 1926 - Bylais Declaration](#)

"What is she doing? Extending the time of fun?"

Fiora couldn't help but smile as she saw this scene. It was clear to her and many people that Bylai Zlatan had her opponents by her claws, so why was she leaving them beaten up and heading towards other opponents instead of making them give up and ease the burden on her energy?

Could it be that she wanted to beat them all at the same time?

Perhaps, to impress someone?

Once Fiora arrived at this conclusion, she no longer opened her mouth. In fact, Zestria also arrived at a similar conclusion.

Bang!~

This time, a soaring kick landed the fourth opponent's spine, causing his body to bend as he spat a mouthful of blood. Although it was just a kick, he felt that a heavy mountain had struck him, causing him to tremble as he was kicked off like a ball.

He crashed on the ground and rolled before he stabilized himself, but he could sense that his internal organs were already damaged, needing treatment. His breathing became heavy, and taking a look around; he saw that the others were also going through similar situations in the four corners, injured enough to feel that their loss was a given but not enough to give up.

What was Bylai Zlatan trying to accomplish?

This thought echoed in not only the heads of four of them but also in the heads of many others, and the doubt only deepened as they saw her fly towards the center of the battle stage.

"Everyone, I would like to say something..."

Hearing Bylai Zlatan's melodious voice, the ears of millions perked up as they subconsciously sat straight, looking forward to the drama that she was going to bring because an enslaved Dragon Queen would have many things to say, right?

Once Bylai Zlatan arrived at the center, her Golden Metal Armor faded, revealing her fair and beautiful appearance. However, she brought her hands together and whispered, "Golden Dragon Bind."

Essence energy surged from her body as four dragons hurriedly shot towards the four opponents whose expressions changed. They unleashed their fiery, earthen, and wind attacks to shatter the four golden coiling dragons shooting towards them, but to their horror, they found it was of no use, even more powerful than the attacks she hit with them in the beginning.

Cling!~

However, the four metal dragons transformed into thick chains and tied them up instead of harming them.

What's more, they felt their pores locked, disallowing them to release energy. If they wanted to use their energies forcefully, then they could only injure themselves to do so!

However, noticing that something was wrong with Bylai Zlatan's actions, they stayed put.

At this moment, Bylai Zlatan removed her veil, revealing her heavenly appearance that caused numerous people's eyes to widen. They had seen her magnificence before when she was enslaved, but looking at that now with their own eyes, their hearts became heavy and sad that beauty of that level had to face such a tragic fate.

Davis narrowed his eyes, wondering what she was doing when he heard her voice.

"I, Bylai Zlatan, have been enslaved by the Emperor of Death for the wrongs my Zlatan Family committed."

Bylai Zlatan placed a hand on her big bosoms and reached out her other hand, beginning to speak.

"It is a decision I took for myself after being betrayed by my Zlatan Family's Grand Elders. They imparted an entrapment hex on me, wanting to use me to kill the Emperor of Death. They wanted to sacrifice me for the greater good of the Zlatan Family. I'm sure all of you witnessed that scene through the All-Seeing Tower's broadcasting projections."

Everyone couldn't help but slightly nod as they could still remember that day like it was embedded in the back of their mind.

That was also the day where they confirmed the power of the Emperor of Death as he manhandled the Zlatan Family Powerhouses like they were nothing more than children, helplessly slaughtered, so it was all the more imprinted in their memories.

"Back then, I didn't think it would become like this." Bylai Zlatan's voice became mellow and somewhat breaking, "I had been nothing more than a prideful Dragon Queen of the Zlatan Family before being reduced to a slave. After being enslaved, the cruelty I received, the humiliation I faced, the insults thrown to my face, the shame I had to withstand, the disgrace I had become..."

Looking at Bylai Zlatan's lips quiver, everyone couldn't help but feel an insane amount of sympathy for her plight. Their gazes went from one of indifference to care as they heard her melodious and yearning voice that seemed to crave for her dignified life and lamented her current undignified life. However, they could sigh inwardly.

Who would dare to go against the Emperor of Death to rescue her?

Even after she voiced out her plight, not one single hero stood up for her...

"If only such things I imagined came to take place... I could've accepted my fate and ended my life somewhere..."

The people couldn't help but nod, but then...

'Wait...'

They suddenly felt like they had been struck by lightning!

What did she say!?

Bylai Zlatan's lips curved as she gestured like a little brat.

"I mean, all I had to follow was their orders like a maid, bringing plates, cooking food, and even building sculptures that were my specialty. Was that supposed to be a humiliation for the sin the Zlatan Family committed? Why do I feel like I've been given a pat at the back of my hand and let go of scot-free? What kind of nonsense is this? I expected something more terrible to happen to me. Hmph! What a bummer..."

Her expression became synonymous with that of an annoyed lady.

"..."

For a moment, the New Era Battle Arena became absolutely silent. There were many kinds of gazes being cast at her. Ones that were horrified, ones that were bewildered, and even outlandish ones.

'She... she's complaining...!?'

The jaws of the crowd dropped as they realized.

Bylai Zlatan was complaining that her fate wasn't worse? What's going on? Did this woman have a screw loose on her head?

"In fact, why is my life so smooth when I am a slave? I'm freer than the time I was in the Zlatan Family. This just doesn't make any sense. Can someone explain what's going on? I have my own room. My cultivation base is not sealed. I don't even have to come out of my room unless called. Why do I feel like some grand sect has invited me to train? Once, there was a bodyguard mission, and I got rewarded resources for that. Am I crazy? Am I being delusional? What kind of slave receives a reward at the Ninth Stage? Because of that, my soul is near to breaking through the King Soul Stage. Am I here to suffer or improve? Which is it!?"

Bylai Zlatan's crazed voice and confused expression were plain for everyone to hear and see, making them all blink in shock.

Was what she was saying true?

Was she made to do this? But it didn't seem like it!

[Chapter 1927 - Sending Waves](#)

Bylai Zlatan trembled underneath the heavy gazes cast on her before she shot a wide smile.

"When I asked why, the Emperor of Death said: In any case, if you keep following my words and accumulate achievements that negate your family's wrongdoings that you decided to take upon yourself, you will eventually have your freedom. And yes, you can try to do something funny. However, I won't tolerate your existence anymore and extinguish your soul."

She tried to imitate his voice, sounding solemn and rough. However, a faint smile appeared on her face after she finished.

"Like, how kind one must be to tolerate the things my Zlatan Family had tried to do them?"

She shook her head, "I waited, and waited, believing that it was all a farce, but the punishments never came, nor was I humiliated. More than anything, why am I still a virgin!?"

Bylai Zlatan spread her hands as if being exasperated, but abruptly, her golden robe began to glow with a resplendent light, shining white, radiating a pure aura that caused the people to feel her innocence.

"The Karmic Robe of Purity?"

Some people couldn't help but become shocked as they recognized the robe.

It was used in marriages, designed to check the chastity of the bride and groom, although it was used for the former more.

From the pure light radiated by the Karmic Robe of Purity, they could see that Bylai Zlatan was still chaste.

"Hehe..."

Bylai Zlatan's wry laughter rang out at this moment.

"The Emperor of Death's a hopeless womanizer who'll lust after your beauties? He dared to publicly humiliate the Young Palace Master of the Glorious Pill Palace, and he'll come for you next? He brought a wicked path mistress into the competition and is going to bring the entire wicked path here next? No one is safe from this evil scourge?"

"While they stayed silent, such statements went round and round as I listened with my soul sense."

Clang!~

Anger was visible on Bylai Zlatan's face as she lashed out, waving her hand as an intense metallic ring rang out as she hit the air.

"Don't be ridiculous! I know for a fact that the Emperor of Death has a way to remove the entrapment hex placed on me and yet doesn't have one bit of lust towards me! Or else, I, the Dragon Queen of the Zlatan Family, would've been taken long back! What else do I need to say to those stupid statements!?"

Bylai Zlatan clenched her fists as her body trembled, her enraged gaze shooting towards a few people who cowered in fear as they knew they had been caught saying those words by her.

"The Emperor of Death is anything but a calamity, yet, you're all trying to make him one!"

She declared, holding her fist from flailing out as she held her hand, even tears somewhat emerging in her limpid golden eyes.

Back then, she had learned that Yotan had been implanted with the same hex, yet it was removed from her by the Emperor of Death. When she had learned about that, she had been so mad, but then, hearing that Yotan was still innocent and hadn't been taken, she was able to let go of that matter.

But still, all this time, she thought the reason why the Emperor of Death didn't touch was because of that entrapment hex but to think that he could remove it with ease. Her sanity had cracked, making her think: was she just not enough? Was she worse than the others, even Zestia?

Her pride had taken a huge hit, almost giving her a heart demon. Perhaps, it had already formed, and that's why she was doing this.

Taking a deep breath, she tried to stop her trembling. Raising her hand, she brazenly pointed towards someone who turned out to be the Emperor of Death.

"To such a kind person, I only have six words to say." Bylai Zlatan's gaze was teary and heartfelt, "I have fallen for you, Davis."

"...!?"

The crowd became shocked by her declaration.

However, Bylai Zlatan's expression became wry as she put her hand down.

"Perhaps, you'll at least punish me for blatantly calling your name, master, and then, I can feel at peace, at least having experienced a solid punishment for the wrongs my family committed against you."

"Return."

Davis's voice was icy, and Bylai Zlatan shuddered on hearing that as she lowered her head. Her lips quivered before she snapped her fingers, causing the chains to break.

However, her four opponents had already fainted, leaving her the sole winner of the battle.

While she had been flailing around, they were the ones to receive the brunt of it as the chains tightened and almost snapped them apart, and most people didn't even notice, busy listening to her declaration.

Bylai Zlatan flew without saying anything and returned to the Alstreim Family's seating area when Zestria appeared and took her to the resting room amidst the gazes of many.

Davis didn't look at them, nor did he command Zestria to take her as he mused that it was something done out of her own will.

His expression was complex as he really did hear vile things about him being passed around, but people were people. What could he do?

He only let out a gentle sigh, unable to understand Bylai Zlatan's true intent with this big dramatic undertaking. No, it was better to say that he didn't want to believe that there could be such a woman, in such a low position, to speak up for him. The next second, he sensed two figures behind him and turned to look at them, gazing at Evelyn and Isabella.

"Did you two put her up to this?" He asked with a soul transmission.

"Well," Isabella pursed her lips with a faint smile on her face, "I won't deny responsibility, but all I said to her was go pour your feeling out and perhaps, that might change something, and then, she requested me that karmic robe, which I more or less thought that she was going to prove that she was innocent and plead to attain your favor but to think that she painted your degrading image in pure white... I didn't think that she would go that far to care about your reputation than care about herself."

"After all, with this, she essentially became a joke..."

Isabella narrowed her eyes as she couldn't help but feel a hint of respect for Bylai Zlatan. Not many prideful women would dare to make a fool out of themselves in public like that.

"A joke?" However, Evelyn seemed to be of a different opinion, "Then why do I sense envy from the eyes of the women gathered in this New Era Battle Arena? Besides, the men are mad with hearing that she was still innocent but wanted to still give it up to Davis, appearing deeply jealous."

It had to be said that there were many suitors for Bylai Zlatan. They have had seen her during competitions, expeditions, or even random outings and such and formally sent marriage requests to the

Zlatan Family, but the Zlatan Family remained obstinate and wanted to marry Bylai Zlatan within their own to retain their bloodline.

Most of these men were from other Dragon Families or had other magical beast blood within them. But now, to see their absolute crush give herself up to Davis like that without any shame, their blood was boiling with fury.

Hearing their opinions, Davis's expression became more complex yet moved. Bylai Zlatan's words not only sent waves in his heart but also made many people look at the Emperor of Death in a different light.

Maybe, he wasn't so unscrupulous as they thought he was?

[Chapter 1928 - Shocking Confession?](#)

The New Era Battle Arena was still silent, people talking in hushed voices. Since this was the last match of the day, the two arbitrators also slipped away. No one came forward to speak in a loud voice after hearing Bylai Zlatan's words that sounded like ramblings but had a hint of truth in them.

As a direct manifestation of that, the Emperor of Death decided to give out rewards using the Soul Palace, didn't he? Now his actions seemed more understandable and not a scheme.

The Zlatan Family's expression was incredulous, to say the least.

Their Golden Dragon Queen had been bewitched mentally? Has her heart been conquered?

However, Klade Zlatan and Lezella Zlatan understood Bylai Zlatan and sighed. Despite the tragedy that befell them, they were still thankful to the Emperor of Death and the Earth Dragon Queen for sparing them. Such magnanimity is hard to come by as once evidence of one's wrongdoing is accumulated, even the righteous path experts wouldn't let go of the opportunity to eradicate an entire bloodline under the name of justice.

To the righteous path, as long as it is within reason, anything is possible. However, compared to the wicked path's unreasonable actions that were scary, it was way better to be on the righteous path's side. Such were the thoughts that united them even if the righteous path was cruel to them.

In the northern hemisphere, the Mandate Emperor could merely chuckle at this situation.

He had known long back that the Emperor of Death was a jovial youth, and there wasn't anything to be afraid of unless they stupidly went ahead and provoked him, incurring his wrath. That's why he had tried to pull him into the righteous path, even went as far as to give so many benefits to his little sister, who will eventually become the Heaven Mandate Empress once he steps down and ascends.

Although, now he had some doubt as to whether Clara's coronation as the Heaven Mandate Empress would happen sooner than he expected because their rate of improvement was faster and vaster than anyone he had ever seen. It was not that they were destroying his common sense, but he understood that they had access to resources that even he could never obtain because of their immortal inheritances.

As the day ended, he stood up and left, but a hint of worry still remained in his eyes.

It was going to the fourth day soon, but they still hadn't found the source of the Calamity Light.

As for the probable source, it appeared to have a proud expression on its face.

"Look at that... Even a prideful woman who was enslaved under disturbing circumstances is vouching for him after living under his care. I told you Prince Davis is a caring and indulging man as I once received the same benefits and care under his wings. If you investigate my memories detailedly, you will come to know of it that not only is it endearing but also addictive to see his awkward expressions."

"..."

This time, Myria didn't say anything. Perhaps, it was because no matter what she said, Ellia wouldn't change her mind.

However, at this moment, the proud expression of Ellia froze as her head turned. The Heaven Mandate Emperor, who was also leaving, suddenly stopped and turned to look towards the Burning Phoenix Ridge, his eyes becoming wide. The leaders of every power simultaneously felt their hearts clench!

"The Golden Dragon Queen said something like that, but the wonder I currently yearn for in my heart is you, Sect Master Lea Weiss."

Davis floated in front of the Burning Phoenix Ridge's seating area as he possessed a warm smile on his face.

"I have fallen for you. Will you marry me, Lea?"

Those were words said without any effort or romanticism, but it stunned Lea Weiss, causing her heart to skip a beat before it started to pound in a frenzy rapidly. Everything in her view became unfocused as only a single purple-robed man existed in her eyes. Her pupils were dilated with pure shock, not expecting Davis to do something like this, not after what happened on the battle stage.

This was entirely sudden, catching her off-guard. In fact, none of them knew how he appeared here as he just disappeared for a moment before reappearing.

Isabella and Evelyn were shocked as well, not expecting him to make such a move at this moment, but the people who absolutely had no idea couldn't believe their eyes or ears.

The Emperor of Death had just professed his love to the Burning Phoenix Ridge's Sect Master!

This... what's going on!? It was common that people were going around during the nighttime to make alliances, but this kind of alliance... could be the strongest to be ever made as people were now aware of Sect Master Lea Weiss's prowess. It was told that she was as strong as the Four Great Righteous Sect Leaders, but by how much, they didn't know.

Nevertheless, the entire New Era Battle Arena felt tumultuous waves encroach their heart, but they all stayed silent, waiting for Sect Master Lea Weiss's answer.

"..."

Each second felt like a year to the people, but not to Davis. He calmly waited for Lea Weiss to come out of her reverie.

At the ninth second, Sect Master Lea Weiss stood up from her throne and floated towards the skies. Her heavenly countenance was stricken with a crimson shade, making her look even more alluring under the moonlit night.

When she appeared before Davis, she deeply looked at him, taking a deep breath as her bosoms heaved before reaching out her hand. She placed her frail and smooth hand on his palm, looking into his eyes with glistening eyes.

"I promise to become yours forever."

"...!"

The tumultuous waves in the hearts of people were about to erupt as they saw Sect Master Lea Weiss accept the Emperor of Death's proposal.

"Then I promise to love you with all my heart and give up my life when needed, Fairy Lea."

"...!"

Davis spoke and did something that made millions of jaws drop again. He pulled her closer and gave Lea Weiss a deep, stunning kiss as her veil came off, but before their lips could connect, flames went up around them, hiding their figures from the public eyes.

"Wha-"

The entire battle arena erupted into an uproar. However, another loud voice overwhelmed them all.

"Congratulations, Emperor of Death and Little Lea."

Unexpectedly, Ancestor Cornelia, the oldest Burning Phoenix alive, gave her blessings!

The people became shocked, unable to say a word in front of this unbelievable scenario.

After a few seconds passed, the flame wall disappeared, and what appeared in the view of the public was the Emperor of Death and Sect Master Lea Weiss in an embrace.

What was even more shocking was Sect Master Lea Weiss hid her face on Davis's chest while having her arms wrapped around him.

The moment people saw her willingly hold him, their eyes blazed with fury and helplessness!

However, the entire Burning Phoenix Ridge went on their knees as their voices boomed out!

"Congratulations! Emperor of Death!"

"Congratulations! Sect Master!"

Their voices were as fiery as the sun and loud as a thunderous roar, reaching everywhere in the New Era Battle Arena as it shook the hearts of the people.

Back then, it was the Emperor of Death who had saved their sect from the wicked path's all-out attack. From then on, they possessed immense respect for him!

They had initially felt that losing their Top Disciple Shirley had been a huge loss, but now, they were even willing to give their Sect Master to the Emperor of Death! Their gratitude almost knew no bounds! And since their Sect Master also seemed to accept his advances, they were content even if they had many questions!

Nevertheless, the expressions of the other experts and powerhouses were just the opposite!

The Emperor of Death had just successfully courted the strongest, unmarried woman of their righteous path! Not only did the Golden Dragon Queen give her heart to him just now, he already had a bevy of beauties who were extremely powerful, so why?

Just why!?

Had the heavens forsaken their chances? Even if they could not obtain Fairy Lea Weiss, they would've been at least content to see her ascend unmarried. The grand characters there would've tried to court her, and they could accept that they had been merely born in a lower realm, unable to match the swan's magnificence.

But...

Bastard! A young bastard who was not even thirty years old managed to make them feel less of a man in the span of three days!

Furthermore, he had both the master and disciple of the Burning Phoenix Ridge! This was a forbidden matter, but underneath the thunderous voices of the Burning Phoenix Ridge, they were unable to even let out a sound of disagreement.

Where could they go cry out in indignation!? Were the heavens not fair anymore!?

Although their eyes had lit up with raging flames, they were inwardly crying in jealousy.

[Chapter 1929 - A Calm Night?](#)

The Starnova Emperor was no different from the other powerhouses as he finally learned why he had been rejected.

It was because Sect Master Lea Weiss possessed feelings towards the Emperor of Death! That kiss and embrace were more than enough proof! Otherwise, Sect Master Lea Weiss would've burned the Emperor of Death alive for touching her before marriage because almost everyone who tried to court her was aware that she was such a woman!

However, knowing that he had avoided a calamity, he also couldn't help but feel relaxed. Perhaps, their relationship ran deep.

In the air, Davis gently embraced Lea Weiss. He wanted to bathe in her love for him using Heart Intent to fully grasp her wondrous and shy feelings, but at this moment, the number of negative emotions that were directed towards him almost made him shiver. The sheer envy he felt right now was like a monster behind his back, ready to swallow him.

'Have I become public enemy number one again? Looks like Bylai's statement towards my character became useless...'

Davis could only wryly smile as he lovingly held Lea Weiss.

In truth, he had planned to make this confession today under the moonlit night in a romantic manner, but Bylai Zlatan's actions had almost thrown it under the rug. However, he still stuck to the essence of his plan. After all, he mused that the competition might witness collapse the next day because he probably might not be able to hold back against Myria, but what he had done now was nothing more than throw a slap to Bylai Zlatan's face, making her a laughingstock, but with this, he finally had the heart to forgive her family for trying to hurt his family, his Isabella.

Only then could he even talk to her in an unbiased tone as her situation was unlike Zestria's, whom he had taken advantage of and then developed his feelings for her, able to forgive her Domitian Family's wrongdoings, which wasn't anything big, unlike the Zlatan Family's wrongdoings.

'In any case, Bylai Zlatan already made a laughingstock of herself. She wouldn't mind a little more, right?'

Davis felt shameless and scummy, but that was the fate of a man who wanted a harem. He had no choice but to possess a thick skin now.

But contrary to his thoughts, little cared about Bylai Zlatan at this moment. The people still felt envious of him, Bylai Zlatan and Lea Weiss.

The men felt like they should destroy this handsome scourge and the women wondered why they weren't Bylai Zlatan and Lea Weiss to be looked at with those gentle eyes of his. At least, Bylai Zlatan had the chance to confess publicly. Meanwhile, if they did that, it was sure that their life would be ruined on the spot as the men who were on their level would no longer take them seriously after that.

They were envious that they were not strong enough or beautiful enough to attract the Emperor of Death, having him publicly propose to them like that.

It was a dream come true for most women.

"Congratulations. Emperor of Death. Sect Master Lea Weiss."

At this moment, even the Heaven Mandate Emperor, the leader of the righteous path, acknowledged the two of them.

Davis turned around and nodded at the Heaven Mandate Emperor before he grasped Lea's soft hand and took her back to the Burning Phoenix Ridge's seating area, looking at Ancestor Cornelia. At the same time, a veil of flames raised, blocking the sight to their seating area.

"..."

Even after some time, the people remained dumbfounded, looking at the innumerable fireworks blasting in the skies.

This night, the thoughts of the people were thrown into disarray, and even the usual festivities had dropped a notch, afraid that their actions might be taken as disrespect.

Could they be more brazen than the Burning Phoenix Ridge right now that made lovely fireworks in the skies to celebrate their glorious occasion?

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In a particular resting room, a crimson robed woman and a golden robed woman sat side by side, the former holding the latter's hand as though consoling her, unaware of the tremor that occurred outside.

"To have fallen for our enslaver like this, our ancestors, even our predecessors must be laughing at us from the heavens if they still haven't entered the reincarnation cycle. Even our mothers and grandmothers would be disappointed."

Bylai Zlatan wryly smiled. It looked like she had shed many tears after coming here, spending a lot of time to regain her smile.

"Never. We fell in love with the most exceptional man of the era. Moreover, he has dragon blood purer than any of us. In fact, I presume that our ancestors are cursing our greedy and backstabbing elders for not knowing how to behave towards a pure-blooded dragon emperor."

As Zestria spoke, her crimson eyes gleamed with a bit of passionate light.

However, instead of becoming flabbergasted, Bylai Zlatan looked envious of Zestria's mindset. If only she could also be as fanatical as her, able to forget ties with her family. Her hatred had ended when the three Grand Elders of the Zlatan Family who sent her to be a sacrifice died or were completely crippled. The decline of her Zlatan Family wasn't what she wished, and despite that, her heart had been enamored by Davis's kind actions, causing her to be stuck between a rock and a hard place.

"I'm jealous of you."

Without even knowing, these words came out of her mouth, causing her mouth to go agape as she hurriedly closed it with her palms.

She didn't mean to say that out loud, becoming embarrassed and feeling ashamed.

However, Zestria smilingly shook her head, still holding Bylai Zlatan's hands.

"I'M jealous of you."

"..."

Bylai Zlatan became stunned before she became slightly angered. Was Zestria mocking her?

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"After all, back then, I never imagined that I would be loved, much less accepted. If I have someone to thank, then I have Shirley but also you, who didn't let me take a foolish decision of eating that sachet of poison. And now, you went as far as to publicly confess and exonerate him of his bad reputation with your statements. If that didn't move his heart, then I wouldn't know what would. I'm jealous that I'm not the one who did that."

Zestria appeared rueful while Bylai Zlatan's mouth went agape.

"You're jealous that you didn't make a fool out of yourself? I'm sure my already battered reputation has taken a deep dive down the gutters. Perhaps, I'm titled the Crazy Dragon Queen by now."

"..."

She shook her head, but on the other hand, Zestria blinked.

Didn't she also make a fool out of herself on that day when Quara, the Young Princess of the Scarlet Tyrant Hawk, came to exchange her for resources? She literally held on to Davis's legs and begged him not to trade her, for she would experience a fate more cruel than death or enslavement. Such humiliation, she could never forget, but she had only herself to blame for her actions, the same as Bylai Zlatan. However, considering that Bylai Zlatan experienced this in front of millions of people, she couldn't help but stay silent.

The shame they experienced couldn't be spoken at the same length.

"But now..." Bylai Zlatan continued, "I feel rejuvenated since I said all that I had locked up in my heart. Now, it's time to wait for punishment or something hopeful."

"Don't worry." Zestria uttered with a solemn voice, "I will support you as much as I can. I will never abandon you."

Bylai Zlatan looked straight into Zestria's eyes.

"Zestria, we were rivals, not allies nor sisters. Is it fine for me to trust you?"

Zestria unexpectedly smirked, but it was a wry smile.

"I know the pain of betrayal. It still stings deep, and there isn't a day I think why... However, what has happened has happened, and I won't look back. My loyalty lies towards him, and yours should be the same. As long as you're of the same mind, I will never forsake you."

Bylai Zlatan also wryly smiled.

"You... you're completely acting like one of his wives."

"I am."

Zestria nodded seriously while Bylai Zlatan could only shake her head ruefully.

"I thought as much. The Emperor of Death is indulging in his women. I see that rumor stands true for you to become this crazy, and maybe that's why I did something crazy, wanting to be seen."

Her wry expression contained a hint of yearning to it.

Bang!~

Their room's door was pushed open with force even though it was unlocked, startling the two ladies, but Bylai Zlatan's figure began to tremble ever so slightly as she felt immensely pressured.

"My kindness had its patience, but now you've just gone and done it, Bylai Zlatan."

Today, she knew that her fate might change for better or worse as she heard Davis's voice.

[Chapter 1930 - Mixed Feelings](#)

Some time ago.

In the Burning Phoenix Ridge's seating area, Ancestor Cornelia looked at the couple with gleaming eyes. Her old face that was laden with wrinkles was radiating with an ecstatic gleam that put a smile on Davis and Lea's face as well.

"Good. A man must be like that, unafraid of what others would think." Ancestor Cornelia heavily nodded.

Since Davis dared to take the master and the disciple as his wives, his reputation would've definitely taken a hit. He would no longer be viewed as an honorable man. At least, he wasn't viewed as an honorable man before either.

Just a frivolous man who had gained deathly power and dared to do anything, displaying the arrogance of youth which could end dangerously.

The three of them walked, then walked towards the resting hall and entered a room there since there were also other disciples gathered, freaking unaware of what had happened outside.

The moment they saw the Emperor of Death and their Sect Master walk inside hand-in-hand, not only were they shocked, but their souls also threatened to flee, afraid that they would be killed to keep the secret as this was a big thing, but the moment they saw Ancestor Cornelia beside them, their hearts started to regain composure.

Only then did they look at their Sect Master, who seemed to be stricken with love in her gaze. It seemed that they were practically non-existent in her eyes.

Soon, the three of them entered an unoccupied room, and only then did Lea Weiss suddenly turn around to look at him as her veil came off, revealing her extraordinary features.

"Was it really necessary?"

Her cheeks became filled with crimson as she recalled the hot kiss she shared with him in front of the gazes of millions of people. Fortunately, Davis knew her heart and shielded that embarrassing scene from being witnessed by everyone. Otherwise, she wouldn't know where to go hide her face as the Sect Master.

On the other hand, Davis nodded his head to Lea Weiss's question.

Although she said that he could marry her when they reached the immortal world, she didn't say anything about remaining unknown that she was his wife here.

It only affected his reputation and not hers because he was strong. It was normal for women to seek strong men, and it is widely accepted. However, if he was weaker, he was sure that her suitors would appear to take his head and demean her, ruining her life regardless of her feelings.

Lea Weiss felt moved. Although she felt embarrassed to be caught in an affair with her disciple's husband, she knew that he had sacrificed more to ruin his half-baked reputation, something that the Golden Dragon Queen tried to save.

She suddenly couldn't help but remember her.

"Davis, you have to treat her good. I know Bylai Zlatan's character. As a woman belonging to the dragon race, she grew up arrogant and willful before becoming mature and composed, but her innate pride couldn't be changed. Her pride is even more arrogant than mine or Isabella's. Therefore, it is of little doubt that she might contemplate suicide if you don't reciprocate."

Davis blinked.

He understood that was because Bylai Zlatan had been once the strongest Dragon Queen of the Four Great Dragon Families and consequently possessed more pride until she was betrayed by her power and was sent to him as a sacrifice.

Perhaps, after being treated well, her pride resurfaced, but she had just to go make herself a fool in front of millions of people.

Davis wasn't a romantic expert, but he knew that if he didn't accept her, Bylai Zlatan might truly start contemplating suicide.

After all, she made a public confession while having the status of a slave. It would be absolutely worst for her if he rejected her.

Nevertheless, he looked at Lea Weiss's worried expression and couldn't help but remember a general notion about a female dragon and phoenix.

It was told that a female dragon would seek revenge if betrayed by her husband, but a female phoenix would contemplate suicide.

When Natalya tried to commit suicide because he was supposedly dead, was she further influenced by the diluted amounts of Ice Phoenix Immortal Blood Essence in her at that time?

He was also sure Zestria, possessing Fire Dragon Blood, would come to kill him if he abandoned her because her love and hate were plain to see, burning with a passionate flame.

Perhaps, it was the magical beast's nature influencing them.

But for Bylai Zlatan, he hadn't even taken her yet, and her pride had already been brought to a new low. Therefore, it was possible that she would take actions similar to what Lea Weiss said.

Still...

"Why do you care about her?" Davis asked Lea Weiss, causing her to shake her head.

"It's not that I don't care. It's that I have to care. I presume you already made your decision, so I merely have to support you."

Davis's heart shook.

She could see through his thoughts?

Usually, after a woman confesses to a man, if he ignored her and went ahead and confessed to another woman, it would be like a resounding slap to the woman who initially confessed. This was regardless of gender. Therefore, it wouldn't be strange if all of his women decided to think that he had abandoned Bylai Zlatan, but Lea Weiss's opinion of him was different.

"If you were to abandon her, you wouldn't be the man I came to love."

Lea Weiss went on her toes and gave a daring kiss in front of Ancestor Cornelia while Davis remained frozen, feeling her soft lips feeding his increasing love for her. She moved back and lightly smiled at him.

"I wouldn't have known what I would've done if it weren't for you breaking my shell. Thanks to you, I already removed that hesitant part of me, and now, the repercussions that my sect would face following your actions isn't a problem either. It doesn't matter if someone says something, but the fact remains that I'm your woman. With you by my side, I can tide through anything, and it should be the same with Bylai if she is what I think she is."

"Now go. You can't be here too long, or the men outside will go berserk. Hehe~"

The stern yet cold Lea Weiss actually giggled as she pushed him away while Davis was still tongue-tied. Her laughter was genuine and melodious, making him able to feel that she was satisfied with what he had done even without Heart Intent.

'To be courted by the one they love... I guess every woman craves that feeling even if they do not bother about it on the surface...'

Davis smiled as he waved his hand, exiting the room as he turned to look one last time before disappearing from their gaze.

"Then I'll listen to my Lea."

Only his voice echoed out, causing Lea Weiss to smile while Ancestor Cornelia blinked.

"You're going to let him go on this joyous occasion?"

"Sigh, this matter concerns the Burning Phoenix Ridge's reputation. I can't let him stay any longer. Ancestor, this is why I said that I'm stepping down earlier."

Lea Weiss turned to look at Ancestor Cornelia, who had a hint of apology on her face, "I have no choice but to rely on you for a little longer, Little Lea."

"I know, Ancestor. I will never forget the kindness and the three drops of blood essence you bestowed to me nor the sect that had been an umbrella for me to grow under. But..."

"Don't worry. I may be a magical beast, but I still have some experience in the human world." Ancestor Cornelia cut her short as she smiled, "This matter may seem big to you, but as long as the strongest emperor demands something, it will happen, and that too without much resistance. Only the heavens can change such a fate, so you don't need to worry about other people's opinions. In truth, the Burning Phoenix Ridge is rather happy that it managed to curry the emperor's favor and the other powers are envious."

"Ancestor..."

"Child. You are free to leave whenever you want. Your destiny is no longer here, but as long as you're here, you will be the Sect Master. Even if you invoke a massacre, staining the Burning Phoenix Ridge's name, you will still be the Sect Master and also my Little Lea. The sect owes you that much."

Lea Weiss pursed her lips as tears flooded her eyes, threatening to flow out.

She had been doing everything in her power to make the sect stronger with her current prowess, so her achievements had long crossed any Sect Master of the Burning Phoenix Ridge except a few from the first few generations. However, after declining so much in the current era, she managed to bring them up so that her achievements could be spoken in the same length as theirs.

In the end, she went ahead and embraced Ancestor Cornelia, choosing to become vulnerable as though she was embracing her own mother.

=====

"My kindness had its patience, but now you've just gone and done it, Bylai Zlatan."

Davis pushed open the door with force as he sauntered inside, his voice echoing in an icy voice.

At the same time, he saw Bylai Zlatan shudder and inwardly felt that he had gone too far.

Was she that afraid of him?

Didn't Lea Weiss just say that her pride was more than them? How come she was scared? Maybe, her pride that had been restored from cultivating here all day without receiving any humiliation really did break upon doing such a thing above the battle stage.

His initial reaction was to offer words of courage, but then hardening his heart, he walked up to her.

Zestria had already stood up, appearing like she had something to say to him. However, his gaze fell on her as he simply moved his lips.

"Go outside."

Zestria's expression changed. She lowered her head and took a step forward.

However, she suddenly clenched her teeth and looked at his face, gazing into his eyes as she sent a soul transmission.

"The moment I caught her hand and even till now, the trembling didn't stop. Her love for you is genuine as mine, so please consider her feelings, my emperor."

Davis became pleasantly surprised, but not at Zestria's words but her attitude. Looks like embracing her in front of everyone and giving her the boost she needed was already displaying its effects. The fiery woman he had heard about was returning, daring to talk back to him.

This was a piece of good news to him. After all, regaining their pride after being treated as slaves was not an easy thing to do. It would even form a heart demon in many cases, but fortunately, he could see Zestria didn't seem to have something of that sort just from her resolute gaze.

After sending the soul transmission, Zestria took a step forward again and left, but Davis suddenly captured her wrist, causing her to freeze. A light kiss landed on her cheek, causing her to become dumbfounded, but a soul transmission entered her ears.

"Well done. One should not forsake their allies. Your heart has not fallen but remains the same, Zestria."

Zestria's neck became a shade of crimson as she felt her heart flutter. However, knowing that she should no longer stay, she walked outside and closed the door.

Davis turned to look at Bylai Zlatan, who still had her head lowered. She was sitting on a bed, which almost made him think if this was pre-planned. Perhaps, it was Zestria's idea to make things smooth. Nevertheless, he flicked his sleeves and sat beside her, causing her trembling to freeze.

"I don't really comprehend your feelings towards me, Golden Dragon Queen. Isabella killed Zestria's father, and I killed your father. Usually, we could never see eye to eye, much less live under the same sky, but yet, you confessed to me under the gaze of millions. If you merely want freedom, I'd say that you're free to go-"

"No!"

Bylai raised her head at him, her eyes wet with tears as her lips quivered.

"What I want is... you...!"

Their gazes matched for two seconds before she looked away.

"I hate myself for being like this... but there's never been a man who made me feel like this..."

No matter what kind of man she met, her attitude was one of indifference. Not only her, but most Dragon Queens exhibit this trait, unable to take a man seriously because they were always superior, fed with resources as they become the strongest in the younger generation. No man could practically make their prideful heart shake, and it was usually the arranged marriages that changed their mind, but now, a man had genuinely managed to encroach her heart somehow, and that was after he almost ironically destroyed her Zlatan Family.

Even as a slave, she was determined to resist.

However...

He had the power to force her but didn't.

He had the power to ruin her but didn't.

He had the power to utterly humiliate her while making her wish that she could die but didn't.

Such kindness had caused her heart to fall, but the mixed feelings she had for him didn't make it any better. She truly hated herself for becoming like this, feeling that she might go crazy from the contradiction.

"..."

Davis's pupils exhibited an incredulous gaze as he looked at her. He felt like he made the biggest concession when he told her that she was free to go, but it was out of expectations for her to retort and reveal her vulnerable feelings, blasting him with it as he sensed with Heart Intent.

Sometimes, he wished they were scheming, so he could also ruthlessly reciprocate, but he would always be put in a spot because their emotions were genuine. Bylai Zlatan was no different. She was shedding tears, looking like her world was going to tear apart or not with his answer.

Davis took a deep breath to calm down, but her flowery fragrance filled his nostrils. It sent waves of temptation to his heart, and he merely decided to accept these emotions.

Bylai Zlatan was weeping as much as she wanted to stop crying. Even now, she was aware that she was making a fool out of herself by showing this vulnerable side of hers but being in his presence, her heart had zero defense. Suddenly, she felt herself being lifted before being dropped on the bed as she bounced on the soft surface.

A finger wiped off her tear-drenched face with gentleness before she saw a handsome face through her blurred eyes.

"Since you want me so bad, let me fulfill your wish, Golden Dragon Queen."

Puchi!~

A wave of soul force shot downwards and shredded the Karmic Robe of Purity as though heralding her end, but it left a naked yet shocked Bylai Zlatan under Davis.