

Emperor 1961

[Chapter 1961: Blood Refinement](#)

“Buzz.” While everyone was still astonished, an immortal light suddenly came out and sucked in the blood of the four emperors and nine High Gods.

The light separated into strands before weaving together to form a lotus. The lotus’ petals spread open and spewed out a faint fire. It was ethereal in nature, making the spectators feel as if they were inside a world of immortals. Being bathed in this light was akin to shedding one’s mortal body and exchanging one’s old bones.

“Pluff, pluff, pluff!” The fire spewed out began to enter the blood and began a refinement process.

“What is it doing?” Someone didn’t understand what was going on.

“The divine and imperial blood over there are priceless. If one could refine it down to the essences, what else in this world can be as valuable?” A High God slowly explained.

The majority shuddered after hearing this truth. Before them was a pond of blood from nine gods and four emperors. Refining them down to their fundamental essences could result in a liquid that could allow instant ascension.

“Buzz.” The fire from the lotus became stronger and used the most profound power to refine the remaining blood.

After multiple tempering processes, the pond of blood started to have an amber glow.

“Poof!” Finally, the lotus and the fire disappeared. This pond of blood has been thoroughly refined.

At this time, that pond of blood was full of grand dao aura - one that was eternal and primal. Such a dao has never been used before so it was brimming with power.

“Buzz.” Strings of light came from the pond. They were resplendent and tempting while containing the purest dao essences. Inside them were countless dao affinities.

Furthermore, chaos energy filled the pond before spreading out to the rest of the area.

It emitted a sweet fragrance that made everyone comfortable. After the first sniff, the person’s body would light up completely with flowers blooming around them. Even their grand dao would resonate and become stronger.

“That’s good stuff. Drinking this blood could grant wondrous benefits, if not more longevity.” A High God swallowed his saliva and said.

“Will I become a Grand Emperor after tasting this?” An expert in the distant wanted nothing more than to have a drink right now.

“Amazing.” Even the spectating emperors sentimentally agreed.

Even the fooliest of all would understand that this pond of blood was priceless beyond description.

Nevertheless, they simply watched; no one dared to try and seize it.

Sentinel and Tamedragon Cavalry were the best examples. No one wanted to make the same mistake or their blood will become part of that pond too.

Suddenly, evil flames rose to the sky in many places at the wildland. After loud explosions, an evil presence engulfed the region.

In the darkness, one could hear a faint sound of eyes opening - the dark overlords.

Majestic figures appeared among the dark auras. Though they were still hiding just like before, they were indeed awakening.

“What is going on?” A few cultivators were completely lost.

“Not good!” A shocked High God immediately ran away with his disciples. Alas, it was too late.

“Ah!” A bloody jaw suddenly came from the sky and devoured many experts in the wildland. Rough chewing noises on bones could be heard and nothing was left of these victims.

“Run!” Another High God was farther away in the sky. He crossed through the world with incredible speed. It wasn’t fast enough to escape from a palm stretching from the darkness. It destroyed all of his defenses.

“Ah!” This High God was torn into two pieces and thrown into the jaw as well. Crunches were heard as if it was chewing on a turnip.

“Ugh...” Some spectators outside of the wildland vomited.

Eating High Gods? This was quite a chilling spectacle.

“Rumble!” The appearance of these majestic figures made darkness loom over the wildland again. The world trembled before their coming; all existences prostrated with fear.

They felt that the end of the world was approaching. It made them quiver uncontrollably.

“Are the devils coming out?” This was the chilling consensus in the mind of everyone here.

Eyes flashing with blood also opened underground, fixated on Li Qiye’s pond of blood. They were gazes of blatant greed. These dark overlords wanted nothing more than to seize this pond for their own.

Few things could wake up these slumbering monsters. However, this precious blood refined by Li Qiye’s amazing method could do so. It was extremely nutritious and desirable for these beings, hence their awakening.

Alas, they were still apprehensive about something and didn’t dare to come forward. They lingered in their own territory without taking the first step.

Li Qiye simply chuckled in response. He stood there without a care, waiting.

The ones outside of the wildland felt their heart about to jump out of their chest. These figures in the darkness were naturally monstrous but Li Qiye was still so calm while being surrounded.

Just this attitude and mind of his were worthy of complete admiration.

“Boom!” After a deafening blast, a path meant for emperors extended all the way to the wildland.

Among the path were four Immortal Monarchs walking hand in hand as their cloaks fluttered among the darkness. This passage illuminated the dark realm.

“Heaven Searching is here with three juniors to lend you a hand, Sacred Teacher.” An impressive and ancient-looking man threatened the world with this declaration.

“Four monarchs from Heaven Searching!” Someone shouted!

“The first monarch of the hundred races, Heaven Searching Immortal Monarch!” A High God blurted out.

“All four monarchs from that sect are here...” Everyone was shocked to witness this.

Heaven Searching could be considered the most powerful sect from the hundred races in Pure. Their progenitor, Heaven Searching Immortal Monarch, has not come out in a long time but now, he was here with his three juniors?!

The dark overlords didn’t try to stop the monarchs. They realized that something else was going on.

“Boom!” Another imperial path split the darkness open. A massive chariot rode over with fluttering banners.

On top of this carriage was a world-dominating man with three other Grand Emperors keeping him company.

“The War-Monarch Clan is here!” The man proudly declared as he steered the vessel.

“War-Monarch Heaven Emperor! And three more Grand Emperors from the clan!” A heavens god cried out after seeing the man.

[Chapter 1962: The Arrival Of The Emperors](#)

“Grand Emperors from the War-Monarch Clan, what is happening?” Confusion stirred the spectators.

First was Heaven Searching, now the monarch clan was here too? Eight emperors appearing in the blink of an eye stunned the crowd.

“Rumble!” The chariot continued deeper into the wildland. The clan was only a bit later than the monarchs of Heaven Searching Sect.

Meanwhile, the dark figures only glared at this development without taking action.

“Ji is here with my descendant to help you, Sacred Teacher.” Another clear declaration came about.

Two people were opening the spatial fabrics. Two portals opened and after crossing through many dimensions, the auras of two monarchs threatened the world. They poured down boundless chaos energies and gave the sense that they have traveled through time to get here.

“Ancestors!” Jilin Princess was astonished to see the two new arrivals.

“Jilin Immortal Monarch and another one from his clan.” A High God recognized the two of them.

“Ten emperors now? What do they want to do, destroy the world?” Existences cowered in fear because of the rampaging imperial auras.

These ten emperors were far more powerful compared to the low-level ones from Sentinel.

“Raa!” The roar of a dragon suddenly emanated across the plain. A dragon claw capable of grasping the celestials suddenly shattered another part of the sky.

A green dragon spanned across the world and let it heard its roar. It jumped into the wildland and tore apart the darkness.

“Qi Gong heeds your order, Sacred Teacher.” Two men stood on this dragon’s back, full of torrential imperial energy pouring down.

The skinny monarch had a pair of eyes like the sun and moon on top of a draconic aura.

“Soaring Dragon Immortal Monarch! The two monarchs from the Divine Dragon Mountain are here!” A High God stated after recognizing these two.

An ancestor from this sect was shocked and immediately performed three bows and nine kowtows: “Forefathers!”

The crowd kept on being surprised today with the rapid arrivals of these emperors.

“Excuse my lateness. The Dragon Citadel answers your summon with our full effort, Sacred Teacher.” A clear and righteous voice echoed across the world.

At this moment, auspicious energy swept through the darkness. Three emperors walked out from this energy as masters of all.

“Oh god, aren’t those our imperial ancestors?” Wu Qi was scared out of his mind.

Wu Fengying’s mouth was agape as well. These were indeed the three emperors from their Dragon Citadel. Even their ancestors couldn’t meet the emperors but all three were here in person now.

“Outside of their progenitor, Immortal Emperor Can Long, the citadel is here in full force.” Someone murmured.

“This is insane.” In the blink of an eye, all the top emperors in Pure were coming. This has never happened before and of course, the spectators had never experienced something like this either.

“This young one also wish to lend you a hand, Sacred Teacher.” An immensely elegant voice sounded and brought about a sunset glow. When this evening light arrived, two Grand Emperors emerged and walked towards the depth of the wildland - one male and one female.

The man was majestic and powerful. His posture straight like an impassable mountain. The woman was beautiful - a single smile or frown from her was simply unforgettable.

“Sunset Glow Fairy. An old High God recognized her and became drowned in memories: “After so many years, her looks and voice are still the same, just as peerless as before.”

“Matriarch!” Yin Huali from that sect prostrated on the ground in astonishment after seeing these two Grand Emperors.

The woman was Sunset Glow Devil Emperor, the progenitor of the valley. Of course, she was called a “fairy” when she was younger.

It didn’t take long before everyone was on their knees, not daring to stand upright. The imperial auras robbed them of their breath. Even High Gods succumbed to the pressure.

Four monarchs from Heaven Searching; four Grand Emperors from War-Monarch; three from Dragon Citadel; two from Jilin; two from Divine Dragon Mountain and two Devil Emperors from Sunset Glow - a total of seventeen emperors has arrived.

For many, seeing an emperor once was an honor, a great stroke of fortune. A magnificent scene of seventeen emperors together was practically unheard of.

“Outside of the ultimate expeditions, only Emperor Hunt had so many emperors appearing. Today will be another wondrous date in the annals of history.” Someone murmured at this awe-inspiring sight.

“Is it an attack on the wildland?” A speculator thought due to the rare scale of the gathering today.

“Who in this world can summon so many emperors?” A High God with ten totems was puzzled. He then remembered a legend that very few people knew about and became shocked.

“Could it be, the legend is true! It has to be him!” The High God’s eyes widened with astonishment as he gazed at Li Qiye.

“Ancestor, who are you talking about?” His disciple asked after seeing his state of panic.

“Don’t ask, just kneel.” The High God kept his head low on the ground, still stealing glances at Li Qiye.

At this moment, he understood why Li Qiye made the comment about only top emperors would be able to contend against him. He, indeed, was qualified to say so.

This was an emperor-slaying existence, the starter of Emperor Hunt. This war established the current political climate in the thirteen continents!

He didn’t expect to be able to meet this legendary character in his lifetime. Though he had heard emperors talk about it before, they were very prudent to the point of hesitation about the details.

But now, the myth was right in front of him so he didn’t know whether to be shocked or excited. In the past, he assumed that the hundred races were merely exaggerating or mystifying the character. This didn’t seem to be the case any longer.

If there were people who could summon so many emperors in one place, this existence would be one of them. World Emperor would be another.

However, World Emperor might not even be able to convince emperors from the hundred races to fight together with the three races, unlike this existence.

“So the emperors want to open the treasures here in the wildland?” Others who didn’t know about Li Qiye had thi assumption.

Keep in mind that there had been rumors about the amazing treasures underground in this place. No one would be able to spend it all even after many generations. Thus, people coveted it but no one dared to attack this region.

“Looks like that’s the case right now.” A High God agreed with this notion while salivating from thinking about the treasures.

Everyone certainly wanted a piece but who was going to compete with seventeen emperors right now?

[Chapter 1963: Samsara Wild Ancestor](#)

Li Qiye smiled and nodded at the seventeen emperors: “Get ready, we’ll begin shortly.”

The seventeen emperors didn’t waste words. They divided themselves to the left and right of Li Qiye in order to form a mystical momentum with him at the center.

The dark overlords were still hesitating underground with none actually coming out. This temptation was truly immense but the risk was certainly there.

“Buzz.” Li Qiye activated the pond of blood. Under the great momentum, the blood absorbed the essences of the heaven and earth, seemingly giving birth to three thousand new worlds. Inside this pond was the most beautiful and primal source of life.

“Clank.” Imperial laws appeared as the emperors raised their hands. They used the power of their Heaven’s Wills in order to empower Li Qiye. He was controlling the most resplendent law that covered the entire pond with strings of light like a cocoon for another refinement process.

“Buzz.” The already amazing blood matured like a ripe grape, ready to be picked at any moment.

Under multiple refinements, the pond was changed completely, no longer in the form of blood. Nothing in this world could hide this never-dissipating life force. As long as it was present, it would be in full sight at any location.

This majestic force was like the revitalizing return of spring and chased away the darkness.

In the past, the wildland was a place of solitude, plagued with the scent of death. But now, this life force brought hope to the wildland. For some reasons, everyone felt quite comfortable basking in this essence and could see the sun behind the receding clouds. This wasn’t just a feeling; their body was actually experiencing this.

“Pop!” An unbelievable matter happened. A seed suddenly germinated from the dried earth. Only one young leaf came out, but this was more than enough.

Such a leaf would be quite ordinary in the outside world, but something like this was breaking death and darkness with its green hue.

“!” The overlords were moved in the darkness. Their eyes reddened while staring at the pond. It had become the most primordial and profound life force.

Whether it be the temptation or the hope it entailed, they certainly became unrest because of this pond.

“That thing is too heaven-defying.” The emperors not qualified to participate in this incoming battle were frightened as well.

“Well, the materials consist of imperial blood and the power of the Heaven’s Wills. Only this amount of resource could create such a pure life force. When ingesting this thing, not to mention a mortal, even an emperor would experience a monumental change. It’s only natural that the hiding overlords would crave it.” An Immortal Monarch felt his heart beating faster.

Nevertheless, none had taken action just yet. Virtually all the top emperors in Pure were here. Doing something now was simply suicidal.

“Raa!” One dark overlord couldn’t resist any longer and wanted to jump out for the pond. However, a great power prevented him from competing.

“Not bad, not bad at all. I haven’t tasted something this delicious for a long time now, probably forgot its taste by now.” A deep voice resounded.

Before everyone knows it, there was an old man sitting on the altar presided deeper in the wildland.

It was an old man wearing a gray robe. There was no frightening aura nor divinity. His appearance was ordinary as well. However, the spectators felt as if a blade has been unsheathed when staring at him.

The entire wildland became calm once more with his appearance, including the rowdy overlords. The darkness of this place slowly receded with figures entering the ground again in fear.

“Buzz.” A curtain of light also blotted out this deeper region of the wildland. The spectators outside could no longer see what was going on since they could only make out the faint figures. Only the true masters could see clearly, such as the emperors who weren’t involved in the battle. Only beings of their level could see through the curtain of light.

“Such a great momentum here, huh? I wonder who in this world can make it out of this besides me but frankly, if I want to, nothing can trap me.” The old man looked at the curtain of light and laughed.

“Everything is possible.” Li Qiye smiled and said: “You don’t believe in failure and neither do I, so, let us get started.”

The old man turned his attention towards Li Qiye with a profound flash. He then smiled in response: “I know of you, and your legends. Just like the young me, having an indomitable dao heart.”

“No, you think too highly of yourself.” Li Qiye retorted: “You no longer possess one the moment you crossed the line. You have fallen, no longer worthy of it.”

Even emperors were frightened facing this old man, but Li Qiye could still carry a normal conversation.

“No need to speak in such absolutes, crouching down doesn’t mean kneeling down, it could be gathering strength to jump again.” The old man smiled without becoming angry.

“There are many ways to crouch.” Li Qiye chuckled: “But your way will never jump again because you have become a dog under the high heaven, a shadow in the darkness.” Li Qiye shook his head in disagreement.

“Perhaps you are right, but no need to debate this. You don’t care for my viewpoint and neither do I about yours or the rest of the world.” The old man in gray smiled.

“True.” Li Qiye nodded: “Ultimately, one of us will be going down.”

With that, Li Qiye called out the old man’s title: “Samsara Wild Ancestor. I, Li Qiye, will slay you today.”

“Samsara.” Some emperors felt their scalp tingling after hearing this title. Though they had a pretty good guess about the old man, the confirmation still scared them all the same.

In the distant epoch of the wildland, Samsara had reaped trillions of existences for many eras. In his eyes, the living beings were simply his food and nutrition to grow his own power.

Not too many back in his epoch knew of his title. But once they did, it meant that the end of the era was coming.

Countless wise sages sang their righteous songs and raised their banners against Samsara. Alas, they were either killed or forced into submission and became his henchmen in the form of other dark overlords preying the epoch.

It could be said that all the pain and suffering of an entire epoch originated from him. He reaped countless lives for his own sake.

“I know.” Samsara didn’t find this development surprising: “Those who oppose me will either turn into dried bones beneath my feet or plead their allegiance to me. Tell me, what will become of you?”

[Chapter 1964: On The Ages](#)

Li Qiye chuckled and told the ancestor: “Neither, I’ll be the one to cut you down.”

Samsara Wild Ancestor looked at him with a profound glare: “In my youthful temperament, I would have tortured and kill you for saying this. Unfortunately, I’m old now, no longer as fiery as before.”

“You are indeed old. But the one to kill me won’t be you. I can’t think of anyone who can outside of the villainous heaven.” Li Qiye smiled.

A ray of light rushed out of the ancestor’s eyes, capable of annihilating everything. Though he had no aura, this flashing glare of his could frighten the emperors. He certainly could kill them with just his eyes alone.

After staring at Li Qiye for a long time, he solemnly nodded: “Indeed, I in my current state won’t be able to kill you since I lack the same strength as before. However, not being able to kill you isn’t a bad thing since an eternity of torture is much more painful.”

This didn’t have the aggressive and ominous tone of a threat, as if he was simply stating a matter-of-fact. This leisure alone was even scarier than normal. No one could imagine the terrible fate of falling in this dark overlord’s hand.

Li Qiye chuckled and said: “Too many pains in this world, and I have experienced them all. There was someone certainly stronger than you who had imprisoned me. I’m sure, he had already tried whatever

you could come up with. Unfortunately for him, the outcome was me tricking him and taking all he had!”

“I can also do the same to you but no need to scheme so hard like in the past. Just suppressing you today will allow me to take them all.” He revealed quite a “gentle” smirk at this point.

The emperors were truly frightened, not because of Samsara, but because of Li Qiye’s smile. Some of them have seen this smile before. Nothing good will come out of it.

“Interesting, I actually want you to try and suppress me. The long years have been monotonous so being suppressed by someone will give me something to do. Alas, no one has been able to do so.” The ancestor shook his head and smiled.

“It’s because you have been lucky.” Li Qiye chuckled: “Along the river of time, you are not the strongest or the most brilliant since if you were truly mighty, you wouldn’t have hid in the darkness from start to finish, not daring to fight against the heaven.”

“Why try despite knowing it’s impossible?” Samsara smiled: “I’m simply starting in an intelligent manner. There has not been any exception - only death or turned into abominations. Why not save strength and wait for the right opportunity to rise?”

Li Qiye disagreed: “This is an issue of dao heart. Fear even before fighting? The outcome will be darkness. So many wise men before us have come up with incredible plans but ultimately, they at least tried. If you think you’re intelligent by doing this, you’re sorely mistaken since you won’t even fight in the future. You have reaped and devoured beings in your epoch for no reason. This is only living a borrowed life as a blood-sucking fiend in the darkness.”

“Who can predict the future?” Samsara didn’t become angry: “The dao is endless, to act without planning is foolish.”

“You can keep thinking that you’re being wise but ultimately, it is an issue of not being able to defend your dao heart.” Li Qiye shook his head.

“How do you define it? Just upholding justice and maintaining the light?” Samsara smiled.

“It requires self-reflection. What do you truly want? Never forgetting your true desire, that’s an indomitable dao heart. It has nothing to do with light and justice. Surely, your initial wish isn’t to devour the world and massacre all living beings. Outside of certain races, no one is born with a heart of darkness.”

Samsara pondered for a moment before chuckling: “It’s too early to talk about this. The victor has yet to be decided.”

Li Qiye went on: “In my opinion, it is already settled. It is time for the wildland to change its master. Those who should disappear shall stop lingering in the river of time.”

“Then show me what you got.” Samsara responded while glancing at Li Qiye and the emperors to his left and right: “But in my eyes, not just the bait, all of you are just food for me.”

The spectating emperors shuddered. Only someone of his level could make this statement. Plus, they were aware that there were other existences like him still around. Reality was quite grim.

“Then come have your fill.” Li Qiye calmly said.

“Boom!” With a loud blast, Samsara actually swallowed the pond of blood. His teeth grinded down on the shiny laws and took everything down his stomach.

His body then lit up and quaked for a bit, able to sever all karmic ties. He was quite pleased with himself: “It would be a waste of your effort if I didn’t eat this delicious bait. Unfortunately, the hook is too weak, it won’t be able to sneak into my body to trap me. I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed.”

Li Qiye had done something to the blood, akin to adding a hook inside. As long as the fish bit the bait, he would be able to capture it.

Alas, Samsara was too strong and instantly severed all karmic ties. The power of the hook inside shattered with haste, unable to hold on to this big fish.

Li Qiye wasn’t surprised at this result, evident by the grin on his face: “Not surprising, still within my expectation.”

“Looks like you’re completely confident.” Samsara naturally became intrigued: “You really think you have what it takes to defeat me? Honestly, I also don’t see what you have that will allow you to think about the final battle.”

“Yes.” Li Qiye chuckled: “Of course you can’t see it because you never had any determination to take on the final battle. If you haven’t done so, how do you know who is capable or not? That’s a war that can change in the blink of an eye. Planning and strategy will all be thrown out of the window.”

Samsara smiled: “How interesting. Whether it be a bluff or if you are really confident, I want to see it either way. Very well, I won’t make it hard for you today. What do you want in my treasury? A supreme weapon or an immortal scroll? As long as I have it, I will lend it to you.”

The emperors in the battle were startled. An existence of his level had no fear of emperors so why was he being so generous?

“Does the wildland really have a Paragon Artifact?” A Heaven Emperor from the monarch clan couldn’t help but ask. This question has been looming on their mind.

“A Paragon Artifact, huh?” Samsara smiled and shook his head: “I’m afraid not, the Paragon Artifact in my possession has been destroyed during the destruction back then. But I can lend something not inferior to it, if you wish.”

He glanced at Li Qiye after stating this. Clearly, he enjoyed and thought highly of Li Qiye.

Li Qiye smiled and said: “I won’t deny that we are here to kill you for the treasury. However, it is supplementary for me, personally. My goal is to slay you, in order to show the world that there is nothing I, Li Qiye, can’t do. Dark overlords and watchers, be smart before me. This is my world, my era, and my epoch! Those who wish to become the reapers and herald the darkness? I won’t mind hanging their head up in the sky of the thirteen continents!”

The emperors were astonished. This aggressive declaration was threatening an entire epoch. No, it was threatening ancient beings living on the river of time. Its impact stirred the crowd for quite a while.

Chapter 1965: Eternal Enemies

Samsara wasn't frightened and said: "That's why you came to find me. It's not really a bad choice, at the very least, I won't be able to run out of the wildland. Make an example out of me to deter an entire epoch? I would also do the same thing."

"Samsara, you were the origin of the darkness for an entire epoch. Killing other overlords won't have the same significance as killing you. The ones left might not be as powerful as you, but the ones that are might not be as famous as you." Li Qiye chuckled.

"I should be honored for such high praise." Samsara was very friendly and said: "Flattening the darkness with me? That's a very decisive and intelligent start."

After seeing Samsara's gentlemanly demeanor, one would have a hard time connecting him to being a dark overlord that had devoured countless beings for generations. His hands were stained with blood; he was definitely among those who had the highest death count in history.

"There are too many evils in this world, but some are really good at hiding. There are no more records of them so they're impossible to find. If I kill you, I'm sure it'll make some reconsider." Li Qiye chuckled.

He wouldn't be here later on and who knows what the future holds? Thus, killing Samsara would be the start to suppress this era.

"I've seen more darkness than you." Samsara smiled and shook his head: "You can't fathom how darkness can bring joy. The world has light so naturally, darkness is on the other side. How can there be light without darkness? How can there be good people without the bad? Even if you kill me, it won't do anything to the darkness. It has always been around, whether you want to admit it or not."

"I'm aware." Li Qiye nodded: "No one can get rid of the darkness completely. I am simply lighting up a spark of hope, to show that the darkness is not that scary. Not everyone needs to falter since there will be defenders of light. Your darkness shall be the torch that lights up this epoch!"

The emperors were also affected by this statement. He might be speaking directly to Samsara, but the content was certainly for the rest of them.

At this moment, War-Monarch and his peers understood that Li Qiye came here not for the treasure or his personal gains. He wanted to warn the rest of the emperors in the thirteen continents.

Just imagine, when full-scale darkness descended, would the emperors choose to fight against the overlords or join them?

The high-level emperors were naturally intelligent and could read between the lines.

Now, Samsara spoke with a dignified expression: "I respect the light since it plants the seeds in this world, allowing for life to grow prosperously for the great harvests. I respect the light, despite flickering in the darkness, it is still everlasting."

His words carried a thick stench of blood, but it was definitely logical. The light allowed for the world to flourish.

“I respect the darkness, we need to linger around in the dark to fortify our dao heart, so that we can fight to the end. Only by not forgetting who they are and what they would they be able to not let down those they love and those who love them.” Li Qiye also replied with a serious demeanor.

This made the emperors think - would they be able to protect their dao heart when the darkness comes? Will they let down those close to them and ultimately, themselves?

These two were enemies but they sounded like soul mates upon their first meeting. Those at the apex like them indeed enjoyed these conversations.

“Well, time for me to send you off.” Samsara smiled and said.

“No, you are misunderstanding something. I might be the one presiding over this plan, but I’m not the main force to kill you!” Li Qiye gently shook his head.

“Fine, I’ll kill you first and see if anyone can stop me.” Samsara reached out with his gigantic palm.

It didn’t have an overwhelming aura but the emperors were startled. There was nothing below this palm. It meant that one struck, nothing could exist. Time, space, heaven and earth, even emperors - all would turn to nothingness.

This was a grand momentum attack, capable of destroying everything in this world. Someone with mastery over this type of force had no need for techniques and merit laws. This was a being certainly capable of killing emperors with one move.

“Pop!” Suddenly, a holy light exuded beneath this momentum of the void. The emptiness was suddenly filled, ending with the palm strike being blocked.

Samsara pulled back and looked over: “I should have realized this. Who else can stop me in this world but you, old friend. We meet again as the epochs flew by. How are you?”

An old man stood at the front; he was the one who stopped the first attack.

He had a gray robe, adorned with a pair of tattered and broken wings. He was still without imperfections and flaws. Despite the lack of visual radiance, others would still think that he was a holy being.

After taking a careful look at the old man then Samsara, one would find striking similarities between them - not in appearance, but rather temperament and aura. They were both great men, intelligent and decisive.

The difference between them would be that one represented light while the other darkness. This was an intrinsic difference.

The newcomer was naturally Saint. Alas, not too many could recognize him nowadays.

“Long time no see.” Saint responded: “My body is still quite tough, can’t die just yet to your disappointment.”

“No, old friend, you’re mistaken.” Samsara shook his head: “No one else but you can oppose me for eras and eras. Life would be too boring without you.”

“Is that so?” Saint calmly said: “You won’t be bored anymore after I send you to the Western Paradise.”
[1]

“It’s been so long, no need to be so angry, old friend.” Samsara smiled: “If you are still angry at me over being betrayed, I don’t think I should be blamed since it was her choice. Dark or light, two possible options. When one can’t see hope in the light, they’ll have to head for the darkness.”

“I don’t blame her.” Saint said: “You’re right, everyone has their own choice to make. After making her choice, I could still purify her and light a spark in her heart of darkness. Back in those bloody and young years, we swore to erase the source of darkness. She couldn’t persevere but I’ve never forgotten my initial pursuit!”

“Yes.” Samsara nodded with a tinge of emotion: “Earlier, Fellow Daoist Li also said something similar—that nothing is more precious than protecting one’s heart. Friend, you have also managed to persevere during those cycles, one step away from success. You are the one I respect the most in life.”

Samsara was much older than Saint. The latter was born in an era of blood, the years of the harvest. Countless friends and families of his died but this gave birth to his ambition of quelling the darkness.

After wasting endless times and experiencing arduous difficulties, Saint remained firm, never forgetting his initial intent.

He once walked on this path with the person he loved and trusted the most. Regrettably, she couldn’t hold on to the very end. During the dark period with no hope in sight, she turned to the darkness by betraying and delivering the fatal blow to Saint. Otherwise, there was a chance for him to end the lasting darkness in his epoch.

Even after this, he still persevered on and didn’t falter like her.

“It is time for the long epoch to end, the wailing souls and fallen sages deserve an answer. Today, it is over for the wildland and our epoch of darkness.” Saint remained indomitable like the water in a well with his supreme holiness.

“Old friend, it’s not that I’m looking down on you. Even though I suffered the Heavenly Execution back then, after the long years, I’m back to eighty or ninety-percent power now. On the contrary, you are like a drying river. Even if I wasn’t back to my apex state, you’re still not my opponent as you are now.” Samsara shook his head and said.

[Chapter 1966: Invincible Saint](#)

Saint was unaffected after hearing Samsara and responded: “Life and death is decided within the blink of an eye, only an actual battle will decide the victor.”

“Old friend, when do I ever fight an uncertain battle? You are far weaker now, but even in your prime, you still might not be able to beat me. Plus, do you think you can kill me even after defeating me? Beating me alone won’t do anything and given your current state, you won’t last for much longer. As for me, I’ll remain eternal while you return to the ashes. That’s not something I want, losing a rival like you, old friend.” Samsara earnestly persuaded.

This showed his utmost confidence that no one in the world right now could kill him, not even Saint.

“If my death can end the darkness, it will be worth it.” There was a trace of coldness in Saint’s calm response.

“The darkness will never cease.” Samsara said: “Even if I, Samsara, were to fall, a second Samsara will appear. Flattening the wildland won’t end the darkness in this world.”

Saint nodded in agreement: “Indeed, I can’t clear them all but I shall do so for the wildland. I was born in this epoch, so did my resolve. Let me end this darkness temporarily.”

“Very well.” Samsara said: “Old friend, if you want to fight, I’ll entertain you then. Few battles will be as amazing as this one. I’m truly excited now. I hope you and your allies won’t disappoint me.”

He turned over at Li Qiye. Surely, this guy wasn’t only going to watch today.

“Let us begin then.” Saint answered with a stately voice.

“Boom!” The two broken wings behind him slowly spread. They looked ordinary when closed but at this moment, they were capable of blotting out the sky.

A holy light erupted from Saint’s body. Each strand of light looked so real and resplendent as if they contained the hope of all living beings in many generations.

A sacred flame rose from behind him, exceeding all temporal and spatial limits. His wings changed completely. They were holy with incomparably sharp feathers resembling divine blades crafted by the heaven. Cutting through darkness and evil was no problem. Its power made evil instinctively tremble. Even if the world was larger, it was still under the cover of his wings and flame.

Saint was mighty now. Each of his gesture could master the universe and rule over the momentum of the epochs. Under his holy power, the gods and emperors were singing along; all creatures were giving him their blessing and support.

“Buzz.” These holy rays permeated across the entire wildland. The darkness was swept away completely. The overlords slumbering deep below were quaking, afraid that this light would reach them and change their heart of darkness.

For these overlords, they weren’t afraid of being defeated by Saint but his purification affinity was much worse. This was an invincible existence of light staring in the darkness. When their heart of darkness was touched, they would be like moths flying to the flame. Turning to ashes would be the outcome.

Meanwhile, everyone else felt heated up with hope. They felt that the light was so warm and close. Hearts that have turned cold suddenly jumped again with emotions; everyone felt that there was meaning in living!

Emperors themselves were touched by this light as well. If they were born in Saint’s era, they might have joined his banners or become his followers.

Initially, people in the outside world had no clue what was going on due to the curtain of light blocking everything in this deep region.

However, with the appearance of his sacred light, the holy affinity powerfully touched everyone. Even the stubbornly evil felt the urge to drop their blade. This was an intrinsic wish to change because they suddenly found a new appreciation and love for lives.

In just a jiffy, countless cultivators were kneeling on the ground. The waves spread all the way to Pure and even many locations in the thirteen continents. Despite the current barricades, his power still traveled to the distant continents.

This feeling was not fleeting. Many would come to change completely and no longer walk on the evil path in the future.

Meanwhile, Samsara Wild Ancestor was also bathing in this holy light. He didn't try to resist at all but chose to accept it while closing his eyes in enjoyment.

He emotionally said: "This feeling is truly magical and unforgettable. Wishing for the light as a dark being... this is the limit of that feeling. No wonder why beings that have been walking in the darkness for millions of years still fly to their doom, not minding their heart of darkness being burnt by the light...."

"If it wasn't for my untouchable dao heart, I would also crave for the light and fly towards it, knowing full well that it would be my demise without any regrets. That's why, I do not hate the believers who switched side. Just like how people find solace in the darkness, others also escape to the light."

Having said that, Samsara opened his eyes wide and sincerely spoke: "Old friend, I thank you. Whenever I bath in your holy light, it reminds me that I'm still alive."

"You have lived for too long, let us end that and our epoch!" Saint said insipidly.

"As you wish, I hope you will be capable of doing so." Samsara smiled before glaring forward.

In a split second, a world of complete darkness appeared in his eyes. No existence would be able to escape once fallen inside.

Emperors were shaken to see the eyes of darkness. This was the purest and most terrifying darkness they have ever seen.

"Rumble!" Ten monsters jumped out of the glare. Each one could devour the world.

However, they weren't living creatures but rather embodiments of darkness. As long as the darkness was around, so will they.

"Boom!" They rushed into the battlefield.

One was a Nine-tailed Devil Fox ravaging the sky with its tails; another was an Ancient Night Serpent, Nightmare Fiend...

Each of these creatures was not inferior to an emperor and could even commit regicide.

"Kill!" Saint coldly uttered and took the first step into the battlefield. Each of his steps was ten thousand years as he traced back the time.

"Rumble!" The ten monsters attacked at the same time.

The fox's monstrous tails slammed down. Each tail could destroy a world with their unparalleled power.

The serpent opened its mouth and started devouring the holy light. Anything being sucked inside would cease to exist.

The Nightmare Fiend went crazy and unleashed a tide of darkness. It drowned out all rationality in this world. Even the gods would go crazy and fall into the darkness.

These ten monsters were too much to take. Even ten emperors going all out might not be victorious.

However, Saint went back in time in order to reach the origin and suppress these monsters. This sky of darkness was not enough to halt his pace!

[Chapter 1967: Back To The Past](#)

"Kill!" After crossing through time to understand the true forms, Saint slashed downward with his wings without showing any mercy.

He didn't give the ten monsters any opportunity to fight back. This slash was capable of severing all powers from the source.

A saint has no emotions - these weren't empty words. A saint was supreme and truly loved all living beings. However, he wouldn't show mercy when it was time for action. He needed to control the era and uphold the light; the mercy of the fairer sex was unnecessary.

"Ah!" The ten monsters were instantly decapitated since even their source was killed. Despite coming from the darkness and that darkness was still around, they were forever killed without being able to enter the reincarnation cycle!

"Saint, just like old times." Samsara smiled and recalled the darkness. In the blink of an eye, he and Saint met on the river of time.

"My dao is eternal." Samsara chanted as he raised his hand and chopped downward as if his hand was a sword. There was no beautiful technique or majestic power. Surprisingly enough, no expected dark affinity either. Nevertheless, this chop was still eternal.

It wasn't aiming for the flesh but rather destroying the enemy directly from time itself. For example, if one had one hundred years of life, with just one slash, this period would instantly shatter as if the enemy didn't exist in the first place, not even a chance to be born.

"Boom!" The attack struck Saint's resplendent wings. The light immediately extinguished along with the flame behind him.

Saint was wounded and fell down from the river of time. His power weakened by a fair amount along with his holy light as his complexion turned pale.

The emperors shuddered. This wasn't a physical contest but rather, a battle on the river of time.

Under this type of battle, one's time was being directly erased if struck by Samsara. If an emperor wasn't strong enough to withstand this eternal power, they would directly be buried and killed from the source.

It was much worse than a physical attack. If the flesh was destroyed, there was still a chance to retaliate. Alas, not being able to withstand this strike meant true death.

“Like I said, old friend, the you right now are not my match.” Samsara also returned to the battlefield and shook his head: “I can easily destroy you despite only being at 80% strength.”

“This is only the beginning.” Saint wasn’t caught off guard from losing the first exchange and calmly replied: “Warm-up time is over, let’s go for real now.”

Having said that, he took out the Elusive Heavenly Vase and drank all of the liquid in one gulp.

“Boom!” His flame surged to the limit and alarmed the entire world, not just Pure, with his insane rise of power.

The weak didn’t know what was going on but they were prostrating on the ground with sincere reverence.

Meanwhile, the emperors on the other continents were startled. All eyes were on Pure; everyone wanted to know what was going on.

The top emperors were able to see through the spatial blockades between the continents. The average ones could only sense the ripples of power since they failed to peer through the barriers.

Saint was no different from the lord of an epoch. His holy light was not just illuminating the region but also the river of time of an entire epoch.

He stepped into the river of time again with his holy light. All of his power were carved into this era. So many children being born were blessed with his holy power and protection. Their heart became filled with the light.

“Clank! Clank!” Clear metallic ringing resounded. One could see plates of armor covering Saint’s body. It didn’t take long before he was fully adorned with a set of sacred armor.

It shouldered the faith of many eras from those craving the light. They were praying for him in order to give him endless power, to cure his wounds, and to chase the darkness away.

A hymn resounded with the emergence of a sword spewing holy light and cold shimmers of steel. These rays were emotionless and murderous.

If the armor shouldered hope, then this sword shouldered destruction with its ultimate edge - capable of cutting the source of darkness. Eternity? Nothing before this sword. Indestructibility? All were ashes before its judgment.

More metallic ringing occurred. Saint’s wings became metalized. They were still full of light and flame but now, there was a cold and emotionless touch to them. The pair of wings has become a tool of war not weaker than his sword.

Saint looked quite young and gallant now. His temperament was devilishly charismatic. He had restored his power back to the peak state. Not to mention others, the dark overlords in the wildland were trembling uncontrollably.

Why? It was because they were no match for Saint at his strongest state. Only Samsara was a match for him.

“Looks like you have found an amazing medicine.” Samsara wasn’t afraid to see this. He nodded his head: “Hmm, still a way off from your true peak, but this is enough. No wonder why you’re confident in slaying me.”

“It is time for us to end this painful epoch.” Saint pointed his sword at Samsara.

“Try if you can. I’m afraid it won’t go as you wish, old friend.” Samsara replied and took a step forward.

He entered the river of time with a careful pace. It didn’t take long before he returned to their epoch.

Though this wasn’t their real epoch, the river of time has been flowing the entire time so there was still an image left of their period.

“Boom!” After reaching his epoch, darkness crazily rushed out of the ancestor and engulfed the area.

He stood there in the shadows, capable of shoulder the heaven itself while looking down on an epoch. The lord of all; no crown but a king he was for he had returned to his early and fiercer days.

Who could actually match this ruler of darkness? Prodigies and other overlords would need to bend down before him. In this dark epoch, all were ants before him.

Even a ten-will emperor wouldn’t be able to take one blow. Only someone like World Emperor could take him on.

Just imagine, being born in an epoch like this was full of despair. So many emperors would choose the darkness during that era.

Nevertheless, Saint managed to hang on the whole time against Samsara. Though he failed to save the epoch in the end, he was still a pillar that didn’t falter. His light illuminated the darkness like a lamp showing the path to future generations so that they wouldn’t be lost.

Many finally realized how wondrous and amazing Saint was after seeing the monster that is Samsara. The emperors felt a deep sense of respect for him.

“Old friend, our epoch is no more but going back to the past, this is our real battlefield.” Samsara told Saint while standing on the spot in the river of time proportional to their epoch.

“Let’s do this!” Saint roared as the two entered their old period.

The river was still quietly flowing for an eternity. No one could ever go back to the past, but if one was strong enough, they could return to their old position in the timeline.

Though they wouldn’t be able to return and see their loved ones and friends again, they could still sense the years back then and return to their old form.

[Chapter 1968: Light Against Darkness](#)

Though time forever flowed, a few things and certain people would remain the same. Though time was a merciless destroyer, it couldn’t erase them all.

While inside their own epoch on the river of time, Samsara and Saint kept quiet in this eternal scene.

There were too many familiar feelings; the things here were everything to them. The ones they loved and those who loved them were here. However, it was no longer the same; all have turned to smoke and ashes.

Both have experienced too many things. Others would spend a lifetime and wouldn't gain a sliver of experience like them.

A Saint was emotionless but so was a dark overlord. Time had corroded their heart, leaving only a single intent.

After so many years, light and darkness continued to exist; so did their battle. Perhaps today would be the long-awaited resolution.

"How can the light exist without the darkness?" Samsara made his move by taking everlasting steps forward.

One step was the grand dao of an epoch. There was no need for techniques and variations. His darkness engulfed where he stood on the river of time.

The darkness was everywhere. It didn't need to kill with the blades, just its omnipresence. It didn't matter who one might be, even the emperors would be swallowed by this darkness and erased into nothingness.

"The myriad ages will shine, as long as my heart has the light!" Despite the overwhelming darkness, Saint was still radiating with holy light.

"Boom!" With his chant, his wings and radiance soared to the sky and began to wash the darkness away from the entire epoch.

His light was also omnipresent, reaching every nook and corner with its majestic grandeur. The noise of cleansing could be heard everywhere. The darkness was receding like the tides.

Those who were strong enough to watch this scene were amazed. The guy was capable of ruling an entire epoch, a power beyond most emperors.

"Clank." As the light was combating the darkness, Saint slashed straight at Samsara.

This slash crossed through the entire epoch. Time and space no longer mattered. Even defensive measures were useless because this sword cut through one's origin.

If successful, it would be as if Samsara has never existed in the first place. How strong he was actually didn't matter.

"Buzz." The light illuminating the epoch became even more dazzling. Saint has made his holy mark in every inch of the land. It was as if he wanted to refine everything in order to completely eliminate any trace of Samsara.

If an emperor was a victim of this strike, then there wouldn't be anything left of him. No one would know of his tales; such a person would cease to exist.

“How can there be light without the darkness?” Samsara smiled and stood his ground while chanting. Suddenly, his body became ethereal as if he was melting into the epoch.

“Buzz.” After a series of tiny noises, the holy marks in the entire epoch had strings of darkness coming from it, no weaker than the holy light.

The light has become a host for the darkness. It wanted to use the holy light as nourishment.

“The light lives through the destruction of all!” Saint’s attack continued forward through time.

“Poof!” All the holy light ignited as if wanting to illuminate the epoch. The parasitical darkness was burned and turned into smokes.

“Boom!” Now, even Saint himself was lit ablaze in a crazy manner.

The slash finally struck Samsara’s origin. This would be a true death, even the most heaven-defying power wouldn’t amount to anything.

“I am the light, the light is me!” Samsara roared.

After a loud explosion, the darkness disappeared but the unbelievable part was that Samsara was exuding a majestic light and halos. He seemed to be the center of the world, allowing his brilliance to shine everything.

Keep in mind that he was a dark overlord, the source of darkness for this epoch. There was no doubt about this, so when he turned himself into the light, even emperors were frightened.

“Bang!” The snow-white slash from Saint made contact with Samsara but it couldn’t cut his origin due to the holy light emanating from him.

To be more exact, it was still resisting the slash, holy versus holy. The light didn’t extinguish one another since they were both from the same affinity. This seemed to be an established rule.

The emperors were quite stirred. Samsara possessing this holy power was completely outside of their expectation.

“Old friend, don’t forget, I once also had a glorious period. Fellow Daoist Li is right, no one is truly born evil. Those in the darkness once had light in them and my light, it used to illuminate and saved countless beings.”

Cold chill emanated through the nearby members because this was a warning to everyone. If it was true that he used to be a bastion of light, then emperors needed to think about themselves. So many of them were protecting their race and descendants while upholding justice. Even if their light didn’t shine on the entire world, it definitely reached those close to them.

However, even Samsara eventually became a dark overlord and ruined an entire epoch. Who knows what made him change, but the change itself is a clear warning to all.

The knowledgeable and top emperors were affected the most. No one was born evil, then what was the story of the other still-hiding dark overlords?

Ultimately, the conclusion that anyone could eventually turn to the darkness, even your loved ones and those you respect.

[Chapter 1969: Born In The Darkness](#)

The holy light was resisting the sacred sword so the slash couldn't reach Samsara's origin.

"The eternal light will never falter!" Saint let out a battle cry. His boundless holy light continued to fill the sky.

However, the strings of light were peeling and undergoing a fundamental change, revealing their original nature.

They seemed to be liquefying and started to flow while gaining life, no longer being a concept of power or affinity. These strands now shouldered the faith and hope of countless beings in an epoch.

"Boom!" The strands gathered together in the sky and the true form of the light emerged behind Saint, granting him endless holy power.

The light from Samsara no longer resisted the sword since it was melted away due to the more primal nature of the opposing force. All holy powers were for Saint to use at this moment. He has truly become the lord of light.

"Bang!" The sword cut down on Samsara. Nothing could stop this supreme judgment; death was guaranteed.

Samsara fell backward instantly and all the spectators held their breath.

Success? They gazed intensely at the river of time in order to see any unexpected development.

"Buzz." Samsara's fallen body turned into strands of light and joined into the original source.

His death suddenly changed the epoch flowing in the river of time. Darkness as black as squid ink filled everything. One wouldn't be able to see their hand placed in front of them. All existences were mere food for this darkness.

"What should die will." Samsara appeared in the darkness as its companion with an entirely new temperament.

In the past, he had a very simple and unadorned aura. When standing in front of him, one wouldn't think that he was a dark overlord but more of a friendly old man.

But this was no longer the case. He was now born in the darkness. Each of his actions and words carried an aggressive and tyrannical feel to them.

He was now an awakened primordial beast with no false trace of amiability like before.

Saint was not surprised and continued staring at Samsara. He remained fearless and unstoppable with the sacred sword in his grasp.

“Old friend, you have done it. At the very least, you were able to kill my light self. No one knows if an event is a disaster or blessing. The light will never return now and I am born in the darkness. This is my true self.” Samsara stated.

The emperors held their breath and agreed with this notion. Who knows if the death of his light self was good or bad?

During his youth, Samsara, like many other top masters, tried hard with youthful vigor and fought for his loved ones and friends. Once he achieved invincibility, he illuminated the era with his light.

Unknown events led him to the dark to become the most terrible lord of an epoch. Nevertheless, he still had light in him until today when Saint had killed his light.

“The light never falters and it didn’t abandon you either. You chose to forsake it.” Saint coldly uttered.

“Right.” Samsara calmly responded: “I’m inferior to you on this path, unable to persevere for as long. The heart towards the grand dao is not always a fearless one.”

“A supreme genius with a wavering dao heart will only cause trouble for the rest of the world.” Saint commented with authority.

“Today, I won’t be discussing morality or rights and wrongs with you, old friend. No need for that at our level, since we can define and change it ourselves.” Samsara gently shook his head.

“Then let the light judge your darkness.” Saint raised his sword forward with his eyes lighting up. They exuded boundless holiness just like two holy suns.

“Old friend, though you are still a bit off from your prime, you’re definitely stronger than me right now. It is truly difficult to take you on as I am, but you’re underestimating me. Though our epoch is destroyed, I still have more resources than you.” Samsara smiled.

“Boom!” With that, the purest of darkness spewed from his body.

Explosions resounded in different regions in the wildland. More dark affinity oozed out from the ground as if the wildland itself was the source of darkness. It was an endless amount from all over the land. One could grab a random pile of mud and darkness would be there.

The endless darkness gathered and was absorbed by Samsara. Though the current wildland was only a tiny spot compared to its real epoch, it was certainly tough enough. This was a place that had survived the destruction and contained the fruits of Samsara’s effort. He arduously worked on each inch of the land here in order to keep certain things after the disaster.

The river of time quaked after a loud blast. The endless darkness instantly empowered Samsara.

Loud metallic ringing continuously resounded as if they were coming from an older period. Samsara changed again. In his apex state, he could look down on the world and the emperors. All were mere ants in his eyes.

A crown of darkness and a black robe appeared on him. Even time itself slowed down before might. His eyes were cold and emotionless now; this was someone who wouldn’t hesitate to devour trillions of

existences. There was no breath of life on him any longer for he was the embodiment of darkness, no longer a living being.

Surprisingly enough, one would find that Saint and Samsara's eyes were extremely similar - emotionless and cold. However, their coldness was different. Samsara had no respect for life and things he considered inferior. As for Saint, it was part of his doctrine - how he thought the world should be.

"Old friend, to the death." Samsara's voice became tyrannical. A clear aura of invincibility emerged on him.

[Chapter 1970: Samsaric Eyes](#)

"Old friend, try this samsaric gaze, it should be familiar to you." Samsara Wild Ancestor roared with both of his eyes open. A third one emerged between them.

"Boom!" Everything disappeared afterward, only darkness remained in this epoch.

One wouldn't be able to see their hands in front of them in this place void of the light. This was an endless samsaric cycle of darkness. Challenging this power was a futile exercise.

"Rumble!" Even the river of time in this region was affected under the rule of darkness with its flow lingering in this area.

The emperors became alarmed after seeing this because they wouldn't be able to jump out of this particular cycle of perpetual darkness.

Just imagine, how many people could withstand and persevere in this darkness? One would turn crazy and become devoured by it. Emperors tried to imagine themselves in this situation and weren't certain whether they could defend their dao heart or not.

"Clank." Saint raised his sword against the dark cycle. He changed to a defensive stance while the light on the river of time gathered around him and turned into a fiery state.

The sword became a torch with resplendent holy light. It was countless times stronger because all of the light in an epoch had condensed in this place in order to illuminate the world.

The tides of darkness began their assault but peace could be found near this torch.

The darkness might be terrorizing but the torch could reach the heart of all. It pointed the direction in the darkness, so that the wavering could have a clear goal and head for the light without becoming lost.

In this perpetual cycle of darkness, the torch was the symbol of hope. The emperors felt warm while looking at this holy torch. As long as it was around, the light was still present.

Saint became eternal while standing beneath this torch, unmoved by the waves of darkness. He kept on raising it to illuminate the heart of people. Despite being in the dark, he had jumped out of its shackles.

"Old friend, even if you can shine the world, you can't reach everyone's soul." Samsara said while looking at the holy torch: "If everyone in the world had a will of light like you, our epoch wouldn't have been destroyed. I am not the culprit, it is the darkness in everyone's heart and I simply added oil to the fire. There are no devils, only people turning into devils."

“As long as I’m around, so will the light.” Saint was still calm while treading through the darkness: “Even if they have darkness in them, the holy light will still light up their heart to stop their weak souls from wallowing in despair. Even if they were to falter, the light will still be there in their lives! This is my meaning for existence. Even if I can’t end the darkness, I’ll continue to bring light and hope to others! I will never stop.”

Saint spoke quietly but it struck a resounding chord in the listening emperors.

When the darkness comes, what would they pick against overwhelming power? If resistance was futile, why bother to do so?

There was no doubt that Saint had found his answer. Just bringing some color to the lost souls in the darkness was enough to not have any regrets!

“This is your most amazing trait, knowing that it is impossible yet still doing it. I can’t beat you in this regard.” Samsara nodded before becoming serious: “Alas, all will end today. You might be able to illuminate others, but not yourself!”

“Boom!” The darkness receded with an unbelievable speed. All was swallowed by Samsara’s third eye, turning it into translucent darkness, quite an unbelievable spectacle.

This samsaric eye had returned to its origin, no longer distinguishing between light and dark.

“Buzz.” The eye shot out a ray that was neither light or dark. It seemed to be a type of ray from the very beginning of the world, primal and pure without any affinity and changes. This tiny ray could cross through time itself and kill someone.

The top emperors slightly batted their eyes because the most frightening thing about the ray wasn’t its offensive potential but rather its primal origin. This was something that could shoot through someone’s dao heart and remove their perseverance.

Saint’s expression sank after seeing the ray and gripped his sword tighter in front of his chest. His wings moved forward in order to form a massive barrier.

The ray instantly made contact with the wings and loud shaking noises ensued. Their epoch’s spot on the river of time was trembling as if a monumental change was occurring.

“Buzz.” The ray pierced the wings and sword to reach Saint’s dao heart.

The holy light suddenly flickered like a candle trapped in a storm, on the verge of going out.

With tiny noises, the strands of holy light began to extinguished, replaced by strands of darkness. However, it wasn’t that easy for the darkness either. These dark strands were also flickering. Some died and were replaced by light strands.

This contest between the dark and light continued as a cycle. This was the power of the samsaric gaze, changing one’s dao heart back to the initial state. In this situation, whether it gave birth to light or dark would depend on the person’s perseverance.

There was no doubt that Saint's dao heart was of the light affinity. Thus, the gaze wanted to destroy this light and reverted the heart back to the origin. In the very beginning, of course, either light or darkness could be born.

This was the fundamental essence behind the current contest between Samsara and Saint. Despite the lack of violence, it was much worse than a battle with swords and blades. If Saint were to lose, the darkness would take over his dao heart. If he were lucky enough to not falter, the consequence would still be quite harmful.

After numerous cycles, Saint began to lose. More dark strands came out and the light couldn't extinguish them. The remaining light strands turned dimmed and could go out at any moment.