

Emperor 2181

[Chapter 2181: Insane Spear](#)

Though there were other paths after becoming a grand True God, this particular level was already mighty enough in Insane Court. In fact, even minor and intermediate True Gods were awesome beings.

Ultimately, Insane Court had fallen. Just having a god was amazing enough for any power. As for having an ascender or a True God? They wouldn't dare to think of such a thing.

But now, Li Qiye was considering this level as trash? This cavalier comment shocked the entire crowd for there was not another person in the entire system who would repeat this. It required both power and courage.

Everyone was slack-jawed, feeling that his aggressive attitude was second to none.

It didn't matter whether he could take on the seven gods right now - his style alone was worthy of admiration.

Of course, the seven gods weren't taking this comment as well as the crowd. Though Li Qiye was answering Mighty Mountain, he had offended them all.

As the strongest ancestors in the system with the power of declaring death, no juniors would dare to be disrespectful before them. Today, this had gone beyond that to the level of a verbal slap.

"Junior, I shall rid the system of a vermin like you by cutting you to pieces." Mighty Mountain was primed to kill. His chilling tone could freeze to the bones.

The spectators shuddered and retreated even more from the battlefield in order to avoid any needless casualty.

"You seven are qualified to represent the system? That's more of my role, ridding the system of vermin." Li Qiye couldn't help but laugh.

"We'll see if you can keep on blabbering after a decapitation." Thunderstorm interjected with a shout accompanied by thunderous detonations.

Li Qiye waved his sleeve dismissively in response: "Alright, stop wasting my time since everyone is here now. Come together, I'll kill you fast so that I can get on with important businesses."

The seven gods' turned unsightly while the crowd was speechless. The firmaments of this world weren't enough to contain his haughty arrogance.

"The young generation will surpass us in time, huh? We'll see how many moves you can last against the seven of us!" Thunderstorm laughed from being too angry.

The seven took positions and surrounded Li Qiye while exerting pressure on him.

All eyes were fixated tightly on this scene; their heart hanging on a thread. People felt that Li Qiye alone couldn't compete against seven gods. His destruction was imminent. Some grew impatient, too eager to see what's next.

“Boom!” An explosion interrupted the tense atmosphere; the ground shook as well.

It didn't come from Li Qiye or the seven gods but rather the abyss. A flood of bloody serum rushed out of the abyss - three times in total - akin to a volcanic eruption without lava.

This serum was red with a tinge of black within. Its particular shade and uncomfortable stench certainly scared the cloud.

The seven gods also turned around, glaring at the billowing serum.

Everyone forgot about the conflict due to this sudden development. This looked like an ominous sign.

“Back then...” An old ancestor was alarmed while thinking about the troubled past of Insane Court. People didn't want to talk about it later on so the future generation remained unaware.

A heavy banging came about; something below the serum wanted to fly up.

“That's it!” The seven gods lost interest in Li Qiye as their eyes flashed brightly.

“Splash!” Something finally floated above the serum - a skeletal hand. Each finger was as big as a pillar. However, the most interesting thing was the weapon it's holding.

A completely golden spear, seemingly cast from gold, was emitting an invincible aura. It was capable of suppressing everything - including slaying gods and emperors. Even a True Emperor or an Eternal wouldn't escape death before its fullest might.

A primordial aura engulfed the area - one of a progenitor. Everyone felt the urge to kneel.

The hand finally left the serum completely, revealing that it was severed from the shoulder. Nevertheless, it was still grasping the spear tightly.

As time passed, only bones were left but the weapon maintained its oppressive cold touch and invincible presence.

“Progenitor!” Someone in the crowd got on the ground and began kowtowing.

They didn't know what it was but that aura was unmistakable. Many younger disciples didn't dare to get up.

The seven gods immediately jumped into the abyss in order to reach the spear.

“What is that thing?” One disciple murmured.

“A primordial treasure - Insane Spear!” Han Feng revealed to the crowd while feeling quite emotional.

Of course, jaws dropped to the ground after hearing this.

“A primordial treasure?! One from our system?” The disciple said in astonishment.

Just having an imperial treasure was amazing enough, but a primordial treasure was on a whole different level.

No power in the system was known to be in possession of one. Its appearance today would cause mass hysteria.

[Chapter 2182: Competition](#)

The atmosphere was somber and tense since this skeletal hand didn't want to let go of the spear. Despite just lying there, the spear still seemed so invincible - able to crush the firmaments.

People were robbed of their breath and normal composure. They could faintly see their progenitor using it to sweep through the world, fighting against the masters of his era. His wonderful style came back to life, momentarily.

Months and years and ages have passed since the foundation of Insane Court, it eventually fell from an immortal lineage down to a myriad lineage.

So many geniuses and True Emperors have disappeared in the river of time. Some emperors didn't have any vestige left behind. This wasn't the case for the unchanging progenitor and his legends.

The appearance of the spear rekindled his glory in the heart of the spectators once more. They couldn't help recalling his invincible deeds.

"Insane Spear..." Both disciples and ancestors were jolted.

"I thought this was stored inside the central court?" An elder asked his ancestor.

"Shh!" The ancestor immediately whispered: "Don't talk about this classified issue."

The warning shut the elder up, not daring to pry any further.

In fact, the other experts here were curious as well. There have been rumors about Insane Court holding onto a primordial treasure, most likely this particular spear.

However, no one had seen it before or who actually kept it. In their imagination, the spear belonged to whoever had the military authority at that moment, or the great powers would share the responsibility of protecting it. No one expected to see it in this place.

This particular belief used to be true. The spear was indeed located in the court under the careful watch of all.

For millions of years and in spite of the numerous changes in leadership, the spear had never left the system and rarely the royal court. It was the symbol of ultimate military leadership.

Alas, a few things happened later so the system lost the spear. It didn't wish to talk about this matter either, so people continued to have the misconception.

As for the ancestors who knew about it, they didn't wish to divulge any information due to the bloody nature of the past. That was one of the darkest periods of the system.

"Go!" The seven gods had the initiative in reaching the spear.

However, their majestic aura failed to move the spear.

"Activate!" Both Mighty Mountain and Thunderstorm didn't give up and went all out, resulting in an explosion of power and radiance. This was of no avail.

Who knows whether it was due to the grip of the skeletal hand or because the spear was simply too heavy.

The gods exchanged glances and instantly decided to work together. All held onto tightly to a section of the spear in order to raise it together.

“Let’s do it!” Their true energy erupted, causing a tempest to engulf the area.

Their combined effort still failed. It was as if the spear had taken roots on the hand; no one could move it.

The crowd’s mind began to wander. The ancestors from other sects slowly came forward, standing near the abyss and being quite attentive.

Though no one would provoke this group of seven True Gods, treasures were still tempting all the same. When necessary, these spectating gods would work together. Who would say no to a primordial treasure?

The seven also took note of this and became slightly anxious, aware of the potential problem. If this continued, others would be stirred into action. They might be able to stop these other ancestors for now, but as time went on, the opponents might band together. That would be a threat to both Upper Faction and Sacred Institution. Furthermore, the Wang and Chu Camp were still watching on the sideline right now.

“This is an important venue under the watch of our Sacred Institution. We have the responsibility to protect this primordial treasure, so gentlemen, leave Ivory Gap to avoid thieves sneaking into the mix.” Thunderstorm glared intimidatingly at the crowd after coming up with this idea.

He clearly wanted to seal off the area. As long as everyone left, they could move a bigger army here to guard the area then take their time figuring out how to take the spear away. At that point, they would clearly take the reign in the system, doing whatever they pleased since the spear was the symbol of authority.

“Brother Thunderstorm, that’s unreasonable.” Mighty Mountain replied coldly: “The ancestors from our Upper Faction have also studied the dao and meditated here, how can you claim this place? In terms of dao search, this place is certainly ours if our ancestors were here in the past.”

He attacked from a different perspective. Both sides wanted to claim Ivory Gap at this moment.

“If that’s the standard for territorial assignment, then when the progenitor divided the territory back then, Ivory Gap should belong to us.” An old ancestor said without too much force.

“Please, your clan has left the capital a long time ago, that’s a thing in the past. True Emperor Chu had given this land to our Hundred-tree Gate back then, it should belong to us right now.” A different ancestor disagreed.

“Our ancestors have also stayed here for dozens of generations, we should have a part too...”

The crowd became unrest; no one wanted to let go of this treasure. Even the clans from far away tried to come up with ways to link themselves with Ivory Gap and the spear.

“Shut it!” Thunderstorm roared aggressively.

His lightning eyes swept through the crowd and the other ancestors quickly closed their mouth. He went on: “No need to talk about the past then but now, Ivory Gap is under the territory of Upper Faction, so it is under Upper Faction’s control.”

“Brother, just one-sided words alone are useless here.” Others might be afraid of Thunderstorm but not Mighty Mountain. Their position and power were relatively even so he continued: “Our ancestors have toiled here, don’t think about taking this place.”

Thunderstorm sneered in response while looking at the man: “You know full well what some of your ancestors have done in this place, don’t use the word toil here so shamelessly.”

[Chapter 2183: Fierceblade God](#)

Mighty Mountain didn’t like hearing about the dark events of the past. He became serious and said: “Brother Thunderstorm, don’t forget that your Sacred Institution was involved as well, doing things in secrecy.”

The two of them were revealing some secrets of the factions, not wanting to concede a single step. They worked together just now to fight Li Qiye but this was no longer the case.

This wasn’t too outrageous because the primordial treasure was too tempting. Not to mention betraying other sects, one would even betray their father or son and none would be shocked at that.

“Is that so?” Thunderstorm snorted: “Alright, let’s talk about the present now. Your Upper Faction is doing some clandestine tasks once more. Don’t think people don’t know. The only way to avoid people finding out is to not do it in the first place.”

The two gods went at it in order to seize the spear. The other ancestors naturally wanted to see these dogs bite each other. It would be best for them to fight so that they could take advantage of the situation, even gaining the spear in the process.

“Well said, well said, this dog fight is quite fun and entertaining, but unfortunately, I must interrupt you two.” Someone suddenly interrupted the two of them after a clap.

The seven gods gave a killing glance at the direction of the voice. Right now, only Li Qiye would dare to speak to them in this manner, lacking any qualm.

The seven slightly shuddered since they nearly forgot about this particular enemy, being too drawn to the spear.

Li Qiye gave them a smile: “I apologize for destroying your daydreams but don’t think about obtaining this spear, it is mine.”

Tongues began to wag after hearing this comment and eyes were on the two parties again. Some in the audience wanted nothing more than for a fight to break out. Li Qiye and the seven gods would have no time to worry about the spear and they would naturally try to seize it.

“Fool, it’s not the turn for a junior like you to claim the spear.” Mighty Mountain snorted.

“That’s right.” Thunderstorm chimed in: “Insane Spear belongs to the system, a person with questionable background can’t have it lest they want to suffer the wrath of the entire system.”

Mighty Mountain went on: “The spear must be inherited by the orthodox branch, no one else is qualified to have it, especially not you!”

“Who says Young Noble Li isn’t qualified?” A cold yet pleasant and charismatic voice came about.

“Rumble!” Riders and carriages rushed over with unstoppable momentum and aura.

When they stood in front of the world, a woman dressed in a phoenix robe was presiding on a phoenix carriage. Next to her was the imperial seal representing authority over the system. It was none other than the current queen, Wang Han.

An old man stood nearby while embracing a saber. He emitted a frightening glint of the blade as if he was one with his weapon.

“The Wang’s cavalry...” The spectators knew that this particular group was the elites of one of the four great powers.

“Your Highness...” Many cultivators kneeled and bowed.

After all, before the coronation of the next emperor, Queen Wang Han with her imperial seal was still the orthodox branch of the system. Because of this, disciples from any sect would need to perform this greeting ceremony.

Only the big shots like ancestors and True Gods were spared from doing so. Mighty Mountain and his peers simply stood there and watched.

“Fierceblade God, Xu Haodong!” Nevertheless, their eyes narrowed from seeing the old man by her side.

This name certainly caused a stir in the crowd since it was quite famous. He was considered the number one expert of the clan - a grand True God.

Though Mighty Mountain and Thunderstorm were at this level as well, Fierceblade was far stronger. These two have tried to take him on but lost in the past.

The appearance of the queen and Xu Haodong personally protecting her made the ones here understand that the turmoil in the Wang Clan was over. Wang Han had won.

There was news of ancestors there wanting to replace her with someone else, someone fiercer, to be the next emperor. That’s why she was under attack by the Wang ancestors and risked being dismissed.

Their appearance here naturally dispelled this particular rumor. It meant that she had gathered all of the clan’s power, that the entire upper echelon had her back now. This allowed her to come here with an entirely new style.

“Not bad at all, no wonder why she can handle being in charge of the Wang.” An ancestor from a distant clan murmured; this was his first time seeing her.

She has been keeping a low-profile in recent years, but the knowledgeable ones knew that she wasn’t weaker than the late emperor at all.

Remember, he was a son-in-law in the Wang. It was quite unbelievable for someone with a different last name to earn the support of the ancestors there, let alone becoming the emperor.

Outside of his own mighty cultivation and intelligence, Wang Han also played a great part. She gathered the strength of her clan and fully supported him in consolidating his rule against the other three powers. Otherwise, a “foreign” emperor wouldn’t have lasted for so long on the throne.

Everyone knew that this was the climax of the power struggle. Given the current circumstances, the Wang might not be at a disadvantage facing these two great powers.

“Bam!” A draconic throne was taken out by the queen as she walked over to Li Qiye and respectfully bowed.

“Young Noble, please.” She helped him up the throne to the astonishment of the crowd.

Remember, not just anyone could sit on this throne. It represented authority in the system along with the imperial seal in the queen’s possession. What was the implication of this?

“Is that the new emperor?” A young disciple asked, looking at Li Qiye’s leisure attitude while sitting on the throne.

“Queen, even if your Wang Clan supports this brat, he can only sit there after gaining the recognition from us too.” Mighty Mountain attacked.

“True God, you are misunderstanding our intention.” The noble queen slowly said: “Young Noble LI is not the emperor, but he is more qualified to sit on this throne more so than anyone and more qualified to rule Insane Court because he is a true forefather, one that had been buried in the abyss, now reborn!

“A forefather from the Ancestral Abyss?” The crowd gasped with their mouth agape.

All were staring intensely at him in disbelief.

[Chapter 2184: Real Or Fake](#)

All eyes darted at Li Qiye, this so-called reborn forefather. Befuddled the crowd was for this was something beyond their imagination.

Ancestral Abyss was well-known and rumored to be the grave of their progenitor. Some records indicated that Insane Ancestor stated that he might reborn one day to become an immortal.

It further stated that there could be ancestors during his generations buried here as well. It meant that these were the forefathers of Insane Court, but who knows which ones exactly?

Thus, Wang Han’s declaration was too much to take; the crowd couldn’t regain their wits at all.

What was the significance if she was telling the truth? It would change the system completely, heralding an entirely new generation of prosperity back to their apex.

“Is this true?” The crowd glanced at each other. A few cultivators began asking their own ancestors.

Ivory Gap was a gathering of heroes; virtually all of the majority of important powers in the system were present. Thus, Wang Han left herself no room to take it back. Success was necessary and she needed to establish his status then.

“Maybe it’s possible.” One ancestor said with uncertainty but he was inching towards the possibility: “He knows our merit laws so well, especially Insane Sword Dao, a complete master. I don’t think anyone else in the system can match him.”

In fact, more ancestors believed this as well. Ultimately, Li Qiye was showing pieces of evidence and had the power to do so.

From Insane Force to Raging Dragon to Insane Bladestorm and finally, Insane Sword Dao. He exhibited such perfection with them, especially the last one, capable of using it to the limit.

Many disciples were able to cultivate the former laws but not this last one. Few ancestors had access to it, so his sword dao was a cry of his status.

The seven gods were alarmed after hearing this, and rightfully so if Wang Han was telling the truth. They found that there was indeed a possibility.

They would definitely know a user of Insane Sword Dao, but not in this particular case. It meant that he could be a reborn ancestor.

“Your Highness, isn’t it too early to say this?” Thunderstorm snorted: “Picking a random person and telling us that it is a reborn ancestor? At the very least, our Sacred Institution won’t accept this.”

There was no way these great powers would ever accept this under the current circumstances. The Wang would take over and they would have no place to go.

The crowd hesitated once more. This was a matter of grave importance, they couldn’t rely on her opinion alone.

“How can we make a joke out of the system’s wellbeing. Upper Faction also won’t accept this without ample evidence.” Mighty Mountain chimed in: “Your Highness, the royal court isn’t only under your clan’s control. Because of this, no one can take the throne before a consensus is made.”

“Not up to your Upper Faction.” A cold voice powerfully asserted: “Our Chu Camp recognizes the ancestor’s identity!”

A bloodthirsty cavalry with an intimidating aura and surging true energy came about.

“Chu Qingling!” Someone exclaimed.

She had left earlier to chase after the ginseng but now, she came back to recognize Li Qiye’s status.

All four great powers were here now. Though there were others who participated in this power struggle, these four were still the main ones. If all four agreed on this matter, then it became a sure thing. No one else could do anything about it.

So right now, there was a stalemate because two were in support and the other two rejected this notion.

“Ha, just Chu Camp and Wang Clan aren’t enough.” Mighty Mountain said: “The Wang has also violated our system’s laws, so they aren’t qualified to discuss this matter. If they want to establish their authority once more, they need to reveal the death of the late emperor first!”

The shocked crowd all glanced at the queen and tongues began to quietly wag.

This matter was concluded long ago because the emperor had passed for some time now. Furthermore, the great powers didn’t talk about it so the rest followed suit.

However, some skepticism and doubts were born after Mighty Mountain brought it up.

The late emperor was still very young - more than thirty was considered nothing in the system. Someone at this age should be vigorous and brimming with life with a limitless future.

However, he suddenly died without warnings and any known illness. Though the royal court didn’t directly address his death, the Wang sent out a message - he died due to a problem with cultivation. Instability led to an internal explosion.

People accepted this in stride. After all, cultivators often died in this manner.

Nevertheless, they began doubting about the circumstances behind his death. Was there really more to it?

“His Majesty cultivated the Insane Blood Law. The blood assaulted his heart and he eventually died on his bed since treatments were useless.” Wang Han’s expression darkened: “You have other questions?”

Mighty Mountain smiled implicatively: “Your Highness, that’s hard to say. Blood attacking the heart is not a common occurrence during cultivation. I actually heard someone was cultivating Heretical Blood Devour in the Wang Clan, and as you know, this is a great crime.”

“Heretical Blood Devour!” The older characters were startled while trying to read the queen’s expression.

“What is that?” A young disciple quietly asked his senior but was shushed right away.

The ancestors, in particular, were greatly jolted. This merit law was forbidden in their system for a reason; its return might herald the dark days once more.

Though Mighty Mountain didn’t say any name, the implication was clear. Keep in mind that the emperor might not be the strongest in the system, but he represented its authority and orthodox line.

[Chapter 2185: Sacred Ancestor Of The Peng](#)

If the late emperor indeed cultivated this heretical art, it would be a sky-piercing event.

No one wanted to talk about the dark days of the system back then, especially the taboo merit law. The ruling authority had burned everything related to this law.

When Asura Heavenbattler took down Virtue True God, he established an iron order forbidding anyone from cultivating it or it would be considered treason - a crime punishable by death.

If this was the case, it would be a great blow to the Wang. People would begin to question the legitimacy of their rule.

“Cultivating that heretical art wouldn’t result in qi deviation. Was it the Wang Clan doing it or you personally, Your Highness. Either way, this is regicide!” Mighty Mountain laughed.

The crowd gasped in response. At this moment, they were questioning the emperor’s death. If the heretical art wouldn’t result in qi deviation, then he must have been killed. The circumstances behind this remained a mystery.

“You know this heretical art so well, don’t tell me that you also cultivate it, or someone in Upper Faction?” Wang Han wasn’t affected at all and retorted.

“Don’t accuse us of such a thing, you need to be responsible for your words.” Mighty Mountain’s expression shifted as he gravely answered.

“Mighty Mountain, I’m responsible for my words.” Wang Han said: “If you don’t cultivate it or have no access to this merit law, how do you know qi deviation wouldn’t come of it?”

“Hmph, I’ve read an ancient scroll about it from my sect.” Mighty Mountain snorted.

“So you’re telling me that Upper Faction still hasn’t given up on it.” Wang Han pushed on: “Back in those years, many top experts from your sect were Virtue True God’s followers. As an ancestor, you should know that the god refined blood in this very abyss. Do you dare to swear that you’re innocent in this place?”

Many in the crowd weren’t aware that Virtue True God refined blood for cultivation in this abyss. The older ones knew that this was called a blood seed.

The true god captured people and took their blood, refining it into his own true blood. In order to reach the apex of this merit law, he had refined tens of thousands of people.

Few here right now knew that this used to be a sacrificial pit for this merit law.

“Your Highness, you’re pushing it. This darkness is laden with dust, we don’t wish to talk about it yet you’re bring it up again.” Thunderstorm attacked.

“You’re also pushing it.” Wang Han didn’t relent: “Everyone knows about His Majesty’s death, but now, you’re ruining his good reputation with nefarious intents!”

The two gods initially wanted to use the late emperor’s death as a way to lower Wang Han’s credibility. They didn’t expect for her to fiercely bite back.

“Ultimately, no evidence, we won’t accept this thing about a reborn ancestor.” Mighty Mountain changed the topic.

“Mighty Mountain, you also need to shut your mouth without any evidence. I’ll be the first to slash you if I hear you talk about the late emperor’s death again.” Fierceblade God shouted.

Others wouldn’t be courageous enough to say this but Mighty Mountain actually relented this time around.

He was imperious against others but had no courage against Fierceblade. This was someone who had defeated him before, there was nothing he could do.

“Are all of you done?” Li Qiye leisurely said after the quarrel.

He had his eyes closed, resting on the throne earlier but now, he opened his eyes and joined in.

Everyone looked over at him, nearly forgotten about his existence just a bit ago.

He looked at the crowd and smiled: “I need recognition from foolish dogs like you? Just my name alone, Li Qiye, is enough! I don’t care for your approval or refusal and will do things my way.”

He paused for a bit: “If you are willing to follow me, I welcome it. If not, that’s fine too, but block my path and be ready to face death. Now, I have said my piece. Where do you stand? Obey me or oppose me? I’m ready to listen.”

“My Wang Clan is ready to follow you, ancestor!” Wang Han spoke without hesitation.

“My Chu Camp will follow suit!” Chu Qingling also represented her faction. There was no doubt that this power had come to an agreement prior or she wouldn’t dare to say this right now, regardless of her status.

Now, the focus was on the seven gods. Before the four great powers showed their attitude, it would be useless for the rest to make their choice. They needed to wait before picking a side.

“Boom!” Suddenly, an explosion echoed across the entire system.

Boundless light oozed out from the source of the explosion, illuminating the entire sky starting with the royal court.

Laws shot out from the large mansion of the Peng. A portal was activated with a majestic aura and energy as abundant as the sea.

When a clan showed their portal like this, it was certainly a declaration of war.

“The Peng!” People immediately recognized this portal.

Who were they declaring war against?

“Boom!” The aura of a True God permeated the area and crazily surged. Someone was purposely doing so in order to intimidate the world.

“Hmph, rebirth? How baseless.” A majestic figure with the sky above his head and the ground touching his feet appeared. Waves of energy pulsed from his very being. His eyes were as bright as two suns.

“The Peng’s Sacred Ancestor! Its strongest backing.” An ancestor was startled to see this.

“Our clan will not recognize anything about a reborn ancestor and will show no mercy for those who scheme against the system! I’m sure Upper Faction will also not allow for a fake to become the next emperor! Any member of the system can and should kill such a deceiver!” His voice echoed.

This was indeed a decisive declaration of war against Li Qiye while refusing his identity!

If Li Qiye didn't do anything now, people would lose faith in him.

"That's right, the Sacred Ancestor is right. We will not allow for a deceiver to rule!" Mighty Mountain also laughed and showed his support.

[Chapter 2186: To Ashes From One Wave Of The Hand](#)

The Peng Sacred Ancestor was the first to reveal his stance with Mighty Mountain right after him.

No one was surprised to see this. The Peng was loyal to Upper Faction not to mention Li Qiye had murdered several thousands of their elites. He was naturally their biggest enemy.

Now that the other side had shown their cards, the crowd wanted to how Li Qiye would respond.

If Li Qiye failed to move, then his claim would be less credible. No one would take him seriously.

He didn't bother glancing towards the Peng's direction or its ancestor. He smiled in response: "Like I said, opposing me means death! Since you are courting death, I'll fulfill your wish and destroy your clan lest you keep thinking that I'm a fake."

"I'm waiting, come!" The ancestor remained unyielding. He stood above his clan with a majestic ocean of energy as if he wielded the power of the world.

His confidence was justifiable, being a grand True God and the top expert of the Peng. Plus, being on his land empowered him even more.

The foundation had been laid by many ancestors so it was quite grand. It meant that he could use it whenever he wanted, letting his personal cultivation reach a much higher level - a home advantage.

"Only an ant shamelessly boasting before me." Li Qiye spread his hand and gathered the power of the "domain".

In the blink of an eye, everyone had an illusion that he was grasping the entire system in his palm, that he was the supreme master in charge of all the forces here.

"Rumble!" His real hand was still naturally in Ivory Gap, but a massive palm identical to his own was condensing in the sky, capable of suppressing thousands and thousands of miles. Divine mountains looked insignificant in comparison.

The world quaked before its coming. It didn't take long before it crosses through the plains and appeared right above the Peng Clan.

"Boom!" It attacked without any hesitation, wishing to annihilate the entire place.

"Attack!" The ancestor roared and raised his palm to gather the power of the foundation. True energy and dao power oozed out in the form of beams, all under his command.

This culminated into a massive sword; this ancestor had reached the state of man and sword being one. It illuminated the entire clan.

So many people were frightened by this invincible technique. The sword pierced upward in order to meet the descending palm.

“A firefly wanting to compete against the shine of the moon.” Li Qiye said nonchalantly before moving his palm for an attack.

“Boom!” The gigantic palm above the Peng poured down waterfalls of laws. These supreme laws crushed everything in its path as the palm continued to descend.

The sword couldn't stop the laws, let alone thinking about slashing the hand. It crumbled instantly. The Sacred Ancestor didn't have the chance to run and was captured instantly.

“Activate!” The ancestor mustered all of his strength to use his strongest merit law in order to escape. Alas, it was useless.

The hand just needed to add some force and that was more than enough to crush all of his dao and laws.

“Crack!” As the palm closed, it crushed the ancestor inch by inch before rendering him into a mist of blood, no chance to scream.

Next, it loomed above the clan and pushed all of the young, old, and women out of the clan.

The fingers then pierced into the earth as it picked up the clan itself.

“Attack!” The rest of the experts - disciples and ancestors - were shocked and used all of their strength to attack the palm, wishing to create a hole in order to escape. Futile it was for the fingers were closing. The result was the total annihilation of the Peng.

Their entire territory became dust and sand with remnants of them scattering to the ground, filling the hole that used to be there.

The ground was flat again, no more buildings and businesses from the Peng. It looked as if they have never existed in the first place.

“What's going on...” The infants, elders, and helpless women were stunned to see the absence of their clan. Weak beings like them had no idea what was going on.

“No!” A miserable wail of lament came from Upper Faction's camp. It was from the Peng Clan Master, Peng Chujun.

He survived this disaster unlike the rest of his clan. The shock made him spit out a mouthful of blood gushing through the air like a rainbow. He fell straight to the ground with his eyes wide open. The anger and sadness left him dead.

The world became quiet. Everyone was frozen, not daring to move in the slightest. All their courage have left their body. Even the ancestors of the clans were no exception.

“An Ascender, or an Eternal?” One ancestor was still trembling and managed to calm his mind.

The rest of the disciples were completely pale, butts first on the ground.

“Ant.” Li Qiye pulled back his hand, not bothering to look at the result of his attack.

The gigantic hand above the royal court's territory dispersed as well. The only thing left telling people that something had happened here was the newly laid soil and debris.

The crowd no longer dared to look straight at him. In fact, if he were to look in their direction, they might be scared to death.

The seven gods from Upper Faction and Sacred Institution felt the same fear.

[Chapter 2187: Ba Shang](#)

The destruction of the Peng only took a brief moment. Li Qiye sat on his throne the entire time without even needing to stand up. Just a wave of his hand alone was enough to instill both destruction and dread.

The seven ancestors felt their legs quivering; their pale expression said it all.

He didn't need to exert a dominating pressure or a massive amount of true energy. Just his leisure attitude on the throne let the rest of the world know how supreme he was.

People exchanged glances. Though lips didn't move, they began to believe that he was a reborn ancestor. Only a being like that would be powerful to this level.

"Will you all commit suicide or must I do it myself?" Li Qiye glanced at the seven gods and leisurely said.

The seven gods were naturally startled and didn't know what to do. Grand True Gods like them were helpless, realizing they couldn't replicate the task of instantly killing the Peng even if they all worked together. Of course, it was possible but not with such ease.

"Don't, don't push it!" Mighty Mountain roared furiously.

"I'm pushing it. Told you the ending for those who oppose me already." Li Qiye smiled.

"What kind of reborn ancestor are you? You should be ruling with magnanimity!" A cold snort came about.

At this moment, a person emerged right next to Mighty Mountain. No one saw how he got there as if he only needed from one step to travel from horizon to this place.

It was an old man dressed in a red robe with yellow embroidery of a fierce and noble dragon raising its claws.

He looked stately, capable of shouldering the heaven. This was a lord no matter where he went.

"Ancestor!" The four gods from Upper Faction performed a grand ceremony while the three from Sacred Institution bowed their head.

The youth here didn't know who he was but judging by the gods' respectful attitude, the old man certainly had a big background.

"Ba Shang!" Even Fierceblade became serious after seeing him.

"Ba Shang!" The elders and ancestors from the clan were thunderstruck after hearing this name.

“That’s the legendary number one in Upper Faction.” One elder took a deep breath: “But shouldn’t he be dead a long time ago, why is he still around?”

This name was too resounding for those of the previous generation. When Ba Shang was still around, he established Upper Faction’s role in the system. Back then, this power actually reigned for a bit.

They eventually lost this authority after rumors of his death.

“So you have been in isolated cultivation.” Fierceblade was careful when looking at this guy.

The guy was already a first-level True God back then so he certainly would be much stronger after so many years.

“It’s been a while.” Ba Shang spoke: “I met a bottleneck during the first level and now, I’ve finally returned after reaching the third level, not expecting to see something like this.”

The crowd was astonished at this revelation. Some even screamed: “A third-level True God!”

If this was the case, he might be the strongest True God in the system, its next number one.

For many cultivators, reaching grand True God was the end of their journey.

There were two paths forward, to either eventually become an Ascender or an emperor. However, the latter path was much harder compared to the former.

If a cultivator could break through the bottleneck after reaching the grand level and open a second palace, they would become an Ascender.

Opening the third palace would grant them the title of being a first-level True God. The fourth palace would let them be at the second level, and so on and so forth...

The heaven has nine layers, or firmaments. Thus, the strongest True God was at the ninth level with eleven palaces.

After reaching the peak of this level, if they could break through another bottleneck to open the twelfth palace, they would become an Eternal!

The path of the emperor was different. This cultivation path started with the four symbols, or images, inside the fate palace. They needed to refine the four symbols into dao springs before proving their dao. That’s when they could become a True Emperor.

After proving their dao, a True Emperor would naturally have twelve fate palaces. Of course, this wasn’t invincibility. They still had a long way to go before they could light up all of the palaces. This was the prerequisite of becoming a progenitor.

This latter path was much, much harder than godhood, and going from an emperor to a progenitor was thousands of times harder.

Each era could produce several True Emperors. A prosperous one could create more than ten, but a progenitor? Who knows how many eras it would take?

Due to the disparity in difficulty, at the proportional level, a True Emperor was much more powerful than a True God. One would need to be an Eternal before trying to fight against an emperor.

In Emperor and Immortal Lineage, a third-level True God wasn't much. But for Insane Court right now, this realm was virtually unbeatable.

Thus, Ba Shang's presence was commanding respect and fear from the spectators.

He looked at Li Qiye and slowly said: "If you are indeed a forefather, you should toil for the greater good of the system and rule with mercy..."

"It's not your place to tell me what to do. Kneel now and I can spare you from death." Li Qiye interrupted him and said flatly.

Telling a third-level True God to kneel? How unbelievably fierce. The crowd was shocked after hearing this declaration.

No one dared to question Li Qiye's identity anymore. Only a forefather of their system would dare to demand this.

This was a contest between the past and present. Li Qiye represented the old generation while Ba Shang the current.

Ba Shang's expression turned ugly with a murderous flash in his eyes: "I will overestimate myself and see just how strong you are, so-called forefather."

"You are indeed overestimating yourself." An old voice came about. Another old man holding an ancient sword came to the front.

Yang Shengping was one of the few who could recognize him. It was the person they met back at Relinquished Bones.

"Li Qian, it's you!" The old man took one step back after seeing the newcomer.

"Indeed, it's me." The sword user's presence alone was enough to deter Ba Shang, no need for a flashy aura.

"Li Qian, the Dao Protector Sword God!" An ancestor cried out.

Fierceblade and the other ancestors all bowed to show their respect towards the old man.

Shengping's jaw dropped to the ground. He knew that this old man was a big shot, but not this big.

"Who is that?" A junior wasn't aware of this title.

[Chapter 2188: Ascender](#)

Li Qian was unknown to the young generation but for the older experts - Li Qian and Dao Protector Sword God were as sonorous as thunder.

"Who is that?" One junior asked with curiosity after seeing Ba Shang's dread.

“That’s the strongest person among the dao source protectors and the strongest ancestor of our system.” An elder quietly answered.

“I see!” Many youths were stunned to hear this and stared at Li Qian with reverence.

Everyone in Insane Court knew about the dao source protectors. The dao source located in the royal court was the foundation of the system. If it were to disappear or weaken, the entire system would crumble alongside it.

Because of this, all dao sources had protectors who were an irreplaceable part of the system. The ruling dynasties and orthodox branches might change but this particular defensive institution would stay the same with its own inheritance rule.

These dao protectors were rarely replaced. If such a thing were to happen, it meant that a massive change had happened to the dao source.

Li Qian’s branch was currently in charge of protecting and controlling the power of the dao source. Other lineages in Insane Court had a far inferior understanding of the dao source compared to them. Though they couldn’t directly control it, the degree of mastery was still far higher compared to the rest.

Normally, Li Qian wouldn’t interfere with any clan or even the matters of the court. These dynasties and rulers didn’t matter because ultimately, they were still part of the system.

Thus, if one were to come out, it would mean that something big had happened.

In the recent generations, Insane Court has been quite peaceful due to a self-imposed isolation policy. This was the reason why few people knew the name Li Qian.

However, most would know the name of the previous dao protector quite well, or Li Qian’s master - Asura Heavenbattler!

Back when the Heretical Blood Devour Art troubled the entire region under the leadership of Virtue True God, the system was considered an evil lineage that should be eradicated by all.

Because of this, many systems banded up against it. Later on, Asura Heavenbattler and his branch of protectors decided to purge the system, killing both Virtue and his followers.

They eventually came to an agreement with the other system in Myriad Lineage, resulting in the current situation of being blocked off from the world.

Heavenbattler saved the entire system that had fallen to an evil art, allowing it to have a chance to recuperate.

After his death, Li Qian inherited this position to become the protector of Insane Court. His appearance here today naturally shocked everyone because it wouldn’t be about the current political strife.

There was no difference to these dao protectors whether Upper Faction was in charge or the Wang. Thus, his presence here was unexpected even to Ba Shang.

The old man looked at Li Qian and maintained his fierce demeanor: “Li Qian, if you choose to interfere with the royal court as the dao protector, you will need to be impartial and reasonable.”

“Our branch has no interest in politics. Today, I am only here for you!” Li Qian uttered coldly in response.

“It’s an honor to win the attention of a dao source protector. May I ask what crime I have committed for you to come out here with such great fanfare?” Ba Shang snorted.

Li Qian was ready to kill, evident by his chilling tone: “You know what you have done. Obediently surrender or must I make you?”

“Such confidence.” Ba Shang laughed: “Others might be afraid of you, but not me! We’ll see just how strong you are!”

The crowd glanced at both of them. One ancestor calculated with his fingers - the last time Li Qian showed up was ten thousand years ago. Now here he was for Ba Shang.

The two of them shouldn’t have any grievance with each other but Li Qian is calling for Ba Shang’s death. Just what did Ba Shang do? All the elders and ancestors had this question on their mind.

“Boom!” Ba Shang released his true energy while his vitality howled like a dragon.

A short-legged dragon appeared before him. This was one of his best techniques - Roaring Dragonturtle.

“Kill him!” He ordered and the dragon began attacking. This particular dragon was different from the rest. Its claw resembled the leg of a turtle. Its flesh was tough and heavy; this was a force encompassing the immensity of countless mountains. Its sharp fangs could tear apart the world.

The void shattered from this power while people dropped to the ground. “Boom!” Numerous peaks and mountains collapsed in Ivory Gap.

“Clank!” A sword hymn resounded. Li Qian instantly created multiple heavenly swords of unbelievable size.

The entire world turned into an ocean of star-cutting swords.

“Insane Sword Dao!” People were familiar with this technique since Li Qiye had just used it prior.

These swords combined together with his physical one, leaving only one in the sky - resplendent and seemingly refined from the heaven and earth. Everything else paled in comparison.

A slash came down, eliminating the yin yang and reincarnation cycles. Blood from the dragon squirted everywhere and painted the ground red.

“Ah!” Ba Shang cried out and retreated with haste but it was still too late - the slash had severed his right arm.

The two sides went all out right away - Roaring Dragonturtle versus Insane Sword Dao. Unfortunately, he wasn’t as strong and his technique was inferior as well. The bout was decided in one move.

People gasped in astonishment. One elder murmured: “That’s why Insane Sword Dao is our best technique, the choice of cultivation for the protectors.”

The crowd had heard of the strength of the protectors before and Li Qian didn't let them down with this first showing. In their eyes, a True God was terrifying enough, but a third-level one was even more so.

Today, Ba Shang didn't even stand a chance against Li Qian and lost his right arm instantly.

[Chapter 2189: Heretical Blood Devour](#)

This first exchange had shown that the fame of a protector was rightfully deserved.

Ba Shang took several steps back and stopped the bleeding from the wound. His complexion lost all color since the exchange left him depleted energy-wise and grievously wounded, even more so than just losing his right hand.

Li Qian wasn't overconfident after doing this. He stared coldly at his foe and declared: "Your ace card still won't do anything, just give up or I will take you down."

"Haha, I see!" Ba Shang laughed: "A protector is worthy of their fame, but it's not over just yet, Insane Court shall change!"

"Ra!" He roared and spewed out blood like a monster. This bloody shine illuminated the entire sky.

"Pluff!" The cultivators closest to Ba Shang instantly evaporated into blood. Their vitality got devoured by his monstrous jaw.

"Heretical Blood Devour!" The horrified crowd felt their soul leaving their body after seeing this. They hastily backed off.

After swallowing several hundred combatants, Ba Shang glowed red with floods of blood surrounding him. His eyes were also red with a billowing, sanguine aura to him. A bloody mist engulfed the entire region next.

He seemed to have turned into a devil; no one in the crowd could maintain their composure. Some made a big gap between themselves and him.

Though this was a forbidden art and a taboo subject, many of the older generations still knew about Heretical Blood Devour.

This art had now appeared again on Ba Shang; everyone finally understood why Li Qian was targeting this guy.

The leader of Sacred Institution, Thunderstorm, also ran away from fear.

"So stubborn." Li Qian uttered: "I will rid the system of evil like you!"

The scared crowd was still interested in watching. They didn't dare to get close to Ba Shang because he might go crazy and turn them into food again.

"Rid the system of evil?" Ba Shang laughed and retorted: "Li Qian, you're quite meddling! What is our purpose? To strengthen the system, to revive it once more! Back then, so many disciples died for this goal, but you protectors actually did the opposite, appeasing the enemies in order to have peace..."

“Hahaha... future generations only know that Virtue True God had refined blood in this abyss, but they don't know about how your master massacred thousands of the system's disciples and buried them here for the sake of ridding the system of evil. If we have fallen to the heretical path, you protectors are also hypocritical murderers!”

While he was laughing, his severed arm started growing again from the stump.

The crowd exchanged glances, realizing that they didn't know the whole story. But it wasn't surprising at all. Virtue True God wondered the support of many ancestors. He even had control over Insane Spear at one point and his particular merit law made other cultivate at a wind-like pace.

Numerous cultivated this art and devoured blood, not only the enemies or cultivators from the other systems but also their kinsmen and sect members.

When Asura Heavenbattler killed Virtue, he finished the rest of the disciples in this place in order to sever this line completely. This part of the storyline was purposely left out until today.

“No mercy for those who cultivate that merit law. I will not let Insane Court be destroyed in the hands of shortsighted fools.” Li Qian was unmoved.

He wasn't a man of many words but he got to the point in a powerful manner.

The majority agreed with this viewpoint. The heretical art could produce a large number of experts in a short time, but it wasn't a sustainable plan.

If all the cultivators in the system were to use it, the place would truly become evil. All the other systems wouldn't allow this and it wouldn't take long before Insane Court's demise.

“No one can stop Insane Court from rising again. Those who have the heart to help the system will cultivate Heretical Blood Devour. They are heroes, willing to sacrifice themselves. The late emperor was also a hero like this, much more courageous than cowards like you, willing to take the next step and disobey the forbidden law.” Ba Shang laughed crazily: “More and more in the future will cultivate the art, no one can stop this!”

All eyes were on Wang Han now.

A while ago, Mighty Mountain implied that the late emperor had cultivated this heretical art before but the queen denied this. If this was indeed the truth, then Ba Shang wasn't the only one who had broken the rule.

The emperor represented the orthodox branch of the system and had sovereignty. Ba Shang cultivating it was one thing, but if the emperor also did it? It would be a great blow to this iron law, destroying the order that had been kept for many eras.

“That's why His Majesty is dead now.” Wang Han coldly said: “No one is allowed to violate the iron law of Insane Court, no exception! Otherwise, demise is inevitable! Your Upper Faction gave the heretical law to His Majesty, that alone is enough to sentence all of you to death!”

She had no emotional fluctuation when stating this because she was well prepared. One day, the world would find out about this so she wasn't caught off guard.

When her husband secretly cultivated this art, she tried to persuade him otherwise. After all, the Wang's effort and her own would be in vain. Her clan would be pushed into the abyss and suffer eternal damnation, never being able to rise again.

Alas, he didn't listen to her. Though he represented the Wang to become the emperor, he still had a different last name and faced opposition everywhere. The other three great powers didn't follow his order again, so his actual authority was limited.

He refused to accept this, knowing that as long as he was personally strong enough, he could finally rule over the system like Virtue True God back then. He fell into the temptation of the heretical law and began cultivating it.

[Chapter 2190: Insane Blood Gods](#)

Emperor Sun Yang was an emperor with a different last name from the clan of his banner. Though he had a strong grasp on authority, he still met opposition everywhere. Thus, he chose to cultivate the heretical art given to him by Ba Shang.

Of course, Ba Shang didn't do it out of goodwill, only wanting to pull the emperor down the mud with him and to get even more members of the system to cultivate it for a tide of darkness to engulf the system once more.

As his wife, Queen Wang Han was naturally the first to spot the changes in him and eventually found out. She was much more insightful and didn't want to falter to the heretical path just because of oppositions from the other three great powers.

Thus, she convinced him to drop it, in order to save both himself and the system.

Alas, the emperor had a taste of this heretical art so how could he give it up? His cultivation rose like the wind; it was too tempting.

After several useless attempts, she knew that there was no turning back for him. He had fallen into the abyss of blood. She reported this to the ancestors of the Wang in order to come up with a countermeasure.

The cultivation of this art was a taboo so it could take the Wang down after being exposed. The consequence was immensely grave.

Everyone knew what happened next. The emperor passed away and a new dynasty was coming.

Though her expression was cold, her heart was the opposite - full of pain and bitterness. It wasn't easy for the duo to surpass all of their obstacles since her husband was a disciple from a tiny sect. Outside of his own heroism, she paid and toiled for him in order to gain her clan's full support.

She was full of hope for the future because they were still young and had a full generation to overcome the remaining problems. A cultivator would have several thousand years as the ruler, more than ample time.

Unfortunately, Sun Yang only saw what was before him and ruined all of their hard work.

His death meant that everything she worked for had gone down the drain. The Wang would also pay a great price because the system would pick a new emperor, the start of a new competition.

However, they had no other choice. It was either to let Sun Yang continue to cultivate the heretical art and ruin the system or cut off their own hand. Ultimately, they made the latter choice.

The truth behind this was out in the open, but her ready admission still shocked the crowd, causing some to gasp.

An emperor, the symbol of authority in the system, secretly broke the iron law to cultivate the heretical art? Truly astounding.

“Ha, his early death is quite a shame. I hope his spirit is around to see the heretical art engulf the three worlds one more.” Ba Shang smiled deviously: “He’s just like Virtue True God, an amazing pioneer.”

“Heresy!” Li Qian’s eyes turned fierce as he took one step forward: “I shall cut you down today!”

“Li Qian, don’t be so confident now!” Ba Shang was not afraid.

“Boom!” The short-legged dragon appeared again.

It was completely drenched in blood this time around as if it had just come out of a blood ocean.

“Ra!” The dragon opened its jaw and began to suck towards Li Qian’s direction.

“Buzz.” The vegetation, rivers, and earth near Li Qian instantly withered and cracked.

It was devouring the worldly energy of this place. Even a few disciples near there got turned into mists of blood and were devoured.

People quickly ran away from the battlefield to stay safe.

“Clank!” Li Qian activated his sword dao again with countless swords forming a wall for protection.

At the same time, a sword formation descended from above. Even more swords appeared and began their assault.

“Pluff!” One sword after another pierced through the blood dragon and severed it into many pieces.

“The great ancestor will never allow for evil like you to rampage!” Li Qian roared.

His sword dao reached its limit and even more formations appeared to trap Ba Shang.

“Pluff!” Ba Shang lost again, unable to stop the formations and was struck by numerous blades.

The crowd became excited. This sword dao was indeed invincible, the best of Insane Ancestor! Even the heretical art was no match for it.

Finally, one from the net of swords aimed for Ba Shang’s heart. What’s left of the massive dragon couldn’t protect him either.

“Ancestor, save me!” Ba Shang shouted before the very last moment.

“Clank!” A bloody sword traveled across the realm and stopped the penetrating blade to save him.

Next, a sanguine glow swept through everything resulting in a massive tsunami of blood.

Li Qian's sword formations crumbled as a response. He himself was injured and took several thumping steps backward.

Three old men appeared, standing in front of Ba Shang.

They dressed in bright-red outfits; even their skin had a bloody shimmer, same with their hair and brows. The crowd could smell a terrible bloody stench from them.

"Insane Blood Gods!" Li Qian's eyes narrowed after seeing these three.

"Oh, we've left our home for so long but some still remember us." The old man with a blood sword said with a tinge of emotion.

Having said that, he looked at Li Qian: "Asura Heavenbattler's disciple is indeed special."

Li Qian naturally put on a serious face at this moment.

The title of these three was unknown to the crowd, even to the older members.

"Insane Blood Gods consist of Insane Ferocious God, Insane Evil God, and Insane Cruel God." A very old ancestor shouted, knowing the infamy of these three: "Not all fish were captured by the net then. These three were strong generals under Virtue True God."

Everyone knew how strong Virtue True God was so his generals should be quite mighty and dreadful as well.

These three managed to escape from Insane Court back then during Heavenbattler's purge and stopped showing up. Everyone thought they were dead but here they are now.