

Emperor 2301

### [Chapter 2301: The Second Hall](#)

Ling Ximo looked at the keys and held her breath. She knew that it wouldn't be easy picking the right one from the bunch.

"Brat, be careful." An old cultivator kindly reminded Li Qiye: "This isn't about luck, look carefully since each key is different. Look at the runes and symbols on them, these are text. If you can understand these texts, you will be able to read the keys. Doing so would let you find the right one to the next hall."

This experienced old man didn't want Li Qiye to waste money for nothing.

"Elder He, that's easier said than done. Not to mention little characters like us, even progenitors might not be able to understand these keys' mysteries. They are too profound and bottomless." His friend shook his head and smiled.

Li Qiye chuckled at the goodwill and answered: "Thank you for reminding me, unfortunately, I have no knowledge about these ancient texts and will only be testing my luck." Having said that, he picked a key without even looking.

After taking it, the key actually imprinted itself onto his palm.

"Shit, what kind of luck is this?!" The old cultivator was in disbelief.

"Whoa, looks like luck can work too." His friend's eyes widened: "Old men like us have been thinking about what makes each key unique and deriving the meanings of the text. Of course, we only saw the bare surface, but now, you picked it right away. This thing is still luck dependent to an extent."

"Well yeah, otherwise, Xuan Xiao wouldn't have been able to do it. Everyone knows about his heaven-defying luck and legendary tales." A different expert laughed.

"Let's go." Li Qiye grabbed Ximo's hand.

A buzz came with a golden glow from the seal. The two of them immediately entered the second hall.

"I'll do it too!" Many cultivators here saw his success and tried to replicate it.

They didn't bother looking at the set of keys at all and just picked one at random. Unfortunately, these keys turned to gold powders.

"Why can't I be that lucky?" Others felt that the heaven was being too unfair.

"Luck is not something everyone possesses, otherwise, Xuan Xiao wouldn't be the only one truly recorded in history. If everyone was lucky, they would be wealthy already, no need to come here." An ancestor said disapprovingly.

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The sceneries changed before Li Qiye and Ximo. Once everything became clear, they were in the second hall.

She immediately looked around and saw the similarities between the first and second hall. The main difference was that these works of art were changed.

Moreover, the first hall was filled with people. Some locations were densely packed. This number decreased in the second hall, only a few hundred people.

This crowd wasn't in a hurry to live. Some were thinking about how to get to the next one; others thought about picking their treasure here.

It wasn't easy for them to come here so some took their time to enjoy the arts - something they have been looking forward to.

"Master, do we want to go to the third?" Li Qiye saw the group of cultivators that went here before them.

"No, don't be too greedy, I can only handle this much with my cultivation so the second hall is the limit. Only True Gods can see more at the third hall and above. At the higher levels, such as the fortieth hall and up, even True Emperors would have problems." This senior knew his own capabilities.

"Then what treasures should we pick?" The disciples became excited since they were going to stop here.

"Here." This senior clearly had experiences with this place. After a moment of contemplation, he picked a portrait and placed his palm with the key seal on it.

"Creak." The painting opened, revealing a stone chest inside. It was sealed so no one knew of its content.

"I wonder what it is?" The disciples became rowdy, stretching out their neck for a better look.

However, their master was much more cautious. He took the chest and stored it in his fate palace before telling the kids: "Let's go, we'll look after returning home."

A portal existed in the center of the second hall. This was absent in the first, allowing people to teleport back to the entrance of the palace.

Of course, many didn't want to leave like this. Though the treasures were before them, they still wanted to gamble to make it to the next.

"Are we taking it?" Someone asked his friend.

"No, let's keep going, maybe we'll get lucky and get to the 30th hall. I heard someone got a painting there comparable to an Ancestral Weapon. The moment this painting is unwrapped, it could take in the heaven and earth and anyone else in the way. This eventually became the defining treasure of a system, so damn magical. If we can get there, we'll be so rich. Becoming an emperor after coming back is a sure thing." His friend spoke with such conviction.

He then chose a statue and placed his marked palm on it. His golden key mark moved on to the statue.

"Creak." The statue opened, revealing the 128 keys inside.

The youth hesitated for a while before picking one: "This one will make us rich."

Unfortunately, it turned into powder and disappeared without a trace.

“Shit!” The youth blurted out, full of regrets: “I wasted this goddamn treasure.”

He didn’t need to gamble again and could have left with an item. Now, he lost coins for no reason.

“Haha, I got it!” Someone else in the corner heartily laughed. He picked the right key to get to the next hall. His hand started glowing and he was taken to the third hall.

It didn’t take long before the place was filled with waves of laughter and curse. The former naturally found the right key while the latter lost completely.

Some also knew their limit and decided to cash out on their treasures instead by exchanging the key, not wanting to reach the third hall.

Meanwhile, Li Qiye repeated his observation from the first hall, enjoying all the statues and paintings. After getting his fill of arts, he raised his hand.

“Are we exchanging the key or moving on to the third hall?” Ximo quietly asked.

“We’re moving on.” Li Qiye smiled and moved his key mark to a painting. It opened to show off its keys and he instantly took one without thinking.

This key naturally imprinted itself onto his palm.

“Alright, to the third.” He held her hand and the duo disappeared inside a golden glow.

There were even fewer people in this place but Li Qiye didn’t care. He continued to do his own thing - meticulously going through each item.

### [Chapter 2302: Zhou Zhikun](#)

“Did you guys hear? That ant-feeding brat made it to the sixth hall.” People still didn’t know Li Qiye’s name by now, only his nickname.

Some weren’t surprised to hear this: “So? The guy has enough money to feed ants so he could probably get into the tenth hall without any problem. He should last for a while.”

Sure enough, another news came about - Li Qiye had entered the tenth hall.

“Just how rich is he?” The youths started to salivate with envy.

For many cultivators, just reaching the fifth or the sixth hall was amazing enough.

“How many re-do has he done already to reach the tenth hall?” This question came up.

In fact, everyone guessed wrong. They assumed that he had failed many times because it took him a while to get from the fifth to the tenth hall.

They didn’t know that he took his time appreciating the works of art on each level.

Ximo shared the same confusion, wondering if he was here for the arts instead of treasure.

Anyone else would only care for the latter but Li Qiye showed no sign of this. She copied him and also carefully judged these paintings and statues. Alas, she didn't understand the symbolism behind most of them.

"Young Noble, what's so magical about these items?" She couldn't help but ask.

"They are records." He calmly explained: "Existing in all eras and epochs, such as ceremonies, battle deeds, or just fantastic anecdotes. However, writings would disappear with time, so statues and paintings are the best preservation method."

"Do you mind elaborating?" She remained curious.

"They are pieces of history that can solve mysteries, far more precious than merit law or treasure. Of course, the prerequisite is being able to understand them." He chuckled.

She didn't quite agree with this statement since merit laws and treasures held a great position in her mind. History wasn't worth a single coin in the eyes of many; no one cared enough to waste time and effort recalling the past.

He didn't bother explaining why since the gap between the two was too high. They didn't have the same starting perspective.

After seeing more of them, he sighed and quietly murmured: "Ancient beyond traceability. Eternal life, desired by all, has certain origins. They are just unaware of the terror within."

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"The ant-feeding brat got to the fifteenth hall." Someone else brought up Li Qiye.

"That guy is a badass, just how much did he spend so far? Wait, is this even true?" Someone remained skeptical.

"Of course it's true, Regaldusk True God met him there." A knowledgeable person revealed.

"Fifteenth hall, the guy is going to be rich." Another youth became envious.

"He must not be here for wealth cause he doesn't look like he gives a damn about true coins, feeding those ants without batting an eye." One more speculated.

News about Li Qiye stopped after this. Those who met him at this time were Ascenders and ancestors, not people who interact with the public. They also chose their conversation carefully.

In fact, after reaching the twentieth hall, the crowd thinned out completely. More often than not, only the duo was around.

Ximo was rightfully astounded by Li Qiye's abilities so far. She knew that treading through Bewildering Palace was challenging, especially later on. This applied to True Emperors and Eternals as well since only progenitors could derive the mysteries later.

However, Li Qiye didn't need to do any calculation. Only one glance was required before he picked the correct key for the next hall.

No one would believe something like this but she had a first-hand experience of this surreal event.

“Young Noble, are, are these shortcuts?” After moving through dozens of halls, she asked with trepidation.

“There is no shortcut in this world.” He smiled.

“But it looks like you don’t need to guess, Young Noble, you only need a glance to pick the right key, that’s so magical.” She quietly said.

Li Qiye smiled: “Use your heart and mind to gauge the boundless grand dao and endless laws. It is impossible to see the end, and even if you were capable, time is the limiting factor. Only the dao heart can break through all illusions and maintain one’s original goal. Everything starts here.”

“Dao heart?” She couldn’t understand due to the simplicity of it all, as if just having a strong dao heart makes everything easy.

She hasn’t reached the right level just yet. It required pain, time, prosperity and decline... All were required to build an immovable dao heart.

Meanwhile, Moneyfall was lively all over. As time passed, the big shots who came were more influential than the last. All the famous dao systems had members present.

“I heard Sword Sovereign has arrived.”

“If that’s the case, maybe Saber Devil Crown Prince will be here too. After all, the rivalry of the sword and saber continues. The crown prince will not let the sovereign steal all the spotlight.”

“Not just him, Coiling Dragon Young Noble and the martial goddess are here too. I heard Yang Radiance will send someone as well.” An older cultivator had a good information network.

Another youth came bringing news that would shock many systems.

“Isn’t that Young Noble Chu?” The moment this fella came to Moneyfall, cultivators crowded around him like the stars circling around the moon. He looked quite smug from this treatment.

However, the younger ones didn’t know who he was. Plus, his cultivation was mediocre at best so they became confused, wondering why the older cultivators were treating him so well.

“Who is that guy, look at how smug he looks?” One youth snorted while watching from the distance.

“Zhou Zhikun, very famous recently.” An old expert replied.

“Is he strong?” A youth didn’t think the guy looks like a genius or master at all.

“No, he’s just a regular disciple from a tiny sect in Longevity System. The guy managed to suck up to a big shot and became a messenger, that’s why he can act like this.” The old expert revealed.

“Young Noble Chu, how is the young lord doing?” An old cultivator greeted Zhikun and also asked about his backer.

“The young lord is doing very well, and he’s coming here soon too.” Zhikun arrogantly said.

“Young Lord Mu is coming?” A few ancestors shuddered upon hearing this.

“That’s right, Young Lord Mu is coming and he wants to see the ancestors of the big systems. I hope everyone will show up then.” Zhikun declared.

Just imagine, this was someone who would need to kneel before the elders, let alone the ancestors. But now, after becoming a messenger of Young Lord Mu, everything changed for him. Even the ancestors became polite when dealing with him.

All this felt impossible to him in the past, so now, his confidence and arrogance soared. He could speak to anyone with his chest arched forward.

### [Chapter 2303: Last Hall](#)

Moneyfall and the depth of Bewildering Palace contrasted each other - one lively while the other quiet, devoid of people. Even if some have come here, no one outside would know anyway.

“Buzz.” In the final hall, or the 128th one, Li Qiye and Ling Ximo appeared after a bright flash.

“The 128th hall!” She became emotional and shuddered.

As they traveled across one hall to another, she grew numb to the whole ordeal. Alas, this last one struck harder.

There were no words to describe her current feelings. Perhaps no one has ever come this far before, or only existences at the progenitor level.

Now, she was standing right here - something that others couldn’t dream of. Though she followed Li Qiye and wouldn’t be eligible for any treasure, it was still the luckiest and most glorious moment of her life. An insignificant character like her alone would never have the chance to be here.

An archaic breath drowned them for a greeting. She felt that she was lost in the old ages. She found this hall to be unique.

While looking above, a ceiling was certainly lacking, taken place by a starry sky. This seemed to be a vast galaxy; everyone would feel as if they were a mere speck of dust before its grandeur.

After looking around, she noticed that there were no paintings here, only thirty-six statues of unimaginable size.

Each was as large as a mountain. They stood there, seemingly capable of upholding three thousand worlds. In fact, three thousand worlds would seem small before them.

The most shocking thing was not their size, but rather, their aura. The material was just rock without any blessing, but this aura was still frightening.

It crossed through time, older than all creations. Perhaps they were already around even before the initial inception of the world.

She dropped to the ground instantly, feeling inferior to an ant, not qualified to look up. Her breathing became ragged.

Li Qiye protected her with his own aura, allowing her to breathe. She felt that being close to him was the safest spot in the world.

It took a while before she mustered enough strength to look straight at these statues. She didn't recognize the majority of them.

"What are those things?" She asked in astonishment. Perhaps a True Emperor would feel the same way.

"Primeval beings. If possible, one could find clues of immortality here." He slowly said.

"Immortality!" She murmured, never having thought about this unreachable topic before.

Li Qiye's eyes became incomparably profound as he gazed at the statues: "Who is the real mastermind? The true horror? The absolute bringer of darkness?!"

Time seemed to be frozen; Ximo didn't dare to breathe loudly.

He eventually withdrew his gaze and smiled: "I'll be coming for it is time to end this, not only to find an answer for myself, but also for all the other beings."

She had no clue what he was talking about - what answer was he looking for?

"Are there invincible weapons here? Of the progenitor level?" She thought about something else.

The mid-level halls were frightening enough with peerless treasures. But now, they were at the 128th hall. Perhaps the treasure here would be at the progenitor level.

"Progenitor level?" Li Qiye laughed: "I wouldn't need to come here for just that. You are underestimating this place."

"Even stronger than Ancestral Treasure?" Her mouth gaped with surprise, unable to imagine something stronger than progenitors. In her eyes, even True Emperors were untouchable, let alone progenitors.

"Materials are not worthy of being in this place." Li Qiye shook his head: "Here, what you will get is a single opportunity!"

"Opportunity?" She didn't understand. Wasting so much effort for a single opportunity?

Li Qiye walked up to a statue and raised his right hand containing the key mark.

"Now." He smiled and reached forward.

"Buzz." Strands of light emanated from the statue and gathered in his palm.

Eventually, the light disappeared along with the golden key mark, leaving behind a badge.

Timeworn beyond recognition and made of unknown material, it had but a single word carved on the surface - decree. It was written from a long-lost language, unknown to modern people.

"Not bad." Li Qiye nodded while looking at the badge.

She was flabbergasted, this was it after coming to the final hall? One badge?

Perhaps True Emperors and progenitors couldn't make it this far, and all Li Qiye got was this item? Strangely enough, he seemed to be quite pleased with it.

"That, that's it? But progenitors themselves might not be able to come here." She asked in a daze.

"Only two or three people have been here in history." Li Qiye revealed.

"Is this badge a treasure?" She inquired.

"No, it is an opportunity." He shook his head: "One that could bring about damnation, depending on the choice made. Few could handle it."

"Is there any other significance behind it?" A chance that could bring about damnation? She thought that the trip was not worth it at all for him.

"In order to truly know immortality, one must find out what had happened in the far past, the circumstances during the start of time. Otherwise, it would only be in theory, a fool's dream." Li Qiye looked at her and said.

She only smiled wryly, unqualified to talk about this matter since she was only an ant struggling to survive.

Eventually, he opened this hall and the two of them were transported back to the first.

They left Bewildering Palace and returned to Moneyfall.

"You're Li Qiye from Longevity System?" A cold voice sounded, stopping them from walking down the steps.

The chilling tone depicted aggression. This was no greeting.

#### [Chapter 2304: Crush](#)

The sudden cry attracted the attention of the spectators. They saw a youth climbing the steps with many experts behind him. He looked high and mighty, looking down on all.

"It's Messenger Zhou." Someone whispered.

People found his inquisitive tone quite strange along with the news that Li Qiye came from Longevity System.

They didn't know his identity or what happened in that land, unaware of the feud between these two.

Plus, Zhikun was also from Longevity. The two were brethren and should be on a friendlier term.

"What?" Li Qiye didn't give a damn about the aggressive youth and only stared nonchalantly at him.

"You killed my Junior Brother!" Zhikun drew closer with a chilling glare.

"No idea." Li Qiye became bored.

"He is Wu Xianyi, another messenger of Young Lord Mu!" The guy increased his volume.



People glanced at each other after hearing this. The big shots were aware that after Zhikun joined the young lord, his Junior Brother followed suit.

Whether Xianyi was a messenger or not, Li Qiye seemed to have antagonized Young Lord Mu.

“Don’t know him.” Li Qiye waved his sleeve: “I’ve killed too many to count, and who would keep track of how many ants they have killed anyway?”

‘Damn!’ Some gave him a thumbs-up after hearing this since they looked down on Zhikun.

This was mainly due to his change in attitude after sucking up to Young Lord Mu. He even looked down on the ancestors when speaking with them, so people naturally hated him. They just didn’t say anything due to his master.

Zhikun’s face turned red. Everyone has been giving him some face after he became a messenger. Even an ancestor would courteously refer to him as, “Virtuous Nephew Zhou”. But now, a junior was looking at him with contempt!

“Li, you choose the hard way instead of the easy way!” Zhikun shouted: “Killing a messenger is a big crime. Not to mention your insignificant life, when Young Master Mu send down his wrath, Longevity System won’t get off easily...”

“Where did this ant come from?” Li Qiye interrupted him: “Mu or Wu or whatever, only a bunch of ants. Don’t raise your fangs in front of me because if I get in a bad mood, I’ll trample that Mu Clan. Scram right now whilst I’m feeling merciful.”

The rowdy palace became silent right away. Everyone stared at him in disbelief. They all heard him clearly, hence their shock at someone daring to utter such words.

They certainly agreed that Zhou Zhikun was an ant but wouldn’t say it openly. Even if he managed to suck up to Young Lord Mu, he himself was nothing.

This wasn’t the case for the young lord. His name alone instilled fear because he was someone from above. The ancestors with information on the Mu Clan knew even more about this monstrous existence. They had absolute power, far superior to any system in Myriad Lineage.

But now, Li Qiye called this young lord an ant and even talked about taking care of the Mu Clan. Such a ridiculous notion - a True God wouldn’t make this statement. The big shots here exchanged glances, thinking that the guy was insane.

“Such impudence!” One expert next to Zhikun shouted: “Ignorant brat, Young Lord Mu isn’t someone you can talk about!”

“Fool, insulting the young lord is a crime worthy of de-” Zhikun bellowed.

“Boom!” He slammed into the wall of the palace before he could finish and got stuck there like a piece of paper.

Li Qiye simply raised his palm and this was enough to suppress Zhikun there. He slightly closed his fingers and broke some of the youth’s bones. Blood immediately stained his robe.

“Ah!” Zhikun screamed in horror.

“What are you doing?!” The experts accompanying Zhikun immediately took out their weapons and glared menacingly at Li Qiye.

Just a single glance from him made them shudder, needing to take one step back.

Though they wanted to save the youth, they have lost their courage for some reason - an instinctive fear making their legs weak.

After all, they weren't under Young Lord Mu's camp and only wanted to befriend Zhou Zhikun. It wasn't at the point where they would risk their lives for the guy.

At the same time, the crowd was caught off guard. They didn't expect for Li Qiye to attack so fast, not giving a damn about Zhikun's status.

“What a monster.” Some trembled because of his fierceness, doing whatever he wanted.

“You, what do you want...” Zhikun cried out before death.

“Nothing, just crushing an ant.” Li Qiye closed his fingers ever so slightly. More bones broke and blood gushed out.

“I... am a messenger from Young Lord Mu! Touch a hair of mine and there will be no place for you in the ...” The youth shrieked.

This ended up with more bones of his being crushed. Blood flowed like a spring all over. He became pale and didn't dare to say anything else.

“Not speaking anymore?” Li Qiye sneered.

Zhikun knew that he had met a madman and didn't dare to speak.

“That's better.” Li Qiye continued: “Sparing your dog life right now so that you can tell that Young Lord Mu to scam back to his place, or I'll hang his head in the sky of Myriad Lineage.”

“Oh god...” The crowd became frozen after hearing this public declaration of war.

“He must not know Young Lord Mu and the Mu Clan, because if he did, he wouldn't dare to boast like this.” An expert quietly stated.

“You...” Zhikun was no master so he lost his cool instantly, unable to speak.

“Are you going or not?” Li Qiye smirked and increased the pressure, torturing the bones even more.

“Ah!” The youth couldn't handle the sharp pain and conceded: “I will, I definitely will!”

He didn't care about reputation and face, no longer acting as imperious as before.

“Very good.” Li Qiye smiled: “I'll wring your neck if you don't send the message.” With that, he released his grasp.

“Bang!” The youth fell down from the wall, paralyzed on the ground with blood all over.

Li Qiye patted his hands and left without looking at the guy. Ximo standing nearby didn't say anything either. An inexperienced and weak girl like her had never seen anything of this nature.

She quickly followed him down the stairs.

"Young Noble Zhou." After he left, many quickly helped Zhikun up and tried to cure his injuries.

Zhikun calmed down and immediately said while gritting his teeth: "Help me find Elder Fan! I will ask him to take action against those who dare to oppose Young Lord Mu!"

"Elder Fan is here too?" Some were startled.

"He is nearby, please go invite him." Zhikun repeated.

### [Chapter 2305: Conqueror's Bamboo Sword](#)

Leaving Bewildering Palace left Li Qiye in the desolate region of Moneyfall.

"Young Noble, where are we going now?" Ling Ximo asked timidly.

"If time permits, we'll go somewhere that might let you find your sword tomb. But whether you can get it or not is up to you. You must be able to connect with it or it will only be a flower in the dew or the moon in the water."

Ximo hesitated for a moment before taking out an old box. She handed it to Li Qiye and said: "This is something our forefather left behind. He said it is the key to taking back the tomb, can you use it, Young Noble?"

Li Qiye opened it and was met with a massive sword energy. He took a good look and said: "This is indeed the meaning of the sword, but it won't be that simple. You will need perseverance in order to succeed."

"I will try my best." She stared straight at him and said firmly.

Despite knowing the difficulties lying ahead, she was ready to pay any price and her eyes showed her determination.

"Good." He nodded: "Then mentally prepare, pain will be unavoidable."

Ximo left the box with him. It was more important than her life and pertained to their clan's survival so she shouldn't be handing it to anyone. Moreover, she didn't know Li Qiye for that long but for some reason, she trusted him more than anyone right now. She felt no anxiety leaving it to him, not worrying that he would take it for his own. It was safer in his possession anyway.

Li Qiye didn't say anything and put the box away.

"Swords for sale here, 5% off if you buy one, 20% off for two, 40% off for ten, or one hundred for a very good price..." They didn't get far before hearing a familiar voice.

On a beach shore, someone was carrying a large bag and peddling his bamboo swords. Who else would do something like this but Conqueror Young Noble?

“My Fairy, my bamboo sword will make you even more transcending and graceful...” He latched on to a group of young female cultivators and went to work with his bright and sincere smile.

“You are the young noble from Conqueror?” The girls smiled back at him.

The guy was quite famous for many reasons - his status, talents, and looks. Moreover, his amiability made many girls want to befriend him.

“I am, pretty ladies such as yourselves should visit our humble sect. It’s a tiny location so our citizens will certainly be amazed by your beauty. It is a blessing of three lifetimes.” His words were flowery indeed but didn’t sound off-putting.

Other passersby shook their head and smiled. They have grown used to his strange behavior.

“Let’s buy one each then.” His smile won the girls over.

The truth was that these bamboo swords weren’t worth the listed price. They only bought them in order to make a friend.

“Stay safe, pretty ladies. Come to Conqueror when you can.” The young noble remained enthusiastic after the successful sale.

“Ah, Big Bro, we meet again. How about buying some of my swords?” Conqueror went over to the duo as they were about to cross the lake.

Ximo wanted to laugh but didn’t dare to. She didn’t understand why someone of his status would act as a merchant.

“No.” Li Qiye refused again.

“Big Bro, friendship starts upon the first meeting; brotherhood blossoms on the second. This is our second, so we are brothers.” Conqueror put on sword into Li Qiye’s hand and sincerely said: “Well, consider this a meeting present.”

Li Qiye chuckled, finding the youth amusing. He then took a look at the sword.

It was made entirely of bamboo. Nevertheless, Conqueror meticulously carved and paid attention to the little details.

“I personally made each one; they have their own aura and are unique.” Conqueror said.

“Not bad.” Li Qiye traced the sword’s edge with his finger and nodded approvingly.

Conqueror’s face was beaming after earning the praise. His smile became wider and brighter: “One sword to own the world; two swords to be unique in history; three swords for an unstoppable formation...”

Despite the grandiose and funny rhetoric, Ximo still wasn’t buying it. She didn’t see what was so special about these swords.

“Big Bro, do you want to buy one? Buy one, get two free, how about it?” Conqueror offered: “They are made from our ancestral bamboo, the very foundation of our sect, a great treasure and the symbol of Coiling Dragon System. It once connected to the very veins of the system...”

He continued bragging. If it wasn't for him bringing Coiling Dragon up, people would have forgotten that he was part of this system, and his sect, Conqueror, was only an old city there.

“Hmph, such a big tone.” A snort came about: “How can Conqueror represent Coiling Dragon?!”

This interjection drew the attention of the crowd.

An old man with a group of experts got off their boat. He didn't give any face to Conqueror Young Noble at all.

He wore an imperial robe; a saber was his weapon of choice. His chilling aura belonged to the True God level. His unforgiven eyes deterred others from staring straight at him.

“The king of Five Saints. So many experts from that kingdom are here.” Many recognized him and talked among themselves.

“Miao Lei of Five Saints, looks like we'll have quite a show to watch.” An elder was ready to have fun.

“Isn't Five Saints a kingdom of Coiling Dragon System, Conqueror Young Noble is from there too. Why the animosity?” A youth asked his senior.

“It pertains to the origin of Coiling Dragon.” The senior smiled.

“What, Royal Lord Miao, our Conqueror can't speak for Coiling Dragon? Only your kingdom can?” Conqueror retorted, still smiling.

“Coiling Dragon is under the rule of Eight-armed Dynasty. They are the only one who can represent our system.” Miao Lei uttered coldly.

“Talking about the Praymoon Sect? They are only parasites of the system. The only reason I'm not demanding sovereignty is that I don't want to bring war to the people.”

“You...” Miao Lei's expression shifted.

Some understood what was going on while the young ones were confused.

“What's happening?” One youth asked about this conflict between members of Coiling Dragon.

“Just a debate about the orthodox branch.” His senior said: “The current sect in charge, Eight-armed Dynasty, is not the descendants of Coiling Dragon Progenitor.”

“What about Conqueror Young Noble?” The junior inquired again.

“Who knows?” The senior shook his head: “Rumor has it that Conqueror was the founding location of Coiling Dragon, but it's still just a rumor.”

### [Chapter 2306: Nest Stealer](#)

It didn't take long before gossiping began in the courtyard.

Miao Lei naturally wouldn't like Conqueror Young Noble due to the political scene of Coiling Dragon.

Coiling Dragon was naturally created by the progenitor with the same title. In the past, it was under the rule of his lineage.

Later on, this branch weakened and gradually lost control over the system. Then came a sect named Praymoon.

The progenitor was from the eight-armed tribe, same with many other descendants. This was also the case for the members of Praymoon.

The main problem was that this sect didn't belong to the system at the beginning since they were nomadic travelers. No one really knew of their true background.

They had their own merit laws but for some reason, they decided to abandon everything to restart using the merit laws of Coiling Dragon.

They worked hard and let go of the past to become real disciples of Coiling Dragon. With the decline of the orthodox branch, Praymoon defeated the direct descendants of the progenitor and took over.

They called themselves the Eight-armed Dynasty and used this bloodline to connect them with the progenitor. The system had a different master from then on. Praymoon successfully carried out what the world would proverbially refer to as a dove stealing the magpie's nest.

The main branch disappeared in this land. Some even believed that they have died out completely.

Later on, Conqueror and his city broke this belief. Rumor has it that this was the birthplace of the progenitor.

Conqueror was a nobody in the beginning. Later on, his talents manifested along with his surging cultivation.

The Eight-armed Dynasty didn't pay any attention to him. After all, there were billions of disciples in the system, who had the time to care about an insignificant youth?

As his fame rose, more mouths began to run in the system - topics such as Conqueror being a descendant of Coiling Dragon Progenitor.

Moreover, he had never talked about his background, only that he had learned many merit laws from the system.

More and more began to believe that he was a true descendant of their progenitor. He didn't bother confirming or denying these rumors.

Nevertheless, the dynasty couldn't sit still because they weren't the real descendants, only usurpers. If Conqueror was the real thing, it would be too dangerous to their rule.

They tried several times to kill him to no avail. This only served to increase his reputation and fame in Coiling Dragon. Many sects and countries actually had close ties with him.

On the other hand, Five-saints was the biggest supporter of Eight-armed Dynasty. That's why this king had such animosity towards Conqueror during this meeting today.

All eyes were on the two of them, especially the older ones. They were especially curious about whether Conqueror was a direct descendant or not.

Miao Lei scowled: "Stop spouting such heresy to trick the crowd. Insulting Coiling Dragon System is unforgivable. The death penalty is warranted in order to uphold the system's prestige."

"You think you alone can do it?" Conqueror smirked: "I've seen what your kingdom can do already, just a bunch of ambushing tricks. Your sect's existence is the real disgrace to the kingdom."

These two had skirmishes before. Five-saints had sent numerous assassins to kill Conqueror under the order of Eight-armed Dynasty. Unfortunately, it ended with failure and death.

The Royal Lord had plenty of experts with him right now, so he felt the urge to attack Conqueror. Despite being a big shot in Coiling Dragon, the contempt shown today was too much for him to take.

"Hmph, Junior, you're too arrogant! This is not Coiling Dragon, so I'm afraid your means are limited! We will rid the system of your evil today!" Miao Lei shouted and gave the signal.

The experts from his kingdom circled around and surrounded Conqueror.

The spectators held their breath, wanting to see just how strong this genius was.

The Three Young Nobles were famous, but Conqueror was especially enigmatic. Some stated that he could use the various powers of Coiling Dragon's system. This was the reason why the dynasty failed to kill him time and time again.

Miao Lei also heard and believed this rumor. However, this was Moneyfall, far away from Coiling Dragon System. Even if he had the ability to do so, he couldn't use them right now.

"Big Bro, you might want to leave for a bit. Wait until I'm done with them then we can talk about the deal?" Conqueror smiled at Li Qiye.

"No need to leave, it's no big deal." Li Qiye lazily said with no intention of leaving.

"Sir, who are you? Please leave since this is a matter of our Coiling Dragon System, or face the consequences." Miao Lei shouted.

Li Qiye looked at them and said: "A bunch of frogs under the well, unaware of the immensity of the heaven and earth."

He knew that despite the number advantage, this group was no match for Conqueror. This young noble was countless times stronger than Miracle.

"Fool, we'll take care of you too then!" Miao Lei furiously shouted.

"Royal Lord Miao, no need for you to bother, we'll take care of him since we have some unfinished business. His dog life is mine." A cold voice interjected.

A girl brought over a powerful group of experts. She was Regional Princess Xia, named Zixuan. Her entourage was several times bigger than before. Moreover, several old men were present this time. It was obvious that they were masters.

“People from Sword Grave are here too.” Some listeners whispered: “I heard Sword Sovereign is here too. This princess had met him recently.”

No wonder why the princess’ group was stronger this time. She walked with tenacity because she had backup.

“Princess Xia.” Miao Lei was ecstatic after seeing the reinforcement.

“Little Ling, you need to stop mingling with outsiders, come back to us.” The princess stared at Ximo and said.

Ximo’s expression changed, aware that the princess came specifically for her. She inched towards Li Qiye and felt much safer.

“Hmph, don’t think you can leave alive just because you found a backer.” The princess snorted.

Li Qiye glared back and said flatly: “I’ve already spared your lives back at the lake yet you don’t know when to back off.”

“Li, I don’t care who you are, you’re not leaving this place alive!” The princess declared.

She hated him to the bones after nearly being killed by the storm on the lake.

“You and what army?” Li Qiye lazily spoke.

The princess’ expression turned ugly after being shown such contempt: “You might be strong but you won’t be able to escape from Sword Grave. My First Brother will never allow anyone to challenge our authority!”

People glanced around, thinking that maybe Sword Sovereign was already here; he’s just hasn’t shown himself.

### [Chapter 2307: Gathering Of Enemies](#)

“How amusing.” Conqueror clapped and smiled at Li Qiye: “Big Bro, looks like it’ll be quite a fight tonight. Do you want to work together with me and go big?”

“First of all, I’m not your Big Bro. Secondly, no need to go big over some ants. Just one or two moves will be plenty.” Li Qiye glanced at him and casually responded.

Everyone gasped after hearing this. The princess and Miao Lei had more than one thousand experts with them, not a single one was weak. Li Qiye’s claim was too unreasonable.

“Li, you’re quite arrogant but you’re not surviving today!” Another fierce cry came about.

The crowd looked over and saw a youth leading another group of experts - sect masters and elders from the last generation.

“Zhou Zhikun!” Some recognized him.

“Didn’t he got taught a lesson earlier?” Someone who was at Bewildering Palace whispered.



Not too long ago, many saw Li Qiye crushing the guy completely. It didn't take long before he was up and jumping again with such aggression. They didn't understand what made him so fierce.

"You don't get it, his backing is here now." An older cultivator replied.

"Young Lord Mu!" Some experts blurted out.

"No." The old cultivator shook his head: "A servant of Young Lord Mu, Elder Fan. He was the one Zhikun sucked up to in the beginning before becoming a messenger."

"I see, no wonder why so many experts are helping him now." One guy glanced at the group behind Zhikun.

No one tried to help him earlier outside of the palace but this wasn't the case now. These experts behind him were holding treasure, ready to get involved.

His number advantage made Zhikun quite confident. With the presence of Elder Fan, many great clans were willing to work for him.

"Looks like you're really tired of living." Li Qiye grinned.

The youth felt safe so he shouted: "Li Qiye, you might be the First Brother of Longevity, but you still deserve death for insulting Young Lord Mu!"

"He, he's the First Brother of Longevity, the guy that quelled the rebellion. I heard he used the power there to destroy Everlasting Kingdom." A master was surprised to hear this.

Many ancestors have heard about the situation at Longevity by this point.

"Looks like you didn't send my message." Li Qiye laughed: "But no problem, I'll kill you and your master will surely come. I'll take care of him too then."

One listener whispered: "Isn't this too much, who dares to offend Young Lord Mu right now?"

"It's because you don't know him." An ancestor shook his head: "This Li Qiye is a monster. He's not only the First Disciple of Longevity but is also the current leader of Insane Court. This guy challenged all of Myriad Lineage at one point too - even Young Lord Mu wouldn't dare to make this declaration."

"Hahaha." Someone sneered at Li Qiye: "Such audacity, my Young Lord Mu is beyond your level, I shall make mincemeat out of you because of your outrageous statement."

An old man wearing a gray robe appeared on the horizon. The aura of a True God instilled fear into the crowd.

"Elder Fan, the young lord's trusted servant." One ancestor's expression changed.

The crowd quieted down. This was also someone from above; his cultivation might not be that strong but his status was something else.

"Young Lord Mu is a god from above, I will not accept such blasphemy towards him. Time for punishment." Another chilling voice came about. It carried a sword intent piercing at everyone's mind, causing them to shudder.

People looked up and saw a tall man, looking around thirty years of age. He held a long sword and wore a violet robe. The sword intents emanating from him were quite impressive.

“Sword Sovereign!”

“Sword Sovereign...” An ancestor narrowed his eyes and became serious: “Is he a pseudo-True Emperor right now?”

He was the current leader of Sword Grave, as famous as any of the three Young Nobles.

He wasn't listed among them because he made his debut much earlier. Thus, he was considered alongside Saber Devil as the sword and saber duo. Due to their age, he and Saber Devil could be stronger than the nobles.

“Brat, how are you going to get out of this?” Princess Xia clearly had a crush on her Senior Brother.

Ling Ximo turned pale and took several steps back. She was from Sword Grave and knew how strong this guy was.

“Li, it's not too late to surrender.” Zhikun grew bolder as more allies came.

“Good, this will save some time since all of you are here.” Li Qiye chuckled while playing with his bamboo sword.

“Let's go cut him to pieces!” Zhikun ordered his experts.

“Right, take them down!” The princess also shouted at her experts from Sword Grave.

“Haha, Conqueror, you're done!” Miao Lei led his own group.

More than one thousand experts surrounded the three. The atmosphere became tense since a fight could break out at any moment.

“So fun, Big Bro, do you want to have a contest to see who can kill more?” Conqueror smiled brightly at Li Qiye, completely undaunted: “If I kill more, you will have to buy all my swords.”

“Not interested.” Li Qiye refused once more.

“Kill them!” Zhikun commanded without attacking himself.

“Now!” The princess and Miao Lei gave the final command.

The experts roared and unleashed their attacks. So many weapons aimed at the three - pagoda, spear, saber...

The area trembled since they didn't show any mercy, wishing to turn the group into mincemeat.

“Not good!” The spectators nearby were shocked.

“Good, we'll do it like that, the person with the higher kill count will be the winner.” Conqueror ignored Li Qiye's refusal and shamelessly attacked before Li Qiye.

He threw his bag and all the swords soared to the sky. Sword energy began to ravage the area with sharp arcs everywhere. They didn't look like bamboo swords but more like divine swords now with strong enough intents to pierce through all.

"Clank!" These swords poured down their energy at the enemies.

"Ah!" Blood gushed along with tormented wails. Conqueror didn't hold back. These swords pierced through the chest and crucified the enemies.

"Royal Lord Miao, your life is mine!" Conqueror also attacked while wielding a sword. The luminous attack crossed through the void and reached Miao Lei with haste.

Li Qiye didn't mind that Conqueror had taken the initiative. He casually swung his sword.

This slash was simply too fast; no one could see it clearly. In fact, he was the only one who knew.

### [Chapter 2308: A Single Slash](#)

The sword robbed the world of sounds and seized the power of time. Everything became frozen.

In this split second, so many enemies were stopped in action - some were leaping forward; others jumped up for a better advantage point; some raised their sword to parry...

True Gods felt a chill and instinctively realized the incoming danger. Alas, it was all too late. Instinct could yell at them all it wants, but the slash has already been unleashed to determine everything.

Fastest in the world - rendering time to be moving at a snail's pace.

"Clank!" Heads started rolling on the ground.

The slash had decapitated more than a thousand enemies. Though they have lost their head, the victims still couldn't feel anything. The bodies were still continuing on the previous trajectory. They got a third-person view of their body as their head was falling to the ground.

Next was blood gushing out like a spring from the severed necks, a thousand of them - quite a shocking scene.

"No..." They wanted to scream but no sound would come out of their agape mouth.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!" The heads finally made contact with the ground. Their blood stained the ground and gathered into a massive, shallow pool of water.

Everything happened so quickly. No one saw the slash at all. This bamboo sword was able to take down experts from Sword Grave, Five-saints, and even the masters from the various sect supporting Zhou Zhikun.

True Kings, True Saints, and even True Gods all faltered before this single slash.

The most terrifying fact was that he didn't use a supreme artifact such as an ancestral treasure. The sword was made of bamboo.

When people regained their wits, they naturally trembled with fear. Some couldn't help but vomit after smelling the stench of blood.

“Boom!” On the other side, Conqueror managed to take down numerous experts from Five-saints then nearly subduing its royal lord.

“Clank!” His bamboo sword became luminous and turned into a divine sword with a stately aura.

The royal lord roared and created a sacred barrier in order to stop the attack. Alas, this proved to be futile.

“Boom!” The sword thrust through the barrier and pierced the lord’s throat.

Blood didn’t come out until Conqueror pulled back his sword. The royal lord finally fell to the floor with his eyes wide open.

“Not good, I’m still under.” Conqueror looked back and saw Li Qiye’s slash just now. He was completely amazed because his sword formation failed to do the same damage.

He roared and unleashed another sword arc towards Regional Princess Xia.

Though she ordered her experts to fight, she was the farthest away from the battlefield.

“Retreat!” Her guards wanted to stop him.

Conqueror simply laughed and swept his bamboo sword again, causing the formation to strike once more.

“Ah!” These experts couldn’t stop him and only threw their lives away as his swords pierced their throat.

The princess quickly fled while calling for help: “Senior Brother, save me!”

“Clank!” Sword Sovereign finally took action with a billowing aura of sword energy even before his sword left its sheath. It turned into a heavenly sword and crossed through the plain, aiming straight for Conqueror.

“Sword Sovereign, let’s see what you can do.” Conqueror still had a smile on and tapped on his bag.

More than several hundred bamboo swords flew out.

“Grandheaven Sword Purification.” The bamboo swords made a circular formation. They spun and engulfed the entire area, stopping the sword energy of Sword Sovereign just now.

The resulting shockwaves devastated the area. At the same time, he successfully pierced the princess’ chest. She couldn’t believe that even her Senior Brother failed to save her.

Don’t be fooled by Conqueror’s bright and friendly smile. This was someone who would never hold back in battle.

“Conqueror, what have you done?!” Sword Sovereign furiously shouted. A sword-like flame erupted above the sky and removed the clouds.

This torrential sword intent terrorized the whole place. All the spectators retreated in horror.

“So what? Fight and show me that you are worthy of your fame!” Conqueror pointed with his bamboo sword.

His strong response left everyone wanting for a fight. This was a contest between a young noble and one of the two weapon masters. They wanted to see which group was stronger.

“So be it!” Sword Sovereign shouted and unsheathed his sword. The snow-white rays stopped others from keeping their eyes open.

“Time to fight then!” Conqueror’s bamboo sword suddenly dispersed back into dao runes. He was now holding a dao sword.

“Boom!” The two leaped for the sky and had a direct confrontation - sword against sword. Sparks exploded at a planetary level.

Li Qiye didn’t care too much about this fight. He gently blew away the drops of blood on his bamboo sword and started walking towards Zhikun with a smile on his face.

Zhikun was naturally scared out of his mind, having never seen such a monstrous slash before and almost pissed his pants.

The pale fella walked backward while screaming: “What, what do you want?!”

For many experts here, Zhikun was completely insignificant. Only his backing was dreadful, and one of them was here - the servant of Young Lord Mu - Fan Guixing.

“Not much.” Li Qiye walked at a normal pace and smiled: “I’m just thinking about flaying you to let you know how cruel I can be.”

“Don’t, don’t get crazy now, Elder Fan is here!” Zhikun continued to scream while retreating.

“It’s useless. No one will be able to save you.” Li Qiye smirked.

Zhikun ran straight for the elder with all of his might: “Elder Fan, please, please save me, kill this devil!”

In fact, Elder Fan has been watching the entire time; his cold eyes fixated on Li Qiye.

He became the center of attention. Compared to a measly messenger, he was actually closely related to Young Lord Mu. He descended along with the guy. As a servant of the Mu, he was still a True God.

Thus, his status far exceeded Zhikun. He could even represent the young lord, to a certain extent.

Others might look down on a Zhikun, a little fox exploiting the tiger’s might, but not Fan Guixing. He was truly someone from above, part of the Mu Clan.

### [Chapter 2309: Who Can Stop Me From Killing?](#)

Everyone wondered what Fan Guixing would do since they have seen Li Qiye’s domineering attitude and power.

Guixing spoke with a serious tone: “Friend, it is time to stop here, no need to push it so far.”

“Who the hell do you think you are, telling me what to do?” Li Qiye lazily said while still walking towards Zhikun.

Guixing's expression shifted. Ever since he came to Myriad with his master, everyone has been giving him face, including ancestors and Ascenders. They still addressed him as "Dao Brother Fan" even though he had a lower cultivation level.

This was also the case in Imperial; the big shots there showed enough courtesy to him since the Mu was one of the three behemoths.

But now, a junior dared to speak to him like this - something akin to slapping him in the face.

"I am a contributing member of the Mu Clan for several thousand years now." Fan Guixing uttered: "I once served the great ancestor of the Mu and was a study companion to the clan master." [1]

Guixing made his prestigious status clear. Despite only being a servant, he has been serving for several generations now. His absolute loyalty earned him respect at the clan, allowing him to speak his opinion before the clan master.

"Who the hell are the Mu?" Li Qiye was still as nonchalant as ever, holding his bamboo sword in a menacing manner.

Zhikun was running while looking back at Li Qiye, wanting nothing more than to get as far away from this monster as possible.

Guixing grimaced with eyes spewing out flashes of anger. The rest of the crowd took a deep breath. Some naturally found displeasure with Young Lord Mu, but no one would dare to say a line like this. Provoking the Mu Clan could bring about a disaster to their sect.

"Junior, this comment alone is enough for us to exterminate your entire clan." Guixing threatened.

"Oh? Is that so? If your clan isn't smart, I'll be the one to exterminate them all." Li Qiye retorted without care.

"Is there no end to his madness?!" Someone blurted out, completely speechless. Not even a True Emperor would say this in public since the Mu was unfathomable.

"Ignorant brat, destroying our clan? You're done for, we'll surely end you." Fan Guixing snorted.

"I've heard this line so many times. Those who say this about me are all dead now." Li Qiye picked his ear and said.

Eventually, wanton arrogance became respectable due to the required audacity. Some of the crowd certainly admired Li Qiye.

"Elder Fan." As Zhikun came closer to Fan Guixing, he became ecstatic: "Save me!"

Fan Guixing decided to throw an item, pinning it in front of Li Qiye. He needed to save this errand-boy in order to maintain his clan's reputation.

It was a banner with the word Mu carved on it, written in an ancient and bold style. It clearly came from someone special.

"The banner of the Mu!" The ancestors shuddered, aware of its significance.

It represented the authority of that clan. Once seeing it, everyone would need to back down or they would risk antagonizing the clan - a truly serious matter. Not just anyone could have one. Guixing's loyalty earned him this precious banner.

"Stop or you will truly become an enemy of our clan." Guixing sternly reiterated.

Meanwhile, Zhikun saw the banner and was even closer to the elder. He happily said: "Thank you, Elder Fan, for saving-"

But before he could finish, words suddenly became stuck in his mouth. Blood started oozing out of a hole in his neck.

It was a fatal sword thrust. No one could save him due to the immense speed, not even Guixing.

Li Qiye blew away the blood on his sword again: "Forget it, flaying is too bothersome. I'll just send you off right away."

The shocked crowd didn't expect Zhikun to be killed right in front of Guixing.

Next, something even more unbelievable happened. Li Qiye stomped on the banner and said: "This piece of crap banner has no uses here."

"So domineering!" The experienced ancestors were stunned all the same.

Stomping on this banner was the same as stomping on the Mu's authority - truly courting death.

This was a first time for Guixing. In the past, even in Imperial Lineage, throwing out this banner would solve all of his problems. This didn't work for this guy. Now, Li Qiye was walking straight for him.

"What do you want?!" Guixing felt fear now, realizing that he had kicked an iron panel. This kid was not to be provoked.

So there was still someone in this world who wasn't afraid of the Mu.

Li Qiye smiled: "Well, I naturally got to kill you first since you want to exterminate my clan."

"Don't be insane!" Guixing took a deep breath and said: "Be responsible for your actions or your sect and dao system will suffer too!"

"I just need to destroy your clan first then." Li Qiye leisurely said.

"You?!" Guixing thought that this guy was insane, not caring about the consequences.

Intimidation and threats were useless before a madman.

"Well, let's see how far you can run." Li Qiye playfully swung his sword around.

The spectators looked at each other after seeing this. Killing Guixing was far different from killing Zhikun.

"Isn't his sect going to stop him? Opposing the Mu will end with a major disaster." One spectator noted, completely astounded.

"He's not messing around, he's really going to kill a servant from the Mu." Another ancestor replied.

“Buzz.” Guixing started to flee. Ripples appeared in the air as he disappeared for the horizon. He gave up caring about appearances - this madman was too scary.

### [Chapter 2310: An Acquaintance](#)

Guixing’s sudden flee caught everyone off guard since he was the representative of the Mu Clan. They thought he would tough it out to the very end, but the guy ran faster than anyone else without bothering to come up with an excuse.

“Boom!” Unfortunately, someone blocked his retreat path.

Space became sealed by a majestic power. Guixing leaped backward in order to avoid this force.

“Elder Fan, why are you in such a hurry to leave?” A pleasant voice came about.

The one stopping Guixing was a heroic and beautiful girl - virtually matchless.

“Martial Goddess!” People recognized her right away.

This was Wu Bingning, a famous genius in Myriad Lineage, the choice lover for many men.

“Virtuous Niece...” Guixing was shocked too.

“Don’t leave so soon now.” She said with a firm tone as her eyes flashed like the stars.

People became confused right away. Some started talking in private, especially the ancestors.

“Isn’t the martial court very close to Young Lord Mu?” A high elder was surprised.

The big shots knew that after coming to Myriad Lineage, the young lord was closest to Vermillion Martial Court. He even stayed there for a long time.

It seemed that the martial court was about to become the main base in Myriad for the young lord.

Rumor has it that a marriage alliance was underway. The martial court didn’t comment on this matter, but people certainly believed it.

But now, Bingning didn’t look like she was helping Fan Guixing but rather trying to stop him from escaping.

“Is the marriage alliance not true then?” Someone else whispered.

In this particular case, everyone understood that it would be between Young Lord Mu and Wu Bingning. So many youths in Myriad Lineage wouldn’t want such a thing to happen but they knew of the high possibility.

Thus, her attitude right now appeared a little strange. In theory, she should be on Guixing’s side.

“Just quietly watch.” An older character also didn’t understand and shook his head while speaking.

“Virtuous Niece, what is your intention?” Guixing found the situation to be quite unfavorable.

To which Bingning responded: “It’s nothing, I just want to see your prowess while raising the banner of the Wu. Are you able to kill Young Noble Li?”



This answer was vague enough so people still didn't know her side but Guixing got the gist of it and took one step back.

"Hey now, if I want to kill someone, it doesn't matter where he runs off to." Li Qiye lazily came over, not giving a damn about the guy trying to escape.

Guixing turned around to face Li Qiye, but he thought about Bingning behind him and was wary of her as well. Thus, he slightly tilted back, creating a triangle of sorts.

"Will you run like a dog and die to a blade to the back or face me like a man?" Li Qiye gestured with his bamboo sword.

Guixing's fear was justifiable because he knew he wasn't a match for the guy. His slashes were illogically fast.

It didn't matter whether Li Qiye was actually strong or not. Just the slashes alone were reaching a sure-kill level. People couldn't even see them, let alone trying to dodge.

For all the arts and techniques in this world, only speed was unsolvable. Speed could surpass all techniques; the enemies wouldn't be able to react fast enough.

"Virtuous Niece, you need to help me." Guixing told the girl but his eyes were on Li Qiye, afraid of a sudden attack.

"Why should I?" Bingning flatly responded: "The Mu is unstoppable and it is just one enemy. You don't need my help, Elder Fan."

Guixing didn't expect to be outright rejected: "Virtuous Niece, don't forget about the ties between our two houses. If you can help me, you will be prestigious beyond words later..."

"No need to think so highly of yourself. I'm already being kind enough by not killing you myself. You better start praying." She interrupted him.

Upon hearing this, the crowd thought that there was more to this story than meets the eye.

"You!" Guixing's old face became uglier: "Virtuous Nephew, deciding on your own will hurt our friendship, you can't handle the consequences."

"Old servant, you think I won't kill you and that your clan is number one in the world? I'd like to see how they will save you today." Her eyes showed a murderous flash.

Guixing took note of this and retreated further, realizing that she wasn't playing around.

Li Qiye chuckled and said: "You don't need to bother yourself with this."

He then turned towards Guixing: "Come now, I'll give you a chance. Block one slash and I will spare you. Otherwise, even the old heaven won't be able to save you today."

The sheer contempt insulted the old man. Li Qiye made it sound as if he was a fish on the chopping board already.

"Junior, you're too arrogant! You think no one can beat you?" He furiously shouted.

“Pretty much.” Li Qiye said: “At the very least, killing you with one slash won’t be a problem. Alright, let’s stop wasting time, get ready.”

“It’s finally happening.” Many took a deep breath, aware of Li Qiye’s intention to kill Guixing.

“Are you a man of your words?” Despite his rage, Guixing saw hope in the challenge.

“Always.” Li Qiye chuckled: “Get ready to block the slash. This is your only chance to leave.”

“Very well, you said it.” Guixing instantly made up his mind.

“Just one is enough.” Li Qiye raised his bamboo sword.

“I highly doubt that!” Guixing didn’t believe it. After a buzzing noise, he put on a feathered regalia.

“Boom!” This regalia exuded a boundless imperial light as if it was blessed by an emperor. The energy of a True God also permeated the area.

The imperial might heralded a symbol on the regalia with a screech. The image of a bird started soaring towards the nine firmaments.

“An imperial armor?” The majestic scene and aura startled the crowd.

“Indeed, one blessed by an emperor and carries some considerable power.” An ancestor elaborated: “It is made from the feathers of a firebird by a True Emperor. Quite powerful defensively.”

“Clank.” Guixing also took out a shield made from divine metal with a frightening luster, resulting in a second defensive measure.

Because of his contribution, Guixing was given this regalia worn by a True Emperor. It was tough enough to withstand the weapons of Ascenders. The shield came from an Ascender, not on the same level as the regalia but still not bad.

“Incredible, that’s someone from the Mu for you.” People became envious.

He was only a servant yet he possessed highly-coveted treasures. In any other system, he would need to be an ancestor to enjoy this treatment.