

Emperor 2311

[Chapter 2311: One Slash](#)

“Alright, I’m ready for your slash.” Guixing shouted, feeling confident that his armor and shield would be able to block the incoming attack.

“The result is obvious.” Someone murmured.

“Just one bamboo sword can’t break an imperial armor.” Another ancestor felt the same way.

“Big mistake, Li Qiye probably didn’t expect for Elder Fan to have an imperial regalia.” A high elder shook his head in agreement.

The crowd thought that he couldn’t kill Elder Fan with a single slash or even break through the armor at all.

“Good, let’s get started.” Li Qiye slowly raised his sword without gathering any sword energy.

In fact, this had nothing to do with the sword dao. He was performing the Physique Scripture, the new version. He had opened this scripture once more so it probably needed a new name from now on.

“Boom!” The shield poured out light as Elder Fan cried out: “Shield Against The Devils!”

This shield instantly became massive, capable of separating heaven and earth. It covered him fully.

“Screech!” The firebird above closed its wings and let out a scorching flame to seal the myriad worlds, protecting the old man inside.

“Rumble!” The imperial aura erupted with blinding light.

“You are under my protection.” A grand figure lowered its palm, wishing to destroy everything.

The ground started to crack; this move possessed both offensive and defensive capabilities.

“Pluff!” Li Qiye finally unleashed his slash. It exceeded the temporal limit and reversed its flow.

No one could see the slash but they were affected and felt an illusion of becoming younger.

“Bam!” The moves collided.

When the spectators calmed down, they saw the gigantic shield still standing, the regalia was still radiant, and the majestic figure remained strong.

Guixing also stood there, seemingly unharmed.

“That’s it?” Someone wondered.

“Crack.” Li Qiye’s bamboo sword had lines all over before collapsing into pieces.

“He lost.” Everyone believed that the slash failed to break the imperial defense.

“It’s still an imperial armor from a True Emperor. Such power can’t be touched even by an ordinary Ascender.” An ancestor commented, aware of the difference in power levels.

“Li Qiye was too careless, using just a bamboo sword against an imperial armor, that’s impossible. He’s slapping himself in the face now.” One cultivator gloated.

“Boom!” Suddenly, the massive shield collapsed; the majestic figure shattered; the firebird uttered a miserable cry before disintegrating.

Guixing’s armor turned into powder and scattered away with the wind. His eyes were wide open, same with his twitching mouth. He tried to say something but nothing would come out.

They finally saw blood oozing out of his throat. A tiny gash gradually became a bloody hole. The guy finally fell on the ground, causing specks of dust to go flying.

He couldn’t believe that his defensive measures have failed to a bamboo sword. In fact, everyone else shared the same astonishment.

The ones who thought Li Qiye have lost earlier felt their face becoming red and hot as if he had just slapped them.

No one would believe such an outrageous story.

“Just one slash, all about speed exceeding everything to return to the origin.” Li Qiye casually said.

This slash had jumped out of the boundary of the sword dao. This imperial armor couldn’t block it. The only way was to slow down the slash.

A while later, time finally began to flow normally in the area again.

“Rumble!” Explosions in the sky attracted the crowd’s attention. They looked up and saw the battle waging between Conqueror and Sword Sovereign.

Sword Sovereign looked unbeatable with his sword but Conqueror had countless bamboo blades. Though one by one, they were destroyed by the sovereign, more and more came out.

Who knows how many bamboo swords he actually had?

Li Qiye looked up and said: “So slow, do you need my help?”

“Crap, he wants to steal my opponent.” Conqueror was shocked.

He was distracted for just a second but this was enough for Sword Sovereign to fly away like a meteor towards the horizon. Such decisiveness and agility.

The guy was certainly afraid of being double-teamed by Li Qiye and Conqueror. Defeat would be imminent in that case so he decided to run away. Survival was the first priority.

“Sigh, he ran away so fast. Sword Sovereign, let’s play again later!” Conqueror shouted.

But the guy was already long gone. Who knows if he could hear Conqueror at all?

“You scared my opponent away. It’s not easy for me to find someone at the same level, who am I going to play with now? Big Bro, you need to buy five hundred swords to make up for this pain.” Conqueror said, feeling quite wronged.

“Not interested.” Li Qiye ignored him and told Bingning and Ximo: “Let’s go.”

“Big Bro, don’t leave! Just buy one more, I’ll take twenty off, no? Thirty then, fine, even fifty! That’s the best I can do!” Conqueror didn’t give up.

Alas, the trio also left him behind just like Sword Sovereign.

He turned his focus towards an elder from a great power: “Senior, how about it? Look at this beautiful sword, didn’t you see earlier? Young Noble Li used it to destroy an imperial regalia. With this sword, you can go wherever you want in the world.”

“Alright, just one.” This old man smiled and bought one.

“Don’t miss it, bamboo swords that can take down an imperial armor. Don’t miss it, you can’t buy them anywhere else, especially not for this cheap price.” Conqueror took advantage of Li Qiye’s display of prowess earlier.

He even guaranteed to others that his swords were this amazing. People couldn’t do anything but shake their head.

Some bought swords from him in order to build a friendship. Everyone could see that Conqueror wasn’t weaker than Sword Sovereign after the battle.

Keep in mind that the sword-and-saber duo made their debut much earlier than the three young nobles. They thought that the former would be stronger, but after today, they were certainly proven wrong.

[Chapter 2312: Coinbeast City](#)

Li Qiye brought Wu Bingning and Ling Ximo out of the lake to another area. Ximo had so many questions in her mind but couldn’t actually ask.

Vermillion Martial Goddess, a rare genius in Myriad, the goddess beloved by all - Ximo was also a fan of her.

She once thought that this goddess was unreachable but now, they were in the same place. This felt like a surreal dream but the truth was that the goddess was mere inches away from her.

“Little girl, looks like you have made up your mind.” Li Qiye smiled at Bingning.

She stared at the horizon in a trance but her eyes were focused. She looked mature and determined.

“One must take charge of their own life. Success or failure doesn’t matter, it is still better than just going with the flow.” She said.

“True, but making a choice can cause pain.” Li Qiye said: “Only time can tell whether a decision is right or wrong.”

Bingning sighed and didn’t wish to talk about this topic. She looked at him and said: “Our ancestors don’t believe you have the twelve variations.”

“I don’t need their validation.” Li Qiye smiled: “That’s their loss. It’s enough that you do.”

Bingning felt worse again. She had tried to convince her dao system and changed their ways. Unfortunately, the ancestors in charge didn't believe her so she had to take the initiative.

"It's fine." She showed a carefree expression as if she had thought it through and smiled: "Since I have chosen your side, then you need to be ready. After all, it is a big crime to kidnap the successor of the martial court. Many experts will be attacking you then."

"You think I'm afraid of having more enemies?" Li Qiye chuckled: "Come one, kill one, come two, kill two, come ten thousand, kill ten thousand..."

She didn't respond to this particular comment.

"But out of consideration for you, I won't destroy your system." He chuckled.

She smiled wryly upon hearing this. Their system was in the top three of Myriad so others didn't dare to oppose them. Li Qiye, on the other hand, just made it sound so easy. Ultimately, she believed him too.

Ximo only quietly listened in the back, being exposed to things she couldn't touch before.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!" Suddenly, drum-like noises filled the area.

Li Qiye stopped to listen. Ximo asked: "What's going on?"

"Coinbeast City." He answered while his gaze was off to the distance.

"Looks like we need to take a trip there for some business before finding your sword tomb." Li Qiye said.

Ximo nodded since it wasn't up to her. She alone couldn't obtain the tomb in the first place.

Li Qiye wasn't the only one who heard the drumming noises. It seemed as if they have spread across Moneyfall.

"What is this sound?" An unaware cultivator carefully listened.

"Coinbeast City." An older expert instantly answered.

"Let's go take a look." People dropped their current tasks and headed for the origin of the noise.

"Coinbeast is opening!" This information swept across the areas.

"Really?" More and more became interested.

"What's Coinbeast?" Some juniors asked with curiosity.

Their senior answered: "A very special place. The people lucky enough to enter will find it worth their while."

It didn't take long before people headed there in droves. The ones who didn't know about the city followed the mass anyway.

The first to arrive saw a mountain of paramount size. It reached the deepest crevice of the sky. At the base was an old city. Only the front part of it stuck out, the rest seemed to be hidden within the mountain itself.

The gate, part of the walls, and sections of the roof were visible. The shade was gray from being ravaged by time.

People noticed that the stone gate has finally opened. Inside was a black expanse just like the jaw of a great beast. They felt as if this could take them to the deepest part of the mountain, way underground.

Two ancient words were carved on top of a rocky plaque above the gate. Though the lines were faint, they carried a tough presence as if the carver was an incredible person. Alas, their age prevented others from recognizing the meanings.

A flat valley surrounded by massive mountain ranges presided in front of the gate. It spanned for thousands of miles leading to an ocean.

The valley was most likely a paved path once, enough for dozens of carriage to go side by side. As time passed, nature took over and turned it into a valley.

“Are we entering?” People outside of the gate wondered.

“It’s useless.” An older gentleman explained: “You won’t be entering the real thing because entry requires a coinbeast.”

“What kind of beast is that?” A junior asked.

“You’ll see.” The guy answered while staring at the ocean far away. Nothing was happening on that side.

“What treasures are in this place? We left Bewildering Palace for it.” Small talks happened to break the boredom.

An elder replied: “Quite a bit, such as beast springs, dao bones, but most importantly, eggs!”

“Eggs?” A disciple said: “Are they very precious?”

“That’s up to your own fortune. If you are lucky, they’ll be amazing. Rumor has it that Elucidation True Emperor once found an egg. A Bi’an eventually hatched from it; it’s still there right now in Resting Bull, acting as a guardian beast. The thing is insanely powerful.” The elder elaborate.

A peer next to him added: “Not just that, some said that he got a dao bone too, hence his title Elucidation.”

This was one of the most amazing emperors in Myriad. He came from Insane Court but found the Resting Bull Scripture. This paved his path towards the throne.

Though he didn’t create his own dao system, he revitalized the dying Resting Bull so he became a new progenitor, despite not having this title.

“The chance of success here is far better than Bewildering Palace.” Another chimed in.

Highly-coveted rewards awaited those who could enter - beast springs, dao bones, and especially precious eggs.

Finding a heaven-defying egg could lead to owning a divine beast in the future just like Elucidation True Emperor. This was the reason why so many elders and ancestors gathered here.

[Chapter 2313: Windchaser Matron](#)

Li Qiye's group was not the first to come here. The early birds have already picked the best locations in the valley and the mountains nearby.

The trio also climbed up a peak and claimed it for their own.

"Look, that monster is over there now." Someone whispered.

"I think he calls himself Fiercest, not only is he the First Disciple of Longevity but also the current leader of Insane Court. No wonder why he can do whatever he wants." An intelligent expert knew everything.

"That's pretty cool. He helped Longevity Sage destroy Everlasting Kingdom completely, and back in Insane Court, he fought off the alliance. Yeah, the guy is powerful, Miracle Young Noble was killed by him too. That's why some is putting him in Miracle's spot."

"In my opinion, he's far stronger than the other two. Think about it, he dared to challenge Young Lord Mu and even killed Elder Fan. That's as badass as one can get." Another interjected.

"Shh, watch your mouth. Don't bring that up unless you hate your sect. Young Lord Mu is not a forgiving person, if he finds out, you better start praying." His friend immediately warned.

"Wait a minute, isn't Insane Court a heretical sect?" An unaware junior asked: "Our systems are all against these sects, so someone like him should be everyone's enemy. How did he become a First Disciple?"

"That's in the past. However, the alliance has reached an agreement with Insane Court. Plus, any maneuver like that will be led by Yang Radiance or Vermillion Court. Ordinary sects aren't qualified to start a war." A high elder shook his head.

"Why is the goddess with him? Wasn't she part of the attacking alliance too?" One jealous youth inquired.

"Who knows, I heard Vermillion wants to have a marriage alliance with the Mu too. How strange." A gossip was very interested.

Li Qiye ignored the chatting and sat quietly on the peak with his eyes closed. The two girls were next to him. As for Bingning, she was ready for these talks the moment she made her choice.

"Rumble!" One chariot crushed the sky and arrived with incredible speed.

It exuded divine lights, visible from very far away. Six azure birds pulled it, showing off the status of the person inside.

Disciples followed the carriage with no lack of True Saints and even True Gods. This was quite a group.

Everyone looked over and saw the symbol on top of the carriage: "Vermillion Martial Court!"

People shuddered because only big shots from that system could enjoy this treatment. It was considered one of the two strongest sects in Myriad, so a big shot from there was definitely a big deal.

The carriage stopped and an old woman got down with the help of the disciples.

Her hair was as white as snow; the wrinkles on her face indicated her old age, but her eyes were still frightening. She had a walking stick with a dragon-decorated handle. Each step seemed to be a struggle.

Nevertheless, her True God aura could blow people away like a great gale.

“So strong, an Ascender!” People were startled after sensing this aura.

“Windchaser Matron!” An ancestor’s expression changed.

Many strong characters here recognized her identity: “She’s not just an Ascender, that’s an eighth-level True God.”

The seniors came up to greet her. Even the ancestors didn’t dare to show any slight. One of them politely asked: “It has been three thousand years since our previous meeting, Senior Matron. How is Senior Martial God doing?”

“I appreciate everyone’s blessing, my master is doing well.” She nodded and said naturally even when crowded by so many important figures. Her demeanor didn’t come from arrogance; her status was indeed prestigious.

“She’s quite cocky.” One junior didn’t have a full grasp on who she was.

“No more stupid comments or I’ll punish you once we get back.” His senior immediately scolded.

The junior got jolted and no longer dared to run his mouth. He only asked quietly: “Is, is she that strong?”

“Not just strong, very important too.” The senior stared at the matron and said: “This is an influential ancestor, virtually peerless in the martial court. Most importantly, her master is Dracoform Martial God!”

The disciple became astounded: “That, that Dracoform Martial God?”

“How many Dracoform Martial God do you think there are in Myriad Lineage? There’s only one.”

The disciple continued on: “The person that had suppressed a True Emperor?”

“That’s him.” The senior spoke with a tinge of reverence.

“I guess his disciple can act proud like that.” The disciple took a deep breath and no longer felt that the matron was being arrogant. Her attitude became natural now.

The youths here didn’t know the title, Windchaser, or her tales. However, everyone knew about Dracoform.

This was a terrorizing existence - the strongest ancestor in the martial court. He was a real Eternal, one that is known to still be here in Myriad.

The most shocking thing about him was a story about how he suppressed Chillwater True Emperor of Cloudcrossing System. This emperor had twelve fate palaces yet he still got overwhelmed.

Because of this, the ancestor enjoyed a supreme position in Myriad. True Emperors found it hard to be haughty before him.

Some even believed that when not counting those who have left Myriad, Dracoform might be the strongest master in this world. Thus, his name instilled awe and fear.

At the same time, an eighth-level True God was also impressive. Alas, this alone wasn't enough for other ancestors to be so respectful before the matron. Her being Dracoform's disciple played a larger role.

After the greetings were over, her eyes flashed like lightning and stopped on Wu Bingning. The old woman began making her way over.

Bingning courteously tidied up her dress before standing up to greet the matron.

All eyes were on this scene since everyone realized why the matron came here.

"Little one, you have snuck away again." The matron said.

Bingning bowed once before standing up straight. She spoke calmly and clearly: "Ancestor, I'm merely taking a stroll."

"Is that so?" The matron narrowed her eyes, resulting in an imposing and dignified appearance.

[Chapter 2314: Resistance](#)

"Yes." Bingning replied to the inquisitive matron.

"Taking a stroll can be good, but if you are finished, it is time to come back. Everyone is worried about you." The matron didn't care about the validity of the excuse.

"I have no intention of returning right now." Bingning maintained her ground.

"The martial court needs you." The matron continued: "As the successor, you have tasks to do and disciples to lead."

"Master and the elders can handle everything, my absence is inessential to the prosperity of the martial court." She shook her head.

The matron's eyes became serious after hearing this. Everyone was watching and could sense the change in mood.

"I'm not asking, this is an order from the sect, you must return to the court right now." Her eyes turned cold as she emitted her aura.

"I'm sorry, Ancestor, I won't be returning right now." Bingning remained steadfast.

"Such impudence!" The matron's divinity was frightening: "Disobeying a direct order is a great crime, not even a successor is above the law!"

"I'm aware of the gravity of this crime." Bingning responded seriously.

"You should know that a light punishment consists of expulsion, a heavy one is crippling their cultivation! It's not too late to go back with me now!" The matron uttered coldly.

The crowd was shaken. Disobedience was indeed a serious issue. Once expelled, the person would have nowhere to go in Myriad Lineage. As for the worst case scenario, they would become a mortal again.

The goddess was the successor with limitless potential and prestigious status. She was also considered by some to be more talented than the three young nobles. It's just that she had a late debut versus them.

She was a promising imperial candidate, and anyone else in her shoes would be appreciative of their circumstances. Being kicked out of Vermillion was akin to falling down from the clouds to an abyss, no chance to climb back out.

Bingning took a deep breath and said: "Thank you for your reminder, Ancestor, and for everything the court has done for me, but I still won't be coming back."

She couldn't make her stance any clearer. The crowd gasped in response. This was a betrayal of sorts. How could she dare to do such an unfilial and rebellious act?

"Traitor! Do you think your wings are tough now?" The matron became furious: "The court has expended countless effort to groom you, yet you dare to be so stubborn? The court won't stand for this!"

"As I have said, I'm appreciative of what the court has done for me. As a disciple of Vermillion, I will repay the court with my life when it needs me. But that is limited to upholding my responsibility to protect the court. However, each disciple of the system is family, not an item to be traded! That's all I have to say."

"Fool. The ancestors only want what's best for you so they chose the easiest path. You can't understand their wise intent."

"I will pick my own path." She said firmly.

"Have you no shame?! I will not allow you to do as you please today and will take you back for re-education!" The matron declared.

"Return from whence you came." A leisure voice suddenly jumped in: "Don't needlessly cause trouble and humiliate yourself."

Everyone looked over at the speaker - Li Qiye.

The matron's sharp eyes fell on him as well; they flashed with murderous intent.

"You're that Li Qiye!" She uttered.

"That's me." He seemed nonchalant and dismissive of the matron.

"You're the one egging our disciple to..." She scowled.

"Incorrect. Everyone makes their own choice. I simply appreciate her talents." He interrupted again.

"Junior, no need to be arrogant for this is not Insane Court, but so what even if it was? It's only a fallen dao system, can't reach the apex. Be smart and scram or it won't end well for you!"

The harshness of her words had a strong effect on the crowd. Her master was Dracoform Martial God, the number one expert of Myriad. Thus, her words carried immense weight. All systems and ancestors would feel trepidation right now.

“This is a big deal.” One ancestor murmured.

Though the Mu Clan was frightening indeed, they were still not in Myriad Lineage. This was a threat looming in the mind, different from the threat posed by Stormchaser Matron and Draciform Martial God. This threat was right here in Myriad Lineage. Draciform himself could flatten any sect or even an entire system in just a short time. In fact, people would bet on Draciform over most True Emperors.

“Is that so?” Li Qiye ignored the threat.

“Junior, you aren’t qualified to pair with our successor!” The matron continued: “Insane Court is in ruination, so stop dreaming about marrying the successor of Vermillion Martial Court like a frog wanting to eat the swan! Scram now or you won’t be able to keep your life, and your court will turn to ashes!”

The crowd took a deep breath. If Draciform were to join, all of this could happen. After all, he was an invincible Eternal.

“You think too highly of yourself and your system. Just one system alone is no different from a dog to me, can’t reach the apex.” Li Qiye retorted.

The blatant provocation to both Vermillion and Draciform stunned the crowd. These words would never come out from anyone else in Myriad Lineage.

Some ancestors who have met him before smiled wryly for they have experienced “Fiercest” before. This madman didn’t care about anyone, whether it be the strongest in Myriad or the Mu Clan from Imperial. No one knew why he was so confident.

The matron was ready to kill. She said with a threatening inflection: “I will let you know now that only Young Lord Mu is worthy of our successor. We will never spare anyone who tries to break this marriage!”

This was the first time the martial court had confirmed this marriage alliance despite the previous rumors. It seemed to certain now since it came from the matron.

Moreover, this wasn’t only for Li Qiye to hear, but also for the rest of the crowd - telling all of her fans to drop this idea.

Thus, the youths who liked her were shocked and unwilling to see this development. Everyone also understood why she chose to disobey the sect. So it turned out that she didn’t want this particular marriage.

Alas, a single disciple like her couldn’t refuse. It seemed like Draciform himself had decided so no one could change it.

[Chapter 2315: Arrogance](#)

Bingning became alarmed, realizing that the matron would only make this public with permission from Draciform Martial God.

Keep in mind that no one had more authority than Draciform in all of Vermillion. This supreme existence had the final say.

In the past, she could complain to her master and the other ancestors. Out of their love for her, they would hesitate and think about it. But Dracoform's words were an unquestionable decree. Even her master wasn't qualified to question it.

Her resistance seemed futile before absolute power. Nevertheless, she still denied: "No, I will not marry into the Mu, and definitely not to that young lord!"

The youths who liked her heaved a sigh of relief. Though this marriage was inevitable, her rejection still made them feel better.

"It's not up to you!" The matron uttered coldly: "A marriage is a serious matter, it is not your place to decide! Men, ask your successor to return."

After hearing this, her group slowly surrounded Bingning.

"Please come back or you will have to excuse us." Several old True Gods had no choice but to use force.

"Elder Chen, your group isn't enough." Bingning scowled and raised her spear forward. Her battle intent surged, showing everyone that her title of a martial goddess wasn't all talk.

The old men hesitated but still decided to use a formation. This was the only way for them to capture her alive.

The crowd was in awe. She had completely gone against her own dao system - a traitorous act.

This was a difficult and painful choice for any cultivator since they would have nowhere to go, especially when the sect was a top one like Vermillion. No one would dare to help or take her in lest they risk antagonizing Dracoform.

"A bunch of old fools." Li Qiye smiled and shook his head after hearing this.

The matron slammed her walking stick on the ground, causing the mountains nearby to tremble. She uttered: "You have an exaggerated opinion of your own abilities, your deception warrants death, and I shall be the one to carry out the punishment, ridding Myriad of a vermin like you."

"I'd like to see you try." Li Qiye didn't bother standing up.

"Brat, this isn't Insane Court or Longevity, it will be too easy to capture you!" The matron continued.

Everyone took a deep breath. It seemed that Vermillion has made up its mind about eliminating Li Qiye.

"Buzz." the old man finally activated their formation. Multiple pillars descended from the sky and sealed the area, stopping Bingning from escaping.

"Break!" She roared and thrust upward with her spear with impeccable ferocity, capable of penetrating the sun and moon.

The old men summoned a golden bell in order to capture her alive.

"Bang!" Unfortunately, it shattered before her sweeping spear. She leaped in the air and gathered more power in order to break the formation.

The old men roared and created a huge palm with the formation to stop her next thrust and prevented her from escaping.

In this split second, an invisible and soundless palm strike slammed on her back. She looked as if struck by thunder and vomited a mouthful of blood. Her cultivation was sealed so she started free-falling towards the ground.

“Take her away.” The matron’s cold voice sounded.

Everyone thought that she was about to fight Li Qiye but she actually chose to ambush Bingning instead. As an eighth-level True God, she shouldn’t have performed a sneak-attack on her own junior. That’s why everyone was caught off guard.

As the old men drew closer to pick Bingning up, a shadow suddenly flashed and slammed into them, causing them to go flying with broken bones and blood gushing from the mouth.

The shadow then caught Bingning with imperceptible speed. This was naturally Li Qiye. He then removed her seal and said: “Stand back, leave this to me.”

Bingning hesitated for a moment before moving behind him and started recovering.

The matron was naturally furious and bellowed: “Little animal, you want to die!”

“That’s my line.” Li Qiye lazily looked at her: “Scram before I make a toilet out of your skull.”

“Hahaha!” She laughed from being overwhelmed with rage before telling Bingning: “Girl, it is not too late to give up or your sin will be unforgivable!”

Bingning looked straight at the matron before choosing to close her eyes to meditate once more.

Her attitude made everyone understand her resolute will to rebel against Vermillion.

The crowd was astonished - the successor of Vermillion was going against her own sect!

“I’ll kill this little animal before dealing with an idiot like you!” The matron was ready for blood.

“I’ll make mincemeat out of you!” Her eyes exuded terrible rays - as sharp as blades.

“Let’s go. I don’t like bullying old people with one foot in the grave, but since you are courting death, I’ll entertain you.” Li Qiye retorted.

The crowd didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. An eighth-level True God was someone with one foot in the grave?

The matron felt humiliated as rage filled her head, causing her to tremble. She pinned her walking stick on the ground and began her attack.

People were naturally frightened. A being of this level was no joke. Plus, because of her master, she was far stronger than another True God of similar cultivation.

“Boom!” Her energy erupted with halos appearing. They could create a new world and raise the sun and moon. She looked like an almighty god standing in the middle of the halos.

The spectators held their breath, ready to watch her first blow. Some wanted to use her in order to have a better idea of Draciform's power.

[Chapter 2316: River-crossing Elephant](#)

"Splash!" A tsunami appeared out of nowhere above the sky. It instantly engulfed everything. Just one bubble alone could destroy a star.

This seemed to be the river in the world, impossible for anyone to cross. All would feel insignificant before its immensity. Just a tiny wave would drown people instantly, no, even their world would succumb.

Resistance was futile; True Gods were no exception for they would drown instantly.

"What is that?" The crowd rightfully became afraid of the currents.

"Raa!" A beast roar echoed across the realms. The stars trembled from the soundwaves and could fall down at any moment.

A gigantic figure appeared above the river causing splashes to go everywhere. It was an elephant, as white as ivory and shrouded with a sacred light. Scintillating runes blessed the beast, making it look like it was made from a heavenly star.

Though the river could drown the world and wash away the sun, this elephant was unaffected during the crossing. Each step was firm and loud, seemingly carrying massive weight - more than enough to crush everything in the world.

"River-crossing Elephant, one of the twelve variations of the Martial Ancestor!" An elder shouted.

Everyone took a deep breath after hearing this, albeit, with difficulty due to the immense pressure of the absolute weight. They felt numerous mountains pressing down on them, wishing to break their spine in half.

Those who were familiar with Vermillion have heard of the twelve variations. This was the strongest merit law of this system, created by the Martial Ancestor. Rumor has it that this was the top technique of his life.

In the distant past, this technique swept through the world. People couldn't handle half of a variation, let alone the whole thing.

Later on, Vermillion only had five left, losing seven. Few in the system were eligible to learn these five techniques; the matron was one of them.

This was the first time some ancestors here have seen this technique. It was indeed worthy of its fame, especially when it came from such a powerful being.

"Boom!" The stomp of the elephant resembled the stomp of a peerless master.

The ground cracked, seemingly so fragile. Even a True God would instantly turn into meat paste. People looked over at Li Qiye and thought that he wouldn't be able to handle it.

“Unfortunately, you only learned the bare minimum.” Li Qiye smiled; his eyes became resplendent - more than enough to illuminate the endless space.

“Supreme.” He uttered a mantra.

Everyone suddenly heard a thump; a dao heart seemed to have fluttered.

This tiny movement was more than enough. Just one thump rendered everything into non-existence.

An entirely new world appeared, or just an emulation of one. A heaven and earth appeared, then living creatures.

A supreme figure walked out from the depth of this world. Peerlessly mighty, each of his gestures carried a martial intent. Just one simple step encompassed the essences of martial arts. Every fiber of his being breathed fighting.

“Martial Ancestor!” The matron cried out.

The crowd was astounded. How could this amazing existence appear in this place?

“What, it’s really him...” Another ancestor lost his cool and bellowed.

Though he has never seen the real person, this being looked exactly the same as the pictures and portraits back in Vermillion. The matron had seen these artworks before so she became horrified.

“Boom!” This figure took action, sweeping away the world with one palm and creating a tsunami in the process. This force could destroy three thousand worlds.

Windchaser Matron’s river was massive enough, but it looked like a tiny stream versus this one.

“Boom!” An even bigger elephant showed up and stomped down, annihilating the celestials.

One was a mature elephant while the former was a mere baby, too weak to handle a single blow.

“The same move...” The crowd didn’t know what was going on.

Martial Ancestor showed up and unleashed the same technique - just superior in every way and a thousand times stronger and more complex.

The matron herself had no clue whether this was real or not.

“Is it just an illusion?” One ancestor murmured because Martial Ancestor has been gone for a long time.

Wu Bingning thought she was seeing things as well. How could this be happening?

The elephant of Martial Ancestor crushed the matron’s river into nothingness. Her elephant cried out pitifully and became meat paste.

“It’s real!” The result showed everyone that this was real indeed.

The elephant then turned its focus at the matron and stomped down. The matron couldn’t handle such a massive force.

“Please show mercy!” Bingning cried out in horror.

Though she didn't like Windchaser Matron, the old woman was still a member of Vermillion.

"Bam!" The matron was stomped on and started vomiting blood. She couldn't move at all.

"Buzz." Martial Ancestor and the technique disappeared, replaced by Li Qiye. The aura around him was also gone.

Not one in the crowd could comprehend this development. If it wasn't for the matron being suppressed on the ground, people who would have thought that this was all an illusory trick from Li Qiye.

That wasn't the case, so what the hell happened? It didn't look like a merit law or a technique. It was mysterious and bizarre.

[Chapter 2317: Supreme](#)

Supreme was the name of the merit law earlier, but to be more exact, it was one of the nine heavenly scriptures.

After Li Qiye created a new cultivation system and opened a new page, the Thought Scripture became something new. This merit law could utilize aspects from the user or the enemies.

In the blink of an eye, he used what is considered "supreme" in the matron's mind, which was Martial Ancestor.

Because of this particular thought in her mind, Martial Ancestor came into being and performed "River-crossing Elephant". It utilized the ancestor's prime state, resulting in a superior version.

If it wasn't for Bingning, just this one thought alone could have crushed the matron earlier.

Of course, he could also create what his mind considers to be "supreme". However, the result would be horrifying beyond words. This matter was not worthy of him doing so.

A prerequisite was having a tough dao heart. For example, if Li Qiye's heart couldn't handle the creation of Martial Ancestor, he would be the victim to this summon instead.

Naturally, this was impossible. His dao heart was tougher than anything else. Emulating a progenitor was insignificant as a burden.

Supreme was now the name of the heavenly scripture previously known as Thought. He used it to defeat the matron without lifting a single finger.

People knew that this was no illusion but it couldn't be considered a merit law either.

What merit law in this world could summon Martial Ancestor and his techniques?

The crowd was justifiably shaken. Some dropped to the ground; others soiled their pants. This supreme power was beyond them until death.

"It has to be magic..." An ancestor thought.

To add on to the confusion, Li Qiye was not a disciple of Vermillion. If he was actually someone who trained in this system's merit laws, then after reaching a certain level, perhaps he could summon an intent or will of the ancestor. This wasn't the case in reality.

They didn't know that the scene earlier actually stemmed from the matron's mind.

Wu Bingning heaved a sigh of relief after seeing that the matron was still alive.

Nevertheless, this old woman's mind was in disarray. She and her group thought that an outsider had just summoned an intent of their progenitor. The big question was - how?

Li Qiye casually uprooted a tree and broke its branches. He looked at the matron and said: "If I see you one more time, no one will be able to beseech for your life. I'll decapitate you then."

Having said that, he swung the tree and blew the matron flying towards the horizon like a shooting star.

"Don't dawdle around, go find her or some beasts will have a nice meal." He smirked at the remaining experts from Vermillion.

They woke up from their stupor and immediately ran towards the same direction as the matron. They were scared out of their mind, thinking about her becoming the victim of some beasts. How could they go back and answer to their sect in that case?

Bingning had conflicted feelings. From now on, she had cut all ties with her system. Like the matron had said, this was a traitorous act.

Despite her determination, it was still her home. Leaving all of a sudden resulted in a void in her heart.

"You have trained in our merit laws?" She thought about something else and asked Li Qiye.

She shared the same sentiment as the other ancestors, that he summoned the progenitor from the knowledge of their merit laws. She believed this even more than the other due to his previous claim of knowing the twelve variations.

The summoning wasn't an impossibility if he actually knew all twelve.

"You're overthinking it." He smiled.

She started contemplating. Li Qiye didn't need to lie, but then how did he summon their progenitor? Where did he get the twelve variations? The answers continued to elude her.

Meanwhile, those who knew about his past exploits were greatly affected.

"He's, he's a monster, the leader of Insane Court and First Disciple of Longevity Valley, how he can summon something from Vermillion too, don't tell me he knows all merit laws in this world?" An elder speculated.

One person knowing the merit laws of three systems was too much to take. Few in this world could actually do so.

"I heard something fun was going on here? Is it over?" A smile as bright as the sun appeared.

The speaker had a straightforward and friendly tone. Who else could it be but Conqueror young Noble?

"Sigh, looks like I'm late." He said with regrets.

"Don't worry, it'll get fun." A cold voice sounded from the top of a peak.

“Sword Sovereign!” People recognized him right away.

Not long ago, these two had a big fight and Sword Sovereign ran away. Thus, his appearance here was unexpected.

“It’ll be fun for sure.” People whispered after seeing these two together.

“You want a rematch?” Conqueror smiled, not surprised.

“Brother Conqueror, no need to be so hasty for a fight.” Another powerful voice came about from a different peak.

It was a youth with hair fluttering to the wind; handsome and gallant with a majestic aura. The most notable thing was his eight hands. They were bright, seemingly cast from gold.

“Coiling Dragon Young Noble!” A spectator shouted right away.

“Two of the three young nobles are here.” A high elder was caught off guard.

All eyes were on these youths, waiting for the inevitable fun show.

Coiling Dragon was rumored to be a pseudo-True Emperor. He was also the successor of Coiling Dragon System. This was a great genius from the Eight-armed Tribe. His arms have been trained enough to have this golden glow, quite mighty in combat.

“You want to fight too?” Conqueror’s attitude didn’t change, still as jolly as ever.

Both of them came from Coiling Dragon. Some said that Miracle was no match for these two in terms of cultivation and battle potential. It was his alchemy that earned him a spot as one of the three young nobles, just barely.

Due to the animosity between the Eight-armed Dynasty and Conqueror Young Noble, a fight should be inevitable.

[Chapter 2318: Coiling Dragon Young Noble](#)

Coiling Dragon’s eyes flashed like a heavenly lamp. He said: “Brother Conqueror, you have killed thousands of disciples on top of the emperor of Five-saints. This had ruined the orders of the system. You need to give a reasonable answer.”

“No need for this unctuous act.” Conqueror shook his head: “If you want to fight me, just do it. Be a man instead of looking for excuses and justification. It’s very simple to say that you want to kill me, but if you don’t even have the courage to do so, you won’t be able to accomplish anything.”

Conqueror directly broke the false pretense without any hesitation. The crowd certainly knew about this matter.

Eight-armed Dynasty and Coiling Dragon Young Noble would only have peace of mind after eliminating Conqueror. As long as he was around, he would always be a ticking calamity.

The problem was the main branch of the progenitor. His descendant could appear and retake the authority of the system. After all, Praymoon didn't have strong claims to the system. Once Conqueror could prove his legitimacy, it would be a great blow to their sovereignty.

Under this assumption, Conqueror should be the next leader of Coiling Dragon System, not Coiling Dragon Young Noble. If such a day were to come, Conqueror would garner many followers.

Thus, before he could become a True Emperor, they would come up with ways to eliminate him. Otherwise, his ascension would also shut the door on their dynasty.

In fact, they have tried repeatedly to end him, albeit not out in the open. Ambushes were done in secrecy but this only resulted in failure and death. Because of this, the dynasty became increasingly nervous; some members thought that he could use the power of their system, or that he had some great masters protecting him.

The latter would be preferable because in the former case, it would mean that he could actually be a true descendant of the progenitor.

"Speak as you please, but I'm the successor of Coiling Dragon with responsibilities to uphold order. It is undeniable that you have slain many disciples of our system, and you must answer to the great powers. That's what I am here for." Coiling Dragon slowly said.

His stance erred on the side of justice and logic since Conqueror did indeed slay his fellow cultivators.

"Feel free to try, but you alone won't do. Even your Seven-Murder has been put down by me, you think you are stronger than him? How far away are you from becoming a True Emperor?" Conqueror didn't lose his smile.

"Seven-Murder True God!" The astonished crowd knew this name.

A while back, news regarding the untimely death of General Seven-Murder from Eight-armed Dynasty became public. Everyone found it surprising that such a being would die from an illness. But now, they finally found out that Conqueror was the culprit.

During the previous conquests, this general was already a second-level True God, an Ascender. Some believed that he could even be at the third level. Did this mean that Conqueror was a True Emperor?

People found this impossible because the commotion of an ascension would be great, impossible to keep under wraps.

But if he was only a pseudo-True Emperor, killing a third-level True God would be prohibitively difficult.

"Brother Conqueror, you're forgetting that this place is not our system. You have no advantages to speak of here." Coiling Dragon spoke with grace.

He tried to pry into Conqueror's power with this statement. Everyone else was also eager to find out whether Conqueror could use the system's power or not. Though impressive if he could, it would be unwise to fight here since this wasn't Coiling Dragon System.

"I can still take you down all the same." Conqueror replied without any hesitation.

Coiling Dragon's eyes became serious with cold, murderous intent. Though they were in the same classification, his status far exceeded Conqueror, so he wouldn't stand for such blatant disdain.

Nevertheless, the crowd focused on the revelation - Conqueror had just admitted that he could use the system's power. This was a big deal.

"Looks like you're quite confident, Brother Conqueror." Coiling Dragon's inflection turned aggressive.

Conqueror shook his head: "It's not that I'm confident, but rather your Praymoon Sect is weak from birth. Your merit laws consist of the inessential branches from Coiling Dragon, possessing no real grasp on the orthodox grand dao and the true secrets of the progenitor. If it wasn't for the excellent Coiling Dragon True Emperor, your sect wouldn't have been able to take over the dao source."

Coiling Dragon's expression soured as he struggled to breathe, feeling as if someone had punched him right in the heart. The comment pointed out the flaws of the current dynasty.

More and more felt that Conqueror was indeed a descendant of the progenitor or he wouldn't speak with such certainty.

After taking over Coiling Dragon System, Eight-armed Dynasty found many merit laws and added to their collection over the long years. Plus, they have produced many True Emperors. Their merit laws weren't weaker than the other great powers.

Alas, one must admit that they had very few arts from the actual progenitor. Perhaps only his descendants could truly have the complete versions. However, these descendants disappeared along with the arts. The dynasty had tried to find them for generations now.

"I want to see how many merit laws of the progenitor you have learned." Coiling Dragon challenged.

Conqueror remained dismissive of his foe: "I don't think you're my match, so you won't be able to figure out anything. If some of your ancestors are here, come together, then maybe there's a chance."

"Hmph." Coiling Dragon became dissatisfied.

"What if I join too?" Sword Sovereign finally spoke: "Our feud is not over. Let's settle it today."

Coiling Dragon looked over at him and didn't refuse.

The crowd believed that if these two were to team up, Conqueror would be at a great disadvantage.

However, he laughed and accepted right away: "Sure, come together. I also want to see how much you have learned from Sword Grave."

Some took a deep breath after hearing this. Conqueror was fierce indeed, wanting to go one versus two.

"You speak as if you have learned everything from your system's progenitor." Sword Sovereign shared the same dissatisfaction as Coiling Dragon. Coincidentally enough, Sword Sovereign's branch was also not the direct one in Sword Grave despite being in charge right now.

[Chapter 2319: Identity's Riddle](#)

“Of course not, just scratching the surface, but that’s more than enough to take on the two of you alone.” Conqueror smiled.

The other two naturally didn’t take this in stride. They were famous on the same level, and the strongest among them has yet to be known. But now, Conqueror wanted to fight alone on top of boasting like this, how could they take this sitting down?

A few spectators were shocked too. They thought that these three were evenly-matched, but this didn’t seem to be the case today. Was Conqueror really much stronger?

“I hope you have an ancestral treasure with you, or this place will be your grave.” Sword Sovereign’s eyes became as sharp as a divine sword, representing his fury.

“Clank!” He unsheathed his sword and illuminated the entire area, pouring all of his energy into it.

A majestic figure appeared behind him with rays of imperial power oozing out.

“A pseudo-emperor!” Everyone could sense this aura.

At this moment, the sovereign didn’t hold back at all and revealed his true strength.

“I will overestimate myself and see what you can do then, Brother Conqueror.” Coiling Dragon Young Noble coldly said.

With that, he raised his eight arms as they became dazzling, seemingly capable of shouldering a falling sky.

Most importantly, each hand was performing a different seal before holding a weapon. These eight weapons were mighty - pagoda, spear, halberd, divine bell... They belonged to the imperial and eternal classification. The hands themselves poured out endless strength, resembling eight gigantic dragons with a terrifying presence.

“What about Conqueror?” Everyone looked over at Conqueror, wondering which race he was from. They speculated that he could be from the Eight-armed Tribe as well because their progenitor was also one. If he was a true descendant, he should be from this race.

He still only had two arms at this moment, but this didn’t mean that he wasn’t from this race. This particular physical characteristic wasn’t an absolute requirement.

This tribe had numerous cultivation methods. They could have eight arms at birth, but through training, a thousand or ten thousand arms would be possible, as well as just two.

“Let’s go, we’ll see who will be the last man standing.” Conqueror also unsheathed his sword.

In the past, he only used his bamboo sword but no more. This showed how serious he was against these two.

A golden glow shimmered on the blade with a hint of rippling waves under the sunlight. It looked like a soaring dragon.

“Roaming Dragon!” Coiling Dragon blurted out in astonishment after seeing this sword.

“It really is Roaming Dragon!” A few ancestors took a careful look and confirmed it.

“That’s a divine sword from Coiling Dragon.” Another spectator revealed.

This wasn’t an ancestral treasure but it enjoyed plentiful fame. Later on, it disappeared along with the descendants of the progenitor.

This seemed to be proof of Conqueror’s identity. People didn’t find this particularly surprising due to the rumors.

Coiling Dragon Young Noble was affected the most for this was the last thing he wanted to see; his dynasty felt the same way. The consequence of this wouldn’t be pretty.

“Let’s go all out!” Conqueror roared.

“Ra!” A large dragon coiled around the youth, seemingly capable of tearing out the sky vault.

“Coiling Dragon Blessing...” Coiling Dragon Young Noble’s expression became unsightly. This was a top technique of the progenitor; they didn’t have this one either.

“He’s the real thing.” Someone murmured. Conqueror’s identity seemed to have been confirmed.

“Buzz.” Suddenly, the back of his neck exuded a Buddhist radiance and endless chanting.

“Impossible!” Numerous elders and ancestors couldn’t believe their eyes.

Even his two foes were caught by surprise and had a strange expression.

“Heavenly Buddha Tribe!” Just when people thought they have figured it out, Conqueror revealed his race!

Heavenly Buddha was also another big tribe in Myriad. Their members were born with a Buddhist light behind their head, showing that Conqueror was not an eight-armed member. He couldn’t be the descendant of Coiling Dragon Progenitor.

“Didn’t expect this, did you?” Conqueror smiled deviously, seemingly quite pleased with the reactions.

The crowd realized that Conqueror had just taken them for a ride since the beginning.

“Who cares if he’s a descendant or not, kill him!” Sword Sovereign unleashed a technique filled with sword intent.

“Eight-plains Sword God!” In the blink of an eye, he split into eight identical copies and slashed at the same time! Each slash could rend the world.

“A technique from Sword Saint.” A keen-eyed ancestor recognized the move.

Ling Ximo stared intensely at this move, a supreme art from her progenitor. She hasn’t trained it yet.

“Die!” Coiling Dragon attacked with his eight treasures, causing loud detonations as they flew towards Conqueror.

“Break!” Conqueror ordered. The coiling dragon became his line of defense versus the other young noble.

At the same time, his sword soared to the sky, full of spirituality. It dragged the spatial fabrics near it upward along with the eight Sword Sovereigns.

“Dragon roams the sky!” It successfully pulled and nullified the eight slashes.

“Wind of the depth!” Coiling Dragon Young Noble tried again with a roar. His eight hands formed the same seal. The eight treasures combined into an explosive palm, heading straight for Conqueror.

Sword Sovereign raised his sword and created a rain of divine blades; their only target was Conqueror.

Conqueror retaliated by swinging his Roaming Dragon in a circular pattern. Curtains of swords appeared to stop the incoming attacks.

“Rumble!” Though this particular stance was incredible, these barriers were collapsing one by one under the relentless onslaught. Sparks were beautiful just like fireworks in the night sky.

Despite his prowess, Conqueror was at a disadvantage against the two powerful foes. Nevertheless, he managed to hold on without losing just yet.

[Chapter 2320: Saber Devil Crown Prince](#)

“Boom!” Conqueror, Coiling Dragon, and Sword Sovereign punished the sky. Their attacks destroyed the stars and made the earth tremble.

Conqueror was being repeatedly pushed back by the combined effort of Coiling Dragon and Sword Sovereign. There was no doubt that he was at a disadvantage despite holding on.

“Brother Conqueror, you won’t be able to survive today without an ancestral treasure.” Coiling Dragon paced forward while using all eight treasures.

“It’s fine.” Conqueror was still all-smiles and casually responded in the face of danger, truly an admirable showing from him.

“I’m taking you down!” Sword Sovereign let his sword intent and dao roam free, showing zero mercy with one fatal slash after another.

On the other hand, Coiling Dragon didn’t wish to kill Conqueror just yet because he wanted to see the guy potentially taking out an ancestral treasure.

He had allies here and if such a thing were to happen, they would pay any price to seize it out of necessity. Possessing such a weapon would bolster their foundation and claim to the system.

“Rumble!” The fight maintained the same course with Conqueror on the back foot, injured. Nevertheless, he didn’t take out a stronger weapon.

Everyone could tell that in a one-on-one fight, Conqueror would definitely win against either of these two.

“Even if he isn’t a descendant, he should be closely related to Coiling Dragon Progenitor in some other ways. He had inherited some skills, this is enough to affect the Eight-armed Dynasty.” An ancestor murmured after seeing Conqueror using multiple arts from that system’s progenitor.

In fact, Coiling Dragon was both furious and jealous since his dynasty didn't have any of them. Once Conqueror's wings grew strong enough, it would be a great blow to the dynasty.

"Boom!" A combination attack finally blew Conqueror flying while vomiting blood.

Right when Conqueror lost his guard, a saber's cold glint flashed. This saber intent appeared with the shade and flow of mercury.

This culminated in a blade appearing next to Conqueror's neck. This ambush came too quickly, wanting to put an end to Conqueror.

Inches before death, Conqueror's body became ethereal and extended almost like a shadow just like a dragon breaking the shackles of space.

"World-leaping Dragon!" Coiling dragon shouted after seeing this movement technique.

"Splash!" Despite the ability to leap through time, Conqueror didn't fully evade the slash. It cut his chest and left behind a wound deep enough to see the bones. Blood stained the front of his robe.

Everyone gasped after seeing the deadly ambush. They looked over and saw a youth materializing in the air. He wore a long robe, quite tall in stature yet curved like a peeling knife. He looked cold and tough while emitting a dark saber energy - the appearance of a messenger from the underworld.

"Saber Devil Crown Prince!" Someone bellowed.

Upon hearing this title, another commented: "He's here too? All three young nobles and the sword-saber duo are present today then."

Of course, this was not counting the late Miracle.

"Sun Yichen!" Those who have fought against him before staggered backward with fear.

The crown prince of Heavenstart System, Sun Yichen, was famous alongside Sword Sovereign. He was different from his peers. Despite being from an official system, his conducts were more questionable in nature.

Coiling Dragon and Sword Sovereign always put up a good act regardless of what they have done in secrecy. This wasn't the case for Saber Devil. He was morally ambiguous on top of being an assassin.

The other two have done so as well, but they would never let their identity be exposed during the act. Meanwhile, Saber Devil had just publicly tried to ambush Conqueror.

Thus, one couldn't really treat him as a system successor. His style and ambushes instilled fear, hence his title.

"And here I thought it was someone else." Conqueror laughed at Saber Devil instead of looking at his wound.

"Don't blame me for this, someone else paid for your dog life." The crown prince's voice was both chilling and nefarious.

“The price must have been something. I guess I should be happy that my life is worth so much.” Conqueror nonchalantly said.

The truth was that many didn’t understand this crown prince at all. Heavenstart was already very powerful with a progenitor who eventually ascended to the imperial level. In Myriad, they were a first-rate system, albeit not on the same level as Vermillion. Someone with such a prestigious upbringing shouldn’t lack money. Alas, he became a saber for hire, confusing everyone else in the process.

Coiling Dragon’s group had an implicit understanding. He and Sword Sovereign attacked from the left and right, creating a massive flame wave.

“Earth-rending Dragon!” Conqueror crazily shouted and turned into a massive dragon. It tore apart the flame wave, suffering damages in the process.

Right at this second, another undetectable slash came from Saber Devil.

Though Conqueror was using his elusive movement technique, his back still got cut with blood gushing out. There was no doubt that Saber Devil’s techniques were more vicious and terrifying compared to the other two.

“Again!” Conqueror fearlessly rushed forward once more.

“Boom!” He collided with Coiling Dragon and Sword Sovereign but Saber Devil continued to loom in the background. Each ambush was a vicious and fatal slash.

“That crown prince is too cruel.” A big shot from the last generation shook his head and said.

In terms of cultivation, he wasn’t as strong as his current allies. However, these other two didn’t have the real legacies from their system and had few merit laws from the progenitors.

This wasn’t the case for him. He possessed the legacy of Heavenstart Saber Ancestor. Each slash contained this progenitor’s dao, boosting their effectiveness. His merit laws were superior to the other two. Conqueror could handle the other two for a while but once the crown prince joined the mix, more and more injuries added up.

“I don’t think Conqueror can last for much longer.” Everyone felt that his defeat was inevitable.