

Emperor 4161

Chapter 4161: Incoming

Tranquility returned to Sword Continent after the battles at Cloud Dream Lake. Many found this rather strange due to the losses suffered by Sea Emperor Sword Kingdom.

They lost numerous elders and protectors yet they didn't mobilize a punitive expedition. Some attributed this to their king still being in isolated cultivation. Others said that they have experienced enough of Li Qiye's sorcery and no longer dared to take risks. Many speculated that this wasn't the end of it. Sea Emperor was merely waiting for a perfect plan to deliver a fatal blow.

Ultimately, this event propelled Li Qiye's fame another step higher. It became apparent that this new rich wasn't one to be trifled with. Most importantly, he didn't think much of human lives so massacres were always possible when dealing with him.

"His wings are grown." A big shot commented.

Most agreed with this because initially, no one thought much of Li Qiye despite his wealth. They actually viewed him as a fat prey during this period.

Unfortunately, those who harbored this thought and schemed against Li Qiye all had a terrible ending.

Gradually, people came to find that Li Qiye wasn't as simple as he appeared. His devilish nature and the power of money became apparent. In fact, he was on the same level as any great sect now.

It was best to view him as a sect or clan master instead of a rich young master.

"Anyone who thinks of him as a fat sheep is courting death." One sect master said something that was on everyone's mind.

"Only Sea Emperor Sword Kingdom or Nine-wheel Citadel has a chance." An expert said.

"What a shame." A big shot who wanted Li Qiye's wealth lamented. He thought that he waited too long and now, Li Qiye has gathered enough forces. Robbing Li Qiye became impossible outside of a godsend opportunity.

Of course, some also speculated Li Qiye's true background. One group believed that Li Qiye didn't have a special background. Others disagreed; some even thought that he came from Dark Gale Camp.

"It can't be Dark Gale." Older cultivators disagreed with this line of thinking.

"He might not be from Dark Gale but he should be closely related to them. There's a reason why Nightloom came out after so many generations." One big shot thought that it was rather plausible.

"To be Li Qiye's backer." His friend who was a sect master said.

The big shot agreed: "Indeed. Li Qiye had poked the beehive that is Sea Emperor after killing their chief elder and many others. A while ago, I think their conflict was actually resolvable, not anymore. Now, it seems like if you want to get to Li Qiye, you have to get through Nightloom first."

Others agreed with this analysis.

“But are Cloud Dream Lake and Nightloom enough to stop Sea Emperor? Moreover, Li Qiye had offended other behemoths including Nine-wheel.” One expert added.

“Perhaps not Sea Emperor or Nine-wheel but Nightloom is enough to deter other great powers. They would have to think about it carefully.” The big shot said.

The crowd couldn't quite disagree.

“Moreover, there must be a reason why Cloud Dream Lake has survived numerous generations of dao lords.” He insisted.

“In my opinion, Li Qiye is a member of the Tang. He was able to open its foundation and most importantly, he has their patriarch's money fall method that no one else has access to.”

All in all, regardless of Li Qiye's actual background, everyone thought that Li Qiye's wings were fully grown at this point. Though this peaceful moment was rare in Sword Continent, people believed that this was only the calm before the storm.

Sure enough, a resonance phenomenon began occurring on the continent. Cultivators' swords would occasionally let out a hymn, even the ordinary swords.

At first, no one paid attention and thought that it was only coincidental. Eventually, more than just hymns occurred. It became resonations even for the swords stored in treasuries.

“Clank! Clank! Clank!” These sounds were heard all over the place.

“Sword Burial Zone!” A mighty cultivator became emotional and stated.

The knowledgeable big shots started realizing it too.

“The zone is coming...” An elder murmured.

“It's coming?” His juniors were both nervous and excited.

“How and where?” One of them asked.

Everyone knew that this was one of the seven forbidden zones - the battlefields of many dao lords such as Sword Queen, the duck's egg buyer, Sword Sea Dao Lord...

Unlike Black Tides, Sword Burial's location wasn't fixed. It would appear in different places on the continent and everyone had a chance to enter. There was no set time either, perhaps once or multiple times in each generation.

It always caused a stir because cultivators would have a chance at a great fortune. For generations now, many believed that the zone played a considerable part in making Sword Continent what it is.

In fact, it was believed that the majority of heavenly swords came from the zone.

Rumor has it that the first to find a heavenly sword, Sword Sea Dao Lord, obtained both the sword dao and the Vastsea Sword Dao from this place. The dao lord never talked about it, this remained mere speculation. Similar rumors existed for Daoflame Dual Lords and Violet Abyss Dao Lord.

There is no smoke without fire. In Sword Continent, many important characters obtained fortunes in the zone and became legendary characters.

Chapter 4162: Sword Burial Zone

It didn't take long before the great powers gathered their troops. The sword resonations also woke up slumbering ancestors.

"The zone is finally back." One ancient ancestor from a mighty kingdom suddenly sat up and gazed forward.

"Incredible weapons will be appearing." A timeworn existence inside a shrine from a dynasty also opened his eyes.

This also happened in Sea Emperor Sword Kingdom. In a remote ancestral ground were numerous pagodas. In one of them, a peerless being had lightning coursing through his eyes. He gazed at the sky and said: "A heavenly sword is within grasp?"

In Nine-wheel Citadel was a floating tower surrounded by chaos and dao laws. Amidst this constant rotation of affinities was a slumbering cultivator. The cultivator woke up and gave the order: "It's time to visit Sword Burial."

At a domain with billowing violet energy, another top master with omniscient eyes told someone nearby: "An all-out battle, how ominous."

Inside a particular sword ground, a transcending beauty without any flashy aura said softly: "Time to embark."

In just a short time, numerous ancient ancestors and top cultivators came out of their isolated cultivation. They sat at the apex and knew that a storm of carnage and death was about to sweep through the continent.

The news of the zone's appearance traveled across the land.

"Let the eligible disciples go take a look, perhaps they'll get lucky." One ancestor ordered.

"Gather our disciples, we'll enter the zone right away." A royal lord told his sect members.

Many great powers prepared for mobilization, wanting to become the lucky ones just like the legends.

"I'm sure it will appear in the Barren Lands." An old cultivator speculated.

"No, it should be at the Dragon War Plains, it appeared there three times already in the past but not recently." His friend disagreed.

"Not necessarily, I've heard of changes happening at Southwater. It might be there." A sect master joined in.

Speculations of the location arose. A few were based on reasons while others were ridiculous. The latter crowd wanted to spread misinformation.

Some were quite convincing and led others to run there. Alas, the ancestors thought that it was only a ruse to make others waste time.

Everyone wanted to be the first to enter the zone. That's why lies were spread across the continent. Who wouldn't want to become a being as great as the sword-using dao lords?

Eventually, all swords at the Dragon War Plains started resonating at the same time.

"The zone will appear at the Dragon War Plains!" A nearby cultivator shouted and celebrated.

"Clank!" A sword hymn echoed across the nine heavens and ten earths. Sword rays poured down like waterfalls and tore apart the sky vault. Even the sun paled in comparison.

"This is it! It's really appearing in the plains!" Those closest to this region were ecstatic and rushed for the light source.

"Wait." A few experienced ancestors stopped their disciples.

"Clank!" An ocean of swords finally manifested in the air. Their frightening energies engulfed the region.

"An immortal sword is descending!" An expert who has heard of a legend flew as fast as possible over.

It didn't take long before thousands and thousands of cultivators arrived, not wanting to fall behind.

"Clank!" The swords in the oceans suddenly activated and started flying chaotically, piercing through everything.

"What the hell?!" The first wave of cultivators was mortified at this sight, unable to react in time.

The result was obvious - screams and blood filled the area. Thousands were pierced or pinned down on the ground by the swords.

"Activate!" The strongest cultivators used their mighty treasures and defensive merit laws to stop the incoming swords.

Unfortunately, the rain of swords still pierced through their defensive lines and killed them.

Only the strongest characters reacted in time and fled with great speed. They then observed from a distance.

Thus, the victims were primarily weaker and inexperienced cultivators. They were blinded with greed and died to the sword rain.

Once the swords touched the ground or stopped, rust spots appeared all over. They became worthless metal, not worth a single coin.

"What is happening?" A youth didn't understand.

The torrent earlier was so powerful and killed everyone. The swords were divine but now, they became useless in the blink of an eye.

"They were scrap metals from the start, that power belonged to Sword Burial." One ancestor said:

"However, there are special swords in there. See that flashing light, that's a divine sword."

He and many others immediately rushed over in that direction but it was too late.

The so-called divine sword drilled into the ground and disappeared from sight.

“What a shame.” They lamented.

“Where did it go?” The youth asked his ancestor.

Chapter 4163: Poplar Paragon

Some believed that the disappeared sword had returned to Sword Burial Zone. Others said that they could be hidden anywhere in Eight Desolaces, waiting for the right moment to appear. A third camp said that these swords would disperse into nothingness...

Meanwhile, the onslaught continued. Swords from the air continued raining down and killed those within the affected radius.

Cultivators became smarter and no longer dared to be reckless. It would be foolish to die before even making it inside the zone.

Occasionally, divine swords would also descend. Alas, the majority could only watch due to the danger of the sword rain. Being turned into a sieve wasn't a pleasant way to depart.

“Where did all of these words come from?” One cultivator became curious.

“This is only a tiny portion.” An ancestor who has been there before shook his head: “You'll see the real ocean after entering Sword Burial.”

“What about the divine swords? Where are they from?” The cultivator still had many questions.

The ancestor couldn't answer this question.

In history, numerous dao lords had attacked Sword Burial before but the mysteries still remained. No one knew where the swords came from.

“Clank!” Another blinding divine ray crossed through the air.

“Another one!” The crowd was stirred again after seeing the ray descending.

Numerous ancestors and sect masters rushed forward, trying to evade the flying swords obstructing their path.

They took out their treasures in an attempt to break through. Fiery sparks splashed everywhere and the swords still won in the end.

“Ah!!!” Some died from this attempt; their heart being pierced numerous times.

A few sect masters and ancestors managed to stop the onslaught. Alas, they couldn't move one step forward.

The divine sword was awfully close to the ground at this point. “Whoosh!” Suddenly, a poplar tree emerged and its branches shot out like an arrow barrage.

The branches contested against the rain of arrows. In this split second, one of them managed to coil around the descending divine sword.

An old man suddenly appeared out of nowhere and grabbed the sword. It let out a long hymn and pulsed violently.

He had a white beard, looking heroic and formidable. This was clearly an existence that has lived for many eras.

The youths weren't familiar with him, unlike their ancestors.

"Poplar Paragon!" One ancestor gasped after seeing him.

"He's still alive." Another became startled.

"I've never heard of this title before." A junior asked his senior.

"The strongest ancestor of Wooden Sword, he's older than the Five Overlords." A senior answered: "Since he stopped showing up in public, everyone assumed he was dead. This is rather unexpected."

In fact, even the disciples from Wooden Sword didn't know that they still had such a powerful ancestor around.

"Pineleaf Sword Lord was killed by Ninth so they need a mighty ancestor to preside over things." An expert said.

All in all, his appearance surprised the crowd. They attributed it to various reasons - Pineleaf Sword Lord's death or perhaps the emergence of Sword Burial Zone.

Nonetheless, they were impressed since he successfully obtained a divine sword.

"I believe that he won't be the only one. Hallowed City Lord and the Five Overlords might come here too." A big shot said.

Others took a deep breath. If that were to happen, then many legions would come to this area.

"We need to get inside before it's too late." A cultivator became anxious since time was of the essence.

Once the true masters came, it would be too late for others to join the fun.

Eventually, the rain of swords gradually subsided and the ocean disappeared.

"Rumble!" The ground shook violently as a colossal shadow appeared above.

"It's here!" A top cultivator shouted.

The shadow turned out to be a mountain. It smashed onto the ground and had enough force to turn the strongest cultivator into mincemeat.

Once the dust settled, the spectators got a better perspective on its sheer size. It pierced magnificently upward just like an ultimate sword. However, there was a vertical crack right down the center, serving as an entrance of sorts.

"This is Sword Burial Zone?" A youth was slightly disappointed to see the mountain.

“No, this is just the entrance.” His ancestor shook his head: “The real thing is inside.” Having said that, they headed for the gate.

“We’re going, but be careful.” Another clan master led his men up the mountain.

“Go, we can’t miss this opportunity!” Others hurriedly crossed through the portal.

“Heavenly swords, you’re all mine!” More ambitious souls couldn’t wait any longer.

Thousands of cultivators leaped into the gate, wanting to be the first to obtain the legendary fortunes there.

The news of its opening spread across the continent. Other powers immediately headed for the Dragon War Plains, the behemoths included.

Chapter 4164: Entering Sword Burial Zone

Stepping through the gate teleported them away from the Dragon War Plains. A new world appeared before them.

“Clank! Clank! Clank!” Their swords and sabers immediately resonated with whatever was in there.

“There’s a supreme dao here.” One expert commented.

The loud hymns and clanks happened for a reason. This was especially true for the top masters. Their weapons were famous and wouldn’t react for no reason. It was either to warn their master of danger or that there was a dao resonance.

The latter was likely. Alas, no one knew where this supreme dao was.

An ancient yet stately aura greeted everyone. The swordsmen could sense the ever-present affinity of the blade in each inch of the land. They could reach forward anywhere and still touch this beloved dao.

“What an animated sword dao.” One swordsman said, thinking that using his sword techniques here would be akin to a fish returning to the water.

“A great place to train.” Another started waving his hand. Though cultivation didn’t increase upon entering, they felt their power increasing for some reason.

“Where do we go now?” One cultivator looked around and felt lost.

This independent realm was massive with mountains and hills as far as the eye can see. There was no lifeform here either. Red clouds engulfed the air as if the entire sky was on fire. This was rather bizarre.

“Boom!” Loud explosions interrupted their plan. They all looked back and saw a legion marching in the air, as grand as a true dragon and as fast as a lightning dragon.

They didn’t waste time and entered deeper into the burial ground, leaving behind a trail of dust and smoke.

“They’re from Sea Emperor.” Someone managed to see the banners despite the legion’s speed.

“Seems like they have a clear target in mind.” Another shouted after seeing their decisiveness.

“Not surprising at all, they have done their research throughout the generations. Rumor has it that they had mapped out the entire place.” One expert said.

“Most likely true. It is widely believed that they had obtained several heavenly swords and dao in this place. Sword Sea Dao Lord obtained his in one of the five domains here, the river. Violet Abyss Dao Lord probably got them here too. It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that Sword Burial made Sea Emperor what it is today, so they will definitely not miss this opportunity.” Another chimed in.

“Boom!” The moment he finished speaking, a pagoda came through the gate. It resembled a sun with heat halos rotating around it. It also flew straight into the inner region and left behind a long trail of after-images due to its speed.

“Nine-wheel Citadel, so fast.” People became startled. Most importantly, they thought that the pagoda wasn’t slower than the legion earlier.

“They’re going in the same direction as Sea Emperor.” One crowd member noted.

“Why are they in such a hurry? Do they know something?” An ancestor wondered.

“Maybe it’s the immortal sword in the legend.” Someone else blurted out.

“That might not exist, but it could be another heavenly dao and sword.” A high elder shook her head.

“Another?” A youth wondered.

“One of the nine paths of Finality, Myriad Era.” One ancestor said: “That’s the only heavenly sword and dao that have yet to show up.”

The other eight have appeared before in the world. Some might be lost currently but only one was missing entirely - Myriad Era. This made people feel quite strange.

“Does anyone know why?” A junior asked the crowd.

The prime minister of an old kingdom replied: “Not sure, I’ve heard theories of this dao being the leader of the nine paths and also the hardest one to cultivate.”

“I wonder if it already has a master who just doesn’t use it.” Another interjected.

“Impossible, the power of a heavenly dao and sword are beyond imagination. Its user will be unstoppable, there’s no way to keep it a secret.” A clan master disagreed.

“Yes, Sword Temple’s Everlasting is untouchable.” One ancestor from an old sect said: “Back then, the temple had numerous disciples who didn’t learn Terra and only focused on Everlasting. They dominated nonetheless.”

“No need to talk about the past. Right now, Everlasting Sword God is dominating and hasn’t learned Terra yet either. He’s still on the same level as Vastsea Paragon and Earthraiser Vajra. Imagine the real Myriad Era Sword Dao.” A royal lord became emotional.

It was common knowledge that Sword Queen created the Everlasting Sword Dao along with Everlasting in an attempt to imitate Myriad Era. Just the imitation alone was incredible, what about the real thing?

Because of this, cultivators later on thought that Myriad Era was the strongest out of the nine.

“Who cares, we gotta get going! Myriad Era Heavenly Sword or Myriad Era Dao might be there!” A big shot shouted before heading in the same direction.

“He’s right. We might not be able to get it but just seeing it is a fortune in and of itself.” Another expert didn’t waste time. Many others followed.

“Do we follow them?” A junior asked his master.

“No, we’re going to Sword River first. It is the closest and less dangerous.” His master said.

“Yes, if we can’t cross the river, we probably shouldn’t go to any other places.” A peer added.

“Not necessarily. Sword Burial has five domains going from outer to inner. However, the outlines and separation aren’t well-defined since they do intertwine in some parts, there are mapped out ways to safely get through. People usually choose them to get to the inner region.” The master said.

“I’m down with just heading to the river, that’s where Sword Sea Dao Lord got his fortune.” The third disciple became excited.

Normally, the majority of visitors would pick the river first since it was the outer domain and the starting point. It didn’t matter if one wanted to go to Sword Abyss or Sword Grave or any other roundabout route, the river should be the first destination.

People headed for different areas of the river, some arriving near the upstream and others closer to the downstream spot. They all heard loud explosions and clanks before arriving at the shore.

The river coiled around the inner regions and had towering mountains on both sides. Thus, naming it a “canyon” would have been more accurate.

However, the things flowing in this river weren’t water but rather, countless broken pieces of swords. This was something people had never seen anywhere else.

Chapter 4165: Sword River

The expansive river resembled a dragon coiling around the inner domains. It acted as the outermost region, the first stop for all visitors.

“Rumble!” The current of broken metals surged violently. The sheer length of the river left spectators in awe while imagining the number of swords in there. There were waterfalls along the way as well, only making the event more magnificent.

Some whirlpools also formed naturally; the clankings were loud and unbearable. Waves of swords also struck the shores repeatedly.

To the sides were mountains engulfed in poisonous miasma and mist. Dangerous creatures loomed among the strange boulders and cliffs. Sword deposits piled up on the shores, looking like metallic marshes. It wouldn’t be wise to walk in there...

Thus, this outermost region was rather diverse in physical features. There was only one constant - the ever-present danger.

Of course, the miasma and unknown creatures were frightening. However, the most dangerous thing was the river itself.

Any attempt to cross would be met with sword energies from the current. A monstrous beam was flowing in there alongside the scrap metals.

"I've never seen so many broken swords before. Where did they come from?" A first-timer was astounded to see the river.

While standing at the upper reaches, one couldn't see the end of the river despite using their heavenly gaze.

"Is there an end to the river?" Another wondered.

"Who knows?" An ancestor shook his head: "Rumor has it that no one has made it to the source. Some believe that it might be in the same location as the burial ground's origin domain."

"Why not? The river is right here, we just need to keep on walking." One youth said, thinking that it was only a matter of distance.

"It's because you haven't experienced the flowing sword energies embedded in the current. It is all-permeating and dense, nearly materializing into physical form. You can't withstand this energy in this location, let alone anywhere near the source." Another explained.

"This is true, a great master from Flame Valley Dao Institution took pride in his power and tried to figure out this river. He never returned." A big shot said.

"Where is it flowing to?" A youth looked downstream.

"No one knows." An ancestor said: "The river is long with numerous twists and turns. The shores are dangerous too. There's not enough information on it because previous adventurers are all dead."

"So both ends of the river are unknown?" The youth murmured.

"Yes, the interesting part is the rumor of there being invincible swords hidden at both ends. Of course, this is unsubstantiated." One clan master interjected.

"Really?" The youth looked down at the broken pieces, looking skeptical.

There were only scraps, no sign of something noteworthy.

"They're there, but it depends on your own fortune whether you'll see them or not." A senior elaborated: "Innumerable pieces are always flowing so there are divine swords mixed in there too. Some might be at the bottom, the shore, or stuck at the turns." He then stared at the youth.

"How do I find them?" The youth became increasingly interested.

"Just keep watching or look around more." A senior suggested.

The youth decided to wait near a safe area by the shore, patiently waiting for a divine sword.

Others had prior knowledge of the river and decided to walk along the shore. They paid particular attention to pits and anywhere that could have a stuck sword.

“Activate!” One expert didn’t like to wait and wanted to search the bottom of the river itself.

Cultivators, after all, had gained the power to change the terrains. Removing the water of an entire river wasn’t a problem for them.

His grand dao resonated and reached the river, dragging up millions of scrap pieces.

“Clank!” The sword energy immediately erupted and sent out countless rays.

The expert reacted perfectly and summoned a defensive treasure to stop the rays. Unfortunately, it was an issue of power, not speed. The rays still pierced through the treasure and his body, instantly killing him.

His screams shocked the audience. Some of them had shared the same thought, wanting to check the bottom of the river for divine swords.

“Don’t mess with the current, the sword energy there will immediately retaliate.” A senior warned the young ones.

Of course, not all were unlucky. One cultivator accidentally stepped on a pile of mud and noticed a bright flash. He immediately checked and found a radiant sword.

He was smart enough to immediately put it away and leave without taking a look. After all, he was alone and didn’t want to become a victim due to greed.

Alas, someone still noticed him.

“Hey! That guy from Chali Monastery found a nice sword!” The person shouted right away. Nonetheless, he was already long gone.

“What type of sword?” Others became excited.

The shouter shook his head: “I didn’t get a clear view, it’s a sword pulsing with a crimson light, the grade should be high.”

“Keep looking, maybe there are other swords stuck here.” The crowd immediately tried to dig up the mud.

In another location, there were hymns coming from a basin. The noises were louder and clearer than those coming from the current.

Because of this, some people took note right away and came over.

“There’s a divine sword right there!” The flow at the basin was weaker so they could see the sword floating up and down. The rays coming from it crush the scrap metals nearby.

“I got it!” An expert leaped over and reached for it.

Chapter 4166: Meeting Again

“Clank!” Pulsing sword energies immediately attacked the intruder.

“Ahh!” The cultivator’s arm was reduced to blood. He lost his balance and fell into the river while screaming repeatedly. His body then suffered the same fate as his arm. Nothing was left behind.

The spectators didn’t pay that much attention to his gruesome death. Their focus was still on the divine sword.

“It’s sinking!” Someone shouted.

The sword disappeared for a bit before reemerging again a few seconds later.

“Now!” One ancestor rushed forward with lightning speed.

The sword energies from the current attacked him with haste. Nonetheless, he was prepared for this and summoned a tripod. It released countless dao laws serving as a barrier in front of him.

Though he was powerful, the dao laws were cut through, leaving the tripod as the last line of defense. He swung it forward and it was still pierced through. Thus, he became frightened and retreated with lightning speed.

Alas, he still groaned once since one ray pierced through his left shoulder, leaving him bloodied.

This served as a good lesson for the nearby cultivators. Even a mighty ancestor stood no chance against this river, or so they thought.

Another newcomer decided to give this a shot. A sweet fragrance permeated the air then came a violet aura.

They saw a girl gliding across the air. She raised her hand and released a long silk string towards the sword.

“Fire-and-Ice Sword!” Someone shouted after seeing her.

“Clank!” The sword energies crushed the string then rampaged towards her direction.

She became alarmed because she maintained a safe distance from the river, choosing to use the silk instead.

In this split second, she performed dozens of stepping techniques for spatial leaps. Her figure and beauty charmed the crowd, especially her fans.

“Boom!” She successfully evaded the slashes. Deep scars were left on the shore.

“They actually attack that far?” Experts took a deep breath because the princess was nearly killed.

“It’s just too strong.” They could only watch the sword flow away.

“But look, the princess is completely unharmed. She’s worthy of being the successor from two schools.” One male youth couldn’t help but praise. Even the older cultivators were impressed by her agility.

“I thought that this is the outermost region, the simplest one?” Someone said: “How can this be the weakest with this level of sword energy around? No one can get a divine sword here.”

“Just gotta get lucky with the straddlers.” A high elder smiled wryly.

“Yes, it’s a matter of luck if one wishes to survive. Rumor has it that Sea Sword Dao Lord found his dao and sword on the shore.” An aged cultivator said.

“Really?” This piqued the crowd’s interest.

“It’s just a rumor.” The old man said: “But the dao lord never denied it.”

“Just have to keep trying then.” Others decided to rely on luck like a blind cat coming across a mouse.

There was nothing else they could do. The sword energies from the river were too powerful and robbed them of their confidence.

Snowcloud Princess sighed while looking at the river, realizing that she wasn’t strong enough to grasp a divine sword from there. Plus, there was no need to throw away her life for one.

As she was leaving, many youths came over and greeted her. She politely answered back before leaving.

Some still wanted to tag along but she was too fast for them to keep up.

She moved across the shore and observed the river along the way. Though she gave up on a direct attempt, she still wanted to understand the river.

This phenomenon was unique in Sword Burial Zone. This was a great learning opportunity.

She occasionally saw more divine swords floating down the river but didn’t become greedy. As she delved further, she realized that the sword energies were becoming stronger.

It wasn’t enough to stop her right now but that would only be a matter of time. The majority of cultivators didn’t make it as far as her.

They simply wanted to test their luck and find abandoned swords. That’s why they chose the safer areas.

As for her, she was strong enough and had ample treasures to deal with the various dangers looming here.

At one particular turn, she nearly died to a sword ray but a peerless treasure saved her. She became hesitant and wondered if this was it for her journey.

But, something in the distance caught her eyes - a man sitting with both feet dipped in the water, looking quite relaxed.

Seeing people playing in the water wasn’t surprising in other rivers. However, this was Sword River. Doing so would result in losing their feet.

Strangely enough, this didn’t happen to the man. The current acted like normal water instead of metals.

“Young Noble Li!” She shuddered after seeing him clearly.

It was none other than Li Qiye. However, he was alone and didn’t have an entourage with him. He kicked his legs back and forth, looking like a happy child.

He no longer resembled the pompous young master or the devilish murderer, only a content village child getting to play.

She took a deep breath and approached closer. She bowed deeply and said: "It's a pleasure to see you again after Cloud Dream Lake, Young Noble. You're as unpredictable as always."

Li Qiye didn't answer and simply tapped the boulder next to him.

She sat down and looked at his feet. Of course, she didn't dare to do the same.

Chapter 4167: Feet Washing At Sword River

The turbulent current of metal resembled a gentle stream - one to be enjoyed, not feared.

If Snowcloud didn't see it herself, she wouldn't have believed it. The ferocious sword energies operated like primal beasts previously, always delivering the fatal blow to uninvited intruders.

But now, this current appeared uncharacteristically gentle. The sword energies flowed quietly and softly near his feet.

When he kicked his foot forward, the energies would circle around it like water or mist. Why were they not enraged?

On the other hand, Li Qiye played the part of a naive child unaware of any danger, merely enjoying the moment.

"Here to look for a divine sword?" Li Qiye casually asked while still staring at the river.

"Mmm, I suppose." The princess replied.

Everyone came searching for fortunes, she was no exception. However, she didn't wish to force the issue and felt that just gaining knowledge during the trip was enough.

"I'll get you one." Li Qiye smiled and reached forward.

She became startled; numerous ancestors have tried to do this and ended up losing their arm or worse, their life.

This wasn't the case for Li Qiye. His hand moved unhindered across the sword energies and scrap metals, akin to a mortal boy looking for a conch at the bottom of the river.

"Splash!" It all happened too quickly and she didn't get a good look but he grabbed a divine sword from the river.

Sharp rays came from this sword, brimming with enough power to kill anyone.

"Clank!" He removed the scabbard and revealed a pulsing blade. The lights pierced the eyes like needles, forcing the princess to close her eyes. She became emotional and slack-jawed as a result.

The divine swords in this river could only be found with luck. Forcefully taking one away was prohibitively difficult. Alas, it was so simple for Li Qiye.

She became speechless and didn't know how to react.

"Oh, I guess you don't like it. We'll look for another one then." Li Qiye shrugged and tossed the sword back into the river.

“Wai-” She blurted but it was too late. The sword had sunk down to the bottom.

She smiled wryly, wondering if she should ask him to get it again for her.

“Young Noble, your abilities are matchless.” The word “emotional” wasn’t enough to describe her feelings right now.

Li Qiye’s actions always shocked others and left them speechless.

“May I inquire about your reason for coming here, Young Noble?” She calmed down and asked. It was obvious that he wasn’t here for treasures and swords.

After all, given his ability, he could grab every single divine sword from the river but he didn’t do so. It showed a lack of interest on his part.

“To see someone.” Li Qiye replied.

She didn’t expect this answer and immediately responded: “There’s a hidden master here?”

The burial ground has been around for millions of years. Of course, information and knowledge regarding this place were far from being adequate.

Now, Li Qiye specifically came here for the sake of meeting someone? He seemed to know the place quite well. Are they connected somehow?

“Might be someone’s already dead.” Li Qiye decided to entertain her.

“Dead?” She thought of one possibility and became astonished: “You’ll be meeting an ominous being?”

She didn’t know about living people in the burial ground. However, there were many records about these ominous beings. She had read about them before since the expeditions of the dao lords targeted these beings.

These battles were bloodied; numerous great cultivators lost their lives.

“Young Noble, are you starting an expedition?” She took a deep breath and asked, thinking that Li Qiye was qualified to do so despite not being a dao lord.

She had no idea why she felt so confident in him. In reality, not even the Five Overlords of Sword Continent could do something like this. She attributed this to blind faith.

“Fighting and killing, how senseless. We’ll just be chatting.” Li Qiye smiled.

She gained nothing from his vague comments, only that he was meeting someone related to the burial ground.

Suddenly, a paper boat floated down from upstream and made it next to Li Qiye’s feet. How did it make it through all the sharp metals and rampant energies?

She didn’t think that this was only a coincidence. It was made from hemp paper, looking quite crude. It seemed that someone had picked up a piece of paper and casually made a boat before releasing it on the river.

Li Qiye picked it up and unraveled it. There was nothing written on the surface, no word or symbol.

There were grains stuck on the surface from the shoddy craftsmanship but that was it. Nonetheless, Li Qiye still paid careful attention to her confusion.

She activated her heavenly gaze and still didn't see anything extra.

Chapter 4168: Legendary Immortal Weapon

She didn't think that he was putting on an act either. It's just that she couldn't read the content.

Eventually, once he finished, the paper boat suddenly caught on fire and turned to ashes in the blink of an eye. They scattered down the river and floated away with the sword energies.

She started wondering about the boat's origin. There were many things floating on the river - leaves, gems, or something else... At least before the sword energies ate them up.

However, a piece of paper from upstream? This was worth ruminating. Did a big shot leave it behind after making it far up the river? Or was it from the river source?

Both seemed impossible because there was no chance this paper boat could make it this far without being crushed to nothingness. The only things that could survive this river were swords or scrap metals originating from the source.

"Young Noble, what was written on it?" She couldn't help but ask.

"Nothing much, just where it is from and the places it has been. It's just a communication medium." Li Qiye said.

"Where is it from?" Her curiosity rose.

"From its master's hand." Li Qiye chuckled and looked back at the river.

This seemed like a non-answer but it told her enough. This meant that its master was someone strong enough to go far upstream. How far? Did he make it to the source? This left her with more questions than before.

"Sigh, there's nothing good here." Li Qiye moved his hand around in the water then said: "We won't find a top sword waiting here."

"Young Noble, what is your definition of a top sword?" She didn't think that this was his goal.

"Whichever fits my hand the best." He answered.

She didn't expect this answer. Most would talk about dao lord swords or imperial swords... However, his question was just whichever sword fits his hand the best. This seemed to be a ridiculous answer yet it made sense.

"I heard that there is an immortal sword here. Maybe it'll be a good fit for you, Young Noble." She suggested.

This wasn't an attempt at flattering Li Qiye. She simply stated what was on her mind without thinking twice.

“Looks like you have done your share of reading.” He glanced at her.

“One is actually here?” She became emotional after hearing confirmation from a source she deemed trustworthy.

“What is an immortal sword in your opinion?” He asked.

She pondered for a bit. The world talked about an immortal sword here but everyone had a different definition. For example, weak cultivators would consider a relatively strong sword “immortal”.

“There are nine heavenly swords of Finality, only Myriad Era is missing. It is rumored to be the strongest of them all, so if it is here in Sword Burial, I believe it can be considered an immortal sword.” She answered.

“The nine aren’t bad but there is still a way to go before the word ‘immortal’ can be used to describe them.” He replied.

She smiled wryly because this wasn’t a conventional perspective on the nine heavenly swords. Most absolutely considered them to be on the immortal level and would think that Li Qiye was being too arrogant.

“May I hear your definition then, Young Noble?” She asked.

“If I must assign this word to something, then it’ll be added to whichever sword is currently in my hand.” He smiled.

She took a deep breath after hearing this overbearing statement. This affected her greatly since she had such a high evaluation of him, thinking that he was telling the truth.

“There is a notable sword at this burial ground.” He interrupted her stupor.

“Is it Myriad Era?” She regained her composure and asked.

“No. Myriad Era and the other eight aren’t actually from Sword Burial Zone. Some might have been found here but it’s all a matter of circumstances. They do not belong to the zone, unlike the one I mentioned just now.” He elaborated.

She thought about all the possibilities. There were many records mentioning an immortal sword here but they lacked concrete details. Thus, many assumed that they were talking about the heavenly swords.

“So the rumors are still half-right. What kind of sword is it?” She murmured.

“A fine one, quite rare too.” He stared deeper into the region and said: “Unfortunately, it’s still missing a spark to reach the next level.”

“What is it like?” She didn’t give up.

“What weapons are the greatest in this world?” He answered with a question.

“Hmm...” She pondered. Most would instantly bring up dao lord weapons for this answer. However, she disagreed due to her knowledge: “We’ll have to bring up the nine Heavenly Treasures.”

Unfortunately, they only existed in the legends. For millions of years now, no one had seen these treasures.

“Not bad, close.” He smiled.

“So they’re real...” She became shaken again.

“There are epoch paragon artifacts and even more dreadful weapons.” He said.

She has never heard of these titles before and knew that they would be unimaginable.

Chapter 4169: Sword Abyss

“It’s too early for you.” He chuckled and stood up: “Let’s go.”

“You’re moving upstream, Young Noble?” She hurriedly asked.

“No, Sword Burial is vast and there are other places to be. A fun show is waiting.” He shook his head and started walking.

“What type of fun show?” She followed and asked.

“What is the most tempting thing about this place?” He glanced at her.

“The divine swords?” She blurted out before correcting herself: “No, the immortal sword.”

“Not quite the latter, but it’s still very tempting.” He said.

“A heavenly sword then?” She speculated, aware that something interesting to Li Qiye would shock all of Sword Continent.

The behemoths such as Sea Emperor and Nine-wheel Citadel were here already. A dao lord weapon might not warrant a full mobilization from them. The first thing that came to her mind was the missing Myriad Era.

“No need to guess blindly, just wait for the show.” He smiled.

She followed closely while brimming with curiosity.

Though Sword Burial had five domains, they weren’t layered perfectly. Some borders overlapped with multiple further out domains. This allowed cultivators to select a safe path.

Over the years, this path became well-studied, perfected, and most importantly, available to most.

Moreover, Sea Emperor and Nine-wheel’s legions have led the way. It became easier for people to know where to go.

Some deliberately ignored the potential swords at the river. They crossed it first to head for the second domain - Sword Abyss.

This place was a canyon that meandered around the inner regions of Sword Burial, deep enough to be described as bottomless just like the jaws of a great beast.

Upon closer inspection with a heavenly gaze, one could see flickering pulses, akin to spirits playing in the dark.

Unfortunately, the dark affinity was just too strong down there. The pulses were on the verge of extinguishing.

“Sword reflections.” Of course, cultivators knew what they were - divine swords.

Sword Abyss had another name - Wish Pond. The reason was very simple - one would just need to throw their swords down here.

If one sword managed to hit a divine sword, then the divine sword would fly up and become the reward. In the case of failure, they simply lost their abandoned swords.

The probability of success was rather low. As for jumping down there to get them? Others had this idea before. They never came back up again regardless of their cultivation prowess. Even dao lords stopped on top and didn't dare to take the risk.

From another perspective, the abyss was actually quite safe as long as cultivators knew their limit. This made it a popular destination for the vagabonds and those from smaller sects.

They didn't have enough power to take divine swords from the river or the grave. On the other hand, the abyss relied on luck and a willingness to throw away any sword, whether it be their favorite or some random ones.

“Clank! Clank! Clank!” There was a long line already of cultivators tossing swords down the abyss.

Just hitting the divine swords didn't guarantee success. Nonetheless, the clanks gave them hope. Many came prepared; some brought thousands and thousands of worthless swords made from ordinary steel.

A few experts cared more about their status and threw down cultivation swords instead of mortal swords. There were some who threw down precious swords as well.

The most popular strategy seemed to be making it a number game - throw down as many swords as possible and hope for the best.

Since most tossed swords were worthless, trading a million of them for one divine sword was more than worth it.

Therefore, some sects mobilized numerous disciples. The smaller sects had everyone ranging from the ordinary disciples to the sect masters arriving.

The person currently in the front of the line was a top cultivator. He activated his heavenly gaze and spotted the flashing lights. He locked onto them and threw out more than a thousand swords at the same time. Loud clanks could be heard akin to pearls accidentally falling on the ground.

Alas, nothing reacted and he left with a wry smile.

One younger cultivator showed respect and bowed his head towards the abyss with his palms placed together. He seemed to be praying: “Venerable ancestors and spirits, please guide me...”

Another focused on a single divine sword, throwing all of his swords in one direction...

“Sigh, nothing after 36,000 iron swords.” One attempter became disappointed after tossing out the last one.

“Lucky, I brought more than 80,000 swords.” The next attempter saw this and remained optimistic. He tossed them down in a particular order as if he had gotten hold of the rules here.

“That’s nothing, brat.” An old man nearby said: “The last time this place showed up, our ancestor led three thousand disciples here and a total of 90,000,000 swords. We returned empty-handed after wasting all of our resources on those swords. It wasn’t nice being poor for a long time afterward.”

Of course, there were happy stories. One cultivator prostrated and performed a full kowtow rite; his sincerity nearly moved some to tears.

“Clank!” He used all of his might to throw a sword forward.

“Whoosh!” Suddenly, a meteoric ray accompanied by a phoenix screech rushed upward. A fiery sword landed in his palm.

The crowd was amazed because he only needed one attempt to obtain a divine sword.

Chapter 4170: Middle-aged Man

“Looks like reverence works, we should give it a shot.” The crowd clamored after seeing a successful attempt while feeling awfully jealous.

“If that’s the case, then the brother next to me would have a thousand divine swords by now.” One expert sneered.

Sure enough, the person next to him has been praying the entire time: “Gods and spirits of Sword Burial, bless me with a divine sword...”

He has been doing this the entire time, kowtowing and respectfully tossing swords into the abyss. This did not work for him but he maintained his conviction and showed no sign of giving up.

The expert was right. If reverence and respect worked, numerous cultivators would be playing with their own divine sword right now.

All in all, it was quite lively on this cliff. A few had done reports on this phenomenon before. The starting number of swords thrown into the abyss each opening should be a hundred million or so.

As time passed, the mountains of swords should have been visible. Alas, the black void remained the same, seemingly capable of containing three thousand worlds. This only made people respect it even more. Falling in there meant dying without a burial.

“Come, come, there’s someone extraordinary here!” Someone shouted and told people to run to the other side of the abyss.

“What do you mean?” A listener asked.

“Words can’t describe this, just come before it’s too late!” The person responded and started running. Those who kept their cool at first wavered after seeing the exodus. One guy wondered: “Can’t be more extraordinary than Li Qiye.”

“From what I’ve heard, he’s even more impressive, let’s go!” One runner who had heard the details shouted.

Just like that, more and more people ran over for the show.

This side of the abyss was packed with people. There was no room left to get closer.

“Buzz. Buzz.” Buzz.” Sword hymns happened repeatedly as divine swords flew upward.

Dragon cries, phoenix screeches, tiger roars; starry lights, incinerating flames... the divine swords all had their own visual phenomena.

They were summoned by a middle-aged man whose messy hair draped down on his face, hiding half of it.

His once-black robe has turned gray at this point after being washed too many times. The fabrics shouldn’t last much longer. He appeared poor and lonely like a dog down on its luck. Most would assume that he was from a small sect.

However, he was doing something extraordinary - tossing one scrap metal after another into the abyss.

Other cultivators were tossing cheap swords but ultimately, they were still swords. This man was clearly using broken pieces found in Sword Burial.

The most surprising thing was how effective it was. Every piece of metal earned him a divine sword.

“Clank!” A sword flew up and exuded the might of the sun.

“Incredible, a solar-affinity divine sword!” Cheers could be heard.

“Clank!” Another one incinerated the sky.

“It’s searing the sky!” They shouted again.

“Clank!” One more floated up and numerous beast roars could be heard, frightening the listeners.

Ultimately, the rule for him was one scrap metal meant one divine sword. Others became slack-jawed. They had tried so many things and wasted countless swords only to fail.

Worst of all, he casually tossed the scrap pieces without bothering to look at all. He also didn’t try to catch the divine swords and let them fall back into the abyss.

All of them were incredible and highly coveted. Just possessing one was a dream come true. Alas, he seemed to be bored and was just doing this to kill time.

“What a waste, I can watch no longer.” One ancestor finally lost his patience and leaped forward to grasp one of the blades.

“Nice!” The audience applauded after he gripped the hilt.

However, the sword suddenly became immeasurably heavy. The ancestor lost control and was dragged down to the abyss with it.

“Ahh!” His scream echoed upward as he disappeared from sight.

“There’s no getting up again...” Others instinctively staggered backward away from the edge. They also gave up since they had a similar idea as the old man.

The middle-aged man didn’t care for this at all. He didn’t look at anyone among the crowd, treating them as air.

“Who is he?” This question popped up.

“I don’t know, do you see any clues about his sect?” Spectators wondered.

Unfortunately, there were no marks or symbols on his robe.

“No, I got nothing.” A knowledgeable ancestor gave up after a careful examination.