

Emperor 4541

### **Chapter 4541: Everlasting Monarch**

“Everlasting Monarch.” Wise Ancestor took a deep breath, shaken.

“That old monster? Can’t believe he is still around.” Jian Ming shuddered.

“Yes, it is rather unexpected. His everlasting dao isn’t enough, now he wants reincarnation or rebirth too.” The daoist added.

Those nearby heard this and became emotional. They then realized the reason why such a large crowd was forming in Yin Yang Crossing.

“True Immortal will not ignore this.” One expert murmured.

A junior who wasn’t familiar with this title asked her senior: “Who is this Everlasting Monarch? Why does everyone know him?”

It was obvious judging by everyone’s reaction that he was a renowned big shot.

“How should I explain this?” A senior smiled wryly and shook his head: “Let me put it this way, he is Blessed Dao Lord’s junior brother.”

“!!!” The juniors gasped in astonishment after hearing this.

Some believed that Blessed was the greatest dao lord in history. Of course, this was debatable, albeit highly supported. His achievements were virtually peerless. His power, fortune, and everything else were among the top three.

He represented true invincibility for many cultivators. Thus, his junior brother couldn’t be that far off.

“Everlasting Monarch isn’t just the dao lord’s junior brother. He is the longest-living existence from True Immortal, starting from the era of Blessed all the way to the final dao lord of True Immortal - Heaven Wheel.” The senior went on.

“How many generations is that...?” One junior took a deep breath.

“At least six or seven generations.” The senior calculated and said: “Putting aside the dark period of the arrogant woman, Everlasting Monarch was around for all of these othe generations.”

“That’s frightening.” The older cultivators shuddered despite having heard this title before.

This was a being whose fame and power are on the same level as a dao lord. Starting in the generation of Blessed, he lived through Worldraiser, All-things, Heaven Wheel...

Therefore, he wasn’t famous just because he was Blessed Dao Lord’s junior brother. Most importantly, he actually lived through those generations, unlike other ancient ancestors who buried themselves in hibernation.

This meant he had actually lived through seven generations, being far older than those ancient ancestors.

He stopped appearing after Heaven Wheel Dao Lord's generation. That was when Emperor Ye appeared out of nowhere and defeated True Immortal, ending the Era of the Blessed.

Two popular theories attempted to explain this. The first stated that his lifespan ended after helping Heaven Wheel Dao Lord reach the apex by being his dao protector. The second said that Emperor Ye assaulted True Immortal and killed their big shots, Everlasting Monarch included.

Of course, these were mere speculations. There was no record or proof of a battle between Emperor Ye and Everlasting Monarch. The only thing for certain was that he stopped appearing after Emperor Ye's generation.

All in all, these mysteries couldn't be verified. Now, it turned out that he was buried in the Yang Cemetery. His resting place could have been the supreme ancestral cemetery of True Immortal yet he chose this place instead.

This monarch was a central figure behind every dao lord of True Immortal. He had either taught or protected them. In the end, this supreme being still passed away.

Perhaps he thought that he hasn't lived enough and wanted to obtain rebirth via Yin Yang Crossing.

"Everlasting Monarch might have countless treasures with him, maybe even those belonging to Blessed Dao Lord once." Someone murmured.

Jian Ming's big ears heard this and his eyes turned bright with greed: "Shit, should we try to steal from this monarch?"

"True Immortal will be there too." The daoist shook his head.

"They will be here, and many big shots too. They're just waiting outside since it's not the right time." The speaker earlier smiled.

Jian Ming and the daoist were villains at heart. Their nose was as sensitive as a dog's nose, so they could sense something else from these words.

They looked over at the youth and saw that the guy wore a simple black robe with a fit figure. It wasn't overly muscular with bulging muscles. Nonetheless, he gave the impression that he was made of steel, not flesh.

He had an unforced smile, looking rather amicable and easygoing.

"Brother, where are you from?" Jian Ming thought that he could trick the guy and smiled.

The youth didn't seem to notice Jian Ming's wretched smile. He immediately replied: "I'm from a very distant place. I and three more companions came to get to know the world. Here, let me introduce them."

He didn't come alone. His friends included two males and one female.

"We are known as the Improper Four, members of the same mind and heart. I am Puresword." The youth smiled.

“Improper Four?” Jian Ming exchanged glances with the daoist, thinking that this title was terrible indeed.

“Not a very good title but your name doesn’t match at all. Puresword?” Jian Ming laughed.

“Hehe, don’t tease me, Brother.” Puresword didn’t mind.

“Call me A’han.” One of the four, a middle-aged man, spoke with a thunderous voice.

#### **Chapter 4542: The Improper Four**

A’han was twice as tall as a normal adult and had bulging muscles. His skin seemed to be made from golden rocks and brimmed with power.

Most important, his arms were actually rocks, unlike the rest of his body which was made of flesh and blood. Upon closer inspection, these rocks looked more like yellow jade stones. The color was similar to his regular complexion. It would be hard to tell that they were rocks without being close enough.

The arms had a faint glow just like jades that have been polished by a gentle flow for many years.

“A sacred spirit...” The daoist finally took note of this. His eyes narrowed as he said: “How rare, especially after the great calamity.”

Eight Desolaces had numerous races and tribes. Sacred spirits were exceedingly few in numbers.

According to the legend, they were born with the will of the high heaven and the flesh of the earth. Because of this, it was difficult for them to have offspring.

Therefore, being in the presence of one was quite surprising.

“Nah, I just have the bloodline, not a pureblood sacred spirit. My ancestor was one though.” A’han laughed. His voice was gentle, a stark contrast to his huge frame.

Both Jian Ming and the daoist could tell that he was special and definitely came from a prestigious clan.

“Woodman.” Another member of the four was a man of few words.

Sure enough, he was a treant from top to bottom. He had green leaves and vines growing around him, looking like a mobile tree.

He was even taller than A’han. Alas, when he stood still, one might actually mistake him for a tree.

“Call me Xiao Yan.” The final member was a beautiful girl in a silky dress. She seemed to be accompanied by the wind, going wherever this affinity blows.

Perhaps she was the wind itself, coming and going at a moment’s notice. She could be as gentle and pleasant as a breeze or as tough as a tornado.

Eyes naturally lit up after seeing her; people couldn’t help wanting to get close. She seemed to be the most “normal” out of the four. However, there was something illusory about her.

The other three were obviously living and walking beings. Alas, her existence didn’t seem as tangible.

“Improper indeed, even forgetting your real names.” Jian Ming smiled.

"Names are just names, nothing more. Friendship comes from the heart, everything else doesn't matter." Puresword replied.

"Is that right?" Jian Ming said: "A silly youth, a muscular man, a treant, and a ghost-like girl. That is indeed a strange group."

Since they didn't use their real names, he didn't need to be overly polite or care about their feelings.

"Are you from Eastern Desolace?" Wise Ancestor could tell given their dialect and manners.

"We are from a small place surrounded by the wilderness. Our family members don't talk much so we don't really know where we are. Of course, we have been heading westward since we snuck out and came across this place by accident." Puresword said.

"Yeah, I totally believe you." Jian Ming chuckled.

The group didn't seem to mind his antagonistic attitude because they weren't completely honest in the first place.

Li Qiye glanced at Puresword and said: "You're biting off more than you can chew. The sword and the physique, you can only pick one unless you think you are superior to your ancestor or that your dao heart is indomitable."

Puresword's expression changed. Jian Ming's contempt didn't affect them but Li Qiye was talking about his secrets. The guy caught on after a single glance, hence Puresword's astonishment.

"May I ask for your name, Fellow Daoist?" He bowed toward Li Qiye.

"Fellow Daoist is not something you can say. Address him as Young Noble. Remember, his advice is an honor, a fortune accumulated by your ancestors." Jian Ming interjected.

"Young Noble, may I ask who you are?" Puresword listened and bowed again.

Li Qiye ignored him this time and stared somewhere else.

"How interesting." The daoist said: "A youth with two grand arts capable of catching the young noble's attention. Few lineages in the present day can do this."

"Haha, swindler, why don't you calculate who they are then?" Jian Ming asked.

The daoist rubbed his chin, clearly interested.

Puresword bowed with a smile and said: "We are only unknown juniors, unworthy of your time and energy, Daoist."

"Smart." The daoist said, clearly happy with the praise.

"Don't start floating after a single praise." Jian Ming sneered.

The daoist ignored him and still basked in the moment.

As for Li Qiye, he has been staring at the girl. She took note of this and stared back at him.

"May I come closer?" She asked.

This sudden request caught the group by surprise.

“Yes.” He didn’t seem to mind.

After receiving permission, she came close enough that their shoulder nearly touched.

The duo’s eyes were on the girl. She couldn’t be described as kingdom-toppling. However, her features were distinct - small face, long hair, jet black eyes like two stones from an abyss.

She appeared to be around twenty years of age and wore a light-blue dress. Her aura seemed rather profound and calm.

“My name is Lin Mo.” She told him.

“Li Qiye.” He smiled and started touching her soft hair. She, surprisingly, didn’t stop him.

Jian Ming and the daoist stared at this scene in a daze, speechless.

### **Chapter 4543: Lin Mo**

The atmosphere between Li Qiye and Lin Mo felt natural despite this being their first meeting. She stood close enough for her head to be nearly touching his shoulder.

Li Qiye’s group exchanged glances since the two appeared to be close friends, or something even more intimate than that.

They found it strange because they had been following Li Qiye for a while but haven’t seen or heard of him having a friend. From their perspective, no one could get close to him; earning his favor was harder than reaching the sky.

As for Lin Mo, she only needed to say a few words before becoming close with Li Qiye. Moreover, they even looked like lovers.

Their eyes shifted between the pair. Though this was their first meeting, how did they get so close? Also, there wasn’t a hint of awkwardness between them. This natural scene was unique; the two were meant to be this close.

Jian Ming and the daoist weren’t idiots. They immediately knew that she was extraordinary somehow. Alas, they couldn’t pinpoint her to a particular figure despite their vast knowledge.

Her appearance wasn’t supreme but when she was standing next to Li Qiye, this was meant to be almost like destiny.

“Mis-, Fairy, may I read your fortune?” The daoist got an itch and wanted to read Lin Mo’s fortune.

Jian Ming nodded repeatedly like a chicken eating grains and said: “Yes, let the swindler do it, he’s actually surprisingly accurate.”

“Very well.” Lin Mo said calmly with no sign of embarrassment.

The happy daoist took out his trigram shell and held it with both hands. He took a deep breath and said respectfully: “Let me prepare the shell.”

Having said that, he started shaking the shell with both hands and chanted a mantra. He then tossed out the shell to initiate the starting process.

“Bam!” The shell spun around several times before falling to the ground. An image finally appeared on the surface.

“This image foretells the two worlds being connected, a great expedition together...” The daoist took a look and mumbled. Suddenly, his expression changed and he put away the shell. He smiled awkwardly and said: “It seems like my cultivation has been unstable recently and I can’t divine anything, my apology.” He then bowed toward Lin Mo.

Jian Ming could tell that something was amiss. He pulled the daoist to the side and whispered: “Swindler, what did the initial test say? Tell me already.”

“I can’t, I can’t.” The daoist shook his head.

“What do you mean you can’t?” Jian Ming became angry: “Don’t try this on me, I know your cheap tricks. Tell me or I’ll castrate you.”

“You can’t be reasoned with.” The daoist felt like kicking the guy flying.

“Why are you messing around? Don’t you want to know?” Jian Ming insisted.

The daoist naturally wanted to find out more information. He hesitated before replying: “I really can’t, it is forbidden.”

“Are you sure? This is your reputation as a diviner on the line. Not being able to do it shows that your abilities are nothing more than cheap tricks.” Jian Ming continued.

“Your very existence is a cheap trick.” The daoist couldn’t help but retort despite being aware of Jian Ming trying to egg him on.

“Whatever, tell me the details then.” Jian Ming didn’t mind the insult.

The daoist pondered for a bit and chose his words carefully: “That was only the preliminary process, not a true fortune-telling. Nonetheless, because of my clan’s amazing skill, this is still sixty to seventy percent accurate.”

“So was it a good or a bad reading?” Jian Ming asked curiously.

“Hard to say.” The daoist replied: “My intuition is telling me that her fate was either changed or concealed.”

Jian Ming took a deep breath and said: “This is serious business, trying to hide things from the heaven’s eyes. Ordinary cultivators can’t do this.”

“That’s putting it lightly.” The daoist shook his head: “Even dao lords might not be able to do it. It is a grievous offense. Therefore, I feel that there is a large shadow behind her but I don’t know what it is.”

“A shadow? Is it auspicious or ominous?” Jian Ming murmured.

“Not sure since it’s hidden. Peering through it requires an absurd level of power. I can’t do it but maybe an ancestor from our clan can.” The daoist said.

“How does she compare to the young noble?” Wise Ancestor came over and gossiped as well.

“Incomparable.” The daoist smiled: “The young noble’s fate is incalculable. Let’s say that if his fate is as vast as heaven and earth, then our fate is as tiny as an insect.”

He paused for a bit before continuing: “As for this Miss Lin, her fate is a star or a bright moon. In other words, our fate is also insignificant compared to hers.”

“Just answer the question next time, her fate isn’t on the same level as our young noble’s.” Jian Ming said.

“Yes, but that’s a needless statement since she’s above all of us.” The daoist smiled wryly.

The three stole glances at Lin Mo, certain that she came from somewhere frightening. Alas, they couldn’t come up with a famous cultivator or a place.

An explosion interrupted their discussion. They looked over and saw a great path of energy stretching from the horizon to a peak nearby.

Once the light dispersed, they saw a towering pavilion with halos appearing on top of the peak.

“Three Thousand Dao’s people are here.” A crowd member said.

“I wonder how many are here.” Another said.

They then heard a cough and saw an old man standing at the bottom of the pavilion, looking like a guard.

#### **Chapter 4544: Bones Monarch**

“True Immortal has to be here too.” An expert murmured after seeing the pavilion.

“They’ll be here for sure since they know their monarch is coming to the crossing.” An elder said with a serious expression.

Since many people have received the news about Everlasting Monarch, True Immortal would certainly come, whether it be to see him off or retrieve some items.

“I wonder what items he has on him.” A clan master asked.

The thought of this moved the crowd. In fact, this was their reason for being here - the appearance of a great historical figure. He might have items beyond the reach of the current True Immortal.

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. If they were to somehow obtain anything during the crossing, it would benefit them for generations to come.

The older cultivators knew that when masters chose to bury themselves in the Yang Cemetery, they would often bring along their most precious possessions. Next came bringing these peerless treasures through the Yin Wheel.

Therefore, certain groups would always come to these openings, hoping for an opportunity to rob the dead. Of course, the majority got nothing and paid with their lives.

Three Thousand Dao, one of the strongest lineages, has arrived. Everyone knew that True Immortal would show up soon enough.

“Cloudgrasp Elder is just the guard, who are the people in there?” A national teacher stared at the elder by the entrance of the pavilion.

In fact, he wasn’t the only one curious. Other big shots noticed this as well. Becoming an elder in Three Thousand Dao was a big deal. These elders were far superior to their equals from other sects. Cloudgrasp Elder had more prestige and influence than many high elders and national teachers.

Unfortunately, he seemed to be the gatekeeper today, which made people think about the cultivators inside.

“There are surely ancestors in there. Which ones?” A schoolmaster speculated.

“Can it be Dao Sanqian?” A master nearby shuddered.

“Impossible.” No one wanted this to happen, not daring to repeat the name.

“Right, only an earth-shattering matter will necessitate his appearance. Everlasting Monarch’s event is not enough.” An ancestor from a big sect had a serious expression.

They agreed with this assessment. Only a few things left in the world could command his attention. For example, the sudden appearance of the next dao lord.

“It must be Skybreak Monarch.” Jian Ming said: “Cloudgrasp is his underling. Only the monarch is qualified to make him guard the entrance.”

“Boom!” Suddenly a gigantic entity slammed onto another peak and caused an earthquake. Debris went flying everywhere.

Once the dust settled, people could see that it was actually a throne made of white jade. No, it turned out to be bones, not jade. The entire throne was carved from a single bone belonging to a massive creature.

“That is...” People became startled to see the white thrones with embedded gold. It looked gloomy and regal at the same time.

“Bones Sect.” A cultivator thought about a lineage from the east and blurted out.

“Three Thousand Dao is here too? Just in time.” A cold voice came from the throne.

Everyone looked up and saw a man sitting on the throne. He had an impressive stature and wore a robe with golden stitchings of a five-clawed dragon. This was the outfit of the emperors seen in the mortal realm. Of course, they didn’t have the same divinity.

They then noticed something else - his body was normal but he had a skull instead of a head. A red glow could be seen through the eye sockets, looking like the flame of his soul. His teeth were perfect and white. They shined brightly when he opened his mouth.



Normally, seeing a skull would be rather creepy. This wasn't the case since spectators found it to be more like a work of art.

He also wore a crown with an embedded jewel. It emitted a gentle and holy light.

"Bones Monarch." A'han took a deep breath and said: "This monster is here too? This will be fun."

"Who the hell is this?" One youth was frightened.

"Is there a race like this?" Another asked. Skeletons weren't rare but a hybrid of flesh and skull was different.

"This isn't a race, there's no race like it either." A senior shook his head: "He is the sect master of Bones, just a human who cultivates a top art from that sect, Golden Cycle of Death."

"Bones, I see." Many have heard of this lineage before but didn't know much about it.

Bones was a sect from Eastern Desolace, one of the oldest in all of Sky Border. In the past, its name was Undying Gate. It used to be reclusive so few knew of its existence.

As time passed, it gained an invincible member and became a top power. This person was none other than Bones Dao Lord.

Rumor has it that this dao lord didn't come from Undying Gate. For some unknown reason, he chose to join this weak sect despite already being so strong. Its name changed to Bones with the addition of the dao lord.

Later on, Bones Dao Lord and Thirteenth fought a shocking battle ending with their death. However, the dao lord was famous for being able to return to life after being killed. Alas, these were all legends and couldn't be verified.

### **Chapter 4545: Golden Cycle of Death**

Bones Dao Lord left behind a supreme art - the Golden Cycle of Death. Rumor has it that anyone cultivating this art would have their body destroyed. To be exact, the flesh and blood would be refined, leaving only bones behind to start the cultivation process.

As one gained higher attainment, flesh and blood would start growing again. The stronger, the more flesh.

In theory, at grand completion, the skeleton would be fully covered in flesh. At this point, the cultivator would be comparable to a dao lord.

This was tough to verify because even the top geniuses of Bones couldn't reach grand completion. Because of this, the majority of its disciples had bones showing. This was another reason for the name change from Undying Gate to Bones Sect.

This art was a nightmare for its enemies. Since there were only bones left, killing this sect's members proved challenging. Breaking all the bones wasn't enough since they could automatically assemble once more. The speed of recovery depended on the disciple's skill and attainment.

This wasn't a new concept in the cultivation world. Strong cultivators with a tough true fate could also re-create their body. However, this process required a lengthy period of time. A few injuries demanded years of healing. The Golden Cycle of Death made it fast enough to be effective in battle.

Moreover, at grand completion, the flesh became as strong as the sturdiest metal, something akin to indestructibility. This played a part in why some believed that Thirteenth didn't actually kill Bones Dao Lord back then.

"Looks like Bones Monarch is very close to reaching grand completion." An ancestor said with a heavy tone.

"He's a notorious character, never yielding to anyone." Someone who was from the same generation as Bones trembled with fear.

"He has been their sect master for five generations now." A big shot from the east commented.

There were reports of him successfully performing five cycles of the art, allowing him to wield all the power and influence in Bones.

He was afraid of nothing, perhaps due to the indestructible nature of this art. Therefore, he had no qualm antagonizing any person or sect.

"Did that skeleton really reincarnate five times?" Jian Ming stared intensely, wanting to see some clues.

Wise Ancestor shook his head and said: "Not sure, but from what we heard from the ancestors in those generations, he had actually lived five whole generations, hence the rumors."

"If it's that easy to prolong lifespan, there would be immortals already." Li Qiye stared at the monarch and said: "However, the Golden Cycle of Death is indeed an apex technique containing the profundity of life, capable of extracting birth from death."

All eyes were on Bones Monarch now. The latter glanced at them without hiding his arrogance and pride. His haughty expression was as clear as possible despite only having a skull.

He stared at the upper part of the pavilion and his eye sockets flashed brightly.

"Old Skybreak, is that you?" He roared.

"So it's really Skybreak Monarch." A big shot took a deep breath after hearing this.

Skybreak was one of the six heavenly monarchs of Three Thousand Dao. Rumor has it that ordinary matters didn't necessitate their involvement. In recent generations, not to mention Dao Sanqian, even the six monarchs rarely showed up.

Cloudgrasp Elder didn't say anything even though someone was yelling at the monarch. He was not on the level to speak to Bones Monarch despite being an elder of Three Thousand Dao.

This skeleton was a mighty and arrogant monster. His unkillable nature made him quite problematic to deal with.

"Bones, this is not the place for you to bark." An ancient voice came from the pavilion.

“It really is him!” An ancestor gasped after hearing this voice.

“Something big is happening here...” The other big shots started whispering.

Everyone immediately thought that his target was none other than Everlasting Monarch of True Immortal. Of course, it wouldn't be so easy.

They then wondered what Everlasting Monarch had in his possession that would tempt even Skybreak Monarch.

“Try and stop me then. Although my target is Enveloping, I don't mind warming up with you first. It'll be too late when those geezers from True Immortal come.” Bones laughed and said.

“Enveloping? Who is that?” One youth asked.

“Enveloping is the number one monarch of Three Thousand Dao.” Her senior immediately answered.

“The number one?” The young disciples nearby were surprised to hear this.

In fact, there were rumors of him being just as strong as Dao Sanqian.

“I'm afraid you'll need to train more. Come challenge him once your art is at grand completion, the current you is not enough.” Skybreak didn't hold back.

“You speak as if he is at grand completion for the golden cycle.” Bones laughed and said: “If that's the case, then he wouldn't need to be subservient to Dao Sanqian. Hmph, he is still missing something, perhaps another 100,000 years of training.”

“What?” One youth became confused: “Isn't Enveloping Monarch from Three Thousand Dao, why does he have the golden cycle too?”

“Because Enveloping Monarch came from Bones.” One ancestor explained: “He used to be a supreme genius there. They even believed that he could become a dao lord.”

“Then why did he become a monarch of Three Thousand Dao?” The youth asked again.

“Who knows, he left Bones to join Three Thousand Dao.” A different ancestor said.

It turned out that Enveloping Monarch was from the same generation as Dao Sanqian. The two became friends through competition.

### **Chapter 4546: Godwhip Princess**

The two were legends with a strong friendship. Eventually, Enveloping joined Dao Sanqian and became his strongest follower.

The two of them created Three Thousand Dao. Keep in mind that in the beginning, Enveloping Monarch's background was more prestigious.

Bones Sect was a dao lord lineage and the Golden Cycle of Death was a supreme art. Dao Sanqian's background wasn't bad in the slightest but it couldn't compare to Bones at its height.

Moreover, the ancestors of Bones had high hopes in Enveloping Monarch, hoping that he would become a dao lord in the future.

His departure was a great blow. Bones even declared their intention of punishing this bad seed. Unfortunately, he became too strong already so there was nothing they could do.

Of course, this was understandable since he left and still continued to train with the Golden Cycle of Death. This could be considered traitorous.

Three Thousand Dao went on to become a behemoth. Outside of Dao Sanqian's domination, Enveloping Monarch also contributed greatly. These contributions were well-documented and recognized by recent generations.

Alas, Enveloping Monarch's sacrifice was not in vain. For eras, their sect produced dao lords and became a wonderful lineage. The deep friendship between the two became legendary as well.

"It's understandable why Bones Monarch is doing this. He has been the sect master for five generations now, it is his responsibility to carry out this mission." An expert aware of the story said.

Bones Monarch seemed hellbent on fighting or even killing Enveloping Monarch. No one had a problem with this since the latter could be considered a traitor.

"It's more than that, Bones Monarch might be Enveloping Monarch's junior brother too." An older big shot shook his head.

"Really?" Many became surprised.

"No, he's more likely to be a martial nephew." An ancestor from an eastern clan said: "I don't think they were from the same generation."

"Yes, the bond only makes the will to cleanse stronger." A sect master said.

Whether Bones Monarch was a junior brother or martial nephew, he must have looked up to Enveloping Monarch then. The relationship made the betrayal even more unbearable.

"Brother's golden cycle might not be at grand completion but it is still more than enough to suppress you." The ancient voice from the pavilion answered.

"Bullshit." Bones Monarch laughed and said: "One day, Bones will topple your sect."

Others took a deep breath after hearing this. Just saying this line could herald a disaster but Bones was different.

He had still lived for so long in spite of his arrogance. Stronger foes might have taken him down but he would always come back in the next generation. As for these foes? They were either dead or in hibernation.

"I'm afraid you lack the strength to do so." The voice didn't become angry and had only disdain.

"Very well, I'll start with you then." Bones Monarch declared: "Come out and become a victim of my cycle."

“I’m not here today to play with you.” The man inside had no intention of fighting.

“Hmph.” Bones snorted after hearing this.

Suddenly, a loud explosion was caused by a figure descending from the sky. Next, a dozen more or so landed and caused debris to go flying.

Once the scene became clear, the crowd saw radiant armored soldiers standing there. The leader was a girl in an armor made from gold and platinum. She had both an intimidating yet feminine appearance when the wind blew the strands of hair in front of her forehead.

“Godwhip Princess!” A crowd member blurted after seeing the flashy entrance. [1]

“The current Heavenly Phoenix, gorgeous and powerful.” One youth had nothing but admiration in his eyes.

“She’s definitely a sight for sore eyes.” Another youth praised.

“Enough of this infatuation since you have no chance. Godwhip School and Three Thousand Dao are too close.” A senior glared and said.

The princess was the successor of Godwhip, rumored to be the final disciple of Godwhip Deity. Her talent and background are both exceptional. Therefore, her future companion needed to be brilliant as well.

After stealing the spotlight, she lowered her head in the direction of the pavilion and respectfully said: “Greetings, Heavenly Monarch.”

“Congratulations, Virtuous Niece, you have obtained the legacy of Brother Deity.” The voice in the pavilion answered: “Visit Three Thousand Dao sometimes and spar with Shenjun.”

“May I ask how Brother Shenjun is doing recently?” She happily said, not hiding her affection.

“He’s recently left his isolated cultivation so you can visit.” The voice answered.

“I will definitely go and see his supreme arts.” She excitedly responded.

Many exchanged glances after hearing their conversation. Of course, this was bad news for some of the youths.

“So she’s really Godwhip Deity’s disciple.” A big shot has heard about this before. Now, it was finally confirmed.

Godwhip Deity was renowned and considered to be on the same level as the six monarchs of Three Thousand Dao.

The two sects had a deep relationship due to a particular person - Eight Stallion Dao Lord.

The dao lord was original from Godwhip, an immemorial lineage that has declined.

#### **Chapter 4547: Eight Stallion Dao Lord’s Legend**

The dao lord during his youth still had impeccable talent and comprehension. Unfortunately, Godwhip was reduced to a small sect at that point. His future seemed rather limited, let alone reaching the throne.

This changed when Dao Sanqian took note of him and decided to become his dao protector. This was a godsend opportunity, certainly not easy to come by.

Given Dao Sanqian's prestige, countless people wanted to become his disciples. In this case, he actually served as a dao protector.

Eight Stallion didn't let him down. His cultivation soared and eventually became an invincible dao lord. He didn't forget his roots and took care of Godwhip, elevating its status and giving it ample resources.

Godwhip Deity also benefited from this. He suffered from the same limitation as the dao lord previously and worst of all, his talent was far from being exceptional.

Lucky for him, he was very close with Eight Stallion. They both experienced hardship so as the dao lord grew stronger, the dao lord taught him many things. This was especially true after the coronation.

Though Godwhip Deity never became as strong, he still became a monarch-level character and didn't let his friend down.

In the last generation, Godwhip School received Eight Stallion's love on top of gaining a monarch. This made them strong enough to be considered a dao lord lineage.

Furthermore, they were awfully close to Three Thousand Dao - an alliance forged of blood.

Today, Godwhip Princess was its successor, not long from becoming the schoolmaster. She stood above her peers and had notable achievements on the battlefield, leading her legion across Sky Border.

Thus, she had all the right traits and gifts. Rumor has it that an engagement between her and Shen Juntian was not far off.

Though the two sects never mentioned this detail, her expression when talking about Shen Juntian made it rather likely.

"See, give up now. You are not worthy or qualified to be with her, how will you beat Shen Juntian?" A senior glanced at a disciple who was enamored with the princess.

The junior's love was extinguished right away by the cold comment. Nonetheless, he didn't give up and said: "Why does any of that matter? As long as there is love..."

"Stop daydreaming." The senior interrupted him: "Why would she love you? Even a blind person can see that she likes Shen Juntian right now."

The junior had no response to this; his expression withered. It was tough for youths to stay calm whenever Shen Juntian was brought up.

He was another one of the five conquerors, being equal to True Immortal Young Emperor and Five-sun King. These youths had all the advantages in the world.

Moreover, some believed that Shen Juntian might be an imperial prince, the son of Eight Stallion Dao Lord.

“That’s why you should just give up. Those two are a good match in terms of status. Those two sects want this to happen so if you act recklessly, you’ll only be asking for trouble or worse.” The senior said.

A sense of pessimism and despair struck all of her suitors in the crowd. They knew that they had no chance of winning her love for a multitude of reasons.

Of course, she didn’t care about their feelings and thoughts nor their passionate gazes. Her focus was on the Yang Cemetery.

“Buzz.” A beam of light joined the scene, encompassing a large radius and illuminating many cultivators.

This radiant beam crossed through time and space, seemingly capable of teleporting anyone to the reach of its light.

“This is...” The crowd became startled.

“Buzz.” A mysterious rune brimming with power appeared in the radiance.

“True Immortal!” A big shot recognized the rune right away.

“They’re arriving at last.” Everyone became emotional.

In the contemporary, there were behemoths such as Three Thousand Dao, Lion’s Roar, Divine Dragon Valley...

This was especially true for the prospering Three Thousand Dao. However, all of them seemed to be lacking something - history and foundation.

True Immortal started with Blessed Dao Lord and had reigned for generations. They produced countless top cultivators before.

Though it had experienced setbacks from the “arrogant woman” and Emperor Ye and was nearly destroyed, it still rose again to dominate the world and had numerous sects under its banner. This was a testament to its unbreakable foundation and frightening tenacity.

It had seven dao lords in total, something no other sect could compare to. Today, given the fanfare, some big shots were certainly coming.

“I wonder who is coming.” A spectator said while witnessing the haughty arrival.

A youth eventually appeared in the light. He had his own aura and looked exceedingly handsome.

“Six-winged Emissary!” A big shot recognized him and said: “The disciple of True Immortal Sect Master, he is usually with his master.”

“That means the sect master is coming too...” This answered the question looming in everyone’s mind.

#### **Chapter 4548: Six-winged Emissary**

The prestigious emissary usually transmitted the sect master's order. Therefore, his will was usually his master's.

As the disciple of True Immortal Sect Master, he held the hilt to the sword of authority. The sect master would not be far from here.

His wings flashed brightly behind him. It seemed that just a slight movement from them could start a terrible storm.

He slightly bowed and announced: "True Immortal Sect is conducting official business here. Where the light is shall be our camp. Please keep a distance in order to avoid unnecessary injuries."

This demand caused a considerable uproar. Someone couldn't help but say: "They're so overbearing."

His friend nodded: "This isn't new at all. It was probably worse during their golden age."

"What else can we do? There's no gain in antagonizing them." A third cultivator added.

Some voiced their frustration but still backed off from the radius of the beam. This applied to the ancestors and famous cultivators as well. They quietly left the area, albeit begrudgingly.

They didn't wish to not give True Immortal face over something rather trivial. Moving to another spot wasn't a big deal. To do otherwise would be idiotic and potentially suicidal.

The majority also believed that True Immortal Sect Master was coming - an unstoppable being. Yielding now wasn't embarrassing at all. In fact, some were eager to see this elusive and famous individual.

"Well, I guess it's not bad, we actually get to see their sect master in person." One cultivator consoled himself while backing off.

The radiance encompassed a massive territory. Thus, it took a while for everyone to leave while complaining.

Li Qiye's group and the Improper Four were also under the beam.

The latter exchanged glances. A'han asked: "Are we leaving?"

"Of course, nobodies like us need to back off." Puresword smiled brightly and left without any resistance.

The other two followed him, leaving Li Qiye's group and Lin Mo behind. Though he was young, he seemed to be the leader of the group.

Jian Ming, the daoist, and Wise Ancestor always followed Li Qiye's order. As for Lin Mo, she had no intention of leaving Li Qiye's side. Thus, since he didn't move, neither did they.

The five looked conspicuous under the light since everyone else was gone.

"Who are they?" The majority didn't recognize them.

Everyone gave True Immortal face but these five purposely refused to do so.

"I don't know, probably not anyone important." Someone said.



“Isn’t that merchant from a big clan? He’s a known swindler.” On the other hand, Jian Ming was actually rather well-known so someone recognized him.

“That brat appeared out of thin air and even killed Alchemy Child, a servant of the young emperor.” An expert recognized Li Qiye as well.

“True Immortal Young Emperor’s servant?” A listener became startled: “The audacity, he must be tired of living.”

“What is his background then? It has to be impressive, given his courage.” One cultivator added.

“Is he an actual ancestor from the four clans?” An ancestor who had participated in the secret auction frowned and said: “Is he not afraid of True Immortal destroying his clans?”

Normally, ancestors truly cared for the sake of their clans. They wouldn’t oppose True Immortal and absolutely not in such an arrogant manner. If his clans were to be destroyed, he would be branded as an eternal sinner, unable to meet his ancestors in the afterlife. However, this didn’t apply to Li Qiye.

“Killing a servant isn’t a big deal.” A king said: “But the sect master of True Immortal is coming right now. If he doesn’t give them respect, that would be a direct challenge to their authority. They won’t stand for this.”

True Immortal Sect Master was the leader of many sects. His arrival commanded respect and a grand ceremony.

However, Li Qiye’s group of five refused to listen. This was akin to slapping True Immortal in the face.

“We got a show to watch.” A’han said.

“What makes them so bold?” Woodman asked.

“The world is full of tigers and dragons, don’t look through the lens of a mortal to gauge people.” Puresword smiled and shook his head.

Six-winged Emissary saw that five people had no intention of leaving and frowned.

“Fellow Daoists, True Immortal is conducting official business here. I’m sorry for the inconvenience but please leave.” He politely said.

This wasn’t offensive in the slightest. After all, being politely asked by a big shot from True Immortal would make people feel good and leave willingly.

“I didn’t know that this was your house.” Jian Ming glanced at him.

Six-winged Emissary’s expression soured but he still maintained his cool and said: “This isn’t True Immortal but our ancestors will be working here. Rampant energies and powers will be out of control and we don’t wish for needless casualties. Therefore, please leave for your own safety.”

“Stand aside, do not bother me.” Li Qiye spoke.

“Did you hear that? My young noble is telling you to scram. Your sect and its sect master aren’t qualified to prance and bark in front of our young noble. He is already being benevolent by not making you all kneel.” Jian Ming played the role of a sycophant again.

Wise Ancestor glared angrily at him but couldn’t interfere.

Listeners exchanged glances, shocked.

“What an ignorant fool.” One of them said.

The guy seemed to be nothing more than an errand boy yet he dared to insult the sect master of True Immortal?

#### **Chapter 4549: Voidburn Godchild**

“Oh crap, my mistake. I’ve overestimated your sect master. He isn’t qualified to kneel before our young noble since that would be the highest honor possible, a great fortune requiring our young noble’s permission. Sigh, my damn mouth.” Having said that, he actually slapped himself twice.

This ridiculous one-man show was unbearably insulting. Not to mention True Immortal, no other cultivator would be able to tolerate this. They might actually have attacked already.

His words were akin to him spitting on the sect master’s face, saying that he wasn’t even qualified to kneel before Li Qiye.

Little did everyone know that he was merely telling the truth. They certainly only heard a prestigious cultivator being utterly disrespected. This was a crime worthy of extermination.

The moment he finished, Six-winged Emissary’s eyes were seething with anger and murderous intent.

“This disrespect warrants death!” A listener shouted and stood up for True Immortal.

“Yes, no one can insult the sect master.” Another expert wanted to please True Immortal.

“A clan extermination isn’t out of line here.” A few started shouting.

This was their chance to please True Immortal Sect Master. It would rather be beneficial and nothing of value would be lost - just one unknown junior with a foul mouth.

Therefore, they acted furious and indignant, wanting Jian Ming to pay.

Jian Ming stared at them with disdain and said: “idiots, you all got whipped and kicked out like slaves earlier and now, you’re shouting on your master’s behalf? No, you’re not even slaves since they wouldn’t want such incapable slaves, haha.”

The shouters became embarrassed. This embarrassment then turned into anger.

They didn’t dare oppose Six-winged Emissary earlier and only mumbled grievances. Now, they wanted to please True Immortal Sect Master.

Worst of all, this Jian Ming actually uncovered their shame.

“Well said.” Li Qiye laughed and added: “Idiots indeed.”

“Brazen fools, how dare you spit insults at the heroes of the world?!” A youth stepped forward and uttered coldly: “Death is what you deserve.”

Fiery circles danced and pulsed around him. Just his appearance alone made everyone aware of his extraordinary background.

“Oh, Voidburn Godchild, I’ve been a fan for a long time.” Jian Ming cupped his fist and smiled, pretending to be a fan.

“That’s Voidburn Godchild?” A listener noticed that the guy was quite strong and whispered: “Hmm, impressive enough, worthy of being Voidburn Saintess’ older brother.”

“Although both are sovereigns, the saintess is far stronger.” An older cultivator commented.

“Her talent is indeed something else. That’s why she’s chosen by Divine Dragon Valley to be Tian Feng’s fiancée.” An elder agreed.

“Ah, so he’s Tian Feng’s older brother-in-law.” Another said.

Tian Feng was a notorious cultivator. He was one of the five conquerors with an uncontrollable love for fighting.

“It’s too late to flatter me now, I might spare your life but punishments are necessary.” Voidburn Godchild enjoyed being recognized.

“Thank god I’ll be able to stay alive.” Jian Ming smiled and said: “There is one thing though, you are the godchild of Voidburn and the brother-in-law of Tian Feng, don’t you feel ashamed licking True Immortal’s boots? Isn’t this a blow to your sect’s reputation? If Tian Feng catches wind of this, he might crush your head.”

“You!” Voidburn Godchild’s expression became unsightly.

“I think he’s right.” Crowd members started discussing this issue.

Voidburn Temple and Divine Dragon Valley had more than just a marriage alliance. The progenitor of the temple used to be Eight-step Dragon Dao Lord’s first disciple. In other words, Voidburn Temple could be considered a branch of Divine Dragon Valley.

The valley was one of the strongest lineages currently, not that far off from True Immortal. Therefore, given his status and identity, Voidburn Godchild’s conduct was improper for many reasons.

The cold expression of Tian Feng popped up in his head and made him shudder. His brother-in-law was crazy and might actually kill him.

“How dare you try to create a rift between us? I’ll smash your mouth!” He became murderous.

“Godchild, no need to be angry.” A gentle voice interrupted him.

Everyone looked over and saw a gentlemanly youth in a white robe. He was handsome and had a seal in the form of a flower on his forehead. It made him seem knowledgeable and noble.

“Jadedragon.” Voidturn scowled after seeing him.

“Jadedragon Monarch is here too.” Many recognized the youth.

“Greetings.” The youth cupped his fist and greeted the crowd.

“Just like the rumors, he’s extraordinary.” A young cultivator praised.

“He and Tian Feng are both demons. He is a jade pig while Tian Feng has an even more prestigious bloodline, a lunatic clam. Heaven Devourer Mad God was one too.”

“I see, no wonder why Tian Feng loves fighting.” Another became emotional.

The current Tian Feng wasn’t frightening enough. However, one could think about his future potential since he was of the same race as the mad god.

### **Chapter 4550: Serenity Goddess**

Because of Voidburn Godchild and Jadedragon Monarch’s involvement, Six-winged Emissary was pushed to the side.

He was not happy about it since he needed to deal with the insults. He might not be the only disciple of True Immortal Sect Master or the sect’s successor, but he was certainly his master’s trusted assistant.

He has grown used to being respected wherever he went, whether it be his own sect or the outside world.

Alas, these nobodies disrespected his master and ignored him - something truly intolerable.

“You, kneel and apologize right now or I will not show mercy and reduce you to ashes.” He raised his voice.

Of course, someone of his status couldn’t just attack. He needed to give them ample warnings beforehand to prevent external criticisms of his conduct.

Once he said all the necessary lines, then no one else would have a thing to say about his murders. The blame would be on Li Qiye’s group for being suicidal, not True Immortal picking on the weak.

“You’re annoying me.” Li Qiye waved his hand as if he was swatting a fly.

This infuriated Six-winged Emissary. His bloodthirst became chilling enough to reach the bones. At this point, he would go all-out against an ancestor for these offenses, let alone Li Qiye. He was afraid of no one due to his background.

“I see, you prefer hell over heaven. Don’t blame me for being merciless then, True Immortal has shown enough restraint.” He uttered menacingly.

No one thought that this threat was empty. The guy served as a messenger for True Immortal Sect Master. His words carried considerable weight.

“This brat is not holding back against True Immortal.” One crowd member said.

Others would have backed off already but Li Qiye maintained his contemptuous attitude. This truly astounded the crowd.

“Boom!” Six-winged Emissary gathered his energy and became radiant.

Sixteen halos appeared and rotated around him. Each represented a supreme grand dao and an immense level of vitality.

“A Golden Sovereign with eighteen halos already. So young.” One cultivator praised.

Having eighteen dao meant that he was on the journey of becoming a Myriad Sovereign. The difference between the golden and myriad level was night and day.

Thus, he still had a long way to go before becoming a Myriad Sovereign. Nonetheless, this was quite exceptional. Not all ancestors from the great powers could reach this level.

Keep in mind that he wasn't the most brilliant youth in True Immortal. Not to mention their young emperor, there were plenty of other geniuses above him. Nonetheless, when not taking his own sect into account, he proved himself superior to most.

“Buzz.” He spread his wings and caused spatial ripples. The rays exuding from his wings looked divine, capable of cutting down the stars.

His aura engulfed the area. Though he was far from being the strongest one here, he still instilled fear into weaker cultivators.

“Come meet your doom, fools.” His words resonated like bell rings and made legs tremble.

“The merit laws of True Immortal are incredible.” A spectator murmured.

“Seems like you wish to fight, Emissary. I will entertain you then.” A soft voice answered since Li Qiye couldn't be bothered to answer.

A girl arrived by riding the wind, looking regal and giving people a feeling of security. She wore a fur coat and didn't need extravagant decorations to appear noble.

Her pupils were golden and seemingly contained worlds. Her forehead also shined brightly as if there were divine totems hidden inside. She didn't resemble an invincible cultivator but rather, a golden daughter from a higher realm.

Six-winged Emissary's expression darkened after seeing her. He took one step backward.

Others noticed this and immediately inquired about her origin since most didn't recognize her.

If someone from Little Diamond were here to see her, they would immediately recognize her. She had shown up at the aunty's wonton restaurant. Moreover, she was the one who dug Li Qiye out of the glacier and gained Li Qiye's guidance.

“Serenity Goddess...” The emissary's aura weakened.

“Serenity? Who's that?” A youth asked.

“Goddess.” Cultivators from the south bowed toward her, even the ancestors.

Those not in the know understood her status right away. Even ancestors were bowing to her despite her young age? This meant that her background must be frightening.

“She is the priestess of Ancestral Divine Temple.” A senior told his juniors.

Listeners gasped with haste. Fear and respect were instinctive responses after hearing the name of this temple.

Though it was rarely mentioned compared to True Immortal or Three Thousand Dao, it had an eternal prestige.