

Emperor 4551

Chapter 4551: Prestige

The mentioning of the temple also reminded the crowd of Lion's Roar, another behemoth.

Lion's Roar to the south, Puresun of the east, True Immortal in the north, and Three Thousand Dao over western yonder. These were the four behemoths of Sky Border.

Later on, Puresun chose an isolation policy so its members stopped showing up. Lion's Roar did something similar and stopped competing. Therefore, True Immortal and Three Thousand Dao's influence and authority grew. Divine Dragon Valley took advantage of this as well and became the third corner of the power triangle.

Some believed that Lion's Roar was no longer as strong as before and was on a declining slope. It might not be able to keep its spot as the leader of the south for long.

Greedy thoughts would come from whenever a great power was on a decline. Everyone wanted a piece of the pie. Alas, in this case, they knew that as long as the temple was around, Lion's Roar would be just fine.

The temple served as an eternal lighthouse. Its light would always be there regardless of the era; no one could destroy it.

Though it was a part of Lion's Roar, it was not subservient to Lion's Roar. The opposite was actually the truth since even the successor and king of Lion's Roar needed to listen to the temple.

"The Supreme Monarch." Everyone whispered the title of a particular being, not daring to say her true name.

The temple served as her abode. Alas, future generations haven't had the honor of meeting her, not even the ancestors from Lion's Roar or the members of the temple themselves.

Everyone still knew that as long as the temple was there, so was her.

During the great calamity, she was someone who fought the darkness as effectively as Immortal Emperor Zhan. [1]

Her fame and prestige remained in the present day. Invincible masters and dao lords never dared to show an ounce of disrespect after hearing her title.

"Serenity Goddess is from the Si of Bodhisattva City." An ancestor from the south elaborated.

"The Si is a peerless clan already, now they have someone in the temple too?" Another became emotional.

The Si was a top clan in Lion's Roar due to Treasure-cloud Queen. She was none other than the wife of Golden Lion Emperor who revitalized the kingdom. Their strong love for each other was well-documented.

The clan remained in top shape even after the emperor's generation, being considered one of the strongest in all of Sky Border.

“The Si is certainly impressive but it pales in comparison to her status as the priestess.” One ancestor said.

Being the priestess of Ancestral Divine Temple meant being its successor. The king of Lion’s Roar would need to show respect because the priestess was in charge of serving the Supreme Monarch.

This meant that she was one of the few who was in direct contact with the monarch. This elevated her status to the next level. Even ancestors needed to greet her.

At this point, people understood the significance of her position. This was the reason why the prideful Six-winged Emissary became startled to see her.

“In terms of status alone, is the goddess on the same level as True Immortal Young Emperor?” One youth quietly asked.

“No.” A big shot from the last generation shook her head: “When she is in the temple, she has considerable authority. This is comparable to the sect master of True Immortal. If she is actually serving the Supreme Monarch, then her status would be even greater.”

“Not just that.” An ancestor from the south elaborated: “Remember, she’s from the Si and has a strong backer there too.”

“Paramount Goddess!” A knowledgeable cultivator nearby immediately thought about this cultivator.

This title has not been mentioned in a while but people still remembered her exploits.

“Is that the goddess who actually attacked Three Thousand Dao? She fought Enveloping Monarch and forced Dao Sanqian to take action?” One youth asked.

“Yes, she was the priestess of the temple during that generation.” The ancestor from the south confirmed.

Nearby listeners couldn’t believe what they were hearing. Enveloping Monarch was known for being unkillable due to his golden cycle. As for Dao Sanqian, no need to say more about his power.

Nonetheless, the priestess forced both of them to take action? Listeners became overwhelmed with awe and admiration.

“Why did she attack Three Thousand Dao?” The youth became curious.

A few seniors have heard rumors about this but decided to not answer, only shaking their head instead.

Therefore, the current priestess of the temple was even more feared.

“Is her position official?” Someone asked.

“Not sure because the temple doesn’t announce things like this to the world. It’s only a matter of time though.” A big shot responded. No one else questioned the legitimacy of her position.

Her real name was Si Jingru. She approached the crowd without an intimidating aura but many still bowed to show their respect.

“Weak I may be, I would like to test my skill against you, Emissary.” She spoke softly. Though this was a challenge, it didn’t seem malicious.

This prompted the emissary to take another step backward. He knew that their status was not comparable in the slightest.

His face turned red due to the precarious situation. Refusing to fight meant damaging his sect’s reputation. On the other hand, he was obviously no match for Si Jingru.

1. The title of this emperor is still undecided. Normally, Immortal Emperor Zhan is the right translation given the lack of context but I think there is a chance that it means an emperor who fights immortals, not an Immortal Emperor. Regular Immortal Emperor titles have two prefix characters, this one only has one - Zhan, meaning to fight/battle/war. I recall another emperor with a very similar name before with the character Zhan way early in the novel. Once we get more context, I’ll change this title if I have to. ?

Chapter 452: True Immortal Sect Master

Everyone stared at Six-winged Emissary with bated breath. They were aware of the emissary’s superiority compared to the young generation.

Others tried for a lifetime and could only become a Heavenly Sovereign at best. On the other hand, he was on the path to becoming a Myriad Sovereign on top of being the disciple of True Immortal Sect Master. In short, he had everything going on for him.

Unfortunately, his achievements and status couldn’t compare to the priestess of Ancestral Divine Temple. Among their youths, only the young emperor could match up with her.

The crowd naturally understood the tough situation he was in and the obvious outcome. They only cared about which moves from the temple would the priestess employ.

The truth was that even imperial lineages were inferior to the temple. Alas, its members rarely showed up in the outside world and even more seldomly battled.

For example, several generations ago, Paramount Goddess shocked the entire world by attacking Three Thousand Dao.

Of course, Si Jingru was far from being at that level currently. Nonetheless, she should still know some supreme techniques from the temple.

“Buzz.” Suddenly, rays and lotus flowers manifested into reality again. They then turned into bright flames and engulfed the area.

The world seemed to be sealed along with time itself. This made the crowd feel rather helpless, that their lives weren’t under their control.

The source of the flames was a special grand dao looking like a precious treasure trove.

“Please forgive my ignorant disciple, Goddess.” Words echoed in everyone’s ears. They were gentle yet intimidating, akin to the sounds of morning bells and evening drums reaching the depths of their heart and mind.

They looked up and saw an unadorned chariot made of star-crushed metal. This made it heavy enough to crush everything in its path.

It didn't look expensive but the engraved dao runes on the walls clearly came from a dao lord. Its power alone was enough, no need for flashy and gaudy appearances.

A chariot made of star-crushed metal and blessed by a dao lord should belong to a top master in the contemporary.

Sure enough, an old man in a blue robe sat on top. His aura was one of immovability just like a boulder. A sword rested on his knees, looking ancient and capable of splitting heaven and earth despite still being sheathed.

As he sat there without activating his aura, he resembled a magical boulder that has taken roots in the world itself.

Spectators became frozen. Even an inexperienced cultivator could tell that he was extremely powerful.

"Master." Six-winged Emissary bowed after seeing him.

"True Immortal Sect Master!" Everyone figured out who he was right away.

He could be considered the number one sect master right now in Eight Desolaces. Being able to meet him was truly a privilege, a conversational topic for a lifetime.

"Greetings, Sect Master." Many bowed deeply, even those not from True Immortal.

Bowing to a character of this level wasn't shameful at all. In fact, it was an honor. Thus, even those who were chased away earlier showed their respect.

Of course, some big shots only nodded their head or bowed slightly.

He nodded back at the crowd and then bowed towards the goddess: "I apologize on my disciple's behalf." He seemed rather sincere in both words and action.

"He sure knows how to conduct himself properly." One crowd member said. Others also felt the same way after seeing his apology.

Most might not have been so magnanimous. After all, the sect master of True Immortal didn't need to apologize to anyone.

"You're being too polite, Sect Master." Si Jingru replied.

"I haven't been able to visit the temple to pay my respects, please give the monarch my regards." He bowed again.

The crowd didn't dare to breathe loudly, not wanting to disturb their conversation. A visit from the sect master to the temple would be a monumental occasion.

"I will deliver the message." Si Jingru bowed back and accepted the kind wish.

These were two behemoths exchanging pleasantries. Their stance and attitude toward each other could change the political landscape of the entire world.

“We are here today to pay respect to our ancestor, please forgive us if we have offended anyone.” He then bowed towards the crowd.

Others immediately bowed back to return the gesture. Those who got kicked out were no longer angry and blamed only Six-winged Emissary for being rude instead.

They thought that this was how the number one sect master should act.

“An impressive act.” Jian Ming and Puresword’s group were impressed as well. Six-winged Emissary lacked charisma and propriety in comparison.

Chapter 4553: Astonishment

Meanwhile, Si Jingru walked next to Li Qiye and grabbed his arm, looking rather excited: “I didn’t expect to see you again, Young Noble, after saying goodbye in Bodhisattva City.”

Her natural smile put flowers to shame. It seeped into the soul just like a blooming flower.

Spectators who saw this became speechless. The goddess’ status commanded respect from both the young and old.

Normally, someone like her would have plenty of suitors. An example would be Godwhip Princess. Despite being unreachable, youths still harbored feelings for her.

In this case, no one dared to have these unrealistic fantasies. The geniuses couldn’t talk romance with Si Jingru for it would be a travesty.

Therefore, seeing her being so intimate and smiling with Li Qiye just like a young lady was unthinkable.

No one would believe that the priestess of Ancestral Divine Temple actually took the initiative to grab a man’s arm. Alas, they actually witnessed the act in person.

“Who the hell is he?” This became the question on everyone’s mind.

“How is he so lucky? To actually earn the goddess’ favor.” An expert became jealous.

“Which sect is he from?” An ancestor found this puzzling. Even the five conquerors couldn’t garner her attention, let alone prompt her to act in this manner.

“You’ve improved quickly.” Li Qiye glanced at her and said flatly.

“It is thanks to you, Young Noble.” She said softly.

Her attitude was surprising enough but so was Li Qiye’s.

“Who does he think he is? He should be rejoiced right now but look at him, acting all cool.” A youth found this annoying.

“He gotta be blind.” A young female cultivator felt the same way.

Some might faint with happiness after receiving so much favor from the saintess. However, this guy acted as if it was nothing.

Contrary to other opinions, Si Jingru was happy to receive praise from Li Qiye, looking as if she had just drunk sweet honey.

The Improper Four saw this and exchanged glances.

“What is your young noble’s background?” A’han couldn’t help but quietly ask Jian Ming.

“One strong enough where you aren’t qualified to kneel before him.” Jian Ming glanced at them dismissively as if insulting their lack of discernment.

“Not just anyone in this world can make us kneel.” Xiao Yan stared at Li Qiye and didn’t buy it.

“Whatever, I’m telling you out of the goodness of my heart. Just know that It’s up to you whether to believe me or not. The young noble simply doesn’t care even if your father is the heaven itself.” Jian Ming shrugged.

Whenever Jian Ming spoke, others would get the urge to slap him a couple of times. He seemed masochistic in this regard.

“Really now?” Xiao Yan still didn’t buy it. Though no one knew who they were, they actually had a frightening background.

“Our knowledge is insufficient, forgive us.” Puresword hurriedly mediated.

Jian Ming went on: “Insufficient indeed, not as knowledgeable as a merchant like me who has traveled to all corners of the world. You need to learn more in order to not shame your ancestors.”

“You!” Xiao Yan was furious but Puresword pulled him back. The latter smiled wryly and took his time observing Li Qiye.

He knew that Jian Ming had a foul mouth. However, the masochistic guy didn’t seem to be ignorant and overly arrogant. This made the whole thing rather strange.

Li Qiye ignored their conversation. He glanced at the sect master of True Immortal then the sky before smiling: “Quite a few have arrived.”

With that, he asked Lin Mo: “What is Everlasting Monarch taking with him?”

Jian Ming and the others’ ears became larger as they tried to listen without being too obvious.

Lin Mo quietly stared at the cemetery and said: “Only one thing.”

“I see.” Li Qiye rubbed his chin and said: “If that’s the case, the title of everlasting is well-deserved.”

“Are you interested, Young Noble?” She looked back at him.

He smiled and said: “There’s nothing to see. If it was special, it wouldn’t be left behind like this. It might be decent but not something I need.”

“What is it?” Jian Ming finally joined, unable to contain his curiosity.

Li Qiye laughed and said: “You are so noisy. Just wait a bit and others will take action, you’ll find out then.”

“Many geezers from True Immortal are here, can they actually rob him?” Jian Ming glanced at the sky.

“That depends on the price they are willing to pay?” Li Qiye smiled: “Since the monarch brought it to the cemetery in the first place, it means that he doesn’t want to hand it over.”

“How many monarchs from True Immortal are here?” Jian Ming chuckled: “It might not matter either because if Everlasting Monarch gets serious, he’ll destroy this region. Can anyone from True Immortal take him on?”

“There might be a ceremonial method.” The daoist got involved as well.

Everlasting Monarch was obviously powerful since he was a being from the Era of the Blessed. He could absolutely be considered one of the strongest ancient ancestors from True Immortal.

Since he brought the item to the cemetery, he clearly wanted to take it with him to the Yin Wheel for the cycle.

He wouldn’t accept True Immortal’s demand. Though he was dead, his power still remained. A battle might result in the death of many experts from True Immortal.

“What type of ceremony?” Jian Ming asked.

“A spirit summon. If he can remember his descendants, then they have a chance. Otherwise, it’ll be a slaughter.” The daoist said.

“So we got a show then.” Jian Ming smiled, ready to see others suffer.

“From what I can see, Everlasting Monarch will truly show up this time.” The daoist calculated with his fingers and then whispered: “A really important figure in True Immortal is here this time.” He looked up at the sky afterward.

Chapter 4554: Crossing Opening

“Boom!” The world shook violently with the epicenter located in the Yin Wheel.

Everyone immediately stared in that direction.

“The crossing is opening.” A big shot from the last generation murmured, aware of this phenomenon.

Sure enough, the floating foams started gathering towards the center of the Yin Wheel, summoned by an unknown force.

The wheel started changing during this process. As time passed, everyone felt as if it was rotating.

This was strange because the Yin Wheel was nothing more than a void expanse. How could it rotate or move?

Nonetheless, this wasn’t something felt by only one or two people. All the crowd had the same feeling.

Eventually, all the gray foams made it to the center. They became black, not completely devoid of light, but similar to nighttime.

By this point, it became apparent that the Yin Wheel was indeed moving. Once it became fast enough, gales started to form. During this rotation, it became independent, no longer a part of space. This meant that its rotation wouldn't affect the surroundings nearby.

Loud detonations came next. Once the rotation reached a certain speed, a spatial maelstrom manifested into reality.

The foams in the center were experiencing immense compression and were reduced to black dots. The color of the expanse suddenly turned into the darkest shade possible as if it was emitting black rays.

"Rumble!" Cracks could be heard once the maelstrom gathered sufficient power. Space seemed to be sucked into its rotation. Even time itself couldn't escape.

The temporal strings were visibly being dragged into the maelstrom as well. All of the affinities were crushed into nothingness.

Time lost its fundamental essences and turned into foams only to be devoured by the maelstrom.

"So the foams were temporal fragments." A big shot murmured while watching.

Some noticed similarities when they first got here. This was finally proven to be true.

"Boom!" A special phenomenon occurred within the wheel. Everyone suddenly heard splashing noises.

This was unthinkable because everything was being destroyed in the maelstrom. How could there be running water?

But sure enough, it was actually happening. Everyone saw yellow and muddled water coursing within. It almost resembled yellow mud but without the sand and grain. It seemed to be the water symbolizing the end of life.

There was a particular odor to it, not foul and nauseating but something personal. It made people think that they were one step in the grave, on the verge of facing death.

"Yellow liquid! Is this from the Yellow River?!" One expert bellowed.

"Not sure." A big shot shook her head: "No one has ever obtained this liquid but it is indeed speculated to be from the legendary river."

At the same time, a different ancestor leaped upward and tossed out a treasure bowl. It flew towards the Yin Wheel with the intention of seizing the water for research.

"Crack!" The bowl was reduced to dust the moment it got close. The particles were then sucked in by the wheel and disappeared from sight.

"Incredible power." An elder took a deep breath.

"Yes, this is insane." The ancestor who tried became emotional.

His bowl was a top treasure, extremely mighty and tough. Alas, it didn't last a single second and seemed to be as fragile as fried dough.

“Countless masters have tried to enter the Yin Wheel only to die a burial-less death. Only Calamity Dao Lord survived, at least according to the records.” An ancient ancestor shook his head.

Listeners took a deep breath and were amazed at Calamity Dao Lord’s unbreakable shell. Nonetheless, the tale said that it was heavily damaged afterward.

Therefore, taking this liquid seemed to be impossible. They were extremely curious but lacked the ability to do anything about it.

The ancestors from True Immortal and Skybreak Monarch didn’t take action either. Though they were strong, they didn’t think they were superior to the wise sages of the past.

“Buzz.” An image appeared in the yellow liquid. It seemed to be a great world with rotating yin and yang. Everything was upside-down - a world never seen before by spectators.

“Is that the reincarnation cycle?” They were captivated by this strange scene because it was different from their own world.

“Is it actually there or just an illusion?” Jian Ming and the daoist became immersed in this scene.

“Are we looking at the yellow river?” Si Jingru asked Li Qiye.

He stared at the image for a bit before shaking his head: “It is an incomplete picture, only one tiny corner.”

“It might not be the cycle at all.” Lin Mo who has been silent added.

“If it were so easy to reincarnate, everyone would be able to do it.” Li Qiye chuckled.

Chapter 4555: Crossing Emissary

With the formation of the Yin Wheel, everyone understood that Yin Yang Crossing was about to be open.

“Buzz.” All the yin and yang essences seemed to be rushing into the Yin Wheel like invisible rivers.

Normally, the yin and yang were difficult for cultivation comprehension and observation. Now, an invisible hand seemed to be gathering all of them together in one place.

The invisible yin and yang, in their black and white, were so close to everyone. They materialized into physical form and blossomed into resplendent colors.

Next came a divine bridge originating from the wheel spanning all the way to the cemetery, resembling a rainbow in the air.

“It’s finally here.” Spectators were lost in awe.

“The crossing is opening!” Others shouted.

“We need to get ready right now.” A big shot quietly told his disciples.

Both regular cultivators and important figures came for one reason - to rob the dead. They knew that the dead would start trying to reach the wheel soon, meaning that the bridge was the best place for an ambush.

“Boom!” A figure landed on the perfect center of the bridge; the yin was to his left and the yang was to his right. Just an inch off would throw this off balance.

This made him appear to be the master of yin and yang, capable of controlling these affinities.

The strange man wore a yellow robe that didn't look special or ceremonial. In fact, it appeared to be on the cheap side - one that could be found on a servant in the mortal world.

However, his high crest was the opposite and had a classic elegance. It seemed to be made from a priceless purple metal with tasseled beads hanging from it. These beads were exceedingly rare, known to others as celestial yin beads.

Just one alone would sell for a sky-high price. Alas, there were too many to count on these tassels hanging down from the crest. Its value symbolized its supreme authority.

They also hid the face of the cultivator. Even the strongest masters couldn't see through the beads with their heavenly gaze without permission.

Nonetheless, the contrast between his robe and his crest didn't feel out of place. The aura stemming from him changed the temporal fabrics of reality. Even a million years seemed fleeting while passing through him.

Despite not having an intimidating presence, all cultivators shuddered after seeing him. There was no way to make it past him. His very existence was the strongest barrier.

Upon closer inspection, one would notice an imperial aura from long ago. It was well-hidden, only the masters here could sense it.

“The Yin Yang Emissary!” A crowd member shouted.

“He's finally here to open the crossing.” Another murmured.

The Yin Yang Emissary was also known as the Crossing Emissary - a truly enigmatic figure. He always appeared during the opening of the Yin Wheel to lead the dead from the graves.

When people talked about survivors of the Yin Wheel, they would think about Calamity Dao Lord, not the emissary. He seemed to be part of the crossing so he wasn't counted as a survivor.

“Just who is he?” One expert asked.

This question has been researched for years. Alas, no one came up with an answer.

“He has been around for eras now, must be an ancient existence.” One big shot said.

One old cultivator has been here multiple times now. Each time, this emissary always came at the right time. He seemed to be the same person as well, always wearing the same outfit.

“The crossing must be a passage to the reincarnation cycle. I bet this man is a part of it.” The old cultivator mumbled.

“Is he alive?” One junior asked.

“I don’t know.” His first elder shook her head: “Rumor has it that he might not be a person at all.”

“Do you mean that he’s dead? Like a ghost?” The junior became curious.

His peers felt the same way since none of them could take a closer look at the emissary despite activating their heavenly gaze.

“He’s here.” The daoist swallowed his saliva and instinctively touched his turtle shell. He had the urge to divine but knew that it was forbidden. Their clan had done so before and it wasn’t an auspicious reading.

“Doesn’t look like a ghost.” Jian Ming could sense how powerful this being was despite not being at a similar level.

“An immemorial existence.” Si Jingru whispered: “Our ancestors said that the true origin of this being is untraceable.”

“Of course, that’s why he is in charge here.” Li Qiye smiled while staring at the emissary.

Lin Mo did the same. Her eyes became particularly clear, capable of seeing through all the mysteries of the world.

“There are hints of an ancient emperor.” She then concluded.

Chapter 4556: Fromheaven Stone God

Everyone maintained their focus after the appearance of the emissary. Some even gripped their weapons harder, ready to go all out.

Meanwhile, the emissary glanced over in Li Qiye’s direction and noticed Li Qiye. He then bowed deeply and astounded the crowd.

Of course, no one thought that he was bowing to Li Qiye. They assumed that it was symbolic, showing respect for something over yonder in that direction.

“What was that? The emissary never did something like this before.” A big shot found it strange.

“True.” An ancestor who has been here several times became curious.

In the past, the emissary never made any needless action while standing on the bridge. Even if his expression changed, no one would know due to the tasseled beads draping down in front of him. Thus, this bowing action was unprecedented.

“What is over in that direction?” A high elder stared at the horizon.

“Don’t tell me that there is something special about this opening? Completely different than before?” An expert speculated.

Jian Ming and the daoist became overwhelmed with emotion. They immediately knew that Li Qiye was the emissary's target.

"Young Noble, the emissary is bowing to you." Si Jingru said softly.

Li Qiye didn't return the gesture. He stared at the emissary and accepted the bow.

"There is a karmic string between you two." Lin Mo added.

He smiled and didn't answer since it was too long ago. The bowing made him recall several people hidden deep in his memories - in the center of the mysterious ancestral city was a divine throne placed on top of many steps. A being had sat there for millions of years without making a sound.

Now, the emissary was here after many eras. His previous identity contained too many secrets and legends. Now, no one remembered them anymore, not the frightening burial ground either.

Li Qiye sighed and didn't say anything else. Millions of dao yet none might last forever; all things in life were all but ephemeral.

"Boom!" A loud explosion came from the Yang Cemetery. Next came earth-shattering quakes.

Everyone looked over and saw the peaks deep in the cemetery moving. Some started shattering so debris went flying. Something inside seemed to be tearing them apart.

"Rumble!" After the debris and dust cleared, they saw a giant breaking out of the largest one.

He was a golem towering at a hundred meters and surrounded by clouds. He had sharp lines and edges. They seemed capable of cutting through space during his movement.

His stone eyes shifted slightly but they were devoid of light and flesh. His weapon of choice was a stone sword but instead of a sharp end, it had something resembling a hammer. It had dao indentations and markings. They intertwined together to form dao runes.

In other words, whenever this sword would attack, it would also release the power of all the embedded sword dao. Only a top master would be able to directly embed these dao onto a sword.

"Any idea who that is?" A spectator asked.

"No idea, do statues die?" An ignorant youth said while watching this astonishing scene.

"He is a golem, not a statue. He was once a living being, extremely strong too. His entire body has reached atavism, meaning that he would be able to defeat virtually anyone in our generation." A big shot said.

"That's putting it lightly. He was one of the strongest golems in history, a direct disciple of Skystone Dao Lord. His title was Fromheaven Stone God." A gray-haired ancestor said solemnly.

"A dao lord's disciple..." Everyone understood right away how strong this golem was.

Skystone Dao Lord came from West King's Divine Stone Ridge. He used to be a divine stone but with the help of the dao, he gained sentience and became a dao lord.

According to the rumors, Dao Sanqian had taught him before. Therefore, some considered Dao Sanqian to be the pseudo-master of the dao lord.

“Putting the disciple thing aside, he’s invincible in his own right. He was a divine stone from the eight branches, his talents were immaculate.” A golem ancestor said: “Look at that sword, it was formed naturally next to him. Skystone Dao Lord once said that its power is not inferior to his patrimony weapon.”

The last comment made the crowd gasp. There were plenty of dao lord weapons but patrimony weapons were unique. Their power was comparable to their creator, far exceeding anything else.

Nonetheless, this stone sword born from the heaven and earth was comparable to a patrimony weapon? It might still have room to grow stronger in the future.

“There’s nothing else like it.” A big shot felt his heart beating faster.

Everyone started salivating for this ultimate sword. To say that they didn’t want it would be a lie.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!” The golem started walking.

The earthquakes seemed to be affecting the other graves. More started opening and various phenomena occurred.

One grave released a divine beam. Another had auspicious violet radiance. One more had shimmering golden rays...

Chapter 4557: Pilfering Phantoms

Yang Cemetery became resplendent with colorful lights and phenomena. The type of corpses also varied greatly.

One corpse was a skeleton but this didn’t affect his agility in the slightest. Another was exactly the same compared to when he was alive. He still wore a regal outfit with no yin energy staining him. The only thing different was that instead of life, only death existed in his empty eyes.

Not all the dead had a grave. Some directly lay down on the ground and let nature take over.

For example, loud splashes could be heard and a massive alligator climbed out of a mud plain. This was a fully-matured demon with bright golden scales. Its eyes were the same as all the walking corpses.

Another corpse sat in the meditative position on top of a pile of rocks at the base of a cliff. Once he stood up with a sword in his hand, he released a terrible divinity. Sword energies engulfed ten thousand miles. Its dao could cut open a new world.

The dead seemed to be answering a summoning. Many started walking out of their graves.

Of course, not all of them did it. Some got out and took a look, realizing that the time was not ripe and returning to their grave.

Some graves didn’t react at all as if the corpses inside weren’t interested in the summoning or didn’t notice it.

“Boom!” The first to arrive at the bridge was none other than Fromheaven Stone God. His large frame didn’t affect the bridge in the slightest.

He stopped afterward, seemingly waiting for the emissary. However, the latter didn’t react. The time didn’t seem to be right.

Some living cultivators lost patience and decided to climb the bridge.

“They’re elders from Spirited Peak.” A spectator recognized the group.

These elders surrounded the stone god and exchanged glances.

“Why isn’t the stone god attacking?” A young spectator became curious. Everyone could tell that these elders coveted the stone sword.

“He’s dead and won’t attack without provocation.” A big shot who has seen this event before said.

Sure enough, the elders immediately took action. Two of them took out a treasure rope and tied the stone god up. One more elder summoned a divine chain that coil around the golem; the two ends of the chain drilled deep into the ground. The rest of the elders immediately went for the stone sword.

“Clank!” One of them unsheathed their saber, wanting to sever the golem’s hand.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye since they had a concrete plan. Unfortunately, the golem moved ever so slightly and the rope and chain crumbled.

“Boom!” He then swung the sword and crushed the spatial fabrics along the way.

“Ah!” The fleeing elders were all struck by the sword. Instead of severing, it struck them like a hammer and reduced them to bloody mists.

“So strong!” Spectators couldn’t believe it. These elders couldn’t stop a single swing.

“He’s an invincible golem, the disciple of Skystone Dao Lord. These fools had no chance in the first place.” An ancestor didn’t find this surprising.

Those who came with unsavory intentions became frightened after seeing this. These corpses were far stronger than their expectations. Death didn’t slow them down at all. This might be a unique phenomenon due to the graves in the Yang Cemetery.

“Buzz.” A small grave opened and out came four identical corpses.

They were tiny and wore the same clothes. The bottom of their robe nearly touched the ground due to their humble height. They wore a round hat with veils covering their faces. Even their movement seemed sneaky.

They were inconspicuous but the thing that attracted everyone’s attention was the treasure chest they were carrying.

It exuded a rainbow stretching across the entire cemetery. The material was unknown but this chest seemed capable of storing all the treasures in the world. Eventually, it released more and more rainbows of different shades.

Next came a variety of divine auras. Some rushed to the sky like beams, others pulsed through the ground. These seemed to be coming from different treasures or artifacts.

“What is that?” Even a fool knew how valuable the chest was.

“Pilfering Phantoms!” A spectator shuddered.

“Are they famous?” One youth asked.

A big shot had heard of this title before and explained: “They are notorious, vile thieves. Stealing, robbing, murdering, they did it all. They stole the heirlooms of numerous sects and clans, going as far as killing their victims to keep it a secret. This included several great powers. They even stole from the behemoths like True Immortal, Three Thousand Dao, Sea Emperor Sword Kingdom, you name it...”

“The audacity...” The youth gasped.

“These behemoths couldn’t capture them?” Another became curious.

“They sent parties to hunt these four but unfortunately, nothing came of it. Later on, all of them worked together and managed to surround the four. I thought they were killed since they disappeared afterward. Seems like they got away and buried themselves here.” The big shot said.

Chapter 4558: Six-buddha Monarch

Each corpse held one corner of the treasure chest as they walked toward the bridge.

“So what’s actually inside the chest? They want to take it along with them for the next life.” One expert commented.

With reincarnation, the previous life no longer mattered. One would only yearn and think about the next.

However, these four villains still wanted to carry this chest with them. They obviously couldn’t let go.

“They stole too many treasures to count, and only exceptional ones.” A big shot said: “For them to care about this chest so much, whatever inside must be incredible.”

Greed started showing up in everyone’s eyes as they stared at the chest.

“I heard True Immortal lost an immemorial treasure, Three Thousand Dao lost a regalia, and Lion’s Roar lost an auspicious immortal armor...” A knowledgeable ancestor started recalling the potential artifacts.

“Don’t forget all the sects that they destroyed too. Those treasures must have been amazing to justify the massacre in order to keep it a secret.” Another said.

This only added to everyone’s excitement. Any of these treasures from the behemoths would cause a bloodbath in the outside world.

Whatever was in the chest must be the very best, the thing these villains valued the most.

“If we can get that...” Some salivated while staring at the chest.

“Boom!” Another corpse flew out from the grave. This time, it was a monk covered in a bright radiance.

He wore a kasaya and had light circles pulsing behind him. He had three heads and six hands, each holding a different Buddhist artifact - bowl, pestle, loop, pagoda... Auspicious clouds accompanied him as he flew in the air.

“Six-buddha Monarch!” Someone shouted after seeing the monk.

“A sacred monk, even God Ape Dao Lord addressed him as dao brother. He buried himself here too.” A disciple from a great power murmured.

“Such a transcending monk should have escaped the reincarnation cycle. Why is he seeking it here?” The master of an ancient school said.

“Boom!” Gales and black clouds suddenly took over, signaling the start of a storm. Thick lightning bolts struck the bridge and a figure appeared.

He was covered in black armor plates from top to bottom. Lightning bolts coursed around him as if he was the source of this affinity. His eyes were empty as well with the exception of lighting currents, truly a creepy sight.

Miasma emanated from him with a destructive affinity. He seemed to be a being from the darkness, the ender of living things.

“Blackbolt Fiend! He’s here too!” A clan ancestor blurted.

“He and the monarch are mortal enemies, they’ve fought no fewer than a hundred times while they were alive. What a coincidence.” An elder added.

“Yes, unexpected indeed.” Another became sentimental.

These two have fought numerous battles to the death, intending on tearing each other asunder. Alas, both of them were on the bridge right now, side by side. They completely ignored each other.

“There is no feud after death.” One expert said.

Mortal enemies could now walk on this bridge together, no longer caring about previous sentiments.

“Clank!” A saber hymn sounded. Next came rampaging saber energies. An old saber user then landed on the bridge.

“Dao Wudi!” An expert immediately recognized him. [1]

“Ancestor!” Members of a certain clan roared after seeing him. They were clearly his descendants. Alas, he didn’t stop to look at them for a second.

“Boom!” A female cultivator resembling a godfiend landed on the bridge. Waves formed behind her.

“Wavebreaker Goddess...” Someone from the same generation said.

Her beauty once captivated all the geniuses of that period.

The next entity of note was a great serpent that appeared on the bridge. It took a while before someone figured out its identity.

An old man from a secret sect shuddered and said: "Nightmare serpent..."

"That's a nightmare serpent? Rumor has it that if you see it in your dream, you'll be eaten by daylight. There is no escape." A big shot had heard about its legends before.

More corpses arrived at the bridge. They were all renowned characters once. Not all were humans and demons.

For example, the nightmare serpent was first. The second interesting creature was a skeletal duck.

Judging by its large bones, it must have been rather large and would make a perfect meal for a roast duck lover. It strolled happily on the bridge, looking quite leisurely while shaking its tail.

However, people were more focused on the golden egg on its back. Dao runes occasionally flashed on the shell as if it contained a supreme grand dao. Hymns and thunders could be heard as well.

This golden egg was obviously magnificent. Some thought that it might have a divine beast inside.

Ever since the corpses started appearing, ancestors would start naming them. In fact, some ancient ancestors even lived in the same generation as these corpses. However, no one recognized this skeletal duck and the egg on its back.

Chapter 4559: Skeletal Duck

"It might be a divine egg." Ancestors swallowed their saliva.

"Taking this egg back and incubating it might give us a divine beast, it'll protect the sect for generations to come." One sect master murmured.

It wasn't impossible for a top power to train a supreme cultivator. However, they normally would only be able to protect the sect for only one generation or even a shorter period. After all, humans had their own ambition and desire.

On the other hand, grooming a divine beast meant gaining its protection for generations to come. The sect's prosperity would be assured.

"Do it already." A spectator murmured.

Sure enough, a figure appeared next to the four phantoms. He wore a silver robe so his movement looked like a lightning bolt.

"Extreme Lightning King!" A high elder recognized the powerful cultivator.

"A sovereign who has reached the limit of speed." A few big shots were surprised.

Though he wasn't the strongest sovereign, he became world-renowned for his speed. People said that if he wanted to escape, no one could ever catch up to him.

Everyone naturally knew his intention - taking the chest away from the Pilfering Phantoms.

"Buzz." The king raised his speed to the limit, leaving a trail of particles as he rushed through the air. He grabbed the chest and instantly made it away.

Spectators still saw afterimages of him next to the four villains but in reality, his true body was no longer there.

“Boom!” The four phantoms immediately took action and used their power.

Meanwhile, everyone thought that the king was successful because he was ten million miles away already.

“So fast!” They couldn’t believe it.

Unfortunately, four spirits appeared behind the thieves, raising their hands in the king’s direction and pulling back. Time seemed to be dragged back and the king appeared next to them again.

“Pluff!” Blood splashed in the air since one spirit pulled out the king’s heart in a gruesome fashion.

“Ahh!” The king bellowed and then fell dead to the ground.

Spectators were stunned since they didn’t understand the transpired events. The king clearly made it far away yet the spirits of these villains instantly dragged him back. They seemed to have control of time and pulled a temporal reversal.

“What happened?” Not to mention the young generation, even a few experts were lost.

An ancient big shot calmly explained: “This is their ace move, Ray Grasp. It is capable of stealing back the time that has just passed by.”

“I see...” This scene and technique left a deep impression on the crowd.

The death of Extreme Lightning King didn’t deter the next participant. An ancestor appeared with eight layers of rotating shields and an ancient pagoda above him.

“Skyshield Heavenly Sovereign!” Many ancestors from the same generation recognized him.

“Go!” He instantly made a move. The pagoda came crashing down toward the skeletal duck with unstoppable momentum and divinity. During this suppression, he reached for the golden egg on the duck’s back.

“Crack!” The duck pecked at the sovereign once.

His eyes opened wide open in horror. Next, blood dripped down from a hole on his forehead.

“Bam!” The eight layers of shields crumbled and he fell straight down. His blood stained the bridge.

“What?!” Spectators couldn’t believe it. His defenses went down to a single peck from the skeletal duck.

“How can this creature be so strong?” One ancestor mumbled.

With the word “shield” in his title, the ancestor obviously had a capable defense. Alas, it didn’t last a single second versus the duck.

“Just what is this duck?” Another wondered.

A first-gen ancestor from a clan stared at the golden egg and said: “The creature is so mighty yet it still wants to bring the egg into the reincarnation cycle. It has to be a divine egg.”

The value of the egg became clear. Unfortunately, obtaining it seemed impossible.

“Kill!” By this point, many cultivators and big shots have chosen their target and began attacking.

Screams ensued because many died right away despite coming prepared. Remember that these corpses used to be unbeatable masters.

Nonetheless, greed blinded the attempters. Plus, the cultivation world required taking risks to move forward. It didn't take long for the stench of blood to permeate the air.

Both the corpses and the emissary turned a blind eye to the slaughter. The corpses only retaliated once provoked, nothing more.

“It's coming.” At this time, the Improper Four noticed something coming from the cemetery.

A treant got out of the grave, looking like a charred tree that has been hit by lightning and fire. This seemed to be the result of a terrible tribulation.

He had four legs and the face of an old man on the trunk, no differently from a friendly grandpa. Despite being dead, one of the branches had a leaf larger than a human palm. It was verdant like jade, seemingly filled with water and life force.

Chapter 4560: Incineration Treant

Everyone noticed the leaf right away.

“Incineration Treant.” An ancestor from an ancient clan said: “A mighty treant from the old era, infinitely close to being indestructible and unkillable.”

“But isn't he dead already?” A youth said.

“That's why I said infinitely close.” The ancestor went on: “Look at that leaf. It is not his but rather, a legacy passed down from their ancestors, an immortal leaf that will last for an eternity. Their descendants are eligible to fuse the leaf into their own body. That's why Incineration Treant had an immense life force, giving him an indestructible nature and an endless lifespan. The leaf allowed him to live for eras while he served as the protector of their race...”

Crowd members listened attentively. The youths didn't think much about the leaf but on the other hand, the nearly-dead ancestors desired life more than anything.

Of course, immortality and everlasting life were mere dreams. No one could obtain this but who would say no to living longer?

Everyone could sense the life force oozing from the leaf. It could help someone live for countless years.

Powerful, yes, but the treant was far from being strong enough to live forever. It was the leaf that supported him for eras until one day, he decided to bury himself in the cemetery.

“What if we use it to make medicine?” An old cultivator softly asked.

Though the cultivators here weren't treants to imbue their leaf into their body, they might be able to refine the leaf into medicine via alchemy and considerably increase their lifespan. The temptation was irresistible.

"Go!" The four exchanged glances and leaped into the bridge, standing in front of the treant.

"See, they came prepared." Jian Ming murmured after seeing this.

"Venerable Ancestor." The four bowed respectfully but the treant didn't react.

Nonetheless, they took out a censer and lit up some incense - simple yet solemn.

"Must be his descendants." A spectator murmured. Of course, the only treant among them was "Woodman".

Woodman took out an old badge with both hands and raised it above his head. He prostrated and said: "Ancestor, your descendant is here bearing the divine wood badge. I respectfully beseech you to return the Myriad Age Leaf."

The badge was made from an unknown type of wood. It still shined brightly despite being ancient and seemed to be heavier and tougher than metal.

Though spectators didn't know what it was, it clearly carried immense significance to the treants, capable of commanding them.

However, the treant didn't bother glancing at the badge as if it was nothing.

"Incineration Treant is dead and has forgotten everything. This ancestral badge is useless." The daoist commented.

The solemn ceremony didn't work and prompted the four to ponder for a second. They then nodded in unison.

Woodman took out a scroll and opened it. This was a painting of an elegant woman.

"Poof!" The scroll was lit ablaze. As it turned to ashes, the woman inside manifested into reality. Her bearing and manner were full of grace; she must have been someone important when she was alive.

She looked rather animated just like a living person. This time around, the treant suddenly stopped and stared at her.

"Incineration." Her clear voice could reach the soul. [1]

The dead treant seemingly returned to life. His eyes filled with death became bright once more.

"This woman must have been very important to Incineration Treant, even more so than his own life. It's effective." The daoist said.

The woman was pulling him back from the dead. In this split second, she moved with lightning speed and plucked the leaf from his body.

"Go!" The Improper Four got their target and immediately fled toward the horizon.

"I knew it, buncha thieves." Jian Ming murmured.

"Where do you think you're going?!" A thunderous voice resounded as a gigantic palm descended on Xiao Yan.

"Boom!" Xiao Yan performed a special step technique and instantly evaded the attack.

They then looked forward and saw a horned ancestor standing in front of them.

"Goldhorn Monarch!" Someone recognized him.

"Go!" Puresword attacked with haste: "Evil-subduing Ring!"

A golden halo descended with enough power to contain the entire world. Immemorial gods started chanting supreme runes.

"Hmph!" The horned monarch resisted its suppressive power.

"Leave the leaf if you want to leave!" Another big shot took action, smashing her iron walking stick. It was as if a mountain was falling down.

"Cane Tyrant!" Another recognized the famous cultivator.

"Break!" A'han rushed forward and roared: "Diamond Bull Force!" He summoned a golden bull that thrust its horns against the cane.

At the same time, one more big shot ambushed Xiao Yan. Virtually indiscernible sword energies engulfed the youth.

"Soaring Blade Marquis!" He was recognized as well.

"Evil Vine Law!" Woodman summoned countless dark vines for defense; each was as thick as a mountain range.

Members of the Improper Four showed their immense power against these big shots. They couldn't be nameless juniors.

Spectators didn't think much about the robbing attempt. This happened every day in the cultivation world.

"Raging Tempest!" Xiao Yan's technique created a terrible tempest capable of tearing the world apart.

Both his allies and enemies were instantly trapped inside.

"Boom!" The latter eventually destroyed the tempest. Alas, the four youths were nowhere to be found.