

Emperor 4631

### **Chapter 4631: Witnessing A Marriage**

Ultimately, she picked Li Qiye and chose to marry Jian Ming - something resembling an autonomous decision.

Though both sides weren't overly willing and it didn't come from love, she was still the one making the decision. The same couldn't be said about the marriage proposal and the battle stage.

"Smart and independent, creating your own path when there is none." Li Qiye smiled.

The alternatives required her to accept the result. Resistance was futile regardless of the person. This included those whom she might dislike or even hate.

"Brother Jian, will you marry me?" She asked earnestly again.

"I..." Jian Ming had never thought that a girl would be proposing to him one day.

He liked Ye Tingrong and wanted to court her. Alas, happiness was coming too fast in this case so he wasn't mentally prepared.

"I can't take this anymore. Answer her already." The daoist elbowed him again.

"What are you waiting for, Brother Jian? Seize the moment." Paramount Scion urged.

"I'm, I'm..." Jian Ming was overwhelmed with emotions.

"It's alright if you don't want to, I won't force..." Ye Tingrong said.

"No, no, I accept, I accept, it's just that..." Jian Ming blurted out and couldn't finish, blushing.

"Then it is decided!" The daoist interrupted him and clapped happily: "This is as good as it gets, talented groom and beautiful bride, a match made in heaven."

Jian Ming's face only grew redder after hearing this.

"A joyous occasion indeed, congratulations, Brother Jian, Miss Ye." Paramount Scion happily wished them well.

"If there is no objection from either of you, it is finished." Li Qiye stared at the two and smiled: "A marriage bestowed by me is final, no one will be able to change it. Let me ask one last time, are you willing to accept these fateful ties?"

Ye Tingrong took a deep breath and stared at Jian Ming. She solemnly nodded: "I accept."

All eyes turned toward Jian Ming next, seemingly telling him to accept already.

Jian Ming's hands trembled from excitement and nervousness. At first, he didn't reveal his crush on Ye Tingrong and hesitated about proposing to Golden Gate. Now, a marriage was happening already.

"I accept as well." He made up his mind and met her gaze. He then spoke with confidence "I, Jian Ming, will marry Ye Tingrong, protecting and loving her for a lifetime."

The free-spirited Tingrong turned slightly red, showing off a rare feminine moment. She lowered her head; her eyebrows trembled just a bit.

After a while, she looked up and held his hands to say: "I, Ye Tingrong, will be your wife for the rest of my life."

Jian Ming stared intensely at her face, seemingly wanting to remember this moment forever. This caused her to feel hot and lower her head again.

"Kiss her, kiss her, kiss her!" Paramount Scion and the daoist started shouting.

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Meanwhile, other visitors had no idea about this marriage. They focused on the battle stage after hearing the news. Some were unhappy while others thought that it was a fair method...

"Aren't people here to propose? Why is it a fighting competition now?" A member of a great power who traveled one hundred miles to be here became dissatisfied.

"It's no problem. Golden Gate didn't state its intention of finding a groom, everyone else came to propose out of their own volition. They can choose a battle stage instead." An expert said.

"Isn't it better this way?" A clan ancestor said: "Most had no chance of being chosen versus the behemoths for a marriage proposal. One out of True Immortal, Three Thousand Dao, or Divine Dragon Valley would have been chosen."

"True, everyone has a fair chance on the battlefield." Another agreed.

"While it is true that everyone can participate, the probability is still as low as before. Who has better disciples than the three behemoths? If one of their geniuses loses, another can join instead." A last-gen cultivator remained pessimistic.

Many agreed with this assessment because their own young cultivators weren't actually competitive.

"This is our chance to shine and become famous." One genius was eager to try: "So what if we won't be the last man standing? We still get to challenge other capable cultivators. No need to win the beauty in the end."

Many ambitious youths agreed with this. Another said: "True, how often do this many heroes gather in the same place for a fighting competition?"

### **Chapter 4632: Martial Competition**

The news of the martial competition stirred up the crowd and excited the geniuses. Even those with no interest in the marriage alliance wanted to join.

For most great powers, only their successor was chosen to be a candidate, meaning saint child or princes. Therefore, regular disciples weren't involved at all. Sending an inadequate candidate would only risk derision and jeers.

This was no longer the case with the martial competition. Confident youths were allowed to fight without any limitation.

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for many of them. They might not be the last one standing but nonetheless, they were still eager to prove themselves.

It was simple - they just needed to display their brilliance and strength to make a name for themselves. It was rare to have a competition involving so many of their peers.

Because of this, more and more youths traveled to Golden Gate for the sake of fighting. A few were eager to fight members of the behemoth.

If they could have the privilege of fighting True Immortal Young Emperor Tian Feng, they just needed to last three to five moves. In the future, one of them might become a dao lord. Thus, they would then be considered survivors who have successfully challenged this great being. It would be a topic for them to brag about forever.

Meanwhile, a battle stage was erected on top of the main peak in Golden Gate. Mad Fist himself presided over the matter.

It didn't take long before it was filled with eager combatants. As for the ancestors, they were disappointed to see Mad Fist instead of the emperor.

The youths didn't care for this and looked around to assess the competitors.

"The saint child of Eight-direction is here too." Someone said after seeing a radiant youth.

"That's to be expected. Look over there, even an old prince from Fierce Sun Ravine is here." Another saw a white-haired youth.

"Isn't he from the last generation? Is he still eligible to fight?" A listener asked.

"It depends." A genius responded: "He's qualified given his age because he was sealed at a young age. He's about the same age as us but not from this generation."

"Where are the ones from True Immortal and Three Thousand Dao?" Someone curiously looked around.

"True Immortal Spirit is here right now, he's strong enough to sweep through the crowd. As for Three Thousand Dao? I heard its current representative is Paramount Scion, I'm unsure of anyone else." A knowledgeable cultivator responded.

"Hmm, Paramount Scion is strong, Jadedragon Monarch can't be weaker. Nonetheless, True Immortal Spirit seems to have the advantage if no one else is here." A last-gen cultivator analyzed.

"It should be interesting if those three don't hold back." Another agreed.

Jadedragon Monarch, Paramount Scion, and True Immortal Spirit were top geniuses only second to the five conquerors.

"True Immortal might not win if they don't mobilize more geniuses." A youth said.

"Well, if the ones here aren't enough, maybe even the five conquerors will show up eventually." A listener boldly speculated.

This made the crowd exchange glances and become emotional. Just the three mentioned prior were intimidating enough.

What about the five conquerors? No one would be able to compete against them on the battle stage.

"It doesn't have to be the five conquerors. True Immortal has the Six Prodigies, not just True Immortal Young Emperor." One expert mused.

"It's about the same for Three Thousand Dao. Their current First Brother can dominate this competition." An elder from a great power said.

"I hope the five conquerors will show up. They never get to fight each other so maybe we will see them in action. Watching a fight between them will benefit us for a lifetime." One genius said with anticipation.

This was indeed the case. The five conquerors were rarely in the same place since they were busy with cultivation. Fighting here might be great practice before the actual dao lord competition.

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When Mad Fist showed up along with the other big shots from Golden Gate, mighty fist energies engulfed the area.

Despite being in the presence of numerous great powers, he had enough prestige to be shown respect by the ancestors.

"I appreciate everyone for coming despite the long journey. Today, we hope to find a suitable groom for our jewel through a martial competition. The winner will be happily married on top of gaining another prize."

"Another prize?" An ancestor asked right away.

The big shots immediately thought about the treasure obtained by the fist emperor - their true goal for being here.

"It will be known to the victor." Mad Fist said mysteriously.

Some big shots didn't like the non-answer but they didn't protest because the veil of pretension was still there.

"The rules are simple, any young cultivator can participate regardless of their background and sect. The final winner will become our beloved jewel's groom." Mad Fist announced.

The big shots exchanged glances. These rules were just as expected. It meant that the stronger sects had a bigger advantage. For example, they could send several geniuses to fatigue a stronger combatant.

### **Chapter 4633: Women Can Fight Too**

"Grand Gate is ready to fight!" A genius in the crowd became excited and shouted.

"Our eighteen brothers from Skycall will take you on!" A great power stated its number advantage.

Since Golden Gate didn't state any restrictions, it meant that a sect could have unlimited participants. Taking advantage of this was the right call, especially against certain geniuses.

"Number doesn't matter." A genius from a sacred ground snorted: "All eighteen of you can come together. I, Water Dragon Saint Child, alone am enough."

"If you're as amazing as you claim to be, challenge True Immortal Spirit instead of us." The opponent immediately retorted.

This shut the genius up right away. Although he was strong, he was certainly not a match for True Immortal Spirit.

"He's not invincible beneath the five conquerors at all. Someone else will take him down." Another sneered.

"That's right, there are still Jadedragon Monarch and Paramount Scion. True Immortal Spirit isn't the clear favorite here." One more nodded in agreement.

"If that's the case, show me what you all can do." A flood of power suddenly erupted in all directions.

"True Immortal Spirit!" Everyone followed the voice and saw True Immortal Spirit jumping up onto the battle stage.

His eyes pulsed brightly, intimidating everyone nearby. His haters didn't dare to say more, aware that they couldn't beat him in a one-on-one fight.

"Wait a minute, there's something different about his aura. There is a hint of a dao lord aura." An ancestor became emotional after noticing something peculiar.

"A dao lord aura?!" Those nearby shuddered after hearing this.

"You're right." A high elder confirmed while feeling surprised.

The crowd exchanged glances in confusion but the big shots knew what was going on.

"Ancestors, you are correct." True Immortal Spirit noticed the gazes and revealed: "Since I am incapable, I am here with a dao lord weapon, ready to fight the heroes of the world."

This made the crowd take a deep breath. Just his cultivation alone was virtually unbeatable but he had a dao lord weapon too? This meant that even Jadedragon Monarch and Paramount Scion might not be able to win.

With the help of a dao lord weapon, his claim about taking on everyone became increasingly legitimate.

"Who will fight me?" He looked around and asked.

None of the geniuses here wanted to be the first to test the dao lord weapon. Sending one after another to fatigue him wouldn't work either. Being struck once by the weapon meant death.

Though some wanted to become famous, they still feared the weapon. Death meant the end of everything and the risk was considerably high.

"Bam!" Suddenly, a person landed and made the whole stage tremble.

The newcomer was none other than a girl in armor, looking as fierce as can be.

“Godwhip Princess!” Many recognized her and found this astonishing.

Of course, this wasn’t due to her reputation being overwhelming but the fact that she was a woman.

The battle stage was a way for Golden Gate to find a groom for its golden daughter. Therefore, her involvement was rather perplexing.

“I’m here to fight.” Her voice was both powerful and pleasing.

“Is this okay?” A young cultivator murmured.

True Immortal Spirit himself was surprised. He responded: “Your Highness, this is a martial competition to find a groom.”

“There’s no rule forbidding women from fighting.” She proudly said.

With that, everyone turned toward Golden Mad Fist, True Immortal Spirit included.

Mad Fist was surprised as well. The rules didn’t specifically state the sex but this should have been obvious.

“Ahem.” He said: “There are no rules about it indeed. Feel free to deliberate and state your opinion.”

“If women can fight too, it’ll be a bit chaotic.” One youth said.

“I don’t think there’s a problem since there is a hole in the rules.” An expert added.

“Yes, why can’t we fight too?” One female cultivator sided with Godwhip Princess.

“Your Highness, we support you, see how long you’ll be able to stand on stage!” The others shouted.

“You can do it!” She garnered the support of the fairer sex.

“Senior Mad Fist, if a woman were to win, would Miss Ye have to marry her?” Someone boldly asked.

“Golden Gate will keep our promises.” Mad Fist had to respond.

“Then there is no problem with my fighting.” Godwhip Princess said.

True Immortal Spirit didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He said: “Princess, do you wish to marry Miss Ye?”

The crowd started loudly talking about this possibility.

Chapter 4634: Xiao San

This development amused the crowd since it was rather rare.

“It’s fine if Her Highness wins. If anything, it’s pure love.” Even some of the male youths supported.

“That’s right, this might become a tale to be sung for a long time to come.” Others loudly chimed in.

“I hope she wins!” A furor broke out.

Some forgot their original goal, seemingly only wanting to see the princess winning and marrying the beauty. This would become quite a topic for Sky Border.

Moreover, it became far more interesting than a simple competition. They would prefer her winning over supreme geniuses such as True Immortal Spirit. That would be too boring compared to the alternative.

However, a third cultivator jumped onto the stage. He wore an embroidered robe with golden stitchings. He seemed to be from riches but his cultivation didn't seem exceptional.

He smiled and told the two combatants: "Fellow Daoists, since you're hesitating, how about fighting me instead?"

"Fine." True Immortal Spirit wanted to get out of this difficult situation and accepted the challenge, thinking that he would only need a move or two to deal with this random.

"Brat, state your name first before fighting!" A crowd member shouted.

"I come from the distant Clan of the Clouds, others call me Xiao San." The youth smiled.

Listeners frowned because they haven't heard of this clan and person before.

"Just a nobody." Someone said.

"Make your move." True Immortal Spirit said.

"Very well, I'll be starting." The youth formed a mudra and roared: "True Dragon Call!"

"Raa!" A golden radiance erupted along with draconic energy. This powerful technique froze the crowd. They didn't expect this nobody to be so fierce and mighty.

The energy in the form of a dragon looked primed to fight anyone.

"Go!" True Immortal Spirit didn't dare to underestimate his opponent after seeing this. He raised his hand and swung down horizontally as if it was a hatchet. The slash was accompanied by thunderous explosions.

"Boom!" The shockwaves sent weaker cultivators flying.

Both of them staggered several steps backward after the first exchange.

"What the hell?!" The crowd couldn't believe it.

"That was even." One of them said.

The big shots became interested in this fight since it was rare for another youth to match up to True Immortal Spirit.

"Where is he from?" Someone murmured.

"I've never heard of him or his clan before." Another shook his head.

"True Immortal Spirit hasn't gone all out yet, not using a weapon either. I don't think this Xiao San can handle it then."

“Nonetheless, he is quite powerful and should be famous.” One commenter stated. This person’s power far exceeded most of the young generation.

“Who might you be?” True Immortal Spirit became surprised. [1]

“Just a nobody from the Clan of the Clouds.” Xiao San didn’t reveal his true origin.

“Fine, let’s see what else you can do. I doubt you’ll be able to hide your identity for long.” True Immortal Spirit said.

He learned enough to know the various famous techniques. Eventually, he would be able to force some clues from this youth.

“Era raiser!” He channeled his energies and released his cultivation halos. The next swing could split the heaven and earth to create a new world.

“Boom!” Chaos energy poured down like waterfalls. This slash was exceedingly destructive and suffocated the spectators.

“This is his true power?!” One of them shouted.

“Heavenly Dragon!” Xiao San was undeterred and retaliated with a golden dragon. It coiled in the sky and was too much for this dimension to bear.

Others found themselves to be as insignificant as insects compared to this dragon.

It became a contest between chaos and draconic energy. Once they collided, an explosion crushed the area and disrupted the spatio-temporal affinities.

“That’s a bit familiar...” A big shot thought that she had seen this dragon technique before.

“Indeed.” Her peer felt the same way but couldn’t come up with specifics.

The explosion from the two moves caused weaker spectators to vomit blood. The two sides staggered several steps backward again. This was another even exchange.

“Incredible.” People finally realized that this “Xiao San” could fight evenly against True Immortal Spirit.

“Who are you?!” True Immortal Spirit became startled again. [2]

### **Chapter 4635: Grand Dao Golden Bulls**

Everyone could tell that this youth didn’t come from a humble background. With this disadvantage, one would have to participate in numerous battles before becoming this strong.

There was no way they could be so strong during their debut. This was because they lacked the right merit law and cultivation resources. Only time and experience could help them grow stronger.

Therefore, to rise up meant surviving one battle after another, accumulating power through blood and sweat.

This maturity process included defeating many capable cultivators. Becoming famous was inevitable.



If a youth were to come out of nowhere and be this powerful, it often implied that he came from an impressive lineage. Only such lineages had the ability to groom a capable cultivator in such a short time without relying on battle experiences.

After all, they would have enough members to contend among themselves, not to mention the guidance of seniors and ancestors.

True Immortal Spirit's technique was incredibly impressive but his opponent still managed to keep up. It became clear that their cultivation was about even.

How many youths were in this category? Currently, Paramount Scion, Godwhip Princess, and Jadedragon Monarch were present.

They all came from monstrous lineages and were famous. The same should be the case for Xiao San.

"Do you notice anything?" Many big shots activated their heavenly gaze.

One shook her head and was lost like the rest. They felt that there was something hiding his true background.

"Haha, I'm just a nobody with no background to speak of." Xiao San laughed in response.

"A nobody managed to block my Era Raiser?" True Immortal Spirit didn't buy it: "You clearly came wanting a fight, why bother hiding your background?"

"You think too highly of me, I've only trained in a few average techniques, nothing more." Xiao San didn't reveal his background.

"Senior Diamond, please don't play a joke on my junior brother." A distant voice came from the horizon yet everyone heard the words clearly.

They contained an imperial aura as if a young emperor was speaking. Listeners could already see a lord sitting among the clouds.

This aura became increasingly unbearable, causing everyone to get the urge to prostrate. Auspicious clouds replaced regular ones and created a path for a great force.

Banners fluttered to the wind and were carried by spirited young cultivators. They had magnificent appearances and cultivation. Any of them would be considered a top genius in a great power.

Hope and awe would be the first two emotions felt after seeing this group. They wore the same uniform and pulsed radiantly. They looked like children of the gods visiting the mortal world for the first time.

"True Immortal!" Spectators became emotional. How many other sects in Sky Border could muster a force like this?

"Rumble!" A grinding sound came next as if a heavy chariot was crushing the sky.

Eight golden bulls came into sight. Each was as big as a peak and had bulging muscles. Their horns were bright, looking like treasure blades. Their eyes resembled bells with incredible divinity.

"Grand Dao Golden Bulls, extremely rare auspicious beasts!" A big shot recognized the species.

They were also unreasonably expensive. Seeing one was hard enough, let alone owning eight of them.

Normally, great power treated one bull as a guardian deity or a mount for their strongest ancient ancestor. Their preciousness displayed True Immortal's wealth and resources.

The chariot was cast from an ancient bronze with incalculable weight. It could easily crush a mountain without slowing down. Bright dao lord runes were clearly carved on the hull, resulting in an unstoppable empowerment.

This was obviously a dao lord treasure capable of fast traveling and stopping any offense. The crowd started speculating about the person inside the chariot.

### **Chapter 4636: True Immortal Young Emperor**

The driver of the ancient chariot was a beauty with radiant features brighter than the stars. She wore a light-blue dress with golden stitchings exuding a noble aura.

However, the most conspicuous thing about her was neither her beauty and aura but rather, a type of sword energy.

She had a sword tied to her back. Its scabbard couldn't fully contain its power and had traces of time everywhere. Nonetheless, its material was impeccable. It must have been a part of numerous battles and polished by the grip of an invincible master.

The girl was equally as impressive. Her body seemed to be made from sword energy instead of flesh and blood. The outer shell served as a scabbard. Once unleashed, she would shock the world.

Moreover, she and the sword were in perfect harmony - two separate yet one entity.

Spectators were in awe after witnessing her attainment with the sword dao. Even those who didn't know her identity or anything about the sword dao could see that she was strong.

"True Immortal Saintess!" Many shouted after recognizing her.

"That's who it is?!" Those nearby became startled since this was a renowned title. She had no lack of fans and suitors.

"The number one sword user of True Immortal's young generation." An expert commented.

"Sword Saintess." One youth had admiration in his eyes as he said: "She's the last disciple of True Immortal Sect Master. Two years ago, her master had nothing but praises for her swordsmanship during a dao discussion. She could enter a state of samadhi while using the sword and will certainly be unbeatable later on."

"Rumor has it that she became the number one sword user there when she was only fifteen, defeating all the other geniuses." One fan said.

"Back in Eight-treasure Manor, she defeated the King of Wolves with one sword, killing the Cicada Saint with two slashes, and ended Nine-headed Serpent God with three. That's about as dominant as it gets." One genius added.

She was one of the Six Prodigies of True Immortal and the best sword user among them. Other geniuses paled in comparison.

Her background, personal power, and beauty were all top-notch. Therefore, the young spectators couldn't help but fall for her.

"She's the driver..." A few big shots noticed this key point, meaning that the person inside must be even more prestigious.

"Rumble!" Once the chariot got close enough and the clouds dispersed, spectators could finally see the person sitting inside - a youth with porcelain skin and features seemingly carved by heaven itself. He was a perfect vessel for the grand dao.

He wore a yellow robe made from the finest draconic silk. Each thread flashed brightly with golden light. There was no embroidery of a five-clawed dragon. Nonetheless, it was well-fitted and showed off his vigorous and tough physique.

Though he sat in a whimsical and lazy fashion, a charismatic aura still exuded from him. He didn't need to show his strength for others to see his exceptional qualities.

"Boom!" When he opened his eyes wide, an irresistible force invaded everyone's heart and soul. It didn't matter whether they were top masters or weak cultivators; their background didn't matter either. All felt their legs trembling, wanting to kneel down before the youth.

Two characters immediately popped up in their head - young emperor.

"True Immortal Young Emperor!" They all thought of one famous genius right away.

"The young emperor is here..." Astonishment struck the crowd. Many became emotional and took a deep breath. His very existence convinced them of his status - one of the five conquerors and the leader of the Six Prodigies.

According to the legends, visual phenomena accompanied his birth. He was blessed with primal fate palaces - a constitution unavailable to others.

Sure enough, he took full advantage of this - being able to control dao lord weapons at the age of five, beating martial uncles at the age of eight, contending against ancestors at ten, becoming an heir at fifteen and fighting the rest of the world.

Sure enough, he had plenty of female fans. They couldn't help but become enamored.

"I love you!" Some of them even shouted with hearts in their eyes.

This was a jealousy-inducing scene but it was rather understandable. After all, he was none other than True Immortal Young Emperor.

### **Chapter 4637: The Young Emperor's Charisma**

True Immortal Young Emperor has reached a point where he should be compared to ancestors, not the young generation.

As the chariot drew closer, his imperial aura only intensified despite his nonchalant attitude.

“He has the style of a dao lord already.” A spectator said.

The big shots also admitted that his future potential was boundless. They felt that despite their experience and glory, they couldn’t match him right now.

“The future dao lord...” A genius from a sacred ground mumbled.

Geniuses from great powers were prideful and rarely admitted inferiority. They had all the advantages possible and believed that they had the potential to be the best.

Alas, after seeing the young emperor in person today, they couldn’t help lowering their head and accepting inferiority. As for the women, they fell for his charm at first sight and loudly expressed their affection.

He was indeed a dragon among men. Spectators understood why a beauty such as True Immortal Saintess was willing to be his driver.

“Senior Brother.” The proud True Immortal Spirit immediately bowed after seeing him.

The young emperor nodded before turning his attention toward Xiao San. His lips then curved into a bright smile that immediately captivate female spectators.

“Senior Vajra, my junior brother has eyes but can’t see Mount Tai. Please take it easy on him.” The young emperor smiled; his words were as pleasant as the breezes of spring.

All eyes turned toward Xiao San right away.

“I know who he is now!” An ancestor blurted.

“Your vision is impeccable, my little trick can’t keep up.” Xiao San’s voice suddenly changed into that of an older man.

He then reverted into a tanned old man with a frightening aura.

“Untethered Vajra!” The crowd finally recognized him.

“Why is he here?” This became the main question.

“He’s too old for this, this is embarrassing.” One expert sneered.

“Untethered, are you an old bull trying to eat young grass? What are you doing up on stage?” Someone shouted at him.

Waves of laughter and jeers resounded but the old man only smiled in response.

Some found this strange because Vajra Untethered always had a good relationship with True Immortal. The former had helped them with many tasks before. Why did he come on stage and cause trouble for True Immortal Spirit?

“Is this an attempt at marrying the golden daughter and then seizing the treasure?” A last-gen cultivator laughed, thinking that it was an okay plan.

Ancestors couldn't throw away their pride to join the competition. Nonetheless, if they couldn't be caught, then they would certainly give it a shot.

"It's not that easy to trick so many experts, especially when the young emperor is here." A big shot shook his head: "Nonetheless, his transformation was impressive. Heavenly gazes didn't work."

"Senior Vajra, have some self-respect." Mad Fist stared at the vajra and said implicatively. They were from the same generation.

"My apology, I merely wanted to witness True Immortal's techniques." Untethered Vajra walked down the stage, not appearing embarrassed at all.

The crowd thought that the thickness of his skin was second to none. Others might have worried about their reputation and ran away from embarrassment. However, Untethered Vajra was still sticking around.

"Gentlemen, please think about your sect's reputation as well as your own." Mad Fist then told everyone else, warning others to not try the same thing.

True Immortal Spirit still had plenty of strength left, he cupped his fist and said: "Anyone else wishes to spar?"

His confidence grew because his senior brother was here in person. Who would want to challenge him and a conqueror right now?

"Seems like True Immortal is serious about this. Who can take them on now?" One expert wondered.

"No one can stop the young emperor if he joins." Another whispered in agreement.

"I will." Godwhip Princess said with determination and a fierce glare.

"..." True Immortal Spirit's predicament returned.

"Your Highness, your boldness is commendable." The young emperor commented.

"You're too kind." She slightly bowed and then told True Immortal Spirit: "I am ready."

True Immortal Spirit smiled wryly. It seemed that this fight was inevitable.

"Godwhip, return." A dignified voice suddenly interrupted the battle.

Everyone looked up and saw a man floating in the air. He was older than the current participants, looking above thirty years of age.

He wore a simple robe without unnecessary decorations. He didn't have a radiant and suffocating aura either. His eyes resembled the starry night sky. His features were sharp as if they were hand carved by a master.

His hands, in particular, were brimming with strength. He could actually grasp the cosmo with them. They were coarse and often seen in someone partaking in perpetual hard labor. Nonetheless, spectators were intimidated after seeing them.

## **Chapter 4638: Speargrasp**

As he floated in the air, he became an unsurpassable mountain dividing the world into two halves.

His actual stature was just average but he gave off the presence of a giant. When he spread his hands, he could blot out the sun.

Most youths didn't know who he was but they could tell that he was incredibly strong.

"Speargrasp!" An older expert shouted his title.

"He's Speargrasp?" Most had heard of him before.

"Yes, the current leader of Three Thousand Dao, he's not their successor though." A knowledgeable big shot said.

"The first brother of Three Thousand Dao..."

Most would think about Dao Sanqian and the Six Heavenly Monarchs when talking about Three Thousand Dao. The next would be Shen Juntian who was rumored to be Eight-stallion Dao Lord's son.

Speargrasp was another notable figure from Three Thousand Dao. He was the senior brother of their young generation and the oldest disciple of Enveloping Monarch.

Three Thousand Dao was a sect with many tributaries. The highest being was obviously Dao Sanqian.

However, Dao Sanqian didn't care for mundane, administrative matters. Therefore, the normal leader was addressed as Dao Master or sect master.

Though Speargrasp wasn't the current sect master, he became the de-facto leader after he made a name for himself. He took care of matters ranging from insignificant to important.

He didn't only become famous due to being the first disciple of Enveloping Monarch. During the start of his domination, the five conquerors have yet to be born.

He became undefeated in Three Thousand Dao and some thought that he would become the next dao lord. However, he chose the Heavenly Sovereign path instead. No one understood the reason for this.

Rumor has it that he was born too early. When his dao became proven, the prestige of Eight-stallion Dao Lord still remained. This made it difficult for him to become a dao lord.

Another stated that he wanted to go easy on Shen Juntian and become a dao protector instead. From this came another rumor - that Dao Sanqian had prepared for the son of Eight-stallion to become a dao lord as well. Because of this, Speargrasp had to relent regardless of his own talents.

Either way, Speargrasp didn't show any grievance on this. He served as a pillar of Three Thousand Dao and contributed greatly. The sect prospered in peace and he was respected by all the ancestors.

Both the young and old members of Three Thousand Dao obeyed his commands. This included the prideful Godwhip Princess since her sect was a tributary.

"First Brother." She bowed after seeing him.

"Brother Speargrasp." The young emperor greeted him respectfully as well.

The duo became the center of attention. The two of them were supreme geniuses but had an entirely different aura.

True Immortal Young Emperor had a natural air of nobility. He was destined to become a lord. This wasn't the case for Speargrasp. The latter resembled a commander wielding a weapon and a horsewhip, ready to ride on the battlefield and slaughter his enemies.

"It is not proper for you to be on stage, Godwhip. Leave it to Paramount." Speargrasp told the princess.

"I understand." Though she was unwilling, she still obeyed his command since he had unquestionable authority in Three Thousand Dao.

"Paramount." He shouted.

Paramount Scion, who was hiding among the crowd, wanted to flee after seeing this development. Alas, it was too late.

"First Brother." He answered the call.

"Since you're here, get on stage and show everyone the fruit of your labor during the last ten years. Spar with True Immortal Spirit." He ordered.

Paramount Scion was just as famous as Godwhip Princess and True Immortal Spirit. However, he kept a low profile compared to his peers.

The crowd became excited right away since this would be a great match.

"I am too weak to be True Immortal Spirit's opponent." Paramount Scion wasn't in the mood to fight since he knew the actual outcome already.

Speargrasp said: "This is the time to test your effort. The grand dao requires polishing and testing instead of just walking blindly ahead. True Immortal Spirit is a genius and has a similar cultivation level to yours, this is perfect."

Others nodded in agreement, thinking that this senior brother from Three Thousand Dao was a good leader. This battle stage wasn't only for a potential marriage with the golden daughter of Golden Gate. This was a rare opportunity to test themselves as well.

It was difficult for geniuses to find capable rivals. There was one right now waiting for Paramount Scion. Only through fighting and going all out would they know where they currently stand.

"Paramount Scion, your reputation precedes you." True Immortal Spirit was more eager to fight Paramount Scion instead of Godwhip Princess.

### **Chapter 4639: Voidburn Saintess**

Paramount Scion represented Three Thousand Dao and the other represented True Immortal. Spectators wanted to see their power and various techniques.

"Just fight already, show us which school of techniques is better." One crowd member murmured.

Paramount Scion became awkward since the spotlight was solely on him.

He waved his hand and smiled wryly: "My abilities and cultivation are insufficient. There is no need to fight since I accept defeat."

This caused a furor among the crowd. They exchanged glances of confusion.

"Accepting defeat already?" One of them said.

"He's not taking this seriously enough." A disciple from a great power added.

Young cultivators, especially geniuses, took their reputation rather seriously. They wished to become world-famous and would never miss an opportunity. They preferred to fight to the very end instead of yielding.

Accepting defeat before trying devalued their lifelong effort. What would be the point of cultivation then?

In their opinion, Paramount Scion had a bright future ahead of him since he was the successor of Paramount.

Therefore, he should hold his status and reputation with utmost importance. Giving up like this would ruin his future.

Moreover, they also knew that these two were even in power and cultivation. No one else would yield given the circumstances. Trying his best and losing was completely acceptable.

"This isn't a joke." Speargrasp frowned after hearing this.

Paramount Scion waved his hands helplessly in response: "First Brother, I'm sorry to let you down but I can't contribute to the sect and Three Thousand Dao in this matter. Please forgive me."

He looked like a pig accepting its fate of being roasted, not wanting to participate in this marriage competition. Speargrasp couldn't exactly force the guy to do anything. Moreover, the latter wasn't an official member of Three Thousand Dao.

"Brother Speargrasp, does Three Thousand Dao have any other disciple interested in participating?" The young emperor spoke. Each word was filled with the rhythm of the grand dao: "It seems that the winner should be from either of our sects."

He said in a matter-of-fact manner with no intention of intimidating anyone. Nonetheless, the crowd became emotional because his words carried ample clout and truth.

True Immortal Spirit couldn't make this claim but since the young emperor was here in person, who would be able to defeat him?

"True Immortal wants it so bad, that's why the young emperor is here." One expert whispered.

"It's the same for Three Thousand Dao with Speargrasp here." A big shot nodded in agreement.

"A decision is already made. True Immortal, Three Thousand Dao, you both no longer have any business here." Everyone suddenly heard a newcomer speaking.

"What?!" They immediately followed the direction of the voice.



“Such audacity, is he tired of living?!” One of them blurted because both the young emperor and Speargrasp were present.

Provoking True Immortal and Three Thousand Dao was far from wise right now.

“It’s Li Qiye.” Many recognized him as he walked closer with Jian Ming and the others.

The crowd immediately made way for the group.

“Does he know what he’s doing?” Someone snorted.

“He’s about to get it since the young emperor and Speargrasp are here.” A youth uttered coldly.

The crowd was feeling nervous due to the presence of these two, let alone daring to provoke and offend the two sects.

Both the duo immediately stared at Li Qiye. However, before they could say anything, another group landed in front of Li Qiye and blocked his path.

They wore crimson armor with fire runes that seem to be alive. This type of metal was both tough and scorching.

The leader was an enchanting beauty, truly a sight to behold. However, she looked aggressive with murderous intent flashing in her eyes. They were as sharp as blades and could cut deep.

“Voidburn Saintess and her fellow sect members.” Many recognized them right away.

“It’s for revenge.” Another stated.

She was none other than Voidburn Godchild’s younger sister and also Tian Feng’s fiancée.

“You’re Li Qiye?” She asked with animosity. Her chilling aura was unbearable for the crowd.

Everyone knew about her brother’s death. Thus, this act of vengeance was expected.

“She’s extremely strong, should be on the same level as Paramount Scion or True Immortal Spirit.” One ancestor said. She was chosen as Tian Feng’s fiancée for a reason.

#### **Chapter 4640: Tian Feng**

“Who are you?” Li Qiye nonchalantly said.

“Blood for blood, your life for his.” Her gaze made others feel a sharp prick in their chest.

“I’ve killed too many, state your name.” Li Qiye waved his hand.

Others exchanged glances after seeing this development.

“This brat has offended so many people, this seems to be his calling in life.” One expert murmured.

“Right, he offended True Immortal, Three Thousand Dao, and now Divine Dragon Valley.” A friend responded.

“Is he afraid of not having enough enemies?” A clan disciple said: “This case doesn’t matter though since this is a blood feud. There is no going back from this.”

"I wonder how he'll leave this place alive." A big shot became curious.

The saintess' hatred only grew after she saw his attitude. The air suddenly became cold - a sign of her special fire technique. Some had to retreat because this was too much to take.

"I will cut you to pieces today." She threatened.

"You and many others." Li Qiye smiled, showing complete contempt toward the opponent.

She became livid and wanted to obliterate him right away to avenge her fallen brother. Moreover, he deserved death for his attitude alone.

Though she wasn't on the same level as the five conquerors, she was still famous. Most importantly, she was Tian Feng's fiancée. Any of her statuses was enough to intimidate others and command respect.

"Li, your dog life is mine. Anyone who tries to stop me will become the enemies of Voidburn Temple and Divine Dragon Valley." She uttered.

This strong statement showed just how much she hated him. Of course, the crowd had no intention of stopping her.

Nonetheless, they thought that she was being too imperious because True Immortal Young Emperor and Speargrasp were here too. Of course, she was blinded by hatred and didn't consider the implications.

Some started smirking, thinking that it was finally time for Li Qiye to go away for good.

"Bam!" A figure landed from above and caused a violent quake, ending with a large pit.

A torrential battle intent spread everywhere and struck crowd members hard like a hammer smash. Weaker cultivators were sent flying while vomiting blood.

These were only remnant battle intents, not a purposely-activated one. They could start a war and incite violence. This horrified the crowd members.

They took a good look and saw a tall, muscular youth. Despite his large frame, he didn't give the impression of being brutish, only one of strength and domination.

He wore a tattered gray robe. It was damaged due to battles, not time. His hair was messy and draped downward. The winds had their way with his hair.

He lacked an air of nobility and regality. The only thing on him was a rampaging battle intent.

Those who had never seen him before would all have the same thought - that this man was obsessed with fighting. As a result, an instinctive fear overwhelmed them.

True Immortal Young Emperor and Speargrasp were both top geniuses. Their appearance also intimidated the crowd.

However, their royal and indomitable auras felt righteous and proper. Though being suppressed was still frightening, they could still see the beauty of the dao.

This didn't apply to this newcomer. Crowd members found themselves to be dragged into an inferno of war. This hellish world had nothing but fighting and death. The sky became dark and filled with despair.

“Tian Feng!” Many turned pale as they shouted his name.

“Tian Feng...” Some felt a chill coursing down their spine.

The battle stage suddenly became quiet. A while back, an air of excitement was there with the appearance of the other two geniuses since people were relatively welcoming.