

EMPEROR'S DOMINATION

Chapter 7: Nine Saint Demon Gate (1)

Sectional Leader Fu led the three into a medium-sized meeting chamber. Such a room was only used for entertaining guests without great importance. For an event as influential as the marriage between two sects, the Nine Saint Demon Gate was letting a mere sectional leader take care of negotiations. Not only that, the courtesy they showed was the same for normal guests, making it obvious that they did not place heavy emphasis on the event.

After settling the guests into their resting area, Sectional Leader Fu spoke some flowery language without sincerity and quickly left. Protector Mo was mentally prepared for the lack of hospitality, so he was not angry, merely solemn.

Sectional Leader Fu headed straight into the inner sanctuary of his sect after helping settle Protector Mo's group. Approaching an ancient temple, he met an elder. The elder was floating in the air and a heavenly halo was above his head. While it rotated non-stop, each strand of the world's truths that took on a physical form was visibly covering his body; nothing was comparable to his pressure. A god was seemingly among us.

"How is the prime disciple of the Cleansing Incense Ancient Sect?" The thunderous voice of this elder struck the surroundings, but this voice that instilled fear into the hearts of others could only be heard within the temple.

When outside, Sectional Leader Fu was extremely arrogant with his title of Named Hero. However, he could only quiver in fear right now. He went down on his knees and spoke: "Dear Elder, it was but an ant, a mere mortal, an ignorant and arrogant young brat that is not worthy of discussion."

“I see, take your leave.” The thunderous voice rang again. It was capable of instilling fear into others even when the elder’s eyes were shut.

Sectional Leader Fu politely bowed one more time and carefully left the temple. His body was sweaty after leaving. He was only a sectional leader, so he did not have the qualifications or status to meet an elder. Even a Royal Noble would need to be summoned before they could have the honor.

After Sectional Leader Fu left, the elder started to speak with someone else in the empty temple: “Picking a mortal with a Mortal physique, Mortal life wheel, and Mortal fate palace to be the prime disciple... there is no saving the Cleansing Incense Ancient Sect.”

“It is truly a shame for the emperor techniques of Immortal Emperor Min Ren. There is a good chance that they still reside in that sect.” A mysterious and noble voice rang in the air.

The elder continued: “Your Majesty, as long as Immortal Emperor Min Ren’s techniques remain there, it is only a matter of time for us to obtain them in one fell swoop! That mortal is not worthy of our prime descendant.”

The mysterious voice remained silent, as did the elder. If there were spectators, they would be shocked by the appearance of the Demon King. One has to know that the Demon King was an extremely dangerous character.

Legend states that his origin and true form were extremely formidable. The sect, under his lead, became increasingly radiant. Nothing could shake his tyrannical rule. Within the Old Ox Country, no one dared to oppose his heavenly reign.

Protector Mo remained seated in silence, but Nan Huai ren had wittingly escaped the torturous room with the uncomfortable atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Li Qiye had left for his own room. He started to practice the “Invisible Dual Blades” technique without wasting a second. He wanted to ingrain the technique into his body and mind.

Over the years, Li Qiye had learned that it was one thing to understand the illustrious truths behind a technique, but another to reach the apex. Actually utilizing them was yet another aspect. Even a peerless genius with comprehensive knowledge of Immortal Emperor merit laws could not perform them without excruciating levels of practice.

“Whoosh, whoosh, wooooshh...” The two blades left Li Qiye’s hands and gracefully traveled through the air like a pair of butterfly wings. They intersected each other multiple times before ultimately returning to Li Qiye’s hands. He had practiced this particular move many times, but it still contained flaws.

“What impeccable swordplay. First Brother is so diligent, I feel ashamed to compare myself to your great efforts.” At this second, Nan Huairen came into the room. There was another teen next to his side.

Nan Huairen couldn’t help but sigh with regret. He truly respected Li Qiye’s earnest efforts. It was truly unfortunate that his innate talents were so underwhelming.

“To reach the apex, one must never stop self-improving.” Li Qiye sheathed his blades. Although he was sweaty and tired, his posture and expression remain at ease.

Nan Huairen respectfully smiled: “I will remember these words and strive to improve myself as well.”

He then introduced the young man standing next to him: “This is Big Brother Zhang, a good friend of mine.”

Nan Huairen had good talents, but he could not be considered a genius. However, he was different from his master. His ability to socialize allowed for a huge network; he had friends everywhere.

This Disciple Zhang was very similar, but in his eyes, a mortal like Li Qiye was not worthy of respect. He nodded his head toward Li Qiye because of his relationship with Nan Huairen. To him, whatever martial techniques Li Qiye practiced were meaningless.

“This is the first time First Brother is visiting the Nine Saint Demon Gate, so how about we walk around so that you can become accustomed to the scenery?”

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Li Qiye suddenly remembered an event, so he smiled and responded: “Sure.”

Nan Huairen turned around to the disciple named Zhang: “Brother Zhang, this time we will have to impose upon you.”

“Brother Nan, you are too reserved.” Disciple Zhang had no choice but to nod his head. Unwilling as he may be, he did not want to strain their friendship. After all, he had no desire of taking the scenic route with Li Qiye.

The Nine Saint Demon Gate was the host, so they should be taking Li Qiye around in order to positively promote their relationship. However, since they did not consider Li Qiye to be worthy, courtesy and rules were set aside.

While Disciple Zhang led them around the premise, he only conversed with Nan Huairen and treated Li Qiye as if he wasn't there. Their presence created a lot of clamor amongst the disciples.

“Isn't that the prime disciple of that old sect?” From a distance, a disciple frowned after seeing that Li Qiye was only a mortal.

Another disciple of the sect scornfully laughed: “Heh, the Cleansing Incense Ancient Sect is only a second-rate establishment. If even a mortal can become their prime disciple, this position can be considered nothing but worthless.”

“A mortal wanting to marry Senior Li? Rotten chopsticks wanting a gold bowl; why not look in a mirror to see how lowly you are?” [1. The former sentence is a Chinese proverb, similar to how a frog wants to eat swan meat.]

Li Shuangyan was the prime descendant of the Nine Saint Demon Gate. Not only was she gifted in her talents, she was also extremely beautiful. Countless young talents in the sect had her as their secret desire. The numerous geniuses from other heritages that sought to court her could form a line from one edge of the nation to the other. And the one thing they all had in common was the desire to spit onto Li Qiye’s face for being so shameless.

Disciple Zhang was even more embarrassed; he could see the hostility from the eyes of his fellow disciples. He started to walk faster to maintain a distance with Li Qiye, eventually leaving him behind. However, Li Qiye seemed to pay no mind to his actions. He continued at his own pace in a calm and carefree manner as he absorbed the heavenly scenery of the Nine Saint Demon Gate.

Nan Huai ren earnestly reminded Li Qiye: “First Brother, you have to be careful. Many people are courting your fiancé, and they will not hesitate to cause trouble for you.”

Li Qiye calmly answered: “It is only a girl, there is no need for such a commotion.” He had seen many country-destroying beauties, so he didn’t keep his potential fiancé in mind; it was only a minor matter to him.

Unknowingly, they reached the training ground of the sect. This was a place where all of the disciples could enter. Once one was inside, they would truly

feel tiny in comparison to the gigantic battle stage; they were like ants on top of a massive hill.