

## **Emperor 4851**

### **Chapter 4851: Nether Messenger**

“Kill them!” Firerage didn’t want to waste time with these demons. The longer the journey, the more unfavorable for them.

“Clank!” A unit from the guards rushed toward the demons.

“Finish them!” The demons had no choice but to fight.

“Raa!” A tiger demon roared and caused the ground to shake. Its claws were as sharp as blades, swinging upward from the ground.

Another serpent demon swept its long, thick tail forward. In the sky came an eagle descending down, wanting to swoop up a soldier.

The guards were battle-hardened and fought as a team. “Boom!” This amplified their attacks, sending shockwaves toward the demons.

“Ahhh!” The first wave of demons was swiftly repelled. The eagle fell from the sky while the tiger got sent flying...

“Clank!” Firerage unsheathed his saber and released its flames. His saber intent engulfed a thousand miles.

“Ahh!” After a bright flash, heads started rolling on the ground. Blood streamed everywhere.

Though Firerage was not a top cultivator, he had no problem killing these demons. It didn’t take long before he took down the leaders and the horde ran for their lives.

The guards rushed forward and overwhelmed the runners, killing thousands in the process. However, they only pursued a short distance before returning to the coffin.

The stench of blood permeated the air. In reality, there were many experts and villains watching from a distance, waiting for the right opportunity. They didn’t see the right time to act just now.

“Go.” Firerage ordered.

Alas, the convoy only took a few steps before stopping. Firerage raised his saber horizontally and looked rather solemn.

A specter started dashing through the forest, making it look haunted. It instilled a creepy fear into spectators. The villains and experts themselves had a bad feeling about this.

“Clank!” Firerage activated his saber intent again, suppressing many of the weaker spectators in the process due to his considerable might.

The specter finally landed in front of the convoy, prompting the guards to raise their weapons again.

“Stop.” Firerage said sternly.

“Brother Firerage, you are too tense right now.” The specter took on a more physical form - a figure covered by a black robe and a veiled hat. Only a pair of chilling eyes were seen.

Everyone felt a nefarious intent coming from this figure, thinking that it was a creature from hell with a soul-piercing stare.

“Nether Messenger of Ancestral Flow, is the Untethered Dao getting involved as well?” Many recognized the figure right away.

“Why are you here?” Firerage coldly uttered.

“Your lack of civility is hurtful.” The messenger’s hushed voice seemed to be coming from underground: “I am here to offer my respect to His Majesty and to see him heading for the next journey. Untethered Lineage appreciates his magnificent deeds for the people.”

Nether Messenger came from Ancestral Flow Gate, a member of the Untethered Dao. This sect was extremely ancient and was rumored to be created by an Immortal Emperor. It was famous for a long period.

The same couldn’t be said in the present but it still maintained an acceptable level of influence.

Nether Messenger was a supreme genius but in the end, he chose to interpret its merit laws differently. This turned him into an abomination yet he considered his path as the proper method to reach the source.

“Don’t flatter yourself, you don’t speak for Untethered Lineage.” Firerage didn’t hold back.

“How rude. Fine, I am not representing Untethered Lineage, would it still be okay if I pay my respect to His Majesty?” Nether Messenger smiled and said.

Firerage couldn’t refuse the guy. Some might harbor ill intentions today but they had to let people show their respect.

“Fine.” Firerage said while still holding his saber.

Nether Messenger walked toward the coffin while speaking: “You Majesty, your life can only be described with words such as invincible and wise. Everyone will sorely miss your divine appearance and voice...”

He came closer and closer.

“Clank!” The guards raised their spear and didn’t let him come any closer.

“Stop there.” Firerage glared intensely at him, ready to cut him down if he got one step closer.

"I only wanted to see His Majesty one last time, that's all." Nether Messenger shuddered from the aggression, trying his best to put on a smile.

"We appreciate the sentiment, please leave now." Firerage demanded.

Nether Messenger glanced at the guards and then Firerage. He understood that he wasn't strong enough to defeat all of them.

"Very well, I'll be taking my leave then." He bowed at the coffin one more time before leaving.

Firerage heaved a sigh of relief. Of course, he wasn't afraid of Nether Messenger alone. The problem was that this guy was from White Stone Continent. It meant that every interested party had enough time to get here. If the generals of Wild Dynasty were to come, he wouldn't be able to stop them.

"Many are waiting to deliver the fatal blow once you're down." Li Qiye smiled and said.

Firerage glanced at Li Qiye without responding. He already knew this but why did this average cultivator know as well?

"Go." Firerage ordered before telling Li Qiye: "Your Highness, stay next to me no matter what happens. That's the only way I can keep you safe."

Li Qiye smiled in response.

**Chapter 4852: Mad Pyromancer**

The convoy traveled fast this time around while keeping a low profile. Nonetheless, eyes were still watching from the shadow.

Firerage could do nothing because evading all of them was impossible. Therefore, he focused on speed instead, hoping to bring the coffin back to the dynasty in time - the only way to keep it safe.

Some forest fires could be seen along the way, seemingly natural at first. Plus, this was Chaos. Sect destruction happened often, not to mention the current political climate.

As they moved on, the fires seemed to be following them on both sides for a hundred miles. The two trails were right on their tail.

“Not good.” Firerage’s expression soured as he thought of someone.

“Mad Pyromancer!” We need to hurry!” He ordered.

The guards heard this title and became alarmed as well. They increased their speed to the maximum.

“Pyromancer?” Li Qiye was curious.

Firerage gave him the side eye. Was this guy from Chaos? How did he not hear the name Pyromancer before?

“Your Highness, Mad Pyromancer is one of the Ten Monsters of Chaos, a fire maniac. His appearance means mass fire and death. I believe the trails of flame right now are his doing.” Firerage patiently explained: “Please stay close to me.”

Pyromancer was a heinous villain who hailed from Maddened Dao. His ranking was only eighth but in terms of the number of victims, he might be first or second.

He massacred both mortals and cultivators without qualms. Keep in mind that even the majority of evil cultivators in Chaos didn’t target mortals, only cultivators and their sects.

This wasn’t the case for Mad Pyromancer. He found joy in burning things so whenever he got the urge, he would start burning even mortal children.

Therefore, he was despised by everyone. This included the villains of Chaos.

Alas, he was too powerful and had two dao fruits. Moreover, he had joined Wild Dynasty. Regular cultivators couldn’t beat him. Stronger ones didn’t want to mess with the dynasty.

Sizzling and burning noises surrounded the group. The forest on this mountain was on fire so they became trapped.

Animals within a thousand miles suffered a terrible fate. Screams from humans could be heard as well. Mortals and cultivators couldn’t escape in time. Some had no idea what was going on before dying.

“Mad Pyromancer!” Neutral spectators and hiding experts knew who it was right away. They leaped out of the ocean of flames in order to avoid being dragged into this mess.

“Go!” Firerage roared and unleashed his saber intent with one slash, opening up the flames. The entire convoy soared into the air, wanting to escape the inferno.

“Cluck!” A strange noise akin to a frightened hen clucking repeatedly.

A hundred miles away, a figure appeared. It teleported from one place to another at an extreme speed with an unpredictable pattern.

Once it got close enough, everyone could see that it was a thin and small old man wearing a golden daoist robe and had his hair tied up high. He held a torch that released flames everywhere he went.

As the convoy was trying to break out, the old man’s flames surrounded them once more with his erratic movement.

“Mad Pyromancer, do you wish to oppose us?!” Firerage shouted.

“Hehe, I just want to roast some meat, don’t you want to know what a roasted dao lord smells and tastes like?” Pyromancer continued burning the vicinity.

Firerage and his men became livid. Alas, this old man was a dragon lord, strong enough to torch them all.



“Poof!” Once enough flames have been lit, they gathered together into a vortex that flies straight for the convoy.

“Land!” Firerage slashed downward and opened a new path, hoping to find a way to break free.

“Hehehe, don’t be so hasty, there is still a long way to go. Let’s take our time playing.” Pyromancer’s sinister laughter echoed.

It became abundantly clear that he didn’t wish to kill them right away and preferred this cat-and-mouse game.

The moment they got out of the first inferno, they heard loud squeaking from all directions.

It looked like a black liquid was gushing out from the hills and mountains. However, it turned out that this was just an incalculable number of rats. They left nothing on their path, whether it be trees or animals. All were devoured and the convoy was their next target.

“To formation, press onward!” Firerage commanded.

“Go!” The soldiers activated a formation and became one with each other, resembling a steel chariot. The horde of rats couldn’t stop their path.

“Your Highness, always stay close.” Firerage rushed forward while reminding Li Qiye.

“Kekeke, Eight-stallion Dynasty, you will pay with blood for killing my descendants.” A voice came from underground.

#### Chapter 4853: Rat God

“Rat God, show yourself!” Firerage slashed at the horde of rats again.

His saber intent caused serious cracks in the ground, nearly splitting the earth apart. It killed millions of rats instantly and caused volcanic explosions beneath.

This was enough to force out a rat demon covered in armor. It had a human head and a rat body with a long tail. Its eyes were red, looking rather berserk.

It exuded an evil aura - the accumulation of foulness after millions of years. Any living entities nearby immediately withered.

The two eyes were burning like the suns, capable of inflicting actual injuries. The armors were an innate part of its body, not adorned later. The scales were tough enough to handle a slash from Firerage.

“Rat God!” Those trailing the convoy shuddered after seeing this creature.

Though it wasn’t part of the Ten Monsters of Chaos, it was only slightly weaker. Its natural armor was impregnable, not to mention its mastery in underground traveling via digging. It could command a horde of rats and devour a kingdom in one night. It enjoyed eating cultivators, not leaving a single bone behind.

Therefore, even the villains feared this creature. They were murderers but not cannibals. Most ran whenever the rat was known to be around, not wanting to become victims.

"Firerage, your master is dead, your time is over." Rat God threatened.

"I have enough time to kill you." Firerage raised his saber, causing it to become fiery and radiant.

"Void Slash!" He leaped up and slashed forward. A long trail of fire followed his swing with enough power to split space open.

"Activate!" Rat God spewed out miasma. When it touched the ground, it left behind a poisonous quagmire.

Inside the miasma were refined skulls. They flew at the slash in order to stop it but were destroyed.

"Bam!" Firerage almost struck his target but the rat drilled underground and disappeared.

"Bam!" In the next second, it drilled upward and appeared in front of Li Qiye.

"Young one, your flesh looks delicious!" It reached for Li Qiye and opened its jaws.

"Die!" Firerage unleashed waves of saber energy of increasing power, wanting to decapitate the rat.

It pulled its head down and the saber struck its scales instead. Sparks went flying but the saber failed to break through. Nonetheless, the rat god was still sent flying.

Firerage leaped forward and became one with the saber, delivering a vertical slash. Countless sharp gales shot downward in order to obliterate the monster.

“Who’s afraid of you?!” The rat summoned a short celestial staff and retaliated.

As a member of Demon, it had access to some bizarre merit laws. Nonetheless, Firerage had learned top saber arts from Eight-stallion Dao Lord. The latter was precise and dangerous, capable of seizing the upper hand.

“Rumble!” Meanwhile, the horde of rats was still launching themselves against the convoy.

However, the formation of the battle-hardened soldiers remained unbreakable. They killed numerous rats and still pressed forward. Rat corpses piled up like mountains along the way.

“Buzz.” Space suddenly opened and a mighty creature appeared above the battlefield - a king from the devil race.

It had numerous wings made of light on its back. Unfortunately, they were covered in rotten feathers. He exuded an impressive aura with a halo above his head - truly a regal image.

“Fallen King!” Firerage who was fighting the rat didn’t like this development.

“Second variation!” The guards swapped from offense to defense, creating a barrier made of energy shielders.

“Does Deity want to expand its influence to Chaos?” One villain said while watching the battle.

Fallen King came from a minor clan of the same title - a branch of Deity Lineage. One shouldn't be misled by the “minor” character in its classification.

It was a true behemoth in the previous epoch. Alas, it went down in a great battle and now, its descendants were finally gathering again.

“Eight-stallion Dao Lord might be dead but he had offended Deity before and killed its members.” Fallen King said: “We will bring his corpse back to Deity in order to appease the lost souls.”

Others in the shadow took a deep breath since they knew how powerful Deity was. Was he actually representing Deity? They doubted this but there was no time to investigate this issue.

“Never!” The guards finished their formation and still had high morale.

Not a single member wanted to run, preferring to die while protecting their master's corpse.

“Have it your way then.” Fallen King immediately attacked, shooting down energy feathers as if they were swords.

“Keep it up!” The captains shouted and expanded the defensive formation.

Chapter 4854: Eight-stallion Force Formation

“Boom!” The barrier shot out a tsunami to contest the rain of swords, successfully reducing them to dust.

“Take him down!” A captain of the guards shouted murderously, pointing his spear straight at the target.

“Eight-stallion Force Formation!” They released the might of this grand formation. The spears gathered power into a single point before erupting.

“Clank!” This had enough force to deter sovereigns and dragon lords.

The formation was similar to its creator - domineering and forceful. The guards have used it successfully to take down powerful enemies in the past.

“Such impudence!” Fallen King became livid. In his eyes, these guards were masterless dogs, unqualified to provoke a great cultivator such as himself.

He pulled back his energy wings and created a citadel of swords to stop the incoming formation.

“Bam!” The thrust slammed into the defense and caused him to stagger several steps backward.

“All of you court death.” He was a devil from The Race who thought highly of his prestigious bloodline. Thus, he looked down on the inhabitants of Chaos, that they were nothing more than lowly ruffians.

Now, their leader was dead so they were worth less than nothing. His pride was hurt by this effective opposition.

“Perish!” The light of the wings gathered into the form of a heavenly sword with an intense pulsation.

“Boom!” He swung down and displayed his supremacy.

“Force Formation!” The guards were undeterred and continued to fuel their formation. The spear thrust forward again, this time with countless spear shadows in an attempt to stop the slash.

The heavenly sword, albeit strong, couldn’t break the countless waves of spears.

“These imperial guards are rather strong, that’s why they survived all those battles.” A villain in the shadow praised.

In fact, some of the hidden spectators have personally experienced the power of this legion before.

In the past, some thought that they only relied on the dao lord’s might to be so fierce. Now, their ferocity still remained after his death.

During the raging conflict, a specter appeared next to the dao lord’s coffin and manifested into a physical form.

“Nether Messenger!” A guard shouted after seeing this.

Some villains have thought about the same thing. Alas, the coffin was protected by the guards and their formation. Nether Messenger somehow made it through.

In reality, he never left with the previous departure. He relied on his unique movement technique to bypass the defensive formation.

However, he tried to raise the coffin and couldn’t move it an inch. It was unreasonably heavy.

He reacted fast and gathered all of his strength in order to lift it up. Keep in mind that given his power, he could lift a mountain or flip an ocean over.

“How dare you!?” The guards nearby roared.

They stopped attacking Fallen King and sent their spears toward Nether Messenger instead.

“Audacious dogs!” Nether Messenger was furious after what should have been an easy win and unleashed sharp gales against the soldiers.

They were fearless, ready to throw their lives away to protect the coffin from the thieves’ dirty hands.

Fallen King took advantage of this and added more strength to his sword dao, intensifying the rain of swords.



Half of the guards immediately focused on the formation, raising their shields to stop the swords.

“Rumble!” Although their teamwork was flawless, they were facing two renowned enemies.

Some spots broke down and they could hear the last cries of their fellow brothers.

“Enough!” Firerage swung his saber with all of his might, forcing Rat God back. He abandoned this battle and targeted Fallen King first.

“Eat this!” He appeared in front of Fallen King and released a fiery slash with embedded saber intent, looking ready to slay a god.

“Bring it!” Fallen King became immersed in this battle, wanting to prove himself after failing to massacre the imperial guard. Sword intent rose from his heart as he directed a sword thrust at Firerage’s chest.

At the same time, Rat God drilled out of the ground again and appeared next to Li Qiye.

“Haha, brat, looks like you’re somehow special. I’ll eat you first, what is the dynasty going to do about it?” It opened its mouth, revealing two sharp, glinting front teeth. They looked like two snow-white sabers on the verge of cutting Li Qiye down.

“Your Highness!” Firerage panicked but he was too far away, unable to protect Li Qiye in time.

He regretted his decision of attacking Fallen King after seeing the death of his men. He forgot all about Li Qiye and gave Rat God an opening.

As he tried to run back, he was struck by Fallen God's thrust. Blood gushed out but he didn't give a damn and still leaped toward Li Qiye despite knowing that it was too late.

"Crack!" Everyone suddenly heard a cracking noise.

Blood certainly spilled but it came from Rat God's mouth instead.

They couldn't believe the result - Li Qiye breaking the rat's front teeth. No one saw how he did it either.

Rat God immediately retreated, looking utterly shocked.

"Clank!" Firerage made it back and stood in front of Li Qiye with his saber drawn.

#### **Chapter 4855: Bloodsea Blade**

Both Firerage and Rat God became astounded. They didn't see how the teeth were removed at all.

It was one thing for Firerage to not see due to the distance and being distracted by the sword wound. However, Rat God was the victim who was right there.

It assumed that the nameless junior was an easy meal but only pain came afterward.

"Your Highness, are you alright?" Firerage stared at Li Qiye in disbelief.

Li Qiye tossed the teeth away and smiled: "I'm perfectly fine."

This confused Firerage even more. Putting that break just now, the guy appeared so composed as well.

Meanwhile, an inferno suddenly surrounded the battlefield. The rats around the mountains were roasted. The smell permeated the region.

"Pyromancer, how dare you?!" Rat God leaped out of the flames and roared.

Top masters such as Nether Messenger and Fallen King escaped in time so they didn't suffer any injury.

"You killed my descendants!" Rat God was furious. It relied on these demon rats to kill kingdoms in just a short time. They were no different from a precious artifact in its eyes.

"Kekeke..." Pyromancer had a burst of strange hen-like laughter: "Doesn't it smell good though?"

"My Demon Lineage has no feud with you!" Rat God was both angry and afraid.

"I do whatever the hell I want, the smell of roasted meat pleases me." Pyromancer snorted and stared at the rat: "It's a shame that I don't eat rat or I would roast you too."

Rat God nearly vomited from anger. Alas, Pyromancer was stronger than all of them.

“This is karma.” One villain murmured because the rats enjoyed eating cultivators. This was well deserved.

The atmosphere became heated, both literally and figuratively. Pyromancer’s appearance changed the situation completely.

Pyromancer had two dao fruits, far stronger than anyone present. If he were to team up with Rat God’s group, then the imperial guard would have no chance of escaping.

However, if he were to feud with the other side, then there was still hope for Firerage and his men.

“You three, take that corpse out and I’ll roast it. Have you ever had dao lord meat before?” Pyromancer commanded Rat God’s team.

“!!!” The guards were furious after hearing this.

“Hurry up.” Pyromancer urged.

“Why should we listen to you?” Nether Messenger scowled. Villains like them never obeyed others, not even a stronger cultivator.

“Then should I make appetizers out of you three first?” Pyromancer glared at them.

The three of them were stuck in a tough situation. Even if they were to team up, they might not be able to beat Pyromancer.

“So be it.” Rat God ignored the contempt and focused on something else: “I’ve eaten plenty of people in my life but never a dao lord. It’s time to have a taste.”

“Very well.” Nether Messenger and Fallen King exchanged glances and nodded.

“Kill them!” The two immediately attacked Firerage and the guards.

Fallen King unleashed an ocean of swords with loud clankings toward Firerage. Nether Messenger let out a strange shriek and summoned a banner. He swung it and released ferocious specters at the guards. It was as if thousands of specters were finally being freed from their imprisonment.

They wanted to buy enough time for Rat God to steal the corpse. Plus, they didn’t want to be the ones committing the heinous act.

“Eating a dao lord would be a life worth living.” Rat God had no problem with the bad reputation.

“Stop!” Firerage and the others bellowed. Alas, they were occupied with blocking the incoming attacks.

“Clank!” A saber hymn could be heard - one piercing the very heart of all listeners.

A blood light flashed for a split second - virtually indiscernible.

“Pluff!” Blood gushed upward and rained down like a blooming flower. It came from the head of Rat God as its body also fell to the ground. Its eyes were still open to see its killer.

“Blood...” It tried to say a title before death but it was too late.

A figure hovered above the dao lord’s coffin. He wore a daoist robe and an iron hat. Though the hat had a veil to hide his face, his saber intent alone frightened everyone. Firerage’s own paled in comparison.

The scabbard had a dark crimson hue, seemingly the result of being stained by dried blood. People could smell the stench of blood even though he has yet to unsheath it.

They didn’t feel safe in his presence. The threat of the cold blade was ever-present, intending on decapitating them. Villains in the shadow stopped moving, not wanting to provoke the sharp saber intents.

Rat God was a ferocious demon, only second to the Ten Monsters of Chaos. Alas, it died to a single swing.

“Bloodsea Blade!” Everyone including Mad Pyromancer became alarmed after seeing him.

“Fifth-ranked...” Some villains staggered backward in fear.

This was another fierce character, ranking fifth out of the Ten Monsters. He always traveled alone and never showed mercy. His tongue was just as sharp as his blade.

Rumor has it that he came from an academy - the most prestigious yet reclusive sect of Hundred Races.

However, he never talked about his own background and the academy didn't confirm this rumor either.

One thing was for certain - his appearance usually ended with carnage.

#### **Chapter 4856: Must See Blood**

His appearance made everyone nervous including Mad Pyromancer. The disparity in power was clear given their ranking.

"Death to those who dare to offend the lord." He uttered coldly while holding the hilt of his saber.

Firerage and the guards heaved a sigh of relief after seeing this unexpected savior. They initially thought that he was here for the coffin.

Though they didn't know the reason behind his intent, he was famous for keeping his word. If he had made this declaration, he would escort the coffin to the very end.

Fallen King and Nether Messenger immediately fled after seeing him. A while ago, they didn't run when Mad Pyromancer showed up because there was still a glimmer of hope. They stuck around to see how things would play out.

Now, there was no point in doing so. Bloodsea Blade was just far stronger and didn't discriminate in picking his opponents. Pyromancer, on the other hand, normally only picked on the weak and defenseless; Bloodsea was always ready to bite someone stronger.

"Leaving so soon?" Bloodsea's eyes narrowed and shot out saber intents.

"Clank!" The saber left the scabbard and a bloody flash could be seen again.

The fleeing Fallen King heard the hymn and felt death coming for him. He roared and gathered all of his wings together to build an ultimate protection. Thousands and thousands of swords circled around him, not allowing anyone to take half a step closer.

"Whoosh!" Each sword was as large as a hill. They created numerous layers around him but the saber still surpassed everything.

"Boom!" It struck his chest after piercing through the defensive sword art.

"Ahh!" He let out a miserable cry before falling backward. Though he dominated for a lifetime, he failed to stop one slash from Bloodsea. He was only a sovereign while Bloodsea had three dao fruits.

As for Nether Messenger, he was far away now. He assumed his specter form once more and created a thousand copies.



Spectators couldn't tell which one was real but there was one exception - Bloodsea.

"Clank!" He slashed again. The saber energy traveled through space and erupted in a bright flash once more.

'Ahh!" The slash cut the real one without any problem. Due to his speed, his actual body traveled another thousand miles before separating by the waist. The two halves landed with blood streaming out.

Fallen King's defense and Nether Messenger's speed didn't matter at all to Bloodsea. Killing them only required one slash each.

Bloodsea Blade - the owner of a weapon that demanded to see blood once drawn.

The hidden villains and Mad Pyromancer shuddered while smelling the stench of blood in the air. Bloodsea preferred to kill instead of talk.

"Your turn." He raised his saber in Pyromancer's direction.

Pyromancer felt fear and licked his lips nervously. He took joy in burning others and had killed too many to count. However, he only picked on the weak and mortals while his opponent was someone who dared to fight dao lords.

"Bloodsea, you wish to provoke Wild Dynasty? Our lord wants Eight-stallion's corpse. If you try to stop me, you will make him awfully unhappy." Pyromancer smiled and said.

There were naturally top dogs among the villains as well. Wild Dynasty was the gathering of evil cultivators. Its founder was Wild Dragon, ranking first among the Ten Monsters.

He was one of the reasons for chaos in the continent, destroying numerous sects and killing ancestors. No one in Chaos could stop him with the exception of the late Eight-stallion Dao Lord.

“Let him come then.” Bloodsea uttered coldly, undeterred.

Pyromancer’s expression soured, not expecting the threat to fail.

“Make your move before I kill you.” Bloodsea repeated.

“Fine!” Pyromancer became livid and shouted: “The outcome isn’t decided yet!”

With that, he raised his torch and summoned a raging inferno with fiery sparks raining down.

He blew on the torch and the inferno turned into a dragon. It grew larger and larger, crushing the mountain nearby.

When the fire dragon landed, the ground melted into flowing lava. A few villains who happened to be nearby couldn’t get away in time. The flames from the dragon reduced them to ashes in the blink of an eye.

“Raa!” The fire dragon raised its claws and lunged toward Bloodsea while also spewing out a fiery beam.

Bloodsea didn’t bat an eye and unsheathed his saber again for another slash.

“Clank!” This was all he needed to split the beam and the dragon from its head all the way down to the tail.

The bloody slash continued forward until the other side of the sky, eventually dispersing into a mere afterimage.

Chapter 4857: Unknown Guests

“Ahh!” Blood splashed and Pyromancer disappeared from sight. He only used the powerful fiery dragon to buy enough time to escape, having no intention to fight in the first place.

Few found this surprising despite Pyromancer’s prestigious status as a dragon lord. These villains had no morality to speak of.

This wouldn’t be the case in Deity or Heaven Burial. These righteous lineages cared about their reputation and righteousness. Their members preferred an honorable death over a disgraceful survival. This included regular disciples, let alone sovereigns and dragon lords.

Pyromancer knew that he had no chance of surviving after the fifth-ranked Bloodsea. A hero didn’t care for immediate losses, only the bigger pictures. Others could call him a coward and he still wouldn’t give a damn.

Other villains debated leaving since anything else would be suicidal. This was rather strange because Bloodsea was a lonewolf who didn’t have any friend. Why did he want to protect the dao lord’s corpse?

“Anyone else?” Bloodsea’s cold eyes scouted the surroundings. Everyone met by the gaze immediately trembled in fear and backed off.

Few in Chaos could actually fight him, not counting the top four rankers.

“No? Then scram.” He uttered coldly.

Though many became annoyed at his aggressive attitude, they still left in order to avoid being killed by him.

“I’m still interested.” A harmonious voice answered him. It came from a man standing on top of a tree by the front of a forest.

He wore a gray robe and black cloth shoes, looking rather conspicuous. His face, for some reason, was a blur.

Spectators suddenly stopped leaving and exchanged glances. Someone daring to oppose Bloodsea must also be immensely powerful.

Alas, no one could see through the blurry phenomenon. This was rather rare in Chaos because the villains had no problem being held accountable for their atrocities. In fact, they looked down on those who hide their identity.

“Who are you?” Bloodsea’s eyes glimmered with sharp intent.

“Just a nobody. I come without malice, only wanting to see Eight-stallion Dao Lord for a bit. In particular, the destroyed dao fruits.” The old man said.

“Ask my blade first.” Bloodsea raised his saber.

“So be it.” The old man wasn’t afraid.

His attitude made Bloodsea serious. The latter had a bad feeling about this.

In the grand scheme of things, Bloodsea wasn’t the strongest in the lower continents. However, he had met the dragon lords and dao lords before. Was this man one of them?

“Take this!” Bloodsea unsheathed his saber again.

Saber intents immediately cut all the trees in that forest within a thousand miles radius.

“Clank!” He swung and released a bloody slash.

The movement was too fast for most spectators. This horrified the hell out of them while feeling sharp pricks from the intent.

It left a bottomless gash on the ground. This time, it affected a straight line of ten thousand miles in that forest, destroying everything.

Bloodsea's techniques lacked variation and ingenuity. They were direct and fatal.

The old man flashed into disappeared for a second before appearing again, allowing him to evade the slash.

This was rather hard to believe due to the swift precision of the slash. Bloodsea realized that this enemy was rather frightening. Worst of all, he knew nothing about him.

"You're not from Chaos." He speculated.

The crowd wondered which continent he was from, and which lineage? Deity? Heaven Burial? Immortal Platform? Or Untethered...

"I am a passerby, where I am is home, so Chaos is my current home." The mysterious cultivator smiled.

"I've never seen you before." Bloodsea said, aware that the foe was stronger than him. He tried to think about the potential matches in the lower continents but couldn't come up with anyone.

"Now let me take a look?" The cultivator walked forward and ignored the guards.

"You dare?!" The guards readied their spear and shield.

"This is unnecessary." He flicked his finger and repelled the guards in front of him, leaving behind a chasm.

"So strong!" Everyone including Bloodsea took a deep breath.

"I've finally found you." However, another old combatant blocked his path.

He had a refined and dignified appearance, seemingly glowing. This was as grand as can be - akin to a pine tree growing on the side of a cliff - not afraid of winds and rains.

He had an unhurried temperament - a calmness obtained after experiencing countless near-death opponents. The world could change drastically for the worse yet his composure would always be the same.

Chapter 4858: The Return Of The King

The old man's breaths were in tune with the rhythm of heaven and earth. He seemed to be one with the world so when he stood there, he had an ethereal presence - almost untraceable.

Staring at him was akin to staring at the entire world at once, or at least that this was the feeling everyone had.

The boundless grand dao - perhaps this wasn't describing the grand dao itself but an apex cultivator.

The unknown cultivator's expression soured after seeing him: "Fellow Daoist, isn't it time to drop the incessant and unnecessary pursuit?"

“That’s an interesting way of putting it. When I arrived at the treasure ground, I was welcomed by your ambush. Fortunately, I knew how to fight a little and managed to escape. Now I’m the incessant pursuer?”

“This is a misunderstanding that can’t be resolved in a few words. I do apologize.” The cultivator said.

“Tell that to my fist.” The old man said nonchalantly and made a fist.

“Boom!” The world seemed to be shrinking down - small enough to fit inside his fist.

This made those nearby lose balance and fall to the ground. Just this simple movement alone was incredible; no need for an activation of power.

Villains in the shadow gasped at his ability. Bloodsea Blade was astounded, thinking that this old man was unbeatable.

However, he had never met this powerful cultivator before. The guy wasn’t hiding his true appearance either.

First came the mysterious cultivator from the pine forest. Now, another unknown old man?

The first had no interest in fighting and immediately disappeared into the horizon. The latter frowned and wanted to pursue. However, he glanced over at Li Qiye first.



Li Qiye waved his hand and gave him permission to leave. He then took one step forward and gave chase.

The atmosphere calmed down again and the attention returned to Bloodsea Blade. The initiative was his once more since none could contest his saber.

“Death to all transgressors.” He uttered coldly.

No villains responded because they saw what happened to Rat God, Fallen King, and Nether Messenger. Even Mad Pyromancer only managed to flee, albeit with serious injuries.

“Go, hurry.” He told the guards.

“Thank you for your help, Senior. Our dynasty truly appreciates it.” Firerage and his men bowed deeply.

Though they didn’t understand the reason, they could tell that Bloodsea was determined to protect the dao lord’s corpse.

With that, the convoy swiftly coursed to Eight-stallion Dynasty again. Bloodsea was also following them, albeit in secrecy. With his escort, no villains along the way dared to attack.

Eventually, they finally saw the dynasty in a distance and heaved a sigh of relief.

“We did it, mission accomplished.” Firerage said sentimentally.

“Senior, we have arrived. The dynasty will never forget the kindness you have shown today.” Firerage bowed again. He knew that Bloodsea was still following them.

Bloodsea left without saying anything, satisfied with the result.

“Your Majesty, we’re home now.” Firerage came to the coffin and whispered. Tears streamed down his cheeks again.

The other guards felt the same pain. Whenever they traveled with His Majesty, they were always in high spirits, especially after a triumphant return. Memories of the past flashed in their mind, only serving to increase the sorrow.

“Your Highness, here we are.” Firerage told Li Qiye, still not wanting to be apart.

During the journey back, his main responsibility was protecting the coffin. Now, his new target was none other than Li Qiye. The future coronation included numerous perils.

Li Qiye looked up and observed the dynasty. It was rather different, lacking towering walls and palaces.

It was built in the center of nature among the mountain ranges and valleys. Buildings were erected among the ridges and peaks. Some were floating and fixated in place by dao laws.

Waterfalls poured down as if they came from an upper realm. Some mountains were tall enough to be hidden by mists and clouds. Chaos energies and dao laws were in abundance.

A few palaces looked rather special and had auspicious pulses as if immortals were cultivating inside. The cranes were free to roam about. Flood dragons could be seen as well among other wonderful beasts. Thus, Eight-stallion resembled a sect more than a traditional dynasty.

Nonetheless, knowledgeable cultivators who took the time to explore would find ruins everywhere.

In reality, this place used to be ancient ruins. Rumor has it that Eight-stallion Dao Lord came across this place during his conquest. He became excited and started building various temples and palaces here...

As time passed, he gained more followers and decided to start a dynasty, turning this place into a famous location in Chaos.

It was just as lively as any of the other lineage such as Primal, Maddened, or Hundred Races...

The dao lord harbored great ambition, leading many expeditions to expand the border and quell the chaos.

He alone changed the landscape of Chaos, giving it a brand-new atmosphere. Although he couldn't truly change this lawless land, the dynasty he created became a special pillar of stability and order.

Its fame wasn't only limited to Chaos. Even those from White Stone and Fragmentation have heard of it before.

Of course, it was also the thorn in the villains' eyes, especially Wild Dynasty. Unfortunately, Wild couldn't compete in the past. Now, it was no longer the same.

"His Majesty has returned!" Firerage stood in front of the entrance and roared.

"Your Majesty!" The quietly-waiting members of the dynasty finally got on their knees. They were already dressed in white ceremonial outfits meant for mourning.

Chapter 4859: Eight-stallion Dynasty

All members of the dynasty knew that the dao lord was everything to the dynasty. Their home was created because of him. Without his presence, they would have become prey to the bandits or become bandits themselves.

Thus, his death instilled untold sorrow and grief in everyone.

"Your Majesty!" Some couldn't help smashing their forehead against the ground as his coffin was passing through the street.

An aura suddenly emerged from afar - carrying the intensity of a marching army or looming dark clouds, not the best feeling to have.

It came from an old man in battle armor. His cloak fluttered gallantly to the wind. Despite his old age, he was still as vigorous as a tiger. The gleaming battle intent in his eyes could make anyone shudder. This was a general who had partaken in countless battlefields.

Dragon roars could be heard due to his cultivation. Beasts and animals would immediately kneel to show their subservience.

“Your Majesty!” He kneeled before the coffin and let the tears flow: “I wish I could have been there by your side...”

He had followed the dao lord for a lifetime yet couldn't see him during his last moment.

His title was Venerable Dragon God, the grand commander and second in command of Eight-stallion. He was in charge in the dao lord's absence, beneath one man but above the rest.

The dao lord trusted him and most importantly, he was powerful enough to shoulder this responsibility.

He was a dragon lord with five sacred fruits - enough to fight anyone in the lower continents. The members of the dynasty respected and feared him, the same for his enemies. He also commanded the main legion of the dynasty in times of war - Soaring Stallions.

The dao lord told him to preside over the dynasty before heading off to battle with Conceal Conqueror. This was to avoid others from taking advantage of the situation.

The dragon lord felt great pain standing before the coffin despite having guessed the result. Reality still struck him hard.

After showing sufficient respect to the dead, he stood up and told Firerage: “Guard Commander, the journey must have been difficult.”

Everyone understood how tough it must have been. Escorting the coffin back was easier said than done.

"It is my duty." Firerage said while still sticking close to Li Qiye.

The dragon lord then noticed Li Qiye and the imperial seal. The look in his eyes changed.

He then took a closer look at Li Qiye and didn't notice anything special.

"He is...?" He asked Firerage and could tell that Firerage was protecting the man.

"Now's not the time, let's welcome His Majesty back first." Firerage said seriously, aware that the situation might be tough for Li Qiye - a stranger inheriting the dynasty.

For example, if the dragon god were to refuse, it would be a big problem. This wasn't the time to announce it.

"Right." The dragon god agreed despite having many questions.

"Welcome His Majesty!" He commanded and sad songs began to play from various instruments. The coffin was then taken to the mourning hall.

Firerage escorted Li Qiye the entire time during the ceremony. The latter smiled while taking a look at the scenery.

"Your Highness, you will be staying there for the incoming days." Firerage pointed ahead.

Before them was a strange peak. It seemed to have been broken off by the halfway point by someone, leaving behind only the bottom. The crack wasn't clean either, possessing a crisscross characteristic instead.

A magnificent palace was built on top of it, looking like the regal abode of a ruler. Its name was Eight-stallion Hall, the home of the dao lord and a place for conducting ceremonies.

Firerage purposely arranged this to be Li Qiye's place in order to confirm Li Qiye's status.

"A bit interesting." Li Qiye smiled while staring at the peak.

"His Majesty used to live here. It is also the source of the dynasty. As far as I know, His Majesty dragged this peak down here from space." Firerage elaborated. The peak was obviously special since the dao lord was rumored to put in painstaking effort bringing it back.

Alas, no one knew its effect, only that it represented the authority of the dynasty. This was Firerage's way of letting everyone know.

The problem was that Li Qiye was neither the dao lord's son nor a successor. No one would support a stranger taking over the dynasty. He needed to set Li Qiye up first.

The first visitor to Li Qiye's new home was none other than Venerable Dragon God. Firerage saw his arrival and became anxious.

Li Qiye needed Venerable Dragon God's support for a successful coronation. Just having the imperial seal was not enough.

"Who are you? Where are you from?" The dragon god scanned Li Qiye again, wanting to find some clues.

He didn't understand why the king chose this stranger to be the new ruler.

"Dragon God, please use 'Your Highness'. His Highness is our successor." Firerage stood next to Li Qiye with one hand on the saber hilt.

He knew that the dragon god could easily kill him. Nonetheless, he must protect Li Qiye's authority and prestige. Death was acceptable since this was His Majesty's last wish.

"Guard Commander, do you know his background?" The dragon god asked.

"I am carrying out His Majesty's wish of appointing His Highness as the next successor." Firerage said.

"May I take a closer look at your physical constitution?" The dragon god's tone became more polite, wanting to see Li Qiye's body.

After all, an invincible dao lord wouldn't pass his dynasty down to just anyone.

Chapter 4860: Loyalty

Firerage Saber blocked Venerable Dragon God from coming closer.



“Grand Commander, please stop.” The former said, ready to swing his saber at any moment.

“Guard Commander, what is the meaning of this?” The dragon god frowned.

“I should be asking you this question, Grand Commander.” Firerage said, not wanting the dragon god to be close to Li Qiye.

If he harbored any malicious intent, Li Qiye would be a dead man.

“I just want to take a closer look at his physique.” The dragon god said.

“There is no need for that, what you should do is carry out your duties, Grand Commander.” Firerage refused.

“I need to know more about the successor.” The dragon god insisted. He wanted to see if there was anything special about Li Qiye in order to deserve the throne.

Of course, he didn’t believe that there was foul play going on. The imperial seal was the strongest proof.

“His Majesty has passed the throne down to His Highness. Grand Commander, you only need to worry about your own post. As for the reason itself, isn’t that inconsequential at this point?” Firerage said.

“Guard Commander, if I insist, you cannot stop me.” The dragon god became unhappy.

This was indeed the truth. Firerage had no chance of stopping a cultivator with five sacred fruits.

“Clank! Clank!” The imperial guards appeared and surrounded Li Qiye, ready to attack.

“I cannot stop you, Grand Commander, but if you dare to disrespect His Highness, I will still show you my blade for protecting His Highness is our sacred duty. Do not forget yours.” Firerage said with determination.

“Your absolute loyalty is commendable.” The dragon god nodded and acquiesced.

Firerage didn’t gloat and said: “Grand Commander, I’m sure you will do what is best for the dynasty.”

“I have not forgotten my duty.” The dragon god said.

“Then it is time for you to contribute to His Highness’ cause.” Firerage immediately added.

The dragon god stared at Li Qiye. As the Grand Commander of Eight-stallion, he had the trust of its soldiers.

As he pondered silently, Firerage became nervous because without his support, Li Qiye wouldn’t be able to seize the throne.

In fact, the dragon god could become the next king since he was the strongest and had the highest authority right now.

After all, he could actually protect Eight-stallion Dynasty, unlike Li Qiye. Picking the latter could end with absolute destruction.

If the citizens were to pick, the majority would pick the dragon god in order to guarantee the dynasty's survival.

Firerage naturally understood all of this. Therefore, the dragon god's decision was of utmost importance.

The dragon god didn't answer right away, taking his time to judge Li Qiye.

"Grand Commander, His Majesty is no longer around but don't forget what he had done for us." Firerage urged.

"I've never forgotten." The dragon god said solemnly.

He was not always the imperious five-fruit dragon god. At the start, he was only a sectional leader of a small sect with limited access to merit laws. Moreover, he was up there in age and had no future prospects.

He then met Eight-stallion Dao Lord who had enough insight to spot his extraordinary bloodline and persevering personality. The latter taught him how to break his limit and begin his cultivation anew.

The dragon god then followed him to numerous battlefields, eventually becoming one of the founders of Eight-stallion Dynasty.

Therefore, he gained a new life thanks to the dao lord. If it wasn't for Eight-stallion, he would have died of old age long ago as an insignificant cultivator.

"That's good to hear, he has shown great kindness to the both of us." Firerage nodded.

The dragon god let out a sigh and then bowed deeply toward Li Qiye: "Your Highness, it must have been a long journey. Please rest."

"Okay." Li Qiye smiled.

His attitude perplexed the dragon god. A regular cultivator should be trembling in fear before his presence but this person was unaffected.

He didn't think that His Majesty would pass the throne to a random person. Nonetheless, the decision was still unfathomable. This was his first time not understanding His Majesty's decision.

"Chaos will return to its true form soon. An incapable man won't last even with our support." He stared at Firerage and sighed again before leaving.

Firerage had a heavy heart after the conversation. It seemed like the dragon god was ready to fulfill his duty and had accepted Li Qiye's status as the successor. Alas, Chaos and Eight-stallion Dynasty weren't peaceful.

Many villains were afraid of the dao lord, hence their subservience. Now, how could Li Qiye subdue them?

“My apology for letting you become startled, Your Highness.” Firerage lowered his head.

“It’s fine.” Li Qiye smiled and shook his head: “He could have easily killed all of you.”

“You are correct, Your Highness.” Firerage admitted: “The grand commander has the bloodline of a true dragon and five sacred fruits. Even if I have some sacred fruits, I still won’t be able to stop him.”

“You are only a little away.” Li Qiye said.

Firerage was surprised that Li Qiye could see this. He smiled wryly and said: “I can only blame my inadequate comprehension. His Majesty had taught me before but this is all I can do.”

A dragon lord was similar to a dao lord. In the past, Ox-dragon Ancestor has reached the limit of his sacred physique. Space Dragon Emperor had the same problem as well.

This was due to the limitation of the sovereign realm. The two of them couldn’t take the next step and become stuck in the same place. The disparity between sovereigns and dao lords only grew with time.