

Starlit Path 311

Chapter 311: Chaos Force, Mortal Cultivates Immortality

Lake-Heart Island – Birth of a Second Life

Lu watched the nine petals ring like temple bells.

Each chime was a sword drawn across the world's throat.

The boy who stepped out had Lu's bones, but eyes wide as the first sunrise.

Little Yinglong sprayed him once—pure reflex.

The boy laughed, water beading on lotus sleeves like morning dew.

Lu sealed every memory of White Jade Capital behind nine layers of runes.

“From now on you are only Lu Jiulian.

Walk blind. Fall. Bleed.

Bring me the map of pain I never drew.”

Snap.

The lotus shot across the sea, a cyan comet.

It kissed a bamboo raft in Thousand-Tan River, East Sun Prefecture.

An old fisherman hooked a half-drowned boy instead of carp.

...

Thousand-Tan River – Day 1 of a Mortal Life

Cold water slapped Lu Jiulian awake.

Grey sky, grey river, grey hunger.

The old man offered salted fish and a name: “Little Lotus.”

Village at dusk—cooking smoke straight as incense.

Blind granny felt his face, cried, called him “son returned.”

He chopped wood, carried water, learned to smile at nothing.

Ten days of peace.

Then the sky cracked.

A crimson-crowned crane big as a house landed in the rice paddies.

Immortal in moon-white robes stepped down.

“Heavenly Void Palace recruits outer disciples.

Children with spirit roots—step forward.”

Granny clutched Lu Jiulian's sleeve. "Don't go. War took one son already."

He touched her wrinkled hand.

"I'll come back with rice that never empties."

The crane's shadow swallowed him.

...

Imperial Capital – Night of Broken Gates

Overlord walked through the splinters of the east gate.

Every step—ten men retreated.

Magus qi rolled like black thunderclouds.

Xu Chu's spiked ball sang overhead, chained lightning.

Zhou Liu's seventh-revolution golden core blazed noon at midnight.

Permafrost flames vs iron blood.

Corpses cooled faster than the night wind.

In the garden, the last Heaven Lock captain knelt on one knee, heart frozen inside his chest.

Liu Yuanhao wiped frost from his fingers.

"Gate is ours.

Tell the world:

The dragon has woken."

...

Lake-Heart Island – Same Night

Lu sat alone under starlight.

Between thumb and finger: a bead of chaos force, 1 He.

Reality dented around it like thin ice.

> System:

> Chaos Force—mother of all origins.

> 1 He = one breath of the universe at dawn.

Lu laughed once, soft.

He pressed the bead against the world's heart.

Five Phoenix continent shuddered—mountains grew veins of silver light; rivers ran backward for three heartbeats.

Somewhere far away, a baby born that night opened eyes the color of storm.

...

East Sun Prefecture – Outer Disciple Peak

They tested roots with a crystal fishbowl.

Children's hands glowed red, blue, gold.

Lu Jiulian dipped his fingers.

The water turned black—then shattered the bowl.

Elder in moon robes: "Chaos root? Impossible for a mortal!"

Lu Jiulian only remembered granny's rice cakes.

He bowed. "Teach me to fill bowls that never empty."

They gave him a grey robe and a wooden sword.

Night 1: he slept under the eaves, counting stars.

Night 2: he stole a Qi Condensation manual from the trash.

Night 3: first strand of qi spun in his dantian—grey, heavy, hungry.

He smiled in the dark.

“Grandma, wait for me.

I’m learning how to carry the sky.”

...

System Panel – Lu Fan’s Private Log

- Avatar: Lu Jiulian

- Root: Chaos (sealed 99%)

- Progress: Qi Condensation layer 1 (Day 3)

- Pain index: homesick, blistered palms, one stolen bun

- Note: Let him break before he bends the world.

Lu closed the panel.

Somewhere, a boy swung a wooden sword at moonlight.

Somewhere, a frozen garden waited for spring.

Somewhere, chaos force settled into the planet's bones like a sleeping dragon.

The game had two players now.

One hid on an island.

One walked the dirt roads with empty pockets and a full heart.

Both carried the same smile—sharp enough to cut tomorrow open.

Chapter 312: Overlord Splits Zhou Liu with One Axe

Wolong Ridge – Unremarkable Peak

Lv Mu tapped his cane like a metronome counting heartbeats.

Behind him, Luo Mingyue's veil fluttered.

"Sister... is she safe?"

Lv Mu's gums flashed. "Safe.

But the Overlord just stepped on a landmine."

He flicked a blood-inked scroll into a pigeon's leg.

White streak—sky—gone.

...

Great Xuan – Ask-Heaven Peak

Tan Taixuan poured tea with imperial calm.

Xue Tao knelt, paper trembling in gauntlets.

“Black Dragon Cult + Tianyuan rank-10.”

Tan Taixuan’s eyes turned to blades.

Mo Beike stroked his beard. “Behind Liu Yuanhao: every family that once kissed Zhou’s boots.

Still not enough to bite Overlord—unless the outsider bites first.”

Tan Taixuan crushed the cup.

“Xue Tao—three hundred Black Tortoise elites.

Dragon Gate. Now.”

Xue Tao blinked. “Sire... that’s Xiliang’s capital.”

“Today it is.

Tomorrow it could be ours.

Same blood, different banners.

Foreign blades don’t care.”

Xue Tao’s roar echoed down the peak.

Mo Beike smiled into his tea. “Your Majesty grows fangs.”

Tan Taixuan spat porcelain shards. “Fangs, wings, whatever.

Also—tell Old Jiang his chicken-soup vacation is cancelled.”

...

Southern Prefecture – Rocking Chair

Tang Xiansheng read the scroll, rocked once.

“Send fifty Southern Troops.

Let Tan Taixuan save face without stealing the spotlight.”

Tang Guo dipped her brush, ink blooming into tiny black dragons.

...

Imperial Capital – Ten-Li Avenue

Overlord walked.

Each step—ten thousand boots shuffled back.

“Move or die.”

They chose move.

He chose sprint.

Bodies flew like broken kites.

Palace rooftops—golden tiles cracking under his grief.

...

Imperial Garden – Moonlight Butchery

Xu Chu coughed blood, laughed through broken teeth.

“King’s here, you pretty corpse!”

Zhou Liu’s golden core blazed, seventh sun at midnight.

Overlord landed between them—magus qi swallowing starlight.

One glance at the frozen captain, heart pierced.

One glance at Xu Chu’s cracked ribs.

One glance at the gate his men died to hold.

His axe grew from smoke—ten zhang of black iron.

Zhou Liu cupped fists, polite as a funeral.

“Tianyuan, Zhou Liu, rank ten—”

Overlord answered with footsteps.

Roof collapsed.

Tiles became shrapnel.

Axe rose.

The night held its breath.

Clock Nan, Xiao Yue'er, Feng Yilou perched on distant eaves—popcorn forgotten.

Zhou Liu's golden core spun, seven rings of sword light.

Overlord's axe fell.

No technique.

No mercy.

Just grief made steel.

CLANG!

Sword light shattered like glass.

Golden core dimmed.

Zhou Liu's polite smile split—along with his torso.

Axe kept going.

Roof.

Wall.

Ground.

One clean line from sky to hell.

Zhou Liu's two halves slid apart, golden core rolling into a puddle of royal blood.

Silence.

Then Xu Chu's broken laughter.

"King... one swing... ha... ha..."

Overlord's voice was winter.

"Next."

Liu Yuanhao's frost-flame armor flickered—candle in hurricane.

Black Dragon troops pissed themselves.

From the Dragon Gate: three hundred silver tortoises poured out, spears gleaming.

Xue Tao planted his flag.

“Great Xuan aids Xiliang.

Foreign dogs—choose a grave.”

Liu Yuanhao’s knuckles cracked.

Overlord lifted the axe, blood dripping like rain.

“Gate’s mine.

City’s mine.

Your head—mine.”

He stepped over Zhou Liu’s corpse.

Every black robe took one step back.

Ten-Li Avenue trembled.

The age of legends was dead.

The age of Overlord had a body count.

Chapter 313: Who Dares Say Five Phoenix Has No Heroes?

Lake-Heart Island – One Month Later

Lu opened his eyes.

A single grey strand now lived in his top-knot—chaos force condensed into a jade hairpin.

One He, thirty nights, ten million soul-threads.

He flicked the pin.

Reality hiccuped.

Ni Yu and Ning Zhao received the Tongtian Mirror like kids handed the remote to the universe.

First channel: Imperial Garden, 8K, blood-o-vision.

Ni Yu squealed. “Overlord’s about to get cooked!”

Ning Zhao’s sword hand tightened. “Wait... something’s wrong.”

Little Yinglong stole popcorn.

...

Imperial Garden – Rooftop Blood Opera

Zhou Liu’s silver sword sang.

Overlord bled from a hundred cuts, grinning like a wolf who’d found the trapdoor.

Every slash Zhou fed him stacked inside Overlord’s bones—interest on a loan from hell.

Zhou Liu grew bored. “Yield or die.”

Overlord spat blood. “Make me.”

Sword through the chest—clean hole, heart ticking like nothing happened.

Zhou Liu reached to recall his blade.

It wouldn’t budge.

Overlord laughed, low, cracked, beautiful.

“Allow me to introduce my Dao Intent.”

UNYIELDING.

The garden exploded.

Every wound reversed—blood became magma, pain became fuel.

Zhou Liu's own sword qi detonated inside Overlord's fist.

CRUNCH.

One punch.

Zhou Liu flew backward, golden core dimming like a snuffed candle.

He crashed through three walls and a koi pond.

Liu Yuanhao's frost-flame stuttered.

Clock Nan's knife fell from the sky.

"STOP!"

Black blade answered—Nie Changqing, drunk on moonlight, planted Draconic Slayer between Overlord and the world.

Kong Nanfei stepped out of dust, sleeves stained with chicken-soup dreams.

“Gentlemen,” he toasted with an invisible cup, “you’re embarrassing the home team.”

Feng Yilou and Xiao Yue’er landed beside Clock Nan, weapons half-drawn.

Overlord never paused.

He walked through the knife wind, through the stares, through the legend that said he was only third-revolution.

One step.

Two.

Three.

Fist met Zhou Liu’s perfect face.

BOOM.

Zhou Liu's head kissed the palace wall so hard the wall filed for divorce.

Golden core cracked—seven rings became seven screams.

Overlord lifted the unconscious body by the collar.

“Tell Tianyuan,” he whispered to the night, “next dog brings a leash.”

He dropped Zhou Liu like laundry.

Turned to the three onlookers.

Clock Nan's knife hand trembled.

Nie Changqing yawned. “My turn to babysit?”

Kong Nanfei flicked ash from an imaginary pipe. “Kids these days—no manners.”

Overlord cracked his neck.

“Anyone else want to teach Five Phoenix humility?”

Silence answered.

Even the koi shut up.

...

Lake-Heart Island – Live Feed

Ni Yu’s popcorn hit the grass.

Ning Zhao’s sword hummed approval.

Little Yinglong tried to high-five the mirror and face-planted.

Lu smiled behind his chessboard.

Black stone fell.

Check.

Somewhere, a boy named Lu Jiulian looked up from his wooden sword.

He felt the world tremble and thought:

So this is what a heartbeat sounds like.

Far above, the jade hairpin in Lu's hair flickered—grey light licking the sky like a dragon tasting wind.

The board was set.

The dogs were leashed.

Five Phoenix had spoken.

Chapter 314: Testing the Sleeping Dragon

Lake-Heart Island – Chess in the Fog

Lu's finger hovered above the board.

Black stone or white?

One move could flip the world; one move could let it burn.

He chose neither.

Let the children bleed a little more.

...

Imperial Garden – Three Days Later

Overlord stood on the broken palace steps.

Below: one hundred and eight family banners burning in neat piles.

He had razed every clan that opened its gates to Black Dragon.

Then he did the unthinkable.

“Pack up.

We’re going home.”

Xu Chu spat blood. “Home? We just took the capital!”

Overlord looked east—toward the sea no one could find.

“Capital’s a bone.

Whoever gnaws it next will choke on White Jade’s name.”

Iron hooves thundered west.

Imperial City—empty throne, open gates, free for the brave or the stupid.

...

Eastern Ocean Prefecture – Martial Emperor City

Old Zhou Haisheng knelt three days, forehead bleeding on stone.

Du Longyang never opened the gate.

Inside, the city lord sighed over cold tea.

“White Jade hides, but its shadow still breaks swords.

Until the whale sings again, no one moves.”

...

*Four Great Powers – Same Answer

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- Heavenly Void Palace: doors barred, silence.

- Absolute Blade Sect: blades sheathed, no reply.

- Qian Palace: female guards turned the old man away with spears crossed.

Every gate delivered the same whisper:

Wait for the island.

...

East Sun Coast – Dawn

Old Zhou changed robes—grey to black.

He polished Zhou Liu's sword until it reflected a dead man's eyes.

Then he sat on air, sword across knees, and drifted west like a ghost looking for a grave.

Behind him, sunrise bled across the sea.

Ahead: Xiliang, iron walls, and one man who punched golden cores into red mist.

...

Lake-Heart Island – Mirror Feed

Ni Yu hugged her knees. “That grandpa looks... sad.”

Ning Zhao’s sword hand rested on the mirror. “Sad men with sharp swords write long stories.”

Little Yinglong sneezed—a tiny waterspout.

Lu finally placed the stone.

Clack.

The board showed a dragon coiled around an empty throne.

He smiled, soft as dawn.

“Old man wants justice.

Let him knock.

If the whale doesn't wake, the door stays shut.

If it does...”

He tapped the jade hairpin.

Grey light flickered—once.

Far out at sea, the giant whale rolled, dreaming of songs it hadn't sung in months.

On the coast, Old Zhou felt the tide hesitate.

He tightened his grip on the sword and kept flying.

One old man.

One dead disciple.

One sleeping island.

The world held its breath to see whose heartbeat would answer first.

Chapter 315: I Killed Zhou Liu. No Regrets.

Great Xuan – Ask-Heaven Peak

Tan Taixuan hauled Xue Tao up by the armpits.

“Overlord punched a seventh-turn golden core into soup.

Black Dragon ran with tail on fire.

Capital secure.”

Xue Tao coughed blood. "Sire, he's unstoppable.

We just saved our future enemy."

Tan Taixuan paced the cliff edge, wind whipping his robe like war banners.

"Enemy today, meat-shield tomorrow.

Liu Yuanhao's still breathing.

Tell every garrison:

Black Dragon steps on Xuan soil—bury them where they stand."

Xue Tao's grin showed broken teeth. "Gladly."

He saluted and vanished down the dragon gate.

Tan Taixuan stared east.

Clouds were stacking like unpaid debts.

...

Southern Prefecture – Flowerbed

Tang Xiansheng watered roses with the calm of a man watering graves.

Report delivered—Overlord's fist, Zhou Liu's brains on palace tiles.

Tang Guo dropped her peach. "Brother Mo's coming home?"

Tang Xiansheng ruffled her hair. "Bedlam's knocking.

Time to fetch our scholar before the roof caves in."

...

Lake-Heart Island – Reward Screen

System popped champagne:

> Branch Task Complete: “No More White Jade”

> Reward: Heaven-Covering Formation (Earth-tier)

Lu caught the array like a child catching fireflies.

Eight trigrams spun above the preaching platform.

He failed seventeen times—each collapse a small apocalypse.

Eighteenth try: a dome of silver runes locked into place.

Missing piece: one Earth-tier spirit weapon as array eye.

Lu rubbed his jade hairpin. “Guess who’s getting an upgrade.”

...

Xiliang – Command Tent

Overlord sat with Luo Mingsang under torchlight.

“I killed Zhou Liu.

No regrets.”

Generals roared. “We’ll die first!”

Overlord’s glare silenced them.

“If the old monster comes, I fight in the desert.

If I fall, kneel to no one—live quiet, live long.”

Xu Chu punched the table. “Bullshit!”

Overlord's fist dented Xu Chu's breastplate. "Orders."

Luo Mingsang's fingers found his. "Bring Mingyue home.

Half a White Jade disciple is still a dragon's scale."

...

Wolong Ridge – Night

Overlord climbed the humble peak.

Lv Mu tapped his cane. "Borrowing my girl as insurance?"

"Insurance," Overlord agreed. "And family."

Luo Mingyue hugged her guqin, veil fluttering like surrender.

Lv Mu sighed. "Fortune says: nine parts death, one part miracle."

Overlord took the girl's hand. "I'll take the miracle."

...

Secret Realm Gate – Dawn

Clock Nan and Xiao Yue'er emerged, knives still hungry.

They saw Overlord waiting—shirtless, axe across knees.

Clock Nan spat. "Still breathing?"

Overlord grinned. "Waiting for someone who punches harder than me."

Second Hell Gate rumbled.

A barefoot madman strolled out, belly spilling over belt, four glowing runes dancing on his spine.

Mo Tianyu yawned, scratched his navel.

“Heard you need a sparring partner who won’t die.

Lucky you—I’m immortal till the wine runs out.”

He cracked his neck.

Fourth-grade Dao Intent: *Drunken Calamity*.

Overlord stood.

Two monsters, one desert, one incoming ghost.

The ridge trembled.

Far away, an old man in black drifted closer—sword across his lap, sunrise bleeding behind him.

Three days.

Then the sky would fall, or the desert would drink blood.

Either way, Five Phoenix would remember the sound of fists answering thunder.

Chapter 316: Overlord Begs a Weapon, Cangsheng Sword Arrives

Wolong Ridge – 48 Hours Before Blood

Overlord sat like a boulder.

Tianyuang prodigies hissed behind fans:

“Cangjian’s patriarch is coming.

One sword, one corpse.”

Overlord didn’t blink.

He was waiting for the only man whose fortune-telling killed hope and gave it back gift-wrapped.

Mo Tianyu strolled out barefoot, belly jiggling.

“Divination for the doomed?”

He rattled three coins inside a turtle shell.

Clack-clack-clack.

Coins leapt.

Mo Tianyu flicked spirit qi—ping, ping, ping.

Coins froze mid-air, faces glowing.

“Great... auspicious,” he said, eyes twinkling.

Overlord’s heart sank like a stone in wine.

Reverse Mo = *certain death*.

He laughed anyway.

“Even if the heavens want my head, I’ll trade it for a bigger one.”

He left Mo Tianyu bowing to thin air.

...

Little Mountain City – Forge of Last Chances

Families fled at the sight of Overlord’s shadow.

He walked straight to the lonely smithy.

Gongshu Yu, shirtless, veins like steel cables, hammered a sword embryo.

Little Ru’s arms trembled—two thousand taps already.

Overlord bowed.

“I need a weapon that can split an Infant’s sigh.”

Gongshu Yu didn’t look up.

“Back courtyard.

Iron Mother soaked three days in the Origin Lake.

Split it, I’ll forge you mystery-tier.”

Overlord rolled his shoulders.

Twenty palms later—bones showing, blood painting the ground.

Twenty-first palm:

UNYIELDING.

CRACK!

Iron Mother split like a lie.

Gongshu Yu stomped.

The earth parted.

A buried furnace rose, white flames licking the sky.

“AXE AND SHIELD!” Overlord roared.

Gongshu Yu tore off his shirt, seized two hammers.

CLANG!

Sparks became constellations.

Three thousand hammers.

Five thousand.

Gongshu Yu's palms split; blood hissed on iron.

Little Ru counted until his voice cracked.

At the nine-thousandth strike, the Iron Mother folded like silk.

Gongshu Yu's eyes bled fire.

"Name them."

Overlord's voice shook the forge:

"Unyielding Axe.

Indestructible Shield."

Twin embryos screamed.

The furnace roared approval.

...

Western Frontier – 300 Li Out

Dawn.

Old Zhou Haisheng descended from the sky.

Black robes, black mood.

He sat cross-legged on the official road, Cangsheng Sword across his knees—mirror-bright, thirstier than grief.

Behind him: three days of empty sky.

Ahead: Xiliang iron.

Xu Chu's horse snorted steam.

Ten thousand riders locked shields.

Old Zhou opened eyes older than mountains.

"Xiang Shaoyun has three days.

After that, every city in Xiliang becomes a grave marker."

His voice rolled like funeral bells.

Xu Chu drew his spiked ball.

"Old dog, you'll choke on our dust first."

Old Zhou closed his eyes again.

Sun climbed.

Shadows shortened.

Somewhere, a forge still sang.

Somewhere, a whale still dreamed.

Somewhere, a boy with a wooden sword sneezed and kept swinging.

Three days.

One sword.

One axe yet to cool.

Five Phoenix held its breath—

and the desert began to count heartbeats.

Chapter 317: Overlord vs Nascent Soul

Lake-Heart Island – Live Feed

Ni Yu: “He’s here! He’s really here!”

Little Yinglong’s sausage lips flapped: “Bwa-bwa-bwa!”

Ning Zhao’s sword hand trembled on the mirror’s edge.

On screen: dawn, dust, and a lone rider on black iron.

...

Western Pass – Third Sunrise

Zhou Haisheng rose from the road like a corpse remembering it was once a storm.

Cangsheng Sword multiplied—thirty-two blades of grief orbiting his head.

“Three days are up.

Twelve cities for one grandson.”

Xu Chu’s horse screamed.

Ten thousand iron throats answered:

“WEST COOL HAS NO COWARDS!”

Black hooves parted.

Overlord dismounted.

He tore the grey shroud.

UNYIELDING AXE-SHIELD.

Bronze-green metal, veins of crimson lightning frozen mid-pulse.

Thunder penalty still crackled in the grooves—Gongshu Yu’s gift, forged in blood and storm.

Overlord kissed the flat of the axe.

“Old ghost.

Your grandson cut me once.

Today I return the favor—with interest.”

WAR!

He charged.

Earth split behind each footfall.

Zhou Haisheng’s eyes bled winter.

Sword fingers flicked.

Thirty-two Cangsheng clones became thirty-two meteors.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

Ground flowered into craters.

Overlord hid behind the shield—every impact a gong struck inside his bones.

UNYIELDING stacked.

One sword, two, thirty-two—

each wound fed the next blow.

He leapt.

Spine-dragon roared.

Fourth-pole Heavenly Lock locked into place mid-air.

Shield met Cangsheng prime.

CLANG!

Heaven lost its voice.

Shockwave shaved the mountain bald.

Overlord spat blood, smiled crimson.

Flew backward—

crashed through three hills, left a canyon shaped like his grin.

Dust settled.

Zhou Haisheng floated above the new valley, sword tip dripping sunrise.

“Still breathing?”

His voice cracked—first surprise in seventy years.

From the rubble, metal scraped stone.

Overlord rose.

Shield cracked in a spiderweb.

Axe drank the cracks—red lines crawling, knitting, glowing.

UNYIELDING: every wound returned as interest.

He laughed until the desert laughed with him.

“Old man.

That all?”

He dragged the axe-shield like a planet on a chain.

One step—

ground forgot it was ground.

Second step—

air surrendered.

Third step—

Zhou Haisheng's pupils shrank to pinpricks.

Because the boy was no longer running.

He was *falling upward*.

Axe overhead, shield forward, body a black comet.

All thirty-two wounds, all thirty-two sword blows, all three days of grief—

compressed into one swing.

UNYIELDING: REVERSE HEAVEN.

Zhou Haisheng had half a heartbeat to remember his grandson's smile.

Then the axe arrived.

BOOM.

The sky folded.

Cangsheng prime met Unyielding edge—

and screamed like a child.

Sword shattered into thirty-three pieces of regret.

Shockwave peeled the clouds.

Zhou Haisheng's black robe became confetti.

He flew—

not gracefully,

but like a nail shot from a cannon.

Crashed through the western wall of the pass.

Left a Zhou-shaped hole and a heartbeat of silence.

...

Lake-Heart Island

Ni Yu dropped the mirror.

Little Yinglong's sausage lips fell open—popped back to normal.

Ning Zhao whispered, "He... reversed the realm gap?"

On the preaching platform, Lu's finger paused above the final chess piece.

A grey spark danced on the half-finished Covered-Heaven Sword.

He smiled.

"Looks like the whale won't need to sing today."

...

Western Pass – Dust Settles

Overlord stood in the crater, one knee down, axe planted like a flag.

Blood poured from every pore, but his spine was straighter than dawn.

Zhou Haisheng crawled from the rubble—half his ribs singing outside his chest.

He stared at the boy who should be dead.

Overlord lifted the cracked shield.

Red runes reformed—stronger.

“Old man.

Your grandson’s sword is now my kindling.”

He took one step forward.

Zhou Haisheng took one step back.

For the first time in seventy years,

a Nascent Soul retreated before a Heavenly Lock.

Behind Overlord, ten thousand iron throats roared until the mountains answered.

The war was not over.

But the message was delivered.

Five Phoenix is not toothless.

Far away, four holy lands felt the tremor in their tea.

On Lake-Heart Island, the Tongtian Mirror cracked—overloaded by a single swing.

Ni Yu hugged the broken glass.

“Senior Sister... did we just watch a legend write its first page?”

Ning Zhao's sword finally stopped shaking.

"No," she said, eyes bright as new steel.

"We watched the prologue."

Little Yinglong sneezed a rainbow.

Somewhere, an old sword ghost looked at the sky and saw his future written in axe marks.

The desert wind carried one sentence across the continent:

The Overlord keeps his regrets in a box.

Today he nailed it shut.

Chapter 318 : Aftershocks

The axe stood alone in the glass desert, blade still dripping.

Overlord lay on his back, chest heaving, sky spinning.

Luo Mingsang's tears fell like hot rain on his split lips.

"Idiot," she whispered. "You promised to come back pretty."

He grinned crimson. "Pretty is overrated."

Three hundred li away, Zhou Haisheng's corpse cooled in two perfect halves.

His Nascent Soul had burst mid-scream; the echo still rattled distant windows.

Tian Yuan – Four Holy Lands

- Martial Emperor City: Du Longyang dropped his fishing rod.

- Heavenly Void Palace: the grand bell tolled itself.

- Absolute Blade Sect: every blade in the armory wept rust.

- Qian Palace: the female emperor cracked her teacup.

No one spoke the name White Jade.

They didn't need to.

The message was carved in glass and blood:

Touch Five Phoenix, bleed in two.

*Wolong Ridge

*

Clock Nan stared at his trembling knife hand.

"Next time," he muttered, "we send Infant-realm."

Feng Yilou laughed until he cried. "With what army?"

Xiao Yue'er turned east, hair whipping like surrender flags.

Xiliang – Victory Night

Bonfires taller than houses.

Ten thousand riders beat shields until dawn.

Xu Chu, ribs wrapped in iron, lifted a wine bowl the size of a helmet.

“To the king who punched a Nascent Soul into origami!”

Overlord, bandaged like a mummy, raised a cracked cup.

“To the axe that kept its promise.”

Luo Mingyue strummed her guqin; every note tasted like sunrise.

Lake-Heart Island

Lu flicked the finished Covered-Heaven Sword.

Grey chaos qi curled around the edge, purring.

He tapped the Tongtian Mirror shards.

New feed booted:

- Desert, night, bonfire, drunk riders,

- one axe planted like a flag,

- one king laughing through broken teeth.

Lu leaned back.

“Kid just promoted himself from chess piece to chess player.”

Little Yinglong sneezed a victory rainbow.

Ni Yu hugged the broken mirror.

“Senior Sister, can we get his autograph?”

Ning Zhao sheathed her sword, smiling like spring.

“Only if you finish today’s squats.”

Tian Yuan – Midnight Council

Four shadows met above the clouds.

“White Jade didn’t show,” one hissed.

“Means they’re truly gone,” another lied.

“Or sleeping,” the third whispered.

The fourth said nothing; just stared west where glass still glowed under starlight.

Three Days Later

Caravans found the desert.

They harvested shards of Cangsheng Sword—each sliver worth a city.

Pilgrims left flowers at the axe.

Children drew stick-figure kings punching the moon.

One Month Later

Overlord walked again.

Scars like lightning maps.

Axe on shoulder, shield on back.

He stopped at every village, taught one move:

“Stack the hurt. Return it louder.”

Farmers, blacksmiths, grandmothers—everyone learned the stance.

One Year Later

Tian Yuan envoys arrived at Xiliang gates.

Gifts: spirit mines, apology wine, zero Infants.

Overlord accepted the wine, returned the cups—cracked.

Message received.

Five Phoenix – New Dawn

Lu watched the world from his thousand-blade chair.

Chessboard empty.

He placed one black piece in the center.

The board hummed.

Somewhere, a whale woke up, yawned, and went back to sleep.

No song needed.

The continent was already singing.

Chapter 319: Break My Lock, Reverse Your Fate

Desert of Glass – Zero Hour

Headless Overlord stood tall.

Blood fountained from the stump, painting the sand black.

The axe leaned against his thigh like a tired war banner.

Zhou Haisheng clutched the bleeding socket of his missing arm.

He waited for the body to fall.

It didn't.

Lake-Heart Island

Ni Yu screamed into her sleeve.

Ning Zhao's sword hand went white on the hilt.

Lu tapped the armrest once.

Clack.

The sound carried across the ocean.

Desert – One Breath Later

The headless corpse took a step.

Then another.

Sand cracked under iron boots.

Every spectator forgot how to breathe.

Two Li Away

Mo Tianyu's copper coins spun above his head—three tiny suns.

His belly laughed louder than thunder.

“Big auspicious, my ass—

today I *flip the board*!”

REVERSE FATE!

Coins exploded into golden light.

Light poured into the desert like molten sunrise.

Three Li Away

Overlord's severed head rolled to a stop.

Eyes wide.

Mouth grinning.

A single spark of black-red light crawled from the sand, up the neck stump, and *stitched*.

Flesh knit.

Bone locked.

Skin sealed.

Four Heartbeats Later

The head leapt—

landed on the neck with a wet *click*.

Overlord opened crimson eyes.

He picked up the axe.

Flexed his neck.

Spat blood.

“Looked left—Zhou Haisheng, pale as rice paper.”

“Looked right—ten thousand riders on their knees.”

He spoke, voice raw iron.

“Old man.

Round two.”

Five Fingers Spread

UNYIELDING ignited.

Every wound Zhou Haisheng had gifted him for three days

returned as interest.

Black demonic qi became wings.

Blood mist became armor.

Six Steps Forward

Overlord walked.

Each step cracked the glass desert into spiderwebs.

Zhou Haisheng's remaining hand shook on Cangsheng's broken hilt.

Seven Words

Mo Tianyu's voice rolled across the dunes:

"Today the heavens owe *interest*."

Eight Arms of Fate

Golden chains shot from the coins—

wrapped Zhou Haisheng's Nascent Soul,

yanked it out like a tooth.

The tiny emperor screamed.

Nine Axes

Overlord spun.

Axe became a black moon.

UNYIELDING: DEBT COLLECTED.

The moon fell.

Zhou Haisheng's Nascent Soul popped—

second time today.

His body folded, crumpled, became sand.

Ten Seconds of Silence

Then the desert *roared*.

Xiliang riders beat shields until arms broke.

Luo Mingsang ran, leapt, tackled the laughing king into glass dust.

She kissed the blood off his grin.

Lake-Heart Island

Ni Yu dropped to her knees, mirror forgotten.

Ning Zhao's sword finally fell—

clanged like a bell.

Lu stood.

Covered-Heaven Sword slid from his hairpin,

hovered, eager.

He smiled at the empty chessboard.

“Checkmate.”

Tian Yuan – Four Holy Lands

Four gates slammed shut at the same instant.

Four teacups shattered.

Four old monsters whispered the same sentence:

“White Jade never left.

It just taught the board to bleed.”

Desert – Dawn

Overlord planted the axe.

Carved three characters into the blade with a finger:

破天锁

逆命运

霸王归

Then he turned west,

limping,

laughing,

dragging the broken world behind him like a victory flag.

Somewhere, a whale woke up,

saw the new sunrise,

and sang one note that shattered every compass pointing east.

The song had lyrics now:

**“Tell the heavens—

next head is yours.”**

Chapter 320: The Demon Lord Turns, the Headless Overlord Remains a Demon

In the desert.

Sand-laden winds whipped through the air, kicking up scorching grains of sand.

The sun blazed with a fierce heat.

Yet, the hearts of many grew icy cold.

Zhou Haisheng had lost an arm, but with the regenerative power of the Nascent Soul realm, he quickly staunched the bleeding.

The Overlord's body stood unmoving, like a statue in the desert—headless, evoking a chilling desolation.

The Overlord had fallen.

Under Zhou Haisheng's terrifying onslaught, he had been defeated.

Even after breaking through the Five Extremes Heavenly Lock at the critical moment, unleashing his long-accumulated assault and reaching Nascent Soul-level attack power... he still lost.

Zhou Haisheng's sword, channeling all his strength, had severed the Overlord's head.

The cultivators of the Five Phoenixes Continent fell silent.

The Overlord was dead, and White Jade Capital had not appeared—not even a word from Young Master Lu.

This left the cultivators of the Five Phoenixes Continent feeling a sudden weight in their chests, a pang of unease.

Before, the Tianyuan Domain cultivators had been overwhelmingly dominant and aggressive, but those from the Five Phoenixes Continent hadn't panicked.

Because behind them stood White Jade Capital.

White Jade Capital represented the pinnacle of the Five Phoenixes' strength.

No matter how many powerhouses Tianyuan had, they wouldn't dare provoke White Jade Capital. Though it had vanished into hiding... it remained the backbone of the Five Phoenixes cultivators' confidence.

Now...

That confidence seemed to waver.

Even the Overlord's death hadn't drawn White Jade Capital's intervention...

Deep down, everyone felt a twinge of panic, like losing their pillar of support.

"This is Young Master Lu's intention."

In a corner of the desert.

Jiang Li, dressed in scholarly robes, gazed at the battle from afar. He saw the barely concealed fear on the faces of the Five Phoenixes cultivators.

Perched on Bai Qingniao's head was Little Phoenix One, while Little Phoenix Two and Three peeked curiously from her collar.

"What does Young Master Lu intend?"

Bai Qingniao asked, puzzled.

"The cultivators of the Five Phoenixes Continent... they've lacked real pressure for too long. Young Master Lu took White Jade Capital into hiding largely to impose some on them."

"White Jade Capital isn't what lets them grow complacent; true strength comes from within..."

"The cultivators from the Tianyuan Foreign Land are generally stronger than those from the Five Phoenixes. If I'm right, Tianyuan is under Young Master Lu's control—or at least, he holds sway there."

"Using such a force for training is perfect..."

"It won't overwhelm them but will apply just the right pressure. Two birds with one stone."

Jiang Li explained.

Viewing it through the lens of a military strategist, he had picked up on the clues.

Bai Qingniao and Chi Lian suddenly understood.

So that was why Young Master Lu had gone into hiding.

But Jiang Li's expression remained grave. He glanced eastward, toward where White Jade Capital had vanished.

From his soldier's intuition, he sensed that Young Master Lu's strategy hid deeper purposes.

In Jiang Li's view, the Tianyuan cultivators weren't enemies—just rivals.

The true enemy... had yet to emerge!

Mo Beike watched from afar the lonely silhouette of the Overlord standing headless in the desert.

His heavy eye bags twitched, revealing deep sorrow.

The Overlord... he had watched him grow up. Sadly, their paths diverged over differing ideals.

And now...

The Overlord had fallen in this barren wasteland.

How tragic?

More importantly, to Mo Beike, the Overlord's death signaled upheaval and massive shifts in the world's balance.

Compared to the grief among the Five Phoenixes cultivators...

The powerhouses from Tianyuan showed no excessive mockery.

The Overlord's strength had earned their respect.

If someone had claimed before that a fifth-turn Golden Core cultivator could nearly slay a minor-completion Nascent Soul...

They'd have laughed it off as impossible.

But the Overlord had done it.

He had come perilously close to killing Zhou Haisheng at the peak of essence, spirit, condition, and combat prowess.

"A worthy opponent to respect."

Zhong Nan, with his plain blade slung across his back, sighed.

Xiao Yue'er nodded in agreement. Given enough time, the Overlord could absolutely have reached their level—no question.

Feng Yilou shook his head: "It's a pity. No matter how monstrous your talent, if you don't grow, it's all for nothing."

"That's the cruelty of the cultivation world."

"The people of the Five Phoenixes Continent... they've grown too comfortable. They know nothing of cultivation's harsh reality."

Zhong Nan and Xiao Yue'er had to admit Feng Yilou had a point.

...

Xu Chu's eyes bulged, his body rigid with cold. The spiked iron ball slipped from his grip, thudding into the sand.

"The King... has fallen."

His lips trembled as he whispered.

In the next instant...

Rage and grief flooded his eyes like a tidal wave.

"Ah!!!"

"My King!"

Xu Chu roared.

Overwhelming sorrow crashed against his chest like raging waves.

He hefted the spiked iron ball, eyes bloodshot, and charged forward.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The yellow sands quaked.

The ball swung, whipping up terrifying gusts.

Xu Chu madly rushed at Zhou Haisheng—he would avenge his king!

In his life, Xu Chu admired two men most: the Overlord and Young Master Lu.

The Overlord had influenced him deepest, like an elder brother.

But now, the Overlord was gone!

He couldn't control his emotions.

It wasn't just Xu Chu.

The cultivators of the Xiang Family Army went berserk!

Shouts tore through the desert skies.

"Kill!"

"Avenge the King!"

The Xiang Family Army bellowed.

Body Storage realm leaders charged first, following Xu Chu, their eyes red with grief.

Finally, sneers erupted from the Tianyuan side.

"Against a Nascent Soul, numbers mean nothing..."

"Charging in? That's just suicide."

The foreign land cultivators' voices carried mocking amusement.

These soldiers of the Overlord were moths to the flame.

Zhou Haisheng, one arm gone, picked up the bloodied Cangsheng Sword from the ground.

Leaning on it one-handed, he glanced at the charging Xu Chu and the others.

He had no interest in tangling with them.

The Overlord was already dead.

Next, he would hunt the Black Dragon Cult leader, Liu Yuanhao, who had incited Zhou Liu against the Overlord!

"Get lost!"

Zhou Haisheng didn't strike to kill Xu Chu and the rest.

This was his way of giving the Overlord face.

Fighting him as a Golden Core, even severing his arm—the man had his admiration.

Boom!

Zhou Haisheng bellowed.

Nascent Soul pressure radiated from him, rippling outward like waves.

One by one, the charging Xiang Family Army soldiers were flung back.

Xu Chu braced against it, howling as he inched forward.

Muscles like coiled dragons bulged across his body; neck strained, face flushed, eyes burning with hatred—he advanced step by step.

Zhou Haisheng raised his hand.

Hum...

A flick of his finger sent sword qi flying.

Pfft!

Xu Chu's legs exploded in blood, sending him tumbling back.

Suddenly...

Zhou Haisheng froze.

He turned to the Overlord. His spiritual sense was sharp—illusion or not, he felt... the Overlord's cold, headless corpse... twitch!

...

"What are you doing?!"

Kong Nanfei stared at Mo Tianyu, whose aura suddenly exploded with overwhelming power, his breath catching.

"Old Kong, guard me!"

Mo Tianyu glanced at Kong Nanfei, bloodshot veins climbing his eyes.

"This is what you owe me!"

Mo Tianyu roared.

Kong Nanfei fell silent.

"Don't get yourself killed."

Kong Nanfei took a swig of wine.

Mo Tianyu laughed wildly.

The intent of Defying Fate surged endlessly.

"Lucky it's the Overlord. If it were you, Kong Nanfei, no saving you."

"Defying Fate intent meeting Unyielding intent... a perfect match!"

Mo Tianyu grinned.

He held three copper treasures, fingers forming a lotus seal, striking them and causing cascades of light to fall.

Rumble!

Clouds gathered overhead.

"Overlord!"

"Today, I'll defy your fate!"

Mo Tianyu howled.

In the next moment...

He would shatter the Heavenly Lock and reverse the Overlord's destiny!

Faintly...

Gray-white light emerged in Mo Tianyu's eyes. Defying Fate intent lashed his body like whips.

Mo Tianyu grunted in pain.

Then, he saw...

A city—the Necropolis in the Nine Prisons Secret Realm. Lost souls wandered outside, dazed, entering the gates.

"Souls, return!"

Mo Tianyu bared his chest and bellowed.

Suddenly!

In the Necropolis...

Terrifying auras awakened.

Towering figures sat on thrones, overlooking Mo Tianyu from behind the city.

Pfft!

Mo Tianyu felt his soul tearing apart.

He hastily withdrew from that horrifying state.

Back in reality, he spat blood.

His body burned like fire; half his face darkened, cursed with ill omen.

He grabbed his head—a fistful of hair came out...

"Damn it, what a loss!"

"Defying fate... not for mortals!"

Mo Tianyu cursed inwardly.

His once carefree image faded further.

If he failed to break the Heavenly Lock this time, the cost would be immense!

Boom!

But the effects were immediate.

In the distance, black demonic qi began seeping from the Overlord's headless body.

Mo Tianyu's bones cracked thunderously. Defying Fate intent enveloped him... his cultivation skyrocketed.

He crossed into the Heavenly Lock realm!

But that was just the start!

Rumble!

Kong Nanfei's heart pounded in shock.

What had Mo Tianyu done?!

He glanced at the distant Overlord—demonic qi rising, a spark of life blooming in endless darkness.

Mo Tianyu's work?

This guy... not only read hexagrams backward but reversed his own fate?

To the point of defying heaven and changing destiny?!

Kong Nanfei inhaled deeply. He grew more convinced: his own failed Heavenly Lock breakthrough, yet survival—it must have been Mo Tianyu severing the path of yin and yang.

Pulling him back from death!

But seeing Mo Tianyu's hair falling out, body wracked with backlash pain...

Kong Nanfei understood: defying heaven demanded a price.

Even so, it was astonishing.

...

"Am... I dead?"

The Overlord heard someone calling him.

It cleared his muddled consciousness a bit.

Then, he awoke. He remembered... Zhou Haisheng had beheaded him.

He should be dead.

So why?

The Overlord focused. He felt as if trapped in the Nine Prisons' gates.

Dense demonic qi surged, forming a vast cage that crashed down.

Chains dangled, icy cold, freezing the soul.

A yin envoy stepped forth with shackles.

Watching the Overlord coldly from afar.

But in his ears, the calling and pulling grew louder.

"Souls, return!"

Mo Tianyu's voice!

The Overlord recognized it.

"You walk the demonic path. Dead, you enter purgatory."

The yin envoy intoned.

His voice boomed, blasting waves of air.

Cold chains whipped to bind and escort the Overlord.

He realized: Mo Tianyu was saving him!

Defying heaven to alter fate!

The Overlord drew a deep breath.

Was Mo Tianyu's divination this terrifying?

Of course, with Mo Tianyu's cultivation, he couldn't directly pull the Overlord out—but the Overlord could follow the voice and escape purgatory!

Boom!

Fierce demonic qi erupted from the Overlord's form.

"Insolence!"

The yin envoy roared.

A soul-lashing chain struck.

The Overlord bellowed, punching flat to smash the shackles.

He dispersed them.

Soul-rending pain drew a growl from him.

Enduring it, he broke free and fled swiftly along the voice.

Rumble!

The yin envoy vanished.

The Overlord suddenly felt insignificant.

A terrifying colossal figure appeared in the heavens.

Seated on a throne, holding a ledger, brows furrowed in cold fury, eyes glaring.

This fearsome being slapped down, eclipsing the sky, to capture the Overlord.

He refused to surrender. No one wanted death.

If he could live, the Overlord would live!

He didn't know the chaos in Western Liang after his fall.

Perhaps...

Western Liang warriors would fight Zhou Haisheng to the death.

With Zhou Haisheng's Nascent Soul power, they'd be slaughtered!

The Overlord had to escape!

He had to!

But...

The throne figure's aura was overwhelming.

The Overlord recognized it—similar to the throne in King Qin Guang's city!

Despair cloaked his heart.

No hope would be bearable, but Mo Tianyu had given it—and now he refused to let it shatter!

The Overlord roared, as if burning his soul.

Unyielding intent surged in soul flames.

Black demonic qi rolled.

An idea struck—he burned soul fire, demonic qi coalescing into a blurry figure.

One he knew well...

The Demon Lord!

Heaven-shaking demonic qi swept, forming a phantom above the Overlord's head.

Wrapped in black robes.

Facing the throne's palm strike.

The Demon Lord slowly turned.

Hm?

The throne figure felt its palm burn like fire, retracting sharply.

The Demon Lord's glance evoked familiar awe.

Hum...

Seizing the chance, with Unyielding intent's aid, the Overlord burst from boundless purgatory.

...

Demonic qi coiled around the Overlord's headless corpse.

It coalesced into a blurry silhouette.

On the severed head, torrents of demonic qi surged, faintly forming a vague face.

Soul flames danced within, wrapped in demonic qi—like a devil crawling from hell.

Everyone around gasped in shock!

"What's happening?!"

"He's alive again?!"

"No head and still living? Impossible!"

Tianyuan's genius list prodigies were stunned.

Five Phoenixes cultivators were shocked too—but excitement followed.

Xu Chu, legs bleeding, saw the headless body stir and burst into laughter.

Nie Changqing's brows arched.

He thought of something, glancing toward Kong Nanfei—there, Mo Tianyu's essence, qi, and spirit exploded!

"That guy... reversed a hexagram to break through again?"

Nie Changqing inhaled sharply.

But what shocked him: Mo Tianyu pulled back even the dead Overlord?

Revive the dead with one divination?

What kind of hexagram?!

This was god-tier!

In truth, Nie Changqing overthought it. Mo Tianyu's Defying Fate intent guided, but the Overlord's escape and revival came from manifesting the Demon Lord phantom in a flash of inspiration.

"Alive?"

"Unbelievable..."

Zhou Haisheng drew a deep breath.

Alive? Then kill him again!

Sword in hand, his Nascent Soul reemerged overhead.

The Headless Overlord Remains a Demon!

The Overlord sensed control over his body. Headless, but spiritual sense substituted—no issue.

Yet, just regaining it...

Demonic qi burning, soul burning pain crashed down.

Like mountains crushing him.

The Overlord roared; his burly frame bent slowly, demonic patterns etching his skin.

Spine like a dragon, vital blood mixed with demonic qi, turning black.

Fresh from Five Extremes Heavenly Lock, he now tempered himself with purgatory fire drawn forth.

Two more extremes in succession!

Seven Extremes Heavenly Lock!

The Demon Lord phantom floated behind.

His massive body unleashed a silent roar.

Grabbing the square shield and axe forged by Gongshu Yu, he charged, exploding an invisible shockwave—like a burning black flame.

Toward Zhou Haisheng.

"Thought you dead. Since you're back... I'll kill you once more!"

Zhou Haisheng snarled.

His Nascent Soul glowed.

Cangsheng Sword gathered massive fluctuations.

One slash!

Sword light tore the sands; the desert's glow dimmed under it.

Boom!

The headless Overlord raised his shield.

Blocked the strike.

Explosion rang out.

Blood burst from him; he flew back.

But like nothing happened, he flipped up and charged again.

Zhou Haisheng kept snarling.

Slash after slash...

At Seven Extremes Heavenly Lock, the Overlord grew tougher.

Covered in wounds, but with Unyielding intent, he fought fiercer!

Demonic patterns blanketed him; each seemed to pulse with Unyielding intent.

As if his body had become a demonic vessel!

Undefeatable?!

Zhou Haisheng refused to believe!

One-armed, he swung relentlessly, hacking the Overlord flying!

Yet the Overlord rose again and again, growing deadlier!

"Demon!"

"You're a demon!"

Zhou Haisheng said complexly.

Unyielding intent fused into flesh—if he couldn't end the Overlord in one blow, the backlash would slay him instantly.

Zhou Haisheng shook his head. His Nascent Soul blazed ultimate light.

Crack...

Cracks spidered across it.

It shattered, energy flooding Cangsheng Sword!

The sword radiated brilliant white!

Black demonic qi clashed with white sword qi!

Terrifying blasts ripped; a massive crater formed in the desert.

Even sand grains were sliced finer by sword qi.

Silence reclaimed the world.

Zhou Haisheng swayed, blood-soaked.

No longer young, aged beyond years, he dragged his frail body step by step from the desert.

In the crater...

Cangsheng Sword pierced the headless Overlord, pinning him.

Zhou Haisheng staggered hundreds of meters.

Exhausted.

He stopped.

Sat cross-legged, gazing at the crater, and smiled faintly.

Watching it.

From the crater, a wounded figure pulled free the sword and climbed out slowly.

In Zhou Haisheng's eyes, it morphed into his grandson Zhou Liu.

But...

Zhou Liu's face shattered, becoming the headless Overlord, gripping Cangsheng Sword, standing at the crater's edge, staring at Zhou Haisheng.

"Even without White Jade Capital..."

"For Tianyuan to dominate the Five Phoenixes as overlord... it won't be so easy now."

The Four Great Holy Lands used him as a pawn, but... through this battle, Zhou Haisheng saw the Five Phoenixes cultivators' unbelievable potential!

He smiled.

With vindication and release.

Finally, his head drooped. Already near the end of his lifespan, that final strike exhausted it.

The demonic qi on the headless Overlord receded fully...

He crashed rigid into the sands.

But...

That heavy, thunderous heartbeat echoed across the desert.

All around... dead silence.

Tianyuan cultivators, Five Phoenixes cultivators—none spoke, digesting the shock.

The headless Overlord...

Had outlasted a Nascent Soul!