

Starlit Path 481

Chapter 481: What on Earth Did Lu Ping'an Do to the Emperor Weapon?

A powerful primordial spirit fluctuation spread, seemingly stilling the vast sea's surging waves.

Lu opened his eyes, exiting the Preaching Platform.

Leaning back in the Thousand-Bladed Chair, he rubbed his temples, easing his taut mind.

In the Platform, using <Advanced Artifact Forging> theory, he had analyzed and dissected the Emperor weapon from every angle.

Emperor weapons were immensely powerful, interwoven with Dao and principles—even Lu found them daunting.

At his current realm, forging one would be quite difficult.

He could only craft items comparable to Saint Ancestor Dao soldiers.

A gentle breeze blew.

Lu held a bronze wine cup, pouring the liquid into his mouth.

With a thought, his eyes displayed the scene at the Heavenly Dao Tree.

Cause and effect flashed before him like a movie reel.

"What a Li Sansi."

"Using the Vine Demon Body's traits to merge with the Heavenly Dao Tree..."

Lu set down the cup, brows slightly furrowed.

With Li Sansi's strength, merging wouldn't affect the tree.

"Seeking to cultivate via the tree—but rooted in the origin, how could a mere Creation Venerable shake it... The Heavenly Dao Tree would only become your cage, Li Sansi—trapped eternally."

Lu shook his head.

He could extract Li Sansi, but... he chose not to.

Since Li Sansi made this choice himself, Lu Ping'an wouldn't play the good guy.

Buzz...

Silver light flashed.

Lu vanished from the origin lake.

Reappearing atop Buzhou Peak—silver-gray spatial profound energy tore space; Lu emerged slowly.

Zhu Long, playing a faintly sorrowful melody, stopped abruptly.

As expected—Dad appeared to scold her negligence.

Lu saw her braced-for-rebuke expression and couldn't help smiling.

He didn't scold her.

This visit wasn't for that. As his most favored cub, his little warm jacket—how could Lu scold her?

This time—to advance her cultivation further.

Raising his hand, Lu wove Eight Trigrams array words into a peculiar pattern. Flicked—it tapped Zhu Long's forehead.

"This grants access to the origin space. For future cultivation—enter there, borrow the Heavenly Dao directly."

"Closer contact—better effect."

Lu smiled.

Zhu Long blinked—prepared for scolding, yet not only unscolded but greatly rewarded.

Truly the best Dad in the world!

Zhu Long inwardly moved.

Patted her head.

Lu didn't linger on Buzhou—silver flash, vanished.

Zhu Long stood atop Buzhou—closed eyes, long lashes trembling.

She'd cultivate diligently.

Not disappoint Dad!

Buzz...

Forehead pattern gleamed. Next—she became Candle Dragon form, diving into origin space.

Vast origin space—since Lu's control, hard for cultivators to reach.

Candle Dragon appeared human-headed serpent-bodied—sky-obscuring. Gazing swirling stellar vortex's massive Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao—coiling, black-white lights emerged, alternating like a millstone—innate yin-yang qi, eerie rumble.

Millstone turned—Heavenly Dao essence drawn bit by bit into Candle Dragon body.

...

Heavenly Gate, ascension ground.

Lu tore space—appeared. Mastering spatial profound—easy traversal of three realms.

Even without—he could shift freely as their behind-scenes master.

Ascension ground auras blazed— entrants mostly Transcending Tribulation or Immortal Abode.

Now—Lower Three Heavens Immortal Abode and Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans: thousands combined.

Lu's arrival silent.

Only Lu Jiulian faintly sensed; others oblivious.

Seated Thousand-Bladed Chair, Lu scanned—Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans growing; many familiar faces.

Tang Guo, Nie Shuang—special physiques young generation—ascended.

Lu greeted none—even concealed form, directly to central Emperor weapon.

Weapon bore imperial might—though masterless, casual release terrifying.

Thus— isolation zone around it; none approached.

Lu on chair—approached slowly.

A mirror—vast, bronze-framed; surface impenetrable.

Huge—lake-like in ascension ground.

Lu eyed it—squinted.

Deduced countless times in Platform—gained insights on dismantling.

Didn't start with underworld furnace.

Underworld just disseminated "Six Paths Reincarnation"—needed spread and adaptation; no rush.

"This weapon—Upper Realm Dao Clan's 'Heavenly Derivation Mirror' namesake imitation."

Lu observed—patted it.

Soon—primordial spirit surged unrestrained.

Dismantling Emperor weapon—Lu told no one.

His solitary research—as habitual.

Ancient Great Emperors—mysterious.

Upper Realms claimed Void Heaven tied to vanished ones, dust-covered weapons.

Even buried Emperors there.

Thus—Lu long curious.

From "Hao's" glimpse—to now weapons.

Curiosity drove research.

No holding back—full primordial spirit influx.

Raised hand—nine Phoenix Feather segments soared flaming, phoenix cries impacting mirror.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Primordial spirit probed trajectories; sword hacked.

Instantly.

Terrifying imperial might spread!

As if provoked—autonomous eruption!

Boom!

Ascension ground earth cracked; roars echoed.

Many fusing immortal energy Immortal Abode experts panicked.

"Imperial might... weapon's!"

"Sudden Great Emperor pressure—someone provoking it?"

"Saint clan's weapon trapped—who activated?"

Cultivators terrified.

Five Phoenixes frowned—distant gaze.

Heavenly Court ruins.

Overlord stood demonic-energied.

Lu Jiulian watched calmly—thoughtful.

Mirror burst brilliant light—dazzling.

Many approached—suppressed by might, coughing blood retreating.

Only distant viewing.

Weapon zone isolated.

None knew center events.

Lu's Platform simulations differed from real dismantling.

As primordial spirit penetrated deeper.

Hm?

Lu's expression shifted slightly.

He sensed vastness!

Powerful Dao essence fluctuation surged from mirror interior—even Lu felt oppressed.

"This... is?"

Lu wondered.

Not encountered in Platform simulations.

Primordial spirit surged—coalescing form in dark space.

Lu on chair—controlled advance.

Weapon interior—dismantle from within.

Streaking through vast fluctuations—Lu felt arriving before huge lake.

On chair—hovered over, slowly traversing.

Surprising: every drop—Dao essence!

A Dao essence lake!

Immense, dense.

Even with ten thousand plundered—Lu felt like a country bumpkin.

Proud ten-thousandaire facing billions...

Soul-shaking.

"Jackpot..."

Lu murmured.

Worried over Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao lacking reserves.

Pillow arrived mid-nap.

If all refined into Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao—etched.

High-martial level skyrockets... Level 3 easy; even 2 or 1 possible!

"Worthy of Ancient Great Emperor—terrifying stroke!"

"So much essence—did an Emperor refine a Level 1 world's all into weapon?"

Lu inhaled deeply.

Sensed thorny issue.

Platform deductions missed this.

Thus—proceed cautiously.

Real failure—permanent!

Suddenly.

Lake rippled.

Gradually—formed burly figure.

"You?!"

"Lu Ping'an!"

Terrifying rumble—Dao essence figure shocked; lake quaked.

Lu curiously eyed it.

Living being inside weapon?

"Hmm... you are..."

Lu on chair—tapped armrest.

Then realized.

"You—the Dao Clan Saint Ancestor. Left primordial spirit seed in weapon—reason you wielded it..."

Lu analyzed.

"You're courting death! Daring enter weapon interior!"

"This our clan's 'Heavenly Derivation Mirror'—non-clan can't fuse... Great Emperor might erases you to nothing!"

Dao Ancestor's seed-clone raged.

Next—lake stormed like summer tempest.

Boom!

Terrifying strikes—each essence razor-sharp slaughter.

Lu expressionless—watched colossal lunge.

True Saint Ancestor—Lu cautious.

Mere seed—no fear.

Rose slowly—demonic energy surged.

Countless essences suppressed.

Indestructible Demonic Body strengthened further.

Lu charged—upgraded chair stacked; seed ground to nothing!

Boom!

Countless essences exploded—like rain pattering.

Demonic Lord Lu on lake—silver blades stacked metallic wings behind.

Didn't revert—gazed lake depths, vigilance rising.

...

Vast Upper Realm continent.

Dao Clan grounds.

Meditating Saint Ancestor abruptly opened eyes—terrifying sharp light dimmed heavens!

"My seed in weapon—erased!"

"Lu Ping'an... dared touch weapon! Well done!"

Body trembled.

Weapon loss—huge clan impact. Tried suppressing news—spread anyway.

Dao and Cloud clans—Upper Realm laughingstocks.

"But Lu Ping'an doomed. Erasing seed—triggers residual Emperor will."

"Mere Lu Ping'an vs Emperor will... certain death!"

Dao Ancestor's surging aura calmed.

Eyes cold.

Weapon safety—no worry.

Unless Emperor reborn—who destroys?

...

Lu indeed found it thorny.

Splash...

Essence lake parted sides.

Thick mist drifted—veiling Lu's view blurry.

Small boat swayed near.

Figure sat aboard.

Lu stared—first true crisis sense.

"Weapon interior—must hold Ancient Emperor will..."

Lu squinted.

Figure unclear—stood, beckoned Lu. Next—heavenly pressure crashed to crush!

Intruding depths—Emperor will only kills.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Lu flapped metallic wings—vanished. Former spot—vast vortex exploded.

Lu calm.

Platform deductions anticipated Emperor will.

Handled methodically.

Thump!

Boat sank—ancient will charged.

Streak toward Lu.

Lu squinted—sensed aura; no dodge—charged back.

Boom!

Shadows clashed instantly.

Not true Emperor—reason Lu fought.

Battle erupted—lake near evaporating.

Pressure oppressed Lu—each punch shook mountains rivers.

Like sparring young Emperor.

Explosions ceaseless—essence lake roiled.

Lu's first exhilarating fight—faintly felt deeper Indestructible Demonic Body fusion.

Battle—progress ladder.

Young Emperor-formed will—best sparring partner.

Boom!

Finally—will sensed wrong.

Terrifying aura boiled—triggered weapon might to suppress-kill Lu.

Lu knew—no more delay.

Dispelled demonic body—silver blades chair; seated.

Overhead—Eight Trigrams Platform emerged.

Preaching Platform surged—instantly pulling will in.

Boom!

Terrifying roar after.

Lu's primordial spirit form dimmed slightly—opened eyes calmly.

Weapon interior—all quiet.

Terrifying imperial might quietly dispersed.

Heavenly Derivation Mirror's Emperor will—Lu erased via Platform.

Essence lake—will gone instant—boiled; ceaseless impacts.

Lu's primordial spirit withdrew.

Returned body.

Controlled chair—rapid retreat.

Nine Phoenix Feathers united—vast saintly might; slashed down.

Crack...

First fissure on weapon.

Unstoppable.

Essences shot out.

First light—then second, third... myriad essences beamed.

Fissures grew—Ancient Emperor's weapon crumbled; cracks spread.

Bang!

Final explosion.

Lake-vast mirror shattered—fragments; only cracked bronze frame. Myriad essences soared.

Ascension ground.

Watching weapon's imperial might—cultivators startled.

Start of shocks—soon incredulous wide eyes.

Huge mirror fissured—expanded, spread...

Finally—shattered!

Countless essences rushed from mirror!

"Holy shit... weapon... broken?!"

"Heavens! What happened? Why self-destruct?!"

"Ascension ground... truly unknowable great terror!"

Cultivators terrified.

Entire ground seemed shrouded in ultimate horror.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Lu drew Spiritual Pressure Chessboard—rapid pieces; timely controlled forbidden zones.

Mysterious sounds emitted.

Buddhist chants, great bell tolls—frequent anomalies; as if Ancient Emperors revived, mourning weapon's shattering!

...

Upper Realm.

Dao Clan ancestral ground.

Meditating ancestor abruptly opened eyes—fluctuating, pupils contracting; chill surged.

Pfft!

Heart-wrenching.

Blood sprayed.

Wiped mouth corner.

Boom!

Soared skyward—striding void; crossed myriad miles to golden glorious temple.

Temple—Dao Clan's foundation; bore million years Dao essence fortune!

Enshrined Heavenly Derivation Mirror.

Now trapped Void Heaven—empty.

But.

Under trembling gaze—temple cracked; fissures expanded.

Boom!

Vast dust.

Million-year temple—collapsed this moment!

Linked weapon-bearing million years essence—plundered vanishing bit by bit!

Dao Ancestor trembled.

Soon realized.

Eyes instantly bloodshot—even his composure shattered.

"Weapon indestructible—temple endures... now collapsed; weapon..."

Body staggered mid-air.

Gazed Void Heaven—Five Phoenixes direction; grief, rage, horror erupted.

"Weapon trapped not long... how destroyed?"

Ancient Emperor's weapon—who could?

What on earth did Lu Ping'an do to the Emperor weapon?!

...

Five Phoenixes Continent.

Boundless vast sea.

Ancient tomb.

Sealed palace depths.

Sudden tremor.

Coffin-lain Gu Mangran abruptly opened eyes—hand clutched chest.

"Agreed low-key—steady development."

"This heart-clenching bad feeling..."

"Young Master Lu... what did you do?!"

Chapter 482: A Heart as Narrow as a Speck of Dust

The ascension ground.

Gales howled as the Emperor weapon shattered. Mirror fragments scattered inch by inch, exploding outward like a meteor shower, dense and covering all directions.

Most eye-catching was the terrifying surge blasting skyward—a pure white torrent of powerful Dao essence, churning endlessly.

Everyone stared in stunned silence.

The Emperor weapon... had actually been destroyed!

No one had anticipated this. How precious and mighty were Emperor weapons? Unless an Ancient Great Emperor appeared in person, who could destroy one?

Lower Three Heavens cultivators were horrified; Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans equally shocked.

They had felt the weapon's might. When stripped from the Saint Ancestor and trapped in the Heavenly Gate, the waves nearly annihilated the entire ascension ground.

The leaking imperial pressure alone chilled souls!

Suddenly.

Lu Jiulian's body swayed—he shot forward explosively.

A mirror fragment the size of a fist fell into his grasp.

Boom!

He landed unstably, tumbling thousands of miles before steadying.

His palms—bloody pulp.

Lu Jiulian's action snapped Overlord and others awake!

Yes!

Fragments from the shattered Emperor weapon—supreme treasures!

Though the skyward Dao essence river was the core, it was intangible. Fragments were tangible riches.

If seized and forged by Master Aru—top spiritual tools possible!

All in the ascension ground realized.

Next moment—eyes bloodshot!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Breaking air sounds erupted. Figures soared, chasing fragments.

But not all were Lu Jiulian.

Many tried grasping—struck, flesh mangled, near death.

Even Five-Qi experts.

Thus, many calmed—silently trailing fragments, awaiting ground fall for collection.

The explosion's center—no one dared approach.

To this day—unknown what happened there. Why did a mighty Emperor weapon shatter?

Amid rolling smoke.

Lu sat upon the Thousand-Bladed Chair—unaffected by pressure.

Sensing essence flooding and merging into the ascension ground—his eyes brightened.

This essence volume... too vast. Hundred thousand? Million Dao reserves?

Lu uncertain.

The Dao Derivation Mirror imitated this weapon—principles similar.

Essence within—likely Dao Clan's million-year accumulation stored.

Meaning—merging into ascension ground: Dao Clan's million-year hoard.

Lu smacked lips—suppressing blooming smile.

Weapon shattered—he grieved too.

Intent merely disassembly research.

This essence into ascension ground—ultimately Five Phoenixes', as it belonged.

But Lu had an idea.

Mortal realm had Five Emperors Scripture; underworld Six Paths Reincarnation Visualization.

Ascension ground?

Current cultivators groped forward—no complete method.

System Upper Realm's.

Lu no strong objection—but with Five Phoenixes' own Heavenly Dao—distinction needed.

Not a "mini Upper Realm"?

Lu watched torrent inverting like waterfall into vault—eyes gleaming.

Idea present—but creating another method arduous; long-term.

Raised hand—grasped bronze frame.

Weapon shattered—Emperor will erased via Platform.

Now frame—vital forging material.

Spatial fluctuation—Lu wrapped weapon remnants, left ascension ground.

Arrival and departure—few noticed.

Boom!

Ascension ground vault—rolling Dao intent churned; sky colors shifted—auspicious multicolored clouds.

Pity: essence comprehension—little direct aid to Immortal Abode cultivation.

No immediate strength boost.

...

Vast Upper Realm continent.

Gazing collapsed temple—Dao Clan Saint Ancestor slumped powerlessly. Aged eyes on ruins.

Felt clan's Dao essence leaking.

Body trembled lightly—eyes grief-rage.

"Who... beast... weapon trapped Five Phoenixes less than half year—how disassembled?!"

Saint Ancestor rose—couldn't delay.

See essence: Five Phoenixes threat, Void Heaven's—terrifying.

Bold conjecture...

"Ancient Great Emperors returned? Heavenly Gate, underworld, Five Phoenixes—all their handiwork? Emperors behind everything?"

"Weapon fall—Emperor purpose? Use energy perfect underworld and Gate?"

More thought—more convinced.

Weapon fall—too coincidental.

Five Phoenixes' antics—from heavenly competition—constant Upper provocation. Initial goal: weapons.

Provoke—force reaction, conflict, saint clan conquest.

Lu Ping'an—Emperor puppet. Repeatedly slapping saint clans—forcing dread, weapon deployment to destroy Five Phoenixes.

Once deployed—lost.

Dao Clan Saint Ancestor before temple ruins—stood slowly. Sunset shadow stretched endlessly.

Body swayed, trembling.

"Terrifying scheme..."

"Terrifying plan!"

Closed eyes—then opened.

"With Dao Clan's million-year accumulation... Five Phoenixes surges—stable growth."

"Then three realms form—new Heavenly Dao... separate Nine Heavens, unbound rules!"

"Then ten saint clans united—helpless."

Dao Ancestor sensed leaking essence.

Eyes firmed.

"Can't wait... must unite other saint clans."

"Cloud unreliable—lost my weapon! Likely colluded with Five Phoenixes!"

Dao Ancestor stifled.

Though Cloud lost too—ancestor halved by Lu.

But hindsight—too many holes.

"Why mine shattered—not Cloud's?"

Dao Ancestor colder.

All Five Phoenixes-Cloud conspiracy!

First Upper contact: Cloud!

More thought—chiller.

Yes...

Cloud—Five Phoenixes accomplice!

Uniting other seven—secret; hide from Cloud!

Boom!

Dao Ancestor streaked—vanished.

...

Five Phoenixes Continent.

Lu returned Lake Heart Island.

In Profound Mystical Ring—vast bronze frame hovered quietly.

Emperor material—imperial might, strange patterns.

Lu studied <High-Martial Artifact Forging>—profound grasp. Melted frame—fused with Thousand-Bladed Chair.

Thousand Blades with remnants—might surged. Once half-saint soldier max—with remnants: true saint soldier.

Plus imperial might—though attack saint-level, presence: quasi-Emperor weapon.

Quasi-Emperor wheelchair—prestige soared.

Also fused remnants into Phoenix Feather Sword—already strong, now imperial trace.

Attack-focused—remnants boosted; strikes imperial might.

Even Saint Ancestors—wary.

Remnants vast.

Lu borrowed Ni Yu's refining pot—three days melting into black pot.

Ni Yu reclaimed—rubbed eyes repeatedly.

Pot... glowing!

Refined once—pills 30% more fragrant!

Ning Zhao and Yi Yue—upgraded gear.

Ning Zhao's Cicada Wing Sword—remnants forged.

Yi Yue's whip—bronze, ninety-nine blades linked; terrifying sharpness, slaughter.

Receiving—stunned.

New weapons—combat power up 30% at least!

Lu took Gongshu Yu's painstaking Five Phoenixes Bow—fused fragments; more terrifying.

Dao Clan Emperor weapon... divvied by Lu.

All done.

Gu Mangran ascended island.

Ascension ground weapon shatter's might—felt clearly; needed personal inquiry.

Ancient Emperor appeared?

Lu had Ning Zhao receive. She cherished new Cicada Wing—carried openly. Recognized en route.

Gu Mangran half-reclined coffin—lips trembling.

"Im... imperial might?"

Weapon?

Not quite—strength suggested fused fragments.

Gu Mangran ancient saint ancestor-level—quick judgment.

But more judged—more alarmed.

Young Master Lu... disassembled Ancient Emperor weapon?

Seeing Lu—chair under butt imperial might.

Gu Mangran nearly breathless—clutched chest.

No need confirm.

Shatter tied to Lu!

Likely Lu smashed!

Not Ancient Emperor—impossible destroy. But miracles on Lu—few?

"Old Gu—perfect timing."

Lu descended White Jade Pavilion—smiled at Gu Mangran.

Smile—Gu Mangran heart skipped. Kid... plotting again?!

"Young Master—what matter?"

Gu Mangran wary.

Lu smiled—strolled peach grove with him.

One wheelchair, one coffin.

Peach grove stroll... poetic?

Ning Zhao and Yi Yue watched combo—speechless.

"Young Master—big picture... Ancient Emperors layout: Five Phoenixes, Gate, underworld new Nine Heavens—grand plan. Success: soar, rival eternal saint clans!"

Gu Mangran earnestly.

Lu plucked peach blossom—nodded smiling.

Whatever you say.

Then sighed: "But Old Gu—heaven thwarts wishes. Remember escaping Saint Ancestors?"

Lu said.

"Gate and underworld hold weapons—one destroyed. Weapons clan foundation; Five Phoenixes mortal enemies two clans."

"This time—sleepless nights, twitching eyelids—great crisis looms."

"Thought... only saint clans threaten so."

"Young Master knows Five Phoenixes needs development—but threat like needle under butt."

"Five Phoenixes—can't develop peacefully."

Lu grave.

Gu Mangran frowned: "Young Master intends?"

"Old Gu—peak you vs Cloud Saint Ancestor?"

Lu asked.

Gu Mangran squinted: "Peak me—Cloud nothing."

"This divine herb—restore how much?"

Lu drew reward: Vermilion Bird Fruit.

Hm?

Dense energy—blood surge faint.

Gu Mangran eyes brilliant.

"Top quality!"

"Only Level 2-1 high-martial now. Upper divine herbs banned..."

"Young Master—how obtained?"

Gu Mangran breath quickened.

Lu mysterious smile—no answer.

Gu Mangran inhaled: "Top—consume: 80% recovery."

"80%?"

Lu frowned.

"Kill Cloud Saint Ancestor?"

Gu Mangran proud smile: "Near certain."

Suddenly—wrong flavor.

"Young Master—what exactly?"

"Wasn't steady Five Phoenixes development? Why ask killing saint?"

Gu Mangran highly wary.

"Steady development—only remove Upper threat. Needle-like Cloud and Dao... must destroy!"

"Then—Dao Saint Ancestor to General Gu."

"Cloud... damaged my sword. Personal grudge to settle."

Lu earnest.

Gu Mangran: "..."

Suspected Lu's saint clan assault, extermination—personal grudge motive?

Young Master Lu's heart... narrow as dust speck!

Opened mouth—persuade; words failed.

"Of course—not immediate. General Gu—rest well..."

Lu smiled.

Had Ning Zhao escort back tomb.

Lu sensed gravity.

"Must accelerate Five Phoenixes..."

"One weapon energy into ascension ground—utilize well."

Buzz...

Mind entered Platform—deduced ascension ground method.

Ascension ground—planned immortal realm; underworld counterpart—method can't lag.

Matching "Six Paths Reincarnation"—vast effort, time.

Thus—Lu secluded.

...

Back tomb—Gu Mangran intended sleep recover.

But couldn't—Lu's words too stimulating.

Heart hung—uneasy; unknown when Lu invades Upper, assaults saint clans.

But time passed—hundredfold acceleration.

Lake Heart Island—Lu secluded motionless; Gu Mangran's heart settled.

...

Time array vast—Five Phoenixes developed rapidly.

Compared ascension ground—mortal realm centuries in outer year.

Great Xuan Divine Dynasty and Demon Court rivalry—constant competition.

Demon-human conflicts—Five Phoenixes' grandest fireworks.

War birthed powerhouses; prodigies emerged.

Cultivation flourished—both races supreme geniuses.

Years—many heavenly demons, humans ascended.

Five Phoenixes thrived prosperously.

...

Lake Heart Island.

Lu opened eyes—melancholy, headache.

Deduced ascension ground method—immensely difficult; clueless.

Wanted independent Nine Heavens system—Immortal Abode, Five-Qi Chaoyuan perfected; but Lu sought own path—like "Six Paths Reincarnation."

But Six Paths—from mortal life insights.

Mortal life—once; insights once.

Secluded years—Platform tens thousands deductions—failed.

Pinched temples.

First melancholy, pressure.

Now forging top high-martial arduous—future immortal martial, super-fantasy... how grueling.

"This... arduous, solitary path."

Lu inhaled deeply.

Suddenly—recalled.

Squinted slightly.

"Clueless..."

"Why not experience 'Immortal Martial World Fragment Memory'?"

Held since reward—unresearched. Now lost—thought of it.

Action.

Inhaled deeply.

Raised hand.

Palm—emerged teardrop azure crystal gem.

Within—endless splendor shifting.

Chapter 483: The Unremarkable Lu Jiulian

Immortal Martial...

A world level above High Martial—Lu had truly never imagined it, and frankly, he couldn't have.

In fact, now that Lu had come into contact with the Ninth Heaven, he had formed a clear judgment about its overall structure.

In Lu's view, the Immortal Dwelling Realm wasn't truly immortal. The so-called immortal qi was nothing more than diluted primal chaos energy mixed with spiritual qi.

Take the Sacred Ancestor of the Sacred Clan, for instance: by tempering his body with the power of the Heavenly Dao, he forged an incomparably powerful physique that carried a hint of true "immortality."

Thus, in Lu's opinion, the Sacred Ancestor might have merely touched the threshold of the Immortal Martial realm.

Only those in the Emperor Realm of the Ninth Heaven could truly hold sway in an Immortal Martial world.

Lu crushed the "Immortal Martial World Memory Fragment" rewarded by the system. In that instant, terrifying changes erupted across the entire lake island. Vast waves surged from the sea, as if some supreme existence had forged a mysterious connection.

The colossal whale carrying White Jade Capital on its back let out a frightened wail.

If this continued, it feared it wouldn't outlive the person on its back—it would die of fright first.

The entire Five Phoenix continent trembled, and even the Heavenly Dao of Five Phoenix seemed to roar in resonance.

Meanwhile, Gu Mangran, who had just fallen asleep in the ancient tomb, was jolted awake, his eyes bloodshot and his heart pounding in lingering fear.

Lu sensed none of this.

A flood of immense memories surged into his mind.

This experience wasn't unfamiliar to Lu. When he first encountered the Tian Yuan realm, he had accessed it in a similar way.

But compared to the Immortal Martial world, Tian Yuan was merely a speck of dust.

Boom!

Lu felt his body twist in terrifying distortion.

He traversed space and time, tumbling endlessly through the river of time.

Time itself seemed frozen—dust rose and drifted around him.

After what felt like an eternity of shuttling...

Everything vanished.

Lu opened his eyes and realized his perspective had changed...

It was as if his consciousness had attached itself to a young child, becoming an infant in the Immortal Martial world.

Of course, these memories were uncontrollable. Though Lu could perceive everything through the child's senses, he had no power over the child's actions.

Suddenly, a deafening roar echoed from outside.

The child's body erupted with overwhelming aura. He slapped the bed's edge and shot out like a streak of light.

Lu's brows furrowed. This child's strength was no less than an immortal's—and this was just a five- or six-year-old! In terms of physical toughness, he even surpassed the Transcending Immortal realm!

After rushing out of the room, the child immediately knelt in utmost reverence, palms pressed together against his forehead in a full prostration.

Buzz...

High in the sky, two mighty figures sat cross-legged, locked in confrontation amid the heavens and earth.

Lu observed curiously through the child's eyes, only to feel the world spin in an instant—radiant lights blooming in thousands of hues.

Great Dao auras coiled like silk ribbons.

The terrifying pressure felt as if a single glance could freeze the soul!

Lu's mind sharpened. These two were undoubtedly top-tier powerhouses in this Immortal Martial world!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Their standoff shook mountains and rivers.

It had to be said, their strength was immense. Even the ancient Great Emperor "Hao," whom Lu had glimpsed in the river of time, paled slightly in presence compared to these two.

If forced to describe it, these supreme beings seemed fused with heaven and earth itself—every movement representing the Heavenly Dao.

After their auras clashed...

Endless radiant glows burst forth.

The two opened their mouths in the void, voices thundering like profound truths, mystical sounds flowing endlessly.

One spoke, then the other, expounding their respective philosophies.

Under the nourishment of these profound sounds, the grass and trees on the ground seemed to gain sentience, as if ready to soar into the sky.

"This is a Dao lecture?"

Lu was stunned, then grew utterly serious.

Though he appeared as an unremarkable child in the crowd, he listened intently to the two powerhouses' discourse.

The endless mystical sounds were like spring rain nourishing all things, bringing vibrant life to the world.

Lu understood little, yet felt his soul baptized. Things once incomprehensible suddenly became clear—epiphanies dawning.

Rumble!

Suddenly...

The lecture ceased.

The two bowed respectfully in the void.

Seven-colored glows surged as an elderly Daoist appeared, seated cross-legged.

The lecturing pair became exceedingly deferential toward him—meek and obedient, lacking all the earlier boldness of their verbal sparring.

Through the child's memories, Lu felt an overwhelming pressure.

When this Daoist emerged, it was as if everything in heaven and earth lay exposed.

The two lecturers might slightly surpass the ancient Great Emperors of the Ninth Heaven in strength, but only marginally—they could still be considered Emperor-level.

Yet this Daoist, whom they treated with such respect, utterly transcended the Emperor realm!

Hmm?

High above...

The Daoist seemed to sense something. His beard fluttered as his gaze turned downward.

It landed on Lu, embodied as the child.

Though Lu knew he was merely observing memories, his heart still tightened.

He felt as if the old Daoist had pierced through the veil of memory to see him.

The elder smiled warmly. Purple qi cascaded from his body, blurring his form—as if untouched by time, unfathomable by the Heavenly Dao.

"Interesting..."

"A glance across the river of time and space."

The Daoist chuckled lightly, his voice grand and resonant across the heavens.

"This shall be my final karmic entanglement. Today I plant a good cause; may it bear good fruit in the future."

A strand of purple qi coiled and swiftly descended, shooting into the child's brow.

Lu felt a sharp prick, like a needle's sting.

In the next moment, he exited the memory state.

Whoosh...

Everything around him blurred and rewound. Opening his eyes with difficulty, he saw heavens and earth shifting, stars revolving—as if spanning vast epochs.

Boom!

Back on the lake island...

Countless splashing waves, influenced by spatiotemporal forces, fell back from their crest.

Atop White Jade Capital's pavilions, Lu abruptly opened his eyes and exhaled slowly.

He looked at the azure, teardrop-shaped crystal in his hand.

It remained in its freshly shattered state—fragmented into countless specks of light, slowly dissipating.

Lu felt as if ages had passed in the memories, yet in reality, less than a breath had elapsed.

"The power of space-time..."

Lu murmured solemnly.

Space-time force—the fusion of time and space.

Incredibly difficult to master. Though Lu wielded spatial power via the "Xing" Array Word and temporal power via the "Lin" Array Word...

Combining them into true space-time force was utterly impossible.

"Immortal Martial..."

"In terms of combat prowess, the Ninth Heaven falls far short... Yet the ancient Great Emperors' realm wouldn't be considered weak there."

Lu pondered. This glimpse into the Immortal Martial world had shaken him profoundly.

Though only a fleeting view, he knew its level surpassed the Ninth Heaven.

"Hmm..."

"Where did the ancient Great Emperors of the Ninth Heaven vanish to after that primordial war?"

"Perhaps they discovered the Ninth Heaven's shackles and sought to break them—to reach that Daoist's realm of timelessness."

Lu narrowed his eyes, lost in thought.

Vaguely, he sensed something extraordinary.

Shaking his head...

Lu leaned back in his Thousand-Bladed Chair, rubbing his brow.

This journey through the Immortal Martial world had impacted him.

Not only did it broaden his understanding of its power, but the Dao lecture from those two Emperor-level beings had enlightened him greatly.

Straightening up, Lu retrieved his Spiritual Pressure Chessboard.

His mind was restless; he needed a game to calm it.

After placing a few pieces...

His fluctuating emotions steadied.

Closing his eyes briefly, then opening them again, Lu sensed something unusual.

Raising his hand...

A strand of purple qi danced in his palm like a roaming dragon.

"This purple qi..."

Lu's eyes sharpened.

He recalled the old Daoist's gentle smile in the Immortal Martial world.

That strand he bestowed...

Had truly crossed the river of time and space to reach him.

Lu approached it with utmost caution.

"System, what kind of energy is this?"

"Innate Purple Qi from the Immortal Martial world, possessing unfathomable power."

The system actually responded.

"As expected, from the Immortal Martial world..."

Lu drew a deep breath, tongue clicking in awe. That old Daoist... was terrifyingly powerful.

Lu stored the purple qi, weaving vast spiritual qi into chains to bind and seal it.

Unknown things were the most dangerous; better not to use it rashly.

Controlling his Thousand-Bladed Chair to glide across the island...

Lu felt his thoughts clearer than ever.

What had once confounded him about creating a cultivation method for the Ascended Realm now sparked ideas.

...

The Underworld.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Tantai Xuan opened his eyes. His aura surged relentlessly, as if on the verge of collapsing the void.

A breath of turbid qi exhaled, boiling the Yellow Springs of the Underworld.

In the distance...

Lord Beigong arrived swiftly.

"Congratulations, City Lord Tantai. In just a century... you've completed visualization of the third path in the 'Six Paths of Reincarnation'."

Lord Beigong offered his felicitations.

Tantai Xuan's soul force was now immensely powerful—as if a single thought could evaporate countless departed souls.

The Six Paths of Reincarnation visualization method had elevated his strength tremendously; it suited him perfectly.

Compared to him, the other Underworld city lords lagged far behind.

"Too profound. This is a true Saint's creation. Visualizing up to the third mural is already my limit..."

Tantai Xuan sighed deeply.

Raising his hand, vast karmic force coiled around him like pillars, rushing skyward and shaking the entire Underworld.

Now, his presence surpassed even his past glory!

"Beigong, at my current strength, what realm would I equate to in the Upper Realm?"

Tantai Xuan asked.

Lord Beigong pondered, then shook his head: "City Lord, it's impossible to judge. I've never seen the Six Paths of Reincarnation method—profound beyond measure, likely from before the ancient war... Combat prowess cannot be gauged."

Tantai Xuan frowned slightly.

"Fine... We'll focus on cultivation and perfect this Six Paths method first."

"Also, Beigong, spread the Six Paths visualization to the latest batch of yin attendants. Convert the rampant departed soul energy in the Underworld into karma."

Tantai Xuan instructed.

Then, he sat cross-legged in the city once more, resuming visualization.

Lord Beigong accepted the order and departed swiftly.

He knew this was a reform—the Underworld's reform. Though unclear on Tantai Xuan's exact strength... the benefits of Six Paths would transform the Underworld anew.

In the future, it might rival the Upper Realm—even the Third, Second, or First Derivative High Martial worlds!

The thought of participating in such world evolution filled him with motivation.

...

The Ascended Realm.

Due to accelerated time flow in Five Phoenix, cultivators there had effectively practiced for ages.

Deep into the night, stars flowed across the sky like a river.

Beneath the starry vault...

In a mountain forest wrapped in immortal qi like white pythons...

Lu Jiulian sat on a bluestone, spotless and forming an immortal qi vortex, devouring vast amounts of it.

Tang Guo sat farther away, also cross-legged, radiating boundless glow.

As a Divine King Physique—a rare constitution—her cultivation speed soared.

Opening her eyes slowly, Tang Guo's lashes trembled. She glanced at Lu Jiulian seated on the stone.

Pursing her red lips... Since ascending, she'd sought her master. Though her brother Tang Yimo urged her to train with him, Tang Guo preferred staying by Lu Jiulian's side.

Exhaling, Tang Guo inwardly cheered herself on. She thought ascending would close the gap with her master, only to realize it had widened.

This made her regret her playfulness in the mortal world.

Lu Jiulian opened his eyes, frowning with regret and disappointment.

Seeing him awaken, Tang Guo scrambled up, patted the dust from her rear without care, and hurried over.

"Master, have you broken through?"

Tang Guo asked curiously.

Lu Jiulian shook his head.

"After Five Qi Converging at the Origin comes the Origin Convergence Realm, but it's still just refining immortal qi—no substantial strength gain."

Lu Jiulian explained.

"From my experience, continuing to refine immortal qi... isn't ideal."

Tang Guo nodded repeatedly: "If Master says it's wrong, it must be!"

Lu Jiulian smiled wryly. Why discuss cultivation with this girl? It was like playing a lute to a cow.

"Keep working hard. Nearly a century has passed since your ascension. With your Divine King Physique, you've only refined three qi. My unremarkable constitution completed five in that time—don't slack off."

Lu Jiulian said seriously.

Tang Guo rolled her eyes.

Unremarkable constitution?

Who are you fooling, Master!

Still, she knew refusing would lead to endless nagging.

Her master was great in every way—except when instructing on cultivation, he became quite the talker.

As if saving all his daily words for guidance sessions.

"If Master doesn't wish to enter Origin Convergence, how should we proceed?"

Tang Guo asked curiously.

Lu Jiulian glanced at her, patted her head: "One step at a time. If all else fails..."

"I'll challenge the Sacred Ancestor to a deathmatch and forge my own path in desperation."

The idea ignited uncontrollably.

His usually gentle eyes brightened fiercely.

...

Within the Preaching Platform.

After his brief tour of the Immortal Martial world, Lu gained insight—he'd fallen into a misconception.

He created the Ascended Realm for Five Phoenix's heavenly beings to ascend into.

He left a backdoor for them to return to Five Phoenix, yet...

In two centuries since its creation, no ascender had returned.

The Ascended Realm seemed to sever the mortal world of Five Phoenix from the immortal realm.

"Underworld, mortal realm, immortal realm... They shouldn't be isolated. They must interconnect, complement each other, linked by Five Phoenix's Heavenly Dao."

Lu contemplated.

He continued deducing within the platform.

The Underworld's Six Paths visualization was deeply tied to the mortal realm.

When mortals died, souls entered the Underworld. Six Paths purified their obsessions, forming karma to empower cultivators.

Thus, Lu believed the immortal and mortal realms must remain connected.

What could link them?

Lu pondered.

Soon, he recalled the Dao lecture in the Immortal Martial world—vast auras surging like oceans across the land.

Their discourse was a contest of auras.

"Aura force..."

Lu deduced, Bagua Array Words swirling around him.

His eyes lit up—a term flashed in his mind.

"Fortune!"

Like a beam piercing the dark night.

After so long struggling with the Ascended Realm's method, he finally had direction.

"Fortune is ethereal... But what if we substantiate it?"

Lu sat on the Bagua platform, tracing in the void.

Dao resonances from dismantled Emperor weapons surged like seas above the Ascended Realm.

"The Underworld's Six Paths ties intricately to Five Phoenix's Heavenly Dao. Souls bear Heavenly Dao aura; purified karma is essentially Heavenly Dao power."

"Similarly, heavenly beings cultivating via fortune is harnessing Heavenly Dao power."

Lu's gaze flickered.

The Ninth Heaven's methods were outdated—immortal qi refinement in Immortal Dwelling, Five Qi Converging still refining qi. Only Sacred Realm tempered via Ninth Heaven's Heavenly Dao.

But Lu's new method: after Five Qi Converging, cultivate fortune—linking to Heavenly Dao, fusing its power. Growth potential far exceeded Ninth Heaven's Sacred Realm!

The idea took root like a seed, sprouting into a towering tree.

"Moreover, as Five Phoenix's Heavenly Dao strengthens—if it one day surpasses the Ninth Heaven's—future experts via fortune cultivation will vastly outstrip Ninth Heaven Sacred beings!"

Lu inhaled deeply.

He began relentless deduction, his face paling from overtaxed primordial spirit.

Yet excitement burned.

Rumble!

He tried refining Heavenly Dao-absorbed dao resonances into worldly fortune, integrating it across Five Phoenix continent.

Like the imperial dragon qi he once forged—but vastly broader.

"All beings harbor fortune. After Five Qi Converging, seek fortune baptism to commune with Heavenly Dao."

Fortune's strength reflected Heavenly Dao connection and accessible power.

Lu sat, gaze profound, refining the method with Array Words.

His aura weakened, but his spirit ignited.

After ages...

Lu ended the deduction.

Scrolls floated around him.

His eyes gleamed.

"Five Phoenix's current dao resonances are limited—insufficient for even one Golden Immortal with fortune like seas. Per the method, fortune like rivers rivals Sacred Ancestors."

"But it's enough."

"This method shall be called the Great Principle Immortal Scripture!"

"Fortune like threads: Human Immortal."

"Fortune like pillars: True Immortal."

"Fortune like rivers: Mysterious Immortal."

"Fortune like seas: Golden Immortal."

"Fortune forming a world: Great Principle Immortal."

Chapter 484: Fortune Rises, Ancient Scripture Transmitted, Laying the Foundation of Immortal Martial

In the Preaching Platform, terrifying gales howled endlessly.

The birth of the <Great Luo Immortal Scripture> seemed to drain Lu's vitality in an instant.

The Eight Trigrams array words flickered ceaselessly throughout the Platform.

Yet Lu's eyes shone brilliantly. In that moment, his soul underwent a peculiar transformation—his primordial spirit strengthened considerably.

Exiting the Platform.

The world's clamor seemed isolated from Lu.

He sat upon the Thousand-Bladed Chair, eyes closed, ears filled only with gentle flowing water.

On Lake Heart Island, purple bamboo groves rustled in the wind.

Calming Lu's fervent heart completely.

"Human Immortal, True Immortal, Mystic Immortal, Golden Immortal, and Great Luo Immortal..."

Lu's brows furrowed slightly. "If the Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Humans all reach Mystic or Golden Immortal... and a Great Luo Immortal emerges—perhaps the Five Phoenixes could then be called an immortal martial world."

But soon, Lu smiled and shook his head.

"Difficult—too difficult... Mystic Immortal with river-like fortune rivals Saint Ancestors; Golden Immortal comparable to Nine Heavens Emperors. Great Luo Immortal... transcends Emperors? Transcending Emperors—how could it be easy?"

Lu leaned back in the Thousand-Bladed Chair, exhaling slowly.

He drew the Spiritual Pressure Chessboard—placing pieces, setting a game.

Fresh from deducing the <Great Luo Immortal Scripture>, his mind buzzed with excitement.

Primordial spirit utterly depleted—only chess restored him.

Insights from his mortal return aided state recovery immensely.

One game—primordial spirit recovered fifty percent.

But insufficient.

No rush refining the scripture further—instead, he traversed Lake Heart Island slowly, pondering fortune construction.

This deduction's <Great Luo Immortal Scripture> inextricably linked to fortune.

Fortune forging—crucial.

Lake Heart Island remained serene as ever.

Young Yinglong frolicked in the origin lake—emerging from time-reversed battlefield, increasingly unrestrained. Seeming to believe Dad couldn't handle him anymore.

Boom!

A massive explosion.

Ni Yu's pill cauldron burst—acid stench billowed skyward.

Elsewhere, Ning Zhao's immortal energy cascaded—cultivation deepening.

Yi Yue honed Dao intent before the Dao stele.

Lu nodded satisfied—the three maids cultivated diligently. Excellent.

In contrast, the bubble-blowing, water-playing Young Yinglong displeased Lu.

So many examples—yet unchanged playfulness and laziness?

Lu disappointed.

Coincidentally—void rippled.

Time-reversed battlefield.

Azure Dragon emerged human-form—blood-bathed, murderous aura rolling, eyes crimson.

"Ahhh..."

Azure Dragon's voice hoarse.

Finally escaped—farmed fifty thousand points in reversed wars. Now capable of slaying Immortal Abode!

"Dad! I did it!"

Azure Dragon knelt on sea—tears streaming.

"Dad—I won't visit brothels again! Never order five at once!"

Azure Dragon sobbed—wiping tears.

Lake Heart Island—Lu seemed to hear cries; shook head sentimentally.

Without self-emergence—Lu nearly forgot him.

Primordial spirit surged—soothing war-left breakdown, joy.

Lu allowed island ascent.

Azure Dragon boarded—restrained.

No audacity before Lu.

Lu eyed Azure Dragon—then Young Yinglong; frowned slightly.

Heavenly dragon species strength—save Zhu Long—progressed slowly.

Not just them.

Lu's eyes lines shifted—saw Red Dragon, Mirage Dragon...

These species evolutions needed vast time—otherwise hard becoming mighty.

"After all—my, Lu Ping'an's creations... too weak—embarrassing."

Lu pondered.

Eight heavenly dragon species.

Zhu Long strongest—now inhaling/exhaling Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao; borrowing for cultivation.
Strength—Five Phoenixes' third after him and Gu Mangran.

Even Lu Jiulian—no match.

Others ordinary.

Young Yinglong gluttonous lazy; Azure Dragon dramatic, brothel-frequenting...

Red Dragon single-minded—slow growth.

Lu forehead-palmed—what had he created?

"Dragon qi and fortune similar in principle."

"In time—perhaps let heavenly dragons bridge three realms' fortune."

Lu shook head—dismissed Azure Dragon.

Azure Dragon thrilled—vowed no more tarnishing Dad's name; became sky-spanning azure dragon—winding vanished over vast sea, returning mortal realm.

Young Yinglong lake-seated—watched departing Azure Dragon; boredly reclined.

Salted fish dragon life—so dull.

Lu ignored—returned White Jade Pavilion; mind immersed Platform.

In Platform—spent time perfecting <Great Luo Immortal Scripture>; researched fortune—converting Heavenly Dao essence.

Complex.

Lu exerted—via Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao constructing fortune.

Clueless.

Recalled immortal martial dream tour—gained innate purple qi strand.

Thus—studied strand; etched essence onto Five Phoenixes origin—via Heavenly Dao converting similar profound energy: fortune.

Ultimately—fortune raw material: Dao essence.

Lu's eyes lit.

Fortune power created—merely start.

Spreading to three realms—vast project; more effort, deduction.

Time ticked.

Lu ceaselessly perfected via Platform.

Far harder than Six Paths Reincarnation.

Boom!

Finally—one day; completed.

Opened aged eyes.

"All prepared... now lacks trigger. Like transmitting Six Paths—how disseminate Great Luo Immortal Scripture."

Lu on Thousand-Bladed Chair—tapped slowly.

Deep thought.

Wall murals again?

Lu eyes brightened—idea sparked.

Just dream-toured immortal martial?

Per its grandeur—transmit scripture: foolproof.

For Lu—forging transmission realm simpler than deducing scripture.

Via Platform—quickly built.

Wall murals again.

This time... Lu needed complete story.

Building realm—not long.

About half month—complete.

Lake Heart Island.

White Jade Pavilion atop.

Lu seated—Spiritual Pressure Chessboard before; gleaming.

Held piece—eyes lines interwoven suddenly.

Rolled sleeve—slowly placed.

Terrifying gale erupted.

Lu's robes billowed!

"Realm opens—fortune rises."

Piece fell.

Faint voice resounded from Lu.

...

Ascension ground.

Moon bright, stars sparse.

Meditating Lu Jiulian abruptly opened eyes—heart palpitation.

Rose—action vast; startled distant cultivating Tang Guo.

"Master—what?"

Tang Guo astonished.

"Seems... extraordinary event."

Lu Jiulian inhaled deeply.

"Go."

No excess words—lotus bloomed air. Stepped—lotus-borne, streaked instantly.

Tang Guo reacted—God King Body pursued.

"Master—wait!"

Not just Lu Jiulian.

Entire ascension ground—ascenders opened eyes!

Boom!

Vault—myriad auspicious lights; seven-colored streams curtain-like veiling all.

Earth neon-flickered under shifting lights.

"Heaven-born anomaly—great event!"

"Shaking entire ascension ground—anomaly extraordinary!"

"Perhaps... Ancient Emperors returning?"

Lower Three Heavens ascenders marveled.

Recalled Void Heaven's uniqueness—assumed vanished Emperors manifesting; thrilled one by one.

Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans rose.

Heavenly Court ruins.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao—and persuaded by Lu, ascended Empress Ni Chunqiu—gazed shifting vault.

Boom!

Suddenly—ground quaked.

"Emperor weapon fall site!"

"Imperial might dispersed! Perhaps... weapon remnant?"

Cultivators uncertain.

Decades post-shatter—ignored usually. Now anomaly—courage to approach.

Closer—greater oppression.

Lower Three Heavens ascenders and Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans—vast soul pressure.

Lu Jiulian and Tang Guo earliest at site.

Overlord etc. saw—hurried.

"Weapon fall—I passed; empty save lingering imperial might. Unexpected anomaly... I missed."

Lu Jiulian said.

Overlord etc. speechless.

Boom!

Gazing soaring seven-colored immortal lights—this lasted near half month.

Dense immortal energy shrouded fall area.

But none relaxed—unknown bred fear, vigilance.

As lights faded—vault clouded.

Heavy rain poured.

Unprecedented—washing heaven earth.

Fall site's lights converged—under rain; vast imperial might melted like snow.

Earth cracked—as if something emerged from depths.

Boom!

Earth like pulled carpet—quaked ceaselessly.

Soon—shattered, parting sides.

Vast wall corner—ancient, time-laden—extended from depths.

As if pushed out.

Not one wall.

One after another—from deep earth.

"Look! Murals on walls!"

Suddenly.

Sharp-eyed exclaimed surprise.

Lu Jiulian, Overlord etc. gazes sharpened.

"Walls time-laden—sealed ascension ground depths at least ten million years. Surely weapon fall triggered..."

"Wall emergence—due to weapon?"

Many horrified.

Shattering one triggered walls—what treasure?

Murals' secrets—what profundity!

Cultivators disregarded danger—streaked forth.

But murals' diffusing pressure oppressed ascension ground cultivators vastly.

Approaching walls—immensely difficult.

Lu Julian, Overlord—Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans moved.

Boom!

Many terrified looked up.

Entire ascension ground quaked.

Vault—interwoven Dao essences surged; faintly uneasy.

As approached.

Gazes on walls.

Boom!

Gaze-falling cultivators—primordial spirits seized by powerful force. Below three immortal energies fused Immortal Abode—nose-mouth bled instantly; staggered, spirits damaged.

Above three—stupefied.

Primordial spirits pulled into vast world—mightier aura than Nine Heavens.

As if scroll slowly unfurled.

Even strongest Lu Jiulian—entranced.

Overlord, Du Longyang etc.

Many Lower Three Heavens Immortal Abode ancestors.

All blankly stared walls.

Sensed—epoch-sealed secret emerging.

Epic scroll.

Scroll: humanity primitive—fleeing countless giant, ferocious beasts; barely surviving.

Humanity proliferated—tribes formed; heavenly fire drawn; Human Emperor founded—leading primitive humanity against beasts; survived harshness.

But barely—countless beasts earth-destroying; strange abilities—easily slaughtering masses.

Human Emperor unwilling—debated heavens.

Created cultivation method—seized Heavenly Dao power; humanity cultivable—gradually contending beasts.

Heavenly Dao enraged at seizure—endless thunder punishment. Human Emperor contended; withstood bombardment undying; seized essence—converted human fortune; humanity flourished. Human Emperor created method—birthing mighty beings: sky-soaring, earth-fleeing, heaven-earth destroying supremes.

Beasts suppressed; humanity established world—proliferating generations; eternal flame.

Wall-recorded events—epic impacting viewers' hearts.

Human Emperor's method: <Great Luo Immortal Scripture>. Murals' demonstration—breath-quickening.

Saw fortune path's might.

Human, True, Mystic, Golden Immortals composing magnificent world—shocking souls.

When wills fell last wall—sealed <Great Luo Immortal Scripture>; thick dust veiled.

Lower Three Heavens Immortal Abode ancestor impatient—released primordial spirit; hoped brush dust; scripture reemerge.

But spirit touched—shocked bleeding nose-mouth; flung back.

Crowd horrified.

Yet unwilling abandon—many tried reemerging scripture.

Failures sank hearts.

Even toughest Overlord—coughed blood.

Even Lu Jiulian wounded.

Unbelieving—suddenly Lu Jiulian recalled mural: humanity facing peril—united.

Inspired.

All cultivators united—released primordial spirits. Vast influx shattered dust.

First shattered—soon second.

Epoch-dusted <Great Luo Immortal Scripture>—under joint effort—slowly shed dust; reemerged!

Scripture ancient—seemed aged figure carving word by word.

"That's aged Human Emperor!"

Overlord spoke.

"Human Emperor seized Heavenly Dao fortune—stripped longevity by Heavenly Dao!"

"Indeed! Indeed... no wonder Young Master Lu said Human Emperor denied longevity—cause here!"

Not just Overlord—Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans enlightened.

Gazed mural—faces moved.

Buzz...

Suddenly.

Wall characters... alive!

Boom!

Characters detached—soared vault.

Countless essences surged—<Great Luo Immortal Scripture> vast; soon flooded all minds.

A method—cultivating fortune!

"Look! Essences... became fortune!"

Recalled mural humanity surging fortune—someone horrified.

Then—under myriad gazes.

Thousand-zhang gate emerged.

Heavenly Gate!

Once welcomed ascension!

Now reappeared—not for ascension. Gate beasts revived—reflecting in sea-surge fortune.

Gate fortune-rushed open.

Countless fortune rushed out—vast sea vent; madly into mortal earth!

Ascension ground.

All cultivators faces stiffened.

"This... what's happening? Essences to fortune—why surge mortal earth?"

Lower Three Heavens Immortal Abode ancestor soared—fearlessly blocked gate; absorb fortune.

But fortune pierced body—untouched.

Conversely—much fortune threaded.

Coiled Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans.

Overlord fortune-wreathed; Lu Jiulian, Du Longyang, Ni Chunqiu etc.—similar; fortune reflecting contributions, blood for Five Phoenixes against foes.

Five Phoenixes cultivators—sublimated this moment.

Lower Three Heavens ascenders—eyes instantly reddened!

Lu Jiulian opened eyes.

Gaze brilliant.

Inspired.

Not just him—Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans faces rippled.

Sima Qingshan, Kong Nanfei etc.—laughed greatly; toward fortune-surging gate.

Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans—stood before gate; stepped out—leapt gate; returned mortal realm.

...

Five Phoenixes Continent.

Cultivating practitioners horrified opened eyes.

Once night vault—now day-bright.

Vault above.

Thousand-zhang Heavenly Gate emerged.

Countless practitioners thrilled rose.

Current Five Phoenixes cultivators—aimed Heavenly Gate ascension. Gate now—someone ascending?

Yet...

World horrified: gate figures numerous; vast laughter echoed.

Legendary Heavenly Humans—immortal energy-wreathed; exited gate.

Even mortals beheld anomaly.

Great Xuan Calendar Year 428.

Immortal Gate opens—Heavenly Humans descend mortal dust.

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Lu before—Spiritual Pressure Chessboard gleamed.

Gazed vault—Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans exiting gate; returning Heavenly Humans—lips curved smile.

Foreseeable—next Five Phoenixes cultivation fervor; returning Heavenly Humans transmitting—prairie fire blazing red.

Countless breakthroughs—spiritual energy soar!

Suddenly.

Lu eyes sharpened—face astonished.

System prompts rapidly flowed before eyes.

"Congratulations, Host, on creating <Five Emperors Scripture>, <Six Paths Reincarnation Visualization>, <Great Luo Immortal Scripture>; sustaining three realms; forging Five Phoenixes small world's immortal martial foundation..."

Chapter 485: The Lu Family's Daughter Has Grown Up

A powerful surge of primordial spirit energy spread out, as if calming the restless waves of the vast sea.

Lu opened his eyes, emerging from the Preaching Platform.

Leaning back in the Thousand-Bladed Chair, he rubbed his temples to ease his strained mind.

Within the Platform, using the principles of Advanced Artifact Forging, he had thoroughly analyzed and dissected the Emperor weapon.

Emperor weapons were incredibly powerful, woven with profound Dao and principles—even Lu found them quite challenging.

At his current level, crafting one would still be somewhat difficult.

He could only forge items comparable to Saint Ancestor Dao soldiers.

A gentle breeze brushed by.

Lu held a bronze wine cup, pouring the liquid into his mouth.

With a thought, scenes from the Heavenly Dao Tree appeared in his eyes.

The events unfolded before him like a film reel.

"What a Li Sansi."

"Merging with the Heavenly Dao Tree using the Vine Demon Body's traits..."

Lu set down the cup, brows slightly furrowed.

With Li Sansi's strength, merging wouldn't impact the tree.

"Wanting to cultivate through the tree—but rooted in the origin, how could a mere Creation Venerable shake it... The Heavenly Dao Tree would only become your cage, Li Sansi—trapped forever."

Lu shook his head.

He could pull Li Sansi out, but... he chose not to.

Since Li Sansi made this choice himself, Lu Ping'an wouldn't play the nice guy.

Buzz...

Silver light flashed.

Lu vanished from the origin lake.

Reappearing atop Buzhou Peak—silver-gray spatial energy tore through space; Lu emerged slowly.

Zhu Long, playing a faintly melancholic tune, stopped abruptly.

As expected—Dad appeared to scold her for failing her duty.

Lu saw her braced-for-scolding expression and couldn't help smiling.

He didn't scold her.

This visit wasn't for that. As his most cherished child, his little comforter—how could Lu scold her?

This time—to further her cultivation.

Raising his hand, Lu wove Eight Trigrams array words into a peculiar pattern. Flicked—it tapped Zhu Long's forehead.

"This grants entry to the origin space. For future cultivation—enter there; borrow the Heavenly Dao directly."

"Closer contact—better results."

Lu smiled.

Zhu Long blinked—prepared for rebuke, yet not only unscolded but greatly rewarded.

Truly the best Dad ever!

Zhu Long felt touched inside.

Patted her head.

Lu didn't linger on Buzhou—silver flash, gone.

Zhu Long stood atop Buzhou—closed eyes, long lashes trembling.

She'd cultivate hard.

Not disappoint Dad!

Buzz...

Forehead pattern gleamed. Next—she became Candle Dragon form, diving into origin space.

Vast origin space—since Lu's control, hard for others to reach.

Candle Dragon appeared human-headed serpent-bodied—sky-veiling. Gazing stellar vortex's massive Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao—coiling, black-white lights emerged; alternating millstone-like—innate yin-yang qi, eerie rumble.

Millstone spun—Heavenly Dao essence drawn gradually into Candle Dragon body.

...

Heavenly Gate, ascension ground.

Lu tore space—appeared. Mastering spatial—easy three-realm traversal.

Even without—he could shift freely as their hidden master.

Ascension ground auras fierce—entrants mostly Transcending Tribulation or Immortal Abode.

Now—Lower Three Heavens Immortal Abode and Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans: thousands total.

Lu's arrival silent.

Only Lu Jiulian faintly sensed; others unaware.

Seated Thousand-Bladed Chair, Lu scanned—Five Phoenixes Heavenly Humans increasing; many familiar faces.

Tang Guo, Nie Shuang—special physiques younger generation—ascended.

Lu greeted none—even hid form, directly to central Emperor weapon.

Weapon bore imperial might—though ownerless, casual release terrifying.

Thus—isolation zone; none neared.

Lu on chair—approached slowly.

A mirror—huge, bronze-framed; surface opaque.

Vast—lake-like in ascension ground.

Lu eyed it—squinted.

Deduced countless times in Platform—gained dismantling insights.

Didn't start with underworld furnace.

Underworld just spread "Six Paths Reincarnation"—needed dissemination, adaptation; no rush.

"This weapon—Upper Realm Dao Clan's; 'Heavenly Derivation Mirror' imitated from it."

Lu observed—patted.

Soon—primordial spirit surged unrestrained.

Dismantling Emperor weapon—Lu told no one.

Solitary research—his habit.

Ancient Great Emperors—mysterious.

Upper Realms claimed Void Heaven linked to vanished ones, dust-covered weapons.

Even Emperors buried there.

Thus—Lu long curious.

From "Hao" glimpse—to now weapons.

Curiosity drove study.

No reserve—full primordial spirit influx.

Raised hand—nine Phoenix Feather segments soared flaming; phoenix cries impacted mirror.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Primordial spirit probed paths; sword slashed.

Instantly.

Terrifying imperial might spread!

As if challenged—autonomous burst!

Boom!

Ascension ground earth cracked; roars echoed.

Many fusing immortal energy Immortal Abode panicked.

"Imperial might... weapon's!"

"Sudden Great Emperor pressure—someone provoking?"

"Saint clan's weapon trapped—who triggered?"

Cultivators terrified.

Five Phoenixes frowned—distant view.

Heavenly Court ruins.

Overlord stood demonic-energied.

Lu Jiulian watched calmly—thoughtful.

Mirror burst brilliant light—dazzling.

Many neared—suppressed by might; coughed blood retreating.

Only distant observation.

Weapon zone isolated.

None knew center events.

Lu's Platform simulations differed from real.

As primordial spirit penetrated deeper.

Hm?

Lu's expression shifted slightly.

Sensed vastness!

Powerful Dao essence fluctuation surged from mirror interior—even Lu oppressed.

"This...?"

Lu wondered.

Not in Platform simulations.

Primordial spirit surged—coalesced form in dark space.

Lu on chair—controlled advance.

Weapon interior—dismantle from inside.

Streaking vast fluctuations—Lu felt arriving huge lake.

On chair—hovered over; slowly traversed.

Surprising: every drop—Dao essence!

Dao essence lake!

Immense, dense.

Even with ten thousand plundered—Lu felt bumpkin.

Proud ten-thousandaire facing billions...

Soul-impact.

"Jackpot..."

Lu murmured.

Worried Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao lacking reserves.

Pillow mid-nap.

All refined into Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao—etched.

High-martial level skyrockets... Level 3 easy; even 2 or 1 possible!

"Worthy Ancient Great Emperor—terrifying scope!"

"So much essence—Emperor refined Level 1 world's all into weapon?"

Lu inhaled deeply.

Sensed complexity.

Platform deductions missed this.

Thus—cautious.

Real failure—permanent!

Suddenly.

Lake rippled.

Gradually—formed burly figure.

"You?!"

"Lu Ping'an!"

Terrifying rumble—Dao essence figure shocked; lake quaked.

Lu curiously eyed.

Living being inside weapon?

"Hmm... you are..."

Lu on chair—tapped armrest.

Then realized.

"You—Dao Clan Saint Ancestor. Left primordial spirit seed in weapon—reason you wielded..."

Lu analyzed.

"You're courting death! Daring enter interior!"

"This our clan's 'Heavenly Derivation Mirror'—non-clan can't fuse... Great Emperor might erases you to nothing!"

Dao Ancestor's seed-clone raged.

Next—lake stormed like summer tempest.

Boom!

Terrifying strikes—each essence razor-sharp slaughter.

Lu expressionless—watched colossal lunge.

True Saint Ancestor—Lu cautious.

Mere seed—no fear.

Rose slowly—demonic energy surged.

Countless essences suppressed.

Indestructible Demonic Body strengthened further.

Lu charged—upgraded chair stacked; seed ground nothing!

Boom!

Countless essences exploded—like rain pattering.

Demonic Lord Lu on lake—silver blades stacked metallic wings behind.

Didn't revert—gazed lake depths; vigilance rising.

...

Vast Upper Realm continent.

Dao Clan grounds.

Meditating Saint Ancestor abruptly opened eyes—terrifying sharp light dimmed heavens!

"My seed in weapon—erased!"

"Lu Ping'an... dared touch weapon! Well done!"

Body trembled.

Weapon loss—huge clan impact. Tried suppressing news—spread anyway.

Dao and Cloud clans—Upper Realm laughingstocks.

"But Lu Ping'an doomed. Erasing seed—triggers residual Emperor will."

"Mere Lu Ping'an vs Emperor will... certain death!"

Dao Ancestor's surging aura calmed.

Eyes cold.

Weapon safety—no worry.

Unless Emperor reborn—who destroys?

...

Lu indeed found thorny.

Splash...

Essence lake parted sides.

Thick mist drifted—veiling Lu's view blurry.

Small boat swayed near.

Figure sat aboard.

Lu stared—first true crisis sense.

"Weapon interior—must hold Ancient Emperor will..."

Lu squinted.

Figure unclear—stood, beckoned Lu. Next—heavenly pressure crashed to crush!

Intruding depths—Emperor will only kills.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Lu flapped metallic wings—vanished. Former spot—vast vortex exploded.

Lu calm.

Platform deductions anticipated Emperor will.

Handled methodically.

Thump!

Boat sank—ancient will charged.

Streak toward Lu.

Lu squinted—sensed aura; no dodge—charged back.

Boom!

Shadows clashed instantly.

Not true Emperor—reason Lu fought.

Battle erupted—lake near evaporating.

Pressure oppressed Lu—each punch shook mountains rivers.

Like sparring young Emperor.

Explosions ceaseless—essence lake roiled.

Lu's first exhilarating fight—faintly felt deeper Indestructible Demonic Body fusion.

Battle—progress ladder.

Young Emperor-formed will—best sparring partner.

Boom!

Finally—will sensed wrong.

Terrifying aura boiled—triggered weapon might to suppress-kill Lu.

Lu knew—no more delay.

Dispelled demonic body—silver blades chair; seated.

Overhead—Eight Trigrams Platform emerged.

Preaching Platform surged—instantly pulling will in.

Boom!

Terrifying roar after.

Lu's primordial spirit form dimmed slightly—opened eyes calmly.

Weapon interior—all quiet.

Terrifying imperial might quietly dispersed.

Heavenly Derivation Mirror's Emperor will—Lu erased via Platform.

Essence lake—will gone instant—boiled; ceaseless impacts.

Lu's primordial spirit withdrew.

Returned body.

Controlled chair—rapid retreat.

Nine Phoenix Feathers united—vast saintly might; slashed down.

Crack...

First fissure on weapon.

Unstoppable.

Essences shot out.

First light—then second, third... myriad essences beamed.

Fissures grew—Ancient Emperor's weapon crumbled; cracks spread.

Bang!

Final explosion.

Lake-vast mirror shattered—fragments; only cracked bronze frame. Myriad essences soared.

Ascension ground.

Watching weapon's imperial might—cultivators startled.

Start of shocks—soon incredulous wide eyes.

Huge mirror fissured—expanded, spread...

Finally—shattered!

Countless essences rushed from mirror!

"Holy shit... weapon... broken?!"

"Heavens! What happened? Why self-destruct?!"

"Ascension ground... truly unknowable great terror!"

Cultivators terrified.

Entire ground seemed shrouded in ultimate horror.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Lu drew Spiritual Pressure Chessboard—rapid pieces; timely controlled forbidden zones.

Mysterious sounds emitted.

Buddhist chants, great bell tolls—frequent anomalies; as if Ancient Emperors revived, mourning weapon's shattering!

...

Upper Realm.

Dao Clan ancestral ground.

Meditating ancestor abruptly opened eyes—fluctuating, pupils contracting; chill surged.

Pfft!

Heart-wrenching.

Blood sprayed.

Wiped mouth corner.

Boom!

Soared skyward—striding void; crossed myriad miles to golden glorious temple.

Temple—Dao Clan's foundation; bore million years Dao essence fortune!

Enshrined Heavenly Derivation Mirror.

Now trapped Void Heaven—empty.

But.

Under trembling gaze—temple cracked; fissures expanded.

Boom!

Vast dust.

Million-year temple—collapsed this moment!

Linked weapon-bearing million years essence—plundered vanishing bit by bit!

Dao Ancestor trembled.

Soon realized.

Eyes instantly bloodshot—even his composure shattered.

"Weapon indestructible—temple endures... now collapsed; weapon..."

Body staggered mid-air.

Gazed Void Heaven—Five Phoenixes direction; grief, rage, horror erupted.

"Weapon trapped not long... how destroyed?"

Ancient Emperor's weapon—who could?

What on earth did Lu Ping'an do to the Emperor weapon?!

...

Five Phoenixes Continent.

Boundless vast sea.

Ancient tomb.

Sealed palace depths.

Sudden tremor.

Coffin-lain Gu Mangran abruptly opened eyes—hand clutched chest.

"Agreed low-key—steady development."

"This heart-clenching bad feeling..."

"Young Master Lu... what did you do?!"

Chapter 486: Slaying a Saint Ancestor, Ascending to Mysterious Immortal

Zhulong stepped across the sea with her eyes closed, her long lashes trembling faintly.

She was like a serene autumn leaf—quiet, graceful, and beautiful.

Little Yinglong sensed her arrival and jolted awake from his nap. Having been thoroughly thrashed by the "big sister" back on Buzhou Peak, he instinctively thought she had come specifically to beat him up again.

Zhulong had left Buzhou Peak and come to the island only because she heard Lu's summons.

Ning Zhao, Yi Yue, and Ni Yu all roused from their meditation to welcome her.

Ning Zhao was the most shocked. She realized she could barely discern Zhulong's cultivation anymore. The pillar-like fortune swirling around her alone signified true immortal-level combat strength.

But considering Zhulong's innate talent and her habit of fighting far above her realm as if it were routine, Ning Zhao knew her true power far exceeded that of an ordinary true immortal.

Lu gazed at Zhulong and gave a slight nod.

Having mastered the swallowing and exhaling of the Heavenly Dao, she had now been personally appointed by Lu as its overseer. With her aid, the fledgling Five Phoenix Heavenly Dao's conversion of dao reserves had accelerated dramatically.

In truth, under the influence of the Great Luo Immortal Scripture, the celestials of Five Phoenix had all chosen to cultivate fortune. In doing so, they were unwittingly helping the Heavenly Dao refine those dao reserves even faster.

"Are you ready?"

Lu sat upon the Thousand Bladed Chair at the heart of the lake island. A gentle breeze stirred the air, and the purple bamboo grove rustled softly.

Zhulong kept her eyes closed, lashes fluttering, a faint smile curving her lips and revealing two adorable dimples.

"Good."

Lu smiled in return.

Over the following days, Zhulong remained on the island while Lu used scraps from the Dao Clan's imperial weapon to forge a full suit of battle armor for her.

Weapons crafted from imperial weapon materials had become all the rage in Five Phoenix. Most celestials now wielded them—many had scavenged fragments when the original imperial weapon shattered.

Finding Aru to refine them had granted the celestials of Five Phoenix a massive boost in combat power.

Yet anyone who saw Zhulong's complete set of imperial-grade armor would be dumbfounded, astounded by the sheer extravagance of its creator.

After all, materials from an imperial weapon were unimaginably precious.

"Time to go."

Once the armor was finished, Lu spoke to Zhulong.

She said nothing, only nodded obediently.

"Young Master... where are you taking Sister Zhulong?"

Ni Yu asked, puzzled.

Ning Zhao and Yi Yue looked equally confused.

Lu remained seated on the Thousand Bladed Chair and smiled. "To kill a Saint Ancestor."

He turned to Zhulong. "Confident?"

Zhulong pressed her lips together, clenched her fists, and nodded firmly.

"Yes!"

Hum...

Spatial profound energy surged. In the next instant, Lu vanished from the lake island, taking Zhulong with him.

Ni Yu, Ning Zhao, and Yi Yue stood frozen in stunned silence.

Even Little Yinglong, perched atop Ni Yu's head, was speechless.

Kill a Saint Ancestor?

Had Zhulong... really reached the level where she could slay one?

...

The moment Lu left Five Phoenix with Zhulong, many across the continent sensed it.

True immortals whose fortune had reached the pillar stage felt it most clearly.

At the rear mountain of the Great Xuan Academy.

Lu Jiulian lifted his head. He vaguely perceived a massive storm of fortune brewing.

Tilting his head slightly, his figure blurred into afterimages and vanished.

Tianji Peak.

Home to the Tianji Pavilion.

With Five Phoenix entering the era of fortune cultivation, the pavilion's status had skyrocketed. Its diviners could now calculate heavenly secrets and read currents of fortune.

Lü Mudui sat in meditation. Beside him, Mo Tianyu lounged with his robe open, the two of them roasting a carp freshly caught from North Luo Lake.

"Nothing beats the mortal world," Mo Tianyu said, taking a swig of wine and eyeing the sizzling fish. "Ascending to the upper realm ruins your appetite. Ingredients are scarce, and everyone's just a boring cultivator obsessed with training."

Lü Mudui remained calm, flipping the fish and sprinkling cumin before continuing to grill.

Suddenly, both men's eyes flickered.

"An old friend seems to be paying a visit."

No sooner had the words left his mouth than storm clouds gathered over Tianji Peak.

Lu Jiulian's figure appeared.

"Perfect timing, Julian. Care to try Old Lü's cooking?"

Lü Mudui laughed.

Lu Jiulian approached unhurriedly, a gentle smile on his face. He shook his head.

"Zhulong has left Buzhou Peak. The Heavenly Dao's fortune is fluctuating wildly. Something big is coming—a massive surge of fortune."

His own fortune churned powerfully around him, blazing like a brilliant sun or a roaring river in the eyes of Lü Mudui and Mo Tianyu.

"Worthiest cultivator of our age," Mo Tianyu said brightly. "With fortune that intense, you're only half a step from the river-like stage of Mysterious Immortal."

"The path of fortune is difficult," Lu Jiulian replied, shaking his head. "That half step could take eons."

Lü Mudui and Mo Tianyu exchanged a glance.

After a quick divination, Lü Mudui's face flushed red.

"This heavenly secret... involves Young Master Lu. Zhulong leaving Buzhou Peak—it was at his command."

His cheeks burned as though he might cough blood.

Whenever secrets touched the Young Master of White Jade Capital, the backlash was brutal.

"Young Master Lu is involved?"

Lu Jiulian paused, then narrowed his eyes.

Mo Tianyu chuckled, picking up the slightly charred but fragrant fish and taking a juicy bite. "No need to divine further. Young Master Lu has taken Zhulong out of Five Phoenix. Her strength has always been ahead of the curve. As one of the eight heavenly dragon breeds, she received a fortune baptism. That puts her combat power slightly above yours, Jiulian. Bold guess—she's on par with a Mysterious Immortal. In other words... a Saint Ancestor."

"Back then, the Dao Clan and Cloud Clan invaded Five Phoenix, assaulting the Heavenly Gate and the Netherworld. The Cloud Saint Ancestor even damaged Young Master Lu's sword. Everything else aside... that's the key point."

He took another bite. Lü Mudui's already flushed face turned crimson as he watched his hard-earned fish disappear piece by piece. Finally, he couldn't hold it in and spat blood.

"Young Master Lu must be taking Zhulong to kill a Saint Ancestor."

"Given his personality... heh."

Mo Tianyu shook his head ruefully.

He had firsthand experience—after all, Young Master Lu had once planted him in the ground like a scallion.

"Does this tie into the fortune surge?"

"It's very likely. The upper realm saint clans—the Dao and Cloud especially—want nothing more than to destroy Five Phoenix. Killing them would protect us, bring prosperity to humanity and the demon race, and benefit all life in Five Phoenix..."

"Conquering the upper realm concerns the fortune of the entire continent."

Lu Jiulian's eyes gleamed.

Mo Tianyu and Lü Mudui froze, then inhaled sharply.

"Slaying an upper realm Saint Ancestor would earn Five Phoenix's recognition—a fortune baptism. That half step to Mysterious Immortal would be crossed."

An idea sparked in Lu Jiulian's mind.

After thanking the two, he shot away as a streak of light.

Lü Mudui and Mo Tianyu shared a look filled with shock... and blazing excitement.

Soon, messages from the Tianji Pavilion—carried on profound yellow paper and scented with roasted fish—spread across the world.

...

At the Painting Sect, Sima Qingshan read the paper and smiled.

He slowly rolled up a blank scroll, gathered his brushes and inks, slung his bag over his shoulder, and prepared to leave the sect.

An Miaoyu entered carrying a pot of nourishing soup just in time to see him ready to depart.

"Master, where are you going?"

She asked in surprise.

Sima Qingshan smiled and handed her the paper.

"I'm heading to the upper realm to exterminate a saint clan... and gather fortune for the Painting Sect."

At the Haoran Sect.

Kong Nanfei and Meng Haoran stood atop a snow-capped peak, watching the falling flakes.

Kong Nanfei's somewhat disheveled Confucian robes fluttered. He turned to Meng Haoran, whose fortune rose like a pillar, and smiled. "Haoran, you'll guard the sect for a while."

"Your master is going to the upper realm to have a word with them... and gather fortune for the Haoran Sect."

Laughing heartily, Kong Nanfei stepped forward. His pillar of fortune shot skyward.

They were not alone.

Word reached every top-tier immortal in Five Phoenix.

With the world's fortune now tied to Five Phoenix's rise and fall, the upper realm saint clans threatening it had become prime targets—delicious opportunities to harvest fortune.

One after another, Five Phoenix celestials soared into the heavens on auspicious clouds. Fortune blotted out the sun; pillars of milky-white light pierced the firmament, shaking the skies.

Each pillar marked a true immortal of Five Phoenix.

The entire world erupted in uproar.

No one knew what was happening.

Smaller sects understood: the true immortals were gathering... to invade the upper realm!

To harvest fortune, shatter their bottlenecks, and prove the Mysterious Immortal realm!

Cultivators everywhere were stunned, envious, thrilled—their blood boiled.

Overlord emerged from the Eastern Sea, demonic energy coiling around him as he led his newly founded demonic sect disciples skyward.

"Guard Five Phoenix! I will return with a Saint Ancestor's head, bathed in his blood, having broken through to Mysterious Immortal!"

Overlord declared with unrivaled dominance.

Then, axe and shield on his back, he charged into the clouds.

Above the Vast Ocean, Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, Empress Ni Chunqiu, and others from the Tianyuan forces gathered.

Nie Changqing was already waiting, Dragon Slayer in his arms.

Their fortunes clashed grandly, almost competitively.

Beyond Five Phoenix, laughter rang out among the crowd.

In the next moment, they transformed into streaks of light, activating teleportation arrays forged from Lu's "Travel" character profound.

On the Five Phoenix continent, in an ancient tomb beneath the Vast Ocean.

Immense fortune coiled around Bu Nanxing, strands weaving toward a pillar.

Nearby, Lu Changkong worked on divine medicine. His own fortune surged like a mighty river.

Though he had never appeared publicly on the continent, the divine medicines he developed and spread had nurtured countless cultivators.

Compared to teaching techniques to scrape fortune, his method was far more direct and brutal.

Lu Changkong himself had no idea why his fortune was on the verge of reaching the river stage.

According to the now-widespread Great Luo Immortal Scripture, he was already... half-step Mysterious Immortal?

He even felt that once he successfully hybridized his latest divine medicine and released it across Five Phoenix...

His fortune would surge again, shattering the barrier and stepping straight into Mysterious Immortal.

"The celestials of Five Phoenix are gathering to invade the upper realm..."

"Young Master has even taken Zhulong to slay a Saint Ancestor."

"Lord Lu, should we wake General Gu in the palace?"

Bu Nanxing asked hesitantly.

"If I remember correctly, Young Master promised General Gu they would invade the upper realm together and kill Saint Ancestors. He even offered a rare divine medicine as payment."

Lu Changkong paused, then shook his head.

"If Pan'er didn't invite General Gu, he has his reasons. Do you think my son would be stingy over one plant? As his father, I have plenty of divine medicines—he's never short."

"Pan'er must feel General Gu has done enough. Every major crisis in Five Phoenix—he was the one who stepped up. Pan'er doesn't want him exhausted."

Lu Changkong smiled.

Bu Nanxing nodded in sudden understanding.

In that case, they would not disturb the general.

...

In the Nine Prisons Netherworld.

The ten undead cities were shrouded in vast karmic merit.

Thanks to cultivating the Six Paths Reincarnation Visualization, the yin messengers of each city had grown tremendously in strength.

The pillar-like fortune of the living world naturally affected the Netherworld—primarily through karma.

When a person of great fortune died, their soul was drawn into reincarnation and fell to the Netherworld. Purifying their obsessions with the visualization method yielded karma boosted by their fortune—several times higher than normal.

Moreover, those with fortune were rarely truly evil; great villains did not deserve fortune.

Thus, the rise of fortune cultivation had not only improved the Netherworld's efficiency but accelerated its own path of growth.

The ten massive undead cities bustled orderly with countless souls passing through the gates.

The ten city lords sat enthroned in majesty, rivers of karma rolling behind them—some already showing signs of forming true rivers. Dan Taixuan's was the most immense, thundering like a flood and nearly enveloping the entire Nine Prisons secret realm.

"Lord Dan Taixuan, word from the living world: the celestials are marching on the upper realm to slay Saint Ancestors."

Beigong Saint Lord spoke, karma swirling around him.

Dan Taixuan, meditating in the city, snapped his eyes open.

"Invading the upper realm?"

"To kill Saint Ancestors?!"

Excitement blazed in his gaze as ferocious killing intent and baleful aura surged.

He still remembered the Dao and Cloud Saint Ancestors lording coldly outside the Netherworld, helpless against their oppression.

That time, Young Master Lu and General Gu had fought to the death; the Netherworld had nearly been reduced to ruins.

"Beigong... send the order. Summon every yin messenger in the Netherworld!"

Dan Taixuan rose abruptly, authority as Lord of the Netherworld radiating from him.

Though he had shifted from Human Emperor to this role, his fiery temperament remained unchanged.

"Those who threaten Five Phoenix will be hunted down, no matter how far!"

Dan Taixuan stood tall, hands behind his back.

He lifted his head as if staring through the Netherworld straight at the upper realm.

...

Pingyang Heaven, Blood Evil Heaven, Yuan Magnetic Heaven.

As Five Phoenix's celestials mobilized en masse, ancestors in numerous high-martial worlds opened their eyes.

In Little Thunder Sound Buddhist World, the Great Senior.

Buddhist light shone around him, faint strands of fortune weaving within.

Not just him—ascendants across the lower three heavens were now preaching in their home worlds, cultivating fortune.

They did not realize this fortune flowed into Five Phoenix's Heavenly Dao, but their tangible gains in cultivation were undeniable.

When news reached them that Five Phoenix celestials were marching on the saint clans...

They hesitated.

"Killing saint clans grants fortune?"

"Our worlds hit bottlenecks cultivating fortune. Only Five Phoenix is the orthodox source of the Great Luo Immortal Scripture. If we aid their army against the saint clans, will we share in Five Phoenix's fortune?"

"We missed one chance already. We cannot miss this rare opportunity!"

One by one, ancient immortals opened their eyes.

Beams of fortune pierced the heavens.

"Friends of Five Phoenix, we come to aid you—together we conquer the upper realm!"

The entire lower three heavens boiled over.

Countless cultivators stood dumbfounded.

An invasion of the upper realm?

Five Phoenix was invading the upper realm?

It had only been a few years—how had Five Phoenix grown so bold?

And why were the lower three heavens' ancestors joining in?

Boom!

But none of that mattered anymore.

Ancient immortals rose, immortal qi fluttering, otherworldly and refined, fortune coiling around them like true celestials descending.

They streaked across the lower three heavens.

Once mere spectators at the Heavenly Gate, treated like small fry...

Now, they could finally return in glory!

...

Lu appeared in Yuan Magnetic Heaven with Zhulong.

He immediately sensed the mobilization from Five Phoenix, the Netherworld, and the lower three heavens.

A smile touched his lips.

The rise of Five Phoenix and all its beings—that was the essence of fortune cultivation.

Thus, conquering and slaying the upper realm saint clans that threatened it would earn the Heavenly Dao's approval—or at least its favor—making fortune easier to obtain.

Lu smiled. Having created the Six Paths Reincarnation Visualization and the Great Luo Immortal Scripture, his strength was far beyond the ordinary Qi Refinement eighth-layer cultivator he had been upon breakthrough.

His chaos force and primordial spirit had exploded in power, bolstered further by the Phoenix Feather Sword and Thousand Bladed Chair infused with imperial weapon materials.

Facing a Saint Ancestor without their imperial weapon... he felt no pressure at all.

The actions of Lu Jiulian and the others slightly altered his plan.

"Lu Jiulian wishes to slay a Saint Ancestor to reach Mysterious Immortal?"

"Then let us slay."

Lu chuckled softly.

The next moment, the Spiritual Pressure Chessboard materialized before him.

He rolled up his sleeve, picked up a piece.

And placed it.

Boom!

Immense spiritual pressure transformed into a beam of light that tore through Yuan Magnetic Heaven's sky.

Beyond the rift, the vast upper realm continent appeared.

Without a word from Lu.

Zhulong, clad in imperial armor, eyes closed, lashes trembling, hair dancing in the void, stepped forward—one calm step after another—crossing into the upper realm.

Heading straight for the Dao Clan's ancestral ground.

First, the Dao Clan—whose imperial weapon had been dismantled, whose dao reserves had collapsed, leaving their Saint Ancestor gravely weakened.

The perfect stepping stone for Zhulong's breakthrough!

...

Upper Realm.

Dao Clan ancestral ground.

The meditating Dao Saint Ancestor abruptly opened his eyes.

His primordial spirit rippled outward.

In the next instant, killing intent boiled!

"Damn it!"

"A traitor! The Cloud Clan must have planted spies in my clan and leaked news of my alliance with the seven great saint clans. Five Phoenix refuses to wait for death—they strike first!"

The Dao Saint Ancestor raged.

He was certain his judgment was correct.

Why else would Five Phoenix dare attack the saint clans unless desperate?

Only if the Cloud Clan had betrayed his plan to encircle and annihilate Five Phoenix would its cultivators choose such fierce preemptive action!

Saint Ancestor aura erupted like an avalanche.

Since Five Phoenix dared emerge from the void to attack...

It must be Gu Mangran and Lu Ping'an acting together.

Even he could not underestimate that pair.

Suddenly.

As Yuan Magnetic Heaven tore open and a serene, armored girl with closed eyes stepped calmly forward like an autumn leaf...

The Dao Saint Ancestor's soaring aura froze.

Not Gu Mangran. Not Lu Ping'an.

Who was this girl?

Had Five Phoenix... sent someone to die?

Hm?

Suddenly...

The Dao Saint Ancestor's pupils contracted.

His gaze landed on Zhulong's armor.

His lips trembled.

The next instant, his stalled aura exploded like a flash flood!

Chapter 487: Threaten My Father, and I'll End You

The lower three heavens shuddered violently.

Countless cultivators from high-martial worlds stood in awe, gazing beyond the skies. At the edge of Yuan Magnetic Heaven, a massive rift had been torn open.

Beyond that chasm lay the vast upper realm continent.

Streaks of light streaked across the lower three heavens. Cultivators brimmed with vigor and battle intent, charging toward the upper realm.

Lu sat calmly on the Thousand Bladed Chair, as if invisible.

He had placed his piece and torn open the passage to the upper realm, yet he did not enter himself.

One cultivator after another—celestials from Five Phoenix—rushed past him.

None seemed to notice his presence.

Streams of light flashed by. Human immortals and true immortals shot forward at blinding speed, descending upon the upper realm continent.

If slaying enemies could earn merit and boost cultivation, who would fear battle?

"Blind development isn't Five Phoenix's style. Grow when needed, but strengthening through combat... that's always been our way."

Lu's eyes gleamed as he leaned back in the chair, gently stroking the Stealing Heaven Tower.

He reflected on Five Phoenix's journey: from a low-martial world facing wanderers, rising through endless wars to mid-martial, then clashing relentlessly with the high-martial Buddhist realm.

At the high-martial level, it was even more intense.

The cultivators of Five Phoenix had fought every step of the way.

From the Great Tournament of the World to invasions of the upper realm—it was all battle.

They had long since lost any fear of fighting.

"Let battle announce Five Phoenix's rise."

"Make these upper realm saint clans understand: in the Nine Heavens, Five Phoenix is no longer prey to be bullied."

Lu chuckled softly.

...

As cultivators from Five Phoenix and the lower three heavens descended upon the upper realm, shrouded in fortune...

Many experts from the Dao Clan and Cloud Clan jolted awake.

"What is happening?"

"An enemy attack? Are other saint clans invading?"

"No... these foes are coming from below. The lower three heavens dare assault the upper realm? Have they lost their minds?"

Cultivators of the saint clans were baffled and disbelieving.

What kind of trash were the lower three heavens?

Barely any transformed immortals, let alone ancient immortals.

How could such a place muster the guts to attack the upper realm saint clans?

The Cloud Saint Ancestor opened his eyes in his ancestral ground, filled with shock and suspicion.

"These... carry the aura of Five Phoenix cultivators!"

"How audacious. Do they think losing our imperial weapon makes the Cloud Clan easy prey?"

"A bunch of ants daring to provoke us!"

The Cloud Saint Ancestor spoke coldly.

Rage boiled within him. The fall of his imperial weapon had already fueled endless fury. Now, these lower realm scum dared strike first.

He issued orders.

Soon, Cloud Clan powerhouses assembled.

Ancient immortals, Primordial Unity experts, and numerous great beings gathered on ancient bronze warships, looming over the upper realm.

The Cloud Saint Ancestor's severed lower body had regenerated over three years—not fully healed, but no longer a hindrance.

"Where is the Cloud Saint Ancestor?!"

A stern voice thundered.

Lu Jiulian sensed the blazing aura of the Cloud Saint Ancestor and charged ahead. He stepped through the void, fortune swirling around him like a surging river, his eyes burning brightly.

The Cloud Saint Ancestor was somewhat surprised.

"Not Gu Mangran, nor Lu Ping'an..."

"Who do you think you are to challenge me?"

His expression grew colder as he stared at the defiant Lu Jiulian.

He felt insulted.

If Gu Mangran and Lu Ping'an had come, he would accept it—both possessed saint-level power.

But who was this Lu Jiulian?

He remembered the man: talented, holding his own against Cloud Clan Primordial Unity experts in past battles, even defeating them.

But talent aside, he was still just Primordial Unity.

A mere Primordial Unity daring to shout at a Saint Ancestor?

"Since Five Phoenix sent you to die, none of you leave today."

The Cloud Saint Ancestor declared.

His palm slammed downward.

Boom!

His aura soared, shaking mountains and rivers, like an ancient god-demon awakening.

In the void, Lu Jiulian felt immense pressure.

But more than that—excitement.

The deeper the Cloud Saint Ancestor's killing intent toward Five Phoenix, the greater the fortune involved.

Lu Jiulian believed: slaying this Saint Ancestor would let him prove the Mysterious Immortal realm!

Hum...

He dared not underestimate his foe. His fortune was not yet river-like; as half-step Mysterious Immortal, facing a Saint Ancestor meant fighting above his level.

He had to give everything.

An illusory green lotus bloomed in the air around him, every vein on its petals crystal clear.

Vast fortune amplified his offensive power.

With a flick, a five-colored lotus drifted forward.

The Cloud Saint Ancestor shot skyward, his body expanding to ten thousand feet, a towering giant.

The lotus approached; he swept his sleeve.

Boom!

It exploded!

Terrifying shockwaves roiled above the upper realm continent.

"Die!"

The Cloud Saint Ancestor sensed the blast's power and was mildly surprised, but still dismissive. The gulf between saint and Primordial Unity was insurmountable.

His form blurred into afterimages.

Before they faded, he appeared above Lu Jiulian.

His palm crashed down.

Energy in the area vanished in an instant.

Dong!

Ripples exploded outward, layer upon layer, like raging waves.

Lu Jiulian's body shot downward like a cannonball, smashing craters into the ground, cracking the earth, kicking up clouds of dust.

That single strike carried chilling killing power.

A Saint Ancestor was a Saint Ancestor, after all!

In one blow, Lu Jiulian was buried deep in the earth, his aura seemingly vanished.

On the Cloud Clan side...

Cultivators burst into laughter. As expected—a Saint Ancestor struck, how could lower realm trash resist?

In the Nine Heavens, becoming a Saint Ancestor marked the pinnacle.

Lu Jiulian, not even saint-level, dreaming of slaying one—utter arrogance.

He would pay dearly.

"Kill them all! Anyone who dares enter the upper realm dies today—not one spared!"

The Cloud Saint Ancestor hovered in the void, hair whipping wildly, eyes sharp with murderous intent.

Bound by void heaven rules, he couldn't invade Five Phoenix. But now its cultivators came knocking—seeking death?

"Kill!"

Cloud Clan Primordial Unity experts soared upward, immortal qi surging around their strongest.

Ancient immortals rose too, charging the invaders.

Warships groaned; artifacts filled the skies.

Yet the ancient immortals from the lower three heavens and Five Phoenix celestials met them fearlessly, eyes blazing.

Boom!

The earth exploded.

Lu Julian burst upward, battered but with a spinning green lotus above his head—the spiritual tool forged from scavenged imperial weapon fragments at the Heavenly Gate.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

With ringing sounds, the lotus transformed into a three-foot green sword.

Lu Jiulian gripped it, stepping forward, eyes filled with resolve and battle lust as he charged the Saint Ancestor.

This was his toughest foe yet—the hardest battle of his life.

But he had no regrets, no retreat.

The Cloud Saint Ancestor stared icily.

"Court death!"

Saint-level battles could collapse mountains, shatter continents, wipe out life.

His power was beyond what a Primordial Unity could withstand.

Failing to kill Lu Jiulian surprised him, but it wouldn't happen twice.

Boom!

His massive form reached out, saintly might surging in his palm, shattering void inch by inch—a strike to erase mountains and rivers.

Lu Jiulian charged with sword raised.

Puchi!

The collision shook the void.

Suddenly, a furious roar erupted, followed by the sound of flesh tearing.

The Saint Ancestor's palm was slashed open by Lu Jiulian's sword, blood spraying.

Under his saintly might, Lu Jiulian counterattacked, piercing straight through.

But what enraged the Cloud Saint Ancestor...

Was the vast imperial might emanating from Lu Jiulian's sword!

That was why his saintly suppression faltered.

"Imperial weapon?!"

He demanded incredulously.

Lu Jiulian said nothing, drawing his sword and attacking again.

Explosions rippled outward, cracking the earth.

Such a battle would devastate the lower three heavens.

Even the sturdier upper realm continent suffered massive destruction.

No wonder saint battles were confined to outer voids.

"Not a full imperial weapon—the might is too weak! A weapon forged from fragments..."

"This familiar imperial aura... the Dao Clan's Heavenly Evolution Mirror?!"

The Cloud Saint Ancestor's eyes narrowed; he inhaled sharply.

The Heavenly Evolution Mirror lost at the ascension Heavenly Gate—shattered?

Even Gu Mangran couldn't break an imperial weapon.

Was it the great terror within the gate?!

His heart trembled. Then his Cloud Clan's Supreme Furnace... might suffer the same?

His gaze flickered as he surveyed the crumbling continent.

To learn the truth, he had to capture this man.

Roaring, he punched through the void and stepped in.

"If you dare... follow!"

Hair flying, he glanced back coldly at Lu Jiulian.

"Outer void battlefield..."

Lu Jiulian hovered, breathing heavily, murmuring.

Saint experts were strong.

His fortune neared river-like; half-step Mysterious Immortal, yet he felt mountains of pressure against the Cloud Saint Ancestor.

But...

His eyes flashed. Why had he been born into this world?

A prodigy, his path smooth—no obstacles, no bottlenecks.

He believed his existence was to pursue the true essence of cultivation.

How could he retreat in fear?

He raised his hand, gently stroking the green lotus sword. Its three-foot blade gleamed like a mirror, faintly reflecting his life.

Fearless, he tore the void and charged into the outer battlefield.

Cloud Clan ancestral ground.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Pillar-like fortune crashed down.

Overlord laughed wildly, sweeping his great axe. Terrifying axe light carved deep gouges into the continent.

"Come on!"

Demonic qi coiled around his demonic frame, towering like a devil god.

Several Cloud Clan ancient immortals attacked, remembering his grueling fight against one years ago.

Surrounding him should end him.

But to their horror...

One swing—and a five-qis ancient immortal was cleaved in half, primordial spirit crushed!

Instant kill!

Effortless!

Ancient immortals were no match for Overlord now!

Cloud Clan Primordial Unity experts rushed in.

Yet with his unyielding dao intent, Overlord suppressed multiple attackers alone, leaving them terrified.

"Impossible! Three years ago, he barely matched an ancient immortal. How can he dominate us now?!"

"Five Phoenix had a time array, but three years there is only thirty for them... thirty years is nothing to ancient immortals! How this leap?!"

"His technique changed! Vaguely... we're fighting the Heavenly Dao itself!"

They didn't know Lu had pushed the time array to its limit, accelerating flow vastly.

The Primordial Unity experts felt the suppression from Overlord's Heavenly Dao aura—chilling.

After Primordial Unity, the goal was saint realm: commune with Nine Heavens' Dao, temper the body with its power, derive personal saintly might.

That was saint cultivation.

But now... Five Phoenix cultivators had a method to commune with the Dao early?

It was like starting saint training ahead!

Not just Overlord—every Five Phoenix cultivator shone brilliantly!

The upper realm continent turned into a bloody battlefield.

Nie Changqing strode through the chaos, eyes sharp.

Pillar-like fortune enveloped him.

He drew his blade.

Blade light flashed—mountains and rivers split, like a coiling dragon decapitated!

Puchi!

Blood soaked the earth; an upper realm ancient immortal fell, head soaring skyward.

Nie Changqing smiled lightly, white robes unstained.

He remembered the warships descending years ago, crushing Five Phoenix in terror.

Now... it was smoke in the wind.

Five Phoenix was no longer the timid world it once was.

Sima Qingshan sat cross-legged in the void, scroll unfurled. Sleeve rolled, brush fell—moving mountains, shifting peaks.

Ancient immortals coughed blood under sudden ink-wash summits; some crushed to pulp.

Upper realm forces tried forming arrays, but ink mountains tore them apart!

Bai Qingniao perched on Little Phoenix Nine's back, a peerless goddess.

Flames roared around her; phoenix cries shook the heavens.

Eight fire phoenixes swept through, burning mountains, razing rivers—even Primordial Unity experts couldn't withstand.

The upper realm army retreated under their onslaught.

One person... an army unto herself!

Kong Nanfei stood hands clasped behind, reciting. Vast righteous qi fused with fortune, rolling down to suppress the enemy!

Three years in the upper realm.

Three hundred in Five Phoenix!

How the tables turned—not in three years, but three hundred!

Cloud Clan cultivators were horrified. Five Phoenix celestials far exceeded expectations.

Even their Primordial Unity felt powerless.

Most shocking: the lower three heavens' ancient ancestors—once groveling before them—now blazed like Five Phoenix cultivators.

Pillar fortune; mountains crumbled.

The Cloud Clan... began to rout!

...

Lu sat calmly, unfazed.

The Spiritual Pressure Chessboard floated before him. Sleeve rolled, piece placed.

He did not intervene, merely observing.

Five Phoenix needed this battle. The lower three heavens' ascendant ancestors did too.

Originally, Lu planned to crush the Cloud Ancestor himself.

But Lu Jiulian's arrival changed that.

As one of his avatar fruits, Lu Jiulian was now truly alive.

Lu could barely see him as a mere avatar anymore.

He had emotions, desires, pursuits.

Now, Lu Jiulian sought to tear open his path by slaying a Saint Ancestor.

So Lu chose to let him.

Watching flames of war erupt across the upper realm continent...

Five Phoenix celestials and lower three heavens ancestors suppressing upper realm forces with fortune cultivation—Lu smiled.

This battle proved it.

Five Phoenix was no longer a weak, bullyable high-martial world.

Of course, that wasn't his focus.

He cared about Zhulong's fight with the Dao Saint Ancestor.

His little cotton-padded jacket—naturally, he kept a close eye.

...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Terrifying auras erupted, shattering mountains and rivers, churning the earth.

Dao Clan powerhouses were stunned.

Oppressive saintly might suffocated them.

What had provoked their ancestor?!

Zhulong stood serenely in the void like an autumn leaf, eyes closed.

The Dao Saint Ancestor stared at her armor. He had planned to stall calmly, but could no longer.

"Imperial Heavenly Evolution Mirror aura..."

"Our clan's imperial weapon... how tragic!"

He wailed, emotions exploding uncontrollably.

Not only destroyed—dismantled by Five Phoenix cultivators into artifacts.

A million years of accumulation... shattered!

"I... will kill you! To appease our imperial weapon's spirit!"

"I will annihilate Five Phoenix, slaughter the Cloud Clan... you bullied the Dao Clan! This hatred is irreconcilable—even if it costs every last drop of Dao blood, Five Phoenix falls!"

His anguished cry pierced the heavens!

Dao Clan cultivators' eyes reddened instantly.

Facing the enraged clan, Zhulong tilted her head slightly.

Boom!

The Dao Saint Ancestor struck instantly, crossing the void.

His palm slammed out, collapsing space inch by inch.

Full power from the start.

Hatred for the imperial fragment armor boiled his killing intent.

Zhulong felt the pressure.

She grew serious.

A Saint Ancestor... was indeed strong!

Facing the palm, she threw a punch.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Her soft, delicate fist met his palm.

Centered on them, the world dimmed. Terrifying explosions rippled outward.

The Dao ancestral ground nearly turned to ruins in that instant!

Zhulong flew backward.

The Dao Saint Ancestor stared coldly, killing intent raging.

"Body tempered by Heavenly Dao, infused with its power—a half-saint! Besides Lu Ping'an, Five Phoenix hides another prodigy! Immense talent... pity Gu Mangran and Lu Ping'an are fools to send you to die!"

"After you, I'll slay Lu Ping'an!"

He declared icily.

Dao robes fluttering, he charged weaponless.

His saint dao weapon lost in void heaven, imperial weapon gone—lesser artifacts felt awkward, better none.

But his words...

Made Zhulong's expression freeze cold.

Slay Lu Ping'an?

This man... wanted to kill her father?!

The best father in the world!

Energy boiled around Zhulong.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Vast fortune surged.

Her long lashes trembled; endless rage and power seemed to force her eyelids open.

Behind her, energy formed a vision.

A primordial beast with human head and serpent body loomed, blotting the sky.

The Dao Saint Ancestor sensed danger.

His heart pounded in dread!

Rumble...

He looked up, vaguely feeling the Nine Heavens Dao approaching.

This girl... could summon it?!

Sizzle...

Her lashes fluttered; eyelids lifted slightly. Through the slit, terrifying energy shattered void.

"Whatever grudge you have—come at me!"

"Threaten my father... and I'll end you!"

Zhulong said icily.

Her eyes snapped open.

Left eye pitch black, right eye blinding white.

Day and night inverted endlessly across the upper realm.

Black and white yin-yang qi churned behind her.

Killing intent flashed—heaven and earth overturned!

"Divine... ability?!"

The Dao Saint Ancestor's pupils contracted.

He had merely threatened—and she unleashed a divine ability?!

Next moment, his body was enveloped in a black-white millstone!

All he heard...

Was the grinding sound.

Da da da da da da...

Chapter 488: Cloud Saint Ancestor, I Curse You

Innate yin and yang—the two primordial energies.

A massive black-and-white millstone enveloped the Dao Saint Ancestor. Under its grinding pressure, deafening roars thundered.

This was a divine ability!

An extraordinarily powerful one!

The Dao Saint Ancestor felt utterly wronged. Normally, divine abilities were trump cards—saved for desperate, life-or-death moments.

Yet this girl unleashed hers over a single sentence.

Starting the fight with her ultimate move...

Was there no sense of fair play?

Boom!

The world flashed to blinding daylight, then plunged into pitch-black night. The entire upper realm alternated between black and white in that instant!

The Dao Clan fell into deathly silence.

Primordial Unity experts who had risen to join the battle and aid their ancestor hesitated, sensing the terrifying millstone shrouding him. They abandoned their ascent.

Mountains and rivers crumbled; the earth cracked.

The Dao ancestral ground teetered on collapse.

Already stripped of a million years' dao reserves without their imperial weapon, it couldn't withstand this onslaught.

Boom!

Void collapsed inward; endless chaos currents surged across the heavens.

Primordial Unity experts felt chills of helplessness.

Watching the girl in imperial-weapon armor—eyes closed again, hair settling calmly—their fighting spirit drained away bit by bit.

Day and night cycled relentlessly.

The chaos and destruction dragged on.

Finally, the vast, terrifying energy began to dissipate.

A figure emerged in the void: clothes tattered, hair wild, face charred and battered, blood seeping from every pore.

Heavy gasps roared like gales through mountains and rivers.

The Dao Saint Ancestor hovered, chest heaving like bellows.

The Dao Clan remained silent for a long while.

Then, faint cheers rose.

Their ancestor... had survived!

He endured that horrifying divine ability!

They weren't defeated yet!

There was still hope!

Blood blurred his vision as he forced his eyes open, gazing at the floating Zhulong.

For the first time, gravity settled in.

"Lucky you haven't reached saint realm. Your divine ability lacks full power—otherwise... I would have fallen to it today."

He rasped.

So close—truly so close.

No wonder Lu Ping'an sent her alone: she wielded such a devastating ability.

Without his body tempered by Nine Heavens' Dao, he might have been ground to pulp by the yin-yang millstone.

Divine abilities were rare in the Nine Heavens—possessed only by a handful of innate prodigies.

Even Saint Ancestors might never gain one; it was an inborn gift.

He stared at the serene, autumn-leaf-like girl, eyes closed once more.

Killing intent thickened in his gaze.

"You call Lu Ping'an 'Father'?"

"So you're his daughter? Perfect... kill you, and soon father and daughter will reunite!"

Saintly might surged from him.

It was transformed Heavenly Dao power.

His form blurred into a thread, flashing across the void.

Appearing before Zhulong.

She was weakened post-ability—he had to strike fast and end her.

Or once recovered, another millstone would crush him!

Zhulong swayed, eyes closed, unflinching.

She simply punched.

That's right—any grudge, come at her.

Boom!

Her fist shattered void inch by inch.

The Dao Saint Ancestor glanced at the crumbling, fire-ravaged ancestral ground.

Continuing here would flatten it.

Though not saint realm, Zhulong's combat power rivaled one.

Saint-level clashes wrought horrific destruction.

So he dragged her into the outer void battlefield!

"All Dao clansmen—slaughter the lower three heavens, the void heaven, every living being in Five Phoenix!"

As the rift sealed...

His icy command echoed.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Dao Primordial Unity auras erupted; they soared, eyes blazing.

The army assembled swiftly: Primordial Unity, ancient immortals, great beings...

Powerhouses emerged.

Dao warships sailed from the ancestral ground, exiting the upper realm continent—to invade below.

The Cloud Clan was already in fierce battle.

Even sending distress signals skyward.

Aboard an ancient warship, a formidable Dao Primordial Unity expert sneered toward the Cloud ancestral ground.

"It's all a conspiracy. Our ancestor said the Cloud Clan colluded with Five Phoenix long ago. This battle is staged—to lure us into aiding them, only for our forces to be ambushed by Five Phoenix and Cloud armies..."

"Our imperial weapon was sabotaged by the Cloud Clan! They are the disgrace of saint clans! One day, we'll exterminate them all!"

He ignored the Cloud distress signals.

The fleet swept forward, crushing void, charging out of the upper realm.

Beyond Yuan Magnetic Heaven.

Lu watched the Dao army emerge, surprised.

In the lower three heavens, many holy land experts paled.

Most ancestors were assaulting the Cloud Clan—leaving defenses thin.

"Cunning Dao Clan..."

Lu's eyes narrowed gravely.

Upper realm cultivators were far more ruthless than he'd imagined.

Cloud distress was obvious; Lu was sure the Dao had seen it.

Yet they ignored it.

Opting for a feint: open path one way, strike another.

With lower heavens' ascendants attacking Cloud, it was the perfect moment for vulnerability.

Good thing he'd held back.

Sleeve rolled, piece taken.

Clack!

It fell on the board.

Void rippled.

Rumble!

The Netherworld materialized above Yuan Magnetic Heaven.

Countless wails of undead echoed chillingly.

The Yellow Springs surged endlessly; the Bitter Sea stretched boundless.

"The Netherworld?!"

A Dao Primordial Unity expert's expression shifted.

Worse: deathly yin aura spread.

Ten undead cities emerged, looming over the Netherworld.

Creak...

Gates opened.

The ten city lords sat enthroned like Yama judges.

Dan Taixuan in armor, eyes sharp and cold—yet excited.

His day had come.

He raised his hand.

Boundless karma cascaded like a waterfall.

"Where are the Netherworld yin soldiers?"

He commanded.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

From the gates...

Orderly figures in cold armor marched out.

Karma crisscrossed; soul power swept terrifyingly.

Yuan Magnetic Heaven's skies darkened instantly.

A force rivaling any upper saint clan!

"Those who invade Five Phoenix—hunted to the ends, no matter the distance!"

Dan Taixuan rose, roaring.

Slamming his armrest.

Pointing at the Dao army.

"Charge! Kill them all!"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Yin soldiers borrowed the path; yin qi shrouded Yuan Magnetic Heaven.

Karma surged; they clashed with the Dao army.

Nine city lords struck—cold chains lashing Dao Primordial Unity experts.

Clashing, karma tangled with immortal qi—evenly matched!

Beigong Saint Lord, blood boiling, joined the fray.

Once of the lower three heavens, he knew how upper realm experts viewed them: lowly trash.

"Who is born lowly? Without strength, who is truly noble?!"

His roar shook as he charged from the Netherworld.

Now with power—he'd vent it all!

Lower three heavens.

Cultivators in Pingyang, Blood Evil, Yuan Magnetic watched the battle—blood surging.

Who wished to be born lowly?

Beigong's words struck their souls.

Once, the lower three weren't weaker than any.

All beings had been equal.

Now, equality demanded strength.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

From high-martial worlds, holy land lords unleashed soaring auras.

More responded.

Some laughed wildly—then charged out!

"If the upper realm lacks dao... then overthrow it!"

The Dao army, tangled with yin soldiers, paled.

The lower three heavens... uniting to assault the upper realm?

Few top experts, but gathered great beings and lords formed a terrifying flood!

Dan Taixuan stepped into the Netherworld abyss.

The Buddha statue gleamed eerily in flames.

Karma cloaked him like a Netherworld deity.

He raised his hand.

Karma poured into the abyss.

Impacting the trapped Cloud imperial weapon—the Supreme Furnace.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Interwoven dao flames erupted—scorching hot, threatening to melt void.

Dan Taixuan laughed.

Drawing fire, he soared toward the Dao army in Yuan Magnetic Heaven!

His karma neared river-like; strength immense.

Though inexperienced in cultivator battles, his foundation let him tank perfectly!

Boom!

Furnace flames poured down.

Dao forces screamed under imperial might.

Many shattered to dust!

"It's the Cloud imperial weapon! Supreme Furnace aura!"

"Damn it! Hateful Cloud Clan! Ours shattered—they keep theirs intact and attack us?!"

"Cloud Clan—have dogs eaten your hearts?!"

Warships burned; cultivators wailed.

Primordial Unity experts emerged ashen, cursing in anguish.

Not defeated by enemies...

But betrayed by trusted saint allies!

Infuriating!

With furnace aid, Dao forces crumbled—countless fell, blood staining Yuan Magnetic skies.

Many retreated to the upper continent.

But lower heavens ancestors assaulting Cloud sensed the sneak attack and rushed back with forces.

Meeting the withdrawing Dao army.

Eyes red with rage.

The Dao suffered pincer annihilation!

Puchi!

Dao Primordial Unity experts bled rivers; ancient immortals died in droves, corpses raining.

The great elder watched clansmen fall—heart twisting.

Grief exploded!

Burning his primordial spirit, he cried to the heavens.

"Ancestor! Those destroying our Dao Clan aren't Five Phoenix or lower realms—it's the Cloud Clan!"

"Ancestor, avenge us!"

Boom!

Terrifying explosion followed.

His blood-soaked words echoed across the upper realm.

Cloud ancestral ground.

Defeated Cloud cultivators heard it—staring blankly.

What had they done?!

Just sent distress—no aid came, now slander?!

They were barely surviving—how destroy Dao?!

This framing was shameless!

Cloud experts nearly spat blood.

...

Outer void battlefield.

The lifeless realm beyond Nine Heavens.

No life, no nurturing energy.

Drifting bald stones—some continent-sized, once life-bearing but annihilated, exiled here.

This was life's forbidden zone, death's end.

Boom!

Terrifying clashes!

Ripples spread across the dead silence—like stones shattering a calm lake, plunging deep.

Two figures separated, hovering.

Just stabilized—then reeled, erupting in brilliance.

One north, one south!

Clashing again in the void!

The Dao Saint Ancestor bled heavily, eyes shocked. Far off, serene Zhulong stood like an autumn leaf, chest rising—evidently strained.

He'd expected weakness post-ability.

Yet her power hadn't dipped.

"With imperial armor, your body rivals a Dao-tempered saint's. You wield saint-level combat!"

He declared gravely.

Staring at her, he inhaled deeply.

"Lu Ping'an didn't come himself—sent you alone... treating me as a whetstone for his little girl!"

Icy words, lips curling in murderous sneer.

A grand saint ancestor—reduced to practice tool.

Pathetic!

With imperial weapon intact, would Lu Ping'an dare step here?

All because Cloud sabotaged their weapon!

Zhulong silent.

She charged again—candle dragon shadow vast behind.

Boom!

Clashing fiercely!

As he countered...

He shuddered, sensing something.

Visions: falling corpses, wailing Primordial Unity elder!

Burning spirit cries!

He staggered.

Seeing clansmen die, plummeting.

"Ancestor! Destroyers aren't Five Phoenix or lowers—Cloud Clan!"

Each word blood-drenched!

His eyes reddened instantly.

Zhulong's attack landed.

Puchi!

Saint blood sprayed.

He took the hit, smashing into a dead continent.

But his aura brewed like an exploding sun.

Boom!

Weakened from lost dao reserves—it surged back to peak!

"Treat me as whetstone?"

Eyes crimson, killing intent boiling.

Zhulong grew wary—endless murder.

Boom!

Outer battlefield lit up—his full eruption.

Her lashes trembled; eyes snapped open.

Black-white pupils spun yin-yang.

Forming massive millstone!

Behind, ethereal human-headed serpent candle dragon coiled protectively—like armor guarding her!

Enhanced by swallowing Five Phoenix Dao, the ability's power terrified!

But...

Boom!

Golden light burst from the millstone.

The blood-soaked Dao Saint Ancestor emerged—burning aura for overwhelming strike!

To kill her in one blow!

Boom!

He flashed like lightning, palm slamming the protective candle dragon.

Massive explosion rippled.

Both flew back.

On shattered continent.

He lay supine, aura crumbling like falling stones.

Zhulong stabilized, slightly unsteady.

Eyes closed again; her armor cracked, on verge of shattering.

His killing blow—blocked by imperial armor.

"Thanks to Father's gift. Without it... I'd have bled a bit."

She said gravely.

Then her aura rose anew.

Gazing at him, body twisting...

True form emerged.

Crimson scales, stunning face with long serpentine body.

Beautiful features, black hair flying, red lips parting—head tilted as if drinking.

Heavenly Dao source faintly appeared.

Tail raised—turning golden.

Whipping toward him!

On shards.

He stood.

Aura plummeting.

Seeing her true candle dragon form—pupils contracted, death's grip on him.

Soon, bitter laugh.

"Defeated... I am defeated!"

"Sabotaged our weapon, slaughtered our people!"

"Cloud Saint Ancestor! Even in death, I swear by Heavenly Dao—become a curse! May you live forever in pain and guilt's torment!"

He gazed around.

"Lu Ping'an, I know you're watching..."

"Don't gloat. Colluding with Cloud—you'll meet bad end!"

"Five Phoenix doomed, you Lu Ping'an too wi—"

Boom!

Words cut off.

Zhulong's true form tail swept.

Terrifying strike crushed his head mid-sentence.

"I said—grudge with me, come at me."

"Threaten Father—I kill you."

She stated.

"You..."

Worthy daughter—killing and twisting the knife!

Unwilling to the end, head exploded; primordial spirit rose venomously.

Resonating with Nine Heavens Dao.

Turning lifelong grudge into heaven-shaking curse.

...

Boom!

A void stone shattered!

Lu Jiulian's body smashed into it, coughing blood that stained his robes.

Far off, radiant figure approached—ruthless, cold, murderous.

Dong!

The stone exploded.

Cloud Saint Ancestor stood atop, hair wild, glaring.

"Why run?"

"Weren't you here to slay me?"

"Come on!"

Boom!

Saintly might surged; he charged as light, energy exploding—annihilating shards.

Lu Jiulian blocked with green lotus sword.

Imperial might vast—but with scant fragments, far from Lu's gift to Zhulong.

Unable to unleash true terror.

Puchi!

Sword bent, slamming him—more crimson blood.

Fortune wove around him; eyes electric.

He charged.

Cloud Saint Ancestor too strong—Dao-tempered body invincible.

Unlike weakened Dao Ancestor—peak with full reserves!

Without fragment weapon, he'd have fallen long ago.

Clashing in outer void.

Nine of ten exchanges: defense for him, offense for the ancestor.

Half-step Mysterious Immortal—body not true one; still inferior against saint.

So: strike once, miss—flee far.

Entangling.

But victory impossible this way.

Slaying a saint—too hard!

Unlike Overlord, he didn't grow stronger beaten.

He needed a flaw!

Boom!

Cloud Saint Ancestor blazed like a sun—dazzling, aura shattering all.

Suddenly...

Cold, venomous voice drifted.

"Cloud Saint Ancestor! Even dead, I swear by Dao—become curse! Eternal pain and guilt!"

Dao Saint Ancestor's curse?!

His sun-like aura faltered.

Eyes reddened!

Utter confusion and rage!

What pig teammate?!

He was fighting—why curse him?!

What grudge?!

Hm?

Sword-wielding Lu Jiulian—eyes lit!

Opportunity!

As aura disrupted...

Illusory green lotuses bloomed.

Nine petals—each ringing!

Lotuses merged into one sword.

Fortune like surging river crashed down.

Enveloping the strike.

Thunderbolt flash—heavenly immortal descent, killing intent piercing the Cloud Saint Ancestor!

This sword...

Slay the saint!

Chapter 489: This Heavenly Tribulation—Father Will Bear It for You

Outer void battlefield.

A sword bloomed like a green lotus in ultimate splendor, slicing the void with countless fractures in an instant.

This was Lu Jiulian's pinnacle strike.

His eyes blazed; every pore surged with vast energy, channeling into the blade.

Destructive dao intent, unity of man and heaven, fusion of man and sword!

At this moment, his essence, energy, and spirit peaked.

He poured all his accumulation—from the start of cultivation to half-step Mysterious Immortal—into this one sword.

His only chance.

In a fair fight, he couldn't defeat the Cloud Saint Ancestor.

The man was no weakling—an ancient who had cultivated for hundreds of thousands of years, ancestor of an upper realm saint clan.

Not a fresh saint, nor like the Dao Saint Ancestor, stripped of dao reserves and plummeting in power.

Victory was nearly impossible!

Thus, during the clash...

The Cloud Saint Ancestor froze inexplicably, a split-second lag.

Lu Jiulian seized the opening.

Unleashing his strongest sword.

One strike—to slay a saint!

Rumble!

In the outer battlefield, a massive green lotus bloomed—immense, formed from countless sword qi sweeping vast distances.

Each strand could span eternities.

Terrifying explosions thundered through the void.

Closing in—relentlessly!

The Cloud Saint Ancestor's eyes reddened instantly!

Dao Saint Ancestor's curse coiled like chains around him, weakening his aura, clouding his will.

"Damn it!"

Lu Jiulian's sublimated strike posed true peril.

At saint level, battles hinged on instants—details.

The curse bound him, stiffening his body—a fatal flaw!

He raged.

If the curse came from Lu Jiulian, he'd accept it.

But from the Dao Saint Ancestor—former ally? Confusion fueled fury.

Indeed, the ancients spoke truth: often not enemies, but those beside you who defeat you!

Boom!

The curse brimmed with venom.

Sworn by Nine Heavens Dao—terrifyingly potent.

Lu Julian's sword cascaded like a galactic torrent.

Boom!

Roaring, the Cloud Saint Ancestor reacted from the curse—just as the saint-slaying blow crashed down.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Explosions rippled across the battlefield; continent-sized stones shattered, fragments pulverized by shockwaves.

Brilliant radiance—like a dying star, dazzling and scorching.

Lu Julian's body flew back, slamming into a massive rock.

Gasping, face excited.

His purpose in this world: pursue cultivation's pinnacle.

This battle—his first taste of that exhilarating extreme!

The annihilation lingered long.

Finally, the brilliance faded.

Lu Julian stood expressionless, leaning on his sword.

Gazing at the emerging figure amid interwoven sword light.

He exhaled.

Still not enough.

At the explosion's core...

The Cloud Saint Ancestor was wretched.

Curse lingered; nearly every inch torn by sword qi, flesh scattering. His Dao-tempered body—gravely wounded.

Lu Jiulian's sword fused insights and destructive intent.

A sublimated extreme.

It nearly ended him.

Like fished from a blood pool.

Waist gashed deep to bone—golden spine faintly visible beneath.

Pitiful.

Eyes fixed on Lu Jiulian; powerful fluctuations spread as he suppressed the curse.

Whatever madness gripped the Dao Saint Ancestor...

Priority: kill Lu Jiulian.

Post-pinnacle strike, he must be weakened.

Seize the moment—end him.

Then deal with the curse.

Not easy—sworn by Nine Heavens Dao. Not lethal, but draining.

He felt wronged.

Three years healing in seclusion—barely recovered, now cursed again...

Staring at panting Lu Jiulian.

Flames seemed to burn; aura blazed like a sun—though closer inspection revealed hollowness.

Boom!

He shot forward as light.

Approaching...

Suddenly shuddered.

Turning toward a section of the battlefield.

Rumble!

Nine Heavens Dao thundered.

Lu Jiulian, leaning on his sword, looked up.

Vast fortune formed a torrent—rushing like a river across the heavens.

"Fortune like a river..."

"Someone's becoming Mysterious Immortal!"

Gazing at the white river of fortune, he realized.

Envy surfaced.

So hard—reaching Mysterious Immortal too hard.

His full strike couldn't slay the saint.

No fortune from it to breakthrough.

Yet someone succeeded otherwise.

"Her?"

Thinking of Zhulong—envy deepened.

The Cloud Saint Ancestor paled.

Becoming saint?!

Someone breaking through in the outer battlefield?!

Who?!

Unease gripped him—linked to the Dao curse, foreboding loomed.

...

Yuan Magnetic Heaven.

Lu sat on the Thousand Bladed Chair, Spiritual Pressure Chessboard before him, pieces scattered.

"Little Zhulong... fortune converging like a river."

"Five Phoenix's first Mysterious Immortal."

He smiled, anticipation growing.

Slaying the Dao Saint Ancestor granted immense fortune—shattering her half-step bottleneck.

Fully stepping into Mysterious Immortal—comparable to saint realm.

Now, besides Gu Mangran and himself, Five Phoenix gained another saint-level force.

Mood lifted.

He knew...

Upper realm Dao and Cloud Clans—doomed.

Hm?

Eyes narrowed skyward.

Mysterious Immortal equated saint—naturally triggering heavenly response.

Nine Heavens Dao descended terrifying tribulation.

Lu squinted.

"Nine Heavens Dao..."

Hand sweeping the chessboard.

Decision made.

"Zhulong, go aid Jiulian."

"This heavenly tribulation—Father will bear it for you."

His vast voice echoed into the outer battlefield.

...

Outer void battlefield.

Torrential river of fortune surged, pouring into Zhulong.

Coiling like a massive white python—roaring defiantly at Nine Heavens.

Majestic!

In candle dragon form, bathed in the river—power elevating, transforming—she felt joy.

Dao Saint Ancestor slain; slaying fortune hers—propelling her to Mysterious Immortal.

Vaguely closer to Five Phoenix Dao.

Bloodline sublimating.

Candle dragon evolving.

Like an ancient demon god awakening!

Eyes closed, lashes trembling—blush on fair cheeks.

Suddenly.

Lu's words thundered in her ears.

"This tribulation—Father bears it!"

Like thunder—lips curved, dimples appearing.

Nine Heavens tribulation pressured her.

Facing it alone—great terror.

Might lose many scales.

But with Father shielding—she feared no horror.

Best father in the world.

Touched!

Since he said he'd bear it...

She ignored it—fulfilling his request.

Aid Lu Jiulian!

Boom!

She moved—streaking across the battlefield!

...

Rumble!

Oppressive aura spread; Nine Heavens Dao manifested terrifyingly.

As if crushing down.

Lu tore void, entering the outer battlefield.

White robes pristine, seated on Thousand Bladed Chair.

Saint tribulation?

Mysterious Immortal saint-equivalent—horrific indeed.

Why not let Zhulong transcend it?

It would purge unstable energy from breakthrough.

But he chose to block—for reasons.

First: his precious little one—he couldn't bear her struck by lightning.

Second: she inhaled/exhaled Five Phoenix Dao, bearing its aura—future possibly embodying it.

Tribulation might expose it.

Thus, he blocked.

As creator—he bore none of its aura.

Pure, untainted Qi Refiner.

No exposure.

Moreover...

Hand gently stroking the Stealing Heaven Tower on the chair's arm.

Eyes gleaming.

...

Outer void battlefield.

Cloud Saint Ancestor sensed rolling Nine Heavens Dao.

Expression shifting.

Someone ascending to saint!

Dao Saint Ancestor dead, cursed—now ascension: Lu Ping'an?!

He recalled: saint power without realm.

Now truly saint... terrifying!

Glancing at Lu Jiulian—killing intent surged.

Kill him fast—then disrupt Lu's tribulation.

If Lu truly ascends...

Teaming with Lu Jiulian—he'd be doomed!

Boom!

Like a blazing sun—bloodied but murder unparalleled.

Fist crashing!

Mountains and rivers seemed to shatter!

Lu Jiulian raised green lotus sword to block.

Dong!

Muffled blast; stone behind exploded, Lu Jiulian rocketing away like a cannonball.

Cloud Saint Ancestor gathered energy.

"Die!"

Flames swirled like stellar storms—forming a fearsome fire halberd in his hands.

Gripping it, sweeping the battlefield.

One hit—unblockable, even with fragment sword!

His strongest killing art—from Supreme Furnace flames.

Rumble!

Fire sea surged—world-ending.

Lu Jiulian hovered, sword raised.

Expression calm.

Mind unprecedentedly serene.

This battle...

His toughest one-on-one—victory unseen.

Too hard.

He could challenge saints above his level.

But against this Cloud Ancestor—victory elusive.

Yet...

Until the end—no surrender.

Suddenly.

Fortune river swept in.

A figure streaked from afar.

Boom!

Halberd thrust.

Clang!

Terrifying clash thundered waves.

Ripples spread; fire sea burned millions of miles!

Beneath...

Lu Jiulian looked up, hair flying—stunned at the figure shielding him.

A girl, eyes closed, back to him—taking the halberd strike.

Imperial fragment armor radiated vast might...

"What?!"

Cloud Saint Ancestor felt his halberd dissipate.

Horror on his face.

What the hell...?!

Under the fire sea.

Lu Jiulian stared in shock.

"Buzhou Peak... Zhulong?!"

Deep breath.

"Father sent me to aid you..."

Zhulong said faintly, lashes fluttering.

"Father said beat him half-dead—you finish."

Lu Jiulian froze. Half-dead... for him to finish?

To claim the kill—slay saint, reach Mysterious Immortal?!

Was he one to scavenge kills?!

And a saint ancestor—easily beaten half-dead?

Deep breath.

Leaning on sword.

Staring at Zhulong.

"Girl... I don't want to struggle anymore."

Clang!

Sword drawn.

Humming brightly.

"I'll take it!"

Zhulong paused—something off, but nodded.

She spoke little—cold to all.

Except Father.

"Saint might! You're the one ascending?!"

Cloud Saint Ancestor stared gravely as Zhulong turned slowly from the fire.

Serene beauty, eyes closed—like a quiet autumn leaf.

"What a Five Phoenix... besides Lu Ping'an, spawning monsters like you two!"

"Pity—today, you all stay!"

Killing intent boiled.

Fear gripped him.

One Lu Jiulian—half-saint prodigy, manageable.

But this girl—true saint might!

Must kill!

Or given time—Five Phoenix horrifying!

Netherworld, Heavenly Gate, Five Phoenix... grand conspiracy—plus prodigies like Zhulong, Lu Jiulian.

Unlimited potential—terrifying!

Unkilled—Cloud Clan doomed!

Boom!

He struck—flames forming halberd, charging Zhulong.

Hair flying, she burst forward.

Pre-saint, she fought Dao Ancestor—now saint-equivalent, fearless!

Two rainbows clashed!

Suddenly!

Vast candle dragon emerged—crimson scales blazing.

Tail whipping down.

Crack!

Cursed Cloud Saint Ancestor struck—halberd shattered, fire sea parted.

Tail smashed his body.

Half exploded.

Against Mysterious Immortal Zhulong—his tempered flesh held no edge.

He flew back, face shocked!

Lights collided endlessly—shifting.

Puchi! Puchi!

He coughed blood relentlessly.

Beaten down—no counter.

Zhulong inwardly conflicted.

She wanted divine ability—one glare, end it.

But feared instant death.

Father said half-dead—for Lu Jiulian.

She obeyed.

So—tire herself, slowly cripple him.

Bang!

Shards exploded.

Cloud Saint Ancestor dazed—lost.

How to fight?

Monster.

Imperial armor—invincible defense, unharmed—attacks devastating.

Flesh couldn't withstand.

Shoulder exploded.

Waist cavernous.

Arms blocking—shattered.

Legs broken...

Bleeding in void—wretched.

Zhulong hovered, lashes trembling.

Eyelids slightly lifting.

Yin-yang qi swirling terrifyingly.

Oppressive as heavens.

White robes fluttering, bamboo flute at waist—she approached.

Boom!

Aura spread—vast power erupting.

Yin-yang qi collapsed void, mangling his body.

Hurling toward Lu Jiulian.

"Catch."

She said.

Lu Jiulian flushed slightly.

But sword flashed lightning-fast.

"Shnk!"

Smoothly piercing the Cloud Saint Ancestor's head.

Chapter 490: The Nine Heavens Dao Is Nothing Special

The upper realm continent was engulfed in raging warfare.

Battle cries echoed across the vast land. Streaks of light crisscrossed at blinding speeds—peaks shattered, rivers severed.

This was the clash between saint clan powerhouses and the ascendants from Five Phoenix and the lower three heavens.

The upper realm experts grew increasingly alarmed as the fight wore on. Once dominant in war...

Now, they retreated step by step, utterly losing their ability to resist.

Especially the terrifying strength of Five Phoenix celestials—it chilled them to the bone.

Overlord stood like a demonic god, axe and shield sweeping wide—an immovable mountain.

Armies of thousands couldn't breach his defense.

The upper realm had descended into chaos. Cloud Clan dispatched experts of every realm—Combination, Soul Division, even Infant Transformation and Nascent Soul.

Yet...

Overlord, a true immortal with pillar-like fortune, held the line alone against the hordes.

Like a demon god barring the path, his roars shook mountains and rivers—forcing the Cloud army into steady retreat.

Some Nascent Soul cultivators had their spiritual senses shattered by a single bellow.

Overlord's cultivation was no ordinary path. He founded the demonic sect in Five Phoenix's western domain, spreading body refinement techniques that benefited countless cultivators.

Many who struggled with qi condensation found unexpected success in body refinement.

Numerous body refiners rivaled qi cultivators in combat power.

Thus, Overlord alone gathered half the western domain's fortune.

His cultivation soared rapidly.

Not to mention Sima Qingshan, Kong Nanfei, and Bai Qingniao—founders of their own immortal sects with unique systems.

Sima's painting dao, Kong's righteous qi, Bai's Nine Phoenix Transformation—each brought immense fortune.

Their strength was formidable.

Fortune pillars descended from the heavens, bathing them.

The Cloud Clan routed.

As Primordial Unity experts fell one by one...

Saint clan morale plummeted—utterly crushed.

Their only hope now lay with the ancestor battling in the outer void.

If he returned victorious in glory, it could rally their sagging spirits.

Perhaps reclaim saint clan dignity.

Could the ancestor fall?

Could Lu Jiulian truly match a saint?

No one believed it—the gap was too vast.

Moreover, the Cloud Saint Ancestor was no weak saint: clan progenitor, bolstered by millions of years of dao reserves—incredibly powerful.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

On the upper continent, Cloud Clan retreated to their divine temple.

It enshrined their imperial weapon—gone now, but residual imperial might still sheltered them.

Meanwhile, in Yuan Magnetic Heaven...

The battlefield was even bloodier.

Netherworld yin messenger armies swept the Dao forces. With Supreme Furnace flames aiding...

Dao experts burned like ants, crackling.

Imperial fire clung relentlessly, scorching primordial spirits.

Such agony and doom left Dao armies no escape—annihilated.

Led by Dan Taixuan, the nine city lords with pillar-like karma overwhelmed Dao powerhouses.

Wails echoed endlessly in Yuan Magnetic Heaven.

That day, rivers of blood flowed.

Countless experts trembled watching once-lofty ancient immortals and Primordial Unity fall.

But their eyes burned with excitement.

The Dao Clan was finished!

One upper saint clan—erased from the ten greats!

Undead souls drifted in the void—fallen Dao experts. But Netherworld's specialty?

Cold soul-binding chains ensnared them all.

On Dan Taixuan's order, dragged into the Yellow Springs, cleansed, ferried to the Bitter Sea.

Fuel for karma cultivation.

Hm?

Suddenly...

All looked up.

The outer battlefield grew quiet.

Terrifying booms ceased—battle ended.

Everyone awaited the outcome.

Whoosh...

Dao survivors lifted heads—hearts sinking.

A grief like losing kin.

A powerful Primordial Unity resisting imperial fire paled, body swaying.

Turning toward the vast upper continent...

Blood clouds gathered in the skies.

Crimson rain poured.

Endless mourning wails resonated—from Nine Heavens Dao itself.

The Dao Primordial Unity trembled.

"Blood rain from heavens, Dao mourning..."

"Ancestor fallen!"

Clutching his chest, emptiness gripped him—lingering fear.

In Dao ancestral ground...

Clansmen looked skyward, feeling the blood rain.

Many wept unknowingly.

Boom!

"I become curse—eternal, cursing you, Cloud Saint Ancestor!"

Wailing resentment echoed.

Next...

Every Dao clansman saw visions: ancestor's body crumbling, primordial spirit devoured by curse—turning to venomous power.

What hatred drove a saint to restless death—as detested curse?

Dao cultivators ashen.

Ancestral beings wailed.

Dao Saint Ancestor... dead!

Their pillar—gone!

Boom!

In Yuan Magnetic Heaven.

A Dao Primordial Unity eyes cracked—imperial fire-clad, fleeing to upper continent, ancestral ground.

Enduring grief, activating migration plan.

With ancestor alive—hope.

Now...

Dead—they must relocate the clan, or face slaughter by Cloud, Five Phoenix, lower heavens!

Blood rain fell.

In ancestral ground...

The fire-returned Primordial Unity watched ancient warships laden with Dao life and hope vanish into teleportation arrays.

A million-year legacy—couldn't end on his watch.

Seeing them go, he closed eyes in relief.

His primordial spirit burned away.

Before falling...

Wailed unwillingly.

"Cloud Clan—die horribly!"

...

Meanwhile.

In Cloud ancestral ground, every cultivator paled.

Blood rain—hearts clenched.

Nearly thought their ancestor dead.

But mourning spared Cloud—Dao's ancestor fallen.

Those in the temple exhaled.

But only briefly.

Morale gone.

Facing ferocious Five Phoenix celestials outside—bodies cold.

Suddenly...

Temple shuddered!

More blood rain!

Cloud cultivators looked up blankly—hearts hollowed.

Inevitable.

Rumble!

Skies tore.

A figure emerged slowly.

Lu Jiulian battered, bloodied—but cold-faced, gripping green lotus sword.

Sword... impaling a head, carrying the body.

Rumble!

Like thunder shattering heavens.

All Cloud experts numbly stared at triumphant Lu Jiulian returning from outer void.

His sword bore the Cloud Saint Ancestor's corpse!

Cold corpse!

Instantly...

Taut strings in Cloud hearts snapped!

Their invincible ancestor... defeated and dead!

"How...?"

A Primordial Unity despaired.

Unacceptable—a saint, Dao-tempered, vast saintly might!

How dead?!

How did Lu Jiulian slay him?!

Even Five Phoenix side—Overlord, Sima Qingshan, Bai Qingniao—mildly surprised.

They hadn't expected Lu Jiulian to truly kill a saint alone.

Planned to suppress Cloud, then aid in outer void.

Yet...

He vanquished the ancestor single-handedly.

Saints... that weak?!

Crossing realms to kill ordinary saints—believable.

But a saint ancestor—hundreds of thousands years old? Unimaginable.

Lu Jiulian hands behind back, one gripping sword—flick.

Cloud Saint Ancestor's corpse plummeted from heavens.

Boom!

Crashing into ancestral ground.

Cloud cultivators stared at wide-eyed corpse; elders staggered, coughing blood.

Defeated... utterly?

Ancestor fallen—last hope gone. Million-year Cloud Clan—doomed to extinction!

Rumble!

Saint's fall by Lu Jiulian's sword—vast fortune surged.

Pouring into him.

Whoosh...

Robes fluttering, aura rising.

Eyes closed, expression complex.

Finally taking the step.

Boom!

One stride—bottleneck shattered by power.

Hum...

Fortune like river—Lu Jiulian entered Mysterious Immortal with a thought!

Five Phoenix gained another saint-level force!

Five Phoenix celestials and lower heavens ancestors envied his aura crossing to saint.

But more—excitement!

From today, upper saint clan myth—shattered!

...

Outer void battlefield.

Lu sat pristine in white, silver blades stacked.

Spiritual Pressure Chessboard floated before him, glowing softly.

Sleeve rolled, piece placed—arranging the board.

Rumble!

Void thundered.

Rolling Dao will roared like a beast.

Thunderclouds gathered—heavy, threatening to crush worlds.

Heavenly tribulation—Nine Heavens Dao's, for Zhulong's Mysterious Immortal ascension.

Fiercer than any before.

Saints in Nine Heavens—no weaklings, lifespans hundreds of thousands years, clan progenitors.

Such power—naturally tribulated.

Far off...

Zhulong returned swiftly.

Per Lu's order—crippled Cloud Ancestor, then back.

Just as she arrived—tribulation descended.

Sensing Father calm beneath thunder—admiration on her face.

This tribulation terrifying—she'd lose scales, bleed if facing alone.

But Father—so relaxed!

Boom!

First penalty: thunder trident plunging.

Void tore—cracks sizzling.

Lu's robes fluttered.

Smiling lightly, piece down.

Clack!

Spiritual pressure beam soared.

Clashing the trident!

Boom!

Ripples spread—like pebble in pond.

Trident dispersed; pressure vanished.

Zhulong watched afar, mouth agape—full admiration.

"Wow..."

"Worthy of Father."

That trident—would crack her scale.

Second penalty fell.

Lu casually placed piece.

Pressure soared—clashing thunder.

Like fireworks—waves surging.

Zhulong eyes closed, lashes trembling—face tilted forty-five degrees.

Constant "wow oh"s.

On Thousand Bladed Chair, Lu's primordial spirit entered the chessboard.

Surroundings became domain—like playing Dao.

Tribulation pieces—Lu countered with pressure.

But this saint tribulation—disappointing.

"Nine Heavens Dao... nothing special."

He said.

Shaking head—regret.

Desired feeling absent.

Boom!

His words—blasphemous—enraged it.

Next...

Thunder palm shot from clouds.

Interwoven dao reserves!

Vast saintly might spread.

Zhulong hair flying—face grave.

This palm—terrifying.

Resisting—she'd lose scales and blood.

On chair, Lu held piece—looking up.

At sky-covering palm of reserves and might.

Eyes lit.

This—the feeling he wanted!

Hum...

Stealing Heaven Tower floated under primordial spirit control.

Lu tossed it leisurely.

Toward the descending palm.

Finally useful!

Innate treasure—above heavenly spiritual tools!

Curious of its power.

Boom!

Palm met tower—like mountain crushing ant.

Heaven-shaking explosion!

Rumble!

Muffled echoes intertwined.

Palm... cracked!

Interwoven reserves absorbed by tower—like whale swallowing, dragon drinking—all pouring in from top.

Saintly might dissolved; reserves gone.

Palm disintegrated.

Terrifying penalty—vanished.

Lu's eyes gleamed—fingers tapping armrest.

Worthy innate treasure—tribulation threat nullified.

"Final penalty held about ten thousand dao reserves... less than dismantled imperial weapon, but for saint tribulation—decent."

Ten thousand—not much for Five Phoenix now.

But free—Lu pleased.

Calculating...

One saint ascension—ten thousand from Nine Heavens Dao.

Ten Mysterious Immortals—hundred thousand.

Hundred—a million...

Eyes bright—evolve to first-level high-martial?

But cultivating river-like fortune Mysterious Immortals—not easy.

Nine Heavens Dao not foolish—one steal fine, hundred...

It'd chase Five Phoenix down.

Rumble!

Far off...

Thick clouds gathered.

Lu looked—bright-eyed.

Lu Julian tribulating.

Sword-impaled Cloud Ancestor—fortune gained, entered Mysterious Immortal.

Saint power—tribulation due.

Another ten thousand incoming.

But...

Unlike Zhulong's—Lu wouldn't easily block for him.

After all, aided by Zhulong to kill—foundation unstable. More lightning—to temper, stabilize.

So...

Glanced at admiring Zhulong—beckoned.

She approached; Lu tossed Stealing Heaven Tower.

Pointed Lu Jiulian's direction—transmitted words.

Zhulong eyes closed, lashes trembling—brows raised.

Then, bidding farewell—hugging tower, humming—headed there.

...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Terrifying thunder plunged endlessly.

Outer battlefield thundered—stones exploded, void cracks webbed.

Puchi!

Lu Julian charred—endured one, smashing into stone—crawling up painfully.

Smoking all over.

Nine Heavens tribulation...

Gritting teeth—no retreat. Power tempered—growing stronger.

He already had saint power—high chance.

Battle with Cloud Ancestor—though disadvantaged, gained insights.

Confident to pass.

Smoking...

Leaning on sword—side-glanced approaching closed-eyed Zhulong.

"Girl, hold—this time, I'll struggle myself."

Lu Jiulian smiled freely.

Zhulong eyes closed, lashes trembling—fair face nodding slightly at him.

Light laugh—dimples blooming.

Then gazed at thick tribulation clouds.

Recalling Father's casual tone on chair.

Red lips parted—voice chiming in battlefield.

"Nine Heavens Dao... nothing special."

She said.

Leaning Lu Jiulian—body stiffened.

Rumble!

Clouds tore.

Thunder palm shot—interwoven reserves, vast saintly might.

Furious descent.

Cracks webbed everywhere.

World-ending aura—chilling.

"???"

Lu Jiulian.