

Starlit Path 501

Chapter 501: Five Phoenix—Strong Outside, Hollow Within

Five Phoenix truly faced a great tribulation. The first beast Liuying remained unresolved—yet Heavenly Gate and Netherworld birthed more.

As if carrying world-ending aura—threatening to engulf Heavenly Gate, Netherworld, and Five Phoenix.

Two more Mysterious Immortal-level beasts!

Five Phoenix skies fully changed—twilight crimson, as if bleeding. Murderous and killing qi spread—like ancient battlefield returning.

Five Phoenix immortals paled.

Even Lu Jiulian felt immense pressure.

No wonder enigmatic Demon/Devil Lords so tense—Mysterious beasts meant saint calamities, ancient emperors' return omens—terrifying slaughter.

Five Phoenix... might perish.

World horrified, panicked—yet powerless against calamities.

Five Phoenix continent, southern domain.

Overlord, Tang Yimo etc. bitterly battled Liuying.

Without constant entanglement—beast long peaked.

Then Overlord/Tang Yimo etc. true immortals—no match.

Too hard!

Though true immortals advanced in combat—far from slaying Liuying.

Mysterious beast—immense defense, terrifying killing.

Pressure on Five Phoenix true immortals overwhelming.

"Beasts also in Heavenly Gate/Netherworld?"

During rotation rest—Overlord/Tang Yimo etc. learned, expressions bitterer.

"Yes—Dao/Cloud saint weapons fell there. Like Water weapon—birthed peerless beasts."

"Good news: two not emerged. One 'Yungu Diao', one 'Hell Hou'—auras no weaker Liuying."

Lü Mudui/Mo Tianyu arrived battlefield—informed.

"Truly heaven wills Five Phoenix extinction..."

Overlord clenched fists.

"Heavenly Gate 'Yungu Diao' hard—few true immortals there. Even lower three ascendants aid—hard stop emergence."

"Netherworld Hell Hou easier—Nether King Dan Taixuan leads nine city lords—suppress."

"But not long-term... stalemate: Five Phoenix eventual loss. Unless slay one beast."

Lü Mudui sighed, stroking beard.

Overlord etc. silent—anticipated.

Not machines—fatigue. Endless resistance impossible.

Slight lapse—beast breakthrough: Five Phoenix calamity.

Only hope—slay one.

Mo Tianyu hands behind—solemn.

"Great fortune hexagram—not undeserved."

Shook head.

Gazed Five Phoenix horizon—like piercing void, boundless Nine Heavens.

"Greater crisis... yet to come."

Mo Tianyu deep breath—voice trembling, vaguely divined something.

Gu Mangran soon returned.

Southern battlefield—found sky-guarding Lu Jiulian.

Sensed boiling killing intent—southern true immortals soared.

"Those scared by Young Master Lu—saints learned Five Phoenix beast woe. Reforming invasion—bearing imperial weapons, attack Five Phoenix. Activate ancient emperor planted beast seeds—utterly shatter void heaven!"

Gu Mangran gravely.

Words—Five Phoenix true immortals breathing stalled.

True internal/external woes—undoubted.

Current true immortals vs internal beasts—struggling. Let alone external saints bearing weapons.

"Has Young Master Lu emerged?"

"If Young Master acts—perhaps scare again."

Overlord/Tang Yimo etc. hopefully asked.

Gu Mangran shook head—Ni Yu with Little Yinglong atop: dim.

"Young Master secluded—unless self-emerges: unfindable."

Ni Yu said.

Overlord etc. felt oppression—like seeing Five Phoenix future blood seas, corpse mountains.

"This heaven-earth... why always bully Five Phoenix."

"Vast Nine Heavens—no place for Five Phoenix?!"

Tang Yimo lamented.

Five Phoenix growth—too arduous.

From low-martial to mid—constant external invasions.

Now barely high-martial.

Yet ancient emperor layouts—internal beasts. Upper saint clans bearing weapons—invade.

"Current plan—external saints: we saint-level block. I, Lu Jiulian, Zhulong girl—halt saint clan assault."

"You seek internal breakthrough—slay/suppress beasts... only thus: Five Phoenix survival chance!"

Gu Mangran hoarse.

Next—no more words to Overlord etc.

Seated coffin—soared as light, vanished.

Long sky-suppressing Lu Julian rose—gripped Dao fragment green lotus sword, battle intent fierce.

Vs internal Liuying—helpless: act or not.

Acting—fortune drained.

Long pent rage.

Now saint clan invasion—vent direction.

Battle... to heart's content!

...

Netherworld.

Rumble!

Terrifying aura spread—black karma fire burned, Bitter Sea boiling.

Dan Taixuan armored—karma entwined.

Behind—nine city lords glared.

Hell Hou chained—slowly emerging from murderous/killing qi fused fortune beam.

"Dan Taixuan City Lord—upper saint clans bearing weapons invade Five Phoenix... great calamity descended."

Beigong Saint Lord beside—worried.

Five Phoenix peaceful briefly—again terrible slaughter.

Gazing Hell Hou forming vague form—entwined ancient emperor aura. Dan Taixuan fists clenched—killing intent boiling.

"Five Phoenix southern domain Liuying emerged—Mysterious can't act, true immortals desperate war."

"Upper saint clans come—learned news. Throw clan weapons Five Phoenix—stimulate ancient emperor contingencies revive, destroy Five Phoenix..."

"Upper saint clans—leave to Five Phoenix Mysterious. Our goal clear—Hell Hou emerges: instant slay!"

Dan Taixuan said.

Eyes resolute.

Hell Hou undying—Netherworld/Five Phoenix destroyed.

Slay beasts—only choice/opportunity.

Saint clan invasion—many saints bearing weapons. Below Mysterious join: useless. True change: slay origin beasts—fused ancient emperor aura born.

Dan Taixuan saw clearly.

Indeed so.

...

Lower three heavens—boiled again.

High-martial worlds—holy lords peak-gazed beyond.

How long?

Upper saint clans saints—return, destroy Five Phoenix!

Saints crossed—terrifying saintly might vast.

From former Dao/Cloud upper continent—spreading, countless beings trembled.

Seven saints—six imperial weapons: immense force.

Terrifying aura—lower three ascendants trembled.

Anger surged—yet powerless.

Indeed powerless—imperial-armed saints: how resist?

Immortals furious—yet helpless.

Only watch seven saints—bearing great slaughter—to void heaven.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Void quaked—like small worlds shattering.

Water Saint Ancestor trailed seven—no weapon: lost balance qualification.

Though ancient emperor return imminent—no attack her. But restore status: impossible.

But Water Saint Ancestor uncaring—as long destroy Five Phoenix—reclaim weapon.

"Indeed... Five Phoenix struggling. Our act—greater pressure."

One saint eyes gleamed—though void heaven, sensed Five Phoenix plight.

Liuying, Yungu Diao, Hell Hou saint pressures—understood powerlessness.

"These beasts... divine, powerful—hold ancient emperor rules. Worthy ancient emperor contingencies."

"Destroy Five Phoenix—if usable: clans ascend, even evolve!"

Persuaded by Water Saint Ancestor—six eyes fervent.

Fully believed her.

Current Five Phoenix—indeed tribulation.

...

Origin Lake, lake heart island.

Lu seated White Jade Capital pavilion—white robes flowing in breeze.

"Seven saints—Water Saint Ancestor among... six imperial weapons: near six hundred thousand reserves. Plus Cloud/Dao/Water three: near million..."

Lu exhaled slowly.

All fused: Five Phoenix leap first-level high-martial!

"Internal/external woes—Five Phoenix dead end. Breakthrough too hard."

"Such desperation—immense temptation. Saints can't resist acting."

Lu held bronze cup—drained Heavenly Immortal brew.

Gaze on Spiritual Pressure Chessboard—pieces interwoven.

Seven black like seven saints—gleaming.

Five Phoenix beings white—each bleeding. Dire situation.

Lu stroked chin.

Mind deducing.

"Play must realistic... seven saints, six weapons: unexpected joy."

"Cooked duck—can't let fly."

Eyes gleaming.

Sleeve rolled—piece taken.

Layout: interlinked, psychological game.

Fact—seven invading saints: vigilant.

Beasts gave illusion.

But lure into trap: insufficient.

Slight anomaly—weapon-bearing night flee possible.

"Unobtainable always tempting..."

"Make enemy fully believe—greater difficulty obtaining... greater desire."

Lu eyes torch-like.

Next—held piece suddenly down.

White piece—board situation vaguer, elusive.

Seven black—seemingly surrounded airtight by white.

...

Lu Jiulian returned Buzhou Peak.

Zhulong ever serene autumn leaf—quiet bluestone seated.

This time—no flute. Dazed—fair face faintly glowing.

Eyes closed—lashes trembling.

"Zhulong girl..."

Lu Jiulian ascended—cupped hands.

Seven saints—six imperial weapons invade Five Phoenix: irresistible crisis.

As Five Phoenix Mysterious—must block.

Internal/external—internal beasts Mysterious can't act. Lu Jiulian block external.

Fail external—no hope.

"I know—I'll act."

Zhulong slight nod—before finished, agreed.

Lu Jiulian stunned.

Tense face relaxed.

"Thank you Zhulong girl."

Zhulong lashes trembled—lips curled, cute dimples bloomed.

Vaguely heard Father's transmission—Father let act: she would!

...

Vast Ocean ancient tomb.

Gu Mangran returned.

Lu Changkong still researching divine medicines. Lower three via Heavenly Gate gradually unified—closer Five Phoenix ties. Top spiritual herbs transported—Lu Changkong freely nurtured.

Once deathly tomb—vitality surging.

Bu Nanxing respectfully assisted—habituated dull life.

Watching precious divine medicines born from Master Lu—numb, unsurprised.

Even Gu Mangran arrival—no ripple.

Mind long serene.

After all—Gu Mangran swallowing chrysanthemum elegant, but begging without return: wretched.

Gu Mangran arrival—Lu Changkong paused.

Talk—Lu Changkong grave.

"Little Bu—latest strengthened chrysanthemum divine medicine!"

Lu Changkong ordered.

Bu Nanxing deep breath—finally use?

This enemy... immensely powerful.

"Five Phoenix internal/external woes—external seven saints six weapons; internal Mysterious beasts ravage three realms... sigh."

Gu Mangran sighed.

Bu Nanxing horrified—seven saints six weapons: what lineup?!

Five Phoenix grown hated so?

Watching departing Gu Mangran.

Lu Changkong hands behind—paced palace front, gazed gloomy skies—eyes profound, seeing through.

What Ping'er doing?

Five Phoenix crisis...

Memory poor—this Five Phoenix's how many world-ending?

...

Beyond Five Phoenix continent.

Invisible lotus bloomed—Lu Jiulian gripped green lotus sword, appeared.

Deep breath—battle intent fierce.

Coffin tore—radiant light. Gu Mangran leaned coffin—held vivid red chrysanthemum divine medicine, oppressive aura.

Zhulong appeared—tranquil water, quiet hanging autumn leaf.

"Jiulian, Zhulong—no need act. This war... let old bones."

Gu Mangran said.

"Your futures limitless—fall here: pity."

"Even break old bones—guard Five Phoenix."

Zhulong lips pursed smile—no words, dimples bloomed.

Lu Jiulian hair flying—gazed void heaven beyond.

"General Gu—if Five Phoenix destroyed—what meaning life?"

"I—join war."

Lu Jiulian said.

Gu Mangran sunken sockets—light flowed.

Grand sigh.

Five Phoenix unique charm—he meant save body welcome ancient emperor "Hao" return. But slumber Five Phoenix long—attached to newborn high-martial, unwilling destruction.

Unwilling Five Phoenix perish.

"Then... war."

Gu Mangran eyes gleamed.

Opened withered mouth—stuffed vivid red chrysanthemum. Lu Changkong strengthened—potent.

Mouthful—vast energy surged.

Felt aura strengthening.

Withered flesh reddened.

Rose from coffin—hands behind, white to blood robes.

Rumble!

Vast saintly might boundless.

"Worthy Mr. Lu—potent, rivals Young Master Lu's Vermilion Bird fruit."

Gu Mangran laughed.

Hand raised—lifted coffin lid, step by step beyond void heaven.

Lu Jiulian/Zhulong swiftly followed.

Three lights crossed skies—appeared beyond void heaven.

Beyond void heaven—Pingyang Heaven.

Seven terrifying beings already stood—seven saints releasing vast saintly might.

Pingyang many small worlds quaked—like withering in might.

"Gu Mangran!"

Seven saints narrowed—gazed vital, surging Gu Mangran. Momentarily... felt oppression.

Fame's shadow.

Many saints gazed shifted—to Zhulong/Lu Jiulian.

"Lu Ping'an absent..."

Water Saint Ancestor narrowed—squinted.

Next—mind flash—connected details.

"Lu Ping'an Five Phoenix savior—surely desperately impacting saint realm... must breakthrough saint save Five Phoenix crisis!"

"We must quick battle! No give Lu Ping'an breakthrough chance!"

Water Saint Ancestor said.

Words—other six eyes gleamed.

Gu Mangran/Lu Jiulian shifted—change caught by Water Saint Ancestor: confirmed guess!

"Kill!"

One saint certain—no hesitation—unleashed imperial weapon.

Boom!

Vast imperial might boundless—like tearing skies!

Small tower five-colored light—smashed void heaven.

Void heaven rules changed—heaven blades.

"Imperial weapons open rules!"

One saint primordial spirit impacted tower—released might.

Other five laughed.

One saint head flame fan—Fire clan imperial.

One saint head green branch—Wood clan imperial.

Rumble!

Lower three heavens quaked—like heaven-earth collapse!

Six imperial weapons simultaneous might—hearts palpitate!

Gu Mangran, Lu Jiulian, Zhulong simultaneously released strong auras.

Immortal qi entwined—Lu Jiulian Mysterious might fully revealed.

Zhulong lashes trembled—innate yin-yang qi circled body.

Boom!

Suddenly.

Outer battlefield shattered!

Heaven-soaring demonic qi—surging demonic qi. Terrifying auras vast—tore void.

Two powerful figures killed from outer battlefield.

Shocked weapon-opening rules invading saint clan saints!

Lu Jiulian/Gu Mangran eyes gleamed—hearts rejoiced.

Demon Lord and Devil Lord!

Those enigmatic strong—in dire moment, ceased enmity—united against foe!

"Five Phoenix enigmatic Demon/Devil Lords! Also saint-level!"

Water Saint Ancestor narrowed—suddenly said.

Next—eyes burst myriad light!

Demon/Devil simultaneous appear—block invasion. Meant what?

Meant all true—they fiercer resist: proved Five Phoenix crisis terrible! Five Phoenix stronger outside, hollow within!

Demon Lord, Devil Lord, Lu Jiulian, Zhulong, Gu Mangran.

Five saint-level appearance—no deter seven saints.

Instead originally wary hesitant, observing two saints—no hesitation smashed imperial weapons!

Saint war—in void heaven.

Fully erupted!

Chapter 502: With a Human Immortal Body, Defy the Ancient Emperors

The saint-level war erupted in void heaven!

Without warning—catching lower three heavens cultivators off guard, suddenly igniting.

Seven pivotal upper saint clan saints invaded—wielding six imperial weapons, forcibly breaching void heaven rules, assaulting in.

This battle shocked entire lower three heavens—and beyond. With time fermenting, surely spread to upper fourth, third...

After all—seven saints, six imperial weapons: most intense since ancient war!

Figures hovered void—gazing void heaven spectacle.

World revealed complex emotions.

Five Phoenix rise too swift—mere years from nascent high-martial to current third-level rivaling saints.

Birtherd many Mysterious Immortals saint-level.

Like Lu Jiulian, Zhulong—faces lower three cultivators witnessed weak.

Especially Lu Jiulian—past world tournament, lower three sent holy sons/daughters compete.

Yet mere years—Lu Jiulian saint-level!

Though time array shrouded Five Phoenix exterior—understood not without aid.

But even with—mere centuries.

"This war... Five Phoenix withstands: rise unstoppable. Unless first heaven acts."

"Five Phoenix future—pivotal in Nine Heavens!"

Little Thunder Sound Great Senior gazed void heaven battle—deep exhale.

But Five Phoenix withstand?

Seven saints—six imperial weapons!

Though Five Phoenix wrought many miracles—this war... too arduous, slim victory.

In void heaven.

Lu Jiulian green lotus sword swept—killing intent fierce.

Rage pent from Liuying—fully released now.

Massive green lotus silently bloomed void—terrifying sword light crisscrossed skies.

Boom!

One saint imperial weapon clashed Lu Jiulian!

Instant—Lu Jiulian coughed blood, green lotus sword cracked.

After all Dao fragment-forged—gap vs true imperial.

Though saints couldn't fully wield—beyond Lu Jiulian's sword.

Void inch-collapsed—chaos currents scattered.

Both killed into outer battlefield—auras constantly clashing.

Gu Mangran swallowed medicine—aura surged, vital blood rolling. This strengthened chrysanthemum different.

Restored six-seven tenths power—wielding coffin lid, overwhelming might suppressed two imperial-armed saints—into outer battlefield. Gu Mangran ancient terror—strength undared underestimated.

...

Origin Lake, lake heart island.

Lu leaned Thousand Bladed Chair.

Spiritual Pressure Chessboard faintly glowed—projecting outer battlefield scenes.

Lu Jiulian sword qi crisscrossed—vs veteran saint. Opponent imperial—suppressed Lu Jiulian retreating steadily.

But Lu Jiulian fearless—charged repeatedly.

Youth vigor evident—desperate style daunted veteran saint.

Saintly might collisions—many shards exploded.

Lu uninterested battle.

Focused: seize imperial weapons from saints.

Smiled—uncaring.

Demon/Devil Lords his avatars—now ninth layer, blocking saints not strenuous.

Devil Lord lacked Indestructible Demonic Body—but power solid.

With Lu aid—Demon/Devil Lords no need slay, merely restrict two saints.

"No rush... saints' assault pressure, also drive. Perhaps stimulate those Five Phoenix fellows."

Eyes gleamed—regazed Spiritual Pressure Chessboard, Five Phoenix situation.

His created beasts fused heaven-earth fortune.

To force Overlord etc. potential—defeat beasts, divide fortune.

But now—seemed lacking pressure.

Rotation eased Overlord etc. burden beyond imagination.

Thus unacceptable.

Lu leaned Thousand Bladed Chair—fingers rhythmically tapping armrest.

Suddenly paused.

Eyes abruptly brightened.

Gaze locked—Spiritual Pressure Chessboard figure emerged.

Open-robed Mo Tianyu.

Lips curled slightly.

You.

Hand raised—piece slowly down.

...

Southern domain sealed Liuying battlefield.

Lü Mudui/Mo Tianyu together—peak gazing skies, faces worried.

"Fighting..."

"Five Phoenix Mysterious vs saint clan saints."

"Outcome unknown—but disadvantaged. These saints imperial-armed—power vastly boosted."

Lü Mudui frowned—sighed.

"Saints use weapons activate Five Phoenix beast calamity... hearts truly vicious!"

Mo Tianyu said.

Turned gazed still contained southern Liuying.

Five Phoenix true immortals relentless vs Liuying—but hard block power recovery.

Now Liuying combat rising!

True immortals struggling more.

Thus—Five Phoenix true immortals chronic death—eventually beast-slayed!

"Sigh..."

"What now?"

Mo Tianyu deeply regretted divining.

One great fortune—despairing.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Terrifying roar echoed southern—spread.

Entire southern domain quaked—ten-thousand-zhang Liuying six heads swept terrifying force.

Stones collapsed—mountains/rivers shattered.

Each head held dao intent—spitting odd powers.

Some corrosive, some freezing.

Overlord etc. resisted excruciatingly.

Even occasional Five Phoenix true immortal wounded!

Boom!

Suddenly heaven-earth quaked.

Mo Tianyu mind trembled—vaguely heard piece falling.

Jolted—gazed around.

Who?!

This piece sound—why so chilling?!

Roar!

Heaven-soaring murderous qi—killing intent overflowed.

Bang! Bang!

Explosive sounds echoed—void cracks webbed.

Overlord mouth/nose bled—like ball flung—plowed earth chasm.

Tang Yimo purple giant—muscles dense—flung, one arm seemingly snapped.

Void.

Sima Qingshan pale.

Coughed blood on paper—eyes dimmed.

Mysterious beast... too strong.

Kong Nanfei righteous river shattered.

"Liuying power rising again! Can't hold—full power!"

Distant resting Nie Changqing narrowed eyes—Dragon Slayer drawn, soared out.

Nie Shuang roared—body golden brilliant, vague phenomenon emerged.

Divine king body extreme.

Tang Guo cried—divine king body unstained—controlled flying sword slashed Liuying head.

Clang clashes, roars echoed southern battlefield endlessly!

Yet...

Five Phoenix true immortals coughed blood—aura withered. Liuying grew fiercer!

Situation suddenly passive.

Southern defense line outer—near million demon court/Great Xuan allied armies fearful.

Five Phoenix true immortals defeated—these armies: how block Liuying assault?!

But none retreated.

As armies—guard front.

If true immortals fell—they strive hinder.

Fact clear—if all true immortals died—escape where?

Ultimately beast annihilation!

Peak above.

Five Phoenix cultivators sorrowful.

They tried—but foe too strong.

"Five Phoenix arduously reached current—those ancient emperors should faded ages: why persecute?!"

One Five Phoenix human immortal unwilling—questioned heavens.

Truly no chance?

Peak above.

Mo Tianyu swayed standing.

Gazed distance—with near true immortal strength, keen sight—saw southern battlefield edge million fearful armies.

Yet held line unretreating.

"Ancient emperor layout? Heh... laughable!"

"Beast great era—how many beings die tragically, coated in blood!"

"Heavenly Gate, Netherworld, Five Phoenix each beast... all ancient emperor bureau!"

Mo Tianyu eyes sorrowful.

Clenched fists.

Surrender?

Five Phoenix arduously prospered—surrender, face destruction?

Mo Tianyu gritted teeth—peak stood, unwilling.

Gazed coughing Overlord etc.—withered Five Phoenix true immortals.

Mo Tianyu suddenly heavenward wailed—stared Liuying.

"I Mo Tianyu debut—poison divinations world. Divination defeating me: only myself!"

Mo Tianyu eyes mad.

Lü Mudui puzzled—words oddly flashy, domineering.

But redirecting righteous river vs Liuying Kong Nanfei seemed realize.

"Old Mo! No folly!"

"We still fight!"

Kong Nanfei sloppy robes flying—wiped mouth blood, hurried shout.

Mo Tianyu peak stood—shook head.

Shouting instant—vaguely sensed.

"Ancient emperors—beings pieces, heaven-earth board..."

"Five Phoenix crowds, upper saint clans... all ancient emperor pieces."

"Conventional can't break... unconventional must."

Mo Tianyu body straight like pine.

Gazed East Sea direction.

"Fact—Young Master Lu should break bureau..."

"But can't wait."

"Young Master human—not god... external saints invade, internal beasts slaughter. Young Master focused breakthrough—feels only breakthrough: resolve death bureau."

Mo Tianyu stood—murmured.

"Thus I knock board corner—give Young Master breakthrough chance..."

"Else born my Mo Tianyu defy fate intent why?"

"I Mo Tianyu—today defy Five Phoenix doomed fate!"

Mo Tianyu somewhat mad laughed.

Boom!

Hand pinched three bronze treasures—crack crack...

Treasures webbed cracks.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Explosions—three treasures midair shattered.

Intense pain—terrifying pressure descended!

Boom!

Five Phoenix skies vast fortune vortex emerged.

Vaguely—like star appeared.

Five Phoenix Heavenly Dao!

Heavenly Dao approached.

Fortune pillar formed—smashed down.

Like entire world pressed Mo Tianyu body.

Instant—Mo Tianyu blood-soaked.

But no retreat—bore fortune pillar, every cell quaking.

Eyes emerged hunched figure—hands behind, forward.

"Master..."

Mo Tianyu blood-drenched—bore Heavenly Dao pressure, murmured.

Though Five Phoenix centuries passed.

Mo Tianyu memory fresh—that snowy year.

Dongyang county walls—he gazed aged figure step by step—mortal body face then-powerful cultivators.

Now walls-standing thug like him—divine world life/death.

Current scene—like past?

Only Master gone... he Mo Tianyu remained!

"One divination defy fate... defy for me!"

Mo Tianyu eyes bled.

Defied Kong Nanfei fate, Nie Changqing, many.

Now...

Defy Five Phoenix fate!

Perhaps only chance game vs ancient emperors!

...

Origin Lake, lake heart island.

Seated Thousand Bladed Chair Lu—pupils slightly contracted.

Somewhat surprised—unexpected Mo Tianyu such resolve!

Truly defy fate intent—defy Five Phoenix destiny.

Vaguely.

Lu seemed see familiar figure on Mo Tianyu.

...

Rumble!

Southern domain peak.

Mo Tianyu blood-bathed rose—arms spread, wind whipping bloodied robes.

Eyes mad.

Head three thousand worry strands—instant detached, like bloodied dandelions floating.

Past Master mortal vs Body Storage.

Today—he human immortal defy ancient emperors!

Boom!

Mo Tianyu felt heaven-earth explode—primordial spirit sublimated, dao intent... shattered.

Body power like drained.

Mo Tianyu gazed Five Phoenix Heavenly Dao skies.

Slowly closed eyes—lips curled.

"Heh..."

"Ancient emperors... your grandpa divined for you—one divination... great fortune."

Dong!

Heaven-earth trembled.

All horrified.

Closest Lü Mudui body quaked—aged eyes shocked.

Boom!

Five Phoenix Heavenly Dao descending fortune pillar seemed shatter.

Suddenly tilted—swept horizontally.

This fortune pillar viciously swept—smashed Liuying, shattering scales!

Below.

Nie Changqing awoke from Mo Tianyu shocking act.

Roared.

Dragon Slayer hummed—massive blade light spanned heaven-earth.

Liuying fortune pillar smashed—painful wail. Above fused killing/murderous qi fortune—began disperse.

But Liuying angrier.

Tail swept—to fling blade-slashing Nie Changqing.

"I, Overlord—still hold!"

Boom!

Demonic qi heaven-soaring.

Overlord gripped shattered giant shield—directly body blocked before Nie Changqing. Facing Liuying tail—arms extended, hugged tail.

"Dao intent... unyielding!"

"Beast! Return!"

Tail-whipped so long—Overlord this moment returned pent accumulated power fully.

Knew unique chance—Mo Tianyu supported!

Only chance slay Liuying...

Chance fleeting!

Dong!

Southern domain earth fully exploded—countless shards flew, cracks rapidly spread, dust rolling mushroom-like!

Dust—Overlord gasped—hard clash blocked Liuying extreme assault!

Nie Changqing's blade—already down!

Puchi!

Blood... splattered, sprinkled heavens!

One head soared!

Nie Changqing white robes instantly blood-dyed.

Roar echoed southern.

First time—Liuying pained roar under Five Phoenix immortals assault!

"While fortune unstable... slay!"

Nie Changqing pale—earlier blade full power!

Suddenly!

Pipa sounds echoed.

Silver light suddenly brilliant like meteor.

Assassin Mo Liuqi unknown when—hidden appeared Liuying side.

Under Luo Mingyue pipa aid—power surged.

Ximen Xianzhi sword west—heaven-shocking sword splendor this moment cooperated Mo Liuqi—
extreme assassination, severed Liuying head!

Liuying fortune unstable—aura rapidly declined.

Tang Yimo low roar.

Six pulses opened seventh—body aura exploded!

Every cell heaven-shaking power!

Soared—one kick exploded Liuying head.

But post-explosion—aura instantly plummeted, crashed earth.

Every vessel seemed burst.

Bai Qingniao eyes fiery—body flames burned.

Nine Phoenix Transformation extreme.

Instantly nine fire phoenixes dove—tore Liuying head.

Once domineering Liuying—aura swiftly falling.

Kong Nanfei roared—righteous river smashed, crushed Liuying head...

Sima Qingshan, Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, Ni Chunqiu etc. acted...

Countless assaults spanned—illuminated southern skies!

Under Mo Tianyu created perfect chance—Five Phoenix immortals lived up!

Slew great vicious Liuying—in southern domain!

Rumble!

Vast imperial might spread—Water ancient emperor aura this moment began crack, constantly collapse!

Boom!

Liuying fortune exploded.

Like storm swept—poured into battling Five Phoenix immortals bodies...

Chapter 503: Thanks for the Imperial Weapons, Bros!

The instant the ferocious beast Liu Ying fell on the Five Phoenixes Continent, a tremendous surge of energy rippled through the entire Lower Third Heavens.

It was the aura released when a Profound Immortal realm beast perished.

Imperial might rolled outward in waves.

The beast Liu Ying—born from the fusion of the ancient Water Clan Emperor's aura, the continent's fortune, and the killing intent and ferocity of an ancient battlefield—had actually been slain by the cultivators of Five Phoenixes?!

Practitioners across the Lower Third Heavens stood frozen in shock. The scene was simply too staggering, too soul-shaking.

Yet what truly stunned them was this: from the battlefield beyond the heavens, tearing through the void, saint-realm powerhouses emerged one after another—and chose to hurl their imperial weapons straight into Five Phoenixes.

Boom!

Five saint-realm experts. Five imperial weapons.

Imperial might surged like an endless tide. The terrifying power of Great Emperors spread unchecked; a casual fluctuation could annihilate an entire minor world. Even a fifth-tier high-martial world would shatter like a melting iceberg in this moment.

“What are these saint-realm experts from the sacred clans trying to do?”

“They’re going to drop imperial weapons into Five Phoenixes and detonate the ancient emperor auras inside them, triggering the hidden contingencies left by the ancient Great Emperors. That will birth saint-realm ferocious beasts to wipe Five Phoenixes off the map!”

“How vicious! Have the sacred clans’ saints really sunk this low?”

“Five Phoenixes is done for. It’s over!”

...

Across the Lower Third Heavens, experts from various high-martial worlds hovered in the void, watching the scene with chills running down their spines. Five saints plus five imperial weapons—the fate of Five Phoenixes was easy to imagine.

There would be no saving it.

Even though Five Phoenixes had grown far stronger in recent times, how could it possibly withstand power on this scale?

Though the sacred clan saints could not fully unleash the weapons' might, even the ordinary leakage of imperial aura would be enough to slaughter billions of lives on the continent.

Cruel. Heartless.

But to saint-realm beings, the lives of Five Phoenixes were no more than ants.

"Let Five Phoenixes fall..."

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor was practically trembling with excitement.

The five saints urged their weapons onward. Terrifying auras spread, imperial might crashing through the void in endless waves, shattering space itself.

To countless observers, the five imperial weapons blazed like five blazing suns.

On the Five Phoenixes Continent, the beast Liu Ying had collapsed, dissolving back into raw murderous qi, killing intent, and a flood of heavenly fortune.

This fortune belonged to neither the human race nor the Demon King's Court.

With Liu Ying's death, that fortune transformed into boundless energy that poured into the bodies of every cultivator who had taken part in the battle.

The gravely wounded Overlord, Tang Yimo, Nie Changqing, Mo Tianyu, and others all received nourishment from it. Their injuries began to heal slowly.

But...

In this moment, no one cared about that.

All eyes were fixed on the imperial weapons descending from beyond the heavens.

Imperial weapons had first entered common knowledge during the Cloud Clan's assault on the Void Heaven, when they besieged the awakening Gu Mangran. In that battle, the weapons had propped open the rules of the Void Heaven, revealing their terrifying power.

A single imperial weapon was already horrifying. Now five were falling at once—enough to erase Five Phoenixes entirely.

Even if their full power was not unleashed, the ancient emperor auras leaking from them would birth five more monstrous beasts like Liu Ying or the Hell Hound.

Five Phoenixes' doom seemed inevitable.

Lu Mudui swayed on the mountain peak.

Mo Tianyu, now little more than a blood-soaked figure, lay unconscious under the crushing pressure of the Heavenly Dao despite the fortune's aid. He could not witness this scene.

Yet even if he could, Lu Mudui knew exactly what Mo Tianyu would feel.

"It's no use..."

Lu Mudui's face twisted with bitterness, his wrinkled skin folding in on itself as a mournful sound escaped his toothless mouth.

"The age of ferocious beasts that the Demon Lord and Demon Master spoke of... we cannot stop it. We cannot escape it."

Even though Mo Tianyu had risked everything to reverse fate and grasp the Dao Intent of Defying Fate, even though he and the immortals of Five Phoenixes had combined their strength to kill Liu Ying...

There were still the Cloud Venom Vulture and the Hell Hound—two more beasts no weaker than Liu Ying—waiting to emerge.

And now, five imperial weapons were crashing down from the extraterrestrial battlefield.

Their overwhelming imperial pressure would fully awaken the ancient emperor auras.

Five more beasts would be born.

Despair filled Lu Mudui's eyes.

In the Great Xuan Divine Dynasty, within the imperial capital.

The Human Emperor stood atop Asking Heaven Peak, his civil and military officials gathered behind him, all gazing at the five sun-like imperial weapons tearing through the sky.

The boundless imperial might made blood boil as though flesh might explode at any moment.

“Is Five Phoenixes truly doomed?”

Anger flashed in the eyes of the new Human Emperor as he stood with hands clasped behind his back.

Inside the Heavenly Gate, the immortals holding back the Cloud Venom Vulture fell silent.

In the Nether Realm.

Dantai Xuan’s gaze burned with killing intent.

With his explosive temper, he could not tolerate the sacred clans bullying Five Phoenixes like this.

One day, he swore, he would slaughter every last one of those bastards.

...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In the void.

Lu Jiulian and Gu Mangran wore expressions of utter despair.

They could not stop it.

They were already at a disadvantage against saints wielding imperial weapons. Now those saints were hurling the weapons into Five Phoenixes—how could they possibly intervene?

Boom!

Outside Five Phoenixes.

The Heaven Covering Formation surged upward, radiating profound mysteries.

It was the protective grand array Lu had set up long ago.

The River of Time rose as well, attempting to block the five imperial weapons.

Excitement gleamed in the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor's eyes.

In truth, the other four saints were equally thrilled.

“You cannot stop them! The harder you try, the more delighted we become!”

the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor declared.

The next instant, the saints laughed loudly and shifted sideways through the void. Their bodies, tempered by the Nine Heavens’ Dao, erupted with overwhelming auras.

Together they pinned down Gu Mangran, Lu Jiulian, and the others, preventing them from entering Five Phoenixes to intercept the weapons.

They only needed to stall until the imperial weapons triggered the ancient emperors’ contingencies and destroyed the continent...

And perhaps, in the process, they could even draw out the secrets of the Void Heaven, allowing the long-vanished ancient Great Emperors to return!

The saints’ eyes shone with fervor.

Their bodies trembled with anticipation.

“We are witnessing the return of an era!”

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor’s stunning face glowed with exhilaration.

If the ancient emperors returned, the balance of power—currently dominated by the First Heaven—might finally shift.

With ancient emperors backing them, each sacred clan would regain its confidence.

The Emperor realm was supreme, after all.

“Damn it all!”

Gu Mangran seethed with murderous rage.

He stared at the five imperial weapons descending toward Five Phoenixes, his body growing cold.

“Why? Why do this?”

“Just because Five Phoenixes was born within the Void Heaven? Is that why you must destroy it?”

Faces he had come to know flashed through Gu Mangran’s mind.

His heart ached more with every memory.

Over the years, even while sleeping in his ancient tomb, he had often explored the world with his primordial spirit.

He had seen so much—countless vibrant lives on Five Phoenixes.

It was a world brimming with vitality, filled with truth, kindness, and beauty. It did not deserve annihilation.

Lu Jiulian’s eyes had turned blood-red.

The Demon Lord and Demon Master both unleashed their auras.

Zhu Long abruptly opened her eyes. Heaven and earth shifted hue.

Though her father had only asked her to casually hold off the saints, she was furious now.

These people... deserved to die.

As Zhu Long's eyes opened, innate yin and yang qi swirled into a massive grinding mill that spanned the sky.

It ground downward with terrifying force, shattering the void inch by inch.

The saints' expressions changed slightly.

"A divine ability?"

Without imperial weapons in hand, they were somewhat wary, but together they still fended off the attacks from Five Phoenixes' numerous profound immortals.

The imperial weapons would sooner or later tear the continent apart!

All they had to do was wait.

Boom!

The River of Time swept in. The five imperial weapons unleashed horrifying imperial might and slammed into it.

The sundial blurred and vanished.

The temporal array ceased functioning.

The River of Time was torn apart by the five weapons.

“Hahaha! The River of Time may be strong, but it was only arranged by Lu Ping’an—not personally by the ancient Great Emperor ‘Hao.’ Its power is far too weak! How could it possibly block imperial weapons?!”

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor sneered.

Soon!

She would reclaim the imperial weapon Lu Ping’an had stolen from her.

Boom!

The smoke-shrouded Heaven Covering Formation surged next, taking over after the River of Time was shredded.

Within the array, the massive array glyph “All” floated upward, forming a powerful defensive barrier.

Yet it was futile.

Each imperial weapon weighed as much as a third-tier minor world, containing nearly a hundred thousand Dao reserves.

The Heaven Covering Formation could not hold. It exploded under the pressure.

A terrifying blast erupted, smoke and clouds surging like tidal waves.

Then the five imperial weapons, carrying unstoppable momentum, hurtled toward Five Phoenixes.

They were like five colossal meteors drawn inexorably toward the continent, closing in faster and faster.

Across the continent, every head tilted upward. Night became bright as day. Everyone could see the five “blazing suns” hanging in the sky.

All felt the terrifying killing intent, the suffocating aura of death.

Was this the end of the world?

Many whispered the question.

...

White Jade Capital.

Lake Heart Island.

Compared to the chaos shaking heaven and earth, this place was eerily calm.

A gentle breeze brushed past, lifting the hem of a white robe.

After a long silence, a light, satisfied laugh drifted through the air.

“The imperial weapons I’ve been waiting for... are finally here.”

Lu lifted his gaze toward the five weapons carrying world-ending force.

They were the town-clan treasures of the Upper Realm sacred clans.

Each possessed apocalyptic power, capable of slaughtering everything in its path.

And of course, each contained an ocean of Dao reserves.

Five Phoenixes... needed those reserves.

“These saints are far too generous.”

Lu smiled.

Then he raised his hand.

Between index and middle finger, he held a chess piece.

His eyes suddenly blazed with light.

“The fish have entered the net. Time to reel them in.”

Lu murmured.

He had orchestrated this entire situation precisely to make these saints willingly hurl their imperial weapons into Five Phoenixes.

Of course, everything hinged on cause and effect.

Had even a shred of kindness remained in their hearts—had they not sought to destroy Five Phoenixes—their weapons would never have fallen here, and they would not now lose them.

Therefore, Lu felt not the slightest guilt about claiming them.

Everything Lu Ping'an did was simply robbing the rich to aid the poor.

Robbing the wealthy sacred clans of the Upper Realm to relieve the Dao poverty of Five Phoenixes!

The Spirit Pressure Chessboard suddenly...

Unleashed its domain. Lines of power spread like a vast net, instantly enveloping heaven and earth.

Hummm...

A breeze brushed the face of every cultivator.

Lu Mudui, standing despairing on the mountain peak, jolted upright.

Ni Yu, pouting as she carried her black pot with Little Yinglong perched on her head, instantly perked up.

This aura from the chessboard...

“It’s the Young Master!”

“The Young Master has emerged! He’s finally out of seclusion!”

“We’re saved!”

Cultivators across the continent erupted in excitement. They saw a ray of hope. Lu had become their only chance to save Five Phoenixes.

On the extraterrestrial battlefield.

The saints fighting Gu Mangran and the others stiffened.

“Lu Ping’an has made his move!”

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor cried out in alarm.

Lu had left too deep an impression on her. She still remembered his cunning, treacherous smile as he snatched her imperial weapon right from her grasp.

While she felt dread, the other saints appeared relaxed.

“It’s useless. Even if Lu Ping’an has broken through to the saint realm, even if he has that strange little pagoda that can suppress imperial weapons—what can he do?”

“This time there are five imperial weapons. He has only one pagoda. How can he stop five?”

“It’s over.”

The Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor burst into laughter.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The Spirit Pressure Chessboard formed a defensive web suspended in the sky.

The five imperial weapons smashed downward.

As they drew closer to the continent, the Upper Realm sacred ancestors revealed looks of delight.

Then—

The earth of Five Phoenixes quaked.

Overwhelming auras soared skyward—torrents of killing intent and ferocity, as though an ancient battlefield had reappeared, as though a primordial war was being reenacted.

Five auras rose, seemingly answering the call of the five imperial weapons.

Humm...

Suddenly!

A phantom appeared between heaven and earth.

A figure in snow-white robes, seated calmly in a wheelchair, placing a chess piece without haste.

Snap!

A beam of spirit pressure shot upward from the chessboard, colliding with the imperial weapons.

Lu Ping'an!

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor and the other saints narrowed their eyes.

Gu Mangran and Lu Julian breathed faster, clinging to hope.

The Demon Lord, Demon Master, and little Zhu Long remained calm, as though they had expected this all along.

Spirit pressure!

Lu Ping'an's spirit pressure!

Ten thousandfold, hundred thousandfold, millionfold spirit pressure!

The beams of spirit pressure surged upward, slamming into the five imperial weapons.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Invisible ripples of energy exploded outward.

Imperial might clashed against spirit pressure. The pressure struggled but slowed the weapons' descent.

In the void, the saints watched and broke into excited, relieved laughter.

Moments ago they had still feared a trap.

Even after the weapons tore through the Heaven Covering Formation and shattered the River of Time, unease had lingered.

But now, seeing Lu Ping'an appear and fight desperately—like an insect trying to stop a chariot—they laughed.

They understood: there was no trick here.

The fiercer Five Phoenixes resisted, the less likely any conspiracy could exist.

Even Lu Ping'an had shown himself—how could this be fake?!

Boom!

One spirit pressure beam after another shattered.

The sky above Five Phoenixes blazed bright as day.

The white-robed phantom shook its head, stopped placing pieces, and seemed to accept its fate.

It sighed deeply.

The Lower Third Heavens fell deathly silent.

Every cultivator wore complicated expressions. Was it truly hopeless?

Even the Lord Lu who had wrought countless miracles and saved Five Phoenixes time and again could not change this outcome?

It seemed...

Five Phoenixes was finished.

They had thought the Nine Heavens would usher in the era of Five Phoenixes, yet it was ending in this tragic, lamentable, yet admirable way.

The ancient Great Emperors' schemes ran too deep. The sacred clans' imperial weapons were simply too strong.

Boom!

The imperial weapons finally shattered the spirit pressure beams and struck the interwoven chessboard domain in the sky.

The domain seemed to tear apart.

Amid deafening roars, the five weapons continued their descent.

Dead silence gripped heaven and earth.

The people of Five Phoenixes burned with unwillingness and rage.

Even if they died, they would remember this day's humiliation!

Within the boundless sea, inside the ancient tomb.

Bu Nanxing trembled. After surviving in hiding for so long, was he really going to die like this?

Lu Changkong stood with hands behind his back, gaze profound.

Frowning, he watched the lonely sighing white-robed phantom.

“Ping’an...”

“Could I... have been wrong?”

Across the continent, the people raged in helpless fury.

Beyond the heavens, the saints laughed in triumphant glee, reveling in Five Phoenixes’ misfortune.

The continent’s rise had indeed shocked them.

But no matter how fast it rose, beneath the threat of their imperial weapons, it would still fall like a fleeting comet.

Closer and closer.

Terrifying imperial might shook the world.

Mountains cracked, the earth split.

Humm...

Suddenly.

Strange array glyphs rose from every corner of Five Phoenixes.

Brilliant glyphs radiated dazzling light.

The next instant, as light scattered—

The imperial weapons struck!

Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!

Explosions thundered across the land.

The five weapons crashed into the continent. Terrifying shockwaves spread, imperial might rolling outward in endless waves.

In human cities across Five Phoenixes, every living being watched.

Many closed their eyes. Some clutched their families. Others knelt in prayer...

Boom!

Imperial might swept past.

Cities shuddered.

Then...

The wind blew a little stronger, stinging cheeks slightly.

And that was all.

The world-ending imperial might... had turned into a spring breeze?!

Was this how imperial weapons were supposed to behave?!

The Lower Third Heavens fell into stunned silence.

Dead silence.

From the southern battlefield to the Great Xuan Divine Dynasty to countless human cities...

Only heavy, frozen breathing remained.

Had the world ended?

Guided by Lu, the five imperial weapons had conveniently struck uninhabited wilderness.

They carved massive craters. Trees and soil around the impact sites vanished into nothingness.

But...

Everyone was dumbfounded.

This was nothing like what they had imagined.

Where was the promised apocalyptic destruction?

Watching the five imperial weapons settle quietly, showing no further activity...

The people fell silent.

Beyond the heavens.

The smiles on the seven saints' faces gradually froze.

That's it?

Where were the saint-realm ferocious beasts? Where was the crisis that would annihilate billions?

They had gotten all worked up for this?

The next instant, the five saints who had thrown their weapons felt ice course through their veins. Horror dawned on them.

“Damn it!”

“We’ve been tricked!!!”

“Water Moon, you treacherous bitch! You colluded with Lu Ping’an to set us up!”

The saints’ eyes turned crimson with fury.

Inside Five Phoenixes.

First came sounds of confusion.

“Huh?!”

Then emotion shifted to ecstatic realization.

“Thanks for the imperial weapons, bros!”

“You’re all too kind. I mentioned a deal for a million Dao reserves—you all claimed you weren’t interested, but your bodies were pretty honest about it.”

Lu’s warm, breezy voice rang across the continent.

Beyond the heavens, the void seemed to freeze solid.

Everyone stood stunned—not only the sacred clan saints, but even allies like Gu Mangran and Lu Jiulian wore blank expressions.

Inside the Void Heaven.

The saint who had used an imperial weapon to hold open the Void Heaven’s rules felt his pupils contract.

First came a wave of lingering fear, then surging joy.

He instinctively glanced at his own clan's imperial weapon.

Chapter 504: Lu Ping'an of Five Phoenixes, Your Killing Intent Runs a Bit Too Deep

A deathly silence blanketed the entire Lower Third Heavens.

The cataclysmic explosions everyone had braced for never came. The Five Phoenixes Continent did not crumble beneath the weight of five imperial weapons.

Mountains still stood tall. Rivers still flowed.

Aside from carving out several massive, gaping craters that scarred the earth, the imperial weapons had done... nothing.

Everything remained calm and peaceful.

Everyone was utterly dumbfounded.

This was nothing like what they had imagined.

Hadn't the saint-realm experts of the Upper Realm sacred clans declared that once imperial weapons entered Five Phoenixes, the ancient emperor auras within them would birth terrifying saint-realm ferocious beasts?

Then why... had absolutely nothing happened?

Forget terrifying, powerful beasts—not even a weak Origin Realm beast had appeared!

Something had gone wrong?!

Or perhaps the idea that imperial weapons could trigger such beasts was nothing more than wishful thinking on the saints' part?

The expressions of experts from various high-martial sacred grounds across the Lower Third Heavens grew strange.

Many wore speechless, awkward looks.

“Could imperial weapons really summon ferocious beasts? Could all of this... have been a lie?”

“Who first claimed that imperial weapons would birth beasts? Was there ever any proof?”

“Have the sacred clan saints lost their minds? Why would they make such a foolish move—imperial weapons are priceless treasures—yet they just hurled them into Five Phoenixes like that...”

Many experts could not hide their schadenfreude, smirking faintly.

Moments ago they had been mourning Five Phoenixes' impending doom, already pondering their own futures—whether to submit to the Upper Realm sacred clans or stand defiant to the end.

Now it seemed...

Five Phoenixes had not fallen at all. They no longer needed to wrestle with that question. Clinging tightly to Five Phoenixes' coattails was clearly the smartest choice.

“Could all of this... have been a trap set by Lord Lu?”

“It's possible. Look at him—smiling like a kid who just got candy.”

“Think about it carefully. If this really was Lord Lu's scheme, just how cunning and vicious is Lu Ping'an?”

Cultivators across the Lower Third Heavens gazed in awe.

A setup?

Was this truly Lu's doing?

Regardless of whether it was or not—at the very least, Five Phoenixes had turned the tables!

The beast Liu Ying had been slain. The Cloud Venom Vulture and Hell Hound had yet to emerge. Thus, the world-ending crisis hanging over Five Phoenixes seemed reduced to only the saints lingering in the Void Heaven.

And those saints, to the current Five Phoenixes, hardly qualified as an existential threat.

Five Phoenixes now boasted no small number of saint-level combatants.

Holding off these sacred clan saints—who no longer wielded imperial weapons—was far from impossible.

Things were growing more and more interesting.

Countless eyes gleamed with eager anticipation.

It felt as though a grand drama was about to unfold before them.

...

“Water Moon! You colluded with Lu Ping’an?!”

“What connection do ferocious beasts have with imperial weapons? None at all! Now our imperial weapons are trapped in Five Phoenixes—what are we supposed to do?!”

The saint-realm experts’ eyes turned bloodshot in an instant.

Not only had they failed to summon the ancient emperors, they had now lost their imperial weapons as well.

Judging by Lu Ping’an’s expression, recovering those weapons would be nearly impossible.

Originally three imperial weapons had fallen into Five Phoenixes’ hands. Now, with the addition of these five, eight of the ten sacred clans’ ancestral imperial weapons belonged to Five Phoenixes.

What a terrifying development!

Was Five Phoenixes trying to collect the full set of ten?!

At this moment, the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor was completely stunned.

Why... had events unfolded so differently from her expectations?

“Impossible... The beast Liu Ying clearly emerged because the Water Clan imperial weapon was lost, leaking ancient emperor aura... So why have five more imperial weapons descended without birthing any beasts?!”

“Does it need time?!”

“Time to brew and ferment?! No... that can’t be right. Logically, the moment we awakened the ancient emperor auras, if such contingencies truly existed, beasts should have appeared!”

“Could it be...”

Confusion clouded the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor’s stunning features as she sank deep into thought.

“Could it be my ass!”

The other five saints were already livid, abandoning all decorum and cursing outright.

“You must have conspired with Lu Ping’an! Bitter over losing your clan’s imperial weapon, you dragged the rest of ours down with it...”

“Truly the most venomous heart belongs to a woman! Water Moon of the Water Clan, your malice knows no bounds!”

The saints raged uncontrollably.

“It wasn’t me! I did no such thing! Stop spouting nonsense!”

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor tried to explain, but it was useless—the enraged saints refused to listen.

Eventually, too furious to bother, she gave up.

In truth...

The loss of these sacred clan imperial weapons did not harm her much. It might even benefit her!

Why?

Because the threat was gone.

With no one possessing imperial weapons, the Water Clan—which had become the weakest after losing theirs—was suddenly no longer at the bottom of the ten sacred clans.

Without imperial weapons, everything came down to raw strength.

And in raw strength, Sacred Ancestor Water Moon feared no one.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

“Retrieve the imperial weapons!”

Terrifying auras erupted.

The other saints understood this as well. Amid their fury, they unleashed their qi without hesitation, charging toward Five Phoenixes to seize their weapons back.

They didn’t care whether this was Lu Ping’an’s trap. The priority now was recovering the imperial weapons.

After all, they were their clans' ancestral treasures. As long as they got close enough to Five Phoenixes, they could reclaim control through their primordial spirits.

Once the weapons were back in hand, their confidence would return.

With imperial weapons, they would still be among the strongest saints!

“Stop them!”

Gu Mangran's body—revitalized by the crimson chrysanthemum divine medicine—trembled with energy. A sharp glint flashed in his eyes.

The hopeless situation had, against all odds, filled with hope once more.

Lu Jiulian moved as well.

Without imperial weapons, facing these veteran saints, he was far from powerless!

The Demon Lord's demonic qi soared skyward. The Demon Master's devilish aura rolled like waves.

“No need to act. Let them come.”

Yet just as Gu Mangran, Lu Jiulian, and the other saint-level combatants of Five Phoenixes prepared to strike—

From within Five Phoenixes, Lu’s white-robed phantom atop the chessboard smiled faintly and spoke.

Hmm?

Gu Mangran and Lu Jiulian paused.

Lu raised a hand and pointed toward the saint in the Void Heaven who had glanced at his own imperial weapon and breathed a sigh of relief.

“That fellow is eyeing this young master’s imperial weapons. Go deal with him.”

“As for these remaining friends... this young master will handle them alone.”

Lu declared with bold confidence.

Yet his words turned the charging saints—radiating terrifying saintly might—livid.

Gu Mangran did not hesitate. He swung his coffin lid and charged straight at the saint stationed in the Void Heaven.

Gu Mangran was no fool. He understood the Void Heaven's rules better than anyone.

Lu's meaning was clear: these saints attacking was not the real danger. If the Void Heaven's rules erupted, the saints—now without imperial weapons to hold them back—would all be trapped forever in the Void Heaven!

The stationed saint's face instantly darkened.

He hadn't even finished exhaling in relief.

Why were they suddenly coming for him?!

Hearing Lu's words, he nearly roared in fury on the spot.

Since when were our clan's imperial weapons yours, Lu Ping'an?!

Have you no shame?!

“I’m afraid I’m powerless to help. Good luck, everyone.”

In the end, reason prevailed over emotion.

Without hesitation, the saint in the void commanded his clan’s imperial weapon and fled beyond the Void Heaven.

This had all been a conspiracy!

A trap to lure them in.

And now, he had become the only saint still in possession of an imperial weapon!

That would become his greatest asset!

Within the Void Heaven.

The faces of the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor, Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor, and the other five saints changed dramatically.

Without imperial weapons, once the Void Heaven's rules erupted, their flesh might be stripped away and their primordial spirits severed!

Watching the saint decisively flee with his imperial weapon—

Their eyes turned crimson with rage!

Lu's calculations were masterful—he had forced away the saint using an imperial weapon to hold open the Void Heaven's rules.

Naturally, those rules would now erupt!

If they continued toward Five Phoenixes to retrieve their weapons, they would likely be slain by the rules and buried forever in the Void Heaven.

Thus, without hesitation, they abandoned the weapons.

The sacred ancestors turned and fled toward the edge of the Void Heaven.

Weapons could be recovered later. But if they lost their lives here, there would be no later!

Terrifying saintly might surged, carrying boundless fury.

But...

This time, Lu had no intention of letting them leave.

His white robes fluttered as he smiled brightly.

“My friends, please stay a while longer.”

Yet his words had no effect. The saints did not even slow down.

Gu Mangran, Lu Jiulian, the Demon Lord, the Demon Master, and Zhu Long—all five saint-level combatants of Five Phoenixes—charged toward the stationed saint.

Faced with five attackers, the sacred clan saint wasted no time and fled with his imperial weapon.

Lu paid no mind to his ignored invitation.

In this critical moment, these “enthusiastic” friends would only turn back if they were fools.

With a thought, the Spirit Pressure Chessboard radiated light.

The chessboard domain suddenly expanded, instantly enveloping half the Void Heaven.

It trapped all seven saints within.

“Break it!”

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor, Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor, and others roared.

Saintly might surged as they unleashed devastating attacks.

Such strikes could shatter the void and escape the extraterrestrial battlefield.

Yet...

Within the chessboard domain, their attacks only rippled the void—they could not break free!

The saints' expressions shifted dramatically.

“Lu Ping’an!”

Terror twisted the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor's beautiful face.

On the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Lu's expression turned cold.

He rolled up his sleeve, picked up a piece.

The chess piece fell like a shooting star.

A beam of spirit pressure crashed downward.

Pfft!

It struck the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor mid-flight, freezing her body in place...

She had initially dismissed spirit pressure beams—she had endured them before. But the instant it hit, her eyes bulged.

This new crushing sensation...

Her body stiffened. An uncontrollable groan escaped her lips.

The spirit pressure of a ninth-layer Qi Refiner...

Was no ordinary thing!

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor felt as though she were carrying an entire fourth-tier high-martial continent on her back.

“Lu Ping’an... you really did break through!”

The drastic difference in pressure convinced her: Lu had advanced. Lu Ping'an was now a saint as well!

The other saints had no intention of rescuing her.

Yet Lu, continuously channeling his primordial spirit and chaos energy at full intensity, placed five more pieces on the board.

Some black, some white.

Beams of spirit pressure filled the chessboard.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The saints fleeing across the void were slammed by Lu's spirit pressure and pinned in place, as though imprisoned!

Meanwhile.

The sole remaining saint clutching an imperial weapon glanced at the five charging toward him, then at his trapped comrades under Lu's spirit pressure chessboard.

Without hesitation, he fled the Void Heaven.

Hummm...

The moment the imperial weapon's suppression vanished—

The long-dormant rules of the Void Heaven stirred violently, boiling like water brought to a sudden roil.

The aura of death spread.

Even saints felt chills at the power of those rules!

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor and others redoubled their efforts, desperately trying to break the spirit pressure seal.

They turned back—and witnessed a sight that nearly split their eyes with rage.

On the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Lu flashed with spatial profound meaning, tearing through the void to appear beside each imperial weapon.

Under the saints' furious, cracking gazes, Lu erased their primordial spirit imprints and severed their connections to the weapons.

The Heaven Stealing Tower emerged.

Lu tossed the tower skyward. It soared upward, cascading countless rays of light.

The light fell, suppressing the imperial might of each weapon and drawing them inside.

Five imperial weapons—the very ones that had terrified the people of Five Phoenixes—vanished completely, their threat extinguished.

Pfft!

Within the spirit pressure chessboard domain.

The saints, witnessing this, coughed up blood in fury!

At this moment, they understood...

Their ancestral imperial weapons were gone for good!

“I have failed the ancient emperor...”

The saints’ eyes bled red as they cried out in despair.

Losing the weapons was bad enough—now even their lives hung by a thread!

“No! I cannot die here!”

Unwillingness flashed across the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor’s stunning face.

The thin cord at her waist swept outward, transforming into a lifelike water serpent.

The power of her sacred ancestor Dao weapon radiated.

The serpent blazed with ten-thousand-zhang radiance.

She detonated it outright!

Boom!

The terrifying explosion shattered the spirit pressure beam.

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor shot forward like a streak of light, fleeing the domain toward the edge of the Void Heaven.

Lu, who had just finished “uprooting” all five imperial weapons like pulling carrots, paused in mild surprise.

The other five sacred ancestors’ eyes lit up—they had learned.

They drew their own sacred ancestor Dao weapons.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Explosions rang out continuously.

One figure after another tore free of the beams and escaped the spirit pressure chessboard domain.

Lu smiled.

He rolled up his sleeve again, calmly picked up a piece from the board.

His arm swung in an arc. The piece landed precisely on the intersecting lines.

A millionfold spirit pressure crashed down like towering waves!

The Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor's face filled with despair!

He had been mere moments from escaping the domain.

Yet the spirit pressure beam struck again.

It slammed into him fully, pinning him motionless in the void.

"No!"

The Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor's pupils shrank with terror and despair!

On flat ground, he would fear no such pressure.

But this was the Void Heaven... Watching the now-unrestrained rules, he truly felt death creeping closer.

"Lu Ping'an! Release me!"

"If you have the guts... fight me fairly!"

The Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor trembled with rage.

In a proper duel, why would he fear a newly ascended saint like Lu Ping'an?!

His imperial weapon was gone—and now even he, the grand Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor, would fall here?

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor, Wood Clan Sacred Ancestor, and the others who had detonated their Dao weapons did not look back.

They had to escape the Void Heaven before the rules fully awakened.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Across heaven and earth, terrifying blade light spanned the void—a blade forged from countless stacked rules.

The Blade of Rules!

Seven saints had entered the Void Heaven—what a formidable lineup. The rules had been provoked nearly to their limit.

Pfft!

The Blade of Rules swept past.

The five saints who had escaped the spirit pressure coughed blood in unison.

Yet they did not turn back.

The Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor, still pinned within the chessboard domain, let out a blood-curdling scream.

The blade light passed over him—over the spirit pressure chessboard.

The spirit pressure beams dispersed.

And the Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor... in an instant became drenched in blood, his flesh sliced away strip by strip.

His primordial spirit surged upward, attempting escape.

Yet it too was cut by the Blade of Rules—slice by slice, its aura fading.

In the end.

The Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor's body stiffened, cold and lifeless, frozen in a pose of despair as it floated in the Void Heaven.

Under the onslaught of the rules, it continually exploded apart.

Across the Lower Third Heavens, every cultivator gasped in horror.

Cold sweat drenched their bodies.

A saint had fallen...

The Void Heaven trembled as though the Heavenly Dao itself mourned.

Saints cultivated using the power of the Heavenly Dao and were recognized by the Nine Heavens' Dao.

Thus, upon their death, heavenly phenomena would appear!

“This is no profound immortal of Five Phoenixes. No phenomena for you.”

On the Five Phoenixes Continent.

The Heaven Stealing Tower, now laden with five imperial weapons, floated back. Lu raised a hand to catch the small pagoda.

His gaze cold and stern, he spoke faintly.

At his words, the entire world fell silent.

Lu flicked his wrist. A chess piece shot forward and landed with a sharp “snap” on the board.

Above the spirit pressure chessboard.

A beam of spirit pressure surged upward!

Boom!

It tore into the roiling, blood-rain clouds.

The clouds—seeming to weep blood—were ripped apart...

The heavenly phenomenon vanished.

The mourning of heaven and earth for a fallen saint... had been erased by Lu!

This concerned the Heavenly Dao of the Nine Heavens!

Lord Lu of Five Phoenixes... what domineering presence!

Cultivators across the Lower Third Heavens gasped again.

The escaping saints grew even more wary and chilled to the bone.

At this moment, they had no time to grieve the Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor's death—without even the ceremonial dignity a saint's fall deserved.

They only wanted to flee.

If they could not escape the Void Heaven, the Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor's fate would be theirs!

Yet Lu was determined to keep these "enthusiastic" friends.

Five Phoenixes only wished to develop in peace.

Yet these people kept harassing it.

Lu decided to end the nuisance once and for all.

With a flick of his sleeve.

Five chess pieces flew from the box, swept by immense force and slammed onto the board.

In the Void Heaven, five beams of spirit pressure crashed down in succession.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor, Wood Clan Sacred Ancestor, and the others who had narrowly escaped the domain nearly cursed aloud in fury!

The spirit pressure beams were not overwhelmingly powerful—but they were infuriatingly disruptive.

Any delay meant the Blade of Rules would catch them, and they would all remain behind!

“Lu Ping’an! How ruthless you are!”

Dread and fury twisted the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor's beautiful face.

She had truly been utterly ruined by Lu Ping'an.

The other saints roared in anger.

Within the Void Heaven, the silent, annihilating Blade of Rules swept closer.

The aura of death pressed in relentlessly.

Every cultivator in the Lower Third Heavens held their breath.

Could it be...

That today, six saints would fall in succession?!

Yet.

Just as the Blade of Rules was about to claim the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor and the others—

Suddenly.

The void tore open. Spatial profound meaning surged.

A figure shrouded in magnificent radiance emerged—noble, divine.

“Lu Ping’an of Five Phoenixes, your killing intent runs a bit too deep.”

A calm voice drifted through the air.

Boom!

Imperial might spread boundlessly.

The incoming rule power was forced back.

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor and the others, who had felt death mere inches away, nearly collapsed from the strain.

But at least... they had survived.

Then they turned to the powerhouse who had arrived via spatial profound meaning and saved them.

Complex emotions filled their eyes.

“The First Heaven, the number one high-martial world among the Nine Heavens, leader of the ten sacred clans...”

“They have finally appeared!”

Chapter 505: After All, Dad Isn't Some Bloodthirsty Maniac

A hush fell over the Lower Third Heavens.

As they watched the figure emerge from a tear in the void, bathed in the profound aura of spatial mysteries, everyone felt their breathing quicken.

They might not recognize this newcomer, but his attire alone revealed his origins and status.

Combined with the looks of utter shock on the faces of the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor and the others, it was easy to guess...

This man was of exalted rank—a powerhouse from the enigmatic First Heaven, from a first-tier high-martial world.

The mere thought sent chills through many.

The First Heaven boasted the only first-tier high-martial world in the Nine Heavens.

Rumors claimed that an ancient Great Emperor still lived there.

It was a place out of legends. Experts from the First Heaven carried an aura of supreme nobility.

And this one hailed from the foremost of the ten sacred clans.

Such a being had appeared in the Void Heaven and saved sacred clan saints who should have been slain by its rules.

The situation was growing ever more unpredictable.

Did the First Heaven's intervention—and its choice to rescue six saints—signal something?

Was the First Heaven about to take sides in the grudge between Five Phoenixes and these sacred clans?

Until now, the First Heaven had never revealed its stance on Five Phoenixes or the Void Heaven. No one knew where it stood.

But today, that stance seemed to be clarifying.

In an instant, the emotions of experts across the Lower Third Heavens grew deeply complicated.

If the First Heaven intervened on the side opposing Five Phoenixes...

The outlook for Five Phoenixes would be grim.

The surviving sacred ancestors felt the same complexity. They had never imagined that the one to save them would be a powerhouse from the First Heaven.

On the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Lu showed mild surprise.

In his palm rested the Heaven Stealing Tower, suppressing the imperial weapons within.

He had naturally overheard the murmurs of the sacred ancestors.

That was precisely why he was surprised.

The First Heaven?

The foremost sacred clan...

Was this man here to negotiate a deal over the Dao reserves in the imperial weapons?

Yet his temper seemed rather poor—appearing and immediately criticizing Lu Ping’an for having a bad temperament and excessive killing intent.

This gave Lu the faint sense that the man... was here to cause trouble.

“The First Heaven, huh? Not easy to deal with.”

Lu narrowed his eyes.

A person's reputation cast a long shadow.

The First Heaven of the Nine Heavens had always been shrouded in mystery.

Though the ten sacred clans were ranked, the rankings were largely based on the power of their imperial weapons, so none truly submitted to another.

With one exception: the position of foremost sacred clan.

That rank was undisputed; no other clan contested it.

Compared to the Heavenly Spirit Clan of the First Heaven, the others had no competitive edge.

The rest possessed only imperial weapons, ranked by their might. But the Heavenly Spirit Clan of the first-tier world in the First Heaven had a living Great Emperor.

There was simply no contest.

No matter how powerful an imperial weapon, it was a lifeless object. It could not compare to a true Great Emperor.

Moreover, even without an ancient emperor, the sheer number of saint-realm experts the Heavenly Spirit Clan produced could overwhelm the other nine sacred clans combined.

“The First Heaven finally couldn’t sit still...”

“Was this intervention ordered by the Heavenly Spirit Clan’s Sacred Hall, or by the ancient emperor himself?”

“If it’s the ancient emperor’s command, things just got interesting.”

“Under an ancient emperor’s orders, no matter how strong Five Phoenixes has become, its ultimate fate would still be annihilation.”

Hope flickered in the eyes of the surviving sacred ancestors like the Water Clan’s.

To avoid surprises, they shot outward at full speed, escaping the Void Heaven.

The moment they emerged, the crushing pressure of countless rules vanished, leaving them feeling reborn.

Soon, brilliant light shone in their gazes.

They turned back toward Five Phoenixes.

Their eyes were deep, murderous intent surging.

“Lu Ping’an... return our imperial weapons!”

Whatever the reason for the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse’s appearance—it was convenient.

They could borrow his authority to force Lu Ping’an to hand over the weapons.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In the Boundless Heaven.

Terrifying explosions echoed endlessly.

Gu Mangran, gripping his coffin lid, frowned. He ceased pursuing the saint who had fled with his imperial weapon and returned to the Void Heaven.

Lu Jiulian, Zhu Long, and the others followed suit.

Clearly, they too had sensed something amiss in the Void Heaven.

“The Heavenly Spirit Clan...”

Gu Mangran returned, his gaze sweeping over the radiant figure. His expression was grave as he spoke.

This was the foremost sacred clan of the Nine Heavens. The instant Gu Mangran saw the powerhouse appear, his heart sank.

He felt immense pressure.

The figure shrouded in light smiled.

“General Gu, after hundreds of thousands of years, your valor remains undimmed.”

The man laughed.

Gu Mangran narrowed his eyes.

“Is the foremost sacred clan, the Heavenly Spirit Clan, also going to interfere in this matter?”

Gu Mangran asked.

In the Boundless Heaven, the five surviving sacred ancestors like the Water Clan’s hovered.

Gu Mangran faced off against the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse.

A grand drama that should have ended with the eruption of the rules... seemed to be starting anew.

Saintly might surged boundlessly.

Fortune rivers coiled around Lu Jiulian and Zhu Long, resisting the pressure.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse smiled. The radiance gradually faded, revealing an extraordinarily handsome face—elfin, as though favored by heaven and earth. Nearly flawless.

Golden hair danced in the wind, exuding unique charm.

“General Gu overstates the matter.”

“I merely could not bear to watch the remaining seven clans follow the Cloud and Dao Clans into oblivion.”

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse said.

“One Fire Clan sacred ancestor has already fallen. If the rest perish here as well, the Heavenly Dao of the Nine Heavens... will rage.”

Gu Mangran narrowed his eyes. His blood-red robes fluttered. Facing this expert from the First Heaven, he stood neither humble nor arrogant, showing no sign of weakness.

“All of this... was provoked by them.”

“They attacked Five Phoenixes. They sought to destroy it with imperial weapons...”

Gu Mangran said coldly.

“Are you saying only Five Phoenixes is allowed to lose lives, but these sacred clan saints may not die? What kind of logic is that?!”

His words stirred an uproar.

In the Boundless Heaven, the hovering saints radiated furious auras.

The mention of imperial weapons enraged them—Gu Mangran was deliberately poking the sore spot!

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse smiled warmly, a breeze of spring.

His gaze shifted past Gu Mangran.

Toward the Five Phoenixes Continent—now vastly larger—he gave a dismissive smile. Though surprise flickered deep in his eyes, it was mostly calm.

Compared to a first-tier high-martial world, the current Five Phoenixes still lagged far behind.

Yet he understood and even admired how difficult it had been for Five Phoenixes to rise from the sole high-martial world in the Void Heaven to one of the top worlds in the Nine Heavens.

“I stand by my words: Lu Ping’an of Five Phoenixes, your killing intent runs a bit too deep.”

“These saints were forged through the tempering of the Nine Heavens’ Heavenly Dao. Their deaths would disrupt the balance of the Nine Heavens.”

“Moreover, these sacred clan saints are deeply connected. Their fall could ignite a cataclysmic war across the Nine Heavens. In the end, all races might suffer the same fate as the Cloud and Dao Clans.”

His words carried hidden meaning.

They drifted through the entire Void Heaven.

Gu Mangran narrowed his eyes. The man wasn’t speaking to him—he was addressing Lu.

Experts from countless high-martial worlds in the Lower Third Heavens held their breath.

At this point, they could only watch the drama unfold.

But how would the peerless Lord Lu of Five Phoenixes respond to this situation?

A powerhouse from the First Heaven had already invoked the noble cause of preserving the Nine Heavens' balance. It was clear he intended to morally pressure Lord Lu—and Five Phoenixes.

In the Boundless Heaven, the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor and others exchanged glances, eyes gleaming.

Next, they would see Lu Ping'an's attitude.

Would he compromise?

If Lu Ping'an yielded, their imperial weapons might be recoverable. As long as the Heavenly Spirit Clan intervened again, they could reclaim them.

If he refused... Five Phoenixes would be finished.

The current landscape of the Nine Heavens could be described as one superpower and many strong contenders.

The superpower was the sole first-tier high-martial world—the Heavenly Spirit Clan, backed by a living Great Emperor.

The many contenders were the other nine sacred clans—now with Five Phoenixes added to the list.

Yet even if the nine sacred clans united, they might not match the Heavenly Spirit Clan.

The title of Emperor realm alone could crush all opposition.

If Five Phoenixes truly dared defy the Heavenly Spirit Clan, annihilation would not be far off.

Moreover, the Heavenly Spirit Clan's strength did not rest solely on its mysterious ancient emperor.

The clan possessed an organization called the Sacred Hall—that was the true source of its dominance. The Sacred Hall was a force composed entirely of saints.

No one knew exactly how many saints it contained.

But it was certainly not few.

Five Phoenixes had developed impressively, but the Sacred Hall alone could obliterate it.

Thus, Lu's next stance and response would be critical.

Gu Mangran had naturally considered this.

He stared at the powerhouse.

His expression grave, solemn...

Even faintly tinged with killing intent.

Because Gu Mangran suspected that the ancient war long ago might have been orchestrated by the Heavenly Spirit Clan from the shadows!

Back in the primordial era, when ancient emperors strode the heavens in opposition, the Heavenly Spirit Clan had already been formidable.

Now, with its ancient emperor still alive and hundreds of thousands of years passed, how powerful had the Heavenly Spirit Clan become?

It was almost unthinkable.

Gu Mangran took a deep breath and turned to look at the Five Phoenixes Continent.

He saw Lu, eyes flickering slightly—as though urging Lu to stay calm.

Everyone awaited Lu’s reply.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse smiled gently.

On the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Lu, in white robes and seated in his Thousand-Bladed Chair, laughed.

“You jest, sir. These friends were overwhelmingly generous, gifting imperial weapons to Five Phoenixes. I couldn’t refuse even if I wanted to—I was truly touched. I merely wished to keep them for a proper chat. After all, this concerns a deal worth a million Dao reserves. I have to be responsible for them.”

“Since these friends wish to leave... then let them go.”

Lu said.

Toward the end, he waved regretfully.

A ripple of surprise spread through every corner of the Lower Third Heavens.

Lord Lu... had compromised?

He was actually letting these sacred clan saints go.

The handsome golden-haired powerhouse from the Heavenly Spirit Clan smiled even wider.

Gu Mangran slowly exhaled in relief. It seemed Young Master Lu still understood the situation clearly.

In the Boundless Heaven, the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor and the other saints looked displeased.

They felt every word of Lu's seemingly sincere speech was mocking them.

The man was truly infuriating!

“Sir, our clans’ imperial weapons are trapped in Five Phoenixes... in Lu Ping’an’s hands. The importance of imperial weapons goes without saying. Even if we died, we could not allow them to remain lost. Imperial weapons affect the balance of the Nine Heavens far more than our lives.”

“So, please uphold justice for us and make Lu Ping’an return the imperial weapons.”

The Wood Clan Sacred Ancestor spoke, bowing respectfully to the handsome Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse.

“Oh?”

“Such a thing happened?!”

Shock filled the handsome face of the Heavenly Spirit Clan expert.

“Imperial weapons are treasures left by ancient Great Emperors—matters of grave importance. The Dao reserves within them are linked to the Heavenly Dao of the Nine Heavens. Their significance is self-evident...”

“My Heavenly Spirit Clan’s mission is to safeguard the balance of the Nine Heavens. Therefore, anything that might disrupt that balance cannot be permitted.”

He spoke with utmost solemnity.

His righteous words echoed across the heavens.

Experts in the Lower Third Heavens were at a loss for words.

Such was the prestige of the Heavenly Spirit Clan—the foremost sacred clan of the Nine Heavens, the only first-tier high-martial world.

Even though they knew these imperial weapons had been hurled into Five Phoenixes by the saints themselves in an attempt to destroy it...

At this moment, no one dared speak up for Five Phoenixes.

“Lord Lu... don’t you agree?”

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse smiled toward Five Phoenixes. His gaze seemed to span the vast sky, landing on Lu seated on his island.

“For the balance and stability of the Nine Heavens... Lord Lu, please hand the sacred clans’ imperial weapons over to me. I will safeguard them carefully and restore harmony and stability to the Nine Heavens.”

“What do you say, Lord Lu?”

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse asked with a warm smile.

But...

His words caused everyone’s expression to change.

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor, Wood Clan Sacred Ancestor, and the others felt their pupils contract. They looked at the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse with faint horror.

“The Heavenly Spirit Clan... wants to seize their imperial weapons?!”

“I think I understand something. Was our imperial weapons falling into Five Phoenixes part of the Heavenly Spirit Clan’s plot all along?”

“Has Five Phoenixes been colluding with the Heavenly Spirit Clan from the start? Or is the Heavenly Spirit Clan the true backer behind Five Phoenixes’ rise?!”

The sacred ancestors’ faces grew extremely grim.

There was a high chance their weapons falling into Five Phoenixes had been orchestrated by the Heavenly Spirit Clan.

“What grand ambition. So the Heavenly Spirit Clan’s true goal all along was our sacred clans’ imperial weapons!”

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor trembled, feeling like a fish caught in a vast net, unable to escape.

Experts across the Lower Third Heavens also sensed the shift in atmosphere.

The mood had turned—and turned again...

No one had expected the Heavenly Spirit Clan’s target to be the imperial weapons trapped in Five Phoenixes.

Eight imperial weapons now lay in Five Phoenixes.

What was the Heavenly Spirit Clan planning?!

Imperial weapons contained the will and aura of ancient emperors...

Could all of this be under orders from the ancient Great Emperor within the Heavenly Spirit Clan?

Related to the revival and return of the ancient Great Emperors?!

Everyone's breathing grew rapid.

They sensed the gravity of the situation.

Gu Mangran's pupils contracted sharply.

"The Heavenly Spirit Clan... has gone too far."

Gu Mangran said.

He looked at the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse and spoke gravely.

"These imperial weapons fell into Five Phoenixes, so they belong to Five Phoenixes now..."

Gu Mangran lifted his chin. Having consumed the divine medicine, he had the confidence to say this.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse regarded Gu Mangran with some wariness—but only wariness.

“I have already given my reasons.”

The man said.

He turned to Lu, awaiting his stance.

Given Lu’s earlier compromise, the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse believed Lu would not refuse this second demand.

After all, keeping imperial weapons in Five Phoenixes was hardly beneficial.

He had studied the matter in secret.

The birth of those peerless ferocious beasts was no fabrication.

The beings of Five Phoenixes had nearly perished in the age of ferocious beasts—beasts drawn forth by lingering ancient emperor auras in the imperial weapons.

They had communed with the boundless killing intent and ferocity of the primordial battlefield, fused with Five Phoenixes' fortune, and formed apocalyptic monsters.

Thus, keeping imperial weapons in Five Phoenixes would only slowly birth more beasts.

It offered Five Phoenixes no advantage.

Therefore, the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse guessed...

Lu would not refuse his request.

Of course, he also believed Lu lacked the courage to refuse.

The man smiled lightly, eyes bright.

Silence gripped heaven and earth.

Silence blanketed the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Lu Julian hovered in the air, expression grave.

Zhu Long kept her eyes closed, brows beautifully furrowed.

Letting Dad release these saints was fine—after all, Dad wasn't some bloodthirsty maniac.

But asking Dad to hand over imperial weapons he had already claimed...

That was absolutely impossible.

Thus, Zhu Long had a feeling things were about to turn violent.

Above the vast sea.

On Lake Heart Island in the Origin Lake.

After hearing the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse's words.

The smile gradually faded from Lu's face.

He slowly set the Heaven Stealing Tower he had been holding onto the armrest of his wheelchair.

Leaning back in the Thousand-Bladed Chair, fingers tapping the armrest.

His face grew cold and silent.

“Don’t think just because I, Lu Ping’an, have a good temper that you can bully me again and again!”

“People can be released—they can always be killed later in secret.”

“But once imperial weapons are gone, they’re truly gone...”

“So, hand them to you?”

“Who the hell do you think you’re fooling?”

Chapter 506: The Final Imperial Weapon Secured

Lu’s words left everyone stunned and speechless.

Such crude language...

Such blunt refusal—it made people want to laugh and cry at the same time, yet it also stirred excitement in their hearts.

Lord Lu... had compromised once, but he wasn't about to do it a second time?

Wait...

Many wore strange expressions. "People can be released—they can always be killed later in secret..."

Lu's meaning was crystal clear. His so-called compromise wasn't really a compromise at all.

Letting these sacred clan saints go meant nothing to him; he could always hunt them down later.

But now, this powerhouse from the Heavenly Spirit Clan actually demanded the imperial weapons—this directly ignited Lord Lu's defiance.

"Releasing people is fine, but demanding the imperial weapons... that's shaking the very foundation of Five Phoenixes!"

Thus, with a furious shout, Lu flipped the table.

“As expected...”

“This is the classic style of Lord Lu.”

In the Boundless Heaven, within the Little Thunderclap Buddhist World, the Great Venerable shook his head with a wry smile, but brilliant light burst from his eyes.

This was Lu.

So what if you're from the First Heaven, from the overwhelmingly powerful Heavenly Spirit Clan?

When it was time to turn hostile, he turned hostile.

The sacred ancestors who had escaped to the Boundless Heaven looked utterly grim. Lu's words stabbed their hearts like wooden thorns.

The pain was unbearable.

The sheer sting of it nearly drove them mad.

What did he mean by “people can be released—they can always be killed later in secret”?

Since when were imperial weapons the foundation of Five Phoenixes?!

What did Lu Ping’an take them—sacred ancestors of their clans—for?

They could easily annihilate any third-tier or lower high-martial world. They weren’t ants to be crushed at whim!

Yet even as their faces darkened, the saints secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

From the tense atmosphere, it was clear: Five Phoenixes and the Heavenly Spirit Clan were not colluding.

They had initially suspected the Heavenly Spirit Clan was using Five Phoenixes to scheme against them.

Now it seemed that wasn’t the case.

But in the end, the outcome was still bad news for them.

Thus, the saints fell silent.

The handsome Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse's smile gradually vanished.

Lu's response had caught him off guard.

"What did you say?"

The Heavenly Spirit Clan expert stared at Lu, his voice icy.

On the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Lu, seated in his Thousand-Bladed Chair, burst into laughter.

"Like hearing it?"

"Who the hell do you think you're fooling?"

Lu repeated.

“Well said, Lord Lu of Five Phoenixes... Don’t think just because Five Phoenixes now rivals a third-tier high-martial world that you can act without restraint.”

The corner of the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse’s mouth curled into a cold, mocking smile.

Boom!

Terrifying saintly might erupted from his body.

This Heavenly Spirit Clan expert was among the peak saints.

“Leaving imperial weapons in Five Phoenixes will only spawn rampant ferocious beasts. Since my clan is willing to shoulder that risk and calamity for Five Phoenixes, why not obediently hand them over?”

Powerful energy streams coiled around the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse.

Oppressive aura surged unchecked.

“You’ve gone too far.”

Gu Mangran’s gaze sharpened. His blood-red robes billowed as thick killing intent rolled forth.

He stood firm in the Void Heaven, countering the Heavenly Spirit Clan expert’s pressure.

“Gu Mangran, you’re already half-dead. Why not stay quietly in your coffin? At your peak, I might have some wariness, but in this half-dead state, you dare challenge me?”

“Gu Mangran, the era of the Nine Heavens has changed. It’s no longer the age it once was.”

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse fixed his stare on Gu Mangran.

The next instant, his figure shot sideways.

Boom!

Myriad radiant lights dazzled and blinded.

Gu Mangran sneered coldly, swung his coffin lid, and charged.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The two clashed instantly, battling into the extraterrestrial battlefield. Their ferocious exchanges shattered dead continents, sending shockwaves rippling outward.

The fluctuations descending from the heavens were heart-stopping.

This was a clash of top-tier saints.

Though Gu Mangran had not fully recovered his peak strength, he far surpassed ordinary saints.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The battle in the extraterrestrial battlefield shook the entire Void Heaven.

Everyone's expression changed.

On the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Lu leaned back in his Thousand-Bladed Chair, narrowing his eyes.

“Why... is this man unaffected by the Void Heaven’s rules?”

This puzzled and intrigued Lu.

The Void Heaven’s rules had no effect on this Heavenly Spirit Clan saint.

Unlike the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor and others, who could not resist the rules’ power.

Boom!

Suddenly.

The void exploded. Chaotic currents churned.

Gu Mangran’s body shot backward like a cannonball from the extraterrestrial battlefield. Terrifying intertwined auras caused unrest in many worlds within the Void Heaven.

Boom!

Imperial might spread.

No imperial weapon—yet a fearsome Great Emperor aura lingered.

“Ancient Emperor Imprint!”

Blood trickled from Gu Mangran’s mouth. His blood-red robes sliced the void like sharp blades. He lifted his head, staring at the radiant figure in the extraterrestrial battlefield.

A twisted trident pattern twisted at the figure’s brow.

The imperial might emanated from that mark.

In truth, even without full recovery, after consuming the divine medicine, Gu Mangran could unleash considerable power. The Heavenly Spirit Clan expert might not have been his match.

But...

With the emperor imprint's blessing, it was as if he wielded an imperial weapon. Gu Mangran stood no chance.

The gap between a saint with an imperial weapon and one without was immense—practically two different realms.

Zhu Long and Lu Jiulian gathered at Gu Mangran's side.

“No wonder he fears not the Void Heaven's rules. With an ancient emperor imprint, it's like using an imperial weapon to hold the rules at bay.”

Gu Mangran said.

In the Boundless Heaven.

The Upper Realm sacred clan saints gasped, feeling crushing pressure.

An emperor imprint!

Proof of a living ancient Great Emperor.

Only a living ancient Great Emperor could bestow such an imprint.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan truly had a living Great Emperor—an existence of supreme transcendence!

Even in the Nine Heavens' golden age, Emperor-realm beings had been rare.

“Lord Lu... are you willing to surrender the imperial weapons?”

From a rift in the void.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse, radiating myriad lights like a blazing star, spoke calmly.

“This is your final chance—and Five Phoenixes' final chance...”

“I come representing the Heavenly Spirit Clan's Sacred Hall. If Five Phoenixes chooses to oppose the Sacred Hall, it no longer deserves to exist.”

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse declared indifferently.

His tone of lofty superiority weighed heavily on everyone.

On Five Phoenixes' side.

In the Nether Realm.

Dantai Xuan's eyes bulged. Hearing the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse's words nearly made his explosive temper erupt.

If not for suppressing the emerging Hell Hound, he would have rallied the Nether Realm army and charged out.

"This bastard!"

Dantai Xuan cursed.

Within the Five Phoenixes Continent.

With the beast Liu Ying's death, heavenly fortune surged and overflowed.

The Overlord, Tang Yimo, and others absorbed it, strengthening themselves.

Yet the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse's words boomed into Five Phoenixes, thick with threat. They opened their eyes, killing intent sharp.

Lu, holding the Heaven Stealing Tower, no longer lingered on the island.

With a flicker—like teleportation—he vanished, reappearing in the Void Heaven.

White robes pristine, silver blades stacked.

Lu sat solemnly, gazing coldly at the radiant figure in the extraterrestrial battlefield.

“Are you threatening me?”

Lu asked.

“If Lord Lu sees it as a threat... then yes, it is a threat.”

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse smiled faintly, mockery in his voice.

He had full confidence.

He represented the Heavenly Spirit Clan's Sacred Hall.

He represented the Heavenly Spirit Clan.

Sent from the First Heaven on Sacred Hall orders, he naturally displayed the dominance and might unique to the First Heaven.

In the Thousand-Bladed Chair, Lu cracked his neck.

"Threats? I love threats."

"Because everyone who's ever threatened me, Lu Ping'an... is dead."

Lu said.

With a flick of his finger, the Vermilion Bird divine medicine shot from his Profound Mystery Ring.

It streaked toward Gu Mangran.

“Old Gu, take your medicine.”

Gu Mangran’s eyes lit up. He caught the Vermilion Bird divine medicine, energy surging as he absorbed its essence.

Far more potent than the crimson chrysanthemum, this divine medicine restored him further.

With it, Gu Mangran... could fight on!

Lu eyed the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse’s brow.

“I thought you had an imperial weapon. This young master was ready to negotiate politely, hoping you’d join my million-Dao-reserve deal.”

“But it turns out... you don’t have one.”

Lu shook his head, voice full of regret.

His words twisted everyone's expressions—especially the saints in the Boundless Heaven, whose faces darkened to dripping ink.

Could he stop mentioning that damned million-Dao-reserve deal?

Their imperial weapons were now in Lu's hands. Every mention made their hearts bleed.

Everything had gone wrong the moment Lu asked them to stay and "talk business."

"Well played, Lu Ping'an... bold enough."

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse laughed.

Five Phoenixes had grown quickly, but he remained unfazed.

No matter how fast it rose...

In the current Nine Heavens, the ruling power was the Heavenly Spirit Clan—with a living Great Emperor. Could Five Phoenixes truly defy an Emperor?

Lu cracked his neck again.

He raised a hand, pointing forward slowly.

Gu Mangran, having absorbed the divine medicine and recovered several tenths of his strength, moved.

He shot forward like a streak of light once more.

Not just Gu Mangran—Zhu Long and Lu Jiulian joined him.

Under Lu's primordial spirit control, the Demon Lord and Demon Master charged as well.

"My friends."

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse, shrouded in myriad radiance, turned to the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor and others in the Boundless Heaven.

The sacred clan saints had intended to watch from the sidelines, but under his stern gaze, they reluctantly joined the fray.

They could not afford to offend the Heavenly Spirit Clan.

Thus, five saints moved—even the one who had fled returned with his imperial weapon.

He feared refusing would breed resentment in the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The extraterrestrial battlefield was once again engulfed in terrifying energy blasts.

In the Lower Third Heavens and on Five Phoenixes, all beings looked up.

The saintly war had reignited.

The outcome of this battle held profound meaning—it could decide Five Phoenixes' future fate!

Lu raised a hand, spatial profound meaning surging.

He entered the extraterrestrial battlefield.

Upon arrival, rolling energy overflowed, saintly might boundless.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse battled fiercely with Gu Mangran. With the emperor imprint's aid, Gu Mangran could not hold his own.

The other sacred clan saints posed little threat.

The only real danger was the saint who had returned with his imperial weapon.

Wielding it, his might was unmatched.

Five Phoenixes' side was clearly at a disadvantage.

Lu tapped the Spirit Pressure Chessboard.

The chessboard domain expanded instantly.

Beams of spirit pressure rained down. Lu drew the Phoenix Feather Sword and three thousand silver blades.

Myriad silver gleams spanned the void, carrying terrifying tearing power as they closed in.

With his aid, Lu Jiulian and Zhu Long fought with growing ferocity.

Yet overall, Five Phoenixes remained suppressed.

Even Lu Jiulian was pinned down by the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse.

Prolonged defense would eventually fail. One mistake, and Five Phoenixes' side could be annihilated!

Though the Upper Realm sacred ancestors had lost the Fire Clan's, six remained—one wielding an imperial weapon.

Five Phoenixes had only four: Lu Jiulian, Zhu Long, Demon Lord, and Demon Master.

Without Lu's support, they would have fallen long ago.

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor's eyes flashed. She broke free.

Hair flying, killing intent surging, her stunning face sharpened.

Her form became a stream of water, streaking toward Lu.

“Lu Ping’an, return my clan’s imperial weapon!”

She targeted Lu. She knew he had broken through to saint realm, but a newly ascended saint—what was there to fear?

Lu had intended to aid Gu Mangran.

But seeing the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor charge, he paused in mild surprise.

But... only mild surprise.

A Water Clan Sacred Ancestor without her imperial weapon—against Lu, now at ninth-layer Qi Refiner—he truly felt no fear.

Lu raised a hand, resting it slowly on the armrest.

His body rose inch by inch.

Boom!

Terrifying demonic qi began to surge, leaking bit by bit.

His white robes turned black.

Lu saw no need for formations.

He stood, transforming into his demonic form.

Thud! Thud!

The charging Water Clan Sacred Ancestor felt her heart palpitate. She beheld demonic Lu.

The Indestructible Demonic Body activated—perfected to minor completion, multiplying his strength manyfold.

Lu stood, hair whipping the void.

The next instant, he glanced at the incoming Water Clan Sacred Ancestor.

Divine ability unleashed.

Demonic Lord's Gaze.

Humm...

Mysterious profound meaning rippled invisibly.

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor felt as though she had plunged into a vast, endless ice abyss.

Her blood flow stiffened.

"A... divine ability?!"

Terrifying pressure sent chills through her!

Compared to their last clash, Lu's transformation was monumental!

Demonic Lu moved.

The "Travel" array glyph wove.

Lu flashed past. The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor couldn't even dodge before darkness engulfed her vision.

Demonic Lu's fist exploded her stunning head.

Flesh burst apart.

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor's voluptuous form shattered in the void under Lu's merciless strike.

Boom!

Like a gorgeous flower withering.

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor's primordial spirit surged in agony, yet under Lu's divine ability, it began to crumble.

The stunning sacred ancestor wailed in despair...

Soon crushed bit by bit!

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor—fallen!

The beautiful saint, gone forever!

One strike—one sacred ancestor slain!

The scene stunned the battling saints in the extraterrestrial battlefield.

Even the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse felt a jolt.

The emperor imprint at his brow pulsed again.

Imperial might surged.

Pfft!

Gu Mangran was suppressed once more, his body hurled back, smashing dead continents.

“Impossible...”

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint narrowed his eyes. The Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor’s death was understandable—slain by the Void Heaven’s rules, Emperor-realm power.

But Lu had just killed the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor without borrowing the rules!

A fair and square kill!

Gu Mangran too was surprised. One-strike execution—this echoed a fraction of his own peak glory.

Lu’s strength... had risen again!

Lu streaked forward, demonic qi rolling.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint's brow imprint radiated once more.

Wary now.

Lu slaying the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor in one blow—next, he would likely come for him.

Lu's power truly exceeded the Heavenly Spirit Clan saint's expectations.

Yet what shocked him even more...

After killing the Water Clan Sacred Ancestor, Lu did not target him immediately.

Instead...

Spatial profound meaning flared as he shot toward the saint wielding the imperial weapon.

That saint's face blackened.

Why him?

Shouldn't Lu go for the Heavenly Spirit Clan saint first? Why target him?

Despite his complaints, seeing Lu approach, he unleashed the imperial weapon without hesitation. Boundless imperial might blasted terrifying attacks across the battlefield.

Yet...

Facing the fearsome imperial might, Lu merely flung the Heaven Stealing Tower.

The unassuming ancient pagoda forcefully suppressed the imperial might, slamming into the weapon.

Thud!

Now bearing five imperial weapons plus absorbed Dao reserves from others...

This strike stalled the weapon's power, scattering its surging imperial might!

Lu struck. Primordial spirit power surged.

Clashing with the saint's primordial spirit.

Pfft!

The saint's primordial spirit suffered heavy damage, coughing blood as he retreated.

Lu domineeringly seized the imperial weapon from the saint's grasp.

The final imperial weapon of the nine sacred clans fell into Lu's demonic clutches.

Controlling the Heaven Stealing Tower, he stored this last piece.

The surrounding sacred clan saints lost all will to fight, fleeing in panic and chaos.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint had called them to aid, but now—with another sacred ancestor dead—what aid could they offer?

Naturally, they chose flight!

The longer-lived these saints, the more they feared death.

The Water Clan Sacred Ancestor's demise—plus the earlier Fire Clan's—deeply rattled them.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint's face darkened, his myriad radiance blazing brilliantly.

But the brilliance lasted only a moment.

Spatial profound meaning tore open.

Lu, one hand gripping the Heaven Stealing Tower, appeared behind the Heavenly Spirit Clan saint battling Gu Mangran.

He swung the tower toward the man's head.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint initially dismissed it—his brow's emperor imprint granted defense rivaling an imperial weapon.

Yet...

Under the Heaven Stealing Tower's power...

The imprint's imperial might...

Failed completely!

It could not affect the tower in the slightest!

In the Heavenly Spirit Clan saint's incredulous gaze, Lu swung the Heaven Stealing Tower, striking his head—right on the brow imprint.

Boom!

In that instant, radiance burst like brilliant fireworks.

Chapter 507: Sometimes, Living... Is Worse Than Death

Across the Lower Third Heavens, a collective gasp rose like thunder on flat ground. Experts from every high-martial minor world stared at the heavens, straining to discern the situation in the extraterrestrial battlefield.

A true saint-realm war!

The combatants encompassed nearly all the major powers of the Nine Heavens.

With the long-extinct Dao and Cloud Clans aside, the ten sacred clans were now fully represented!

Thus, the outcome of this battle would shape the future landscape.

In the Boundless Heaven, Blood Evil Heaven, and Primordial Magnet Heaven, the ascended ancestors of those realms wore worried expressions.

In truth, they did not wish for Five Phoenixes to lose. If it fell, the Heavenly Gates would likely return to the Upper Realm sacred clans' control. Given those clans' temperament, finding such a nurturing ground for future growth would become impossible.

Therefore, they hoped more for Five Phoenixes' victory.

Yet this time, the Heavenly Spirit Clan of the First Heaven was involved—a lineage of ancient heritage, backed by a living ancient Great Emperor.

Compared to it, Five Phoenixes was far too weak.

Winning this saint-realm war would be extraordinarily difficult—nearly impossible.

In numbers, Five Phoenixes was outnumbered. In equipment, they were outmatched.

Though Lord Lu had acquired several imperial weapons, they were sacred clan treasures. He could not wield them, so they provided no aid.

The situation looked bleak.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Every being on the Five Phoenixes Continent, along with the rest, lifted their heads toward the dome of the Void Heaven.

Above it, in the extraterrestrial battlefield, terrifying explosions thundered.

The next moment.

Thick clouds rolled in.

Splash... splash...

As though heaven and earth played a mournful dirge, as though mountains and rivers wailed.

Torrents of blood rain poured down.

Heavenly phenomena emerged!

“Blood rain from the skies—a sacred ancestor has fallen!”

“It’s only been moments... another sacred ancestor dead? Who was it?”

“Such fierce, terrifying combat... After the Fire Clan Sacred Ancestor, another has perished!”

Experts felt chills course through them, gripped by profound dread.

Though far from the scale of the primordial war, a sacred ancestor’s death was still momentous.

Just as everyone thought one fallen sacred ancestor was grave enough—

The void tore open.

Wails of terror and agony echoed.

The next instant, streaks of light shot from the extraterrestrial battlefield in the Void Heaven.

Fleeing in blind panic, without hesitation—like meteors streaking across the sky, crashing toward the Upper Realm.

Everyone in the Lower Third Heavens stood stunned.

In that fleeting glimpse, the unrestrained saintly might radiating from them...

Clearly, these desperate fugitives... were saint-realm beings!

One sacred ancestor dead, and the remaining saints... fleeing in terror?

Had the battle in the extraterrestrial battlefield concluded so swiftly?

All were dumbfounded, unable to imagine the course of the fight.

The rifts in the heavens gradually healed.

Yet the world understood: with the sacred ancestors and saints fleeing, the scales of victory seemed to tip toward Five Phoenixes.

Still, the Heavenly Spirit Clan saint had not escaped. Perhaps he could hold his own against six and defeat Five Phoenixes' profound immortals.

...

Pfft!

Brilliant light erupted in myriad rays.

Uncontrolled imperial might surged in fury, like a blazing sun exploding in dazzling glory.

Terrifying heat waves seemed ready to scorch the cold, dead void.

Blood sprayed.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint's brow emperor imprint had an intimate encounter with Lu's Heaven Stealing Tower.

The collision was solid—emitting the bone-chilling crunch of flesh meeting unyielding hardness.

Pain spread instantly.

But pain was secondary. What drove madness was...

The Heaven Stealing Tower's weight—like an entire world. The emperor imprint seemed on the verge of shattering under the blow.

The tower now held six imperial weapons, plus the Dao reserves absorbed from three more—nine in total.

Its weight was naturally horrifying.

Though short of a million Dao reserves... it approached it.

Though merely Lu's plain swing—

The devastating power left the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse in despair.

Blood blurred his vision.

The imprint teetering on collapse filled him with dread.

Who... was this Lu Ping'an?

The emperor imprint had been his trump card. Now facing Lu, it felt insufficient.

This man... could even shatter an emperor imprint!

Boom!

His body hurled backward, smashing an entire dead continent.

Gu Mangran, Lu Jiulian, Zhu Long, and others soared upward.

The situation in the extraterrestrial battlefield was now clear.

Water Clan Sacred Ancestor dead. Remaining sacred clan saints fled. Only the Heavenly Spirit Clan saint remained.

Yet even he had nearly been bludgeoned to paste by Lu.

Five Phoenixes... held absolute dominance.

Gu Mangran hovered, blood-red robes fluttering.

He glanced at Lu with complex emotions.

Unknowingly, the once-young Young Master Lu now matched him in raw strength—on par.

Gu Mangran felt a twinge of loss.

Yet curiosity stirred: which ancient Great Emperor's inheritance had Lu received?

Only an ancient emperor's legacy could explain such rapid growth.

Legacies had styles.

But from Lu's approach, Gu Mangran—familiar with the emperors—could discern none.

He frowned. This might remain an unsolved puzzle.

Or perhaps...

Lu had no ancient emperor inheritance?

The thought made Gu Mangran inhale sharply.

Boom!

A terrifying explosion erupted.

On the dead continent.

The swaying Heavenly Spirit Clan saint rose unsteadily, face drenched in blood. The imprint at his brow dimmed.

“Lu Ping’an...”

He gritted his teeth, blood streaking his features.

In the void.

Demonic Lu stood, radiating oppressive aura that inspired awe.

“Offending my clan’s Sacred Hall... Five Phoenixes’ future is doomed to utter annihilation.”

“Collecting so many imperial weapons—your intentions are impure. Our ancient emperor will not spare you!”

The saint swayed, glaring at Lu.

Lu held the Heaven Stealing Tower, demonic qi surging as black robes drifted.

In utter disadvantage, on the brink of doom, this man still dared threaten him.

Lu Ping'an hated threats most.

"Hahaha..."

The handsome Heavenly Spirit Clan saint laughed wildly.

"You have no idea the terror of the Heavenly Spirit Clan—the foremost sacred clan of the Nine Heavens!"

His laughter dripped with unrestrained mockery.

Lu narrowed his eyes.

Gu Mangran spoke gravely: "Young Master Lu, he's provoking you."

Lu smiled—he had guessed as much.

Clanging resounded. Myriad silver blades stacked behind him, forming vast silver wings that blotted the sky.

The nine-segment Phoenix Feather Sword orbited him, radiating light.

“Good intention, poor acting.”

Lu said.

Gu Mangran could see it—how could Lu not?

“He wants to enrage you into shattering the emperor imprint. The imprint links to the ancient emperor at the source. Breaking it would alert the emperor to your actions.”

“No matter your purpose, killing one bearing an emperor imprint is provoking the emperor—it would draw his hand...”

Gu Mangran said solemnly: “Current Five Phoenixes cannot face an Emperor-realm being.”

On the dead continent.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint stood calmly—his intent exposed.

Old ginger is indeed spicier. This Gu Mangran truly lived up to it!

But exposed—so what?

With Gu Mangran's words, the saint felt confident. He doubted Lu would dare act.

After all, killing him might summon the Heavenly Spirit Clan's ancient emperor.

For a developing Five Phoenixes, that calamity would dwarf even peerless ferocious beasts.

He gambled... Lu wouldn't dare kill him!

In the void.

Lu sprouted silver wings, brow arching.

"Are there truly living ancient emperors in the Nine Heavens?"

Lu asked.

Gu Mangran fell silent.

Whether the Heavenly Spirit Clan's ancient emperor lived or not—no one could say.

But his absence from the primordial war was certain.

Saints lived hundreds of thousands of years. Emperors... far longer. High chance he lived.

Five Phoenixes could not afford the gamble.

If an emperor descended, the Void Heaven... could not hold.

Below.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint narrowed his eyes: "Lord Lu, care to wager? Kill me, shatter the imprint—will it summon the ancient emperor to annihilate Five Phoenixes?"

Lu Jiulian frowned.

Zhu Long kept eyes closed, long lashes trembling as she shook her head imperceptibly...

This guy...

Courting death with flair?!

He clearly didn't know Dad's terror.

Sometimes, living... was worse than death.

Lu laughed.

Gentle, devoid of malice—yet it unnerved inexplicably.

The next instant, silver wings flashed. He streaked like lightning.

Landing on the dead continent.

Boom!

Lu stepped forward. Terrifying aura rippled. The ground cracked inch by inch, stones exploding outward.

Smoke and dust billowed.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint's pupils contracted. Watching Lu approach, dread suddenly gripped him.

"No..."

"Stay back!"

In the void.

Lu Jiulian paused in surprise. Gu Mangran's face grew grave.

Young Master Lu... was truly acting?

As expected of Young Master Lu's pettiness...

Finer than dust!

“Don’t fear. After all, this young master isn’t some bloodthirsty maniac. I won’t kill you.”

Lu’s light voice drifted from the continent.

Boom!

A terrifying explosion erupted. A dead continent rivaling a seventh-tier high-martial world detonated!

Billowing smoke and dust—shocking to behold.

Amid the blast, chilling wails of terror and agony rang out.

The screams... echoed across the entire extraterrestrial battlefield!

Whoosh!

The nine Phoenix Feather Sword segments merged into a red streak, plunging into the dust.

Pfft!

The sound of blade slicing flesh resounded.

When all fell silent.

From the smoke.

Demonic Lord Lu emerged step by step.

To Gu Mangran and others, like a peerless demon god striding forth.

Dust cleared.

Behind Lu remained only a headless corpse.

In his hand, he held a head.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint's head...

Brow emperor imprint intact.

Beheading a saint did not kill them.

Only destroying the body, leaving the primordial spirit nowhere to reside, brought true death.

Gu Mangran froze, confusion crossing his face.

Lu... hadn't killed this saint?

Merely severed his head?

Since when was Lu Ping'an so merciful?

"Re... release me!"

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint's handsome face twisted. Head alone, he could not resist Lu.

“Can’t kill you. Killing you shatters the imprint, drawing the ancient emperor...”

“This young master knows the terror of ancient emperors better than you.”

Lu glanced at the head, speaking casually.

Speaker unintentional, listeners took heed.

Gu Mangran and the severed head both felt pupils contract.

As expected...

The Lord of Five Phoenixes’ White Jade Capital had contacted an ancient emperor—likely an inheritor.

But in truth, Lu meant no such thing.

After all, the most widespread cultivation method in Five Phoenixes—the Daluo Immortal Scripture—was his own creation. Even he had not reached the Golden Immortal realm within it.

Golden Immortal clearly equated to Great Emperor.

Lu knew its power well.

Utterly beyond profound immortal!

“Don’t worry. So I won’t kill you. But... Five Phoenixes hasn’t had a new tool person in ages. Conveniently, your imprint holds emperor-realm profound mysteries. Perhaps Five Phoenixes’ profound immortals can glean insights toward breaking into the Emperor realm?”

“Great Venerable-level insights no longer suit current Five Phoenixes.”

Lu smiled.

Gu Mangran paused in shock.

The now-head-only handsome Heavenly Spirit Clan saint felt chills.

“No... just kill me! I am a Sacred Hall saint of the Heavenly Spirit Clan—I cannot suffer such humiliation!”

The saint roared madly.

Yet after the Heaven Stealing Tower's strike and demonic Lu's beating...

Head alone, he had no resistance.

"Useless. Though my imprint holds emperor-realm cultivation mysteries, no one can break through using it. Current Nine Heavens forbids new emperors! The Heavenly Dao forbids it—the ancient emperor forbids it!"

He howled.

But Lu ignored him.

The Nine Heavens' Heavenly Dao might forbid it... but Five Phoenixes' Dao might not.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Silver blades stacked.

Lu seated himself atop them. Black robes turned white—he regained his elegant demeanor.

Merely holding a blood-drenched head.

The head's roars grew annoying.

With a thought.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint's head gradually petrified.

Like the great venerables Lu had once tossed into Five Phoenixes as statues.

Yet the emperor imprint remained unfossilized—mysterious, radiating profound fluctuations.

Emperor-realm profound meaning.

Lu surveyed the ravaged extraterrestrial battlefield and smiled.

Then tore the void to return.

Demon Lord and Demon Master vanished into Five Phoenixes.

Gu Mangran and Lu Jiulian watched them go, eyes full of curiosity.

Returning from the extraterrestrial battlefield.

Dead silence gripped the Lower Third Heavens.

Especially seeing unharmed Lu, Gu Mangran, Lu Jiulian, and others—shock filled the air.

And the petrified Heavenly Spirit Clan saint head in Lu's hand—sent the world into uproar.

“Dead... dead?!”

“The Heavenly Spirit Clan saint... beheaded by Lord Lu?”

“Lord Lu... as domineering as ever! Slaying all invaders!”

Lower Third Heavens experts gasped.

While Five Phoenixes' immortals cheered!

Victory!

Internal and external threats—external ones now fully resolved!

“Return.”

Lu said calmly.

He glanced at the Lower Third Heavens and smiled.

Gu Mangran returned to his coffin, streaking away. This time, consuming enhanced chrysanthemum medicine plus Vermilion Bird divine fruit.

Immense divine energy stored within.

Perfect for lying low, digesting it.

Back in the ancient tomb.

Bu Nanxing, nerves frayed, exhaled in relief, smiling.

“Lord Lu, we’re safe! Another crisis averted...”

Lu Changkong stood with hands behind back, gaze profound, expression calm—as though expected.

He smiled, turned, resuming divine medicine research.

Atop Asking Heaven Peak.

The Human Emperor sweated coldly. Only when the dynasty’s overseeing heavenly immortal informed him of safety did tension ease.

He spread the joyous news empire-wide and began sacrifices atop the peak.

In the Nether Realm.

Dantai Xuan laughed heartily, then focused on the fortune-fused peerless beast about to emerge—the Hell Hound.

No external worries—his eyes burned with battle intent.

Slay it the moment it appeared!

Lu returned to the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Excitement lit his face.

“Nine sacred ancestors’ imperial weapons—all collected. Converting their Dao reserves... should propel Five Phoenixes to first-tier high-martial.”

Lu’s eyes gleamed.

“No, still one short. Ten sacred clans mean ten imperial weapons. Missing the Heavenly Spirit Clan’s.”

Lu pondered.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan was strong—perhaps with a living ancient emperor.

Their imperial weapon would be hard to scheme for. Logically...

With a living emperor, it should be in his hands.

Hard to obtain from an ancient Great Emperor.

Negotiate business with one?

Suddenly.

Lu paused.

He tossed the petrified Heavenly Spirit Clan saint head to the ground.

Lifted his gaze to Five Phoenixes' heavens.

Boom...

Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao emerged from the origin space.

Hovering overhead, coiling.

The next instant, surging fortune cascaded down, blessing Five Phoenixes' immortals.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Vast auras erupted. The immortals' strength soared!

A wave of massive transformation.

The fallen petrified head stared at the heavens—at the emerging Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao.

Lu, satisfied and sighing.

Suddenly turned in shock.

Even through petrification, the saint's terror was palpable.

Disaster... catastrophe!

Five Phoenixes... had birthed an independent Heavenly Dao?!

Chapter 508: Descent of the Emperor Realm?

"Huh? Discovered."

Lu arched a brow, his gaze shifting to the petrified head of the Heavenly Spirit Clan saint on the ground.

Though petrified, the saint could still perceive external changes—and clearly witnessed the emergence of Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao.

Lu didn't mind. Normally, upon discovering Five Phoenixes' secret, he would ruthlessly erase the witness's will to keep it hidden.

But this time, he chose otherwise. This head-only Heavenly Spirit Clan saint still had use—his brow emperor imprint could aid Five Phoenixes' profound immortals in comprehension and breakthrough. Moreover, under Lu's careful watch and array seals, escape or transmission of information was impossible.

For extra caution, Lu picked a chess piece and tapped it on the petrified head's crown. Any anomaly, and he would know—instantly maximizing this tool person's utility.

Boom!

With a gentle toss.

The head streaked like a meteor, hurtling across the sky before crashing into a corner of the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Boom!

The earth quaked. The head soon transformed into a massive stone mountain—resembling a giant skull from afar.

Atop the mountain, the engraved emperor imprint's mysteries radiated. Even true immortals could gain substantial insights from it.

Five Phoenixes' true immortals in breakthrough sensed the new peak's appearance.

The imprint's aura and fluctuations shook their minds and spirits.

Undoubtedly, this stone mountain would become another vital cultivation site in Five Phoenixes.

Vast fortune flowed like rivers across the heavens.

Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao manifested, radiating seven-colored radiance.

Slaying the beast Liu Ying redistributed the heavenly fortune it had fused.

The Overlord bathed in fortune.

His aura surged.

Faintly, it seemed on the verge of breaking shackles.

Yet to his disappointment, it fell short—he was but a hair's breadth from profound immortal.

Now, he could be called half-step profound immortal.

In truth, not just the Overlord.

Sima Qingshan, Tang Yimo, Kong Nanfei, and others gained significant boosts from the fortune infusion, all reaching half-step profound immortal.

Their fortune accumulation neared torrential rivers.

Fortune distribution was simple: Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao allocated based on contribution to slaying the beast.

The Overlord, Sima Qingshan, Nie Changqing, and others performed admirably.

But the one who truly created the beast Liu Ying's flaw...

Was none of them.

It was Mo Tianyu.

A heavenly immortal defying an ancient emperor.

Mo Tianyu survived—though reduced to a blood-soaked figure, nearly crushed by Heavenly Dao's will.

Yet he lived, turning calamity into blessing with immense gains.

His cultivation soared from heavenly immortal to peak true immortal—half-step profound immortal.

In slaying the peerless beast Liu Ying, Mo Tianyu contributed most—the sole breaker of the impasse.

Thus, his largest share of fortune was justified.

Others in Five Phoenixes received varying portions.

The continent's overall cultivation level rose dramatically.

...

Five Phoenixes Continent.

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Before Lu, the Spirit Pressure Chessboard glowed faintly. Lines danced in his eyes, observing Five Phoenixes' current state clearly.

“No new profound immortals yet...”

Lu frowned.

But upon reflection, it made sense. The Overlord and others shone, but the lion’s share went to Mo Tianyu.

From mere heavenly immortal to half-step profound immortal—already remarkable growth.

One peerless beast’s fall failed to birth a profound immortal.

Contrary to Lu’s expectations. Disappointed, he pinned hopes on the remaining beasts.

Now, the Cloud Venom Vulture in the Heavenly Gate and Hell Hound in the Nether Realm.

These two, fused with vast fortune, were Lu’s prepared challenges to birth profound immortals for Five Phoenixes.

Withdrawing his gaze.

Lu ceased monitoring. The battle ended—time to tally spoils.

So many imperial weapons acquired—their importance to Lu, to Five Phoenixes' foundation, went without saying.

“Six new imperial weapons... First, strip the ancient emperor auras for later crafting new peerless beasts.”

Lu pondered.

Primordial spirit surging, he summoned the Heaven Stealing Tower.

It hovered over Lake Heart Island.

One by one, Lu extracted the imperial weapons.

Various treasures emerged, floating around the island.

Unactivated, they appeared plain and ancient.

Lu sat in his Thousand-Bladed Chair, guiding it forward slowly.

He raised a hand, placing it on one imperial weapon. Primordial spirit delving in—soon, an ancient emperor phantom materialized.

The lingering ancient emperor aura within.

Boom!

Seawater around Lake Heart Island boiled. Lu sensed an overwhelmingly supreme aura.

Ancient emperor aura—Golden Immortal-level might.

Of course, merely a wisp—Lu could handle it.

As his primordial spirit vibrated, the aura gradually dissipated.

Yet Lu memorized and etched it deeply in his mind.

The age of ferocious beasts had just begun. With Liu Ying's fall, it truly unfolded fully.

Lu was in no rush. Nine sacred clans' imperial weapons collected—he had time to convert all ancient emperor auras into beasts.

Let Five Phoenixes' immortals slay them, seize fortune, birth more profound immortals.

Though Five Phoenixes now had immortal-martial foundations, Lu avoided forcing growth. Steady, silent strengthening was key.

Moreover...

Lu rolled up his sleeve, picking pieces from the box, placing them on the board.

He frowned.

Current developments carried one matter Lu found deeply wary.

The vanished ancient Great Emperors of the Nine Heavens.

And the hidden one in the Heavenly Spirit Clan.

Where had the vanished emperors gone? Why had the Heavenly Spirit Clan's remained unseen—as though in hiding?

Lu sensed these emperors might be plotting something grand.

Related to Five Phoenixes?

Leaning in his Thousand-Bladed Chair, Lu placed pieces slowly. The profound board radiated unique intent.

“Hmm... Besides slaying beasts with ancient emperor auras for growth, those fleeing ancient sacred clan saints—if slain, could also grant breakthroughs to Five Phoenixes' half-step profound immortals.”

Lu thought.

Like Lu Jiulian's breakthrough: slaying saints... could shatter barriers.

The Heaven Stealing Tower suppressed six imperial weapons, boundless imperial might radiating. Lu's eyes gleamed, envisioning the surging Dao reserves within.

Each held at least eight or nine hundred thousand.

Six together—oceanic.

With a thought.

The tower flashed brilliantly. He began devouring and refining the Dao reserves.

Boom!

As an innate spiritual treasure, the Heaven Stealing Tower's might was formidable.

Hovering over one imperial weapon, Dao reserves wormed out like crawling insects, merging into the tower.

It grew heavier. Surrounding void seemed on the verge of collapse under its mass.

Lu inhaled deeply.

Sitting cross-legged, primordial spirit surging.

Hair flying, he rolled sleeves, picked pieces.

Placing on the board.

A beam soared skyward, stirring clouds. Soon, beyond Five Phoenixes, the sundial reappeared. The time-acceleration array reactivated.

Five Phoenixes resumed peaceful, harmonious development.

With the array restarted, Lu focused solely on controlling the tower to absorb the vast Dao reserves from six imperial weapons.

Tens of thousands—hundreds of thousands—even for Lu, the workload felt immense.

Draining them completely would be exhausting.

...

With the saint-realm war's end.

Five Phoenixes' high-end forces unscathed—the Heavenly Spirit Clan saint captured alive.

This stunned Lower Third Heavens experts.

But mere stun. Current Five Phoenixes far surpassed the Lower Third—equivalent to a third-tier high-martial, no ordinary one.

War concluded, Lower Third Heavens cultivators fully aligned with Five Phoenixes, devoting to cultivation, striving to maximize strength.

The Daluo Immortal Scripture's fortune cultivation spread through every high-martial world there.

Now, a fifth-tier high-martial birthing immortal abodes but no heavenly immortals didn't qualify as fifth-tier.

Heavenly immortals marked fifth-tier status.

Yet due to time flow disparity between Lower Third and Five Phoenixes.

Many ancestor experts chose ascension grounds for cultivation, nurturing their worlds' powerhouses there.

Of course, many faintly noticed: refining fortune seemed to link their worlds' Dao reserves uniquely to Five Phoenixes.

They became tools aiding Five Phoenixes' fortune refinement.

But they didn't mind. After discussions with Five Phoenixes' immortals via ascension grounds, they learned the immortals felt similarly.

Thus, they deemed it a drawback of the Daluo Immortal Scripture.

Unbeknownst to them, their refined fortune funneled Dao reserves into Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao.

It faintly trended toward encompassing the entire Lower Third Heavens.

Boundless Heaven, Blood Evil Heaven, Primordial Magnet Heaven grew peaceful and stable.

With Upper Realm sacred clans' retreat, development stabilized further.

Yet many Lower Third experts remained tense—they knew this stability held only while the First Heaven's foremost sacred clan, the Heavenly Spirit Clan, stayed idle.

If it sent forces again...

Five Phoenixes might face a crisis far graver.

After all, the Heavenly Spirit Clan had a living ancient Great Emperor!

That was the true terror.

...

Five Phoenixes Continent.

With the southern battlefield beast Liu Ying dead, the world-ending crisis faded.

Five Phoenixes gained a slew of half-step profound immortals.

Many in number, but true breakthroughs to profound immortal—uncertain.

Splash!

Over the vast sea, waves surged.

Powerhouses streaked across waters, converging.

If Five Phoenixes cultivators saw this lineup, they'd be terrified.

Overlord, Nie Changqing, Tang Yimo, Sima Qingshan, Bai Qingniao...

All newly half-step profound immortals.

These top Five Phoenixes immortals gathered—what grand event?

In the Great Xuan Academy.

Lu Jiulian floated amid blooming lotuses, gazing seaward calmly before resuming cultivation.

Atop Buzhou Peak, Zhu Long sat on pristine bluestone, eyes closed. Invisible candle dragons coiled, as though devouring Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao from origin space.

Over the sea, the gathered immortals seemed in conference.

Discussing something.

Mo Tianyu joined—bald now, but none dared belittle. His fate-reversing divination had slain the peerless beast Liu Ying.

Seemingly just a diviner, yet his divinations proved lethally toxic.

Below profound immortal, above heavenly immortal—nearly all gathered.

Discussing what? Naturally, methods to break into profound immortal.

Slaying beasts could achieve it—what else?

“Slaying saints can too, like Great Xuan Academy's Lu Jiulian...”

One suggested.

The words lit eyes among Five Phoenixes' half-step profound immortals.

“Upper Realm sacred clans repeatedly bullied Five Phoenixes. This world-ending crisis—internal and external woes—the external from these sacred clan saints seeking to destroy us with imperial weapons... Without Young Master Lu and General Gu, we might have perished, homes lost.”

All spoke gravely.

“Upper Realm sacred clans threaten Five Phoenixes' safety. If we expel them, perhaps Heavenly Dao acknowledges, fortune blesses.”

“For us half-step profound immortals to break through—beyond waiting for beasts—only desperate battles against Upper Realm sacred clan saints. Slay saints... to shatter barriers!”

The Overlord's eyes blazed.

“Indeed... Heard all Upper Realm sacred clans' imperial weapons trapped in Five Phoenixes—our chance. Without them, gathered half-step profound immortals... might fight!”

Nie Changqing added.

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, Empress Ni Chunqiu, and others gleamed with resolve.

“We need righteous cause. Thus, in the name of the ancient Heavenly Court in ascension grounds—establish Five Phoenixes Heavenly Court, conquer the Upper Realm!”

Words spoken.

Half-step profound immortals soared, opening Heavenly Gates, entering ascension grounds.

Establishing Five Phoenixes Heavenly Court at ancient Heavenly Court ruins.

News spread—ascension grounds boiled.

Lower Third Heavens ascendants, learning Five Phoenixes Heavenly Court immortals would assail Upper Realm for fortune via saint-slaying—eyes lit.

Many Lower Third high-martial ancestors voluntarily joined the crusade.

What began as a spark snowballed into a vast avalanche.

Army formation took little time.

Five Phoenixes' half-step profound immortals, true immortals—plus Lower Third, Blood Evil, Primordial Magnet, Boundless Heavens' forces—gathered.

Forming an immortal grand army.

Jiang Li, inheritor of Soldier King, stepped up as commander.

Ancient warships spanned the void, racing toward Upper Realm.

At each prow stood fluttering-robed Five Phoenixes immortals.

Once oppressed by Upper Realm—Five Phoenixes and Lower Third now struck back fiercely!

Warships seized in prior Upper Realm wars now served the coalition.

Dao and Cloud Clans extinct.

The fleet surged past their Fifth Heaven, toward the Fourth.

Fourth Heaven—Water and Fire Clans' domain.

Arrival brought surprise.

Both clans' lands already war-torn. Returning sacred ancestors of other clans, learning Water and Fire sacred ancestors dead—ruthlessly ordered assaults on their ancestral grounds.

To carve up accumulations and Dao reserves.

No imperial weapons—deciding factor: saint-realm experts.

Not just sacred clans—Upper Realm's other ancient races, once cowed by imperial weapons, now bared fangs. Rebelling against sacred clan rule, vying for resources.

Five Phoenixes coalition's arrival fueled the chaos.

Water and Fire Clans suffered countless Origin Realm deaths. Water Clan abandoned ancestral grounds, migrating away.

The mighty Water sacred clan—thus extinguished.

Fire Clan—directly annihilated, like former Dao and Cloud.

Ten sacred clans—two more fallen.

But not the coalition's goal. Overlord and others sought saint-slaying for fortune blessing, impacting profound immortal.

Thus, they pressed upward—assailing Wood Clan, Thunder Clan, and more...

Sacred clans horrified.

Never expecting the once-despised, oppressed Lower Third Heavens to unite—invading Upper Realm.

War erupted.

Five Phoenixes coalition clashed endlessly with remaining Upper Realm forces.

Learning no saints fought for the coalition, Upper Realm sacred clan saints engaged—to intimidate.

Unexpectedly, their involvement excited Overlord, Tang Yimo, and half-step profound immortals. Fighting fiercer, desperately seeking saints—dragging into extraterrestrial battlefields.

...

Lu knew of the grand crusade but chose not to interfere.

Focused wholly on refining imperial weapons.

Urgency gripped him—what if the Heavenly Spirit Clan’s ancient emperor descended, demanding them back?

Thus, Lu eagerly stripped Dao reserves, merging into the Heaven Stealing Tower.

Cooking the rice—then even emperor descent useless.

Lu knew: if the Heavenly Spirit Clan truly had a living ancient emperor...

He would sense it. Though Lu spared the saint—no imprint shattered—the emperor’s power could likely deduce anomalies.

Even if no emperor descended...

Per the saint’s words, the Heavenly Spirit Clan’s Sacred Hall might not yield easily.

Thus, daily Lu urged the tower, absorbing vast Dao reserves from six imperial weapons—racing to drain them before discovery.

Halfway through the sixth’s reserves.

Lu sensed something. Head snapped up, gazing beyond.

Boom!

In Boundless Heaven.

Void tore abruptly.

Faintly, behind the rift—a majestic mountain of myriad radiance emerged.

Gu Mangran, sleeping in the ancient tomb, jolted awake, clutching his chest.

Lu narrowed his eyes.

Gaze piercing distant void.

Was the foremost sacred clan's Emperor-realm...

Finally appearing?

Chapter 509: The Generous and Righteous Lord Lu

The Heavenly Spirit Clan possessed a living ancient Great Emperor—this was the conjecture of every powerhouse in the Nine Heavens.

Now, beyond the Boundless Heaven, violent tremors shook the void. From the torn rift emerged a bizarre world.

A majestic mountain radiated seven-colored brilliance, like a divine miracle descending.

Vast imperial might spread, making many hearts skip a beat.

Like Lu, countless others speculated: was this the descent of an ancient Great Emperor?

Bodies trembled. Eyes fixed unblinkingly on the rift.

An ancient Great Emperor—the true object of faith, once the supreme existence of the Nine Heavens.

Each heaven had birthed one, but now they lived only in myths and legends.

To witness a living ancient Great Emperor... what fortune that would be.

Boom!

On the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Every being's heart pounded.

Lu lifted his gaze to the heavens, but soon regret flickered in his eyes.

“Not an ancient Great Emperor.”

Regret mingled with a sigh of relief.

A true ancient emperor’s descent would have given even him a headache.

In the Boundless Heaven.

A golden-haired figure in thick, ornate robes drifted out slowly, the heavy garments fluttering.

An elder, face etched with wrinkles, yet his full head of golden hair gleamed like molten gold.

At his brow, an emperor imprint—identical to the one on the Heavenly Spirit Clan saint whose head Lu had severed and turned into a tool person mascot in Five Phoenixes.

The imprint all Heavenly Spirit Clan saints bore.

Beyond the imprint, his aura was utterly supreme. No saint from the ten sacred clans could compare.

That terrifying presence seemed capable of shattering mountains and rivers, collapsing heaven and earth with a mere gesture.

A powerhouse who had walked the saint path to its utmost limit, augmented by the emperor imprint—doubly fearsome.

Lu narrowed his eyes.

Leaning in his Thousand-Bladed Chair, hands never pausing, he commanded the Heaven Stealing Tower to fully absorb the Dao reserves from the final imperial weapon.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Suddenly.

Across the Lower Third Heavens, countless experts widened their eyes. Uproar echoed endlessly.

Terrifying aura—like an ancient emperor’s—spread, chilling bodies.

That fearsome presence seemed ready to ignite the heavens.

“Is this truly an ancient Great Emperor?”

“Such overwhelming aura—how could it not be an emperor?”

“No saint could possess such presence! This must be the living ancient Great Emperor!”

Cultivators in the Lower Third Heavens cried out. The figure emerging from the rift radiated bone-chilling might.

Though many Lower Third experts had joined the Five Phoenixes coalition assaulting the Upper Realm...

Some remained to guard.

The figure drifted through the Boundless Heaven, entering the Void Heaven.

Upon entry, the Void Heaven’s rules stirred, chiming like bells.

As though ready to strike.

Yet the figure drifted in, raising a hand with a gentle smile.

Soon, the restless rule power calmed!

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

Gasps rose endlessly.

He... subdued the rule power with his aura alone?

Truly an emperor!

This scene shocked Five Phoenixes' immortals.

Figures soared skyward.

The Overlord, Nie Changqing, and other half-step profound immortals had united to assail the Upper Realm, seeking saint-slaying breakthroughs.

But not all had gone.

Jing Yue, Li Sansui, Ni Yu, and others remained.

Profound immortals like Lu Jiulian and Zhu Long stayed in Five Phoenixes.

As the Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouse's aura spread.

Li Sansui, Jing Yue, and others shot upward, expressions grave.

A lotus bloomed in the void—Lu Jiulian emerged, staring at the intruder.

His face sank.

This was the foremost sacred clan's powerhouse. Not an emperor, yet his might touched the Emperor realm's edge—terrifying aura!

In the ancient tomb, Gu Mangran awoke once more.

He had barely lain down before being roused again.

Clutching his chest, sensing the aura, his expression changed drastically.

Appearing in the palace, he demanded a chrysanthemum divine medicine from Lu Changkong before vanishing over the vast sea.

Reappearing beyond Five Phoenixes' heavens.

“Heavenly Spirit Clan, Master of the Sacred Hall—Mica!”

Gu Mangran rose from his coffin, voice heavy with solemnity.

Mica?

On the island.

Lu's hands never stopped, brow arching.

To him, an utterly unfamiliar name.

But to Gu Mangran, it thundered like legend.

“Under Emperor Heavenly Spirit, the foremost powerhouse... Sacred Hall Master, Mica.”

Gu Mangran repeated, thick with wariness.

Even at his peak, Gu Mangran had no confidence against this man.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago, Mica had reached the saint path’s pinnacle. Had Emperor Heavenly Spirit perished, he might have become the clan’s new Emperor.

One could say Mica was born in the wrong era.

“Gu Mangran... you still live.”

Mica hovered, gazing at the coffin-bound Gu Mangran with a faint smile.

In the Lower Third Heavens, experts hearing Gu Mangran name the intruder recalled Mica’s origins.

Many felt regret—not a true ancient emperor.

After all, the world yearned to behold one.

Yet reconsidering: Mica, so mighty, was not Emperor-realm. How terrifying then a true Emperor?

“Lord Mica, what brings you to Five Phoenixes? To conquer it?”

Gu Mangran inhaled deeply, swallowing the divine medicine without hesitation, unleashing his aura.

Even at peak, blocking Mica was uncertain—let alone half-crippled now.

Mica sat cross-legged in the void, smiling at Gu Mangran’s actions.

Unfazed by the recovery—absolute confidence in his strength.

“Gu Mangran, you once served as General under Emperor Hao. We are old acquaintances—no need for worry.”

“My visit bears no malice.”

Mica said.

Wrinkles creased his aged face, yet vitality surged boundless.

Gu Mangran narrowed his eyes, one hand gripping the coffin lid, silent.

Sensing the stance, Mica sighed, gaze shifting to Five Phoenixes Continent.

Past the orbiting temporal array, his eyes seemed to pierce, beholding the resplendent world within.

Admiration crossed his face.

“Truly a beautiful world.”

Mica said.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two breaking winds resounded.

Lu Jiulian and Zhu Long soared, flanking Gu Mangran.

Profound immortal auras erupted, fortune rivers flowing.

“Hmm? Saints utterly unlike the Nine Heavens’ cultivation system...”

Mica’s eyes sharpened on Lu Jiulian, surprise in his voice.

Gazing at Zhu Long, they contracted further—faint horror.

As though seeing not a person, but a world-shaking aberrant beast.

A beast of boundless potential!

“Truly perfect...”

Mica murmured, staring at Zhu Long.

Gu Mangran frowned.

“Mica!”

Panic stirred in him. The Heavenly Spirit Clan reacted too swiftly. Lu spared their saint—yet they came regardless.

When the Heavenly Spirit Clan intervened, seeking the lost imperial weapons, he sensed gravity.

Now their attitude and speed sank his mood further.

Against Mica’s strength, Gu Mangran had no confidence.

Unless restored to peak.

“General Gu, my personal visit is not to destroy Five Phoenixes. Current Five Phoenixes rivals third-tier high-martial. Any such world holds vast Nine Heavens Dao reserves, intertwined with the Heavenly Dao—cannot be lightly annihilated.”

Mica said.

His words carried implication.

Yet tone shifting to amusement: “My purpose: days ago, a Sacred Hall saint came to mediate... yet lingers without return. Imprint intact—no death—but whereabouts unknown?”

Mica floated, voice gentle.

“I suspect... in Five Phoenixes?”

“Thus, I come personally to retrieve our Sacred Hall member. The Hall abandons no saint.”

Mica said.

Gu Mangran frowned, at a loss for words.

Mica smiled again.

Turning to Five Phoenixes: “Lord Lu, is it not so?”

“I come in person to reclaim our Hall member—no impropriety? I hope Lord Lu grants this favor.”

He cupped hands, courteous.

Attitude refined, scholarly—evoking goodwill.

Silence gripped heaven and earth.

Lu Jiulian and Zhu Long remained silent.

On Lake Heart Island.

Lu's hands never paused, commanding the tower to devour Dao reserves.

Now nearing a million accumulated.

Yet one doesn't strike a smiling face.

The Sacred Hall Master Mica so courteous—Lu couldn't ignore.

Clearing throat, primordial spirit vibrating in response.

“No worry, sir. Your friend enjoys Five Phoenixes immensely—thrilled, forgetting clan. This young master ensures companionship twelve hours daily, discussing profound paths. Fine food, fine drink—never lonely at night.”

Lu said.

Five Phoenixes stone mountain: “...”

Tears nearly fell.

The saint’s primordial spirit within heard clearly.

Not lonely at night... my ass!

This Lu Ping’an—filthy and vicious.

Lies without blinking!

In the Void Heaven.

Mica advanced step by step, mild surprise.

“Oh? Enjoying himself?”

“Then might Lord Lu allow our Hall member a word? I have matters to entrust.”

Mica asked.

Lu, enthusiastic and sincere: “Cannot.”

Mica paused briefly.

“Why?”

“Deep in revelry—ignores you. Can’t rouse him.”

Lu’s hands continued, absorbing the last imperial weapon’s remnants.

Void around the Heaven Stealing Tower twisted increasingly violently.

Mica narrowed eyes, smiling.

Then pressed forward.

Gu Mangran erupted with astonishing aura, blocking.

“General Gu, if I truly wished entry—you could not stop me.”

Mica said.

Gu Mangran’s voice sank: “Primordial war shattered Void Heaven—all high-martial worlds ruined, reduced to wastes... Now, rare revival. If you, Mica, seek annihilation—even at cost of this half-crippled body, I, Gu Mangran, will detain you.”

His words halted Mica.

He shook head helplessly.

“Lord Lu, since General Gu insists—I won’t enter Five Phoenixes. Intended to admire Lord Lu’s grace and the land captivating our Hall member.”

Mica said.

Lu offered no reply.

Coldly so.

Mica paused, then spoke again: “Lord Lu, one more humble request.”

“Beyond retrieving our lost Hall member, I come on ancient emperor’s orders—to reclaim the ten sacred clans’ lost imperial weapons.”

“Sacred clan imperial weapons—once wielded by ancient Great Emperors—intimately tied to Nine Heavens’ Heavenly Dao.”

“Thus, Lord Lu... might you entrust them to me for return to Heavenly Spirit Clan?”

“Ancient emperor’s command—do not make it difficult for this old man.”

Mica's words.

Instantly tensed the atmosphere in Lower Third Heavens and Void Heaven.

Gu Mangran's pupils contracted, saintly might surging from gripped coffin lid.

Lu Jiulian and Zhu Long braced.

Ready to strike at Lu's word.

Lower Third experts held breath—silent.

All awaited Lu's response.

Dead silence.

Tension froze the air.

Lu did not reply immediately.

Lower Third and Void Heaven sank into graveyard hush.

Long moments...

A sigh of task completed echoed.

“Huu...”

“You want the imperial weapons?”

Lu countered.

Mica paused.

Then solemn, cupping hands.

“I hope Lord Lu grants this.”

Mica remained refined and amiable.

Boom!

Suddenly.

Clouds over Five Phoenixes Continent churned. Overwhelming auras erupted.

Beams of radiance soared.

Piercing clouds skyward.

Plus Cloud Clan's Supreme Furnace—eight imperial weapons hovered above Five Phoenixes, gleaming brilliantly.

“Dao Clan's Heavenly Evolution Mirror shattered by mysterious force—utterly destroyed, irretrievable.”

“Only eight remain. Care for them?”

Lu's voice rang from the continent.

Eight imperial weapons.

Breaths grew heavy.

Eyes gleamed on the radiant seven.

Even mighty Mica was drawn by the dazzling sight.

Eight imperial weapons...

Per Sacred Hall intelligence.

Five Phoenixes' Lord Lu—foul-tempered, petty, difficult.

Now...

Intelligence erroneous.

“Unexpected... Lord Lu so generous and righteous.”

Mica laughed.

Gu Mangran, Lu Jiulian, and others truly baffled—Lu surrendering the weapons?

Due to Mica’s terrifying might?

Fearless Young Master Lu... yielding to superior strength?

Mica’s primordial spirit swept the eight—weapons’ imperial might genuine.

No fakes.

How could one half-step from Emperor realm fail to discern?

Imperial weapons—not easily counterfeited.

Whoosh!

Spatial profound meaning flared. Mica tore void, appearing amid the eight.

Raised hand to grasp one.

Snap!

Between heaven and earth, a chess piece landing resounded crisply.

A spirit pressure beam crashed down.

Millionfold spirit pressure!

Boom!

It slammed Mica's outstretched palm.

Golden hair flying, ornate robes fluttering.

He held the pressure with bare suspended palm.

“You want imperial weapons—this young master naturally won’t deny. Such things in Five Phoenixes spawn peerless beasts... not ideal.”

“Thus, if you wish to take them—I won’t object.”

Lu’s voice echoed.

Five Phoenixes stone mountain: “...”

Tears flowed again.

The saint’s primordial spirit within roared: Lu Ping’an, you said otherwise before!

Bully the weak, fear the strong!

Of course, Lu heard no roars.

He continued: “Want them? Fine. This young master’s demands modest—trade goods. Divine medicines, spirit stone veins, heavenly treasures... equivalent value.”

“General Gu can appraise your offerings.”

Lu’s words drifted.

Gu Mangran, Lu Jiulian, and others exhaled in relief.

Lower Third experts understood.

Familiar recipe, familiar taste. Lord Lu remained the petty Lord Lu...

Though goods incomparable to imperial weapons, Lord Lu’s concession was already compromise.

Mica laughed heartily.

Truthfully...

He wished no involvement in Void Heaven, no battle there.

Head tilting, Mica seemed to glimpse a rift in the Void—eyes beyond watching him.

Those eyes brought extreme terror.

“Naturally—fair exchange. Lord Lu’s principles ease my conscience.”

Mica said.

Heavenly Spirit Clan occupied First Heaven—first-tier high-martial Heavenly Spirit World.

Divine medicines, veins... abundant!

Trading goods for imperial weapons—he welcomed it.

“Lord Lu, wait briefly.”

Mica’s gaze deepened.

Words fallen.

Spatial profound meaning exploded.

Tearing void, stepping in—vanishing.

Watching the instantaneous disappearance, Gu Mangran exhaled suppressed breath.

“Heavenly Spirit Clan innately profound in space—shuttling void...”

“Like born comprehending the ‘Travel’ array glyph’s mysteries.”

Gu Mangran said.

Source of his pressure.

Even if he could match Mica, escape—he could not stop.

As for the beheaded saint—utterly dazed by Lu’s tower smash.

Mere breaths.

Mica tore void returning.

Holding a spatial profound-meaning-crafted belt ornament.

Mica gripped it, smiling faintly.

“One imperial weapon—I offer equivalent: ten supreme veins, one top divine medicine, ten heavenly treasures... For eight weapons: eighty supreme veins, eight divine medicines, eighty heavenly treasures.”

Primordial spirit surging.

Next instant, in Void Heaven.

Dense goods materialized—laid bare.

Lower Third Heavens experts stunned.

Utterly mesmerized.

“Acceptable.”

From Five Phoenixes, Lu sounded reluctantly parting, like flesh cut.

Goods stored in spatial belt.

Lu’s thought—Travel array glyph, spatial profound meaning tearing void.

A hand extended before Mica.

Mica narrowed eyes—unexpected Lu’s spatial mastery so profound. But indifferent—weapons secured.

After Lu took the belt.

Mica tossed a gourd.

Dao reserves swirled within, drawing all eight imperial weapons inside.

Payment one hand, goods the other.

Both seemed satisfied.

“Transaction complete. Safe travels.”

Lu said calmly.

Mica smiled, pocketing gourd, cupping hands in farewell.

Spatial profound meaning flared—figure vanishing from Void Heaven, reappearing in Boundless Heaven. Void’s invisible pressure discomfited him.

Yet mission accomplished.

All sacred clan imperial weapons reclaimed.

Smiling, primordial spirit moving—he drew one from gourd: Water Clan’s azure whip.

Gripping the deep blue whip.

Suddenly, Mica's smile... gradually faded.

Chapter 510: You Want the Dao Reserves? You Should've Just Said So

Gripping the Water Clan imperial weapon—an azure long whip, shimmering with flowing light and surging imperial might.

Yet Mica's smile gradually vanished.

His mouth twitched faintly.

Hovering in the Boundless Heaven.

Mica turned back toward the Void Heaven, as though trying to glimpse the accommodating Lord Lu within.

He never imagined... Lu Ping'an would truly dare scam him.

Raising a hand, spatial profound meaning surged. He tore into the extraterrestrial battlefield.

Holding the Water Clan imperial weapon, Mica's brow emperor imprint flashed. Next instant, he activated it.

Boom!

In the extraterrestrial battlefield, a colossal water dragon suddenly emerged, twisting from the void's depths—its coils shattering space inch by inch!

Immense power, worthy of an imperial weapon.

But Mica deeply frowned, eyes revealing speechlessness.

“This is actually... a fake imperial weapon, crafted indistinguishably from the real thing.”

Mica shook his head, speechless yet inwardly wryly amused.

Worthy of the Five Phoenixes that dared provoke high-martial worlds even as a mid-martial one.

Lord Lu Ping'an of Five Phoenixes—foul-tempered, petty—lived up to his reputation.

Humm...

He lightly tapped the gourd.

Golden light cascaded. Eight imperial weapons floated into the void.

Mica took his time, testing each. Subdued imperial might surged, shattering numerous dead continents.

Whipping the extraterrestrial battlefield into terrifying storms.

Supreme Furnace, Fire God Fan, and others... all ancient emperor weapons—he tested them one by one.

“Empty shells—internal Dao reserves utterly void, not even ancient emperor will remaining...”

“Material imperial-grade, but ancient emperor intent and Dao reserves are an imperial weapon’s essence. Lacking both, these... barely qualify as quasi-imperial. No, not even that.”

“Without sufficient Dao reserves, these are merely top-tier sacred ancestor Dao weapons.”

Mica shook his head.

Weapons prized material—imperial material supreme. But material alone insufficient; the inner essence defined an imperial weapon.

Lu's eight "imperial weapons" to Mica required deep probing to reveal as fakes. During the trade, Mica hadn't bothered inspecting closely.

"Well played, Lu Ping'an..."

Mica's smile long gone.

As Heavenly Spirit Clan's Sacred Hall Master, this loss... he couldn't swallow.

Moreover, returning with scrap metal—how to report to Emperor Heavenly Spirit?

Humm...

Spatial profound meaning flared. He tore void again, returning to Boundless Heaven.

Then step by step toward the Void Heaven.

Terrifying aura unrestrained—even the eight imperial weapons hovered around him.

In Boundless, Blood Evil, and Primordial Magnet Heavens—experts stunned, gazing over.

Heavenly Spirit Clan Sacred Hall Master Mica... returned?

And murderous, clearly foul mood.

Lower Third Heavens ancestors' hearts sank.

Flip-flopping!

Upper Realm sacred clans truly turned hostile at whim—even the foremost no different.

Weapons barely warm—already preparing to assail Five Phoenixes with them!

Truly... shameless!

On Five Phoenixes Continent.

Gu Mangran, just lying down, snapped eyes open—fury and indignation.

Let a man sleep peacefully in his coffin?!

Why so difficult?

This Sacred Hall Mica—excessive.

Young Master Lu surrendered all eight imperial weapons—matter should have concluded satisfactorily.
Why Mica's aura raging again in Void Heaven?

Truthfully, Mica's offered resources were abundant, but...

Still slightly short of one imperial weapon's worth.

Logically, Mica profited immensely.

Gu Mangran understood Lu's compromise: mainly fear of the Heavenly Spirit ancient emperor behind Mica.

Otherwise, knowing Lu—he'd never surrender imperial weapons so easily.

Not even for such resources.

In Five Phoenixes.

The crowd, just returning laden with resources, faces changed—reappearing beyond Five Phoenixes' heavens.

Eyes sharpened.

At Void Heaven's edge.

Mica's thick, ornate robes fluttered. He seemed to stride from the void's end.

Eight imperial weapons orbited him—each shimmering, radiating soul-shaking might.

Five Phoenixes immortals' expressions darkened.

“Upper Realm sacred clans... lost all reason?”

“So impatient—trade barely done, already wielding traded weapons to assail Five Phoenixes. Upper Realm sacred clans truly trash!”

“Young Master Lu scammed! This man so shameless and vicious... Young Master Lu endured humiliation for our survival chance—yet Heavenly Spirit Clan insists on eradication!”

Five Phoenixes immortals’ eyes filled with sorrow.

Gu Mangran hovered.

Zhu Long and Lu Jiulian soared again.

“Mica, you renege?!”

Gu Mangran’s aura surged, killing intent sharp as he questioned the approaching Mica.

Mica’s golden hair danced, robes fluttering, eight imperial weapons orbiting.

Face calm, eyes faintly serene.

“The imperial weapons Lord Lu gave... all fakes.”

Mica said evenly.

Words fallen.

Uproar in Lower Third Heavens and Five Phoenixes.

Shamelessness invincible.

Human words?

Gu Mangran gazed at Mica with disappointment and disgust...

Top saint from first-tier high-martial—such lame excuse. Think us fools?

Imperial pressure and might clearly genuine—where fake?

Mica... merely pretext.

Or sophistry!

Just seeking excuse to strike Five Phoenixes.

Boom!

Gu Mangran's aura spread. He advanced step by step toward Mica.

"Want war? Then war... spare useless excuses."

Gu Mangran inhaled deeply.

Yet his stance pessimistic.

Eight imperial weapons orbiting Mica—strength boost unimaginable.

"General Gu, these imperial weapons truly fakes. I wish to speak again with Lord Lu."

Mica said.

Words fallen, eyes shot golden beams—piercing void toward Five Phoenixes.

Hostility without word.

Gu Mangran roared in fury. Coffin lid swung, blood robes billowing, boundless killing intent surging.

As though a blood battlefield formed behind him.

Within, Gu Mangran's combat power soared.

“Heavenly Dao Domain?”

Mica paused.

Golden beams clashed with coffin lid.

Heaven-shaking explosion thundered in Void Heaven—space unable to bear, shattering endlessly.

“Hundreds of thousands of years... General Gu comprehended ‘Heavenly Dao Domain’... Worthy of former Emperor Hao’s fiercest general.”

Mica sighed.

Terrifying blast raged.

Next instant.

Smoke cleared—Gu Mangran emerged.

On Five Phoenixes Continent.

Lu in Thousand-Bladed Chair watched, mild surprise.

“Heavenly Dao Domain?”

“Like the Spirit Pressure Chessboard’s domain?”

Lu frowned.

Mind flashing comparisons—conclusion: chessboard domain weapon-inherent. Gu Mangran's Heavenly Dao Domain vastly different in power.

Heavenly Dao Domain—manifestation of transcending Heavenly Dao constraints.

One element... of emperorship.

Hundreds of thousands ago, Gu Mangran lacked it. Long slumber simulated that primordial war's carnage—comprehending its mysteries, birthing Heavenly Dao Domain.

Leaping beyond Nine Heavens' shackles.

Gu Mangran gravely eyed Mica. Though exposed—no ease.

Mica's strength surpassed his—even peak Gu Mangran uncertain.

Heavenly Dao Domain—Mica wielded it too!

Hailed Nine Heavens' likeliest to achieve emperorship.

Heavenly Spirit Clan Sacred Hall Master—foremost below Emperor realm!

Eight imperial weapons orbited Mica.

He said calmly: "These imperial weapons indeed fakes. I act on ancient emperor's orders—cannot return with counterfeits."

Mica glanced gravely at Gu Mangran, explaining earnestly.

Comprehending Heavenly Dao Domain—Gu Mangran deserved explanation.

"These imperial weapons genuine—how fake?" Gu Mangran countered.

Mica's eight—each real, flawlessly replicated even minute nicks.

Imperial weapons—highly identifiable, impossible to fake.

“Ask Lord Lu.”

“These imperial weapons mere shells—devoid Dao reserves and ancient emperor aura...”

“Lacking both—how differ from fakes?”

“Even inferior to my sacred ancestor Dao weapon.”

Mica said faintly.

Gu Mangran paused, inhaling sharply.

Lower Third cultivators gasped in awe.

Lu Jiulian and Zhu Long sensed Mica’s dominance—daring claim imperial weapons inferior to his Dao weapon. Likely only Mica under heavens.

“These imperial weapons this young master personally handed you—now you call fakes?”

“Doing business like this?”

“This young master gave inspection chance.”

Lu’s voice drifted from Five Phoenixes.

Lower Third uproar quieted slightly.

Lord Lu finally responded.

“You wanted imperial weapons—not Dao reserves...”

“Want these? Should’ve said so.”

Lu said leisurely.

“We can negotiate properly. Business thrives on harmony.”

Lu’s words echoed every corner of Void Heaven.

Yet everyone's expressions turned strange.

Because...

Lu essentially admitted—these imperial weapons incomplete.

Many gasped, gazing at Five Phoenixes—eyes gleaming.

Young Master Lu remained Young Master Lu...

Earlier honest trade—many lamented his change.

Now...

Flavor returned!

Dismantling imperial weapons for trade—who'd think of it?

Gu Mangran baffled...

Young Master Lu's tricks... endless?

Young Master Lu possessed means to strip imperial weapons' Dao reserves?

Gu Mangran licked lips.

What most precious in imperial weapons?

Not the weapons—but accumulated Dao reserves over millions of years per sacred clan.

Eight imperial weapons—eight clans' million-year accumulations...

Vast beyond measure!

Stripped and merged into Five Phoenixes—enough to catapult it to first-tier high-martial with million Dao reserves.

Rivaling First Heaven's Heavenly Spirit Continent.

Mica stared at Lu—eyes strange.

Stripping Dao reserves—not difficult.

But required imperial weapon aid.

Other sacred clans needed it; Heavenly Spirit Clan did not—living ancient emperor.

One thought—easily strip from any emperor weapon.

“Care to discuss?”

Lu sat in gleaming Thousand-Bladed Chair, lazy yet smirking.

Mica’s mood settled after fluctuation.

Warily glancing Void Heaven again.

Smiled: “Since Lord Lu willing—excellent...”

“How does Lord Lu intend selling these imperial weapons’ Dao reserves?”

“If Lord Lu dares sell—I dare buy.”

Mica said.

Like vegetable market haggling—atmosphere suddenly grave.

Gu Mangran withdrew Heavenly Dao Domain—immensely draining. Relying on divine medicine energy—no waste.

Seemed no fight now.

No need keeping domain active.

Lu’s fingers tapped armrest, meeting Mica’s gaze.

Gu Mangran’s scalp tingled.

Lu... always inscrutable.

Mica—far more mysterious, mastermind of Heavenly Spirit Clan’s Sacred Hall.

Gu Mangran felt Lu vs. Mica—like young fox vs. old fox...

Helplessly sidelined.

“How does Lord Lu plan selling?”

Mica calmed, storing eight imperial weapons in gourd—asking leisurely.

Lu toyed with Profound Mystery Ring.

Faintly: “Dao reserves unlike those imperial scrap...”

“With them, Five Phoenixes... leaps to first-tier high-martial.”

Lu said.

Words fallen—Lower Third breaths stilled.

Even Gu Mangran gasped.

Grand stroke!

Upper Realm sacred clans' assault—a catastrophe. Yet in Lu's hands—Five Phoenixes' great fortune!

Lord Lu truly Lord Lu—suffers no loss.

“Though to wealthy Heavenly Spirit Clan, nearing million Dao reserves trivial... to Five Phoenixes, priceless.”

“Original goods—multiply tenfold.” Mica offered.

Words out.

More gasps.

Mica's original goods per portion—enough nurture half-step saint with emperor chance.

Eight portions—now tenfold...

Hiss...

Many Lower Third ancestors felt hearts race.

They inflated—daring eavesdrop such tier trade.

“Tenfold?”

Lu shook head.

“Beggar's alms? Those imperial weapons worthless here—scrap metal. Dao reserves priceless... insincere.”

Lu said.

“Add a digit.”

“Hundred thousandfold.”

Words fallen.

Even Mica’s refined face twitched.

Hundred thousandfold goods...

Lion’s mouth—not like this?

Others dumbfounded.

One portion already unattainable—hundred thousandfold...

What?

Young Master Lu planning ten thousand half-step saint army?

Planning apocalypse?

Mica hovered in void, smiling gently—still refined and amiable.

“Seems... Lord Lu unwilling to negotiate?”

Mica said.

Lu’s lion mouth—clearly refusing million Dao reserves.

Hundred thousandfold—Heavenly Spirit Clan couldn’t produce, even selling all.

“This young master curious. Heavenly Spirit Clan already first-tier, over million Dao reserves... why need another million?”

“To transcend first-tier, escape Nine Heavens?”

Lu said.

Words fallen—Gu Mangran, enjoying drama, felt chills.

Lu's reminder woke him.

Not just him—Lower Third experts realized.

Mica narrowed eyes.

“Lord Lu jests. Merely return stripped Dao reserves to imperial weapons—lest returning ancient emperors from primordial war find clan treasures missing.”

Words thick with threat.

Warning Lu.

Yet beyond expectation—Lu merely shrugged.

“Several sacred clans already extinguished by Five Phoenixes. Returning emperors would obliterate us anyway—so these Dao reserves more valuable to Five Phoenixes.”

“Millionfold goods price.”

Lu said faintly.

Doubled again—Mica’s amiable eyes narrowed dangerously.

“No deal then?”

Mica said.

Golden hair flying.

Mica’s smile vanished entirely. He glanced boundless void, then fearless Lu in Thousand-Bladed Chair.

“Lord Lu, final advice... sometimes, seen allies not true enemies.”

“Today’s aid and confidence—tomorrow’s despair source.”

Mica sighed.

“No deal... then seize by force.”

“Emperor Heavenly Spirit rarely tasks this old bone—cannot fail, lose face.”

Boom!

Suddenly.

Silver gleams flashed.

Spatial profound meaning surged.

Mica streaked through Void Heaven.

Like light—closing on Lu.

Gu Mangran reacted—roaring.

Blood domain reopened.

But domain expansion lagged Mica's shift.

Lu raised hand—"Travel" array glyph vast silver covering heaven and earth.

Yet... Mica's prowess ignored ancient emperor array glyph.

Boom!

Silver shattered.

Against Heavenly Spirit top powerhouse—Lu's spatial profound meaning fell short.

Mica avoided clashing Lu.

Wary of Void Heaven's unseen existence.

He bypassed Lu.

Streaking toward Five Phoenixes.

Lu frowned.

Pursued swiftly.

Two silver streaks tangled above Five Phoenixes. Heaven Covering Formation surged, misty rain roiling.

Yet Mica tore formation with brute force.

On Five Phoenixes Continent.

All beings looked up.

Two comet-like silver gleams drew every eye.

Thud! Thud!

Next instant—vast sea exploded.

Boundless waves surged skyward.

As torrents became downpour.

Mica's thick robes untouched by rain, hair flying, gazed at Lu seated in Thousand-Bladed Chair amid splashing rain.

Splash...

Rain pelted sea with crackles.

"These Dao reserves Five Phoenixes cannot fully absorb soon. Let me search... where Lord Lu hid them?"

Mica smiled.

Words fallen.

Primordial spirit surged boundlessly.

Even probing Five Phoenixes' origin space...

Lu raised hand—Phoenix Feather Sword stacking, fiery light descending.

Opposite.

Mica's smile—like detecting fake imperial weapons—gradually... solidified once more.