

Starlit Path 511

Chapter 511: Just to Prove I'm No Weaker Than the Ancient Emperors

Mica was a powerhouse of unparalleled caliber, a mere thread away from the Emperor realm. Were it not for the Nine Heavens' rules, he might long ago have shattered his shackles and ascended to new emperorship.

Thus, his primordial spirit was incomparably vast—like an endless starry expanse.

The instant he descended upon Five Phoenixes, his primordial spirit surged outward.

He sought to detect and locate where Lu had hidden the Dao reserves stripped from the imperial weapons.

But...

When Mica's primordial spirit flooded Five Phoenixes' origin space, it froze.

As a peak saint from a first-tier high-martial world, he knew origin spaces intimately.

A world's origin space centered on its core origin; Dao reserves etched upon it elevated the world's tier.

Thus, a world's most vital place.

Mica assumed—if Lu hid them—he would conceal the plundered Dao reserves there.

So upon entering Five Phoenixes, his primordial spirit beelined for the origin space.

Five Phoenixes' origin space was uncomplicated, lightly restricted.

Mica saw it clearly in an instant.

Yet in that instant of clarity, he sensed something extraordinary.

“This is... a Heavenly Dao?!”

Mica's primordial spirit avatar hovered in the origin space, staring blankly.

The spherical star gleamed brilliantly, suspended in the origin space—Mica's body trembled faintly.

An independent Heavenly Dao!

Five Phoenixes had birthed an independent Heavenly Dao?!

How could a third-tier high-martial world birth a Heavenly Dao?

Mica's hundreds of thousands of years of experience felt shattered in this moment.

Around Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao, Dao reserves wove like oceanic vastness.

A sensation...

Utterly unique.

Mica gazed entranced—intoxicated.

Roar!

Suddenly.

In the origin space, a colossal beast emerged—blotting heaven and earth, human-headed and serpent-bodied.

It inhaled and exhaled origin, radiating terrifying aura. Its two eyes swirled with black-and-white qi.

Mica felt the beast faintly familiar.

As though seen somewhere.

Soon, a fleeting image flashed: the serene girl with closed eyes.

The aura she unleashed matched this beast perfectly.

So the serene girl... cultivated via this Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao!

Mica's mind shuddered. He could imagine: as long as Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao endured, that girl's future knew no bounds!

Boom!

Candle Dragon divine ability unleashed. Night and day became yin-yang millstone, grinding instantly.

Mica's primordial spirit avatar... crushed outright.

On Five Phoenixes Continent, over the vast sea.

Agitated waters still poured as torrential rain.

Mica regained composure, complex emotions as he gazed at nearby Lu.

"Never imagined..."

Mica inhaled deeply, aged face dawning realization.

"No wonder you could strip imperial weapons' Dao reserves. Five Phoenixes birthed a Heavenly Dao—absorbing Dao reserves... instinctual for a Heavenly Dao."

Mica said.

"A third-tier high-martial world birthing a new Heavenly Dao."

Mica sighed long, head lifted, gaze shifting.

He saw the Heavenly Gate, ascension grounds beyond—and ascendants cultivating diligently within.

He saw the Nether Realm, the wailing figures in the nine prisons.

The three seemed to form a unique profound meaning in the unseen.

Perhaps this birthed Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao.

“Could it truly... be the ancient emperors' contingency?”

Mica murmured.

Next instant.

Phoenix Feather Sword streaked horizontally. Terrifying heat waves seemed ready to evaporate the sea.

Mica raised hand, grasping the blade tip—feeling immense force.

As Mica marveled at Lu's pressure.

The sea surface blasted another ring of shockwaves.

Perhaps due to being in Five Phoenixes—neither used full strength.

Merely blasting an irreparable massive crater in the sea.

“Lord Lu, never expected... Five Phoenixes birthing an independent Heavenly Dao.”

Mica's expression deeply complex.

What fortune, what luck—to birth a Heavenly Dao in a third-tier high-martial world.

The entire Nine Heavens had but one Heavenly Dao—the Nine Heavens' own.

Yet Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao emerged within it—unannihilated by the Nine Heavens' Heavenly Dao.

Incredibly rare.

Birthing a Heavenly Dao... meant future potential to grow to current Nine Heavens' level...

Profound implications—even... future emperors unbound by Nine Heavens' restrictions!

Lu's face impassive, watching Mica.

This man struck without word—instantly entering Five Phoenixes, beyond even Lu's anticipation.

Strength unfathomable.

Five Phoenixes birthing a Heavenly Dao—momentous. Lu long worried attracting Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao's notice, thus never publicized.

Too many knowing risked harm—current Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao still fragile, infant.

Lu held three Dao sources unused, fearing Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao's attention—thunder punishment annihilating the tender young Dao.

Lu always protected Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao.

Yet paper cannot contain fire.

Mica entered Five Phoenixes—sensed it.

Mica, unmoved for hundreds of thousands of years—upon seeing Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao, emotions uncontrollable.

His heart... stirred.

Hope gleamed in his eyes.

Once-extinguished hope—now reignited.

“Lord Lu stripping eight imperial weapons' Dao reserves... to nurture Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao?”

Mica asked gently.

Lu gazed at Mica, sensing his attitude... off.

Yet nodded.

Purpose of plundering Dao reserves?

To rapidly grow Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao—faster elevate immortal-martial foundations.

“As expected...”

Mica inhaled deeply.

Eyes flashing myriad brilliance.

“Break to rebuild... hope reborn from a shattered world.”

Mica dispersed his aura.

Bathed in falling rain, allowing it to soak him.

Eyes closed, arms spread—savoring it all.

He laughed—openly, joyously.

Laughter of found hope.

“Lord Lu...”

Mica said.

“So far, Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao escaped Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao’s notice—partly because the latter distracted by greater matters, mainly because Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao too weak, too tender—like newborn bamboo shoot overlooked amid towering bamboos.”

“Eight imperial weapons’ Dao reserves—each capped at hundred thousand.”

“Even less—eighty to ninety thousand. Total roughly seven to eight hundred thousand.”

“Such volume merged into Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao—inevitably attracts Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao’s attention.”

“One mountain brooks no two tigers; one world no two Heavenly Daos, two rules...”

Mica stared at Lu, golden hair drenched.

Lu frowned—what did Mica intend?

Faintly, Lu guessed.

“But without merging Dao reserves—Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao cannot grow...”

Lu said.

Mica nodded: “Thus, Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao must not be discovered too soon. Later discovery—greater chance.”

Mica’s words left Lu speechless.

Roles swapped unwittingly?

Wasn't he the protector of Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao?

Why Mica more zealous?

"What do you want?"

Lu asked directly.

He sensed... this fight might not happen.

Mica's attitude—Lu felt awkward striking. Originally, upon discovery—Lu planned to slay him.

He knew too much.

"Lord Lu..."

"Dao reserves—I no longer want."

Mica shook head.

Golden hair cascading, standing over vast sea.

“No wonder Gu Mangran guards this land for Lord Lu...”

Mica sighed long.

“Opportunity—and fortune.”

“Whether ancient emperors’ contingency or not... I have no choice left.”

Mica’s gaze profound.

In Thousand-Bladed Chair, Lu grew puzzled.

Then Mica looked at Lu, smiling, raising hand pointing skyward: “World thinks First Heaven supreme—
Nine Heavens’ pride...”

“But how know... Nine Heavens truly a cage? Even atop it—still caged.”

“I cultivated bitterly hundreds of thousands years—never found breakthrough path... yet found it in Five Phoenixes.”

Mica’s words heavy with complex emotion.

Lu silent, seated—listening.

No killing intent or malice sensed—not feigned capture.

Thus, Lu listened.

“I differ from Gu Mangran. He should have died in that war—yet slumbered in coffin, lingering hundreds of thousands years. He awoke to now... but I—no. Hundreds of thousands ago, I reached saint pinnacle. These years sought breakthrough—emperorship.”

“But... too difficult.”

“Difficult to despair.”

“Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao allows only nine emperors. No matter my monstrous talent—no chance...”

“Some born at peak.”

Mica said slowly.

“Others bleed head to climb—never reach.”

Lu’s brow arched.

“Saint lifespan mere hundreds of thousands... mine nears end. Intended quiet close, burial in First Heaven.”

Mica continued, primordial spirit sweeping vast.

As though taking in all Five Phoenixes.

Sweeping the petrified saint stone mountain—body stiffening briefly, then smiling, withdrawing spirit.

“Yet never expected meeting Five Phoenixes—world birthing independent Heavenly Dao.”

“Perhaps my limit precedes Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao maturity—but my only chance. I’d rather gamble...”

Mica gazed solemnly at Lu.

Lu offered no reply.

“Lord Lu, I’ll aid Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao growth... hope only for fair chance in future.”

“No extravagance.”

“Even fleeting glimpse suffices.”

“Just to prove—I’m no weaker than those ancient emperors.”

Mica declared with bold spirit.

Lu narrowed eyes, studying Mica.

Judging sincerity.

“You question Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao’s fairness?”

Lu asked.

Mica smiled meaningfully.

Thunderous boom.

Gu Mangran descended from beyond.

He expected Lu and Mica battling cataclysmically—yet they chatted amiably.

Mica raised hand, tapping gourd—eight imperial weapons emerging.

“Lord Lu, these imperial weapons—I no longer want. Ancient emperor issues—I bear. Remember our pact.”

Mica said.

Golden hair flying, nodding faintly to Gu Mangran.

Hands behind back, laughing heartily.

Streaking away from Five Phoenixes.

Leaving Gu Mangran utterly baffled.

“Lord Lu, don’t extinguish all sacred clans. Each tied to Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao—total annihilation draws reactions. Heavenly Spirit Emperor and Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao shift focus to Five Phoenixes.”

“Then Heavenly Dao existence hard to conceal.”

“One Emperor probing—surely uncovers Five Phoenixes’ secret.”

“While Heavenly Spirit Emperor and Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao distracted—not on Five Phoenixes—strengthen Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao well.”

Mica transmitted, reminding Lu.

Then fully immersed in spatial profound meaning energy—vanishing.

Gu Mangran, peak saint, sensitive to transmission.

“What did Mica say?”

Gu Mangran asked puzzled.

Lu propped chin one hand, tapping armrest lightly: “Nothing much—reminded don’t extinguish sacred clans, else attract Heavenly Spirit Emperor’s notice.”

“From his words—inference: First Heaven’s ancient emperor attention not on Nine Heavens—likely distracted by grand matter.”

Lu said.

“Likely tied to primordial battlefield’s vanished ancient emperors... perhaps their return—so Heavenly Spirit ancient emperor prepares.”

Gu Mangran said.

Of course, he voiced confusion—Mica seemed... unwittingly aligned with Five Phoenixes?

Lu merely smiled.

With such ancient fossils—Lu couldn't fully trust stance.

Mica's claims—his narrative. Perhaps delay tactic, perhaps... scheming.

Though Mica claimed all-in on Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao.

Lu remained cautious.

Perhaps Mica lulling him—later coveting Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao?

Independent Heavenly Dao—escape Nine Heavens, hope for emperorship.

Immense temptation.

Even system deemed Five Phoenixes immortal-martial foundation.

Once achieved...

Golden Immortal emperors—what then?

Daluo Immortal true freedom.

Watching departing Mica—Lu pondered.

Fingers lightly tapping armrest.

Suddenly, eyes brightened.

Distant.

Lu Jiulian and Five Phoenixes immortals descended.

Lu directly addressed Lu Jiulian: “Recall those assailing Upper Realm sacred clans for saint-slaying breakthroughs—withdraw Five Phoenixes coalition.”

Lu Julian paused briefly—no questions—departed.

Gu Mangran bid farewell to Lu, returning to ancient tomb.

Though Mica-Five Phoenixes relations grew ambiguous—Gu Mangran prioritized rapid strength recovery.

Lu pondered long in place.

Eyes faintly gleaming.

From Mica's intel—current Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao distracted by other matters.

Perhaps...

Lu could attempt merging his remaining three Dao sources into Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao!

Fortune favors the bold!

Action immediate.

Returning to Lake Heart Island.

Initiating seclusion—mind swiftly sinking into origin space.

Preparing to fuse three Dao sources.

Chapter 512: A Single Drop of Golden Blood

Three Dao sources hovered around Lu.

Before him lay Five Phoenixes' origin Heavenly Dao—like a brilliant star, blooming with utmost radiance in the darkness.

Atop the Heavenly Dao star, endless Dao reserves churned and flowed slowly.

Lu sat in his Thousand-Bladed Chair, as though adrift in a starry expanse.

On the chair's armrest, the Heaven Stealing Tower rested quietly. Though it had devoured Dao reserves from so many imperial weapons, it bore no arrogance.

No trace of pressure or presence.

Yet Lu loved it—stroking it, deeply satisfied with this innate spiritual treasure.

Low-key Heaven Stealing Tower—like low-key him. Plain and unadorned.

“Per Mica, Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao distracted by critical matters—thus, opportunity to refine Dao sources.”

“Test if Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao can accelerate refinement.”

Lu pondered.

He had obtained five Dao sources total—two already refined into Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao.

Three remained in hand.

Dao sources undeniably strengthened Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao. Of course, beyond sources—since bound to the continent.

More powerhouses in Five Phoenixes minor worlds—stronger the Heavenly Dao.

Thus, strengthening not solely via Dao sources.

But truly influencing Heavenly Dao required profound immortals—or Golden Immortals.

Heavenly Dao's strength dictated Five Phoenixes powerhouses' ceiling.

Current Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao—birthing Daluo Immortal too improbable.

Transcendent beyond Great Emperors.

Three Dao sources—like tiny stars—floated around Lu. He raised a hand, cradling them, eyes gleaming.

Faintly, he seemed to glimpse a starry cosmos.

“Nine Heavens... vast, yet not starry mode. Each high-martial world continental plates...”

“This Nine Heavens' inherent mode—so...”

Lu frowned faintly, mind catching a spark.

“Thus, for Five Phoenixes to break Nine Heavens’ shackles—even suppress it—must form own mode...”

Gazing at origin space scenes, then origin star.

Lu pondered: perhaps future—he could craft exclusive starry expanse.

Worlds as stars.

Revolutionary for Nine Heavens... yet perhaps a new path.

Forge a Five Phoenixes cosmos.

Of course, current Five Phoenixes incapable.

Lu lacked ability.

Thus, thoughts set aside.

Lu closed eyes.

Fingers lightly tapping armrest.

Primordial spirit stirring.

Flicking one Dao source outward.

It streaked like meteor—comet tail blazing, asteroid crashing into Heavenly Dao star.

Boom!

Origin space quaked.

Lu didn't fuse all three at once.

One by one—higher fault tolerance. If anomaly—immediate halt. Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao needed adaptation.

With first Dao source merging.

Within Heavenly Dao star.

A winged light bird soared excitedly, flapping joyously.

Countless Dao reserves surged like heavenly rivers.

Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao aura strengthened steadily.

Heaven Stealing Tower soared out—Dao reserves pouring forth, entwining Heavenly Dao.

Unrefined reserves.

With another Dao source refined—Heavenly Dao refinement efficiency rose roughly thirty percent.

Of course, Lu focused elsewhere.

Ear cocked—as though sensing Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao reaction.

“Hmm... no response.”

Lu’s eyes brightened.

As Mica said—Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao distracted by greater concerns.

Heavenly Dao conscious—Lu knew well.

As Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao grew—so consciousness. Especially Zhu Long inhaling/exhaling—maturing it further.

Origin space fell silent.

Lu didn’t immediately fuse second.

He waited years—until Heavenly Dao fully refined and adapted first source energy.

Then raised hand, flicking one of remaining two.

“Second.”

It shot like light, crashing into Heavenly Dao.

Heavenly Dao star’s light bird soared excitedly—bright cry seeming to echo.

Dao source enveloped in countless reserves.

Boom!

Second integration—Heavenly Dao strengthened further.

Even atop Heavenly Dao star—scenes of Five Phoenixes Continent illuminated, as though all under surveillance.

Lu unsurprised. Heavenly Dao’s purpose: set rules, oversee realm.

Like Lu’s constant worry—Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao discovering Five Phoenixes’.

Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao growing—would become similar.

Heaven Stealing Tower released more Dao reserves. Lu sensed increasing chaos energy.

Clearly—Heavenly Dao refinement efficiency rising.

Lu held breath, primordial spirit encompassing Void Heaven.

Awaiting...

“Second Dao source merged—Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao... still unaware!”

Lu narrowed eyes.

Gaze locking third Dao source.

Brows faintly furrowed.

More Dao sources merged—longer adaptation time. This fourth fusion.

Future more sources—longer waits for adaptation?

“Perhaps... restriction against over-relying on Dao sources.”

Lu mused.

Then calmed—quietly waiting in origin space.

Only fusing third after adaptation.

Though lengthy—perhaps decades.

...

With Lu entering seclusion—Five Phoenixes Continent regained peace and tranquility.

Five Phoenixes coalition assailing Upper Realm sacred clans returned.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, and half-step profound immortals back from battle—ultimately failed saint-slaying.

Upper Realm sacred clan saints no weaklings—and they not saints.

Saints—not slain casually.

Even Overlord's unyielding Dao Intent—hard to kill one.

They received Lu Jiulian's message—initially refused. Sought saint-slaying for fortune blessing—shatter barriers, achieve profound immortal.

When Lu Jiulian said Young Master Lu's intent.

Overlord and others relented.

After all—Lu's pettiness known... old acquaintances.

Provoking it—who knew consequences.

Five Phoenixes immortals returned one by one.

Yet this war boosted morale.

Lower Third and Five Phoenixes coalition invaded Upper Realm—catching sacred clans off-guard. Sacred clan saints stunned.

Five Phoenixes cultivators came with intense saint-slaying intent.

Seeming frenzied.

Fourth Heaven's Water and Fire Clans thus extinguished—mainly by other saint-bearing sacred clans.

Pity—even extinguishing them—Dao reserves unclaimable.

Only cultivation resources gained—many sacred clans regretted.

But clear: imperial weapons trapped in Five Phoenixes—reclaiming Water/Fire accumulations required them.

With Lu Ping'an and Gu Mangran—sacred clan saints sans imperial weapons lacked courage to assail Five Phoenixes.

Coalition withdrew—they could only watch grudgingly.

Many sacred ancestors jointly messaged First Heaven—seeking Heavenly Spirit Clan justice.

Foremost sacred clan—surface honorable.

Yet shocking sacred ancestors...

Messages to Sacred Hall—suppressed. No ripple.

Heavenly Spirit Clan's Sacred Hall—saints exceeding other nine clans combined.

Yet no intent aiding.

Even informing of Hall saint's fall in Five Phoenixes—unmoved.

Were Sacred Hall not Heavenly Spirit's...

Sacred ancestors might suspect collusion with Five Phoenixes.

Meanwhile.

Army returned—Lower Third resumed. Five Phoenixes immortals back.

Temporal array activated—sundial radiance. River of Time surged beyond continent.

Of course, Overlord, Tang Yimo, and Upper Realm crusaders remained vigilant.

Ever guarding against counterattack.

But Upper Realm silent—they too returned to Five Phoenixes cultivation.

Five Phoenixes changed.

Heavenly fortune denser.

Under Lu's hundredfold time flow—years flew.

...

Decades since Liu Ying calamity.

Five Phoenixes immortals resumed prior cultivation rhythm.

Preaching to gain racial fortune.

Human immortals—rooted in Great Xuan Divine Dynasty, aiding stability for fortune.

Demon clan—Demon King Court base.

Though modest—stable.

Five Phoenixes immortals' strength climbed gradually.

Meanwhile.

Nether Realm's peerless beast Hell Hound slain.

Like Liu Ying—absorbed primordial battlefield’s war killing intent/ferocity, fused heavenly fortune.

Spitting hellfire—incinerating all.

Upon emergence—Nine Prisons Nether Realm army entangled decades.

Dantai Xuan never rested—fully suppressing Hell Hound.

Clear: if emerged.

Nether Realm chaos—countless souls annihilated, denied reincarnation.

Thus Dantai Xuan personally held—battling Hell Hound.

Other city lords maintained reincarnation order.

This day.

Dantai Xuan sat abyss edge.

Abyss floated stone slab—engraved Six Paths Reincarnation Visualization Method, fourth scroll. Decades contemplation—breakthrough.

This day, comprehending fourth visualization.

Karmic merit cascaded like rivers.

He glimpsed shattering Nether King shackles.

Nether Realm strength tiers now perfected. Six Paths Reincarnation Visualization Method—stable cultivation for all.

Compared to Daluo Immortal Scripture—profound immortal equated Nether King.

Half-step profound immortal—city lords.

Yin emissaries, registrars... comparable heavenly/true immortals.

Nether Realm's rise—unignorable, immensely powerful. Rivalled Five Phoenixes immortal realm.

Though Dantai Xuan comprehended fourth visualization.

He chose not breakthrough—rallying army for final Hell Hound war.

Achieving Nether King—profound immortal level—barred acting against it.

Thus suppressed breakthrough—battling Hell Hound.

This war shook Nether Realm—Bitter Sea boiled, Yellow Springs surged.

Countless souls nearly shattered.

Wails faintly escaped Nine Prisons mystery—chilling Five Phoenixes cultivators.

Ultimately, Dantai Xuan staring hellfire—slayed Hell Hound.

Moment of slaying.

Dantai Xuan broke through—achieving Nether King comparable Five Phoenixes profound immortal.

Truly Nether Realm's rightful Nether King.

That moment—Dantai Xuan regained former human emperor's peerless grace, overlooking all.

Hell Hound's contained karma divided.

Dantai Xuan's karma river thickened vastly—even nearing karma sea of Golden Immortal.

All participating in encirclement gained karma blessing.

Strength rose.

Nine city lords—no profound immortal breakthrough, but karma boosted to half-step.

Once-weak Nether Realm—fully risen.

After Nether King ascension—Dantai Xuan spent decade refining Hell Hound corpse—making it Nether Realm guardian beast.

Upon Dantai Xuan's Nether King ascension.

Though in Nether Realm.

Part of Five Phoenixes three realms—entire continent boiled instantly.

Fortune surged—heavenly phenomena.

Countless gazed upward.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, half-step profound immortals astonished.

Atop Heavenly Secret Peak—Lu Mudui broadcast, interpreting phenomena: Five Phoenixes birthed new profound immortal—unnamed.

Heavenly Gate, ascension grounds.

In secluded blessed land.

Lu Jiulian cultivated with disciple Tang Guo. Long profound immortal—he entered ascension grounds, using energy to strengthen.

Fortune accumulation aided realm—but realm needed energy too.

Post-profound immortal—he chose ascension grounds’ immortal qi consolidation.

Hands behind back, green lotuses blooming—he gazed Nine Prisons direction.

Nether Realm birthed profound immortal-level powerhouse.

Now—Nether Realm had one, Five Phoenixes Continent Zhu Long, ascension grounds him Lu Jiulian.

Five Phoenixes three realms—all profound immortal guardians.

Like precise machine operating.

Beyond heavens.

Upper Realm sacred clans ceased assaulting Five Phoenixes. Dreaded Heavenly Spirit Clan vanished.

Five Phoenixes finally gained peaceful development time.

With time's accumulation—future profound immortals inevitable.

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Lu exited Preaching Platform.

Slow exhalation.

Lately pondering crafting Five Phoenixes starry expanse.

But too difficult.

Nine Heavens worlds inherently continental plates. Crafting starry expanse—only by shattering Nine Heavens rules, redefining.

No other way—Lu set thoughts aside.

Third Dao source long fused. Joyously—Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao faintly rumbled during third fusion.

But rumble subsided.

Sparing Lu trouble. Now Five Phoenixes Dao reserve refinement far faster—continent expansion nearing full Void Heaven coverage.

But fifth Dao source—full refinement perhaps century.

Each source longer.

Fortunately—no more Dao sources in hand.

Plus Heaven Stealing Tower nearing million Dao reserves.

Relying solely on Heavenly Dao—even improved efficiency—long ages needed.

Could aid via cultivators refining fortune on continent.

But current Five Phoenixes cultivators steady—no intense fortune fluctuations, refinement.

Leaving Lu speechless.

His fortune rules... mistaken?

Of course—no intent modifying.

Leaning in Thousand-Bladed Chair—descending pavilion, strolling peach blossoms and purple bamboo.

Returning to pavilion.

Leaning railing—setting chessboard.

Living leisurely.

...

First Heaven.

Mica sat mountain peak.

Void tore repeatedly.

Figures bathed in spatial profound meaning energy emerged.

Sacred Hall saints—all brow emperor imprints.

“Lord Mica...”

“Five Phoenixes now fully rules Lower Third Heavens—why block our action?”

One saint shrouded in mist couldn't hold back.

“Indeed... now in Nine Heavens, our First Heaven, Heavenly Spirit Clan's deterrence... less than Five Phoenixes.”

“Thus—our foremost sacred clan dignity?”

Void echoed voices.

Mica slowly opened eyes—golden hair flying, aged face stern.

“Five Phoenixes deeply involved—perhaps contingency for primordial war vanished ancient emperors’ return... Without emperor directive—action passive, even disrupting emperor’s plans.”

“Thus—observe quietly.”

Mica said.

Words fallen—Heavenly Spirit Sacred Hall saints whispered doubtfully.

Let Five Phoenixes develop peacefully?

Its growth speed?

Short time—from obscure ninth-tier high-martial to current second-tier!

Soon perhaps threaten Heavenly Spirit Continent—first-tier status!

“How? Doubt my words?”

Mica suddenly opened eyes—golden hair flying, ornate robes fluttering.

Terrifying aura spread—cloud sea blasted.

Saints fell silent.

Sacred Hall Master Mica’s status—none dared speak.

“We dare not—Lord calm.”

Saints apologized, departing.

Peak quiet again.

Mica sat.

Slow exhalation.

Complex gaze toward Void Heaven.

This gamble—life and all.

Yet soon—Mica laughed freely.

Little lifespan left—gamble... why not?

This life no emperorship—what meaning peaceful end?

...

Void Heaven.

Remote corner.

Cold, dead—sole area uncovered by Five Phoenixes expansion.

Yet future expansion—cover all Void Heaven.

Suddenly.

Cold dead void trembled faintly.

Rift tore.

Behind—seemed massive eyeball peering through, observing all.

Boom...

Then eyeball vanished.

Rift widened—something squeezing out.

Boom!

Rift exploded.

A drop of golden blood seeped from rift.

Hovering.

Then silently streaked golden light across sky—toward vast Five Phoenixes Continent.

Heaven Covering Formation, temporal array...

Ignored by this golden drop.

Drop entered Five Phoenixes—piercing clouds, finally dripping into Great Xuan Divine Dynasty palace.

Instant drop entered.

Lake Heart Island.

Lu propping chin, idly pondering chessboard—paused faintly.

Brows furrowed.

Eyes lines dancing—seeking anomaly source.

Yet heaven and earth calm.

Unable to find—Lu ceased probing.

...

Great Xuan Calendar Year 572—Fifth Human Emperor gains son.

Chapter 513: Born with Imperial Blood, the Sixth Generation Human Emperor

The Great Xuan Divine Dynasty, founded by the first Human Emperor Dantai Xuan, had now endured nearly six hundred years.

Across five generations of Human Emperors, certain rules had emerged.

For instance, each emperor reigned for a century—one term per hundred years.

Now, it was the era of the fifth Human Emperor.

This generation's emperor had witnessed the world-ending might of the ferocious beast Liu Ying shortly after ascension. That terrifying power had instilled fear in all.

Yet the young emperor, newly enthroned, refused to cower. He took the lead, personally ordering hundreds of thousands of troops to seal the southern domain, bolstering the people's courage.

Every Human Emperor had performed admirably.

Thus, the Great Xuan Divine Dynasty enjoyed peace and prosperity.

In the 572nd year of the Great Xuan Calendar, the fifth Human Emperor sired a son.

That day, heavenly phenomena descended.

Golden light blazed brilliantly, illuminating the entire sleeping palace.

Then, the infant's resounding cries echoed throughout the palace grounds.

The court officials beheld it and declared it a sign of heavenly blessing.

The Human Emperor rejoiced at first, but soon furrowed his brows, sensing something unusual.

As the fifth Human Emperor, though unable to cultivate, he knew much of the world's cultivators.

The cataclysmic disaster from the beast Liu Ying—had it not been resolved by cultivators?

Five Phoenixes had immortals.

Even within the Great Xuan Divine Dynasty, many immortals resided.

Each capable of overturning rivers and seas, soaring through skies, traversing thousands of miles in an instant.

These immortals possessed immense power yet dared not meddle lightly in dynasty affairs—due to the rules of fortune.

Immortals aiding mortals—ensuring favorable weather, national peace—gained fortune blessing.

As humanity's greatest ruling dynasty, Great Xuan amassed vast human fortune. Immortals joining sought precisely this.

“Could it be... some immortal powerhouse reincarnated? Seeking to leverage our human fortune for cultivation breakthrough?”

The fifth Human Emperor narrowed his eyes, gravely serious.

Below, officials exchanged glances.

Which immortal dared such audacity?

Moreover, Human Emperor denied longevity. Immortals eternal—brains intact—would never choose this path.

The throne appealed to mortals; to immortals... little temptation.

Seeing officials silent.

The fifth Human Emperor grew heavy-hearted.

Heavenly phenomena?

For common folk—a great boon. But in the imperial family... not necessarily.

“Prepare. Tomorrow, we journey to Heavenly Secret Peak. I shall personally consult Master Lu.”

The Human Emperor pondered, then ordered.

Attendants acknowledged, arranging.

Next day.

The fifth Human Emperor, cradling the swaddled prince, personally ascended Heavenly Secret Peak.

Atop the peak.

Lu Mudui and Mo Tianyu sat conversing and laughing, awaiting the emperor.

From the moment he set out, they beheld surging fortune approaching—needing no divination to know his intent.

After the Human Emperor summited, greeting Lu Mudui and Mo Tianyu with a slight bow.

He took the prince from attendants, voicing his concerns to Lu Mudui.

Lu Mudui cradled the infant.

“Your Majesty need not worry. The Human Emperor throne is supreme to mortals—the ultimate authority. But to immortals... far less so.”

Lu Mudui gazed at the child.

The infant’s eyes gleamed like brilliant gems.

Lu Mudui’s aged face softened with a smile.

Extending a finger to tease.

As it touched the nose—the infant’s innocent face blurred and twisted, faintly flashing an eerie grin at him.

Hmm?

Lu Mudui’s mind jolted.

Nearby tea-sipping bald Mo Tianyu arched a brow, turning in surprise.

Lu Mudui returned the child to the Human Emperor.

Glanced at Mo Tianyu.

Retreating steps, staff in hand, softly: “Your Majesty, this old man shall divine a fortune for the young prince.”

The Human Emperor paused, sensing the shift in atmosphere.

Soon, Lu Mudui completed the divination—brows knitted in confusion.

“Fate exalted—peerless supreme cultivation destiny. Yet physique utterly ordinary—no special traits. Absolute immortal-denied constitution!”

Lu Mudui muttered.

Yet certain the earlier vision real.

Thus, he divined again—still nothing.

Long moments later, deep inhalation.

“Your Majesty... if other princes exist, let this child... live an ordinary life.”

Lu Mudui said.

Words spoken—the Human Emperor startled.

Surrounding officials erupted in uproar.

Ordinary life... for a prince—equivalent to advising against succession.

None questioned Lu Mudui—White Jade Capital’s Heavenly Secret Pavilion enlightened immortal.

His words carried reason.

“I understand.”

The Human Emperor nodded.

“This child unnamed—might Master Lu bestow one?”

Lu Mudui didn’t refuse.

Pondering long, gazing at the child in the emperor’s arms—if succeeding, likely arrogant, defiant against heaven and earth.

“Name the prince Mo Jie—Dantai Mo Jie.”

Lu Mudui said.

“Thank you, Master Lu.”

The Human Emperor beamed—receiving Lu Mudui’s naming joyous.

He’d heard his father once sought naming from Lu Mudui—refused.

The Human Emperor’s party departed.

Mo Tianyu, sipping tea, joined Lu Mudui.

“What did you divine?”

Mo Tianyu asked curiously.

Lu Mudui inhaled deeply, shaking head.

“This child’s fate extraordinary—yet mortal physique... inexplicably ominous premonition.”

“Perhaps... mistaken.”

Lu Mudui said.

“Divination relies on sixth sense. If truly uneasy—keep him close. Human Emperor, for your sake, should release him.”

Mo Tianyu smiled.

Then hands behind back, robes fluttering—soaring away, vanishing.

Mo Tianyu’s words sank Lu Mudui into thought.

Then decision made.

Next day—he drifted into imperial capital, audience with Human Emperor. Agreed five years hence—take young prince Dantai Mo Jie, accept as disciple, guide and enlighten.

Human Emperor gladly consented.

Five years passed swiftly.

Lu Mudui drifted into capital again—taking child-sized, elf-like Dantai Mo Jie back to Heavenly Secret Peak.

Due to Lu Mudui's words—the Human Emperor abandoned intent to name Dantai Mo Jie successor.

Moreover, another prince existed—as heir.

Thus, Dantai Mo Jie's departure—rippled no waves in capital.

Great Xuan Calendar Year 590.

Human Emperor recalled eldest prince from perpetual frontline—intending crown him.

Eldest prince ordered—set to return from front.

Yet scouts reported: Demon Clan King's Court army assaulted—pressing Heavenly Pass.

Eldest prince delayed return—leading troops to meet battle.

Since Human Emperor Dantai He sought longevity—souring human-demon relations.

Now, contradictions sharpened.

Entwined interests and hatreds—time deepening complexity, harder resolution.

Thus, Demon Clan King's Court and Great Xuan Divine Dynasty warred perpetually.

Such battles commonplace.

But this one...

Went awry.

Hidden in demon army—powerful cultivator, comparable heavenly human level.

Dynasty's garrison heavenly human—too slow.

Thus, devastating human losses—eldest prince slain on field.

News reached capital.

Great Xuan Divine Dynasty erupted.

Prince dying in battle—not rare. Emperors tempered heirs with battlefield cruelty, building prestige—often stationing borders.

Frequent demon wars—past emperors lost children.

But this differed.

Fallen princes—not crowned heirs. This one... just named.

Cause of capital uproar.

Old Human Emperor hearing—stunned.

Sitting blankly long.

Face etched sorrow.

Below—officials agitated.

Yet empty words.

Great Xuan-Demon Clan King's Court contradictions intensified.

But with aging emperor—term nearing—must select successor.

Old emperor wished more sons—too late. Next emperor nine?—no.

Thus recalled child taken to Heavenly Secret Peak by Lu Mudui.

Atop Heavenly Secret Peak.

Lu Mudui opened eyes—finger divination, soft sigh.

As though fated.

Before emperor's envoy.

He summoned Dantai Mo Jie—instructing much.

Then allowed independent capital entry—as heir.

Dantai Mo Jie entered capital—old emperor beheld long-unseen child, eyes gentle. Yet recalling slain eldest—heart ached.

Thus, Dantai Mo Jie became crown prince.

Decades in Heavenly Secret Peak's rundown pavilion—returning to capital's splendor shocked Dantai Mo Jie.

All novel.

Freed from master's restraint—he grew unrestrained.

But most novel: cultivation...

Collecting Five Emperors Scripture, Daluo Immortal Scripture—delight growing.

Yet master and old emperor forbade cultivation.

Dantai Mo Jie curious—yet obeyed Lu Mudui and Human Emperor—no practice.

Great Xuan Calendar Year 600—old emperor abdicated—throne to Dantai Mo Jie.

Dantai Mo Jie became Great Xuan Divine Dynasty's sixth Human Emperor.

Momentous for dynasty.

Yet to Five Phoenixes cultivators—ordinary day.

Dynastic shifts unaffected them.

But...

On new-old throne transition.

Every cultivator lifted heads skyward in surprise.

Human fortune churned—heavenly phenomena: rolling dark clouds.

Heavenly Secret Peak.

Lu Mudui's expression changed drastically.

Immortals rose—eyes horrified.

Human-demon fortune balance centuries-held... shattered upon Dantai Mo Jie's ascension!

This day—Five Phoenixes winds surged, clouds roiled.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, Sima Qingshan, half-step profound immortals gathered.

Seeking cause of human fortune shift.

Most present human—such event—how ignore?

Yet root elusive.

Lu Mudui suggested: perhaps tied to new emperor's ascension.

All disbelieved.

After all, Human Emperor barred cultivation, longevity... no secret in cultivation world.

“Human Emperor unaffected cultivation realm—but influences human fortune...”

Lu Mudui's words silenced all.

Crowd dispersed—yet after, Overlord, Tang Yimo, and others monitored new emperor in Great Xuan Divine Dynasty.

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Instant human fortune shifted—Lu sensed.

“Hmm? Human fortune weakening?”

Lu paused—chess piece landing.

Eyes lines emerging.

Soon beheld newly ascended Human Emperor Dantai Mo Jie.

This glance...

Lu felt blinded.

“Huh? So bright!”

Brilliant golden light burst from Dantai Mo Jie atop Asking Heaven Peak, newly enthroned.

Dazzling radiance.

Lu saw: from heart center—a drop of golden blood.

“Golden blood?”

Lu never seen such.

Mind stirring—entering Preaching Platform, simulating scene.

That golden drop—contained terrifying vast energy... even extreme imperial might!

“Imperial blood?!”

Experiment complete in Preaching Platform—Lu narrowed eyes.

Recalling that odd sensation—likely this imperial blood entering Five Phoenixes.

“Imperial blood appears—those ancient Great Emperors... finally acting!”

Lu murmured.

He anticipated this day.

As Gu Mangran said—vanished ancient emperors would return.

“First move—reborn as Human Emperor. Grand ambition... ill intent.”

Lu chuckled lightly in Preaching Platform.

“Pity wrong target. Human Emperor barred cultivation, longevity... hard achieving goals via imperial body.”

“Moreover, ascension instantly shifts fortune...”

Lu’s eyes gleamed faintly.

This fortune shift—not his doing.

But Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao—sensing imperial blood in Dantai Mo Jie’s heart—autonomously triggered.

Originally planning suppress the blood—Lu abandoned.

Since Heavenly Dao consciously acted—observe its handling.

If mistaken—he’d correct.

Moreover...

This human fortune shift—brightened Lu’s eyes.

Perhaps Five Phoenixes... soon birthing many profound immortals!

Rare imperial blood in Five Phoenixes.

Lu naturally maximized utility!

Ancient emperor-level tool person...

Somehow... thrilling!

Chapter 514: The Tyrant

The emergence of imperial blood indeed caught Lu off guard.

Yet alongside surprise, it felt inevitable.

Current Five Phoenixes was no longer weak in the Nine Heavens. Even against the Heavenly Spirit Clan, Five Phoenixes had the confidence to fight.

From the moment Five Phoenixes birthed its immortal-martial foundation, Lu knew those ancient emperors vanished in the primordial battlefield would eventually appear.

After all, he had witnessed the Void Heaven's mysteries.

Whether Five Phoenixes' rise through countless trials was the ancient emperors' scheme—Lu didn't know. But one thing was clear.

The peach Lu Ping'an planted—no one would pluck.

Fingers lightly tapping the wheelchair armrest.

Where did this imperial blood come from?

Head raised, Lu seemed to pierce the heavens, gaze penetrating barriers to behold beyond the Void Heaven.

Lu remembered when Cloud and Dao Clan sacred ancestors besieged with imperial weapons—a rift tore in the Void Heaven, beams shooting out, shattering two weapons.

That moment—a turning point, alerting Lu.

What lay in the Void Heaven's rift—Lu still unclear. Good or ill—hard to say. Thus, vigilance essential.

Imperial blood's appearance—perhaps a beginning.

A beginning of strikes against Five Phoenixes.

No longer playing chess, Lu's mind stirred—entering the Preaching Platform.

Within, he began deductions.

Using imperial blood as layout—to birth more profound immortals in Five Phoenixes.

Lu needed to invest thought.

...

Great Xuan Calendar Year 600—sixth generation new Human Emperor Dantai Mo Jie ascended.

Like prior ascensions, Great Xuan citizens rejoiced—various celebrations for the new emperor, farewells to the old.

Mortals sentimental—fifth Human Emperor benevolent and resolute, ushering prosperity.

Compared to joyous masses.

Great Xuan's stationed cultivators—expressions grave.

Heavenly fortune shift occurred post-new emperor ascension. Cause unknown.

Fortune profound—elusive.

Even heavenly/true immortals glimpsed little.

Only profound immortals faintly perceived.

Thus, none dared blame the new emperor.

Perhaps future human calamity affected fortune's rise/fall.

Current Five Phoenixes cultivation system—ever flourishing.

Diverse professions bloomed like clustered flowers.

Fortune path's popularity—many Five Phoenixes immortals preached ideologies for recognition and blessing.

Even refining, creating methods...

Making Five Phoenixes cultivation richly diverse.

Beyond traditional—alchemists, artifact forgers, array masters—emerged fortune gazers, puppeteers...

Post-Dantai Mo Jie ascension—no anomalies.

Diligent governance—daily memorials from provinces, handling affairs.

Like predecessors—prioritizing peace and prosperity.

In imperial capital.

Powerful primordial spirits swept—monitoring new emperor.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, and other half-step profound immortals—from Lu Mudui learning new emperor's situation, came probing.

Human Emperor influencing human fortune—how ignore?

Yet years—no difference from prior emperors.

Thus, Overlord and others departed.

Cultivation urgent—half-step profound immortal bottleneck, seeking breakthrough.

Though Human Emperor diligent—human fortune shift subtly impacted realm.

Various calamities struck Great Xuan regions.

Droughts, snow disasters, floods...

Cultivators unfazed by natural disasters—but mortals suffered, many perishing.

Many cultivators, moved by compassion—emerged, combating calamities.

Calling wind/rain, diverting floods...

Saving mortals—gaining fortune blessing. Though modest—many broke through.

Calamities pressured Dantai Mo Jie—he redoubled efforts, seeking solutions.

Deep night.

Dantai Mo Jie stood alone in palace corridor—quiet, attendants dismissed. Pacing, savoring night’s serenity.

Pacing—mind replayed regional disasters.

Sighing, he returned to palace.

Continued affairs.

Reviewing memorials—mostly reports of cultivators emerging against disasters.

“Cultivators...”

Dantai Mo Jie leaned back.

Since entering capital—curious about cultivation. Yet per Lu Mudui and father’s warnings—never touched.

Now emperor—faced immense trial.

Natural calamities—with mortal body, how resolve?

“If I could cultivate...”

Dantai Mo Jie leaned, eyes gleaming.

But soon shook head: “Human Emperor barred cultivation, longevity... heavenly rule...”

Records noted second Human Emperor’s pursuit of longevity—blinded, slaughtering demons. Demon Continent—once vassal—rebelled, founding Demon Clan King’s Court, eternal foe.

Deep contradictions.

Thus, Dantai Mo Jie set thoughts aside.

Picked memorials again.

Suddenly...

Pupils contracted.

Thump! Thump!

Heart sudden agony—he clutched chest, sweating profusely, elbow on desk, sweat dripping.

Vision—various scenes flashed.

Next...

Saw own heart—suspended drop of golden blood.

Pulsing—accelerating blood flow.

“What is this?”

Dantai Mo Jie curious. Faintly, golden blood whispered oddly.

Like murmurs in ear.

Ding...

With golden blood and heart pulse—some blood assimilated, faintly golden.

Golden blood circulated—birthing immense strength.

Boom!

Hair flying—faint overwhelming pressure suppressing all.

Long after.

Palace pressure subsided.

“This... cultivation sensation?”

Dantai Mo Jie gazed palms—enraptured smile.

Human Emperor barred cultivation?

Had he... broken heavenly rule?!

Next day.

Dantai Mo Jie summoned attendant—personally drafting decree: Black Tortoise Guards deliver cultivation resources to palace depths.

Attendant startled: “Your Majesty... resources for what?”

Dantai Mo Jie smiled: “Naturally—cultivation.”

Attendant horrified—waving hands: “Your Majesty—no! Human Emperor barred cultivation, longevity... Second generation committed grave taboo—reconsider!”

Dantai Mo Jie hesitated—second emperor’s fate wary.

Faintly—heavens seemed eyes watching.

Man acts—heaven sees.

Dantai Mo Jie sighed—about to relent.

Yet before speaking—chest sudden agony, golden blood trembling.

Thump! Thump...

Invisible fluctuation spread.

Dantai Mo Jie grew irritable.

“I am Human Emperor—cannot even allocate resources?!”

Dantai Mo Jie said.

Attendant stiffened—kneeling, banging head in apology.

Dantai Mo Jie drafted decree on desk—tossing to attendant.

“Go.”

Simple word—yet vast pressure. Attendant legs weakened, unable rise.

Attendant departed—Dantai Mo Jie touched cheek bewildered.

What happened?

Something influencing emotions?

“Chest’s golden blood?”

Dantai Mo Jie frowned—good or ill unknown.

“But... why cannot I seek cultivation resources?”

Attendant soon returned—with spirit stones. Quantity modest—Black Tortoise Guards allocation puzzled non-cultivating emperor's request—assumed curiosity.

Spirit stones' qi abundant—polished ornaments prolonged life.

Obtaining stones—Dantai Mo Jie swiftly absorbed energy fully.

Body strengthened. Daily golden blood released energy washing physique—growing ever robust.

“Prior Human Emperors barred cultivation—lacked means.”

“But I differ—I have my fortune!”

Dantai Mo Jie eyes gleamed.

If great cultivator—calamities waved away—better govern Great Xuan!

Even Demon Clan King's Court—easily subdued!

This night—deep quiet, Dantai Mo Jie clenched fist silently.

Summoned attendant again—fetch resources from Black Tortoise Guards.

Attendant gazed fearfully—no refusal.

Yet this time—Black Tortoise Guards commander personally escorted to capital.

Imperial decree—subjects obey. Delivered—but queried purpose.

Facing commander's inquiry.

Dantai Mo Jie smiling: personal cultivation.

"Human Emperor barred cultivation—why such thoughts?" Commander grave.

Night—parted unhappily.

News soon spread from commander.

Officials shocked.

Remembered Dantai Xuan's longevity sins.

Another emperor pursuing cultivation.

Many scholarly officials remonstrated overnight.

Memorials snowflaked onto Dantai Mo Jie's desk.

Each advising abandon cultivation intent.

Dantai Mo Jie read—face darkening.

Faintly sensing officials' pressure suppressing him.

Clenching fist—chest golden blood pulsed faster.

Inhaling deeply—Dantai Mo Jie endured.

Abandoned fetching from Black Tortoise Guards—yet incident birthed intent cultivating personal guards.

Needed own force.

Next years—court showed no major anomaly—still diligent emperor.

Yet secretly—cultivated guards from youth. Beyond resources—used diluted golden blood nurturing.

His strength—under golden blood washing—unconsciously grew formidable.

Great Xuan Calendar Year 627.

Court—Dantai Mo Jie again increased personal guards' resources.

Even restarted cultivation plan.

Many ministers opposed.

Yet now seasoned.

Clutching chest—golden blood pulsing.

Eyes narrowed—vast pressure radiating.

“I seek cultivation—you say no. More resources for guards—you say no... In your eyes—still I, the emperor?!”

Dantai Mo Jie coldly declared.

Shout—old minister trembled, coughing blood.

Blood staining beard.

“I am Human Emperor.”

Dantai Mo Jie sat dragon throne.

Golden blood influenced temperament—making him domineering, defiant.

Unwilling bound. Ministers' restraints—made emperorship stifling.

Prior emperors couldn't cultivate—lacked means.

But he differed—golden blood, already on path.

Now years—no longer hiding.

Court fell silent—stunned by outburst.

Yet one great scholar rose—still opposing.

“Your Majesty—Black Tortoise Guards your personal force. No need over-invest. Realm suffers calamities—internal disasters, external demon threats. Resources better to frontline soldiers against Demon Clan King's Court!”

Scholar said.

Dantai Mo Jie displeased—rage surging, chest golden blood pulsing faster.

Whole being colder.

Lord-minister verbal clash.

Dantai Mo Jie outargued by scholar.

Furious—slammed desk.

Ordered scholar dragged—executed by waist.

“Minister—even dying—same words!”

Scholar righteous qi surging—roaring at Dantai Mo Jie.

Hall uproar!

Imperial guards emerged—dragging protesting scholar. Blood stained hall’s bluestone.

Hall chilled.

Gazing throne's Dantai Mo Jie—felt Great Xuan... changing skies!

Venting rage—Dantai Mo Jie relaxed. Clarity—golden blood pulsed, vast energy washing physique—feeling ever stronger!

Respected scholar's death.

Court exploded.

Memorials snowflaked.

Many scholars jointly entered hall—opposing Dantai Mo Jie's plans.

Dantai Mo Jie gazed railing scholars.

Inhaled deeply.

Chest golden blood pulsed violently.

Whole being flaming.

Crack...

Wheelchair nearly crushed by uncontrolled force.

“I act—need sour scholars’ endless nagging?!”

Long after.

Dantai Mo Jie opened eyes—cold laugh.

Wave hand—personal guards acted.

Hall righteous qi surged—but guards utterly loyal to Dantai Mo Jie—unfazed.

Dantai Mo Jie radiated vast pressure—overwhelming righteous qi.

Pfft! Pfft!

Cold blades swung—blood sprayed.

Scholar after scholar, minister—heads rolled before jade steps.

Great Xuan palace—silent.

Historian tremblingly recorded...

Great Xuan Calendar Year 627—sixth Human Emperor seeks cultivation, tyrannical—slays over hundred scholars. Righteous qi scarce!

Tyrant name—spread in capital.

Boom!

Heavenly Secret Peak.

Lu Mudui opened eyes—gazing churning clouds, finger divination.

Eyes contracted.

Seemed blood rivers, unwilling scholar heads—resentment skyward.

“Dantai Mo Jie...”

Lu Mudui face paled slightly.

Finally... emerged?

Ascension instantly shifted fortune—this child... slew over hundred scholars. Heavenly righteous qi surged—slaying all opposing will—truly impacted human fortune.

Tyrant name—confirmed.

Worse than natural disasters—appeared.

Lu Mudui drifted from peak—staff in hand, gleaming coldly.

Aged face solemn.

Drifted to palace.

Beheld throne's Dantai Mo Jie—terrifying pressure weighed on Lu Mudui.

“Master?!”

Dantai Mo Jie joyously beheld Lu Mudui.

Yet soon—seeing coldness—joy faded.

“Even Master... doesn't understand me...”

Dantai Mo Jie chest golden blood pulsed violently—rage rising.

“Slaying over hundred scholars—you know your wrong...”

Lu Mudui face full disappointment.

Boom!

Dantai Mo Jie chest golden blood seemed explode—whole being golden streak, charging from throne.

“Master! What wrong have I?! How wronged?!”

Terrifying pressure—like suppressed cannonball—blasting.

Lu Mudui expression changed—Dantai Mo Jie’s pressure comparable Creation Venerable!

Human Emperor... cultivable?!

Boom!

Lu Mudui drew staff.

Heavenly immortal—he easily suppress Creation Venerable.

But...

Human Emperor bore vast human fortune—Lu Mudui's staff draw—felt mountain crushing.

Backlash—coughing blood, retreating.

Dantai Mo Jie eyes gleamed—step by step approaching Lu Mudui.

Suddenly—righteous qi rolled.

Confucian-robed figure appeared beside Lu Mudui—lifting him, vanishing instantly.

Dantai Mo Jie's pressure—rebounded.

Lu Mudui gazed beside—startled.

“Haoran?”

Meng Haoran nodded.

Face indifferent.

“Human Emperor unvirtuous—slays over hundred Haoran Sect scholars... Master orders me inform: from today—Haoran Sect secedes from Great Xuan.”

Meng Haoran coldly declared.

Then carried Lu Mudui—fleeing far.

Personal guards converged—Dantai Mo Jie emerged slowly.

Gazing vanished Meng Haoran and Lu Mudui.

“True immortal level... truly formidable. But... since I walk cultivation path—no one stops me!”

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Lu seated White Jade Capital pavilion—slowly opened eyes, ending Preaching Platform deduction.

Eyes lines dancing—soon beheld Great Xuan situation.

Precisely seeing fortune-backlashed, blood-coughing Lu Mudui carried away by Meng Haoran.

And faintly imperial might-radiating Dantai Mo Jie.

Corner mouth curled.

“Human Emperor walks cultivation path... while this young master deduced—breaks my rules...”

“My Lu Ping’an’s rules—not so easily broken.”

Chapter 515: Azure Dragon, Will You Aid Me?

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Atop White Jade Capital pavilion.

Heavenly Immortal Wine cascaded into the cup, crystal liquid swirling, clashing with rich, intoxicating aroma.

Lu held the bronze cup in one hand, chess piece pinched in the other—myriad lines dancing in his eyes.

Imperial blood's emergence indeed surprised him.

Yet surprise mingled with inevitability.

Current Five Phoenixes—no longer feeble in Nine Heavens. Even Heavenly Spirit Clan invading—Five Phoenixes confident in battle.

From immortal-martial foundation's birth—Lu knew primordial battlefield's vanished ancient emperors would appear eventually.

After all—he witnessed Void Heaven's anomalies.

Five Phoenixes' trials to current heights—ancient emperors' scheme? Lu unknown. But clear:

His Lu Ping'an's peach—no one plucks.

Fingers lightly tapping wheelchair armrest.

Where this imperial blood from?

Head raised—Lu seemed to pierce heavens, gaze transcending barriers—beyond Void Heaven.

Lu recalled Cloud/Dao sacred ancestors besieging with imperial weapons—Void Heaven rift tearing, beams shattering two.

That turning point—alerting Lu.

Void Heaven rift's contents—Lu unclear. Good or ill—undecided. Thus vigilance.

Imperial blood—perhaps start.

Start of strikes on Five Phoenixes.

No longer chess—Lu's mind stirred—entering Preaching Platform.

Within—deductions.

Using imperial blood as layout—birthing more profound immortals.

Lu invested thought.

...

Great Xuan Calendar Year 600—sixth new Human Emperor Dantai Mo Jie ascended.

Like predecessors—Great Xuan citizens rejoiced—celebrations welcoming new, farewelling old.

Mortals sentimental—fifth Human Emperor benevolent, resolute—prosperous era.

Compared to joyous masses.

Great Xuan stationed cultivators—grave expressions.

Fortune shift post-new emperor ascension. Cause unknown.

Fortune elusive.

Even heavenly/true immortals glimpsed faintly.

Only profound immortals perceived slightly.

Thus none dared blame new emperor.

Perhaps future human calamity affected fortune.

Current Five Phoenixes cultivation—flourishing.

Diverse professions blooming.

Fortune path popular—many immortals preached for recognition, blessing.

Even refining/creating methods...

Richly diverse.

Beyond traditional—alchemists, forgers, array masters—fortune gazers, puppeteers...

Post-Dantai Mo Jie—no anomalies.

Diligent—daily memorials, affairs.

Like predecessors—prioritizing peace.

Imperial capital.

Powerful primordial spirits swept—monitoring new emperor.

Overlord, Tang Yimo—half-step profound immortals—from Lu Mudui learning new emperor, probing.

Human Emperor influencing fortune—how ignore?

Yet years—no difference.

Thus departed.

Cultivation urgent—half-step bottleneck, seeking breakthrough.

Though diligent—human fortune shift subtly impacted.

Calamities struck regions.

Droughts, snows, floods...

Cultivators unfazed—mortals suffered, many perished.

Compassionate cultivators emerged—combating.

Wind/rain calling, flood diverting...

Saving mortals—fortune blessing. Modest—many broke through.

Calamities pressured Dantai Mo Jie—redoubled efforts.

Deep night.

Dantai Mo Jie stood palace corridor—quiet, attendants dismissed. Pacing night's serenity.

Pacing—regional disasters replayed.

Sighing—returned palace.

Continued affairs.

Memorials—mostly cultivators combating disasters.

“Cultivators...”

Dantai Mo Jie leaned.

Capital entry—curious cultivation. Yet per Lu Mudui/father—untouched.

Now emperor—immense trial.

Calamities—mortal body, how resolve?

“If I cultivated...”

Dantai Mo Jie leaned—eyes gleaming.

Soon shook head: “Human Emperor barred cultivation/longevity... heavenly rule...”

Records: second emperor’s longevity pursuit—blinded, demon slaughter. Demon Continent—vassal—rebelled, founding Demon Clan King’s Court—eternal foe.

Deep contradictions.

Thoughts aside.

Memorials again.

Suddenly...

Pupils contracted.

Thump!

Heart agony—clutched chest, sweating, elbow desk—sweat dripping.

Vision—scenes flashed.

Next...

Heart—suspended golden blood drop.

Pulsing—accelerating flow.

“What?”

Curious. Faintly—golden blood whispered.

Ear murmurs.

Ding...

With pulse—some blood assimilated—faint gold.

Golden blood circulated—birthing strength.

Boom!

Hair flying—overwhelming pressure.

Long after.

Palace pressure subsided.

“This... cultivation?”

Dantai Mo Jie palms—enraptured smile.

Human Emperor barred?

Had he... broken heavenly rule?!

Next day.

Summoned attendant—drafting: Black Tortoise Guards deliver cultivation resources palace depths.

Attendant startled: “Majesty... resources for?”

Dantai Mo Jie smiled: “Cultivation.”

Attendant horrified—waving: “No! Human Emperor barred... Second committed taboo—reconsider!”

Dantai Mo Jie hesitated—second’s fate wary.

Faintly—heavens watching.

Man acts—heaven sees.

Sighed—relent.

Yet before—chest agony, golden blood trembling.

Thump...

Invisible fluctuation.

Irritable.

“I Human Emperor—cannot allocate resources?!”

Dantai Mo Jie.

Attendant stiffened—kneeling apology.

Dantai Mo Jie drafted—tossing.

“Go.”

Simple—vast pressure. Attendant weakened—unable rise.

Attendant gone—Dantai Mo Jie touched cheek bewildered.

What?

Influencing emotions?

“Chest golden blood?”

Frowned—good/ill unknown.

“But... why cannot I seek resources?”

Attendant returned—spirit stones. Modest quantity—Black Tortoise puzzled non-cultivating emperor—assumed curiosity.

Stones' qi—ornaments prolonged life.

Obtaining—Dantai Mo Jie absorbed fully.

Body strengthened. Daily golden blood washed physique—robust.

“Prior emperors barred—lacked means.”

“But I differ—my fortune!”

Eyes gleamed.

Great cultivator—calamities waved—better govern!

Even Demon Clan King’s Court—subdued!

Night quiet—Dantai Mo Jie clenched fist silently.

Summoned attendant—fetch resources.

Attendant fearful—no refusal.

Yet commander escorted.

Imperial decree—obey. Delivered—queried.

Facing inquiry.

Dantai Mo Jie smiling: personal.

“Human Emperor barred—why cultivation thoughts?” Commander grave.

Night—unhappy parting.

News spread.

Officials shocked.

Recalled Dantai Xuan’s sins.

Another pursuing cultivation.

Scholars remonstrated overnight.

Memorials snowflaked.

Each advising abandon.

Dantai Mo Jie read—face darkening.

Sensing officials' suppression.

Clenching—chest golden blood faster.

Inhaled—endured.

Abandoned fetching—yet birthed cultivating personal guards.

Needed own force.

Years—court no major anomaly—diligent.

Secretly—cultivated guards youth. Beyond resources—diluted golden blood nurturing.

Strength—golden blood washing—formidable unconsciously.

Great Xuan Year 627.

Court—increased personal guards' resources.

Restarted cultivation plan.

Ministers opposed.

Yet seasoned.

Clutching chest—golden blood pulsing.

Eyes narrowed—vast pressure.

“I seek cultivation—you no. Guards resources—you no... Eyes still I, emperor?!”

Coldly declared.

Shout—old minister trembled, coughing blood.

Staining beard.

“I Human Emperor.”

Throne.

Golden blood influenced—domineering, defiant.

Unwilling bound. Ministers’ restraints—stifling emperorship.

Prior couldn’t—lacked means.

But he—golden blood, path already.

Years—no hiding.

Court silent—stunned outburst.

Yet scholar rose—opposing.

“Majesty—Black Tortoise Guards your force. No over-invest. Realm calamities—internal/external.
Resources frontline against Demon Clan King’s Court!”

Scholar.

Dantai Mo Jie displeased—rage surging, golden blood faster.

Colder.

Lord-minister clash.

Outargued.

Furious—slammed.

Ordered scholar waist-executed.

“Minister—even dying—same!”

Scholar righteous qi—roaring.

Hall uproar!

Guards dragged—blood stained hall bluestone.

Hall chilled.

Gazing throne Dantai Mo Jie—felt Great Xuan... changing.

Venting—Dantai Mo Jie relaxed. Clarity—golden blood pulsed, vast energy washing—stronger!

Scholar death.

Court exploded.

Memorials snowflaked.

Scholars jointly entered—opposing.

Dantai Mo Jie gazed railing.

Inhaled.

Chest golden blood violently.

Flaming.

Crack...

Wheelchair nearly crushed.

“I act—need sour scholars’ nagging?!”

Long.

Dantai Mo Jie opened eyes—cold laugh.

Wave—personal guards.

Hall righteous qi—but guards loyal—unfazed.

Dantai Mo Jie pressure—overwhelming.

Pfft!

Blades swung—blood sprayed.

Scholar/minister heads rolled jade steps.

Great Xuan palace—silent.

Historian tremblingly recorded...

Year 627—sixth Human Emperor seeks cultivation, tyrannical—slays hundred scholars. Righteous qi scarce!

Tyrant name—spread capital.

Boom!

Heavenly Secret Peak.

Lu Mudui opened eyes—churning clouds, divination.

Eyes contracted.

Seemed blood rivers, unwilling scholar heads—resentment skyward.

“Dantai Mo Jie...”

Face paled.

Finally... emerged?

Ascension fortune shift—this child... slew hundred scholars. Heavenly righteous qi surged—slaying opposing will—impacted human fortune.

Tyrant name—confirmed.

Worse than calamities—appeared.

Lu Mudui drifted peak—staff gleaming coldly.

Aged face solemn.

Drifted palace.

Beheld throne Dantai Mo Jie—terrifying pressure.

“Master?!”

Dantai Mo Jie joyous.

Yet seeing coldness—joy faded.

“Even Master... doesn’t understand...”

Chest golden blood violently—rage rising.

“Slaying hundred scholars—you know wrong...”

Lu Mudui disappointment.

Boom!

Chest golden blood exploded—golden streak charging throne.

“Master! What wrong?! How wronged?!”

Terrifying pressure—cannonball blasting.

Lu Mudui changed—Dantai Mo Jie pressure comparable Creation Venerable!

Human Emperor... cultivable?!

Boom!

Staff drawn.

Heavenly immortal—suppress Creation easy.

But...

Human Emperor vast human fortune—staff draw—mountain crushing.

Backlash—blood coughing, retreating.

Dantai Mo Jie gleamed—approaching.

Suddenly—righteous qi rolled.

Confucian figure beside—lifting Lu Mudui, vanishing.

Dantai Mo Jie pressure—rebounded.

Lu Mudui gazed—startled.

“Haoran?”

Meng Haoran nodded.

Indifferent.

“Human Emperor unvirtuous—slays hundred Haoran Sect scholars... Master orders inform: today—
Haoran Sect secedes Great Xuan.”

Meng Haoran coldly.

Carried Lu Mudui—fleeing.

Personal guards converged—Dantai Mo Jie emerged.

Gazing vanished Meng Haoran/Lu Mudui.

“True immortal... formidable. But... since cultivation path—no one stops me!”

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Lu seated White Jade Capital pavilion—slowly opened eyes, ending Preaching Platform deduction.

Eyes lines dancing—beheld Great Xuan.

Precisely fortune-backlashed, blood-coughing Lu Mudui carried by Meng Haoran.

And faintly imperial might-radiating Dantai Mo Jie.

Mouth curled.

“Human Emperor walks cultivation... while deduction—breaks my rules...”

“My Lu Ping’an’s rules—not easily broken.”

Chapter 516: If He Is No Longer the Human Emperor

Atop Asking Heaven Peak.

Everyone stared at one another in stunned silence. Dantai Mo Jie stood there, his robes fluttering in the wind.

The aloof and proud Azure Dragon—no one had expected it to utter such vulgar words.

The golden flames in Dantai Mo Jie’s chest leaped wildly, as though endless rage was erupting. Yet the Azure Dragon had already twisted its body and vanished into the heavens, leaving no trace.

Dantai Mo Jie desperately wanted to flay and debone the dragon, but with his current strength, it was impossible for the time being.

This sacrificial rite thus ended without resolution.

In his fury, the enraged Dantai Mo Jie could only execute a few ritual officials to vent his anger.

At that moment, an attendant rushed up from the base of the peak, delivering fresh intelligence to Dantai Mo Jie.

“The calamity has changed again!”

“Within three thousand miles of the imperial capital, beneath the blood-colored rivers, all manner of ferocious fish have emerged, slaughtering one another. The corpses of dead fish float on the surface, reeking abominably, while countless insects swarm and spread disease!”

Dantai Mo Jie stared at the report, his face twitching slightly.

No longer wasting time on Asking Heaven Peak.

With a flick of his sleeve, he turned and departed.

Faintly, realization dawned upon him.

“Heaven unleashes calamities... to erode human fortune. The target is me.”

Dantai Mo Jie sat high upon his throne, eyes cold and sharp.

Lu Mudui had once struck at him, only to suffer severe backlash injury. The overwhelmingly powerful Overlord had appeared yet spared him.

These events made Dantai Mo Jie dimly understand: as Human Emperor, human fortune shielded him.

After all, he had studied the Daluo Immortal Scripture.

The golden blood in his heart pulsed, surging energy to wash his body.

Dantai Mo Jie could clearly feel his strength rising.

In court.

Many newly appointed officials dared not speak. Regarding the calamities around the capital, they offered no comment.

They feared speaking—lest it displease Dantai Mo Jie and earn waist execution.

Once, serving in the Great Xuan court was an honor. Now, officials feared words, dreading fatal consequences.

Bold ministers—imprisoned or slain.

The tyrant Dantai Mo Jie's authority—none dared defy.

Yet the calamity demanded response.

"My dear ministers—nothing to say about this calamity? No measures or countermeasures?"

Dantai Mo Jie smiled from his high seat.

The ministers below trembled slightly.

Yet someone had to speak.

One minister stepped forward, face pale, bowing: "Your Majesty—this calamity is heaven's punishment. To overcome it, we must appease heaven's wrath. Thus... this minister begs Your Majesty to sacrifice to the heavens."

Many in the hall echoed agreement.

“Sacrifice?”

Hearing the word “sacrifice,” Dantai Mo Jie recalled the Azure Dragon’s taunt and insult.

His face twitched. He waved his hand.

Golden-armored guards entered the hall, dragging the minister out.

Pfft!

Blade rose and fell—a large head rolled.

Disagreement meant death. Dantai Mo Jie’s tyranny silenced the court; officials dared not utter a word.

Deep into the night.

Between heaven and earth, the faint crisp sound of a chess piece landing echoed once more.

The clear ring lingered in Dantai Mo Jie's ears, jolting him from refining the golden blood.

Looking outside—he saw the original night seem to accelerate, suddenly turning to blazing daylight with the sun high overhead.

The calamity had shifted again. Centered on the capital—three thousand miles—no night remained. When elsewhere was dark, here it was day, with the sun hanging high, radiating scorching heat.

The earth baked dry and cracked. Blood-colored rivers evaporated.

Countless fish carcasses swarmed with insects...

The people's lives became unbearable. Water grew precious. By the seventh day, stored water in the capital's surroundings was utterly depleted.

Dantai Mo Jie dispatched cultivators to summon rain—yet it failed.

Blazing daylight persisted a month—people tormented as though roasting under the sun.

Dantai Mo Jie was helpless, yet indifferent. Staring at the sun—he coldly laughed.

He continued diligently refining the golden blood, pushing his cultivation to its limits.

He came to Buzhou Peak, seeking the Heavenly Dao Tree.

One of the most vital treasures for cultivators.

Dantai Mo Jie appeared—dispatching troops to seize it, expelling all cultivators.

Many cultivators raged—yet helpless.

Though Great Xuan endured calamities, the Black Tortoise Guards' renown persisted.

The Heavenly Dao Tree became his alone. Cultivating beneath it accelerated progress.

His personal guards strengthened even faster.

Yet Dantai Mo Jie sensed crisis—he needed allies, assistance.

A profound immortal-level helper—and he would fear nothing.

Even heaven eroding Great Xuan's fortune—he would defy it.

He thought of Buzhou Peak's demoness.

Intended to ascend personally—yet soon lost the path midway.

At the foot—mortals had built a shrine to a closed-eyed, stunning girl statue.

“This is the Buzhou Peak demoness? Truly beautiful...”

“Immense power—saved Five Phoenixes from collapse multiple times!”

“I lack an empress—only such a peerless powerhouse is worthy of my imperial status!”

Dantai Mo Jie gazed at the statue—bold ambition soaring to the heavens.

The ministers and cultivators following him—all changed expressions drastically.

This was grave blasphemy!

The Buzhou Peak demoness was legendary—bloodthirsty, notoriously ill-tempered.

An emperor blaspheming her—likely inviting even graver calamity.

Boom!

As his words fell.

The Heavenly Dao Tree shook violently—countless branches whipping down.

The earth seemed shattered.

Dao Intent fruits about to fall—shattered one by one, reverting to dissipating Dao Intent.

The world erupted in uproar.

Yet Dantai Mo Jie remained indifferent—laughing even louder.

Eyes gleaming—he sought to ascend Buzhou Peak. Yet at midway—a world-shaking terror aura spread.

The entire peak swayed.

Faintly—Dantai Mo Jie’s hair flew, body radiating golden light. Gazing at the suddenly appearing Zhu Long figure—his heart burned with fervor.

Though he knew the answer—he now held a grander goal.

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Lu was speechless—this Dantai Mo Jie was truly tyrannical to the extreme.

The imperial blood possessing him—was clearly no good thing. Influencing him to this degree—inescapable connection.

Daring to covet Zhu Long.

Sooner or later—slap him dead.

Lu narrowed his eyes.

Lines danced within.

Faintly—he seemed to hear the golden blood pulsing.

As though seeing it surge vast energy—making Dantai Mo Jie ever stronger.

And this...

Was precisely what Lu desired.

He sipped the Heavenly Immortal Wine.

Rolled his sleeve—picked a piece.

Piece fell on the board.

The calamities... continued.

...

The endless blazing daylight gave way to yet another calamity.

Endless locusts swarmed from the boundless sea—dense, blotting the sky from all directions, engulfing the entire capital.

Crops devoured utterly clean—not even tree bark remained.

The capital's people suffered unbearably. Facing the locust plague, they could only hide in their homes, trembling.

As locusts passed, the capital's greenery vanished at visible speed.

Dantai Mo Jie raged—dispatching cultivators to slay the locusts.

Yet the locusts seemed endless—slay one swarm, another blotting the sky arrived.

Slaying pace far lagged reproduction.

Even the imperial gardens—stripped bare.

This chilling scene terrified countless souls.

But gravest—no food remained.

Panic erupted swiftly.

The people's hidden grain—invaded by ubiquitous locusts, devoured.

Wails echoed across the land.

A minister finally could bear no more—petitioned Dantai Mo Jie to open the capital's granaries.

“No matter—the locust calamity will soon pass. I have dispatched the Black Tortoise Guards to eradicate them.”

“I refuse to believe the locusts are truly endless.”

Dantai Mo Jie said faintly.

The minister gritted his teeth: “Your Majesty—your subjects are starving to death!”

“Releasing grain is best!”

Dantai Mo Jie’s gaze sharpened coldly.

“You understand nothing?!”

“I now battle heaven!”

“I believe—with my ability—I can overcome these calamities... Release grain? That equals admitting defeat to heaven?!”

Dantai Mo Jie stood—raging.

The hall fell utterly silent.

Attendants all lowered heads—daring not speak, fearing the emperor’s might.

The minister turned ashen.

“You, Dantai Mo Jie—are unworthy to be Human Emperor! Unworthy!”

“Human Emperor must not cultivate! Must not! Once cultivating... all falls to chaos!”

The minister suddenly roared madly—as though inner conscience awakened.

Glaring at Dantai Mo Jie.

Dantai Mo Jie shrouded in golden light—rage surging.

“Kill!”

A golden-armored personal guard appeared beside the minister.

Cold blade swept—the righteous, indignant minister’s head soared skyward.

Blood sprayed the entire hall—filling it with bloody scent.

Slaying the minister—the locust calamity intensified further. Then calamity shifted once more...

Eternal night approached.

The endless daylight finally ceased—heat faded, night descended.

In dry riverbeds—pits appeared one by one. Countless snakes crawled from the ground.

Yet not most chilling—this night was moonless—earth pitch black.

As though 冤魂 wails resounded.

Ghost gates opened—hundred ghosts roamed the night.

The capital’s people were terrified—hiding in homes, trembling.

Yet Dantai Mo Jie remained unmoved. The golden flames in his chest pulsed—brilliantly illuminating the night.

As though to light the entire capital—he ordered the people to kindle torches, making the capital bright as day.

He dispatched cultivators to slay venomous snakes and capture the hundred ghosts.

Battling heaven—Dantai Mo Jie was earnest.

...

Beiluo City.

Now it sheltered countless refugees fleeing the capital.

The calamities' range spared Beiluo.

Yet Beiluo was far from idle.

One by one, Five Phoenixes immortals descended—terrifying auras as though reviving the entire city.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, Lu Mudui, Mo Tianyu, and others—key figures this time.

“Human Emperor unvirtuous—causing heaven to send punishing calamities: blood water calamity, plague death calamity, extreme daylight calamity, locust calamity... chilling to the bone. Fortunately, limited to three thousand miles around the capital...”

“But human fortune teeters on collapse. Once collapsed... these calamities may engulf all Five Phoenixes land—then true misery for the people!”

Mo Tianyu said.

Fingers divining something.

“I’ll just go slay Dantai Mo Jie—end everything.”

Tang Yimo, arms bandaged, veins bulging—aura vast.

“You cannot slay him. Though calamities erode Dantai Mo Jie’s fortune—he remains Human Emperor...”

“Human fortune shields him. If you truly try killing him—you may go but never return.”

Overlord said.

He had considered it long ago—but upon meeting Dantai Mo Jie—knew it impossible.

The fortune cloaking him—his best protection.

As long as human fortune held—Dantai Mo Jie undying.

“Then no solution?” Ni Yu, who had wandered the continent, now in Beiluo—frowned, asking.

Little Yinglong perched on her head—claws clutching fruit, munching.

“Or... return and consult the Young Master?”

Yi Yue in flowing white robes—coolly asked.

“Impossible—such trifles... why trouble the Young Master?”

“If the Young Master wishes to act—he will. All under heaven—he knows.”

Ning Zhao waved—halting the idea.

Injured Lu Mudui pale—fortune backlash severe for Daluo cultivators.

“There is a way.”

Lu Mudui said.

Staff in hand—as though writing on the ground, lightly tapping.

Everyone’s gazes drawn.

Curious about Lu Mudui’s method.

Mo Tianyu smiled—he had guessed it.

And it was the only way.

“These calamities—heaven-sent. Purpose: slash Dantai Mo Jie’s fortune, thereby harming human fortune...”

“Follow heaven’s intent, know heaven’s mandate... Dantai Mo Jie defies heaven—we need only comply.”

“Dantai Mo Jie is Human Emperor—Five Phoenixes immortals cannot slay him. But... if he is no longer Human Emperor—he can be slain.”

Lu Mudui said.

Everyone stunned.

“No longer Human Emperor?”

“Could it be...”

Overlord and Tang Yimo’s eyes narrowed slightly—frowning gazes.

“Human Emperor must not cultivate. Dantai Mo Jie long ago embarked on the path—with human fortune aiding, his cultivation not low now. But... he is impure—defying heaven—no longer a pure Human Emperor.”

Lu Mudui said.

“Thus... what we must do—is crusade the tyrant.”

...

The Great Xuan Divine Dynasty suffered unprecedented calamities.

Natural and demonic woes—utter chaos.

Warfire ignited.

From the western domain—the first rebel army raised the banner “Crusade the tyrant”—rising up.

The entire Great Xuan Divine Dynasty plunged into turmoil overnight.

Southern and eastern domains—rebel armies emerged.

A single spark can start a prairie fire—and these armies gave the people a glimmer of dawn.

News reached the capital.

The current capital—still enveloped in eternal night.

Rebel army news reached Dantai Mo Jie.

He dismissed it with disdain.

His aura now ever stronger.

“Certainly those like Overlord and Tang Yimo—true immortals—scheming behind the scenes...”

Dantai Mo Jie coldly laughed.

Though he did not cultivate the Daluo Immortal Scripture—he had studied it closely.

He knew Overlord and the others acted because the human fortune he bore had fluctuated.

“Rebellion? Hah... a mob of rabble.”

Dantai Mo Jie sneered.

With a grand wave—the Black Tortoise Guards mobilized, along with his golden-armored personal guards and allied cultivation forces.

A vast suppression army swept forth.

Warfire spread across Great Xuan land.

Black Tortoise Guards plus golden-armored—these were Dantai Mo Jie’s loyal core forces.

Especially the golden-armored—nurtured by his golden blood, each possessed immense combat power.

The rebel prairie fire—was actually suppressed.

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Lu's gaze gleamed brightly.

His mouth curled slightly. Before him—the Spirit Pressure Chessboard hovered.

Pieces fell one by one—as though luring prey step by step into the trap he had laid.

He raised a hand.

Eight imperial weapons emerged one after another.

Though these eight had lost their imperial reserves...

The lies Lu had woven earlier could continue. Perfect—pair them with the peerless beasts for this grand scheme.

Whether Five Phoenixes' immortals achieved a qualitative leap—depended on this game.

Humm...

The eight imperial weapons streaked forth as eight beams of light.

Scattering across various parts of the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Eight peerless beasts—deduced by Lu in the Preaching Platform—were brewing their descent.

Lu smiled with some anticipation.

The world as chessboard, all beings as pieces...

The conflicts of this grand drama—with his falling pieces—were about to be pushed and escalated to their climax.

...

The rebel armies retreated steadily. Cultivation forces joined one after another.

Yet Dantai Mo Jie had previously swept many forces—incorporating numerous into Great Xuan. His might peaked momentarily.

The rebels were no match—each clash ending in devastating defeat.

Finally—forces like Martial Emperor City and Qiannu Palace from the Tianyuan domain joined the fray.

Barely holding back Dantai Mo Jie's armies.

As Dantai Mo Jie focused on the rebels—the Tiger Pass defending against demons fell into defeat.

Tiger Pass lost.

The demon army surged vast—from the plains, charging forth.

Black clouds rolled.

Yet at the horizon's end—Overlord stood alone, axe and shield on back.

One man blocked the entire demon army.

The Demon Monkey King appeared—exchanging distant gazes with Overlord.

Long moments later—both vanished.

And the situation on Five Phoenixes Continent underwent another earth-shaking shift.

The demon army... actually supported the rebels—beginning to oppose Great Xuan's forces.

When Dantai Mo Jie learned this news.

The smile on his face gradually vanished.

“My armies... cannot lose! Great Xuan cannot lose!”

Dantai Mo Jie furiously slammed the desk.

He knew clearly—what defeat meant for him.

Losing human fortune's protection—he would face encirclement and assault by Five Phoenixes Continent's immortals.

The shadow Overlord once cast—he still remembered!

At this moment—the urgent need for allies sprouted once more in his mind.

“Azure Dragon, Buzhou Peak demoness... damn it all!”

Dantai Mo Jie gritted his teeth. These powerhouses refused aid—what could counter Overlord and other half-step profound immortal-level foes?

Suddenly.

An attendant cautiously rushed into the hall from outside.

Presenting intelligence to Dantai Mo Jie.

Dantai Mo Jie—irritated—unwilling to view, yet subconsciously glanced. This glance—left him stunned.

Breath quickened.

He came to the balcony—gazing into the pitch-black heavens.

Clutching his chest—the golden blood within pulsed violently.

Faintly—he sensed eight overwhelming auras.

Sensing them—the golden blood grew even more excited.

His mind recalled records of the world-ending beast Liu Ying.

“Cannot gain aid from immortals or heavenly dragon species... but I can seek help from peerless beasts!”

Dantai Mo Jie clutched his chest.

He had an intuition...

With the golden blood—he might... control these beasts!

Then—with beasts as allies.

It would be his moment—to defy heaven!

Chapter 517: Unworthy Descendant—Get Out!

Thump! Thump!

Dantai Mo Jie clutched his chest, eyes closed, feeling the messages transmitted by the pulsing golden blood.

This golden blood was Dantai Mo Jie's secret—the key and foundation that transformed him from a Human Emperor unable to cultivate into a powerful one who had now stepped into the Origin Realm.

He had once investigated the origins of this golden blood.

Searching through countless ancient records, he finally arrived at a conclusion that thrilled him.

“This golden blood is extraordinarily powerful. With its aid, the saint realm is far from the end.”

“Thus, it is very likely a contingency left by the ancient Great Emperors of the Nine Heavens!”

Dantai Mo Jie speculated inwardly.

The Great Xuan Academy’s library held dedicated introductions to the Nine Heavens’ ancient Great Emperors.

They were existences of immense power—capable of shattering heaven and earth with ease.

Even the heavens could not bind them.

From that moment, becoming a Great Emperor became Dantai Mo Jie’s dream.

Human Emperor?

Far from enough. He wanted to be the sole Great Emperor of the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Ruling the world!

According to the directions provided by the golden blood—cross-referenced with the intelligence from his attendants.

Dantai Mo Jie was certain the golden blood would not deceive him.

Thus, he led a contingent of golden-armored personal guards, departing the imperial capital by night.

Hurrying hundreds of miles to the nearest location releasing the aura.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

As he drew closer, the imperial blood in his heart pulsed ever faster.

Boom!

The earth cracked open—as though an abyss emerged.

Within, vast ferocious and killing intent boiled.

“Such intense ferocious and killing intent—as recorded in the classics! Almost identical to the birthplace of the beast Liu Ying. This is indeed a peerless beast’s emergence site!”

Dantai Mo Jie stood at the cavern mouth, gazing into the pitch-black depths—excitement on his face.

He stepped forward slowly, intending to enter.

Yet his personally nurtured golden-armored guards blocked him.

“Your Majesty—no! Dangerous!”

The guards urged.

Dantai Mo Jie paused—hesitantly glancing at the deep cavern.

Finally, raising a hand to clutch his chest.

All between heaven and earth fell silent—only the urgent pulsing of the golden blood driving his heart remained. He smiled.

He was certain—this pitch-black cavern held what he needed.

Step by step—he gradually delved deeper. In the golden-armored guards' eyes, Dantai Mo Jie's figure vanished.

Within the cavern.

Heartbeats thundered like roaring thunder.

Before him—a sea of crimson, as though all blood-colored.

“This is imperial might...”

“Records say sacred clan imperial weapons fell into Five Phoenixes—ancient emperor auras within forming beasts...”

“The beast Liu Ying formed thus.”

Dantai Mo Jie slowly advanced deeper.

A wisp of Great Emperor aura lingered between heaven and earth. In the abyss depths—he beheld a back view.

An ancient emperor's silhouette—radiating terrifying, submissive pressure.

This was Great Emperor might!

Dantai Mo Jie nearly submitted—knees trembling, about to kneel.

Fortunately...

The golden blood in his heart surged—releasing vast energy washing his body, allowing him to stand firm—unbowed.

“As expected—the golden blood counters Great Emperor aura!”

Dantai Mo Jie grew excited.

He studied long in the cavern depths.

The beast did not appear.

He understood why: beasts not simply formed by Great Emperor aura—required fusion with heavenly fortune.

“But how to fuse with heavenly fortune?”

Dantai Mo Jie puzzled.

He researched long—finally certain.

Beast birth needed time accumulation—ferocious/killing intent and fortune merging.

Natural fusion—endless ages.

“Thus... alternative path.”

“I am Human Emperor—representing human fortune. If fusing human fortune with this beast—accelerate formation?”

Dantai Mo Jie pondered.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, and others—united with Demon Clan King's Court and rebels—causing chaos.

Dantai Mo Jie disdained—yet felt pressure.

After all, Overlord and Tang Yimo—half-step profound immortals, equivalent half-step saints.

Such existences—immense pressure on him.

He could not wait.

No time for beasts to form slowly.

Thus...

Accelerate!

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Lu's gaze gleamed with light. Lately smiling—picking pieces from the box one by one.

Black and white pieces clashed—like a vast net.

Dantai Mo Jie—the butterfly trapped within, flapping wings to escape—yet deeper ensnared.

“Seek fuse human fortune with beasts?”

Lu coldly laughed.

On the path to death—Dantai Mo Jie excelled as ever...

Yet Five Phoenixes needed profound immortals—precisely requiring these beasts.

“Then... grant your wish.”

Lu picked a piece—suddenly placing it. Chessboard seemed to glow.

As piece fell—as though invisible hand stirred fortune—earth-shaking shifts.

...

Within the cavern.

Dantai Mo Jie clutched chest—feeling golden blood pulsing.

Thump! Thump...

Soon—all between heaven and earth only golden blood's pulsing remained.

He felt his soul ascending—as though soaring beyond heavens.

He saw—vast fortune coiling around him. Within fortune—he beheld terrifying auras formed by its flow.

“This is human fortune...”

Dantai Mo Jie's eyes gleamed—he truly heaven's favored son!

“Records: nine imperial weapons fell into Five Phoenixes—one's Great Emperor aura formed beast Liu Ying, but Liu Ying slain. Thus eight remain usable... I shall divide human fortune eightfold.”

Boom!

As mind returned to body.

Opening eyes—endless light surged.

Night turned day—fortune flowed in, ceaselessly entering the domain of ferocious/killing intent.

Countless energies intertwined—a beast birthed within.

As white light dispersed.

Guards outside cavern—minds shaken.

They hesitated entering to rescue the emperor.

Yet before moving—saw pitch-black cavern: Human Emperor Dantai Mo Jie step by step emerging.

Behind him—coiled a beast with myriad tentacles, bearing a massive eyeball—evil and aberrant.

Terrifying aura spread—chaotic mental fluctuations dazed. Even golden-armored guards—upon seeing, minds blanked momentarily. The beast ceaselessly radiated terrifying energy—tearing minds.

Dantai Mo Jie roused the guards—ordering immediate crafting eight small cauldrons.

Taking one—dripping golden blood within.

The vast, world-ending aura-bearing giant-eye beast entered the small cauldron.

All terrifying aura vanished.

Holding the cauldron—Dantai Mo Jie's face beamed with utmost excitement.

He finally had his trump card—powerful enough allies.

He gazed south.

Next—the rebel army would taste despair and terror!

Returning to palace.

Dantai Mo Jie specially built a hall to store the small cauldrons sealing peerless beasts.

In following period—he traversed Five Phoenixes Continent.

Using the method to tame/subdue the giant-eye beast—one by one claiming beasts into cauldrons.

His confidence grew.

He felt ever closer to his goal: an imperial dynasty feared by immortals.

On the continent—he collected six beasts.

Atop palace.

Dantai Mo Jie raised head—gazing heavens.

Aura released—triggering Heavenly Gate.

He entered—finding seventh beast: Cloud Venom Vulture sealed by ascension grounds immortals.

Sensing its terrifying aura—stronger than prior six.

Dantai Mo Jie felt his blood boiling.

Infusing one-eighth human fortune—then subduing with golden blood—sealing Cloud Venom Vulture into seventh cauldron.

Completing—he prepared leaving ascension grounds.

Suddenly.

As nearing Heavenly Gate return—a terrifying will descended.

“Profound immortal!”

Dantai Mo Jie startled.

Head snapped up—brilliant green lotus bloomed between heaven and earth.

A figure calmly stood within—gazing at him.

“Hand it over.”

Lu Jiulian said calmly.

How could he be unaware of Dantai Mo Jie’s actions?

From entry—he knew.

Watched what Dantai Mo Jie intended. Unexpectedly—sealed the hard-suppressed Cloud Venom Vulture into a small cauldron.

Even the Cloud Venom Vulture—obedient.

How?

This world-ending beast—killing intent skyward!

“Lu Jiulian! Five Phoenixes’ first profound immortal...”

Dantai Mo Jie inhaled deeply. Facing this legend—not fear, but excitement.

“I am Great Xuan Divine Dynasty’s sixth Human Emperor... this beast has great use to me.”

Dantai Mo Jie said.

“Human Emperor?”

Lu Jiulian paused—then earnestly shook head.

“Human Emperor must not cultivate. Moreover—you reek of baleful aura, killing intent torrential... impossible to be Human Emperor.”

“You—unworthy.”

Lu Jiulian’s words—Dantai Mo Jie’s pupils contracted.

Boom!

Yet Lu Jiulian wasted no words.

Body blurred into afterimages—closing in. Dantai Mo Jie’s chest golden blood suddenly erupted violently.

Lu Jiulian’s Green Lotus Sword unsheathed—one sweep—ascension grounds earth seemed cleaved in half!

Explosion born.

Smoke billowed—cracks shocking all ascension grounds immortals.

Smoke cleared.

Lu Jiulian gripped Green Lotus Sword—feeling fortune backlash shaking body—frowning.

“Fortune backlash... human fortune shielding—truly Human Emperor?”

“What happened to Five Phoenixes? Such a one... worthy of Human Emperor?”

...

Dantai Mo Jie shuttled back through Heavenly Gate.

Crashing onto Five Phoenixes land—coughing blood.

“So... strong! This is profound immortal!”

Eyes full of wariness.

Without chest golden blood surging—despite Origin Realm cultivation—against profound immortal Lu Jiulian—no match.

Without fortune protection—likely a corpse now.

Yet...

Dantai Mo Jie wiped golden-tinged blood from mouth—gazing small cauldron in hand.

Seventh cauldron—seventh beast ally obtained!

These beasts—formed from imperial weapons' Great Emperor auras. His chest golden blood controlled them.

He held supreme weapons!

Though prior six inferior to seventh Cloud Venom Vulture.

Yet each profound immortal-level combat power!

Under heavens—none could oppose or block him!

None stop him—ruling the world!

Eyes closed—Dantai Mo Jie sensed long. Regretfully—eighth beast aura faint.

Face puzzled.

Dantai Mo Jie first returned palace.

Injuries healed—clutching chest, sensing eighth beast location.

Humm...

Faintly—golden blood guided.

Next day—he came to Nine Prisons mystery realm.

Venturing deeper.

Walking...

Golden blood vibrated.

Head snapped up—saw Nine Prisons end: massive torn abyss...

Abyss edge—crooked cold stele inscribed “Nether Realm.”

“This Nether Realm entrance... world souls go after death!”

“Realm of the departed!”

Dantai Mo Jie recalled records.

“Eighth imperial weapon in Nether Realm?”

Dantai Mo Jie excited—intended crossing entrance.

Yet pitch-black flames burned—terrifying aura spread.

A massive flame beast like great dog blocked Nether Realm entrance—slain beast, substanceless body!

On it—faint Great Emperor aura.

“This eighth beast—Hell Hound!”

Dantai Mo Jie overjoyed—effortless find.

Dripped golden blood—intending subdue.

Yet ever-effective golden blood failed!

Hell Hound not subdued—instead unleashed sky-shaking roar.

Boom!

Nether Realm depths—faint terrifying aura spread.

Vast figure stood within.

Torrential karma like surging river!

“Unworthy descendant!”

“Foolish thing!”

“Get out!”

Furious, vehement voice exploded.

Dantai Mo Jie heart trembled—faint bloodline fear and oppression.

He scrambled fleeing Nine Prisons mystery realm.

Profound immortal!

Nether Realm too held profound immortal!

Clearly—Hell Hound slain. Reason golden blood failed.

Returning capital.

Though regretful—only seven beasts collected... sufficient!

Against Demon Clan King's Court and rebel alliance—enough!

...

Great Xuan Calendar Year 640.

Demon Clan King's Court and rebel alliance—momentum fierce. Black Tortoise Guards, golden-armored personal guards, allied cultivation forces—retreated steadily.

News reached capital.

People cheered.

Rare—defeat bringing joy. Sideways revealed Dantai Mo Jie's tyranny—how disliked, lost hearts.

Yet Dantai Mo Jie's accumulated might—people dared not overt.

In hall.

Minister reported frontline defeats to Dantai Mo Jie.

All ministers wished see panic, regret on Dantai Mo Jie's face.

Disappointed—no worry, even domineering disdain.

“Mere rabble.”

Then—Dantai Mo Jie ordered six golden-armored guards hold six small cauldrons sealing peerless beasts—rush frontline.

Six cauldrons—stationed six major cities on path from western domain to capital—forming six passes.

Cloud Venom Vulture cauldron—guarded capital.

Many ministers puzzled Dantai Mo Jie's intent.

He offered no explanation—smiling, sleeve flick—returning sleeping palace, refining golden blood.

After subduing seven peerless beasts—bond with golden blood ever closer.

Dantai Mo Jie felt ever stronger—touching Origin Realm shackles.

As though... subduing seven beasts—truly earned golden blood's recognition.

Golden blood extraordinary—seemingly easily elevate to saint realm.

...

Heavenly Secret Peak.

Many Five Phoenixes immortals gathered.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, and others sat peak summit.

Lu Mudui gazed heavens—human fortune churning—heart faintly shaken. Staff lightly tapping—divining.

“Demon Clan King’s Court and rebel army united—unstoppable momentum. Plus minimal resistance in many cities—soon army reach divine dynasty capital.”

“Enduring heavenly calamities—Great Xuan fortune exhausted... Dantai Mo Jie at dead end.”

Lu Mudui said.

Overlord and others silent.

Their cultivation—no need intervene. Acting—slay only weak cultivators, even damage their fortune—no gain.

Merely watch war’s end.

When Dantai Mo Jie’s Human Emperor fortune collapsed—they could directly slay the tyrant.

Suddenly.

Lu Mudui's staff tap halted abruptly.

Heart surged ominous premonition.

Hmm?

Head raised—gazing west.

There—a city pass: world-ending aura surged vast.

Original alliance unstoppable momentum—at this moment... collapsed!

Closed-eyed Overlord and Tang Yimo—eyes opened.

Beast aura!

Like Liu Ying—peerless beast aura!

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Lu leaned in Thousand-Bladed Chair—elbow on armrest, propping chin.

Spirit Pressure Chessboard radiated faint glow.

Board—pieces densely scattered.

Crowded—mind-dazing.

“Worthy of imperial blood—saved this young master much effort and time. Six beasts—easily formed with imperial blood aid...”

If Lu crafted himself—immense mental drain, time, energy.

“Hmm... moreover, this imperial blood not simple—extraordinarily sensitive to each imperial weapon’s ancient emperor aura, perfectly simulating.”

“Dantai Mo Jie subdued beasts—because imperial blood simulates each weapon’s ancient emperor aura...”

Lu narrowed eyes—picking piece, lightly tapping board.

“Or rather... this imperial blood—not merely one ancient Great Emperor’s?”

Lu pondered—mouth curling.

Worth the grand scheme.

Yet thoughts brief—withdrew mind.

Gazing board—faintly, six small cauldrons emerged—containing vast fortune.

“This time—Five Phoenixes surely births many profound immortals...”

Smiled.

Piece in hand—lightly fell.

“This game... time to conclude.”

Chapter 518: Maintain the Elegance of an Iceberg Girl

Atop Heavenly Secret Peak, the atmosphere was extremely heavy.

“This is... the aura of a peerless beast?”

Overlord, Tang Yimo, and the others spoke up. How could they be unfamiliar with this aura? Back then, in the battle against the beast Liu Ying, they had nearly perished.

Thus, they had a profound impression of the beasts’ power and presence.

Mo Tianyu pinched his fingers to divine, frowning.

“Dantai Mo Jie is cunning—he actually possesses a method to subdue beasts for his own use!”

“Back when Young Master Lu battled the Upper Realm sacred clans, many imperial weapons fell into Five Phoenixes. Though Young Master Lu collected the weapons themselves, the ancient emperor auras within activated the beast nests laid out by those ancient emperors.”

“However, even with ancient emperor auras, these beasts shouldn’t have formed so quickly... Thus, Dantai Mo Jie used human fortune as the foundation, merging it with ferocious and killing intent to nurture peerless beasts...”

Mo Tianyu divined it all with one calculation.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, and the others changed expressions slightly.

“He’s insane!”

Tang Yimo couldn’t help saying.

How terrifying and oppressive was the calamity brought by the beast Liu Ying back then?

A single beast’s emergence—not just destructive power, but the demonic beasts spawned from its aura’s influence!

Feeding beasts with fortune—what folly!

“Tyrant, despot... utterly stupid!”

Overlord’s face cold—couldn’t help cursing.

Lu Mudui shook his head—he hadn't expected things to develop like this.

"The Demon Clan King's Court army and rebel alliance—facing such beasts, no resistance... directly routed."

Lu Mudui said.

"Dantai Mo Jie's cultivation isn't weak now. He clearly calculated that we support the rebels behind the scenes—thus won't surrender quietly."

The gathered crowd grew stern.

Overlord shook his head: "This fellow... more tyrannical and ruthless than the ancient Yuwen Xiu."

"But does he think relying on beasts can change his fate?"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Then, everyone moved—streaking skyward as beams of light.

Previously, intervening was tricky.

But with Dantai Mo Jie summoning beasts as allies—they could no longer watch. Now justified to join.

...

Xitong Pass—the first pass from the western domain to the capital.

A centuries-old fortress—tall and majestic, walls towering with the breath of ages.

Now, before the pass.

A peerless beast seven to eight zhang in size hovered.

A creature with countless chaotic tentacles—an enormous eyeball rolling with eerie malice.

Atop the pass tower.

The golden-armored personal guard ordered to hold stood hands behind back.

Beside him—a small cauldron.

This peerless beast released from it.

The golden-armored guard fanatical—he nurtured by Dantai Mo Jie's golden blood, similar to the beasts in some way.

Watching Demon Clan King's Court and rebel alliance rout—he couldn't help laughing wildly.

Fortunately, His Majesty foresaw—ordering them hold passes first.

Otherwise—with the garrison commander's lack of resistance—the army might reach the capital in days.

The peerless beast ravaged.

Each slender tentacle lash tore terrifying ravines in the earth.

This beast too powerful—its aura as though to destroy heaven and earth.

Most terrifying—the mental fluctuations from its great eye—annihilating all.

Beast emerged.

Demon Clan King's Court and rebel alliance—even one step untaken—directly collapsed in chaos.

No courage to fight.

Boom!

Suddenly—heavens thundered with astonishing roar.

Torrential demonic qi surged.

The towering Overlord stepped through the air, arriving step by step.

Tang Yimo, Nie Changqing, and others followed—hovering in the skies.

Atop Xitong Pass—the golden-armored guard heart jolted. Raising head—seeing legendary Five Phoenixes cultivators like Overlord—greatly shocked.

“Tyrant unvirtuous—colluding with beasts, eroding human foundation... deserves death!”

Overlord coldly declared.

He streaked as light—directly charging!

Thud!

Terrifying aura spread—demonic qi surging. Overlord like god-demon wielding axe and shield—clashing with the giant-eye beast.

The beast whipped tentacles—each strike shattering void.

“This beast possesses profound immortal combat power—though weaker than Liu Ying!”

Resisting a strike—Overlord judged its strength.

This giant-eye beast indeed peculiar—fused with human fortune, immensely powerful—yet inferior to Liu Ying.

Perhaps related to fortune amount fused.

Tang Yimo moved too.

He and Overlord long coordinated—fighting the beast vividly.

Tang Yimo directly opened six veins—facing peerless beast, no underestimation or holding back.

End it quick—finish early!

They couldn't slay weak cultivators—damaging fortune, no benefit.

But slaying such beasts—fortune blessing. Naturally joyous.

Three tore void—entering extraterrestrial battlefield.

Battle intensely fierce—heavens seemed color-changed.

Dense Demon Clan and rebel alliance—heads raised watching.

Xitong Pass garrison too.

To breach Xitong Pass—must slay this beast. Otherwise... conquering Great Xuan difficult.

This battle—decided war's direction.

Extraterrestrial battlefield.

Overlord and Tang Yimo demonic qi torrential—combined unleashing world-shaking slaughter.

Dual-gripping axe—demonic qi coiling like dragon.

Tang Yimo purpled—horizontally spanning, one punch—void exploding.

Half-step profound immortals—far stronger than against Liu Ying!

Their fortune vast—nearly river surging.

Giant-eye beast roared.

Each tentacle lash—terrifying might.

After all—profound immortal-level beast.

Saint-realm combat power!

Overlord withstood each lash—face icy.

He tanked—Tang Yimo using physical bursts' speed closing—delivering fatal strikes.

“This beast’s attack weak—far below Liu Ying... If not for decent defense—hardly true profound immortal level.”

Tang Yimo hair whipped by shockwaves—landing beside Overlord.

Overlord withstood repeated assaults—eyes solemn.

“Indeed dull—end this.”

Overlord said.

Next instant—Tang Yimo body nearly blood-red—veins bulging from skin.

Eight Meridians Dunjia!

Boom!

Form tore void.

Overlord moved too—Dao Intent... Unyielding!

Enduring so long—accumulated power—at this moment fully erupted!

Two rainbows in extraterrestrial battlefield—coiling world-shaking might.

Giant-eye beast—at this moment seemed utterly insignificant!

As though annihilated beneath the two coiling rivers.

Yet...

Giant eyeball reflected scenes.

Then...

Pupil shifted—three water-drop shapes rapidly spinning.

Powerful mental fluctuation spread.

Humm...

Unique mental wave.

Thud! Thud!

Tang Yimo and Overlord bodies jolted.

Their robust qi-blood and power—at this moment lost control.

Tang Yimo directly fell from six veins—auras weakened.

Overlord's unyielding assault—weakened under mental disruption, unyielding will scattered.

Weakened strikes smashed giant-eye beast body—tentacles exploding one by one.

Giant-eye beast roared—chaotic, disordered, tyrannical mental waves constantly assaulting.

Overlord and Tang Yimo grunted—three tearing battlefield, returning Five Phoenixes.

Battle—both sides injured.

...

Before Xitong Pass.

Atmosphere extremely grave.

Suddenly.

Void tore.

Giant-eye beast ferocious/killing intent with fortune surging—exploded tentacles rapidly regenerating—reemerging.

Overlord and Tang Yimo pale—tumbling from battlefield.

All gasped coldly.

Overlord and Tang Yimo combined... failed to take the giant-eye beast?!

Ni Yu—Little Yinglong atop head munching fruit watching drama—handed pills to Overlord and Tang Yimo.

They accepted—swallowing.

“This beast has unique powerful mental attack... slightest carelessness—primordial spirit damaged, soul shattered!”

Overlord said.

Beast’s physical body not strong—but mental attacks truly troublesome.

Atop Xitong Pass.

Golden-armored guard seeing battle outcome—ecstatic joy.

Clenching fist—waving sky, fanatic roar.

...

Great Xuan Divine Dynasty—imperial capital.

Dantai Mo Jie bathed in golden light—skin beneath golden blood flowing—gradually impacting body, faint thunderous roars.

As though heavenly dao aura circulating.

“Physical body reaching saint realm...”

Dantai Mo Jie eyes gleamed myriad brilliance.

Golden blood too powerful—true treasure!

In short time—from ordinary unable to cultivate—to current immensely powerful cultivator.

“One day—I shall emperor over the world!”

Dantai Mo Jie laughed.

Then—loose comfortable robes—ascending court.

Current court—utterly oppressive. New batch officials—daring not breathe.

Tyrannical killer—they dared not provoke.

Low-key service sufficed.

Soon—attendant brought frontline report.

“Report to Your Majesty—Xitong Pass battle news: King’s Court and rebel alliance routed. Overlord Xiang Shaoyun and Body Sect Tang Yimo—two half-step profound immortals combined against divine beast. Divine beast’s might vast—overwhelming both... divine dynasty great victory!”

Attendant excitedly proclaimed.

Dantai Mo Jie eyes narrowed—beckoning, report paper flew to hand.

Glancing—couldn’t help laughing loudly.

Worthy of profound immortal-level beast—even legendary true immortals like Overlord and Tang Yimo defeated.

Six passes—six peerless beasts—like impenetrable walls!

Capital guarded by fortune-fused Cloud Venom Vulture.

Dantai Mo Jie felt no worries.

Laughter echoed court.

Officials exchanged glances—many cultivation force leaders below flattered.

Dantai Mo Jie restrained laughter—eyes gleaming, heart stirred.

Current him—momentum peaked.

Physical body saint realm—controlling seven peerless beasts—life's summit!

“I need an empress worthy of me!”

Rising—sleeve flick, resolute voice exploding.

Now Great Xuan—seven peerless beasts guarding—no rear concerns.

Time for long-desired deed.

Wearing ornate robes—golden gleaming.

Capital gates opened—carriage procession high-profile departing. Amid capital folk's timid gazes—grandly toward Buzhou Peak.

Buzhou Peak base.

Now sealed by Dantai Mo Jie—only pro-Great Xuan cultivation forces cultivated beneath Heavenly Dao Tree.

As Dantai Mo Jie's procession arrived.

All immersed cultivators rose—standing respectfully sides.

Dantai Mo Jie cradled small cauldron—sweeping glance. Seeing cultivators' reverence—satisfied.

Descending carriage.

Head raised—gazing endless Buzhou Peak—eyes excited.

Cradling cauldron—he dismissed all attendants. One man, one cauldron—toward summit.

Bluestone path—crisp sounds echoed.

Again reaching midway.

Suddenly—terrifying suppression descended.

Yet the Buzhou Peak demoness appeared.

Dantai Mo Jie's joy barely surfaced—next instant, girl's lashes trembled—slowly opening eyes.

All between heaven and earth—at this moment dimmed.

Buzhou Peak's heaven and earth—day and night shifting.

Yin-yang qi surged.

Forming massive millstone grinding down.

Da da da da da da da...

Pfft!

Dantai Mo Jie couldn't even resist—body as though ground, countless explosions. Pale golden blood splattering. His proud saint-realm body—at this moment fragile as paper.

Without chest golden blood releasing energy shielding.

Likely... gone.

Peak base below.

All stared dumbfounded.

Watching triumphant Dantai Mo Jie roll down like limp meat—twitching mouths.

Golden blood released vast energy.

Soon—Dantai Mo Jie blood-drenched stood.

Fearfully glancing Buzhou Peak.

Buzhou Peak demoness... too terrifying!

Cannot... provoke.

Nearby—Heavenly Dao Tree imperceptibly trembled.

Yet this loss—Dantai Mo Jie couldn't swallow.

With golden blood aid—injuries somewhat recovered.

Then—took small cauldron.

Roar!

Howl exploded.

Bloody mist blurred.

Peerless beast Cloud Venom Vulture released from cauldron.

Terrifying baleful aura filled heaven and earth.

Heavens seemed blood-colored at this moment.

Cloud Venom Vulture spread wings—vast body, baleful eyes tyrannical.

In Dantai Mo Jie's excited gaze.

Cloud Venom Vulture furiously charged Buzhou Peak.

Thud!

Earth quaked, mountains shook—rivers surged.

Cloud Venom Vulture collided Buzhou Peak.

Nearly snapping peak in half.

Yet soon—Buzhou Peak: Candle Dragon silhouette emerged—vast, overlooking Cloud Venom Vulture.

Sharp tail suddenly whipped.

Heaven and earth changed color.

Smack!

Cloud Venom Vulture blood feathers flying—whipped wailing miserably, deeply embedding earth.

Streaking light—returning to Dantai Mo Jie's small cauldron.

Dantai Mo Jie inhaled deeply—at this point, restrained arrogance.

This Buzhou Peak demoness... too terrifying!

“Cloud Venom Vulture peerless beast—fortune fused. Profound immortals acting lose fortune... Why Buzhou Peak demoness unaffected?!”

Dantai Mo Jie dared not linger—hurriedly returned capital.

Came triumphant—left dejected.

Momentum seemed heavily struck.

Unbeknownst—this... merely beginning.

...

Due to Xitong Pass matter.

Mo Tianyu divined—calculating something. Bare-chested, headed northern snow plains.

Found Meng Haoran seated atop snowy peak.

Haoran Sect seceded Great Xuan—now secluded northern snow plains. Each great scholar like snowflake—pure unstained.

“Junior Uncle.”

Meng Haoran sensed Mo Tianyu’s arrival—bowed greeting. Knowing intent.

Led Mo Tianyu deeper snow plains—finally meeting secluded Kong Nanfei.

“A peerless beast excelling in mental attacks?”

Kong Nanfei eyes narrowed.

Expression deeply complex.

“Great Xuan Divine Dynasty... colluding with beasts. Truly tired of fortune?”

Kong Nanfei disheveled scholar robes—leading hundreds scholars—departed.

Scholars streaked sky—soon reaching Xitong Pass.

Outside Xitong Pass.

Giant-eye beast hovered—tentacles whipping.

Mental fluctuations spread—forming domain.

Any approaching powerhouse—mind disordered.

Even Overlord and Tang Yimo—helpless.

Kong Nanfei arrived—sensing giant-eye beast, feeling mental assault domain—laughed loudly.

Took wine—gulped fiercely, bold spirit rising.

“Mere vile creature—dare rampage!”

Step forth.

Righteous qi surged—like long river beneath feet.

Coiling hundreds Haoran Sect scholars he brought.

Scholars white robes snow-like fluttering—sternly facing.

Hundred scholars spoke simultaneously—righteous river surging beneath, as though treading clouds—righteous eternal, clashing giant-eye mental impact.

Kong Nanfei step by step ascended clouds.

Eloquent—verbal denunciation.

Hands behind back—reciting “Song of Righteousness.”

One qi suppressed giant-eye mental assault from spreading...

Even making giant-eye bleed.

Overlord, Tang Yimo struck simultaneously.

Terrifying slaughter erupted.

Giant-eye beast roared—yet physical body not strong—how withstand? Tentacles exploded one by one.

Finally—alive beaten to burst by Overlord and Tang Yimo!

Exploding energy impacted Xitong Pass walls—shaking loose stones.

Tower-standing golden-armored guard—with giant-eye beast death—wailed, brow cracking, blood evaporating, primordial spirit withered—miserably dying, falling tower.

Xitong Pass—breached!

News reached capital.

Just returned from Buzhou Peak Dantai Mo Jie—couldn't help angrily coughing blood.

Chapter 519: The More Profound Immortals in Five Phoenixes, the Better

“How is this possible?!”

Dantai Mo Jie's eyes instantly turned bloodshot. Hearing the attendant's report, his entire being erupted like a ball of flame.

A furious roar exploded within the sleeping palace.

How could the peerless beast at Xitong Pass... be slain?!

It was a profound immortal-level beast—though inferior to Liu Ying, in an era without profound immortals emerging, how could it be destroyed so quickly?

Dantai Mo Jie coughed blood—from sheer mental exhaustion.

At Buzhou Peak, beaten senseless by the demoness Zhu Long—he had already felt despair.

Now, returning to the capital, hoping for good news—only to receive this crushing blow.

The attendant knelt on the ground, face full of terror.

“It is said... the rebel side enlisted the great scholars of the Haoran Sect from the northern snow mountains. Their righteous qi perfectly counters the divine beast's divine abilities, so...”

The attendant trembled.

“Haoran Sect...”

Murderous light flashed in Dantai Mo Jie’s eyes.

“Once the chaos is quelled—I shall personally extinguish the Haoran Sect!”

His icy voice echoed—as though venting rage.

After venting, his agitated mood gradually stabilized.

One beast dead—five remained, guarding five passes. He still held victory.

Yet inner fury rolled on.

Clutching his chest, he walked to the hall’s outer corridor—gazing at the sky.

“Fine heavens... think this will make me yield?”

Dantai Mo Jie gritted his teeth.

Relying on others inferior to relying on self. Allies many—personal strength the foundation.

Yet recalling Buzhou Peak demoness’s terror and power—inexplicable palpitation. He had nearly... died.

Originally intending to boost Five Phoenixes’ momentum—yet turned into such chaos.

Forget boosting momentum—his peak-rising aura seemed to wane, heart shrouded in gloom.

As though smooth sailing vanished for him.

He waved—dismissing attendants.

Sat cross-legged in the sleeping palace—continuing to refine the golden blood.

Injuries from golden blood nurturing—gradually healing.

He must elevate his cultivation.

...

Xitong Pass breached.

Haoran Sect's hundred great scholars—treading righteous qi long river, reciting “Song of Righteousness”—with vast will power suppressed the mental-attack-specialized giant-eye beast.

With Overlord and Tang Yimo's aid—unleashing world-shaking strikes.

Causing this profound immortal-level beast—to perish.

News spread instantly.

Xitong Pass people cheered excitedly.

Great Xuan forces within hastily withdrew—no point staying.

After all—lost beast aid—facing Overlord and other half-step profound immortal top powerhouses—unable to resist.

Moreover—beast death crushed their morale—no longer forming barrier.

Xitong Pass thus fell.

Demon Clan King's Court and rebel alliance swiftly occupied Xitong Pass.

Brief rest—army advanced again—toward Great Xuan capital.

Kong Nanfei sat in the skies—righteous qi long river surging endlessly.

Not just Kong Nanfei.

Overlord and Tang Yimo sat likewise.

Their auras fluctuated—heaven and earth seemed greatly changed.

Slaying giant-eye beast—originally gathered fortune within directly released.

Divided among them.

Kong Nanfei's "Song of Righteousness"—main suppressing force—claimed largest share.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Kong Nanfei's scholar robes fluttered constantly—eyes gleaming myriad brilliance.

Next instant.

Fortune accumulation atop his head broke a shackle—like collapsing dam—his aura constantly rising.

This rise—swift and rapid!

Boom!

Humm...

Heaven and earth changed color.

As though suddenly darkened—heavens above, a vast star seemed constantly approaching.

“That is the Heavenly Dao...”

Lu Mudui and Mo Tianyu exchanged glances—hands behind backs, standing peak summit.

Ning Zhao, Ni Yu, and others curiously watched.

“Heavenly Dao induction—fortune river. Manifestation of achieving profound immortal...”

Lu Mudui sighed.

“Not easy...”

“Slaying this giant-eye beast—gained such vast fortune irrigation.”

Heavenly phenomena emerged.

Fortune river and righteous qi long river coexisted—interweaving heavens above.

Kong Nanfei felt his body transforming.

Heavens reflected origin space's Heavenly Dao star.

A beam enveloped Kong Nanfei—his body undergoing constant baptism and washing.

Kong Nanfei—finally attested profound immortal position!

Following Lu Jiulian—Five Phoenixes Continent birthed another profound immortal!

This giant-eye beast—born after Dantai Mo Jie divided human fortune.

Thus—this human fortune now surged into everyone's bodies.

The hundred scholars—at this moment, minds cleared—fortune rising—all crossing into heavenly immortal realm.

Kong Nanfei took the lion's share—while Overlord and Tang Yimo likewise gained fortune blessing.

Overlord's fortune changing.

Demonic qi coiled around him—brows furrowed, body constantly rumbling with energy.

As though brewing great eruption.

This brewing—three days.

Third day—Overlord opened eyes—as though some barrier shattered, exploding sound—he broke shackles, crossing into profound immortal level.

Overlord's sharp eyes swept horizontally—as though earth trembled.

His body washed by Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao power—fortune gathering into river.

Inhale and exhale—earth quaked, mountains shook.

Black patterns on towering body constantly vibrated.

Participating in slaying Liu Ying and now giant-eye beast—two beasts, life-risking battles—finally fortune blessing.

Attested profound immortal!

Overlord nearly failed.

Fortunately—thick accumulation, thin hair—body refinement path successfully attested profound immortal.

Overlord succeeded—Tang Yimo less fortunate, ultimately short a thread.

Unable match Overlord—shattering shackles.

Overlord and Kong Nanfei achieving profound immortal—entire Five Phoenixes Continent—as though this moment, endless auspicious signs emerged—myriad lights surging, seven-colored radiance like light gauze covering sky.

Such phenomena—as though Five Phoenixes welcoming new profound immortals' birth.

Five Phoenixes birthed profound immortals again!

This phenomenon—shone across continent.

Eastern Sea depths.

A small thatched hut.

Luo Mingsang leaned against hut—gazing heavenly phenomena, heart blooming like flowers.

She smiled—joy within, complex感慨.

Too hard-earned.

Though centuries passed—her heart, Overlord still her unparalleled Overlord.

Now—not just Luo Mingsang received news.

Entire realm—all cultivators, even ascension grounds beyond Heavenly Gate, Nether Realm cities beyond Nine Prisons mystery—all knew.

Within Nether Realm—Dantai Xuan hands behind back, standing tenth city tower.

Face smiling.

Former Western Liang Overlord—finally stood peak again!

Beyond Heavenly Gate.

Lu Jiulian surprised—brow arched.

Atop Buzhou Peak.

Zhu Long closed eyes—expressionless turning to endlessly chattering Azure Dragon.

Azure Dragon heart jolted—words halted.

Soon—kicked down Buzhou Peak by Zhu Long. Azure Dragon wailing—driven like pig to battlefield.

...

Before Xitong Pass.

Tang Yimo regretfully opened eyes—he failed.

Ultimately short a thread.

Overlord and Kong Nanfei attested profound immortal—now strength soared, gaining Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao recognition.

Overlord and Kong Nanfei simultaneously sensed Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao—that vibrant, rule-governing Heavenly Dao—leaving them amazed.

Profound immortals—could borrow Heavenly Dao power. Now—they truly saint-realm combat power!

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Lu closed eyes—leaning Thousand-Bladed Chair. As Kong Nanfei and Overlord broke from half-step profound immortal to profound immortal—Lu’s mouth curled slightly.

Feeling constantly rising total spiritual qi—and profound immortals birthed, feedback to Heavenly Dao accelerating Dao reserve refinement—Lu’s face showed satisfied joy.

Harvest season again.

Yet must say—they finally broke through. If not—Lu would’ve worried for them.

Two more profound immortals—Five Phoenixes foundation deepened.

“Yet merely two profound immortals—still insufficient.”

“Five Phoenixes profound immortals—of course, the more the better.”

Lu smiled.

Lu held greater expectations.

Layout so long—hoping golden imperial blood on Dantai Mo Jie—not disappoint.

...

News of Five Phoenixes birthing two more profound immortals—spread instantly.

Entire Five Phoenixes cultivation world boiled.

Beyond Heavenly Gate—countless immortals frenzied.

Even Lower Third Heavens ancestors—excited. What did this mean?

Cultivating Daluo Immortal Scripture—mere centuries—break to profound immortal.

Profound immortal saint realm—unimaginable in original Nine Heavens.

Original Nine Heavens saints—how hard birth. Original ten sacred ancestors—hundreds thousands years development—no new saints. Though due sacred clans' conservatism.

Yet sideways showed saint birth difficulty.

Now in Five Phoenixes—so easily enter saint realm.

Many stirred—perhaps continuing Daluo Immortal Scripture—once unreachable dreams truly realizable?!

First Heaven.

Heavenly Spirit Continent—Sacred Hall.

Mica slowly opened eyes—primordial spirit clone left in Five Phoenixes sensing two more saints birthed—eyes gleaming.

“Worthy of newborn Heavenly Dao... under current Nine Heavens Heavenly Dao jurisdiction—birthing new saints immensely difficult, let alone attesting emperor.”

“Five Phoenixes Heavenly Dao... I see hope.”

...

Xitong Pass.

“Overlord and Master Kong breaking to profound immortal—good news for all Five Phoenixes, but for this tyrant crusade—not good news.”

Lu Mudui said.

“Becoming profound immortal—cannot freely act against these peerless beasts. Acting—likely fortune stripped, cultivation drop... yet five passes remain, plus capital beast. Dantai Mo Jie not foolish—he’ll leave strongest guarding capital.”

Lu Mudui’s words—silenced cultivators at Xitong Pass.

Indeed.

Overlord and Kong Nanfei profound immortal—good.

But for upcoming beast battles—no aid.

“Could this too be Dantai Mo Jie’s plan?”

Ni Yu curiously asked.

“If our side’s powerhouses all break to profound immortal—the more we fight, our side weaker—ultimately unable threaten Dantai Mo Jie.”

Mo Tianyu touched bald head: “All... likely coincidence.”

Dantai Mo Jie clearly couldn’t foresee this.

If he could—they’d reevaluate the tyrant.

Not as easy as imagined.

Army advanced again.

Demon Clan King’s Court and rebel army from Xitong Pass—continued crusade.

Soon reached second pass from western domain to capital.

Nanhan Pass!

Like Xitong—Nanhan Pass people excited, welcoming rebels.

Yet Dantai Mo Jie prepared.

Dispatched Black Tortoise Guards and golden-armored personal guards controlling Nanhan Pass—ensuring peace of mind.

Armies confronted—no prolonged respite. Time raced.

Siege war erupted directly.

Grim aura filled vast battlefield.

Yet with Demon Clan King's Court and Tianyuan forces aiding rebels—Nanhan Pass couldn't hold.

As warfire spread to walls.

Golden-armored personal guard finally couldn't bear—placing bronze small cauldron on wall, summoning sealed beast.

Boom!

Light surged—terrifying ferocious/killing intent swept.

Dark clouds rolled.

Vast black shadow enveloped all.

Battle seemed halt this moment—all raised heads, gazing heavens.

Bronze small cauldron—killing intent, ferocious intent, fortune three forces 焦灼.

Finally—sky-shaking roar tearing all.

Light surged.

Vast mountain-like peerless beast emerged.

A massive scorpion—armor dark red, scorpion tail hooked upside down—radiating terrifying cold.

Alliance army swiftly retreated.

Lu Mudui, Mo Tianyu, and others sensed this beast's ferocity.

This beast's ferocity—no weaker than Liu Ying.

Nine heavens above.

After becoming profound immortal—Kong Nanfei and Overlord still watched this war—expressions now somewhat grave.

A true profound immortal-level beast—immensely powerful.

Five Phoenixes side—victory perhaps difficult.

Wham!

Earth suddenly exploded.

Straight black line tearing ground smoke.

Leaping Nanhan Pass walls.

Tang Yimo utterly cold.

Heart holding breath—gazing giant scorpion—aura surging.

“Seventh vein... open!”

Boom! Boom! Boom!

He opened seven veins instantly—body turning cyan-purple, like small giant—arms clenched, hammering giant scorpion.

This war—success or benevolence!

Thud!

Giant scorpion's tail whipped—clashing Tang Yimo.

Terrifying shockwaves swept—void inch by inch exploding!

Tang Yimo dragged giant scorpion into battlefield.

Ning Zhao white robes elegant, Nie Changqing dragon-slaying sword drawn—intended charging battlefield.

After Overlord profound immortal—they couldn't watch idly.

Yet Tang Yimo halted them.

This war—he solo profound immortal-level beast!

Boom!

Extraterrestrial battlefield.

Battle extremely grim—unleashed energy plowing terrifying ravines in earth.

Ning Zhao and Nie Changqing hovered—watching this war.

Perhaps stimulated by Overlord's breakthrough.

Tang Yimo this war—utterly squeezed limits.

Opened sixth vein—extreme speed, his only advantage.

Giant scorpion too massive—slow movement. Yet defense extreme, attacks extreme—even permeating terrifying toxin.

Toxin—easily poison millions, tens millions mortals.

Tang Yimo cautious—slightest skin break, slightest chance—he instantly paralyzed, torn!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Nanhan Pass—halted three days three nights.

Both sides encamped.

Awaiting battle outcome. Now—race against time.

Alliance hadn't breached Nanhan—though giant scorpion drawn extraterrestrial—if Tang Yimo defeated, scorpion return—all within Nanhan die!

Thus—outcome critical.

Boom!

Finally—overcast sky inch by inch exploded.

A figure like cannonball swiftly shot—crashing.

Tang Yimo.

Body cyan-purple—like god-demon.

Body smashed ground—aura withered, motionless—violent breathing shaking earth.

Heaven and earth dead silent.

Long after—Nanhan Pass atop, golden-armored personal guard leading—cheers erupted.

Yet cheers short-lived.

Black shadow crashed.

Thud...

Giant scorpion corpse from extraterrestrial battlefield smashed down—covering Tang Yimo's body.

Spanning vast plain outside Nanhan Pass.

Yet—giant scorpion armor shattered—constantly shedding green blood...

Boom!

Suddenly.

Giant scorpion corpse swayed.

Nanhan Pass golden-armored personal guard horrified watching.

Yet—giant scorpion corpse beneath, black dot-like figure—staggering used arms prop giant scorpion body—standing.

Giant scorpion not dead—yet barely breathing.

Boom!

Ning Zhao, Nie Changqing, and other powerhouses moved.

This giant scorpion—ultimately miserably slain in battlefield.

Pfft!

Tower atop—golden-armored personal guard violently died.

Nanhan Pass breached again!

Fortune divided—Heavenly Dao star illuminated all heavens.

Beams descending—washing Tang Yimo's seventh vein-opened near-collapse body.

Auspicious light emerged—phenomena frequent.

As though celebrating a profound immortal's birth!

...

Great Xuan Divine Dynasty—imperial capital.

Sleeping palace.

Dantai Mo Jie chest golden blood pulsed—pupils contracted, coughing blood again.

“Nanhan Pass breached too?”

Wiping pale golden blood.

Dantai Mo Jie felt pressure and urgency.

These beast allies—weaker than imagined...

Even delaying little time.

He must grow stronger—achieve saint realm!

Dantai Mo Jie low roared—roar echoing hall.

Suddenly—chest golden blood violently pulsed—faint voice step by step luring him.

Dantai Mo Jie narrowed eyes.

Next instant.

Golden blood—immensely powerful energy instantly unleashed—like giant wave crashing—engulfing Dantai Mo Jie’s body.

Chapter 520: A Single Stroke Moves Mountains—Capable of Trapping Immortals and Gods

Great Xuan Divine Dynasty—imperial capital.

This day—in the palace depths—golden light soared skyward. Dazzling brilliance bloomed, as though unleashing unparalleled radiance.

Dantai Mo Jie’s body endured powerful force washing. Golden blood pulsed—vast will surging, transforming his primordial spirit. From initial weakness—it suddenly grew immensely powerful.

Dantai Mo Jie’s eyes radiated golden light—pain filling his body, even his mouth emitting golden glow.

He forgot what the voice from the chest’s golden blood specifically said.

Dantai Mo Jie only felt himself transforming.

Constantly transforming.

His body had already reached saint realm. Yet arrogant as he—storming Buzhou Peak—beaten senseless by Zhu Long, injuries lingered. Now—those injuries erased, repaired by golden blood’s erupting energy.

Boom!

Faintly—Dantai Mo Jie sensed.

Power within his body transforming.

“Saint realm! True saint realm!”

Like nirvana—Dantai Mo Jie excitedly roared.

From today—he, Dantai Mo Jie—truly saint realm!

Boom!

Splendid light dazzled—fireworks-like blooming over capital. Saint might vast and boundless.

Heaven and earth... seemed phenomena emerging.

In the capital.

All shocked—cultivators raised heads, incredulously watching.

Vast saint might continuously surged from palace depths.

“Someone achieved saint realm?!”

“This is saint realm birth—not profound immortal!”

“Saint realm... born so easily?”

The world shocked—especially powerful cultivators, most stunned.

...

Above Five Phoenixes heavens.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, Kong Nanfei—three who successfully entered profound immortal—hands behind backs, standing gazing toward capital direction.

Faintly seeing ascending splendid light.

“Saint realm...”

The three clearly sensed the terror contained in this energy.

Dantai Mo Jie... actually achieved saint realm?

Now—at this point—they too sensed something unusual.

They experienced Five Phoenixes from weak low-martial to current powerful high-martial—sharing hardships, life-death trials—growing to now.

Centuries—attested profound immortal.

Already extremely swift—in all Nine Heavens high-martial worlds, few achieved saint realm so quickly.

Yet what had Dantai Mo Jie done?

A tyrant—even allying with tyrannical killing beasts—beasts seeking destroy Five Phoenixes.

Such tyrant—in mere years post-ascension—became saint realm.

“Something wrong...”

“Dantai Mo Jie likely harbors secret—so swiftly saint realm—unreasonable.”

“Lu Mudui once said Dantai Mo Jie initially not tyrannical—perhaps influenced?”

“Whatever influence—tyrant is tyrant. One wrong step—all wrong...”

Overlord and others exchanged.

Yet not overly worried. Dantai Mo Jie saint realm—so what?

So many profound immortal-level powerhouses—they wouldn’t fear one saint.

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

As always tranquil—no clamor, like secluded paradise—peaceful, beautiful.

Lu in white robes—seated Thousand-Bladed Chair, leaning pavilion.

One chess game, one wine pot.

Facing vast sea—spring warm, flowers blooming.

Chessboard faintly glowing—each piece seeming own life.

Crisscrossing into complex game.

Lu picked piece—slowly placing, crisp sound ringing board, exploding faint echoes.

“Achieved saint realm?”

“Indeed impatient.”

Lu smiled—eyes lines dancing, clearly seeing all in capital.

Even clearly feeling vast energy surging from imperial blood.

“Interesting... forceful energy irrigation—like empowerment, yet harm far less.”

Lu saw clearly.

“Yet forcibly elevating to saint realm—not easy. From infancy imperial blood nurtured body and soul—creating this one-shot empowerment to saint opportunity. Yet even so—severed emperor realm foundation.”

Lu slowly pondered.

Dantai Mo Jie saint—yet emperor realm basically impossible.

From this view—Dantai Mo Jie somewhat pitiful.

He knew nothing—still joyous over saint realm, excitedly shouting becoming Five Phoenixes first Great Emperor—dreaming unreachable dreams.

Unaware—from birth—future destined.

Boom!

Splendid light—like fireworks blooming over capital. Saint might vast.

Lu picked piece—slowly placing.

“Though pitiful... non-Five Phoenixes profound immortal—no qualification for phenomena.”

Lu said.

Words fallen.

Chessboard ripples spread.

...

Capital heavens.

As seven-colored clouds surged.

As though vague figure extended finger—pointing clouds.

Instant—clouds all dispersed.

Saint realm birth phenomena—all vanished.

Bewilderment, surprise—many showed uncertain expressions.

Phenomena disappeared?

Many cultivators complex—puzzled, confused.

Palace depths.

Dantai Mo Jie head high, chest out—slowly emerging. Body radiating irrepressible pressure—terrifying aura as though crushing all.

Raised hand—spread five fingers, suddenly clenching.

“This is saint realm power...”

“Heavens—merely so. Fearing me saint realm—thus suppressing, denying my phenomena to world!”

Dantai Mo Jie grinned—eyes surging excitement.

Raised hand—clutching chest, seeming feel pulsing golden imperial blood.

“I finally understand—I am ancient Great Emperor reincarnated...”

One day—he’d shatter these heavens.

Make this realm tremble under his might.

One day—he'd reclaim Great Emperor throne—emperor over world!

Yet before—he must resolve current Great Xuan crises.

Dantai Mo Jie eyes flashed cold.

Great Xuan—to eternal immortal divine dynasty—must suppress all powerhouses. True immortals fear, profound immortals retreat.

Only thus—true divine dynasty might!

Feeling own golden blood surge—Dantai Mo Jie heart stirred, summoning personally nurtured golden-armored personal guards.

Now saint realm Dantai Mo Jie—releasing golden blood—his golden-armored guards needed strength elevation again.

Ordinary saints lacked his means—endlessly manufacturing powerhouses!

...

While Dantai Mo Jie broke through.

Realm situation greatly shifted.

After Nanhan Pass breach—Demon Clan King's Court and rebel alliance advanced north—directly pressing next pass.

With many Five Phoenixes immortals aiding—this vast “crusade tyrant” war—rebel side thoroughly dominated.

Demon Clan King's Court, Tianyuan major forces.

Three sides converged—like rivers forming torrent—vast might to overwhelm all.

After Nanhan Pass—crossing surging river—entered northern domain, gradually toward capital.

Yet four passes remained—each heavily guarded.

Yunlin Pass—after Nanhan Pass, centuries-old fortress—terrain extremely perilous.

Army approached—breaching two passes consecutively—momentum rainbow-like.

Battle cries shaking heavens—soon siege war erupted.

Yet...

Beyond all expectation.

This battle—not easy as imagined. Originally thought morale-crushed Great Xuan defenders—rout like mountain collapse.

Yet this time—held.

Siege war unimaginably difficult—blood flowing like rafts, war extremely grim.

Atop walls—one by one golden-armored personal guards fought.

Black Tortoise Guards cooperating golden-armored—like sharp blade—tearing massive gap in three-sided alliance army.

Lu Mudui, Mo Tianyu, and others greatly shocked.

Never expected situation turn thus.

Mo Tianyu divined—brows furrowed.

“Wrong—these golden-armored guards not previous batch. Moreover—as though baptized, primordial spirits transformed.”

“Dantai Mo Jie’s strength elevation—also changed these golden-armored guards.”

Mo Tianyu said.

Now Overlord and Tang Yimo profound immortal—alliance side deployable powerhouses fewer.

Fortunately—Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, Empress Ni Chunqiu, Young Master Tianxu, and others joined. Plus Meng Haoran, Nie Shuang, Nie Changqing—not stretched thin.

“These golden-armored guards’ enhancement—greatly impacts battle situation...”

Mo Tianyu frowned.

Alliance generals and others discussed with crowd.

Yunlin Pass battle—too difficult.

Mo Tianyu bare-chested—yet smiled.

Soon left battlefield.

Came to vast sea—finding ancient tomb.

Knocked palace gates—step by step entering.

Melodious qin music—like pearls on jade plate.

Yet atop palace—Luo Mingyue quietly sat.

“Master Mo visits ancient tomb—for what?”

Luo Mingyue inherited Qin King inheritance—now veiled, aura transcendent. Qin King inheritance plus Daluo Immortal Scripture fortune cultivation—current Luo Mingyue among true immortals top-tier.

Mo Tianyu smiled—stating purpose.

“Century seclusion—unaware outside world such earth-shaking changes. Great Xuan Divine Dynasty... fallen to fortune decline.”

Luo Mingyue sighed deeply.

Veiled—back carrying white pipa, leading Mo Tianyu deeper tomb.

Mo Tianyu came seeking Jiang Li.

Jiang Li—who obtained Soldier King inheritance—after Upper Realm crusade, returned tomb cultivating.

“Divine dynasty fortune exhausted—fortune collapse?”

“Perfect timing for fortune blessing.”

Secluded Ximen Xianzhi and Mo Liuqi emerged.

Cultivating Daluo Immortal Scripture—they clearly knew fortune importance.

Jiang Li hands behind back—expression deeply complex. Never expected Great Xuan Divine Dynasty reach dead end.

Recalling Dantai Xuan's ambitious founding—now things remained, people changed.

Jiang Li no hesitation—chose join battle.

After all—Dantai Mo Jie's tyranny, allying beasts—crossed Jiang Li's bottom line.

Jiang Li and four powerhouses exited tomb—joining battlefield.

Re-arming—sword at waist Jiang Li appeared—as though soldiers surged endless faith.

Undisputed war god.

Alliance originally waning momentum—suddenly surged.

Under Jiang Li's lead—alliance again unstoppable.

Even golden-armored guards somewhat unable withstand Jiang Li's assault.

Military array path displayed.

Blood war god reappeared world—with Haoran Sect great scholars' aid.

Golden-armored and Black Tortoise Guards routed.

Defending golden-armored commander finally couldn't bear—releasing sealed beast in small cauldron.

Boom!

Light surged—terrifying ferocious/killing intent swept.

Human fortune divided again—condensing six-armed ferocious cyan monkey.

Monkey not large—like normal human size.

Yet contained aura immensely terrifying—roar shaking earth!

Beast emerged—after Overlord and Tang Yimo profound immortal—Nie Changqing first fought!

Waist Dragon-Slaying swept—blade light horizontally.

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, Empress Ni Chunqiu, Young Master Tianxu soared.

Ximen Xianzhi and Mo Liuqi moved.

Extraterrestrial battlefield.

Six-armed ferocious monkey too powerful—suppressing Nie Changqing and others retreating steadily.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, Kong Nanfei tore void—hovering, watching extraterrestrial battlefield's remaining black light six-armed ferocious monkey—expressions grave.

“Too agile! This beast attack/defense ordinary, mental means simple... but too agile, extreme speed. Unless Young Master Lu mastering ‘Travel’ array glyph acts—no one faster than this six-armed ferocious monkey.”

“Speed alone—unbeatable. Even speed/assassin-specialized Mo Liuqi inferior!”

Ferocious monkey tyrannical.

Du Longyang and others coughed blood—even strongest Nie Changqing, though unleashing world-shaking blade light—missing monkey useless.

Extraterrestrial battlefield tore.

Luo Mingyue back pipa ascended battlefield—Ximen Xianzhi sword assaulted, sword light rainbow-like.

Many Five Phoenixes immortals acted—entangling six-armed ferocious monkey.

Yet still unable—this profound immortal-level beast agile, swift—fight or flee at will.

Heavens above.

Tang Yimo brows furrowed into “川”.

“Thus no good—prolonged defense certain defeat.”

Tang Yimo inhaled deeply.

Next instant—body black light suddenly vanishing.

Reappearing—southern domain blessed land, secluded paradise.

Painting Sect.

Now southern domain great sect.

Painting Sect rear mountain.

Peach blossoms bloomed gorgeously—flowing water, pavilions like immortal realm.

“Brother Tang.”

Suddenly—Tang Yimo heard call.

Yet before him—all dispersed, only small pavilion appeared.

Pavilion front—Sima Qingshan and An Miaoyu painting together.

Tang Yimo eyes brightened.

Sima Qingshan smiled—An Miaoyu slightly bowed.

Tang Yimo stated purpose—Sima Qingshan's smile vanished, expression full solemnity.

As turning prepare depart—An Miaoyu already packed all, handing book box.

“Careful—life most important.”

“Return alive.”

An Miaoyu said.

Sima Qingshan smiled—cyan robes fluttering, painting scroll horizontally—stepping sky departing.

Yunlin Pass.

Heavens suddenly auspicious light emerged.

Sima Qingshan foot treading painting scroll—gracefully arriving.

Extraterrestrial battlefield.

Sima Qingshan arrived—seeing Five Phoenixes true immortals toyed by six-armed ferocious monkey.

Fortunately Ni Yu's pills aiding—energy consumption stabilized, no quick defeat.

Nie Changqing frustrated—though uninjured... blade light unable hit monkey—somewhat annoyed.

Sima Qingshan seeing—lightly smiled.

“Qingshan aids all.”

Hand gripping brush—spiritual qi ink, heaven and earth canvas.

Splashing ink—painting scroll suddenly formed.

Brush forward flick.

Painting scroll suddenly horizontally.

Six-armed ferocious monkey narrowed eyes—full ferocity, extreme speed erupting—intending dodge.

Sima Qingshan indifferent—brush flick.

“Mountain come.”

Boom!

A mountain horizontally—blocking monkey retreat, smashing back.

Painting scroll instantly covered monkey.

Nie Changqing eyes brightened—swiftly entering.

Next instant.

Palm on Dragon-Slaying hilt—charging painting scroll within.

Sima Qingshan splashing ink—moving mountains, restricting monkey speed—unable display extreme velocity.

Sima Qingshan's methods—perfectly countered speed-specialized six-armed ferocious monkey.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Mountains horizontally shifted.

Six-armed ferocious monkey stood—six arms lifting mountains.

Sima Qingshan forehead dense sweat—constantly splashing ink.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Continuous nine heavy mountains—stacked down.

Wham!

Painting scroll nearly torn.

Ferocious monkey roared—lifting mountains!

Nie Changqing seized opportunity—suddenly drawing blade, all blade qi, all will—at this moment fully released.

Vast blade light swept horizontally.

Pfft!

Six-armed ferocious monkey head soared—injured, wailing miserably.

Yet...

Utterly unable escape this painting scroll.

Sima Qingshan stroke—moving mountains, capable trapping immortals and gods.

Even profound immortal-level six-armed ferocious monkey—inescapable, ultimately suffering calamity—besieged by Nie Changqing, Ximen Xianzhi, and others—miserably slain.

Six-armed ferocious monkey death—fortune fully scattered.

Yunlin Pass army—routed by Jiang Li-led unified army.

Yunlin Pass no longer blocked army.

Forcefully breached—army entered territory.

People cheered.

Black Tortoise Guards and golden-armored fled miserably.

Jiang Li silver armor—no respite for foe, leading army charge again—from Yunlin Pass pursuing routed—toward next pass.

...

Capital.

Court.

Instant six-armed ferocious monkey slain.

Dantai Mo Jie suddenly clutched chest—grunting, blood flowing nose/mouth.

“Six-armed ferocious monkey dead—Yunlin Pass... breached too.”

Wiping blood.

Dantai Mo Jie accustomed.

Below—attendant swiftly rushed hall.

Yet Dantai Mo Jie waved—no need read report—he guessed content.

Capital.

Already uproar with report propagation.

People cheered joyously.

After Dantai Mo Jie saint realm—enhanced hearing—piercing cheers annoying.

“Order—anyone cheering in capital—all arrested imprisoned.”

Dantai Mo Jie one hand digging ear—faintly.

Golden-armored guards acknowledged—departing.

Court officials—daring not breathe.

“Yunlin Pass lost...”

“Legendary war god Jiang Li commands—military conquest—who rivals?”

“Rather broken individually... better converge, suppress all.”

Dantai Mo Jie coldly declared.

He sensed wrong—no more blood coughing.

Thus rose from chair—as though devouring thousands miles like tiger—eyes full ferocity.

Ordered recall beasts from three passes after Yunlin—all gather capital, abandon remaining three passes—withdraw all forces.

This move.

Shocked entire court.

Lost best guarding, lost heavy troops—three passes how block alliance army impact.

Successively lost—breached, occupied.

Great Xuan Calendar Year 646.

Rebel army—troops at capital walls.