

Starlit Path 541

Chapter 541: Too Petty—Learn from This Young Master

Origin Lake, Origin Island.

As peaceful as ever.

Even as the Five Phoenixes underwent astonishing transformation, the tranquility of Origin Island remained untouched.

Lu sat in his thousand-blade chair, raising his head to gaze at the starry sky—toward the void abyss.

From there, he sensed an overwhelming aura—more terrifying than the Emperor-realm Dao incarnation.

“An Ancient Emperor?”

Lu narrowed his eyes.

His gaze shifted—colliding with the projected vision from the abyss.

As though piercing through time and space, their eyes met—sharp and intense, as if shaking mountains and rivers.

Boom!

Lu unleashed the full aura of Qi Refining Layer Ten.

Like a pillar of light shooting into the heavens—instantly causing the entire Five Phoenix Continent’s winds and clouds to change color.

As though it could knock stars from the sky.

“Is it one of the Ancient Emperors from the rift? Or... the living Ancient Emperor of the Heavenly Spirit Clan in the first heaven?”

Lu pondered.

Regardless—an Ancient Emperor had finally appeared. Lu knew that sooner or later, he and this Emperor would have a calm and rational conversation.

What must be faced—must be faced.

But for now, Lu did not move. He wanted to see the Emperor's true attitude first.

Remain unchanged—adapt to all changes.

...

In the vast sea.

Ancient tomb.

After his coffin shattered, Gu Mangran—without a coffin to lie in—did not continue sleeping. Instead, he sat cross-legged in the palace—refining divine herb energy to restore and elevate his strength.

Suddenly—his body shuddered.

A chill that pierced deep into his soul.

“An Ancient Emperor's aura...”

Gu Mangran opened his eyes—suddenly looking toward the sky.

The Five Phoenixes' transformation was good.

But in truth—over these years—Gu Mangran had never relaxed. He knew well: one must not be deceived by appearances.

The current Five Phoenixes was not as safe as it seemed.

Leaving aside the Ancient Emperors who vanished in the ancient war—

The mere existence of the Heavenly Spirit Clan's Ancient Emperor posed a massive threat.

There was also the master of the imperial blood that had caused the Five Phoenixes' human realm to change—another threat.

Perhaps the nine heavens' Dao incarnation could not descend upon the Five Phoenixes—but those Ancient Emperors... might very well be able to!

Emperor realm was a transcendence of life level—breaking free from the Heavenly Dao's restraints and the world's shackles.

That was Emperor realm.

Thus—even if the Five Phoenixes had separated from Void Heaven—it might block the Heavenly Dao's Emperor incarnation—but it absolutely could not stop an Ancient Emperor.

A mere void abyss was not enough.

Now—as this Ancient Emperor's aura appeared—though faint—Gu Mangran was certain: this was the aura of a true, living Ancient Emperor!

Worry filled his face.

He stood—walking out of the palace—arriving at the palace where Lu Changkong cultivated hybrid divine herbs.

Now, Lu Changkong had also reached Xuan Immortal—with his Myriad Poisons Body, he was like a walking calamity—whoever touched him died.

Lu Changkong's talent in cultivating divine herbs far exceeded Gu Mangran's imagination.

Even in the ancient era—when nine Ancient Emperors coexisted and countless prodigies rose—monsters like Lu Changkong were rare.

When Gu Mangran arrived, Lu Changkong was already waiting.

The two conversed while gazing at the sky.

“Don’t worry... even if a true Ancient Emperor descends—the Five Phoenixes is not as easily destroyed as you think.”

Lu Changkong said confidently—hands behind his back.

Gu Mangran paused—turning to look at him: “Why are you so confident, Mister Lu?”

“Confident?”

“No—I simply believe in my son.”

“If it were the past—it would be hard to say. But now—my son has changed a lot...”

“As long as he doesn’t give up—this world will not be destroyed.”

Lu Changkong smiled.

So it was confidence in Lu.

Gu Mangran sighed deeply: “But... can Young Master Lu really face an Ancient Emperor?”

“He was nearly cornered even against the Emperor-realm Dao incarnation.”

Lu Changkong glanced at Gu Mangran and shook his head.

“Lu is my son. I am his father. If I don’t believe in him—who should I believe in?”

Lu Changkong smiled meaningfully—hands behind his back—turning to return to the palace. Under Bu Nanxing’s careful service, he continued cultivating divine herbs.

...

Xuan Immortals were extremely sensitive to auras.

At Xuan Immortal level—besides fortune—there was comprehension of the Heavenly Dao.

Xuan Immortal was the most important test on the path to Emperor realm—a path that must be walked step by step.

One must walk their own path—or comprehend their own rules and give birth to a true domain.

Only then could one achieve Emperor realm—with a lifespan of millions of years.

In the Ascension Land,

Lu Jiulian opened his eyes. A vast aura erupted from his body—his cultivation soaring—stepping directly into Quasi-Emperor realm.

Even Lu Jiulian himself was stunned.

Tang Guo—cultivating beside him—was startled.

But seeing Lu Jiulian become a Quasi-Emperor—she could only smile wryly.

Some people cultivated desperately yet could not reach Quasi-Emperor—while others... advanced almost carelessly.

Lu Jiulian was that kind.

Casually delivering devastating mental blows.

Tang Guo was no longer the little girl following Tang Xiansheng. Now she was a Half-Step Xuan Immortal of the Five Phoenixes—with a Divine King Body.

She understood cultivation's difficulty clearly. Even with her top-tier Divine King Body—Tang Guo had no confidence in reaching Quasi-Emperor.

“So powerful...”

Lu Jiulian stood.

He murmured.

The next moment—the Heavenly Gate appeared above the Five Phoenixes.

Lu Julian emerged from the gate—hands behind his back—gazing into the starry sky—toward the void abyss.

Five Phoenix Continent.

Western Domain.

Atop a towering mountain ridge—heavy snow fell.

Micah sat cross-legged—gazing at the sky.

Though he had severed his cultivation and could no longer clearly sense the powerful aura in the abyss—

His unique intuition deep in his heart remained.

But he paid it no mind.

He had already gambled everything—there was no turning back.

To face it—he must break through with his own strength.

He slowly closed his eyes.

On the snowy peak—wind and snow continued.

Micah sat—snowflakes falling—gradually covering him in frost—like a snowman.

...

Boom!

In the void abyss,

Terrifying aura fully erupted—a sensation that chilled the soul.

Every living being on the ancient warship trembled.

This was an Ancient Emperor's aura.

"Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor!"

"I never thought the Heavenly Spirit Clan truly had a living Ancient Emperor—unbelievable."

"To see a living Ancient Emperor in my lifetime—no regrets in death."

On the warship,

Holy clan Saints exclaimed in disbelief.

They sighed and lamented.

The golden-haired Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was incomparably handsome—time had left no trace on him.

The void abyss possessed unique corrosive power—even Saints could not cross it.

The five holy clans had united all their strength to build this warship—not only isolating the abyss’s corrosion but even temporarily blocking the nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao’s pull.

Thus, the five holy clans had pinned their hopes on crossing with this warship.

Unfortunately—they understood: it was over.

Their pursuer was not a Saint—but an Emperor.

“Hahaha... to be hunted by an Emperor in my old age—worth it!”

Amid wild laughter,

The golden-haired Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor stepped forward.

In one step—he crossed the warship—exiting the abyss.

He did not even glance at the warship.

The Saint on the warship—whose laughter had just erupted—suddenly stopped.

Soon—he coughed awkwardly.

The embarrassment of being ignored.

The warship soon exited the void abyss—descending into the independent Void Heaven.

All on board were stunned—looking at the life-bearing stars in Void Heaven—each wrapped in Heavenly Dao—containing profound mysteries.

This was a world completely different from the nine heavens.

Not just the Saints.

Even the golden-haired Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was somewhat shocked by this starry sky.

“Impossible...”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor drew a deep breath.

His gaze shifted—falling upon the Five Phoenix Continent.

As an Emperor—he instantly sensed the Heavenly Dao aura. On the Five Phoenix Continent—there was an independent, complete Heavenly Dao.

“No wonder Micah abandoned his position as Holy Hall Master—betraying the Heavenly Spirit Clan in his Quasi-Emperor twilight years.”

“It turns out this world gave him his last sliver of hope.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor understood—speaking calmly.

Micah was an unparalleled genius—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor knew this well. Unfortunately... Micah had been born in the wrong era.

In the nine emperors era of the nine heavens—there were Saints even more monstrously talented than Micah—yet they all perished in the river of time.

“Unfortunately—betrayal is betrayal. This Emperor cannot tolerate any betrayal.”

“Betraying the Heavenly Spirit Clan—betraying the nine heavens... that is a grave crime.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor shook his head.

He spoke alone in the starry sky.

In the starry sky—countless stars trembled—shaken by the Ancient Emperor's aura.

Behind the Ancient Emperor—the holy clan beings on the warship trembled—not daring to breathe loudly.

Betrayal is a grave crime...

They felt the Emperor's words seemed directed at them.

Creating a hope warship—crossing out of the nine heavens—seeking survival in the Five Phoenixes.

Wasn't this betrayal?

They had betrayed the nine heavens.

Many Saints' eyes flickered with frustration and unwillingness.

One Saint stepped out of the warship—ascending into the starry sky—kneeling and kowtowing heavily toward the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

“Emperor—we did not wish to betray. We too wanted peaceful twilight years as Saints—but... the nine heavens offered no path. We... were forced.”

“If the nine heavens had given us holy clans a way out—if there had been even a sliver of hope—we would not have resorted to this.”

The Saint spoke as though bleeding from the heart.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor glanced at him faintly.

With a casual wave,

Pfft!

It was as though a sword descended from the heavens.

In an instant—it nailed the Saint to the starry sky.

That casual glance—was like casually killing an ant.

That ease—that power—despair-inducing.

All living beings on the warship fell into incomparable despair.

“Betrayal is betrayal. ‘No path forward’ is merely an excuse.”

“If you had submitted—would this Emperor’s Heavenly Spirit Clan have slaughtered you all?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said.

The many Saints were speechless. Facing the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s tyranny—they had nothing to say.

Killing with a word.

The fate of the Saint nailed to the starry sky was still vivid.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor stepped forward.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Terrifying aura continuously erupted.

Yet each life-bearing star in Void Heaven released Heavenly Dao barriers—blocking the Ancient Emperor’s overwhelming pressure.

“Interesting.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor raised a brow in surprise.

This newborn Heavenly Dao... was not as weak as he had imagined.

Soon—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor arrived above the Five Phoenix Continent.

His gaze cold—sweeping down.

He saw the time array covering the Five Phoenixes—the “All” array rune formation—and the Heaven-Covering Array.

“This is Hao’s array.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor narrowed his eyes—a gleam flashing within.

He seemed to think of something—his gaze toward the Five Phoenixes becoming strange.

Raising his hand,

Vast energy condensed in his palm—forming a sword.

He casually tossed it.

Sword light transformed into a meteor—plummeting downward.

The Heaven-Covering Array was instantly torn apart. Even the Absolute Heaven Slaughter Array failed to restrict the sword light.

Terrifying sword intent—like an unparalleled heavenly sword descending.

The sword light fell toward the Five Phoenixes—as though to split the continent in two. That arrogance—that tyranny—that cold ruthlessness—chilling the heart.

The void became incomparably brilliant—only sword light's radiance remained.

One sword... threatening to destroy the world.

This was the tyranny of an Ancient Emperor!

Yet just as the sword neared the river of time—

The sword light... stopped.

Because—a white-robed figure seated in a wheelchair had appeared at some point—blocking before the river of time—setting up a chessboard.

He picked up a piece—and placed it on the board.

Spirit-Pressure beam shot skyward—clashing with the sword light—blocking its power.

That relaxed ease—not inferior to the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor casually nailing a Saint to death.

“Hm?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor looked at Lu.

Their eyes met—confirming it was the one who had met his gaze in the Five Phoenixes.

“I never expected this newborn world to have an existence like you...”

“Perhaps Micah was right—betraying the Heavenly Spirit Clan in a new world with an independent Heavenly Dao... might truly allow one to break through the shackles and step into Emperor realm.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said thoughtfully.

“Then why not fulfill his wish?”

Lu's white robes fluttered. He rolled up his sleeve—playing with a chess piece in his hand—speaking calmly.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor glanced at Lu.

“You are Lu Ping’an?”

“This starry sky—you created it?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor raised his hand—pointing at the void starry sky.

Lu paused slightly. How did the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor know the term “starry sky”?

“So what if I did?”

Lu shifted posture in his wheelchair—one hand propping his chin—the other holding the chess piece.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's eyes suddenly blazed.

“Hao—that fellow—took you to the ‘Primordial Starry Sky?’”

Lu paused again.

“Primordial Starry Sky?”

As an Emperor—he was extremely sensitive to expressions.

“You’ve never been? You created this starry sky without ever going? Could you be... a being from the Primordial Starry Sky who seized this body?”

“Interesting... very interesting...”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor laughed—eyes gleaming—as though he had found an extremely amusing toy.

He stared at Lu—looking him up and down.

Lu narrowed his eyes.

“Primordial Starry Sky... it seems related to the Ancient Emperors who vanished in the ancient war.”

Lu pondered.

“No... with the nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao present—you cannot be one of those fellows possessing a body—impossible...”

“You must carry many secrets.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor narrowed his eyes—dangerous aura faintly leaking.

“Hm?”

Lu raised a brow.

He placed the chess piece in his hand on the board—without looking up: “What—want to fight?”

Simple words.

Words dripping with provocation.

Floating in the void starry sky.

Causing the holy clan powerhouses on the warship to stare in shock.

Look... is this something a person says?

Did Lu Ping'an know who he was facing?

This was an Ancient Emperor!

A true, living immortal existence!

Fight?

Did Lu Ping'an have the strength?

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor seemed stunned—unexpectedly hearing such words from Lu.

In this world—besides peers at Emperor realm and those existences in the “Primordial Starry Sky”—no one could withstand much before an Emperor.

Moreover—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had traced time and seen Lu’s desperate state against the Emperor-realm Dao incarnation.

“Ignorant.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor shook his head.

“This Emperor will not kill you. You carry too many secrets and karma...”

“Killing you would bring too much trouble—not worth it.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor raised his hand—pointing at the Five Phoenix Continent: “Hand over Micah. He is a traitor of the Heavenly Spirit Clan. This Emperor hates traitors most. Deliver Micah—and this Emperor will return to the nine heavens—leaving your troubles alone.”

Hand over Micah?

Lu leaned back in his thousand-blade chair. The smile in his eyes gradually faded. As for his “troubles”—Lu could guess—they were likely those vanished Ancient Emperors.

Lu tapped the armrest lightly—speaking calmly:

“And if this Young Master insists on protecting him?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s gaze shifted—falling on Lu.

“Then... die.”

“The troubles you carry are not enough to give you the right to provoke this Emperor.”

Boom!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s tone grew cold.

Terrifying aura erupted from him—like a devastating energy storm—capable of annihilating everything.

This was power far more terrifying than the Emperor-realm Dao incarnation!

A blurry humanoid shockwave blasted from the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

Wherever it passed—void annihilated.

Lu's gaze condensed.

His palm suddenly struck the armrest.

The next moment—red light flashed. Silver brilliance dazzled.

Phoenix plume sword and thousand blades swirled like celestial maidens scattering flowers—converging before Lu.

Forming a giant sword.

Lu sat in the starry sky—gripping the giant sword—and slashed down fiercely.

Bang!!!

The blurry shadow erupting from the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor blocked the giant sword—causing an explosive roar.

“You... are too petty.”

“Learn more from this Young Master.”

Lu smiled lightly.

The next moment—the figure that had been seated in the starry sky suddenly stood upright. White robes fluttered—turning black.

Overwhelming demonic qi erupted—like a vortex swirling around him.

Qi Refining Layer Ten—Immortal Demon Body unleashed!

Boom!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor slowly raised his hand—grasping the sword tip—blocking Lu’s slash.

But Lu's expression remained unchanged. His Immortal Demon Body shook. A fist hammered the giant sword—terrifying force erupting—slamming the sword downward!

Bang!

Around the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor and Lu—the starry sky shattered—turning into chaotic void currents. Both figures were swept into the outer void battlefield!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was stunned.

This Lu Ping'an... truly intended to fight him—a genuine Emperor?!

Chapter 542: Ancient Emperor... That's It?

Boom!

The terrifying explosion instantly created a massive void in the starry expanse of the void sky. Countless stars were blasted away by the immense force. If not for the Immortals and ancestors on those stars resisting with all their might—and the protection of the Heavenly Dao—

Those stars would have long been annihilated and reduced to dust.

On the ancient warship,

The holy clan powerhouses were crushed to the ground by the pressure—shaking uncontrollably.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—a living Ancient Emperor—his aura dominated the world, invincible.

They had pinned their hopes on the Five Phoenixes—seeking a sliver of survival there. But when the Ancient Emperor appeared and descended upon the Five Phoenixes—they finally understood: there was no longer any place for them in this world.

One Saint had questioned the Emperor—and was nailed to the void by a casual sword.

Tyrannical and unparalleled!

Yet they dared not feel anger.

The Emperor's tyranny was built upon absolute strength.

An Emperor had the right to be tyrannical.

However, events unfolded far beyond their imagination and expectations.

They had thought the Five Phoenixes would surely be doomed—yet Lu Ping’an of the Five Phoenixes, facing an Ancient Emperor, not only refused to retreat but struck first.

Many Saints had heard the exchange between the Emperor and Lu.

When the Emperor offered to spare Lu in exchange for Micah—they had breathed sighs of relief.

As long as Micah was handed over—the Five Phoenixes would return to peace. Perhaps... they could still live.

But they had gravely misjudged Lu Ping’an’s pettiness.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s words seemed to have struck Lu’s dust-sized ego. Furious, Lu actually attacked.

He wanted to fight an Ancient Emperor!

“Madness! Utter madness!”

“That’s a true Emperor—a living Ancient Emperor! Even a Quasi-Emperor like Micah would be easily crushed before an Emperor.”

“It’s a transcendence of life itself—beneath Emperor, all are ants!”

The holy clan Saints despaired.

They stared blankly at the spatial rift—at the two figures who had entered the outer void battlefield—their hearts sinking.

Facing an Ancient Emperor—how could Lu Ping’an possibly win?!

This was not the Emperor-realm Dao incarnation—which could be tricked into survival.

This was a true Emperor who had transcended the Heavenly Dao—unmatched!

On the Five Phoenix Continent,

The Five Phoenix Xuan Immortals and True Immortals also sensed it.

But they did not leave the Five Phoenixes. The time array covering all of Void Heaven had stopped.

Yet Lu had not stopped the time array over the Five Phoenixes.

Clearly—Young Master Lu’s intention was to let them use the world’s transformation to elevate their strength!

While Young Master Lu himself blocked the Ancient Emperor!

Atop a snowy mountain peak,

Micah’s body trembled faintly. He understood—Lu was protecting him. Clearly, if Lu handed him over—the Emperor would leave.

Even Micah had prepared himself to be handed over.

Yet he never expected Lu not only to refuse—but to fight the Emperor.

Micah’s heart surged. He forcefully suppressed the shock within.

This debt—he, Micah... would remember.

He closed his eyes—continuing his cultivation—walking his own “Extreme Realm Cultivation Path.”

He believed this path was viable.

A former Quasi-Emperor—abandoning everything—to start over.

He had no retreat—only a fight to the death!

...

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Outer void battlefield.

The moment the two figures descended—all continental fragments in the battlefield exploded into dust.

Boom!

Their auras raged like storms—like two dragons tearing through the sky.

The Ancient Emperor raised one hand—pinching Lu’s descending giant blade.

That blade—formed from the fusion of the thousand-blade chair and phoenix plume sword—was incomparably sharp, radiating murderous intent.

It also unleashed the full power of Qi Refining Layer Ten. A single slash—even a Quasi-Emperor would likely be killed.

Yet the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor caught it—effortlessly, without any strain.

“How is this Emperor’s pettiness... something you need to teach?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor looked coldly at Lu.

How many years had it been?

How many years since anyone dared provoke him like this?

Only in the ancient era—when Ancient Emperor Hao was still alive—had anyone dared such insolence toward him.

Yet this youth—not even Emperor realm—dared provoke him.

“This Emperor gave you a chance.”

“Since you seek death—then... die.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said coldly.

Though he had just returned—

Though he had just fought a great battle—carrying the coffin from the end of the nine heavens—

This did not mean Lu could provoke him.

He clenched his fist.

Immense power erupted—causing the outer void battlefield to explode with pitch-black rifts.

The rifts twisted and spread—like tearing open chasms.

Silver blades shattered. Phoenix plume sword flew apart.

Lu's black robes whipped wildly—demonic qi roiling.

Today—he had entered Qi Refining Layer Ten. He, Lu Ping'an... would fight an Emperor!

The Immortal Demon Body stood tall. Behind Lu—seemed to emerge a towering demonic shadow.

His aura climbed relentlessly—like a god or demon descending.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor narrowed his eyes—slightly surprised.

“Special physique?”

“But this is not reason enough for your arrogance.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said.

With that—he moved like light—instantly traversing the void. His speed was too fast—impossible to react to.

Lu's Immortal Demon Body was completely suppressed.

Countless silver blades flew around Lu. Red phoenix plume sword left trails of sword marks in the void.

Yet none could touch the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's body.

That overwhelming speed advantage left Lu stifled.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan... excelled in spatial talent.

As the strongest ruler of the Heavenly Spirit Clan—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor naturally possessed even greater spatial talent.

This was the first time Lu had been at a disadvantage.

Qi Refining Layer Ten was his foundation. Of course—this Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was also the first true Emperor Lu had ever faced.

Not a mere shadow reflected in the river of time.

Perhaps because he had just broken through—though his spiritual energy had increased dramatically—

The Emperor's pressure had no effect on him.

But in raw power—in combat experience—Lu was indeed still far behind.

Boom!

Silently—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor appeared above Lu's head.

He looked down coldly at Lu—who had remained entirely on defense.

The massive demonic shadow had long been shattered—constantly crumbling.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's lips curved slightly—carrying a trace of disdain.

Though he was surprised by Lu's strength—able to withstand his Emperor pressure and even counterattack—

But...

That was all.

“Next life—don't be so arrogant.”

“What a pity for a heaven-defying genius like you.”

“If given time—you might truly use this newborn Heavenly Dao to step into true Emperor realm.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said.

With that—

He stomped down.

His robes whipped wildly.

Descending like a massive mountain—crushing toward Lu.

Demonic qi surged. Lu's expression remained cold—swinging a fist.

Boom!

Countless demonic qi exploded—forming ripples that spread in all directions.

The outer void battlefield shattered instantly—swept clean into a vacuum.

Terrifying energy raged.

Even a Saint here would be instantly severely injured.

Countless silver blades stacked—combined with phoenix plume sword—forming three thousand layers of armor around Lu.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's foot landed on the armor—causing the three thousand silver blade layers to cave in.

Lu felt pressure.

So strong—this Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was truly strong—stronger than the Emperor-realm Dao incarnation!

“Stubborn resistance.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said calmly.

His foot pressed down harder—intending to crush Lu completely.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In the outer void battlefield—

Only powerful, rhythmic heartbeats remained.

Two heartbeats clashed against each other.

Lu's face was cold—brows slightly furrowed.

He was thinking of countermeasures.

The gap in strength still existed—but Lu was not truly helpless.

Countless lines flashed through his eyes.

In an instant—with his body as the center—

The Spirit-Pressure Chessboard's domain expanded.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor paused—suddenly enveloped by the Spirit-Pressure Chessboard domain.

“Domain?!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor drew a deep breath.

He had not expected Lu to possess a domain. But domain was merely the foundation of Emperor realm.

“Ten millionfold Spirit-Pressure!”

Lu’s divine soul surged—forming a terrifying storm on the Spirit-Pressure Chessboard.

Boom!

Suddenly—a Spirit-Pressure beam crashed down—slamming toward the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s body trembled—but showed no major reaction.

“What kind of technique is this? Something that Emperor newly researched?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor wondered.

Buzz...

Suddenly.

His body shook. Radiant light blazed—like a star burning at its limit.

The ten millionfold Spirit-Pressure beam instantly collapsed.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor hovered in the outer void battlefield.

Brows slightly furrowed.

“Why haven’t they acted yet?”

He raised his head—gaze deep—as though piercing through the void—seeing the massive rift—and the familiar figures seated within—like a council meeting.

“Hmph.”

Seeing this—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor seemed to understand. His lips curved in disdain.

Then his gaze shifted—falling on Lu.

“So—you’re merely an abandoned pawn.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said—regretful and sympathetic.

Lu’s brows furrowed slightly. His black hair whipped in the wind.

The shattered silver blades and phoenix plume sword stacked behind him—forming metallic wings.

“Abandoned pawn?”

The next moment—Lu laughed.

Though black demonic qi coiled around him—giving him a sinister air—when Lu smiled—he was still that gentle young master of the Jiangnan water towns—warm and refined as jade.

“Are they even worthy?”

Boom!

Lu moved. Endless demonic qi surged.

Within the chessboard domain—his aura climbed relentlessly.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor laughed.

Lu was arrogant.

Yet inexplicably—he somewhat admired Lu’s arrogance.

“Well said—they’re not worthy.”

“This Emperor rather likes you.”

With that—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor slowly waved his sleeve.

A sword light descended from the heavens.

Slashing toward Lu.

Lu's metallic wings unfolded—countless silver blades slashing to block the sword.

Clang!

Sparks flew—like apocalyptic flames—more terrifying than heaven-and-earth profound fire.

Vast ripples swept outward—turning this battlefield into purgatory.

Lu trembled slightly—exhaling hot breath.

His blood boiled—bringing an exhilarating clarity.

This unrestrained battle—Lu enjoyed it immensely!

Buzz...

The wings suddenly spread wide.

Lu's eyes blazed. Countless invisible slender hands seemed to appear—picking up a chess piece and placing it on the board.

Snap!

A thick beam crashed down.

In an instant—it slammed toward the sword-wielding Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had not cared at first. But the moment the beam neared—ripples stirred in his heart. When he prepared to dodge—

Because he was mid-swing—he could not evade in time.

In that instant—

The Spirit-Pressure beam crashed down.

Boom!!!

As though the entire world had smashed down—a massive crater appeared in the outer void battlefield—filled with terrifying intersecting spatial cracks.

Countless cracks lashed at the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's body.

“One hundred millionfold Spirit-Pressure!”

Lu laughed.

With that—silver light flashed. His body vanished like teleportation.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—suppressed by one hundred millionfold Spirit-Pressure—felt as though bound by chains in an abyss—movement extremely difficult.

His body erupted with energy—attempting to break the Spirit-Pressure restraints.

But this required time.

And Lu—using spatial mysteries—appeared beside the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

“Emperor realm...”

“That’s it?”

Lu smiled.

A white jade small tower appeared in his hand.

No fluctuations—plain and unremarkable.

The next moment—Lu gripped the tower and swung it down.

Destruction intent surged.

Making the Heaven-Stealing Tower even more terrifying!

Smashing toward the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s head!

Pfft!

The white jade Heaven-Stealing Tower struck hard—crashing into the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's forehead.

In an instant—skin split. Flesh tore.

The Ancient Emperor's flesh was smashed open by the Heaven-Stealing Tower—blood spraying.

Boiling Emperor blood scattered—each drop heavy—as though it could crush eternity.

Blood splattered across Lu's face—leaving a streak.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was completely stunned.

Stunned by the blow.

In that moment—everything between heaven and earth seemed utterly silent—quiet enough to hear a pin drop.

The instant the Heaven-Stealing Tower struck his head—it seemed a strange power shocked his divine soul.

His divine soul—in that instant—fell into a brief daze.

Lu's eyes narrowed slightly.

Not even shattered?!

Against a Quasi-Emperor—this blow from the Heaven-Stealing Tower would have exploded their head!

Emperor realm—worthy of being Emperor realm!

Tough enough!

Lu grinned—preparing to strike again.

Let you act arrogant!

Let you try to kill this Young Master!

So what if you're an Emperor?

Think you're the only petty one?!

Lu felt immense satisfaction. Though suppressed earlier—

This blow!

Worth it!

All grievances—all suppression—vented in this single strike!

...

Nine heavens.

First heaven.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan's Quasi-Emperor sat cross-legged. Besides him—several Saints also sat in the void.

In the center—countless chains wrapped around a coffin.

The coffin the Ancient Emperor had carried back from the end of the nine heavens.

When the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor entered the Five Phoenixes—he had ordered them to guard this coffin. Even the Quasi-Emperor dared not slack.

And just as the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's head was smashed by the Heaven-Stealing Tower—
flesh torn—divine soul shaken—

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The coffin trembled slightly.

The tremor transmitted through the chains.

Clanking sounds echoed in the Heavenly Spirit Clan's ancestral land in the first heaven.

The aged Quasi-Emperor suddenly opened his eyes—gaze grave.

“Not good!”

The Quasi-Emperor’s aura erupted.

His body flashed—sitting atop the coffin. He formed hand seals—his entire being transforming into a towering mountain.

The other Holy Hall Saints also paled.

They did not know what the Emperor had brought back—but something he sealed with order chains and rules—must be extraordinary.

Thus—when the coffin trembled—their hearts jolted.

After the Quasi-Emperor sat on it—the coffin’s shaking seemed to stabilize.

The aged Quasi-Emperor had just begun to relax.

Suddenly!

A furious roar seemed to erupt from within the coffin.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As though something was slamming against the coffin from inside.

Pfft!

The Quasi-Emperor guarding the coffin suddenly spat blood—face pale—divine soul severely injured.

Crack! Crack!

Order chains snapped one after another.

The coffin nearly flipped open!

A hand suddenly gripped the coffin's edge. Terrifying aura spread...

Accompanied by heaven-shaking roars.

The Holy Hall Saints were terrified. Wherever that aura touched—their bodies froze.

What terrifying thing had the Emperor left in the Heavenly Spirit Clan?!

...

Outer void battlefield.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor snapped back to reality.

His expression changed dramatically!

Seeing Lu—full of excitement—gripping the small tower stained with his Emperor blood—about to smash his head again.

Rage surged in the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's chest—like endless fury!

“1...”

Yet the fury ultimately turned into hesitation.

He was furious!

He never expected Lu to suddenly unleash one hundred millionfold Spirit-Pressure—causing him to freeze for an instant.

In an Emperor-realm battle—even an instant of stagnation was fatal.

And that small tower in Lu’s hand shocked him.

He felt as though... something had been sucked from his body by the tower.

Of course—for the current Emperor—

None of that mattered.

What mattered...

His divine soul had nearly shattered from the Heaven-Stealing Tower's blow!

Causing the divine soul seal suppressing the existence in the coffin to nearly collapse!

Something big was about to happen!

Boom!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor erupted with terrifying aura. Domain activated—instantly vanishing as though shrinking space.

“Lu Ping’an!”

“This time—you got lucky...”

“Next time—if you don’t hand over Micah—this Emperor... will trample the Five Phoenixes to ruin!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said coldly.

A streak of blood—like a small snake—trickled crookedly from his forehead.

A disheveled figure speaking the harshest words.

Without lingering—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor tore through the void—rushing back to the Heavenly Spirit Clan.

In the shattered outer void battlefield—

Lu held the white jade Heaven-Stealing Tower in one hand—watching the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s retreating figure.

His black robes whipped wildly—his cold face showing faint astonishment.

He... just ran?

So...

I, Lu Ping’an... defeated an Ancient Emperor with one strike?

Chapter 543: Golden Immortal Demon Body

The heavens roared. The aftermath of the terrifying battle turned the outer void battlefield into a raging sea—countless spatial rifts crisscrossing, as though tearing everything apart.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had left.

He left in haste, expression urgent, carrying a trace of panic.

Leaving only Lu bewildered.

The battlefield fell deathly silent.

Only the dust of shattered stones remained—scattered by the energy storm, producing faint sounds.

Lu floated in the void, expression calm.

On the Heaven-Stealing Tower, the crimson blood was strikingly vivid—blood of the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

Under Lu's gaze, the blood staining the tower was slowly absorbed—transformed into pure energy.

This was Emperor-realm energy.

Pure chaos power—then converted by the Heaven-Stealing Tower into Dao essence.

Though not much—it was still something.

The energy within an Ancient Emperor's body was, in essence, a manifestation of Dao essence. Lu's brows raised slightly.

Emperor realm transcended the Heavenly Dao's restraints.

Yet the energy was still a transformation of Dao essence. In truth—Emperor realm had not fully escaped the Heavenly Dao.

It had merely surfaced—gaining the qualification to stand equal and gaze directly at the Dao.

Putting away the Heaven-Stealing Tower, Lu's aura rose and fell.

Silver blades stacked—soon reforming into the thousand-blade chair.

Lu slowly sat. His black robes returned to white.

Qi Refining Layer Ten indeed possessed Emperor-realm combat power—but he had only just entered this realm... facing a true Ancient Emperor was still somewhat taxing.

After all, those Ancient Emperors were old monsters who had lived millions of years—their mastery of power had reached perfection.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had left—so be it.

Lu paid it no mind.

With a thought—his divine sense returned from the outer void battlefield to the void starry sky.

The moment Lu returned—figures on countless life-bearing stars—whether seated or standing—all turned their gazes toward him.

Their breathing quickened.

Seeing Lu emerge alive from the outer void battlefield—the heavens and earth fell utterly silent.

After a long moment—the many powerhouses' expressions turned to excitement.

“My heavens! He's out—Lu Ping'an came out alive from the outer void battlefield!”

“He didn't die! Young Master Lu actually survived! He survived against an Ancient Emperor!”

“Where did the Ancient Emperor go? Impossible... how could Lu Ping'an defeat an Ancient Emperor?!”

Everyone was incredulous—yet after the disbelief came wild joy.

Especially the holy clan Saints on the ancient warship.

They stared in utter shock.

They had thought Lu was doomed—yet he had survived the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor!

And the Ancient Emperor's aura had vanished from Void Heaven—seemingly returned to the first heaven.

This meant—the crushing pressure and threat brought by an overwhelmingly powerful Ancient Emperor... had been weathered!

On the Five Phoenix Continent,

Lü Mu Dui and Mo Tianyu—the two Half-Step Xuan Immortals—walked out from Heavenly Mechanism Peak, hovering beyond the Five Phoenixes.

In truth—not just them—many Five Phoenix Xuan Immortals and True Immortals were waiting.

After all—Lu had been in battle. They were deeply worried.

This battle concerned the future of the Five Phoenixes.

Seeing Lu return alive—emerge alive from the outer void battlefield—

Lü Mu Dui stroked his beard—and burst into laughter.

“Congratulations, Young Master Lu—victory over an Ancient Emperor!”

Lü Mu Dui struck his bamboo staff against the starry sky—ringing with metallic clangs. His voice rolled like ocean waves.

The words spread instantly—echoing through all of Void Heaven, across the entire Five Phoenix Continent.

Everyone looked up. Hearing Lü Mu Dui's words—they were stunned—then erupted in cheers.

In the starry sky—on countless life-bearing stars—

Immortals bowed with beaming smiles—offering congratulations.

The sound of celebration echoed in every corner of the void starry sky.

Lu sat in his thousand-blade chair. Hearing the cheers of all Void Heaven—he paused briefly—then smiled lightly.

He was naturally low-key—unconcerned with such things.

Then—he raised a hand. The Heaven-Stealing Tower—stained with the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's blood—was placed conspicuously on the wheelchair armrest.

It wasn't that he was not low-key—but everyone needed this inspiration to boost morale and strengthen the unity of the void starry sky.

He had indeed fought an Ancient Emperor—and ended in a draw.

Though the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor left a threatening warning—Lu did not care.

Many had threatened him. One more Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor made no difference.

The cheers resounded in every corner of Void Heaven—like a grand celebration.

The Five Phoenix Continent itself was relatively calm. Apart from True Immortals and Xuan Immortals—others remained immersed in accelerated cultivation within the time array.

As for the beings on the other life-bearing stars—they went mad.

Cheers surged like tidal waves—one after another.

Meanwhile—the holy clan powerhouses on the ancient warship felt awkward.

Hearing the surrounding cheers—they dared not join—yet felt out of place if they did not.

Finally—the upper-realm holy clan Saints also began clapping rhythmically—following the other stars' powerhouses in celebration.

“Young Master Lu is invincible!”

“Congratulations to Young Master Lu!”

The holy clan Saints had no choice. Under someone else's roof—one must bow.

Though it felt extremely awkward—even humiliating—

In the face of survival—face meant nothing.

They still hoped to find a sliver of survival in the Five Phoenixes—so they could only join the celebration.

Several Saints flew across the void—rushing toward Lu.

Having heard of Young Master Lu's elusive nature—they had to seize this moment while Lu was present—explain everything—and request his protection.

The nine heavens offered them no refuge. They could only pin their hopes on the Five Phoenixes.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Lu had originally planned to return to the Five Phoenixes.

But he was intercepted by two upper-realm holy clan Saints.

These were two of the Saints who had once attacked the Five Phoenixes. Though their imperial weapons had fallen into the Five Phoenixes—

Lu would not easily forget their actions.

The two Saints arrived before Lu—expressing their plea. They knelt in the void—begging forgiveness—hoping to receive shelter in the Five Phoenixes.

At first—Lu was somewhat surprised.

He had nearly waved his hand—to annihilate the warship outright.

Because Lu had thought the warship and the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor were allies.

Sent by the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor to attack Void Heaven.

“Young Master Lu—for the sake of the imperial weapons we once provided... please grant us holy clan Saints a path to survival in Void Heaven.”

One Saint knelt in the void—tears streaming.

His words were pitiful.

For the continuation of their holy clans—these leaders could only humble themselves—kneel before enemies they once disdained.

“The Heavenly Spirit Clan seeks to unify the nine heavens?”

“You fled here.”

Lu looked at the representative Saint before him—who had explained everything.

This was a Saint Ancestor from one of the remaining five holy clans—his expression extremely complicated.

How the tables had turned. Once—they had thought little of the Five Phoenixes—of Lu Ping'an.

They had even tried to force Lu to submit.

Yet now—in such a short time—they could only bow and scrape before Lu.

As a Saint Ancestor—he still carried pride in his heart.

But—for his holy clan to survive—he had no choice.

He could only humble himself.

He could only bow his head.

Yet what eased his heart slightly—was that Lu had survived an Ancient Emperor.

This meant Lu very likely possessed Emperor-realm combat power.

Lu's strength had earned their recognition.

This kneel felt slightly less bitter.

“Young Master Lu—we have no path left. We gambled everything—built a warship capable of crossing the void abyss—and came to Void Heaven. We beg Young Master Lu... to grant us a place to live.”

The Saint Ancestor said.

With that—he prostrated fully.

Lu sat in his thousand-blade chair—brows slightly raised.

He pondered. He had truly not expected these holy clans to seek refuge.

After all—each holy clan represented an Ancient Emperor.

If Lu accepted them now—and those Ancient Emperors returned to reclaim their clans—what then?

“Want a place to live? Naturally possible. After all—I, Lu Ping’an, am not bloodthirsty.”

“But—you must swear to the Five Phoenix Heavenly Dao: from now on—cut all ties with your respective Ancient Emperors. Become living beings of Void Heaven.”

Lu said.

The several Saint Ancestors exchanged glances—eyes flickering.

At first—they hesitated.

Because their true intention was—as Lu had said—to seek refuge with their Ancient Emperors upon their return.

Yet Lu’s words sealed their retreat.

“We swear. We will lead our clans in swearing.”

In the end—these Saints made their choice.

Their primary concern was survival—continuing their clans.

Thus—they began swearing.

As the oaths were made—

Boom!

The Five Phoenix Heavenly Dao star appeared—descending Heavenly Dao rule chains—wrapping around each Saint Ancestor.

Shackles bound their hands and feet.

Even their clansmen bore shackles—like exiled prisoners.

“There are many stars in the starry sky. Find unclaimed life-bearing stars and take root.”

“As for the future—whether you can integrate into the Five Phoenixes—depends on your own development.”

Lu said.

With that—he waved dismissively.

The several Saint Ancestors breathed sighs of relief—faces lighting with joy.

They had survived!

They had gambled everything—and won!

So... Lu Ping'an's pettiness was not as legendary as rumored!

Under the many Saints' endless gratitude—

Lu returned to the Five Phoenixes.

The terrifying clash of auras in the void starry sky came to an end.

The Ancient Emperor's first appearance—thus concluded—without destroying the Five Phoenixes or bringing apocalyptic crisis.

As for the danger within—no one else knew.

The details of Lu's battle with the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—remained known only to Lu and the Emperor.

...

First heaven.

Heavenly Spirit Clan ancestral land.

Terrifying aura permeated. The coffin trembled—order rule chains quaking. If not for the nine heavens' Heavenly Dao will manifesting these chains—

The terrifying existence within the coffin would have long broken free.

Slaughtering the entire Heavenly Spirit Clan.

Without the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—even with a Quasi-Emperor guarding—the Heavenly Spirit Clan could not resist this monstrous being.

The Quasi-Emperor was on the verge of death—his divine soul damaged. If not for his deep foundation—he would have perished already.

His gaze carried sorrow.

He thought the Heavenly Spirit Clan was finished.

Suddenly!

It was as though countless shadows formed a procession—arriving like lightning in the first heaven.

“Hmph!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor stepped forward—terrifying aura erupting.

A cold snort from his nose.

The struggling coffin paused.

Then—the existence within the coffin seemed to struggle even more violently.

Crack! Crack!

Order chains snapped.

The coffin lid was nearly pried open!

A blurry figure tried to rush out.

Light flashed.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor appeared before the coffin like teleportation.

A fist smashed down.

Boom!

The figure pushing open the lid was hammered back into the coffin by the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

After being violently subdued—the being within the coffin ceased struggling.

Perhaps it sensed the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's return—realizing struggle was hopeless.

“Emperor... what exactly... is inside?”

The Quasi-Emperor staggered forward—eyes filled with dread.

This uncontrollable existence filled him with fear. The unknown was always most terrifying.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor rubbed his brow. On his way back—he had already adjusted his appearance. The blood could not continue flowing—he was an Ancient Emperor and needed to maintain dignity.

Being smashed on the head by Lu's Heaven-Stealing Tower—divine soul shaken—left the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor extremely uncomfortable.

And the coffin's antics made him even more so.

"A powerful innate divine demon from the Primordial Starry Sky."

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said calmly.

The Quasi-Emperor looked bewildered.

Primordial Starry Sky?

Innate divine demon?

What was that?

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor glanced at the Quasi-Emperor and exhaled slowly. In this world—few knew what he spoke of.

Waving his hand—he dismissed the Quasi-Emperor.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor then dragged the coffin—quickly vanishing into the Heavenly Spirit Clan’s ancestral land.

Before entering—he turned back—looking toward the Five Phoenixes.

This matter... was not over.

After dealing with the existence in the coffin—he would slowly settle accounts with the Five Phoenixes—with Lu Ping’an.

He, the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—hated betrayal most.

Micah must be brought back to face punishment.

...

Five Phoenix Continent.

Vast sea.

Origin Lake, Origin Island.

After returning—Lu sat quietly in his thousand-blade chair.

Ning Zhao poured him Heavenly Immortal Wine—and silently withdrew from the pavilion.

Lu pondered the shortcomings of this battle.

With a thought—

The system prompt appeared before him.

“A ten-thousand-zhang tower starts from the ground. Congratulations, Host—advancement complete. Successfully entered Qi Refining Layer Ten—advancing further on the path of an outstanding Qi Refiner.”

“Reward obtained: Dao Source ×3, Immortal Demon Body (Golden Element Origin), Material: Flame Thunder Stone.”

After reading the system prompt—Lu’s brows raised slightly.

As the system progressed—the rewards seemed increasingly simple and ordinary.

Dao Source was not unexpected.

The other reward was Immortal Demon Body.

Since reaching Minor Completion in Immortal Demon Body—and comprehending custom divine abilities—Lu had thought it had reached its limit.

Now—it seemed... he had been too naive.

Immortal Demon Body had further stages.

“Immortal Demon Body (Golden Element Origin)—could it be one of the five elements—gold?”

Lu rubbed his chin—only guessing.

With a thought—he chose fusion.

But as Lu prepared to fuse—

The system prompt appeared again.

“Host—confirm fusion?”

Lu paused.

This was the first time the system had asked for confirmation before fusion.

Was there something different about this fusion?

“Confirm.”

Lu thought for a moment—then chose fusion.

Buzz...

The next moment—

A golden light bloomed at Lu's brow.

Boom!

Lu felt as though his head exploded—his body on the verge of bursting.

Terrifying pain instantly engulfed him.

Lu gritted his teeth—blood filling his eyes.

In the last moment before losing consciousness—he activated spatial mysteries.

Leaving Origin Lake.

He fled deep into the vast sea.

Sinking beneath the ocean floor.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The excruciating pain seemed to tear Lu apart. Even underwater—he let out muffled groans.

It hurt!

The agony of flesh tearing felt as though every cell in his body was being rearranged.

Due to the pain—Lu could only pound the seabed to vent—causing the ocean floor to sink continuously.

The vast sea exploded.

Raising monstrous waves.

In this moment—all living beings between heaven and earth felt their hearts tremble—as though the world itself raged.

Countless ocean creatures trembled in fear.

This process lasted a full month.

Only then did it gradually calm.

Deep in the vast sea—

Lu sat cross-legged. Black demonic qi roiled around him.

Suddenly—in the depths—Lu opened his eyes. A golden gleam flashed within.

The next moment—Lu's body transformed. The black demonic qi turned dazzling gold. Though his skin remained pale—his hair gleamed golden—flowing freely.

This was the Immortal Demon Body in its Golden Element state.

Sharp—filled with offensive power—brimming with destruction and annihilation.

Exhaling slowly—all spiritual energy withdrew. Golden hair returned to black. Golden robes reverted to white.

“In this state—combat power increases by at least tenfold.”

“Facing the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor again—perhaps a true fight is possible.”

Lu thought.

Turning his head—

He saw droplets of blood floating in the seabed—left behind during the transformation.

Lu was about to retrieve them—but thought better of it. Glancing at the pitch-black ocean floor—he smiled.

Giving up on retrieval—his divine sense moved. He vanished—returning to Origin Island.

After Lu left—

This region gradually... swarmed with countless marine creatures!

Sea turtles, giant sharks, massive octopuses...

All manner of ocean life surged here—for Lu’s blood.

To these creatures—

This blood was “divine blood”—the foundation of their transformation!

Slaughter erupted on the seabed.

Blood dyed the calm waters turbid.

Yet Lu’s blood floated peacefully—untouched by any filth.

In the end...

The blood was completely taken.

The marine creatures that obtained it transformed—gaining human form. Their cultivation soared—leaping directly to True Immortal realm!

These transformed beings knelt on the seabed.

Utterly devout.

“We thank the Sea God for creating the Sea God Clan—granting us rebirth!”

These beings possessed innate divine abilities to control marine life—even summon tsunamis and destroy the world.

Back on Origin Island—

Lu was astonished.

He had not expected his leftover blood to accidentally create a new race.

Sea God Clan?

Lu smiled.

Humans, demons, witches—now joined by the Sea God Clan.

The Five Phoenixes seemed to grow ever livelier.

After completing his transformation—Lu’s aura became even more solid.

Thinking of something—

He took out the final reward: Flame Thunder Stone.

Boom!

A fist-sized azure stone appeared in Lu’s hand.

“[Flame Thunder Stone]: Innate Spirit Treasure material. Can be used to refine innate spirit treasures controlling multi-layered heavenly lightning—the best material for creating rule-based tribulations.”

Reading the system description—

Lu narrowed his eyes.

He gradually recalled—

The current Five Phoenix Continent...

Seemed to lack a complete heavenly tribulation system.

Chapter 544: Establishing Heavenly Tribulation—The Great Era Approaches

Lu gazed at the small Flame Thunder Stone in his palm. The azure stone contained terrifying energy.

Shimmering light flowed across it—like endless lightning flickering within.

Lu fell into deep thought.

“A material for crafting innate spirit treasures that control tribulation...”

He had truly not expected this reward to be such a material.

Rewards as raw materials had never appeared before.

Though the Five Phoenixes had birthed a Heavenly Dao—Lu had never established tribulation based on it.

Previous tribulations were all decided by his whim—striking whomever he wished.

The purpose of heavenly tribulation was mostly to intimidate—to make cultivators feel the hardship of the path.

But Lu knew: the operation of heaven and earth required its own natural laws. Heavenly tribulation existed not only to restrict those with hollow cultivation—but also to temper true powerhouses, to give cultivators hope.

Did the nine heavens have tribulation?

Yes—Lu had encountered it several times. But that tribulation’s power... was mediocre.

Yet Quasi-Emperor tribulation was terrifying—certain death—making no one dare trigger it.

And at Great Emperor realm—one became exempt from the nine heavens’ tribulation.

“The Five Phoenixes possesses an immortal martial foundation. Great Emperor and Golden Immortal are not the end. Thus—even Great Emperors and Golden Immortals must face tribulation... This is perhaps the necessary path for the Five Phoenixes to become immortal martial.”

Lu pondered.

Thus—he gripped the Flame Thunder Stone tightly.

With a thought—he entered the Transmission Platform—beginning to study the Flame Thunder Stone—planning to forge an innate spirit treasure that controls heavenly tribulation.

...

Lu's battle with the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had little impact on the world of the Five Phoenixes.

When the Heavenly Dao refined its millionth Dao essence strand—the Five Phoenixes successfully entered First-Derivation.

Lu had hoped to seize the momentum and impact immortal martial realm.

Yet he discovered—it was impossible.

This left Lu puzzled and frustrated.

By his estimation—though failure was likely—there should have been some sign.

Failure to impact immortal martial—he had prepared himself for.

But this failure—without even beginning—left Lu bewildered.

After much thought—Lu finally understood.

To achieve immortal martial—merely elevating world rank was insufficient. A complete system, rules, and sufficient powerhouses were required.

Though the Five Phoenixes developed rapidly—overall, the number of powerhouses remained insufficient.

At least... not even one proper Golden Immortal existed.

This made Lu calm down—no longer rushing.

Many things—the more anxious one became—the more mistakes one made.

The Five Phoenixes quieted.

The effects of the world's transformation gradually faded.

Mortals continued laboring diligently for survival.

Under the Human Emperor's leadership—they resisted the demon race.

Cultivators strove to break through realms—seeking longevity—to walk further and live longer on the path.

Lu's battle with the Emperor brought no great upheaval to the Five Phoenixes.

Many Immortals returned to cultivation—gathering fortune—elevating their strength.

The world transformation birthed many Xuan Immortals whose fortune flowed like rivers.

For example—Ye Shoudao, Du Longyang, Empress Ni Chunchiu, etc.

The Witch Clan and demon race also produced Xuan Immortal-level combat power.

Especially the demon race—in this world opportunity—they underwent massive transformation.

Golden Crow achieved Demon Saint. The Demon Monkey King also became a Demon Saint.

The other demon kings reached Half-Step Demon Saint—greatly elevating the demon race’s strength.

The demon race’s fortune condensed unprecedentedly.

Golden Crow Demon Saint presided over the Demon Court—its momentum vast and unstoppable.

Many demon kings were born. The ox demon king, white snake king, and others with special bloodlines erupted with astonishing power.

Under Golden Crow Demon Saint’s leadership—they swept through—expelling all human cultivators from the Demon Court.

The demon race’s prestige reached its peak.

Heavenly Void Young Master left in disgrace.

He was too miserable—in this world opportunity—he still failed to seize the breakthrough chance.

His talent was not inferior to Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, etc.

But his luck was truly terrible.

This time—he fell behind again—failing to become Xuan Immortal.

Yet Heavenly Void remained calm. Though saddened—he quickly accepted this cruel reality.

In truth—he understood the world's cruelty earlier than others.

Returning to Tianyuan Domain—he learned Ye Shoudao and others had become Xuan Immortals—merely sighing at his misfortune.

Of course—he could only blame himself for not making the right choice then.

Ye Shoudao, Du Longyang, the Empress—they had let go.

While he—Heavenly Void—clung too tightly—missing the demon race fortune.

Thus—it was his own fault. Bad luck.

Heavenly Void felt regretful. Worldly fortune was becoming harder to obtain.

Especially at Half-Step Xuan Immortal—crossing required vast fortune infusion.

But now—with Golden Crow achieving Demon Saint—the demon race's fortune had stabilized. Even if not—under Golden Crow's tyrannical control—humans could hardly gain demon fortune.

Thus—Heavenly Void felt lost.

In Heavenly Void Palace—

He slumped in his chair—staring mournfully at the sky.

Recalling his life...

...

Heavenly Void's inner cry seemed to strike Lu—bringing him a unique impact and thought.

Seated in the Transmission Platform—Lu's robes floated.

He resembled a true immortal.

To Heavenly Void's question and cry—Lu said nothing. After all... he had not deliberately targeted Heavenly Void.

This time—Heavenly Void had a chance to gain fortune—prove Xuan Immortal.

But he failed to seize it—what could Lu do?

Yet Heavenly Void's experience gave Lu inspiration.

Worldly fortune would become harder to obtain.

Lu's goal was to birth more powerhouses in the Five Phoenixes—not restrict them.

Many Half-Step Xuan Immortals were just one step from Xuan Immortal.

But that final step stumped countless powerhouses.

Thus—the birth of heavenly tribulation was necessary.

Within the Transmission Platform—

Lu began deducing.

Casting the Flame Thunder Stone—forging a new innate spirit treasure.

This deduction took a long time. Crafting an innate spirit treasure was no easy task.

If not for entering Qi Refining Layer Ten—Lu might have struggled.

Because his divine soul power would have been insufficient to persist.

Fortunately—having stepped into Qi Refining Layer Ten—his divine soul power had greatly increased.

Thus—Lu could now forge an innate spirit treasure.

Time passed bit by bit.

Finally—Lu completed the deduction—gaining a complete process and record.

He exited the Transmission Platform.

After brief rest—

Gripping the Flame Thunder Stone—he entered the Origin Space.

The Heavenly Dao star illuminated heaven and earth—radiant in the Origin Space.

Little Yinglong sprawled atop it—listless. With Dao essence refined—he felt utterly bored.

Lu did not restrict his freedom—he could freely enter and exit the Origin Space.

Yet he discovered—he had lost his former salted-fish joy.

When Lu appeared—Little Yinglong instantly perked up.

Was Father bringing more Dao essence?

Did he have new Dao essence to refine?

Little Yinglong darted out—flapping fleshy wings around Lu.

Lu was speechless.

With a thought—Lu took the Dao essence refined from the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's blood in the Heaven-Stealing Tower—giving it to Little Yinglong.

After sending Little Yinglong aside—

Lu sat cross-legged on the Heavenly Dao star.

He began forging the innate spirit treasure.

Forming hand seals—Lu raised his hand. Vast chaos power surged into the Flame Thunder Stone—gradually shattering it.

The shattered Flame Thunder Stone turned to powder—terrifying lightning arcs leaping within.

The arcs seemed to shatter the void.

With a thought—Lu fused worldly fortune into the Flame Thunder Stone.

Raising his palm—

A bottomless fissure cracked open on the Heavenly Dao star.

Fortune and Flame Thunder Stone powder were thrown into the fissure for refining.

The fissure slowly closed.

Within the Heavenly Dao star—countless lightning flashed.

Using the Heavenly Dao star as furnace—fortune and Flame Thunder Stone as materials—forging an innate spirit treasure!

Time passed.

A full decade.

Throughout—Lu maintained the refining posture.

His divine soul constantly surged—rapidly depleting.

Finally—within the Heavenly Dao star—the Flame Thunder Stone and fortune fused—forming two blurry spirit treasure shapes.

One a hammer. One a chisel.

Lightning intertwined—imbued with vast fortune.

These were the embryonic forms of innate spirit treasures.

“The lightning interwoven in the spirit treasure—shall be called Innate Nine Heavens Thunder.”

“As for tribulation—from Heavenly Human realm onward.”

“Heavenly Human impacting Human Immortal—faces Human Tribulation. Nine heavenly thunderbolts from the Heavenly Thunder Chisel. Tribulation contains fortune like silk. Passing—becomes Human Immortal—cultivation surges.”

Lu’s eyes gleamed—voice chanting.

As he chanted—the entire Heavenly Dao transformed dramatically.

Boom!

As though words became law—the chanted text turned tangible—surging into the star—forming interwoven Dao and principles—flowing into hammer and chisel.

“Second tribulation—Human Immortal to True Immortal—True Tribulation. Thirty-six heavenly thunderbolts from the Heavenly Thunder Hammer. Tribulation contains fortune like pillars. Passing—becomes True Immortal.”

“Third tribulation—True Immortal to Xuan Immortal—Xuan Tribulation. Proving Xuan Immortal fruit. Ninety-nine heavenly thunderbolts from hammer and chisel combined. Tribulation contains fortune like rivers. Passing—becomes Xuan Immortal.”

“Fourth tribulation—Golden Immortal Tribulation. Proving Golden Immortal fruit. Nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine heavenly thunderbolts. Manifesting innate spirit treasure. Tribulation contains fortune like vast seas.”

“Fifth tribulation—Great Luo Tribulation... temporarily none...”

Lu sat upright—every gesture stirring profound mystery.

Each character became rule—surging into the Heavenly Dao star.

The Heavenly Thunder Hammer and Chisel manifested within the star—enveloped by endless fortune.

Representing the Heavenly Dao’s tribulation rules.

Because of the Flame Thunder Stone’s special nature—tribulation could be divided into these four levels.

As for Great Luo Immortal-level Great Luo Tribulation—Lu had no good ideas yet.

Mainly because Great Luo Immortal realm... was too difficult.

That surpassed Great Emperor.

Not to mention the current Five Phoenixes—even the nine heavens had never birthed such an existence.

Thus—Lu temporarily did not design Great Luo Tribulation.

He even planned to arrange Great Luo Tribulation separately.

Buzz...

Countless rules interwove atop the Heavenly Dao star.

Lu bathed in rules—exhaling slowly.

He opened his eyes—lips curving upward.

This tribulation setup might greatly ease the current deadlock.

Lu thought for a moment—then added one more rule.

“The more fortune gathered—the higher the success rate of tribulation.”

“Those failing tribulation—may sacrifice flesh body—convert to divine soul—become Tribulation Loose Immortal.”

“This rule—applies to all living beings in the void starry sky.”

Lu said.

With that—words became law—forming a rule imprinting on the Heavenly Dao star.

Thus—the rules were fully established.

After completing rule formulation—Lu took out the three Dao Sources from this reward.

Infusing the Dao Sources into the Heavenly Dao.

The Heavenly Dao grew even stronger.

...

When the rules were established—

All stars in the void starry sky resonated with the Heavenly Dao.

All living beings sensed it.

Some calculated the Heavenly Dao with their fingers—sensing the descending interwoven rules.

“Heavenly tribulation established—the great era approaches!”

Heavenly Mechanism Peak.

Lü Mu Dui and Mo Tianyu exchanged glances—seeing astonishment in each other’s eyes.

They did not doubt much. After the world transformation—the Heavenly Dao establishing tribulation rules—was not too surprising.

But one thing was certain—the Five Phoenixes continued growing stronger.

“What is heavenly tribulation?”

Lü Mu Dui calculated with his fingers—bamboo staff tapping lightly.

Soon—he fetched yellow xuan paper—ordering a servant to bring a full bowl of pig blood.

Just as he prepared to dip his brush in pig blood ink—

Lu—seated on the Heavenly Dao star—curled his lip.

“Establishing heavenly tribulation is so important—yet using pig blood? How inconsiderate.”

He, Lu—had labored tirelessly for tribulation—yet Lü Mu Dui thought to fool it with pig blood?

Raising his hand—

Lightning flashed.

Lu gripped the azure Heavenly Thunder Hammer in one hand—Heavenly Thunder Chisel in the other.

Lightly striking them together.

Above Heavenly Mechanism Peak...

Black clouds gathered. Lightning struck from clear skies.

A bolt crashed down.

Terrifying the servant holding the full bowl of pig blood—spilling it completely.

Lü Mu Dui's aged face twitched.

Mo Tianyu—in the distance—grinned until his mouth nearly split.

“Let you cut corners—heavenly tribulation established—you’re in for a big hemorrhage now.”

“Using pig blood is disrespectful—to the Heavenly Dao—to the heavens... Even I, Mo Tianyu, can’t stand it—let alone Nine Heavens Divine Thunder.”

Mo Tianyu’s words darkened Lü Mu Dui’s face.

If you’re so capable—why don’t you cough blood!

Just standing there blabbering!

Then—Lü Mu Dui looked resentfully at the sky.

Gritting his teeth—stomping his foot—he swung his small fist—striking his own chest.

Pfft!

Blood sprayed—carrying sorrow under the sunlight.

Quick as lightning—Lü Mu Dui dipped his brush in the blood ink—beginning to write.

Flowing words—numerous characters—perfectly using every drop of coughed blood.

Finally—at the end of the yellow xuan paper—he solemnly signed:

“Heavenly Mechanism Lü Mu Dui—written in blood and tears.”

Finished—Lü Mu Dui released the Heavenly Mechanism Pigeon—spreading the news to the world.

The establishment of heavenly tribulation spread instantly.

Tribulation contains fortune—passing it allows breakthrough!

Those with sufficient cultivation—or confidence—could choose to face tribulation!

This news filled countless bottlenecked cultivators with wild joy.

The Heavenly Dao establishing rules—was great news!

Some Heavenly Human realm cultivators—stuck at bottlenecks—directly triggered Human Tribulation.

But this person triggered it within his sect.

Thus—as tribulation descended—the entire mountain gate was flattened.

The Heavenly Human cultivator was struck half-dead—charred black—barely breathing.

Undoubtedly—tribulation failed.

He had been too careless—thinking tribulation easy—unaware it tested foundation.

His foundation unstable—tribulation naturally struck him.

The cultivator’s flesh was annihilated by heavenly thunder—but his divine soul was nourished by tribulation fortune.

Thus—he converted to divine soul—condensing fortune divine soul—becoming a First Tribulation Loose Immortal.

On this day—

Thunderclouds rolled over the Five Phoenix skies.

Countless Heavenly Humans—ignorant of heaven's height—sought to ascend.

All triggered Human Tribulation.

Yet tribulation's power exceeded their expectations.

Roughly fifty percent failed—forty percent gave up—one percent succeeded—ascending to Human Immortal.

Failed Heavenly Humans all converted to divine soul—becoming First Tribulation Loose Immortals.

Not just Heavenly Human cultivators went mad.

Human Immortals stuck at bottlenecks did the same.

They triggered tribulation—thirty-six heavenly thunderbolts—striking them senseless.

Failure rate similar to Heavenly Human cultivators—half became divine soul—Second Tribulation Loose Immortals. Though preserving life and retaining True Immortal combat power—they lost qualification to impact Golden Immortal.

As for True Immortal powerhouses—they were steadier.

Seeing tribulation's consequences—they chose caution—not triggering it.

...

Ancient tomb.

Gu Mangran sensed tribulations erupting everywhere.

Even nearby—a Human Immortal failed tribulation—choosing to sacrifice flesh—becoming Second Tribulation Loose Immortal.

Yet Gu Mangran drew a deep breath—seeing hope.

“This is true heavenly tribulation. Tribulation brings destruction—yet also a thread of hope. It tempers strong cultivators—not severs paths to greater power!”

Gu Mangran clenched his fists.

The nine heavens had tribulation.

But nine heavens’ tribulation was pure destruction.

No hope.

Countless dazzling Quasi-Emperors—attempting Emperor realm—perished under heavenly tribulation—hundreds of thousands of years of cultivation—destroyed in an instant.

No one succeeded. Nine heavens’ tribulation existed solely to slay those attempting Emperor realm.

Over time—even Quasi-Emperors like Micah carefully concealed their aura—daring not trigger nine heavens’ tribulation.

Why?

Because once tribulation descended—Quasi-Emperor died—reduced to primal energy—absorbed by the Heavenly Dao!

No hope. Darkness. Despair!

This was the fate of cultivators below Emperor in the nine heavens.

Atop snowy mountain peak—

Micah slowly opened his eyes. His gaze fluctuated violently—nose stinging faintly.

Tribulation—while bringing destruction—also contained a thread of survival.

Like spring thunder—meant to awaken earth's revival—not annihilate all.

His choice of the Five Phoenix Heavenly Dao—was correct!

In the nine heavens—his future was bleak!

No hope at all!

“Soon.”

Micah did not continue cultivating.

He rose—descending the snowy mountain.

He entered the mortal world—entered cultivation sects—spreading his improved “Extreme Path Cultivation Method.”

This was a path he created—his own Dao.

Vast fortune gathered as his method spread.

Converging upon Micah.

His aura steadily condensed—accumulating.

Five years. Ten years. A hundred years...

Time flew.

On this day—Micah's aura reached its peak. Raising his head—he triggered the Heavenly Gate.

One step into the Heavenly Gate—entering the Ascension Land.

Seeking a blooming green lotus between heaven and earth.

After cultivating so long—he needed a battle to establish Xuan Immortal Extreme Realm!

He originally sought the Buzhou Peak Demoness—but found her absent.

Thus—he entered the Heavenly Gate—seeking Lu Jiulian.

The two clashed.

Heaven and earth changed color. The Ascension Land quaked.

A battle not inferior to Quasi-Emperor level.

Meanwhile—

Underworld.

Bitter sea rose and fell. Karma hung upside down in the sky.

Tantai Xuan—who had been tempering in seclusion—completed his refinement.

Slowly emerging from the bitter sea—achieving Quasi-Emperor.

As though a great era... was about to arrive.

Chapter 545: Wait for Me to Stretch... Then Become Emperor

This day, the Five Phoenix Continent was destined for unrest.

Even mortals could feel the oppressive atmosphere—like the suffocating tension before a storm.

Cultivators sensed it even more clearly—they knew what it meant.

The auras of peerless powerhouses were clashing—confronting each other!

The Five Phoenix Xuan Immortals raised their heads. Bai Qingniao, Nie Changqing, Overlord, Tang Yimo, and other Xuan Immortal powerhouses—all wore grave expressions.

Then—they soared into the sky. The Heavenly Gate manifested. One by one, the Xuan Immortals entered.

Beyond the Heavenly Gate.

No clamor.

Only one figure stood alone between heaven and earth.

Micah stood before the gate—gazing ahead—directly at a blooming green lotus.

Atop the green lotus was Lu Jiulian.

Within the Ascension Land, all Immortals retreated far away. Their hearts surged—they smelled gunpowder.

Next—perhaps a battle unforgettable to the world would erupt.

Sure enough.

As the Five Phoenix Xuan Immortals entered the Heavenly Gate—

Micah and Lu Jiulian charged into the outer void battlefield—beginning their clash.

This was not a fight to kill—but a battle to impact Extreme Realm.

Both unleashed their absolute strongest power!

Micah's "Extreme Realm Cultivation Method" was now quite famous on the Five Phoenix Continent. Many had heard of it.

After all—starting from scratch—pushing every realm to its absolute limit.

This was something ordinary people could not imagine.

Micah had created a path—for those stuck at bottlenecks, or whose talent had reached its limit.

A path of hope. Thus—Micah gained vast fortune.

His cultivation rapidly recovered to its current level.

Boom!

Their battle shook heaven and earth. Even Lu—sipping Heavenly Immortal Wine—watched leisurely.

Micah and Lu Jiulian both displayed peak strength.

Micah had great audacity. He scattered his cultivation—starting over from a mortal—now reaching Xuan Immortal Extreme Realm.

Such perseverance—ordinary people could not match.

Perhaps Micah chose Lu Jiulian because he sensed a familiar aura.

A familiar taste.

Lu Jiulian had studied every realm to perfection. This was also why Micah sought him.

Tang Guo—worried—entered the outer void battlefield to watch Lu Jiulian and Micah’s battle.

Not just Tang Guo—Micah and Lu Jiulian were still at Xuan Immortal level—not like Lu and the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s battle before.

No one in the world dared watch recklessly.

This battle drew immense crowds.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

This was Quasi-Emperor-level combat. The shockwaves terrified every True Immortal.

They retreated again and again—only able to watch two lights—one azure, one gold—clashing from afar.

Two masses of light—like the purest energies between heaven and earth—colliding, intertwining.

Occasionally tearing space—unleashing world-shaking attacks.

Vast energies clashed—creating crisscrossing void rifts.

The void—once healed after Lu and the Ancient Emperor's battle—cracked open again.

This battle lasted half a month.

Both fought daily—maintaining peak condition.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, and other Xuan Immortals were amazed.

Because Lu Jiulian and Micah used only the most basic attack methods.

Lu Jiulian's combat was textbook-perfect—flawless.

Micah's combat style was more aggressive.

Each had strengths and weaknesses.

Boom!

A heaven-shaking explosion.

Two Quasi-Emperor-level powerhouses flew backward.

Each crashed into withered world continents.

Micah rose—hair whipping. Lu Jiulian sat on his green lotus—cold and unsmiling.

The surrounding spectators' blood boiled. They saw long-range bombardment and extreme close-combat techniques.

This scene might forever be recorded!

Finally—

On the withered continent—

Micah and Lu Jiulian stopped fighting. They bowed slightly to each other.

As though shaking hands in reconciliation.

The Quasi-Emperor-level battle thus concluded.

As for who won—no one knew. Neither spoke of the result.

After this battle—Micah returned to Quasi-Emperor!

Even more—he gained clearer understanding of his own path.

Both exited the outer void battlefield.

Lu Jiulian left with hands behind his back.

Micah returned to the mortal world—to his snowy mountain peak—sitting cross-legged—contemplating the battle's details.

Comparing it to when he previously possessed Quasi-Emperor power.

...

Underworld.

Tantai Xuan emerged from the bitter sea.

The Hell Hound appeared. The nine city lords emerged. Beigong Saint Lord stood at the bitter sea's edge—welcoming Tantai Xuan together.

During this time—Tantai Xuan had submerged himself in the bitter sea.

Neither pleased nor saddened by external things.

Single-mindedly converting sin into karma.

Now—he finally emerged—having completed the transformation of his sins.

The bitter sea brought endless pain—constant erosion by its waters. Ordinary people could not endure it.

Yet Tantai Xuan persisted so long.

Now returning—with Quasi-Emperor cultivation.

As though summoned by fate.

Or as though agreed upon—

Quasi-Emperor powerhouses like Tantai Xuan, Micah, Lu Jiulian—emerged one after another.

...

Origin Lake, Origin Island.

After forging the innate spirit treasure—Heavenly Thunder Hammer and Chisel—completing the heavenly tribulation system—

Lu returned—finally free.

He gazed at the astronomical spiritual energy reserve on the system panel—calm.

Qi Refining grew harder the further one advanced.

If he panicked every time—why bother refining qi?

Now—the greatest restriction on the Five Phoenixes was the lack of anyone proving the Dao—truly achieving Golden Immortal—becoming Emperor.

Lu did not count. He, Lu Ping'an, was just an ordinary Qi Refiner.

Though he possessed Emperor-realm combat power—his strength was rooted in the Five Phoenixes—so his power was natural to the world.

Thus—not counted.

So—Lu waited.

Waiting for the Five Phoenixes to birth a true Emperor.

Only then might the Five Phoenixes have a chance to ascend—enter immortal martial.

“But truly impacting Emperor realm—I cannot help much. They must comprehend it themselves.”

Lu shook his head—fingers tapping the armrest.

Eyes gleaming.

Now—the Five Phoenixes had Emperor-realm seedlings.

Micah, Lu Jiulian, Zhu Long, Tantai Xuan...

All at Quasi-Emperor—capable of impacting Emperor.

As for other Xuan Immortals—they still fell short—searching for their own paths.

Micah’s path was Extreme Realm—breaking through via extremes.

Lu Jiulian's was Perfection—Lu's clone—experiencing cultivation perfectly—each realm textbook.

Perfection was Lu Jiulian's path.

Who would ultimately succeed—Lu did not know.

The world quieted again.

But this time—it was the calm before the storm.

In the mortal realm—Micah sat atop a high mountain.

Comprehending. Seeking the Dao.

In the Ascension Land—Lu Jiulian sat on his green lotus—also comprehending.

Atop Buzhou Peak—Zhu Long played her bamboo flute—melody lingering.

In the Underworld—Tantai Xuan paced the Yellow Springs' banks—hands behind back.

As though racing against time.

...

Nine heavens.

Heavenly Spirit Clan ancestral land.

Suddenly—a terrifying aura descended—the Heavenly Dao will.

A massive human face coalesced.

Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouses trembled in fear—staring horrified at the sky.

This was the Heavenly Dao will manifest—bringing overwhelming life-level pressure.

Deep in the palace—

The golden-haired Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor slowly emerged.

Standing before the palace steps—he raised his head—calmly meeting the massive face of the Heavenly Dao will.

“The Five Phoenixes is about to birth an Emperor... so you want this Emperor to destroy the Five Phoenixes?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor seemed to converse with the Heavenly Dao will.

The will’s intent—even Heavenly Spirit Clan Quasi-Emperors could not understand.

But the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor heard clearly.

This was the privilege of transcending the Heavenly Dao—speaking as equals.

He laughed.

A sneer.

“You want those cowards hiding in the shadows—thinking they’re playing a grand game—to act? Isn’t this mess their own doing? Whoever made the mess cleans it up.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor sneered.

The Heavenly Dao face trembled—shifting—seeming to question him.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor continued shaking his head.

“Nothing to say. Why should this Emperor sit in the Primordial Starry Sky—dying for hundreds of thousands of years? Fighting with my life—while those guys enjoy themselves in the rear?!”

“Now—they made a mess—and expect this Emperor to clean it? Do they think this Emperor is some cheap thug?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said coldly.

He raised his hand—pointing at the Heavenly Dao face.

“If you want this Emperor to act—offer sufficient price. If not—shut up. Even the Heavenly Dao—this Emperor fears not. I’ll shatter it too!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's domineering words echoed through the entire Heavenly Spirit Clan ancestral land.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan beings were stunned.

This was their Emperor? So domineering—he dared challenge the Heavenly Dao!

“Price? You ask what price this Emperor wants?”

“I've been Emperor for three million seven hundred twenty thousand years—bitterly seeking the path beyond Emperor. If you, Heavenly Dao—open that path beyond Emperor—this Emperor... will help you once. What's the harm?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said calmly.

Like a market auntie haggling.

The Heavenly Dao face raged—thick clouds roiling—seeming to summon apocalyptic disaster.

“Don't play this game with this Emperor!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor clenched his fist—striking out.

Terrifying light pierced the clouds—shattering the apocalyptic disaster instantly.

Everything vanished.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor sneered coldly.

But soon—his smile faded.

Gazing beyond the nine heavens—toward the void starry sky.

The Five Phoenixes' existence had made the nine heavens' Heavenly Dao anxious—worried...

From the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's understanding of the Heavenly Dao—there was only one reason...

“Even the Heavenly Dao is anxious. The Five Phoenixes truly is about to birth an Emperor?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor narrowed his eyes.

“The Heavenly Dao only became anxious now. So Lu Ping’an is not a true Emperor—his combat power came from some external cause.”

“Now—the nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao worries. The Five Phoenixes is about to birth a true Emperor.”

“Who? Micah?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor pondered.

Micah betrayed the Heavenly Spirit Clan—betrayed the Holy Hall—joined the Five Phoenixes.

All for breaking through to Emperor.

“But is it possible? With the nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao blocking the path—even if Micah is a genius—he cannot become Emperor.”

“And betraying the Heavenly Spirit Clan—requires payment.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's face turned cold.

Then—he withdrew his gaze from the Five Phoenixes—looking at the sky.

Many holy clans speculated that in the ancient war—the Heavenly Spirit Clan gained the most—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor even orchestrated it—forcing many Emperor realms to flee.

But the true reason—only the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor knew.

He was the greatest victim!

As for where those guys went—Ancient Emperor Hao and other Emperors—what happened—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was unclear.

Until this return.

He saw Lu—and the troubles entwining Lu.

Rage surged.

While he fought desperately in the Primordial Starry Sky—those guys relaxed in the rear—using heaven, earth, and all beings as chess pieces—playing leisurely.

How could he, the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—accept this?

Did he look like a cheap laborer?!

In the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's view—the Five Phoenixes' growth to this point was likely those guys' doing in the shadows.

As for what those guys wanted—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had guesses—but dared not be certain.

After all—those guys were old foxes—living countless years.

Easily guessing their thoughts might be deliberate misdirection.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor turned—returning to the ancestral land.

But soon after—

Thick clouds gathered again.

The nine heavens' Heavenly Dao reconverged—appearing above the Heavenly Spirit Clan.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor walked out.

Meeting the Heavenly Dao face.

They seemed to converse.

After a long time—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's eyes suddenly brightened.

“You said it yourself—the Heavenly Dao does not jest!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's eyes gleamed.

“This Emperor helps you destroy the Five Phoenixes—you open the path beyond Emperor!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said.

Boom!

The nine heavens' Heavenly Dao roared.

Seeming to say—the Heavenly Dao does not jest.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor laughed heartily.

Finally—the opportunity had come.

Sitting in the Primordial Starry Sky—fighting desperately for hundreds of thousands of years—all for this day?

The Heavenly Dao dispersed.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's aura began rising relentlessly.

His gaze swept—leading the remaining Holy Hall Saints—preparing to move out.

One by one—Saints appeared. Even the aged Quasi-Emperor stepped forward.

“The former Holy Hall Master Micah betrayed the Heavenly Spirit Clan. This Emperor hates traitors most. Follow this Emperor—invade the Five Phoenixes—capture Micah! If the Five Phoenixes resists—kill without mercy!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said.

With that—

The many Saints roared in response.

Their voices echoed through every corner of the nine heavens.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor turned—once more shouldering the resealed coffin.

Then—carrying the coffin—step by step—toward the Five Phoenixes.

He carried the coffin—to avoid another accident.

The many Heavenly Spirit Clan Saints followed behind.

Though few in number—a true Ancient Emperor—plus dozens of Holy Hall Saints—was a terrifying force in the current nine heavens!

...

Void abyss.

The barrier between Pingyang Heaven and Void Heaven—cleaved by Lu into nothingness.

Isolating two heavens.

Containing terrifying corrosive power.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—carrying the massive blood-dripping coffin—arrived majestically.

Behind him—Holy Hall Saints followed. The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor spread his power—enveloping them—resisting the void abyss’s corrosion.

Such a grand force crossing borders.

Lu naturally sensed it.

“Again?”

Lu raised a brow—but felt no great worry.

If it were before—Lu might struggle against the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

But after refining the Golden Element Immortal Demon Body—Lu had confidence.

Moreover—facing this grand procession—

Lu was not alarmed—but delighted.

He looked toward the Five Phoenix Continent.

Seeing Micah—seated atop the snowy mountain peak—in seclusion.

“Just right. The Five Phoenix Quasi-Emperors lack pressure. The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s arrival brings exactly that...”

Lu smiled.

Using an Ancient Emperor as a tool—perhaps only Lu dared.

Thus—above Origin Lake—

Lu smiled.

He took out the Spirit-Pressure Chessboard.

In his eyes—white lines interwove.

The chessboard domain slowly expanded in the void starry sky.

In the pavilion—Lu sat in his thousand-blade chair—carrying ease—picking up a chess piece.

Slowly placing it.

Snap!

The chess piece landed on the board.

Instantly—a Spirit-Pressure beam descended in the void starry sky.

As though Lu's aura climbed relentlessly.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—within the void abyss—

His divine soul power spread—enveloping dozens of Saints.

When Lu's Spirit-Pressure beam descended—

He snorted coldly.

“Defeated opponent—dare come again?”

Lu said lightly.

His voice echoed through the void starry sky.

“Lu Ping’an—you seek death!”

The Heavenly Spirit Clan Quasi-Emperor roared in fury.

Daring to call an Ancient Emperor a defeated opponent? How arrogant!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s aura fluctuated—carrying the coffin—his face revealing rage.

When had he been defeated by Lu Ping’an?

“Defeated opponent? When did this Emperor become your defeated opponent?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor suppressed his fury.

Lu smiled—saying nothing.

The world heard only the sound of chess pieces landing.

The next moment—

A scroll seemed to slowly unfurl between heaven and earth.

In the scroll—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was smashed on the head by Lu's Heaven-Stealing Tower—head bleeding—face dazed—then fleeing in panic.

“See... isn't it?”

Lu said.

The world fell silent.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan Saints—seeing the scene—felt their faith crumbling!

“Impudent!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor roared. Terrifying divine soul fluctuations swept—tearing the image apart.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor no longer suppressed his aura. Terrifying pressure capable of shattering the starry sky erupted.

Many life-bearing stars were blasted away by this force.

This Lu Ping’an... was truly infuriating!

That smug little face made the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s rage burn.

Boom!

Vast Emperor pressure spread—sweeping the entire starry battlefield.

On the Five Phoenix Continent—Origin Lake—

The sea surface surged with monstrous waves.

Lu smiled.

Picking up a chess piece—placing it slowly.

Snap!

The vast Emperor pressure was instantly drawn by Lu's chess piece—like a heavenly river pouring down.

Boom!

Within the Five Phoenixes—

All powerhouses paled.

Countless cultivators—struggled to breathe.

In the ancient tomb—Gu Mangran clutched his chest—gripping the Chrysanthemum Divine Herb—
suddenly awakening.

Atop the snowy mountain peak—

Micah suddenly opened his eyes—exhaling slowly.

“Ancient Emperor... has come again...”

“It seems I can no longer continue accumulating.”

“Scattering cultivation—restarting the path—everything... for this moment.”

Atop the snowy peak—Micah smiled.

He shook off the snow covering him.

Standing—gazing at the starry sky.

With a carefree smile—

“Wait for me to stretch... then I’ll become Emperor!”

With that—

Micah truly stretched atop the snowy peak.

As he stretched—the entire snowy mountain collapsed.

As though a slumbering peerless beast had awakened!

As though a path sealed for endless years—burst open as Micah stretched!

Boom!

Buzz...

Great winds rose—clouds flew.

Above the Five Phoenixes—Golden Immortal tribulation clouds gathered.

Chapter 546: Proving Emperor... Not Just One

This day, the Five Phoenix Continent was destined for unrest.

Even mortals could feel the oppressive atmosphere—like the suffocating tension before a storm.

Cultivators sensed it even more clearly—they knew what it meant.

The auras of peerless powerhouses were clashing—confronting each other!

The Five Phoenix Xuan Immortals raised their heads. Bai Qingniao, Nie Changqing, Overlord, Tang Yimo, and other Xuan Immortal powerhouses—all wore grave expressions.

Then—they soared into the sky. The Heavenly Gate manifested. One by one, the Xuan Immortals entered.

Beyond the Heavenly Gate.

No clamor.

Only one figure stood alone between heaven and earth.

Micah stood before the gate—gazing ahead—directly at a blooming green lotus.

Atop the green lotus was Lu Jiulian.

Within the Ascension Land, all Immortals retreated far away. Their hearts surged—they smelled gunpowder.

Next—perhaps a battle unforgettable to the world would erupt.

Sure enough.

As the Five Phoenix Xuan Immortals entered the Heavenly Gate—

Micah and Lu Jiulian charged into the outer void battlefield—beginning their clash.

This was not a fight to kill—but a battle to impact Extreme Realm.

Both unleashed their absolute strongest power!

Micah's "Extreme Realm Cultivation Method" was now quite famous on the Five Phoenix Continent. Many had heard of it.

After all—starting from scratch—pushing every realm to its absolute limit.

This was something ordinary people could not imagine.

Micah had great audacity. He scattered his cultivation—starting over from a mortal—now reaching Xuan Immortal Extreme Realm.

Such perseverance—ordinary people could not match.

Perhaps Micah chose Lu Jiulian because he sensed a familiar aura.

A familiar taste.

Lu Jiulian had studied every realm to perfection. This was also why Micah sought him.

Tang Guo—worried—entered the outer void battlefield to watch Lu Jiulian and Micah's battle.

Not just Tang Guo—Micah and Lu Jiulian were still at Xuan Immortal level—not like Lu and the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s battle before.

No one in the world dared watch recklessly.

This battle drew immense crowds.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

This was Quasi-Emperor-level combat. The shockwaves terrified every True Immortal.

They retreated again and again—only able to watch two lights—one azure, one gold—clashing from afar.

Two masses of light—like the purest energies between heaven and earth—colliding, intertwining.

Occasionally tearing space—unleashing world-shaking attacks.

Vast energies clashed—creating crisscrossing void rifts.

The void—once healed after Lu and the Ancient Emperor’s battle—cracked open again.

This battle lasted half a month.

Both fought daily—maintaining peak condition.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, and other Xuan Immortals were amazed.

Because Lu Jiulian and Micah used only the most basic attack methods.

Lu Jiulian’s combat was textbook-perfect—flawless.

Micah’s combat style was more aggressive.

Each had strengths and weaknesses.

Boom!

A heaven-shaking explosion.

Two Quasi-Emperor-level powerhouses flew backward.

Each crashed into withered world continents.

Micah rose—hair whipping. Lu Jiulian sat on his green lotus—cold and unsmiling.

The surrounding spectators' blood boiled. They saw long-range bombardment and extreme close-combat techniques.

This scene might forever be recorded!

Finally—

On the withered continent—

Micah and Lu Jiulian stopped fighting. They bowed slightly to each other.

As though shaking hands in reconciliation.

The Quasi-Emperor-level battle thus concluded.

As for who won—no one knew. Neither spoke of the result.

After this battle—Micah returned to Quasi-Emperor!

Even more—he gained clearer understanding of his own path.

Both exited the outer void battlefield.

Lu Julian left with hands behind his back.

Micah returned to the mortal world—to his snowy mountain peak—sitting cross-legged—contemplating the battle's details.

Comparing it to when he previously possessed Quasi-Emperor power.

...

Underworld.

Tantai Xuan emerged from the bitter sea.

The Hell Hound appeared. The nine city lords emerged. Beigong Saint Lord stood at the bitter sea's edge—welcoming Tantai Xuan together.

During this time—Tantai Xuan had submerged himself in the bitter sea.

Neither pleased nor saddened by external things.

Single-mindedly converting sin into karma.

Now—he finally emerged—having completed the transformation of his sins.

The bitter sea brought endless pain—constant erosion by its waters. Ordinary people could not endure it.

Yet Tantai Xuan persisted so long.

Now returning—with Quasi-Emperor cultivation.

As though summoned by fate.

Or as though agreed upon—

Quasi-Emperor powerhouses like Tantai Xuan, Micah, Lu Jiulian—emerged one after another.

...

Origin Lake, Origin Island.

After forging the innate spirit treasure—Heavenly Thunder Hammer and Chisel—completing the heavenly tribulation system—

Lu returned—finally free.

He gazed at the astronomical spiritual energy reserve on the system panel—calm.

Qi Refining grew harder the further one advanced.

If he panicked every time—why bother refining qi?

Now—the greatest restriction on the Five Phoenixes was the lack of anyone proving the Dao—truly achieving Golden Immortal—becoming Emperor.

Lu did not count. He, Lu Ping'an, was just an ordinary Qi Refiner.

Though he possessed Emperor-realm combat power—his strength was rooted in the Five Phoenixes—so his power was natural to the world.

Thus—not counted.

So—Lu waited.

Waiting for the Five Phoenixes to birth a true Emperor.

Only then might the Five Phoenixes have a chance to ascend—enter immortal martial.

“But truly impacting Emperor realm—I cannot help much. They must comprehend it themselves.”

Lu shook his head—fingers tapping the armrest.

Eyes gleaming.

Now—the Five Phoenixes had Emperor-realm seedlings.

Micah, Lu Jiulian, Zhu Long, Tantai Xuan...

All at Quasi-Emperor—capable of impacting Emperor.

As for other Xuan Immortals—they still fell short—searching for their own paths.

Micah’s path was Extreme Realm—breaking through via extremes.

Lu Jiulian’s was Perfection—Lu’s clone—experiencing cultivation perfectly—each realm textbook.

Perfection was Lu Jiulian’s path.

Who would ultimately succeed—Lu did not know.

The world quieted again.

But this time—it was the calm before the storm.

In the mortal realm—Micah sat atop a high mountain.

Comprehending. Seeking the Dao.

In the Ascension Land—Lu Jiulian sat on his green lotus—also comprehending.

Atop Buzhou Peak—Zhu Long played her bamboo flute—melody lingering.

In the Underworld—Tantai Xuan paced the Yellow Springs' banks—hands behind back.

As though racing against time.

...

Nine heavens.

Heavenly Spirit Clan ancestral land.

Suddenly—a terrifying aura descended—the Heavenly Dao will.

A massive human face coalesced.

Heavenly Spirit Clan powerhouses trembled in fear—staring horrified at the sky.

This was the Heavenly Dao will manifest—bringing overwhelming life-level pressure.

Deep in the palace—

The golden-haired Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor slowly emerged.

Standing before the palace steps—he raised his head—calmly meeting the massive face of the Heavenly Dao will.

“The Five Phoenixes is about to birth an Emperor... so you want this Emperor to destroy the Five Phoenixes?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor seemed to converse with the Heavenly Dao will.

The will's intent—even Heavenly Spirit Clan Quasi-Emperors could not understand.

But the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor heard clearly.

This was the privilege of transcending the Heavenly Dao—speaking as equals.

He laughed.

A sneer.

“You want those cowards hiding in the shadows—thinking they're playing a grand game—to act? Isn't this mess their own doing? Whoever made the mess cleans it up.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor sneered.

The Heavenly Dao face trembled—shifting—seeming to question him.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor continued shaking his head.

“Nothing to say. Why should this Emperor sit in the Primordial Starry Sky—dying for hundreds of thousands of years? Fighting with my life—while those guys enjoy themselves in the rear?!”

“Now—they made a mess—and expect this Emperor to clean it? Do they think this Emperor is some cheap thug?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said coldly.

He raised his hand—pointing at the Heavenly Dao face.

“If you want this Emperor to act—offer sufficient price. If not—shut up. Even the Heavenly Dao—this Emperor fears not. I’ll shatter it too!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s domineering words echoed through the entire Heavenly Spirit Clan ancestral land.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan beings were stunned.

This was their Emperor? So domineering—he dared challenge the Heavenly Dao!

“Price? You ask what price this Emperor wants?”

“I’ve been Emperor for three million seven hundred twenty thousand years—bitterly seeking the path beyond Emperor. If you, Heavenly Dao—open that path beyond Emperor—this Emperor... will help you once. What’s the harm?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said calmly.

Like a market auntie haggling.

The Heavenly Dao face raged—thick clouds roiling—seeming to summon apocalyptic disaster.

“Don’t play this game with this Emperor!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor clenched his fist—striking out.

Terrifying light pierced the clouds—shattering the apocalyptic disaster instantly.

Everything vanished.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor sneered coldly.

But soon—his smile faded.

Gazing beyond the nine heavens—toward the void starry sky.

The Five Phoenixes' existence had made the nine heavens' Heavenly Dao anxious—worried...

From the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's understanding of the Heavenly Dao—there was only one reason...

“Even the Heavenly Dao is anxious. The Five Phoenixes truly is about to birth an Emperor?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor narrowed his eyes.

“The Heavenly Dao only became anxious now. So Lu Ping'an is not a true Emperor—his combat power came from some external cause.”

“Now—the nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao worries. The Five Phoenixes is about to birth a true Emperor.”

“Who? Micah?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor pondered.

Micah betrayed the Heavenly Spirit Clan—betrayed the Holy Hall—joined the Five Phoenixes.

All for breaking through to Emperor.

“But is it possible? With the nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao blocking the path—even if Micah is a genius—he cannot become Emperor.”

“And betraying the Heavenly Spirit Clan—requires payment.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s face turned cold.

Then—he withdrew his gaze from the Five Phoenixes—looking at the sky.

Many holy clans speculated that in the ancient war—the Heavenly Spirit Clan gained the most—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor even orchestrated it—forcing many Emperor realms to flee.

But the true reason—only the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor knew.

He was the greatest victim!

As for where those guys went—Ancient Emperor Hao and other Emperors—what happened—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was unclear.

Until this return.

He saw Lu—and the troubles entwining Lu.

Rage surged.

While he fought desperately in the Primordial Starry Sky—those guys relaxed in the rear—using heaven, earth, and all beings as chess pieces—playing leisurely.

How could he, the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—accept this?

Did he look like a cheap laborer?!

In the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's view—the Five Phoenixes' growth to this point was likely those guys' doing in the shadows.

As for what those guys wanted—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had guesses—but dared not be certain.

After all—those guys were old foxes—living countless years.

Easily guessing their thoughts might be deliberate misdirection.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor turned—returning to the ancestral land.

But soon after—

Thick clouds gathered again.

The nine heavens' Heavenly Dao reconverged—appearing above the Heavenly Spirit Clan.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor walked out.

Meeting the Heavenly Dao face.

They seemed to converse.

After a long time—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's eyes suddenly brightened.

“You said it yourself—the Heavenly Dao does not jest!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's eyes gleamed.

“This Emperor helps you destroy the Five Phoenixes—you open the path beyond Emperor!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said.

Boom!

The nine heavens' Heavenly Dao roared.

Seeming to say—the Heavenly Dao does not jest.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor laughed heartily.

Finally—the opportunity had come.

Sitting in the Primordial Starry Sky—fighting desperately for hundreds of thousands of years—all for this day?

The Heavenly Dao dispersed.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's aura began rising relentlessly.

His gaze swept—leading the remaining Holy Hall Saints—preparing to move out.

One by one—Saints appeared. Even the aged Quasi-Emperor stepped forward.

“The former Holy Hall Master Micah betrayed the Heavenly Spirit Clan. This Emperor hates traitors most. Follow this Emperor—invade the Five Phoenixes—capture Micah! If the Five Phoenixes resists—kill without mercy!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said.

With that—

The many Saints roared in response.

Their voices echoed through every corner of the nine heavens.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor turned—once more shouldering the resealed coffin.

Then—carrying the coffin—step by step—toward the Five Phoenixes.

He carried the coffin—to avoid another accident.

The many Heavenly Spirit Clan Saints followed behind.

Though few in number—a true Ancient Emperor—plus dozens of Holy Hall Saints—was a terrifying force in the current nine heavens!

...

Void abyss.

The barrier between Pingyang Heaven and Void Heaven—cleaved by Lu into nothingness.

Isolating two heavens.

Containing terrifying corrosive power.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—carrying the massive blood-dripping coffin—arrived majestically.

Behind him—Holy Hall Saints followed. The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor spread his power—enveloping them—resisting the void abyss's corrosion.

Such a grand force crossing borders.

Lu naturally sensed it.

“Again?”

Lu raised a brow—but felt no great worry.

If it were before—Lu might struggle against the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

But after refining the Golden Element Immortal Demon Body—Lu had confidence.

Moreover—facing this grand procession—

Lu was not alarmed—but delighted.

He looked toward the Five Phoenix Continent.

Seeing Micah—seated atop the snowy mountain peak—in seclusion.

“Just right. The Five Phoenix Quasi-Emperors lack pressure. The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s arrival brings exactly that...”

Lu smiled.

Using an Ancient Emperor as a tool—perhaps only Lu dared.

Thus—above Origin Lake—

Lu smiled.

He took out the Spirit-Pressure Chessboard.

In his eyes—white lines interwove.

The chessboard domain slowly expanded in the void starry sky.

In the pavilion—Lu sat in his thousand-blade chair—carrying ease—picking up a chess piece.

Slowly placing it.

Snap!

The chess piece landed on the board.

Instantly—a Spirit-Pressure beam descended in the void starry sky.

As though Lu's aura climbed relentlessly.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—within the void abyss—

His divine soul power spread—enveloping dozens of Saints.

When Lu's Spirit-Pressure beam descended—

He snorted coldly.

“Defeated opponent—dare come again?”

Lu said lightly.

His voice echoed through the void starry sky.

“Lu Ping’an—you seek death!”

The Heavenly Spirit Clan Quasi-Emperor roared in fury.

Daring to call an Ancient Emperor a defeated opponent? How arrogant!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s aura fluctuated—carrying the coffin—his face revealing rage.

When had he been defeated by Lu Ping’an?

“Defeated opponent? When did this Emperor become your defeated opponent?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor suppressed his fury.

Lu smiled—saying nothing.

The world heard only the sound of chess pieces landing.

The next moment—

A scroll seemed to slowly unfurl between heaven and earth.

In the scroll—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was smashed on the head by Lu’s Heaven-Stealing Tower—head bleeding—face dazed—then fleeing in panic.

“See... isn’t it?”

Lu said.

The world fell silent.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan Saints—seeing the scene—felt their faith crumbling!

“Impudent!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor roared. Terrifying divine soul fluctuations swept—tearing the image apart.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor no longer suppressed his aura. Terrifying pressure capable of shattering the starry sky erupted.

Many life-bearing stars were blasted away by this force.

This Lu Ping'an... was truly infuriating!

That smug little face made the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's rage burn.

Boom!

Vast Emperor pressure spread—sweeping the entire starry battlefield.

On the Five Phoenix Continent—Origin Lake—

The sea surface surged with monstrous waves.

Lu smiled.

Picking up a chess piece—placing it slowly.

Snap!

The vast Emperor pressure was instantly drawn by Lu's chess piece—like a heavenly river pouring down.

Boom!

Within the Five Phoenixes—

All powerhouses paled.

Countless cultivators—struggled to breathe.

In the ancient tomb—Gu Mangran clutched his chest—gripping the Chrysanthemum Divine Herb—
suddenly awakening.

Atop the snowy mountain peak—

Micah suddenly opened his eyes—exhaling slowly.

“Ancient Emperor... has come again...”

“It seems I can no longer continue accumulating.”

“Scattering cultivation—restarting the path—everything... for this moment.”

Atop the snowy peak—Micah smiled.

He shook off the snow covering him.

Standing—gazing at the starry sky.

With a carefree smile—

“Wait for me to stretch... then I’ll become Emperor!”

With that—

Micah truly stretched atop the snowy peak.

As he stretched—the entire snowy mountain collapsed.

As though a slumbering peerless beast had awakened!

As though a path sealed for endless years—burst open as Micah stretched!

Boom!

Buzz...

Great winds rose—clouds flew.

Above the Five Phoenixes—Golden Immortal tribulation clouds gathered.

Chapter 547: Now—I Am Emperor

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine heavenly thunderbolts.

Each carried terrifying destructive power—equivalent to a Quasi-Emperor’s full-force strike.

The sky thundered endlessly.

The heavens changed color.

The earth quaked.

The once snow-capped mountain peak had long been leveled—reduced to a massive crater and barren brown soil. The ground smoked black from the thunder strikes.

The entire world fell silent. All eyes watched this grand tribulation.

This was a Quasi-Emperor-level Xuan Immortal facing Golden Immortal tribulation.

The most terrifying tribulation of the current era.

So-called Human Tribulation or True Tribulation—before this—were mere trifles.

The thunder's intensity was on a completely different level.

The Golden Immortal tribulation scorched the soil into crystalline forms.

After this tribulation—this place would become an absolute blessed land—fought over by countless cultivators.

The crystalline remnants contained thunder—supreme treasures for refining powerful thunder-attribute spirit artifacts.

Boom!

Micah's robes were shredded by the strikes—but he showed no dishevelment. Instead—his skin gleamed crystalline—radiant.

This was a supreme physique tempered by heavenly thunder.

Thunderbolt after thunderbolt fell without pause.

Every heart tightened—unable to relax.

Micah's eyes blazed.

He sensed it—two other places—where powerhouses faced identical Golden Immortal tribulation.

“Contention—contention... only with rivals is it meaningful.”

Micah's lips curved—revealing exhilaration.

In this moment—he felt his body reviving.

Even his fear of thunder vanished. Now—he only wished to conquer this tribulation—to walk his own path.

He only wished to win first in this contention!

To become the Five Phoenixes' first to successfully cross tribulation—proving the Dao—becoming Emperor!

The Five Phoenixes had given him new hope. He refused to lose—could not bear to lose!

With this thought—Micah laughed heartily.

Hair whipping—he soared upward—fearlessly charging into the thunder.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The entire mortal realm turned blinding white.

All watched in awe.

They felt they were witnessing a miracle—a legend being born.

Bolt after bolt.

Finally—when only nine thunderbolts remained—

The tribulation clouds slowed—as though exhausted—needing rest.

Micah knelt on one knee—blood dripping from mouth and nose.

Nine thousand nine hundred ninety thunderbolts had tempered his flesh to terrifying levels—but he still could not withstand the escalating tribulation.

Micah gasped heavily.

Even his breaths carried blood mist.

Nine remained.

After a moment's brewing—Micah sensed anomaly in the thunder.

He seemed to see—above the tribulation clouds—a divine general standing.

The general wielded hammer and chisel—gazing down furiously.

Transforming into lightning—it descended toward the mortal realm.

Seeking to slay Micah.

Micah's heart jolted—an inexplicable fear.

“The path to Emperor is arduous. In the nine heavens—there was no hope. But in the Five Phoenixes... I have this chance. What is there to fear?”

Micah laughed.

As though a heavy punch shattered his inner fear.

Dragging his bleeding body—he charged upward.

A clash.

Terrifying explosive shockwaves rippled outward.

Countless peaks exploded.

Micah—now a blood-soaked figure—fell back into the crater—his aura extremely feeble.

All cultivators were shaken.

They dared not breathe—watching Micah stagger—as though he might collapse at any moment.

No one's success came easily.

All paid immense prices—even Golden Immortals faced deathly odds.

The world trembled—as though witnessing a new era's birth.

At this moment—

In the Ascension Land.

It had become a sea of thunder. Amid the thunder sea—a green lotus endured endless bombardment.

In the Underworld.

Tantai Xuan sat cross-legged—bathed in lightning—enduring bolt after bolt.

This was a competition—to see who first became the Five Phoenixes' first Golden Immortal!

Undoubtedly—the first to succeed would seize the initiative—gaining vast worldly fortune!

Micah and Lu Jiulian's battle seemed to continue.

But this time—as tribulation crossing.

As for Tantai Xuan—he was purely joining in.

No one expected Tantai Xuan could cross Golden Immortal tribulation alongside them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Mountains and rivers shook. The earth rose and fell.

In the vast sea ancient tomb—

Gu Mangran drew a deep breath.

He was truly bewildered. He never imagined the Five Phoenixes could already birth an Emperor.

“Too... too fast...”

Gu Mangran felt everything was too rapid—beyond imagination.

He felt the vanished Ancient Emperors’ departure was only yesterday.

Yet now—a world capable of birthing Emperors had appeared.

Too absurd!

Had Gu Mangran not witnessed this world’s rise—he would never believe it.

It felt like a myth.

Emperor realm—once beings he respected and admired.

Now—Micah—his peer—qualified to impact Emperor.

Gu Mangran exhaled slowly. Even the Chrysanthemum Divine Herb in his grip lost its fragrance.

“It’s almost over.”

Suddenly—beside him—Lu Changkong—hands behind back—watching the tribulation—spoke.

The final tribulation bolts brewed—finally descending.

Boom!

Bolt after bolt flashed incandescent—illuminating the entire night.

...

In the void starry sky.

The golden Immortal Demon Body Lu gripped the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s descending sword.

This sword carried immense power.

Lu smiled—raising a hand. The phoenix plume sword appeared in his grasp—sweeping outward.

Golden demonic qi surged—enveloping the phoenix plume sword—as though reviving it.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor withdrew his sword. Countless sword lights cascaded like waterfalls.

Lu punched.

The waterfall exploded—scattering into countless sword qi.

Lu's goal was simple—stall the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

With three crossing tribulation in the Five Phoenixes—once they succeeded—three more Emperors.

With Lu's current strength—restraining the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was no issue. Their domains matched—neither overpowering the other.

When three Emperors joined the battlefield—

Even if the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was fearless—he would feel immense trouble.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor saw his sword blocked bare-handed by Lu.

Rage surged.

“This gold...”

“You’ve grown stronger!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor drew a deep breath.

Golden Lu smiled. His figure vanished like teleportation—reappearing—fist enlarging before the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor did not wish to entangle further. The longer this dragged—the worse for him.

Four Emperors—he could handle—but it would be troublesome.

Because then—he could not fulfill his deal with the nine heavens' Heavenly Dao.

Thus—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor grew truly anxious.

Boom!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor swept his sword.

Lu's massive golden fist collided—emitting crisp sounds.

Lu smiled—sliding backward.

“No rush—watch the show finish?”

“Micah—in the nine heavens for so many years—could not prove Emperor. Yet in the Five Phoenixes—only a few years—and he impacts Emperor. Don't you understand why?”

Lu said.

“Clearly—the nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao has issues. It restricts powerhouse births—blocks the path to Emperor. And likely—blocks your transcendence beyond Emperor.”

Lu smiled—speaking continuously.

“So—want to consider joining the Five Phoenixes?”

Lu said.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s eyes turned cold.

This guy—trying to shake his mentality?!

Though Lu spoke truth—an Ancient Emperor joining the Five Phoenixes—would Lu not fear usurpation?

Clearly—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor heard no sincerity in the invitation.

“Scram!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—carrying the coffin—said coldly.

Sword qi swept the starry sky—as though to slash down all stars!

Lu smiled.

Countless silver blades stacked—phoenix plume sword forming armor.

Blocking this sword.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor stepped forward—body vanishing like teleportation—attempting to bypass Lu—rushing toward the Five Phoenixes.

But Lu raised his hand.

A milky-white Spirit-Pressure beam crashed down.

One hundred millionfold Spirit-Pressure!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's body trembled. Taking this chance—Lu teleported—blocking his path again.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's rage could no longer be contained!

Endless?!

Suddenly—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's expression changed.

Silence.

Too silent!

The tribulation sounds—had ceased!

Meanwhile—golden Lu smiled.

The Five Phoenixes' Golden Immortal—had been born!

...

From utmost clamor to utmost silence—how long?

Actually—just an instant.

When the final Golden Immortal tribulation thunderbolt tore from the clouds—

The world's clamor reached its peak—as though to burst eardrums.

Weaker beings covered their ears in fright.

The tribulation clouds exploded.

Yet thunder interwove—forming a massive thunder hammer.

The final thunderbolt—transformed into the hammer—crashing down from the tribulation clouds.

This strike...

As though draining all energy from the Five Phoenix Continent.

Extreme light and heat—made everything dim.

The hammer fell.

Roaring echoed endlessly—void collapsing continuously.

This strike's power—absolutely reached Emperor realm—Golden Immortal level!

This was the thunder's final strike!

All held their breath—staring at this last bolt.

Micah gazed gravely—blood boiling.

The power to contend with Emperor realm...

Now—he had finally touched it.

He had always been confident.

But in the nine heavens—his confidence dulled—even doubting himself.

Now—in the Five Phoenixes—he regained his lost confidence!

He—Micah—was a peerless genius!

“I—Micah—today... must become Emperor!”

Unyielding conviction like bedrock.

A sharp whistle.

Micah transformed into red light—soaring upward.

Above the sky—the massive thunder hammer seemed to cover the entire firmament.

The hammer face pressed down.

Micah—like an ant—fearlessly charged toward the hammer face—like a moth to flame!

Boom!

The hammer face smashed down.

The earth—in this moment—shook like a shaken carpet.

As though a brilliant star self-destructed—explosive energy swept across the Five Phoenixes' mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas.

Raising terrifying storms—giant waves—tsunamis.

Countless Five Phoenix Immortals acted—suppressing these disasters—gaining fortune.

After a long time...

Everything finally calmed.

In the tens-of-thousands-meter-wide crater—from high above the Five Phoenixes—a massive gap was visible.

Micah sat cross-legged at the crater's bottom.

His skin incinerated—exposing blood-drenched flesh—even stark white bones clearly visible.

His divine soul nearly cracked—nearly melting under the thunder hammer's strike.

Emperor-realm strike...

Too strong!

As this strike ended—the tribulation clouds began dissipating.

Coming fast—leaving fast.

The sky was covered in vast fortune—like a massive ocean.

Seeming to envelop the entire firmament.

Fortune like seas—in this moment... Micah officially stepped into Golden Immortal realm!

Micah raised his head.

Above the sky—the tribulation clouds vanished—replaced by seven-colored radiance.

He breathed heavily—staring at the sky.

He wanted to know...

Who was the Five Phoenixes' first Golden Immortal?

Because—at this moment—the commotion in the Ascension Land and Underworld had also ceased.

In the Underworld.

The entire bitter sea calmed.

Countless departed souls trembled—watching the figure by the Yellow Springs.

Tantai Xuan stood quietly. Radiance poured down. The barren Yellow Springs banks—grew vibrant beautiful flowers.

Turning the Yellow Springs into a sea of blossoms.

Letting countless departed souls—before reincarnation judgment—see the most beautiful sight of their lives.

Extra fortune descended.

Tantai Xuan's aura climbed relentlessly.

So—the first to step into Golden Immortal—was not Micah—not Lu Jiulian—but the unexpected Tantai Xuan.

...

With three Golden Immortals born—the Five Phoenixes' worldly fortune surged massively.

This was a grand opportunity.

Countless cultivators sought to seize it—gain fortune.

Each fortune fluctuation—was the best time to obtain it.

Micah ignored these.

He rose from the crater—stretching.

The entire world shook.

He felt his soul freed—gaining boundless ease.

“Emperor realm... this is Emperor realm.”

Micah laughed—stepping forward.

Appearing beyond the Five Phoenixes.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan Holy Hall Saints froze—staring at Micah.

“Traitor! Heavenly Spirit Clan traitor!”

Suddenly.

The aged Quasi-Emperor spoke.

He stared at Micah—his aura surging—transforming into light—charging.

However—

Soon.

The aged Quasi-Emperor’s body stiffened.

As though a breeze passed.

Micah's figure—like teleportation—appeared beside him. A finger pressed his brow.

The Quasi-Emperor's pupils contracted.

Pressure instantly gripped his entire body.

“Once—I was like you—bound by the Heavenly Dao—decayed and powerless.”

“Now—I have been reborn.”

“Quasi-Emperor—I am no longer.”

“Now—I am Emperor.”

Micah said calmly.

His finger pressed lightly—as though it could pierce a Second-Derivation high-martial world.

The Quasi-Emperor felt the world spin—then was flicked by Micah’s finger—sent flying into the outer void battlefield.

Like a streak of light—he shattered over a dozen Third-Derivation withered high-martial continents.

Boom!

Finally—the aged Quasi-Emperor crashed into a barren, eliminated continent’s surface.

Blood flowed.

He did not die. He stared blankly at the shattered continental fragments.

His eyes dazed.

Looking at Micah—he saw his own youthful self—full of ambition upon becoming Quasi-Emperor.

Now—he had completely lost that edge.

He became a speck of dust on the path to Emperor.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, Nie Changqing, and other Xuan Immortals drew deep breaths—watching Micah—watching him break through Xuan Immortal Extreme—enter Golden Immortal.

They felt life-level suppression.

One finger defeated the Holy Hall Quasi-Emperor—once Micah’s equal.

This dealt immense shock to the other Holy Hall Saints.

They forgot the battle—staring blankly at Micah.

The former Holy Hall Master—had proven Emperor!

In millions of years of the nine heavens—the first to newly prove the Dao—become Emperor... Micah!

This was not an ancient Emperor—but a newly proven Emperor realm.

In this moment—in these Holy Hall Saints’ eyes—everything dimmed.

Only Micah—remained—like a brilliant constant star—radiating dazzling light.

Perhaps... joining the Five Phoenixes—was right?!

These Holy Hall Saints' convictions began wavering!

Boom!

Suddenly.

The two clashing domains tore apart.

Sword qi swept—carving a wide path.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor walked out from his sword qi domain.

With three Golden Immortals born—Lu no longer blocked him.

Thus—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor easily exited the domain.

Micah raised his head—golden hair whipping—fighting spirit soaring.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—carrying the coffin—looked down.

Two Emperor pressures spread—equally matched.

Representing—

A new Emperor—challenging the old authority Emperor!

Chapter 548: I, Lu Ping'an, Don't Like Gang Fights

The wind howled mournfully.

Beyond the Five Phoenixes, the atmosphere was deathly still.

A new Emperor had been born, yet the Ancient Emperor remained. Their Emperor pressures clashed mightily—forming a terrifying storm.

From the very beginning, they seemed destined to stand opposed.

Having achieved Golden Immortal—becoming the first Emperor in the nine heavens in millions of years—Micah’s aura reached its absolute peak in this moment.

Everything he had once dreamed of—had now come true.

His heart burned like fire. He wished to challenge the old authority.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor hovered—looking down—his eyes carrying the pressure of a superior.

He carried the coffin on his back—his body wreathed in vast energy.

The powerhouses of the Heavenly Spirit Clan Holy Hall stood in the void—drawing deep breaths—watching this confrontation.

They had never imagined such a scene.

Micah proving Emperor—confronting the Heavenly Spirit Clan’s Ancient Emperor.

This sight was one for the ages—how breathtaking.

Many Saints' convictions were shaken. Though they firmly revered the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—their hearts still harbored a trace of longing.

Longing for what?

Perhaps—for a myth to be shattered.

Micah was the challenger. The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was the eternal myth.

And now—Micah sought to challenge the eternal myth—to challenge the impossible.

From afar—

Lu watched the spectacle.

In truth—with his current state—he still had some chance against the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor. Though the Emperor was strong—after obtaining the Golden Element Immortal Demon Body and consolidating his Qi Refining Layer Ten cultivation—

Lu was not without suppression against the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

Most importantly—Lu had a trump card: Heavenly Dao blessing.

The current Five Phoenix Heavenly Dao was immensely powerful.

Though still inferior to the nine heavens' Heavenly Dao—

It was still a Heavenly Dao. With its blessing—Lu's combat power would rise further.

By then...

With the Golden Element Immortal Demon Body—he should have confidence to hammer the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

However—all this was based on the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's displayed strength.

Yet Lu did not believe a millions-year-old Ancient Emperor only possessed this level.

The coffin the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor carried—clearly hid something.

Micah proving Emperor—was within Lu’s expectations.

Lu had stalled the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor precisely to create this opportunity for Micah.

Now—the opportunity had arrived.

With Micah successfully proving Emperor—confronting the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—

An Emperor battle was inevitable.

A clash between new Emperor and old Emperor.

Lu had no intention of intervening. Perfect for letting Micah and the others train.

While Micah, Lu Jiulian, and Tantai Xuan proved Emperor—Lu clearly felt massive spiritual energy contributions—greatly elevating his cultivation.

This further bolstered Lu’s confidence.

Facing the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—he grew increasingly assured.

...

Micah looked at the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—expression complex—but mostly excited and eager.

“Emperor—long time no see.”

Micah spoke.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor looked down—his eyes showing no emotional fluctuation. Micah proving Emperor surprised him—but he did not care much.

“Even having proven Emperor—you remain a traitor. Think proving Emperor lets you challenge this Emperor?”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said calmly.

His Heavenly Spirit Sword slowly rose. The imperial weapon’s aura seemed ready to shatter endless void.

“You... are still far off.”

Micah said nothing.

Only his aura grew increasingly powerful—overwhelming.

This power stemmed from unshakeable belief in himself.

Micah had always believed his talent rivaled Ancient Emperors.

After all—in his era—he was the most gifted, the most monstrous cultivator.

He was the brightest star among geniuses.

Even in his twilight—he had firmly believed this. Thus—heaven left a path.

On this path—he displayed peerless brilliance!

With the Five Phoenixes’ help—he restarted cultivation—scattering his peak cultivation—beginning anew.

Now—he had truly broken the shackles—proving the Dao—becoming Emperor.

“Back then—when I first emerged—full of spirit—I once pointed at the heavens—boldly declaring: one day—I will battle an Emperor.”

“I chased this goal for hundreds of thousands of years. Yet in Quasi-Emperor realm—I saw no hope.”

“Today—I have regained my former self.”

Micah said.

The next moment—his aura reached its zenith.

Vast fortune surged above his head—like a vast sea.

Buzz!

Void shattered. Micah struck first—crossing the sky. Today—he, Micah—would ignite a true Emperor battle!

“Merely newly proven.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor sneered.

He admitted Micah surprised him—but so what?

He had accumulated in Emperor realm far longer than Micah. Constantly battling in the Primordial Starry Sky—how could a newly proven Emperor compare?

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor moved instantly.

Yet as he acted—he remained wary of Lu.

Lu Ping’an—this was the one he truly feared in the Five Phoenixes. The other newly proven Emperors—he did not worry about.

But Lu—he could not see through.

He always felt Lu had hidden cards.

Thus—he had to keep part of his mind on Lu.

Boom!

Micah and the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor clashed.

This was an Emperor-realm battle—instantly entering the outer void battlefield. Terrifying sword light leaked from the battlefield.

Sword light swept—as though to pierce the entire world.

Fortunately—Lu acted—easily suppressing the sword qi.

Micah fought bravely—like swimming against a raging current—constantly advancing.

He cleaved wind and waves—his battle intent soared.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The terrifying battle shook the entire outer void battlefield.

Countless powerhouses—risking life—entered the outer void battlefield to watch.

Compared to Lu and the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's battle—this one drew their eyes more. Not just because of grudges—but the transition between new Emperor and old—representing an era's change.

Thus—they watched intently.

Terrifying power swept—even Saints felt extreme pressure.

Yet they endured the aftermath—still staring at the two figures—blazing like constant stars—in the outer void battlefield.

They were too strong—casual moves capable of destroying everything.

Lu naturally watched too.

What surprised him—was that Micah—under the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's oppression—showed no fear or retreat.

That battle intent—even made Lu click his tongue.

Like a leopard facing a tiger.

Of course—what shocked Lu more... was that Micah did not collapse instantly.

Though Micah had proven Emperor—the gap with the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was still vast.

A millions-year-old Ancient Emperor—who knew his full depth?

“Fight!”

Micah blazed with radiant light. His fist struck—a dead continent shattered.

He attacked with full force—every cell and drop of blood reviving.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s sword moved—displaying ultimate killing intent.

His eyes cold—but within the coldness—indeed some surprise.

Micah's flesh was strong—stronger than newly proven Emperors. Moreover—Micah's foundation was solid—solid enough to astonish him.

“I proved the Dao through Extreme Realm. Today—I battle an Emperor!”

Micah's golden hair whipped. His entire being seemed rejuvenated—robes fluttering—like peerless sharpness—capable of cutting everything.

His aura rose and fell.

Shockwaves scattered—causing many watching Saints to cough blood—like torn paintings—flying backward.

Micah's eyes blazed. In this moment—he evolved fist techniques.

Using his Extreme Realm path—he created Extreme Dao Fist!

Each punch seemed to push through eternity.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's gaze condensed—but he merely sneered.

Sword light rose—sweeping across the sky.

Pfft!

Micah's fist collided with sword light—instantly drawing blood.

Every drop of blood seemed capable of crushing void.

Blood-soaked—Micah remained fearless—still executing his newly comprehended Extreme Dao Fist.

Each punch's wind carried terrifying power—capable of annihilating anything below Third-Derivation high-martial.

The surrounding spectators' blood boiled. They stared greedily at Micah.

An Emperor-realm powerhouse evolving fist techniques on the spot—what priceless scene.

If they could comprehend something—their strength would leap forward.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, and others' eyes gleamed. Micah's domineering fist style somewhat resembled theirs. Perhaps they could learn—gain insight—even obtain a chance to prove the Dao.

Void tore open.

Two terrifying pressures spread.

Lu Julian sat on his green lotus—entering the outer void battlefield.

Tantai Xuan stepped on a vast sea of karma—like a peerless Emperor—standing in the sky.

Their appearance brought endless pressure.

“Another Emperor!”

“Such terrifying aura! The void is nearly crushed... two more newly born Emperors!”

“Including Micah—three consecutive Emperors born! What kind of opportunity is this!”

“The Five Phoenixes... the Five Phoenixes truly is a land of hope. In the nine heavens—proving Emperor was hopeless. But this new world—the Five Phoenixes—is filled with opportunity!”

Many Saints—seeing Tantai Xuan and Lu Jiulian—had their mentalities shift.

They became somewhat frenzied—unable to suppress their emotions.

The nine heavens blocked the path to Emperor—for millions of years—how many peerless prodigies failed to prove the Dao.

While the Five Phoenixes—a newly opened heaven—was brimming with fortune. Proving Emperor... was right now!

In an instant—many Saints’ hearts wavered—wanting to join the Five Phoenixes like Micah.

Tantai Xuan and Lu Jiulian glanced at Lu—slightly nodding.

Their eyes still carried complexity.

Upon reaching Golden Immortal—they thought they could see through Lu’s cultivation—yet Lu remained shrouded in mystery.

Perhaps... this was Young Master Lu—always enigmatic.

Then—their attention fell on Micah and the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's battle.

Their expressions grew grave.

Micah was completely suppressed—beaten badly. The gap was too vast.

Though Micah evolved Emperor-realm fist techniques—the disparity in raw power and combat experience could not be bridged quickly.

Most importantly...

Micah had no imperial weapon.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's Heavenly Spirit Sword was a true imperial weapon—forged with care—accompanying him for millions of years.

With such a weapon—his combat power was naturally immense.

While Micah, Tantai Xuan, and Lu Jiulian—having just proven the Dao—had no imperial weapons.

This was their greatest disadvantage.

Pfft!

In the void—a burst of blood exploded.

Micah's fists were slashed to bare bone.

He understood his disadvantage—but he refused to retreat—like an unyielding challenger.

Charging forward relentlessly.

His pushing fist technique carried extreme explosive power.

The outer void battlefield had long shattered—endless rifts spreading. Spatial cracks carried terrifying tearing force—bombarding the two Emperors.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor remained composed.

Carrying the coffin—each move a killing strike.

Micah—blood-soaked—his thunder-tempered flesh covered in wounds.

“Weak... too weak.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said calmly.

“Boring.”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor shook his head. He did not wish to continue fighting Micah.

With Lu Jiulian and Tantai Xuan’s appearance—plus the Lu he feared—he must end this quickly.

His gaze turned cold.

“Failing to stop the Five Phoenixes from birthing Emperors—nearly failing the deal with the nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao. But there is still a chance to salvage... Proving Emperor? So what?”

“To fulfill the deal with the nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao—the newly proven Emperors must be slaughtered.”

“Slaughter you all—the deal will naturally complete!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s eyes gradually filled with killing intent.

Micah contended for the chance to prove Emperor. Who in the world did not strive to climb higher?

He—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—was the same.

His pursuit was even more lofty.

The nine heavens’ Heavenly Dao was willing to open a path beyond Emperor.

How could he not seize it properly?!

“Proving Emperor is perfect. Today—this Emperor will dye the heavens with new Emperor blood—shocking this world!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s sword qi domain suddenly erupted.

Within the domain—countless sword lights interwove. Every sword qi was heavy as a mountain.

Micah roared.

His own Emperor-realm domain fully erupted—Extreme Realm domain!

Within this domain—all his states reached peak!

Boom!

The vast sea of fortune above Micah’s head surged.

Transforming.

Around Micah’s body—it became a coiling fortune dragon—roaring in the void.

Majestic and unparalleled.

Endless fortune gathered into a single fist.

Fearlessly—he plunged into the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's Emperor-realm domain.

Boom!

A heaven-shaking collision erupted.

Micah's body flew backward at lightning speed—blood spraying from every pore.

On the other side—the terrifying explosion dissipated.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor gripped his Heavenly Spirit Sword—slowly lowering his head—looking at his chest.

There—a fist imprint caved in. A trickle of crimson spread from the imprint.

“Hahahaha...”

The world was deathly silent. Gradually—Micah’s heavy breathing echoed.

Micah—blood-soaked—stood in the void.

Looking at the fist imprint on the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s chest—he laughed.

Satisfied.

With newly proven Emperor strength—leaving a fist imprint on a millions-year-old Ancient Emperor.

He was satisfied!

This time he left a fist imprint. When he grew stronger—next time—he could hammer the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s head!

“Seeking death!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's gaze gradually filled with cold killing intent.

But Micah ignored him.

Turning—he looked at Lu Jiulian and Tantai Xuan beside Lu.

Tantai Xuan—was the one who proved Emperor before him?

The Five Phoenixes' first Emperor?

Lu Jiulian and Tantai Xuan exchanged glances—smiling at each other.

The next moment—vast seas of fortune surged from them.

Lu Jiulian's fortune—like a green lotus blooming deep in the starry sky—emerging unsullied from mud.

Tantai Xuan was incomparably domineering. One step—fortune surged like vast seas—seeming to become all living beings—become mountains, rivers, and state.

Micah laughed heartily. Newly proven Emperor—he naturally could not defeat the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

But the Five Phoenixes had more than one new Emperor.

Time for a just gang fight!

Boom!

Three Emperor pressures erupted simultaneously.

The entire outer void battlefield trembled—as though about to explode.

The Saints' faces changed drastically—blood rushing to their heads—as though suppressed beyond endurance.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor narrowed his eyes.

Three Emperors.

His gaze shifted—falling on Lu.

In truth—he feared only Lu—the golden demonic body Lu.

Yet Lu merely spread his hands—sitting in his thousand-blade chair—smiling.

“Don’t worry—I, Lu Ping’an, am not the type who likes gang fights...”

Lu said.

The next moment—Lu raised his hand—snapping his fingers.

“Little girl—now that you’ve broken through—come out and warm up.”

“Rare chance to team up with an Ancient Emperor. This village won’t have this shop again.”

Lu said.

With that—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's expression froze.

Look at this—what kind of words were these?

This guy—trying to mess with his mentality again!

Planning to use him again?

Meanwhile—Tantai Xuan, Micah, and Lu Jiulian paused.

Lu Jiulian seemed to recall something—smiling.

In the void—

A crisp sound suddenly rang—like pearls falling on jade plates.

“Alright, Father.”

The crisp voice carried obedience—echoing.

Void tore open.

A serene, maiden-like girl quietly walked from the rift.

As she walked—behind her—faintly visible—the Five Phoenixes' Heavenly Dao star!

Around the Heavenly Dao star—a colossal human-headed dragon-bodied beast coiled. Innate yin-yang qi flowed—its aura like a terrifying storm!

Buzhou Peak Demoness!

Overlord, Tang Yimo, Sima Qingshan, and other Five Phoenix Xuan Immortals' gazes condensed.

When did Zhu Long prove Golden Immortal?

Why had none of them noticed?

Worthy of the Buzhou Peak Demoness—the darling of heaven and earth...

While Lu Jiulian, Tantai Xuan, and Micah proved the Dao—struck half-dead by Golden Immortal tribulation—

Zhu Long's proving was like a gentle breeze—no sign of tribulation clouds.

Meanwhile—the Heavenly Spirit Clan Holy Hall Saints' expressions changed drastically.

What the hell... another Emperor?!

How did the Five Phoenixes produce another Emperor?!

Zhu Long closed her eyes—long lashes trembling—lips pursed—adorable dimples blooming like ripples from a dragonfly's touch.

Her body—blessed by Heavenly Dao fortune—carried terrifyingly powerful aura.

The moment Zhu Long appeared—the coffin on the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's back trembled violently.

His expression grew grave.

“This girl’s aura... somewhat resembles... an innate divine demon?!”

But now was not the time to dwell on that.

Micah, Tantai Xuan, Lu Jiulian, and Zhu Long—four Emperors—attacked simultaneously.

Like four constant stars colliding.

In an instant—void shattered.

For the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—four Emperors brought pressure.

But as long as Lu did not act—it remained acceptable.

However—in the heavens and earth—the leisurely sound of chess pieces landing echoed.

A powerful one hundred millionfold Spirit-Pressure beam crashed onto the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—smashing his head askew.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor froze.

The next moment—his expression gradually twisted into ferocity.

You Lu Ping'an said you don't like gang fights?!

Meanwhile—in the void—

Lu sat in his thousand-blade chair—white robes fluttering—lightly twirling a chess piece—smiling leisurely.

He didn't like gang fights.

He just provided some distant support.

Chapter 549: You Still Want to Create Something from Nothing?

One hundred millionfold Spirit-Pressure beam descended.

Precisely smashing into the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's head—knocking it slightly askew.

In that instant—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's body froze.

This move—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had experienced before.

In his earlier clash with Lu—he had suffered from it.

Its destructive power might not be immense—but that brief control was the most infuriating. That momentary freeze—for an Emperor-realm powerhouse—was an enormous opening.

And in that instant—

Micah, Lu Jiulian, Zhu Long, and Tantai Xuan—four Emperors—struck simultaneously.

Terrifying Emperor pressure surged.

As though to tear open the sky—endless energy exploded.

Micah thrust forward his newly evolved “Extreme Dao Emperor Fist.” Though previously beaten bloody by the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—it did not stop him from unleashing peerless killing moves.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—an old Emperor famed for millions of years—possessed strength far beyond newly proven Emperors. Thus—Lu Jiulian and the others showed no relaxation.

A three-colored lotus appeared in Lu Jiulian's hand—spinning. Within it—terrifying explosive energy.

He flicked his finger.

The lotus floated lightly forward.

Zhu Long—eyes closed—swung a palm toward the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

Tantai Xuan was direct. A long halberd appeared in his hand—sweeping—unleashing endless rolling karma.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

All attacks landed on the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—restrained by the Spirit-Pressure beam.

The heavy blows made him grunt in that instant.

Boom!

Void completely collapsed—endless rifts like devouring beasts—baring ferocious fangs.

In the outer void battlefield—

All were stunned.

This scene—they truly never expected.

Four Emperors—gang-beating the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor...

In an instant—the Ancient Emperor suffered greatly—grunting from the blows!

Emperor battle!

Chaotic Emperor battle!

In this moment—a true Emperor battle erupted. Five Emperors—no... plus the sneaky Lu—six Emperors.

Six Emperors clashing in the outer void battlefield—this scene rivaled the ancient war's lineup.

Emperor-realm chaos—unseen for countless years—who could imagine witnessing it now!

The Holy Hall Saints' scalps tingled.

They had confidence in the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—but now—they also felt immense pressure.

Four Emperors—plus an unfathomable Lu. Could the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor withstand and survive?

Difficult—extremely difficult!

Meanwhile—the Quasi-Emperor flicked away by Micah stared blankly at the scene. He never imagined—even with the Ancient Emperor acting—the Five Phoenixes could not be taken down!

Micah proved Emperor.

And the Five Phoenixes had three more powerhouses prove Emperor!

Could it be... this was the great era of the Five Phoenixes—the choice Micah made?

He had once been a monstrous genius like Micah in his era.

Yet who remained from that era's prodigies?

Only he and Micah.

Now—he was in decline—while Micah... was like a rising morning star!

Perhaps... he truly was wrong!

The nine heavens... truly was not suitable for them.

Boom!

Terrifying explosion swept outward.

From the pitch-black rift—a figure slowly emerged—bound by thick chains.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—cold and ruthless—emerged unscathed.

Still carrying the coffin—aside from tattered robes—he showed no dishevelment.

“Teaming up...”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s tone grew colder—killing intent surging.

He never imagined being forced to this extent.

“This Emperor guarded the Primordial Starry Sky for hundreds of thousands of years—experiencing countless near-deaths. When this Emperor slew innate divine demons... you all weren’t even born!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor said coldly.

His body erupted with powerful shockwaves—boundless Emperor pressure surging.

Lu Jiulian and others’ robes whipped wildly.

“So strong!”

Lu Jiulian's pupils contracted.

The energy within the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was like a violently exploding star—ready to annihilate everything at any moment.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Zhu Long flew backward—eyes closed—long lashes trembling. Without a word—

She tore space—shooting forward again.

Lu Jiulian—silent—flicked lotus after lotus. Each contained annihilating energy!

Bang!

Lotus explosions bloomed—rising into towering smoke clouds.

Yet the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor remained largely uninjured.

Zhu Long clashed close-range with him. Each strike carried immense weight—but the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor showed no weakness.

He knew well—in a life-and-death battle—weakness meant death was near.

Lightning-fast exchanges.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor kicked horizontally. Zhu Long's palm met it lightly.

Boom!

Void shattered—collapsing.

Zhu Long felt her arms nearly explode.

“Die!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor seized the opening—eyes blazing.

His imperial weapon—the Heavenly Spirit Sword—unleashed terrifying cutting power—slashing toward Zhu Long’s beautiful head.

For an Ancient Emperor—destroying flowers was nothing.

Lu—seated in his thousand-blade chair—one hand propping chin—the other twirling a chess piece.

Seeing Zhu Long quickly fall behind—he shook his head.

“Still too little combat experience.”

“This rare opportunity—to let the little girl train—is wise.”

Snap.

A chess piece fell.

One hundred millionfold Spirit-Pressure crashed down—slamming the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor again.

His sword toward Zhu Long paused.

Seizing the moment—Zhu Long suddenly opened her eyes—then closed them.

Black-and-white beams—containing annihilating power—shot from her eyes.

Pfft!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor stared in disbelief as rays from Zhu Long's eyes pierced his body—tearing away a chunk of flesh.

This was his first injury!

Though Micah's earlier punch landed—it was negligible to him!

Zhu Long retreated. Micah advanced—fist after fist—Extreme Dao Fist pushing forward.

Wounds and blood seemed to enrage the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

He roared furiously.

“Lu Ping’an!”

He was truly enraged.

These four Emperors—were nothing.

What infuriated him most—was Lu Ping’an.

That unpredictable Spirit-Pressure—freezing his body—was the most dangerous!

Facing Micah’s Extreme Dao Fist—he did not counter with imperial sword—but punched back—clashing fists.

Fist met fist. The loser—Micah.

Micah coughed blood—flying backward again.

His flesh strength was still inferior.

Tantai Xuan's karma surged. His long halberd swept—unleashing endless rolling karma.

“Those who invade the Five Phoenixes—be you Ancient Emperor or not—all die!”

Tantai Xuan roared.

The halberd clashed fiercely with the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's sword light.

Sparks flew—each carrying apocalyptic fire power.

Tantai Xuan was no weakling. Though he ruled as Human Emperor in the mortal realm—and Nether Emperor in the Underworld—rarely acting personally—

In his early days—he was a Great Zhou warlord—leading northern armies—resisting northern Xirong—ruthless to the extreme.

He was no pushover. Now—proving Nether Emperor—his innate ruthlessness remained.

Second round of clashes.

Four Emperors—once again suppressed.

But they were not without results—at least... the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor bled.

Lu Jiulian continuously flicked explosive lotus energy.

Each bloom could annihilate Third-Derivation or lower high-martial worlds.

Like a dragon-tiger struggle.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—one against four—showed no disadvantage!

Even Lu could not help but praise. This Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—truly had depth.

Millions of years—had not been wasted.

In Emperor realm—a stage full of pitfalls—he had walked far.

Boom!

Four Emperors flew backward—crashing through void—shattering countless continents in the shockwaves.

Saints coughed blood.

Increasingly intense—as though losing control—the battle’s pressure made many Saints cough blood uncontrollably.

Their strength could no longer support continued viewing.

Thus—though faces burned with fervor—wanting to witness the Emperor battle fully—

They retreated from the outer void battlefield—for survival.

Standing in the void starry sky—they awaited the final outcome.

Overlord and Tang Yimo erupted with extreme demonic qi. Their flesh was strong—enduring the pressure—staring at the battle.

Newly proven Xuan Immortals like Du Longyang and Ye Shoudao could not hold—also retreating from the outer void battlefield.

Emperor-realm battle grew increasingly fierce.

In the end—even Overlord and Tang Yimo—with their powerful flesh—could not endure.

Emperor-realm destruction nearly tore their bodies apart.

They too retreated—only able to look up—gazing at the starry sky—sensing the ceaseless roaring from the outer void battlefield.

They could no longer watch. They could only wait—to see who emerged alive.

They had a premonition—this battle...

Would be extremely brutal!

Extremely brutal—even...

Possibly claiming an Emperor's life!

...

Now—in the outer void battlefield—

Only Lu remained watching.

Gang fights were impossible. Lu merely occasionally threw a Spirit-Pressure—providing support.

Micah, Tantai Xuan, Lu Jiulian, and Zhu Long—four Emperors—battled freely—growing in combat.

Even Lu had to admit—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was truly strong.

One against four—showing no disadvantage—even suppressing the four newly proven Emperors.

Without Lu's occasional Spirit-Pressure disrupting the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's mentality—

One of the four might have already fallen.

Micah—having fought the Emperor alone earlier—evolved Extreme Dao Emperor Fist.

Thus—he became this battle’s main force.

Of course—also the most injured.

Emperor-realm power was truly terrifying. The outer void battlefield could not withstand such destruction.

The ancient war—fought in the outer void battlefield—still devastated the nine heavens.

If they continued—the aftermath might leak from the outer void battlefield—affecting the Five Phoenixes—affecting the void starry sky.

But the gains were immense.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—often about to land fatal blows—suffered Lu’s Spirit-Pressure.

That instant—he nearly cursed.

This battle—was the most frustrating of his life.

Even his battle with Ancient Emperor Hao was not this aggravating.

Several times—he nearly shifted targets—killing toward Lu directly.

But Zhu Long and others blocked him.

Meanwhile—Zhu Long, Lu Jiulian, and Tantai Xuan—like Micah—evolved their own Emperor-realm combat methods.

Lu Jiulian evolved his Emperor-realm battle art: Fury Lotus.

Fury Lotus—divided into three-color, five-color, seven-color, nine-color levels.

Like Micah's Extreme Dao Emperor Fist—both Emperor-realm arts.

Though still needing perfection.

Tantai Xuan also evolved an Emperor-realm art.

He named it Six Paths Reincarnation Halberd—incorporating the mysteries of Six Paths Reincarnation Visualization—into his halberd.

Attacks manifested the Underworld—gaining Underworld karma blessing.

Power boundless!

As for Zhu Long—her Emperor-realm art was her divine ability. In this battle—she did not use her signature innate divine ability: Yin-Yang Millstone.

Instead—in constant combat—she perfected her Yin-Yang domain.

But overall—the tide ebbed and flowed. The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's energy mastery surpassed Lu Jiulian and others.

Finally—Zhu Long unleashed her divine ability.

The moment she opened her eyes—the world dimmed.

Black and white engulfed everything.

Drip—drip—drip—

Terrifying explosions constantly erupted.

Micah, Lu Jiulian, and Tantai Xuan's hearts jolted.

This divine ability... grew more terrifying!

Lu also narrowed his eyes. Zhu Long—nurtured by Heavenly Dao—her divine ability had grown stronger.

At least—her innate yin-yang qi was far more powerful than before.

Boom!

Void completely shattered—endless dark chaotic currents surged.

Fragmented world continents—drawn into the dark chaos—were annihilated.

When dust settled—

Lu focused on the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's position.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—his body completely soaked in blood.

His Emperor flesh—struck by Zhu Long's divine ability—showed faint cracks. Blood trickled from them.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor gripped his Heavenly Spirit Sword—head lowered.

“Just minor injuries?! Not even heavily wounded?”

Tantai Xuan narrowed his eyes—feeling troubled.

He soon fell silent.

Worthy of a millions-year-old monster. Ancient Emperor strength truly exceeded imagination.

Without Young Master Lu's Spirit-Pressure assistance—

What would the outcome be now?

They might have been defeated one by one by the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor!

Lu smiled.

Rolling up his sleeve—picking a piece.

A white chess piece fell on the board—light sound echoing.

The next moment—

Beams descended—not Spirit-Pressure—but beams containing rapid recovery of internal spiritual energy and power.

Micah, Zhu Long, Lu Jiulian, and Tantai Xuan's conditions—in this moment—returned to peak!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—seeing this—tightened his grip on the Heavenly Spirit Sword.

This Lu Ping'an... how could he be so disgusting?!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's expression turned cold. Without his imperial weapon—and his immense strength—

He might have been the one suffering now.

“Must end this quickly...”

“Lu Ping'an...”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor coldly glanced.

In terms of combat experience—constantly sitting in the Primordial Starry Sky—battling innate divine demons endlessly—his experience far surpassed Micah and others.

He would end the battle in a way Lu could not assist!

“Today is your proving day...”

“But also your day of death.”

“You grasp Emperor-realm power too shallowly.”

Whoosh!

With that—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor loosened the chains on his back—thick chains connecting to the coffin.

Boom!

The coffin crashed heavily into the void—filled with dark chaotic currents.

The coffin’s material was exceptional—even dark chaos could not destroy it.

Loosening the coffin—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s aura soared!

Roar!

The next moment—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's burly body gripped the Heavenly Spirit Sword—seeming to roar at the starry sky.

Endless sword qi spread from him.

Sword qi domain.

Like a vast white sea of clouds—descending from the heavens!

Domain confrontation?!

Micah's expression changed slightly.

His domain uncontrollably surged out.

Tantai Xuan, Lu Jiulian, and Zhu Long also released their domains.

Tantai Xuan's domain—Human Emperor domain—mountains, rivers, citizens, state—manifested within.

Lu Jiulian's domain—green lotus domain—lotus petals falling—each petal carrying terrifying cutting power—like immortal swords sweeping.

Four Emperors' domains surged upward.

Boom!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor stood in the void—sword qi domain suppressing eternity.

Colliding with the four newly proven Emperors' domains.

In an instant—a deadlock formed.

Lu raised a brow.

Micah's forehead dripped cold sweat.

Lu Jiulian's expression grew severe. Tantai Xuan nearly ground his steel teeth to dust.

Zhu Long's pretty face paled slightly.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor forcibly dragged the four into domain battle. A slight mistake—meant domain collapse.

Lu had not expected the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor to decide so quickly.

His combat experience was too rich!

Or rather—his mastery of Emperor-realm combat far surpassed Micah and others.

While suppressing the four Emperors' domains with his own—he still spared attention for Lu.

Wary of Lu's disgusting tricks.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor coldly stared at Lu.

Lu slowly stood—white robes instantly turning black.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Thousand blades and phoenix plume sword stacked behind him—forming metallic wings.

He was about to intervene.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's choice surprised him.

He thought he could slowly grind down the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—yet the Emperor had such resolve—to engage in domain battle.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's combat experience was too rich!

He watched Lu rise—corners of his lips curving—imitating Lu's tone.

“You... panicked?”

These were Lu's earlier words messing with his mentality. Now—he returned them verbatim.

Suddenly—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor froze.

Because—he thought Lu—whose mentality he expected to break—had a strange expression—gaze passing over him—looking behind.

Lu raised his hand—pointing behind the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—slowly speaking.

“Behind you... someone’s there.”

Lu’s words made the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s expression twist.

Again?

Even now—this guy still wanted to mess with his mentality?!

Damn it—trying to create something from nothing again?!

Behind him... how could there be someone?!

Someone?

Suddenly!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's expression changed drastically.

Behind him... there really might be someone!

Pfft!

The moment this thought arose—

Silently—

A golden spear—radiating intense Ancient Emperor aura—suddenly thrust from a torn spatial rift.

Piercing the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's chest—through his heart!

Chapter 550: The Miserable Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor

Pfft!

When the golden spear pierced the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's chest, the golden light bursting through his body shone with extreme brilliance.

It was as though the Ancient Emperor's blood had stimulated the spear, cleansing it of all tarnish.

Even Lu was stunned.

He hadn't expected this sudden turn—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor pierced through by a single spear—and the aura from that spear was in no way inferior to Emperor realm.

Who struck? One look at the rift made it clear.

An Ancient Emperor had acted!

An Ancient Emperor who had been hiding in the shadows all along.

Meanwhile—

Micah, Lu Jiulian, Zhu Long, and Tantai Xuan—the four newly ascended Emperors—were utterly shocked, frozen by this sudden development.

A spear thrust from the void—impaling the incomparably powerful Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor straight through?!

This scene... was too shocking, too impactful.

How strong was the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor?

Extremely strong. Even the four of them working together had no guarantee of victory—they could only barely hold him off. Without Young Master Lu's assistance, they might have already been defeated.

An Ancient Emperor—and one at the absolute peak—his combat power was unimaginable!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was undoubtedly among the strongest in the nine heavens.

Yet now—this golden spear... what was it?

Who was it?!

They looked up—toward the massive rift in the sky.

The spear had emerged from that rift—impaling the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—nailing him in place in the outer void battlefield.

“Who exactly is it?!”

Micah’s lips trembled. He drew a deep breath.

Suddenly—a chill surged through him.

A phrase flashed in his mind:

The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind.

So—while they battled the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—someone had been lurking in the shadows, waiting for the perfect moment to strike with lethal force.

Micah’s soul trembled.

The waters of Emperor realm... ran this deep?!

Lu Jiulian and Tantai Xuan were also shaken, but quickly turned vigilant.

Zhu Long, however, remained unconcerned. As Father's most favored child—

She didn't believe anyone could sneak attack her.

As the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's body was pierced through, fresh red blood flowed—soon followed by golden blood.

That was the Ancient Emperor's heart blood—the essence of his vitality, true Emperor blood.

As the golden blood flowed—the golden spear's surface revealed strange patterns, like a whale swallowing—as it devoured the golden blood.

And in that moment—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's domain lost control.

Boom!

Lu Julian's mind stirred. His domain surged wildly—unleashing powerful impact.

Tantai Xuan, Micah, and Zhu Long also reacted.

Ignoring their shock—they unleashed their domains.

The four Emperors' domains—like collapsing mountains—crashed down instantly.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's originally indomitable domain shattered in this moment—
crumbling apart.

Completely losing power.

Even countless cracks interwove within it.

The dense, crisscrossing sword qi—now shattered one by one.

In this moment—it was as though... the sky had fallen!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's flesh was wounded—and domain collapse damaged his divine soul.

In an instant—double blow.

“Damn it!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's face paled instantly. With his Emperor flesh—he should have been immortal.

But this spear was extraordinary—possessing the ability to devour his power.

This was why he felt himself growing weaker.

“This Young Master kindly reminded you—someone's behind you. Why wouldn't you believe me?”

Lu sat back in his thousand-blade chair—white robes fluttering—shaking his head.

Next—it seemed there was more drama to watch.

Those Ancient Emperors who had been hiding and scheming—finally showing the tip of the iceberg.

The vanished Ancient Emperors of the nine heavens—the vanished Ancient Emperors of the holy clans.

Perhaps in this moment—they would return to the world?

Pfft!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—who had endured without spitting blood despite being pierced through and having his domain crushed—finally couldn't hold back.

Hearing Lu's words—his heart trembled.

These infuriating words—more hateful than the spear in his chest—made him spray blood.

His appearance utterly miserable.

“You... are all so vicious!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor turned—staring at the rift.

The spear extended from the rift—impaling him.

Blood-soaked—golden heart blood flowing—he gripped the spear—eyes fixed on the rift in the sky.

“You actually want to kill me!”

“You plotted for me to sit in the Primordial Starry Sky for hundreds of thousands of years—now you strike to kill! Is your heart... this black?!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor seemed to demand an answer!

The spear slowly withdrew—squeezing out more blood.

Each drop contained terrifying energy—as though it could crush eternity.

But the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s blood-drenched hand gripped the spear tightly—eyes locked on the rift.

He demanded an explanation! His unwillingness was overwhelming.

He never expected—not to die at the hands of innate divine demons in the Primordial Starry Sky.

Nor at the hands of the Five Phoenixes' newly ascended Emperors.

Nor even to be infuriated to death by Lu Ping'an's infuriating words.

Instead... to be betrayed and killed by his former comrades—the Ancient Emperors he once fought alongside in the Primordial Starry Sky.

This left him utterly despairing.

“It was always to kill you.”

“You are destined to die.”

A calm voice echoed from the rift.

This was the first time Lu heard voices from the rift. His eyes brightened.

He stared at the rift—seeming to want to see through everything within.

Buzz...

Lu's divine soul surged like a storm—seeking to enter the rift.

But just as it approached—

Many equally powerful divine soul fluctuations crashed down.

Lu's divine soul shuddered—after a clash—it returned to his body.

Lu smacked his lips—somewhat regretful. He had almost uncovered the Ancient Emperors' great secret.

But he still gained something. In that fleeting glimpse through the rift—

Lu seemed to see countless figures—like constant stars—radiating immense energy—as though in a meeting.

Each aura—no weaker than the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

So...

Lu could confirm: those vanished Ancient Emperors of the nine heavens—including the legendary Ancient Emperor Hao—were all inside that rift.

“Always to kill me?”

“I am destined to die?”

Hearing the voice—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor burst into wild laughter—insane and unrestrained.

He sneered at fate’s cruel joke.

Who could have imagined—the ones most eager to kill him—were his former comrades.

“No matter what—from this day forward—I, Heavenly Spirit, swear undying enmity with you all!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor stared at the rift—issuing an icy vow.

Buzz...

A powerful energy surged from the rift—pouring into the golden spear.

The golden spear blazed again.

As though to tear apart the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's flesh.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor let out a miserable howl.

Boom!

Terrifying explosion erupted.

Micah, Lu Jiulian, Tantai Xuan, and Zhu Long swiftly retreated.

The explosion was immensely terrifying—containing dreadful killing intent. They did not wish to be caught in it.

Micah's expression was extremely complex.

He had always respected the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—yet also burned with the desire to challenge him.

Now—watching the Heavenly Spirit Clan's Emperor suffer such heavy injury—

He felt turmoil in his heart.

He looked toward the rift.

From the brief exchange—he could tell—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had been betrayed by those vanished Ancient Emperors.

Having lived hundreds of thousands of years—Micah knew some things about the Ancient Emperor era.

In that era—the Ancient Emperors were divided into three camps.

One was Ancient Emperor Hao of Void Heaven—standing alone.

The others split into two camps—one dedicated to opposing and killing Ancient Emperor Hao.

The other advocated harmony—not siding with Ancient Emperor Hao nor the opposing camp.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor belonged to the harmony faction—put bluntly, a fence-sitter.

But in the ancient war—for unknown reasons—

Ancient Emperor Hao seemed to have provoked the wrath of many Ancient Emperors—becoming the target of a siege. Even the neutral faction chose sides—attacking Emperor Hao.

The final result—all Ancient Emperors vanished.

And at that time—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—for unknown reasons—did not participate in that war.

Now—those vanished Ancient Emperors sought to kill the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

What exactly had happened?

The more he thought—the more confused he became.

Because—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor belonged to the neutral faction. He should have been on the side of those vanished Ancient Emperors.

Bang!

A figure flew rapidly through the void.

Blood sprayed continuously.

It was the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—pierced by the spear.

At this moment—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor was utterly miserable.

His originally brilliant golden hair had turned pale—losing its luster—dull and lifeless.

His skin aged rapidly.

As though deprived of immortality—or cursed by some vicious malediction.

Coughing blood in the void.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor... still had not died.

That spear's killing strike—he had dodged.

The outer void battlefield continued collapsing.

Yet the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor laughed madly.

His body stood tall.

Carrying unyielding defiance against fate.

The Heavenly Spirit Sword rose—suddenly thrown.

Sword light tore through everything.

Terrifying Emperor pressure surged.

Clang!

However—the golden spear clashed with the Heavenly Spirit Sword—the Heavenly Spirit Sword was sent flying.

This golden spear was extraordinary—not an ordinary imperial weapon. It contained the aura and energy of multiple Ancient Emperors—even possessing the strange ability to devour an Ancient Emperor's vitality.

In that clash—the Heavenly Spirit Sword lost its luster—a crack appearing.

Then—it fell into the void.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor turned—fleeing in a bloodied state.

Lu—white robes fluttering—raised a brow.

Meanwhile—Micah, Lu Jiulian, Tantai Xuan, and Zhu Long stopped—expressions calm—but hearts shaken as they watched.

Like watching a grand drama.

The spear continued thrusting from the rift.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's flesh was pierced again and again.

Carrying the coffin—he fled frantically—trying to return to the nine heavens.

This was his only chance of survival.

Of course...

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor had another choice—he could ask Lu for help.

This Lu Ping'an—far more than he appeared—definitely had hidden cards.

But...

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor could not swallow his pride.

Having just fought Lu—

To turn and beg him?

He, the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—would not accept Lu's infuriating attitude.

Moreover—even if he begged—why would Lu Ping'an save him?

Thus—his only path to survival—was returning to the nine heavens.

The nine heavens' Heavenly Dao was powerful. With its help—he could block this golden spear.

Boom!

Void shattered instantly!

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—carrying the coffin—crashed through the outer void battlefield’s restraints—rushing into the nine heavens.

Meanwhile—

The Heavenly Spirit Clan Holy Hall Saints were completely terrified—bodies ice-cold—losing all strength.

Their Emperor—their god in their hearts—had... been defeated!

The Five Phoenixes... was this strong?

Had the current Five Phoenixes become invincible?!

“Flee!”

One Holy Hall Saint thought this.

Instantly—without hesitation—he fled through the void.

One by one—the Saints followed. Even the aged Quasi-Emperor—dragging his old, declining back—headed toward the nine heavens.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan had lost—lost utterly—lost completely.

Boom!

In the void—a massive rift like an abyss stretched across.

The next moment—this rift moved rapidly—chasing the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's figure.

This change—while shocking and confusing many—also filled their hearts with tremors.

That was the former rift of Void Heaven—containing Ancient Emperor secrets.

Gu Mangran soared upward.

Staring at the rift.

The Ancient Emperor Hao he revered—had vanished. Was he deep within that rift?

Micah, Lu Jiulian, Zhu Long, and Tantai Xuan—the four newly ascended Emperors—frowned. Especially Micah—he sensed a massive conspiracy.

And at this moment—

Within the void abyss.

This void abyss—the product of heaven and earth’s separation—contained terrifying corrosive power.

Even Saints could not linger long—must cross quickly.

Otherwise—even Saints’ flesh could not withstand the corrosion of creation energy—eventually melting into blood water.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Now—within the void abyss—

Terrifying battle continued.

The spear pursued the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—his aura growing weaker.

Many Heavenly Spirit Clan Holy Hall Saints—struck by Emperor pressure—coughed blood.

Some weaker Saints—unable to resist—were crushed to pieces.

Seeming to sense the Holy Hall Saints' plight—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor gritted his teeth—turning back.

These were the hope of the Heavenly Spirit Clan. If this continued—their hope and strength would be completely destroyed.

He still cared deeply for the Heavenly Spirit Clan.

After all—this was his holy clan.

Thus—he turned—resisting the golden spear. Both palms were pierced through.

“Hurry!”

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—withstood the spear—coldly urging the Holy Hall Saints.

The Heavenly Spirit Clan Holy Hall Saints froze—then felt a tumult of emotions.

“Emperor...”

One by one—the Saints’ eyes reddened.

They wished to fight to the death for the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—but they knew—with their strength—they were mere cannon fodder against the enemy.

One by one—the Saints fled through the life-path the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor opened—escaping the void abyss.

They returned to the nine heavens—as though reborn.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor’s shoulders were pierced—the golden spear radiating strange energy—ruthlessly devouring his power.

He grew weaker.

The battle within the void abyss grew even more terrifying.

Yet the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor remained as ferocious as ever.

Even now—at the end of his rope—he still fought ruthlessly.

Using his remaining Emperor essence blood to detonate power—blasting the golden spear away—gaining a chance to escape.

Carrying the coffin—he fled frantically.

But the loss of power slowed him.

He was only one step from crossing the void abyss.

Yet this step—he could not take.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's eyes flashed with fury. He was enraged!

A generation of Emperor—not dying in the Primordial Starry Sky against innate divine demons.

Not dying at the hands of the Five Phoenixes' newly ascended Emperors.

Not infuriated to death by Lu Ping'an's infuriating words.

Instead... betrayed and killed by his former comrades—the Ancient Emperors he once fought alongside in the Primordial Starry Sky.

This left him utterly despairing.

“Emperor—this old one comes to assist!”

Suddenly—

The aged Heavenly Spirit Clan Quasi-Emperor—who had already returned to the nine heavens—his turbid eyes flashing with youthful vigor.

His originally hunched back suddenly straightened.

Step by step—he reentered the void abyss.

“Fool—flee!”

Seeing this—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor cursed.

Quasi-Emperor—though bearing the word “Emperor”—was still far inferior to true Emperor realm.

The gap between Emperor realm and Quasi-Emperor was immense.

Even ten Quasi-Emperors might not match one Emperor.

Yet the old Quasi-Emperor smiled.

“This old one has lived nine hundred ten thousand years—already at life’s end. This life—no chance to prove Emperor...”

“Micah’s choice was right. This old one even envies him.”

“But back then—this old one was no less monstrous than Micah!”

Boom!

The aged Quasi-Emperor’s body erupted with immense energy.

In this moment—he burned all vitality.

Displaying peerless brilliance.

His state returned to peak—as though he had become a youth in his prime.

One strike shook the heavens!

The golden spear’s assault—in this moment—was momentarily stalled by the old Quasi-Emperor’s strike.

And in that instant—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor seized the opportunity—flashing out of the void abyss.

Escaping into the nine heavens.

Within the void abyss—

The old Quasi-Emperor fell.

His flesh burned—turning to ash. But in his final moment—eyes closing—he revealed a satisfied smile.

“Micah—this old one once shook an Emperor’s power!”

“This old one... is no less than you!”

Boom!

With a carefree laugh—the sound echoed.

Micah stood in the void—expression extremely complex—sighing deeply.

“You truly were no less than me... but this... is the reality of the nine heavens.”

Micah shook his head.

Within the nine heavens—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor—blood-soaked—seethed with endless rage.

He was furious beyond measure.

Carrying the coffin—his icy voice echoed through every corner of the nine heavens.

“Heavenly Dao—aid me!”

With that—

Waves surged in the nine heavens. Powerful Heavenly Dao fluctuations rolled.

A massive face appeared in the sky.

Appearing behind the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

Carrying the coffin—the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor sensed the Heavenly Dao's arrival. He knew—his chance to turn the tables had come.

He stared fixedly at the rift stretching across the sky.

Killing intent surged.

Boom!

Suddenly—

The spear from the rift thrust again—straight toward the Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor.

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor spread his arms—fearless.

With the Heavenly Dao's aid—he could still fight!

But after waiting a long time—

The Heavenly Spirit Ancient Emperor's expression changed drastically. His entire body turned ice-cold.

Because...

The Heavenly Dao... did not aid him!