

## Alchemy 1781

### Chapter 1781: Battle Outside the Headquarters

"We were attacked by the Empire's soldiers. I nearly died. My wife was poisoned and nearly killed as well. She..."

Long Huan continued broadcasting his side of the story while Whisker and Shan Wangjiu stood outside, ready for the imminent collapse of the barrier.

"We might actually end up dying now," Shan Wangjiu said as he looked up and counted the number of people. "Damn, when did it become 17? Weren't there just 12 not even a minute ago."

Whisker watched another person join in and start attacking the barrier. The barrier flickered on and off with many of the attacks slipping in through the cracks. Whisker had to use the three puppets with him to protect himself from the attacks that came past the barrier.

"King Alex's subordinate was killed by my father," Long Huan's voice rang through the sky. "And her only crime was that she dared to stop my father from killing me again."

"Damn!" Shan Wangjiu said. "Did that really happen? Did one of Master's subordinates die?"

"Yes," Whisker answered. "She died protecting brother."

"That sucks," Shan Wangjiu said. "She must have been an incredible woman for Master to—"

The barrier shattered entirely as specks of broken energy that formed the barrier showered upon Shan Wangjiu and Whisker.

The two of them looked to the sky with a look of both horror and acceptance as they saw the nearly 20 soldiers slowly descend down toward them.

Shan Wangjiu immediately took a record of them all and was sad to see that the weakest two of the group were the only ones he could possibly take.

And the possibility that he would get to fight only these two cultivators in a fair round of combat was incredibly slim. It was pretty much impossible.

"Well, time to pay back Master," Shan Wangjiu said and his sword glowed bright as he filled his giant sword with Sword Qi.

Whisker got into one of the three puppets which he brought back to protect the entrance to the second prince. The remaining two he immediately sent to fight.

The puppets jumped into the sky and punched toward two of the cultivators.

One of the cultivators managed to dodge out in time. The puppet quickly turned around to attack, but the momentum it could create while descending was nowhere near strong enough to make use of its Immortal grade.

Due to the lack of place to push itself off of, the puppet was near enough useless in front of all these high-ranking soldiers.

The puppet tried to go for a punch again, but the soldier managed to send out a sword slash and struck back the Immortal puppet.

The other of the two puppets, however, managed to land a solid blow on the chest of one of the cultivators who were the first to enter.

When the punch connected with the cultivator, everyone, including the cultivator himself, could feel the force behind the punch of the attack as the sound of bones cracking was violently loud.

The sound came first and then the pain as the body of the cultivator was flung to the sky, quickly disappearing from sight.

It was unlikely that the man who had just been attacked was in any way hurt enough for the wound to be fatal. However, it was also hurtful and damaging enough that it was unlikely that the man would return to fight at all.

Both of the puppets quickly returned to the ground to continue fighting.

Shan Wangjiu locked in on one of the weaker cultivators and immediately sent out a sword slash. The young woman who was his target barely managed to react in time to be able to block it.

Another cultivator right next to her sent out a ball of fire toward Shan Wangjiu who immediately had to use up the skill of his sword to create a golden barrier that stopped the attack.

With just the first instance of battle, he had to use his sword's hidden technique. How was he supposed to survive this in any way?

"Master, are you really not going to send anyone to defend this place at all?" Shan Wangjiu softly murmured as he used the opportunity of the shield's activation to protect himself from the barrage of attacks.

Long Huan noticed that the fight had begun outside. He could hear the sounds of clashes and explosions all around him, the shaking ground making him shiver with each shockwave as every other one could be the one that hurt him.

He was getting close to finishing what he was talking about. He had to continue.

Whisker sent out the two puppets to fight for a while. As long as they were fighting on the ground, the puppets showed more potential as they were entirely physical, and having something to work off of gave them a great boost in strength.

Up in the air, they were only as strong as the Qi of the person that controlled them. But down here, they were untouchable.

The two puppets swam through the remaining 17 cultivators as though they were adults playing against children.

A skull cracked open from one of the kicks, and another person had his chest blasted open from another punch.

Another man had his shield broken in half and tossed away, while the other one used his Qi to stop the puppet in place and failed.

The group of cultivators began fighting the two puppets and tried their best to survive.

Seeing the situation, Shan Wangjiu thought he had some hope. However, that hope was lost the moment some of the cultivators began ignoring the puppets entirely and leaving their comrades to deal with them.

Shan Wangjiu prepared to fight, but he knew he would only die.

"Leave!" Whisker shouted at him. "Brother said to leave everything and run away if we are losing. Go."

Shan Wangjiu turned around toward Whisker while in a sort of dilemma. But survival quickly won over.

"I'm sorry," he shouted and ran away from the place, leaving Whisker alone behind with the puppets to deal with them.

Whisker let the two puppets fight them out and stop them from entering the door while he and the final puppet rushed into the room with Long Huan.

Long Huan turned to look at Whisker. "Is it time to go?" he asked.

Whisker nodded. "We must leave," he said.

Three soldiers managed to sneak through the door and arrived inside. They saw the prince and retrained their weapons a little while still showing hostility.

"Your Highness," the two said softly.

Long Huan's eyes showed anger and annoyance. He was so close to finishing it all. He just had the oath to speak to prove to everyone that everything he had said until now was true.

And yet, it was too late.

He pulled out the Ebony sword. "Let's—"

His words were drowned by a large explosive sound as dust filled the room they were in.

Sounds of more battle filled outside, and before the dust had even settled in the room, someone had entered.

"I'm glad I made it in time," an older voice spoke as the man turned toward Long Huan. "How have you been doing, Your Highness?"

Long Huan's face glowed up in surprise.

"Senior Yan!"

Chapter 1782: Yan Yating

Before Long Huan stood a tall man with a muscular build and a square face. His hair and beard were cut to perfection and his black robes slowly undulated toward the bottom.

Whisker looked at the man and recognized him the moment he saw him. Just as soon, he realized what was happening outside as his senses saw the commotion.

Several of the soldiers had arrived on the grounds outside the building and were now fighting the other cultivators.

Immediately, Whisker took back the fighting puppets and stopped them from attacking just about anyone.

The puppets flew back inside, arriving next to Whisker, who was now staring at the newly arrived figure in black.

"Senior Yan!" Long Huan spoke out in surprise.

Yan Yating had arrived with the Oathbreakers.

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Alex watched as several hundreds of strong soldiers joined the mix of the battle, wearing black robes, and started fighting against the Empire's soldiers.

The Emperor was very much confused about what was happening at first, but Alex understood more than just anyone else. After all, it was he who had called the Oathbreakers.

Long ago when Alex had first made a pact with the Oathbreakers, in return for giving them all the pills he could, they had to come help when it was time to kill the Emperor.

He had received a single-use talisman from them all this time, so when it was obvious that he would have to fight the Dragon Emperor, he made use of that talisman and called the Oathbreakers.

Alex understood at the time that because the Oathbreakers could not use the teleportation formation, as they were all living a life in hiding, they would take some time to get here.

Thankfully, he had stalled the Emperor's army long enough that they had a chance to arrive.

And what a moment they had arrived in.

Hannah was starting to get worried that Long Huan would get captured or hurt because of what she was seeing with the displays on the Newsboard. Everyone could see that time was of the essence.

She had wanted to go help him herself, but she understood that if she left at that moment, all their effort would effectively be gone as Alex would be alone on the battlefield and would then be forced to run away.

As such, she had to stay behind.

There were others that she wanted to go help Long Huan, but everyone was busy.

Zhou Linfan was surrounded by many strong soldiers. The elders were fighting against strong opponents. Her Uncle was busy defending the teleportation building. And, her mother was down below dealing with the teleportation formation.

There was no one that could have helped Long Huan at the moment.

That was why when she finally saw him getting help, she let out a loud breath of sigh.

"He's safe," Alex told his sister. "Let's focus on our job now."

"Yes," Hannah said and went back to fighting the Emperor again, redoubling their effort.

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All the people around the continent who had been watching the Newsboards were waiting to see what happened to the person that they were almost absolutely sure was the second prince.

The loud explosive noises and the constantly shaking images from the other side let the people know that the prince was in a dangerous place.

More than once, he looked away with a worried face. Until a large explosion filled the room with dust. When the dust settled, they could see the second place smiling widely as he spoke about someone called 'Senior Yan'.

Nobody knew who Senior Yan was. Many tried to, but few came to the right conclusion.

That was until Yan Yating himself stepped into the image and the world saw exactly who he was.

Many people didn't recognize him. The juniors, especially the players, had no way of recognizing him at all.

However, the older generation knew him well. They knew him very well.

This was a man who had once shaken the empire. Known as a heaven's genius, he had crushed many strong fighters from a young age, becoming a well-known figure in the Empire.

He had become extremely famous after singlehandedly crushing an entire sect that had taken offense to him and had started coming after him.

His fame had dwindled once he joined the army of the Empire and busied himself with his duties and training. However, even then, his name would occasionally shake the empire.

The last time something of him had sent people into shock was over 5000 years ago when he had come to become one of the three heads of the Head Legion.

That was when Yan Yating had been appointed as the War Head of the entire army, the person that everyone was to rely on during times of war.

Yan Yating had done a fantastic job with the war against the Western Continent and his fame had grown there too. But he was a man who never sought the limelight once entering the army, so his name slowly faded into becoming just one of the many.

However, those who remembered the past knew for a fact in the entire continent, aside from the Emperor himself, this was the strongest man alive.

And what surprised these old men the most was that Yan Yating was alive. After all, there had been news that the man had somehow died during some accident along with a lot of soldiers.

No one knew the details, only that people had died.

However, seeing that the man was clearly alive caused those old men and women to become very much confused.

"Listen to His Highness," Yan Yating's voice flowed through the image in front of every Newsboard all around the Empire. "The Emperor you all revere is not one that deserves your reverence. He is a coward and a hypocrite who has done such heinous things that it is a surprise it has taken this long for it to come out."

"Everything you have heard today, from what His Majesty Alex has said to what His Highness, the second Prince has said, they are all true."

"I, and many others like me, were forced to swear an oath to hide the truth from you. However, now that the truth is out, nothing stops me from attesting to the truth."

"I and my fellow brethren could not serve under such an emperor, so we vowed to fight against him."

"We are the Oathbreakers, and today we have come to fight for what we believe."

"Long Tiankong is not my Emperor. Long Tiankong should not be your Emperor either. My fellow friends, you have all heard of everything that man has done. If you stand by and do nothing after hearing everything, you will be just as responsible for everything horrible as he is."

"Rise up! Fight against the tyrant. Fight against the man that killed your true ruler."

"Rise and fight, just like we will be."

Yan Yating looked toward Long Huan. "Let's go. Those with a heart will hear our call."

Long Huan nodded and looked at the image one last time.

"Please, we need your help," he said and took a deep bow. The image blinked out, and silence filled the entirety of the Empire.

And in that silence burned a fire hot enough to scorch the skies.

Chapter 1783: Understanding

Yan Yating walked out of the building with Long Huan, with Whisker trailing behind with the three puppets.

Shan Wangjiu flew back from where he had run off to and rejoined them as well.

Several of the fighters outside, who had been there to take the second prince away, were now made to submit by the newly arrived Oathbreakers.

The level of strength of the Oathbreakers was on a different scale.

Yan Yating looked at all of them and asked, "Do you wish to fight us, or will you help us?"

Many of the soldiers glared at him, but a few of them looked around, searching for their comrades to see what they were doing.

Once the first person spoke and said they would help, the others followed. However, simple words alone weren't going to help them.

"Speak an oath to aid the Oathbreakers and the Southern Continent's army in to fight against Long Tiankong," Yan Yating said. "Only then will you be allowed to join."

Long Huan watched as the soldiers' eyes widened with horror and they hesitated once again. "Why are you guys hesitating? You already heard what my father did," he said. "Are you still going to fight alongside the man who killed your true ruler?"

As he said that, Long Huan's eyes slowly drifted toward a newly arrived figure.

Long Fangyu floated halfway up the ground, his body bloody and extremely dirty. His disheveled hair and clothes did not fit that of the Crown Prince at all.

Yan Yating took a single step forward to stand between the Second Prince and the Crown Prince. "Your Highness," Yan Yating said with a monotone voice.

"Senior Yan," the Crown Prince said and gave a simple nod.

Yan Yating could already tell something was wrong with the Crown Prince. He looked sick and as though he hadn't had anything to eat for a long time.

"Brother," the Second prince moved beyond Yan Yating even as the man tried to stop him. He stopped once they were merely 5 meters apart.

Before he could act, Long Fangyu lunged for Long Huan.

Yan Yating moved at the same time, having been ready to protect the second prince at any moment.

After hearing the information that the second prince had provided, Yan Yating had become all but certain that his incident was what had forced a lot of the soldiers to give up on the army and defect.

Yan Yating never truly understood what that had been previously as no one was allowed to speak about it thanks to their oath.

Some understanding of the situation had been formed in his mind once Alex forced him to gather everything about the attack after he brought Hannah's portrait to them.

And now, hearing the pieces of information that had previously been blind spots in his understanding, he knew exactly what had happened back then and why the soldiers had defected.

Forcing a group of soldiers to fight their own prince, especially the one that was known to not be involved with politics but instead in scholarly behavior had caused the soldiers to defect.

While not something as bad as the Azure Dragon dying, this was certainly something that too could make a soldier distrust their own higher-ups and Emperor.

As such, now that he had finally seen the Second prince, he wanted to protect him at all times, which he was going to do at that very moment.

Only, when he was halfway forward, he noticed something and slowed down, letting the Crown Prince get to the Second Prince.

Long Huan was attacked by the Crown Prince with a big hug as the Crown Prince grabbed him into an embrace and held him tight.

Long Huan was still in a state of shock, so he hadn't reacted just as quickly. "B-brother!" he finally spoke once taken to a hug.

"I'm so happy," Long Fangyu said as tears streamed down his dirt-filled face. "I'm so happy you are okay."

"I am," Long Huan said. "Have... have you been worried about me all this time?"

Long Fangyu nodded and continued holding his brother.

Long Huan paused for a moment and slowly raised his hands to grab his own brother as well. He gave him a tight hug to let him know he was okay, before pulling him away.

"Brother, are you okay?" Long Huan asked as he was horrified to realize that the blood on Long Fangyu's body had in fact come from a fresh wound that had yet to be healed.

He quickly pulled out a healing pill and handed it over to Long Fangyu.

"Eat this!"

He fed him the pill and watched in relief as his brother's wound disappeared.

As Long Fangyu healed, Long Huan looked past him at the state of battle. He could now see the newly arrived figure aiding Alex's army.

The sudden arrival of the Oathbreakers did little to change the tide of the battle immediately from what Long Huan could see, but they were still of great help.

"Brother, did you hear what I said before?" Long Huan asked. "We need to stop Father somehow. He... he isn't what he used to be."

"No," Long Fangyu said. "He... he is still the same person he has always been. He just doesn't bother hiding who he is anymore."

Long Huan was a little taken aback. He had thought that he would have to argue a little to get his brother on his side, but it seemed that his brother knew quite well about the situation.

"Okay," Long Huan said. "Then you will fight with us, right? If you join us, the other soldiers will certainly find more reason to join us."

"I..." Long Fangyu looked down, not able to look at his brother in his eyes. "I cannot do that. I... I must help father, regardless of whether what he is doing is wrong or not."

Long Huan took a long moment before responding with a single word. "What?"

Long Fangyu held the face of a saddened individual as he continued staring down. "I know what father is doing is wrong, but I can't bring myself to not help him."

"Why?" Long Huan asked.

"Because of Mother," Long Fangyu said, seemingly getting a little bit of his fighting will back. "Because mother helped father. That was her last wish. I... I cannot go against what she wanted to do."

Yan Yating looked at the Crown Prince and sighed.

"You said... you said you knew everything," Long Huan said. "Then do you know what mother did as well?"

Long Fangyu glanced up with a confused look on his face before nodding.

"Then do you know that she was there the day that the Azure Dragon died?" he asked.

The Crown Prince nodded. "Father told me everything after you left last time," he said.

"Then you must know that mother was an accomplice as well. She was there to kill the Azure Dragon's child," he said.

"I do not wish to speak ill of the dead," Yan Yating spoke from the back. "But your mother was more than just an accomplice. She was the mastermind behind the entire thing. It was all her idea. Your father had merely agreed to do it."

The two brothers looked back at Yan Yating.

"She was the most active one there. She was the one who constantly tried to kill His Majesty's child. Your father tried, but nearly not as much as your mother."

"I... didn't know," Long Huan said. "I... I had only thought that father had involved her in some ways."

Long Huan's head snapped back toward his brother. "Did father tell you the truth there too?" he asked.

Long Fangyu nodded after a while. "I don't believe he lied about anything. He was very clear with me about everything."

"Then you must know he is wrong," Long Huan said. "Help us, brother."

"But..."

"It shouldn't matter to you that he's our father anymore. He tried to kill me, brother. He didn't care that I was dead. The person we thought was our father is long gone,"

"But... mother would've wanted us to help him," the Crown Prince said. "Mother, she..."

"Brother! Have you not been listening? Mother isn't a good person either," Long Huan said. "She's just as bad as Father."

Long Fangyu's face changed to anger for the smallest second before a look of horror settled on his face. He fell to his knees with his head in his arms.

"Oh god! You're right," Long Fangyu said. "You're right."

Long Fangyu broke down into tears as what he had always understood, but refused to believe, had finally broken past that barrier and settled on him.

"Here, brother," Long Huan took out something and handed it over to Long Fangyu.

A beautiful black sword fell into Long Fangyu's hands, one that Fangyu recognized immediately as it had been something he held onto since the day he was born.

It was his sword given to him after he was born to be kept by him as the first prince of the empire.

Looking at the sword, tears broke down Long Fangyu once again, as this was the last thing he had given to his mother.

At some level deep in his mind, Long Fangyu had always blamed himself for his mother's death. Had he not given his mother that sword, maybe she would've still been alive.

That guilt he held was what made him want to help his father for the sake of his mother. However, seeing the sword and understanding his own flaw, Long Fangyu wanted to do better.

"You should never stop loving mother, brother," Long Huan said. "But at the same time, you are also allowed to realize that she was a bad person. One does not stop you from understanding the other."

#### Chapter 1784: A Chat

As Yan Yating watched the two brothers reconnect, he heard Whisker speak to him from the side.

"My brother wishes to speak with you," Whisker said.

"Your brother is the King, right?" Yan Yating asked. He was almost sure, but it was better to ask.

Whisker nodded.

"Alright," Yan Yating said, looking around at the battlefield. "Where is he? I can't see him?"

He took a preliminary survey of the battlefield and saw that the Southern Continent's army was mostly losing before they had arrived.

Not that their arrival helped much either from the looks of it. It had only delayed the inevitable when it came to the fate of the battle.

He wondered how much of a help he could be.

"Wait, I see him," Yan Yating said and frowned slightly.

Alex was in the middle of a terrible battle with him and the girl from the picture Yan Yating saw fighting a group of terribly strong soldiers that had surrounded just the two of them.

Past them, Yan Yating could see the Dragon Emperor doing nothing but floating silently. It looked as though he was trying to recuperate from whatever fight he had fought.

"Should I go there or will he leave that fight?" Yan Yating asked Whisker.

"My brother can hear and see everything I can," Whisker said. "I will act as the intermediary between the two of you for communication."

"Okay," Yan Yating said curiously, wondering how any of this worked.

"Thank you for coming," Whisker said. "I'm glad you could make it in time."

Yan Yating raised an eyebrow in surprise. He could tell it was not the mouse speaking, but Alex who was communicating through him.

"Well, I only did as I promised," Yan Yating said. "I'm sorry we couldn't come sooner, but you know how it is. As outlaws to the empire, we cannot exactly take the teleportation formation."

"I understand," Whisker said. "I messaged you as early as I did, knowing you would need some time to arrive. I hope you have grown stronger these past few years thanks to my pills."

"That you are right about," Yan Yating said. "Do you require some aid? You seem to be in a troubling situation."

"No," Whisker answered. "I can handle myself. I'm trying to get to the Emperor, but there are too many of these people to fight through without significantly reducing my own fighting prowess."

"I see," Yan Yating said.

"Since I will be indisposed for a while, I hope you can take over my soldiers and have them coordinate in this war. I hear you used to be quite good at that," Whisker said.

"Leave that to me," Yan Yating said. "I'll handle everything."

"Thank you. Whisker there will aid you too. He will handle the array my army is holding, so you can tell him what you want the soldiers to do. I'm afraid your soldiers won't be able to participate in our array. I hope that is not too big of a problem."

"Nope, none at all," Yan Yating replied.

"Thank you. I'll talk to you later," Whisker said and looked up. "My brother has gone back to fighting. Let us move closer to the battlefield so I can take over the array."

Yan Yating's eyes narrowed slightly. "Forgive me, but you look quite weak. Are you sure you can handle all of those soldiers?" he asked.

"Leave that to me," Whisker said. "I'm not very good when it comes to fighting, but everything else I'm quite good at."

Whisker jumped onto Yan Yating's shoulder and spoke out. "Brother Huan, we need to go."

Long Huan finally turned back from his brother with somewhat misty eyes and wiped them as he nodded. "You're right, we need to move," he said. "Come on brother. We should leave."

"Before we leave," Yan Yating said as he turned around toward the few soldiers that were on the ground beside them, bound by the Oathbreakers that had come with Yan Yating to this place. "Will any of you speak the Oath now?"

"I will!" one person shouted immediately.

"I will too," another person said.

One after another, the soldiers on the ground started speaking oaths. In the end, only 3 were left who refused to speak the oaths at all.

"Why do you hesitate?" one of the Oathbreakers asked. "Are you still uncertain if that is true?"

"Look at us," another one spoke. "There's a reason why we went against the empire. Come on! Grow some brain."

One of the people on the ground was a slightly older man with thinning hair. He looked up with a hateful look on his face as he stared at Yan Yating.

"Why should we listen to betrayers? You broke your oaths to the Empire, and yet you ask for us to speak one to you?"

The man spit at Yan Yating's feet.

Long Huan looked at the old man. "We're only telling you to do what is right," he said. "Or do you still not believe our words?"

"It doesn't matter, young prince," the man said. "It doesn't matter whether what you say is true or not. We serve the Empire and the Empire belongs to the Emperor."

"The Empire belonged to the Azure Dragon, who my father killed because of what? Greed?" Long Huan asked. "Do you not serve the Azure Dragon then?"

"What has the Azure Dragon ever done for us?" the man asked. "What has he done except sit around in his realm, doing nothing? At least the Emperor looks after the Empire. He helps its people as he should."

"You say the Azure Dragon was killed, but what difference did that make? If he was worth anything to the Empire, his absence would have been devastating. Instead, his death went unnoticed. That Immortal beast has nothing to do with me, so I will speak no oaths on its behalf."

Long Huan remained silent, unable to think of what to say.

"Is that what the rest of you think as well?" Yan Yating asked the remaining two who refused to speak the oaths.

They looked at him from the ground, with heads held as high as they could go.

"We will speak no oaths."

"We would rather die than help you."

The several others who had decided to speak the oaths gasped in surprise. They had not expected such a pushback at all.

"Very well," Yan Yating said and turned to look at the Oathbreakers that were gathered there.

"Have everyone who wants to speak the oath and fight on our behalf," he ordered. Then he stared at the three. "As for those who refuse, don't kill them. They aren't who we are after. That is only the Emperor."

The several Oathbreakers nodded. "So what should we do?" one of them asked.

"Cripple them," Yan Yating said. "They can stay alive and bear witness to the future that they spit on themselves. Let's go."

"KILL US, COWARD! KILL US!"

The shouts from the three rang loud, but none looked back at them. Yan Yating let the rest of the Oathbreakers handle the oath and flew off to the battlefield along with Long Huan and the rest to finally join the real battle.

#### Chapter 1785: Coordinating the Battlefield

Yan Yating stood close to the giant ship that flew outside of the battlefield, as he overlooked the battle.

Whisker had immediately taken control of the Hell Emperor's Divine Battle Array and was now the one leading the entire army by himself. "Let me know where you wish everyone to go. I can tell them what to do."

"Just a second," Yan Yating said as he took a quick count of the soldiers he could see.

There were upwards of 9 thousand soldiers that were brought by Alex, a few hundred beasts, and around 500 Oathbreakers.

On that count, he could see that the strength of the 9000 soldiers wasn't that high when compared to the opposing soldiers, but the array that was being used had somehow improved them all.

"So we have 9000-something soldiers in total huh? A lot less than I would've hoped for," Yan Yating said.

"We have over 10 thousand," Whisker said quickly. "Even without counting your soldiers."

"How can you be certain?" Yan Yating asked.

"Because of the array," Whisker said. "I can tell the total count. It's just over 10 thousand, but it is 10 thousand. I'm counting those beasts in that though."

"I see," Yan Yating said. "9 or 10 thousands, makes little difference. The Empire seems to have close to 20 thousand and more are still coming."

"20 thousand," Whisker said softly. "How are we not losing just yet?"

"Thank your stronger fighters," Yan Yating said. "They're forcing many of the battalions to form an array to help their leader. So not all the soldiers are fighting. But we have to be quick about it."

Immediately, Yan Yating started giving out orders on how to attack. He was more used to commanding armies that were fighting on multiple fronts, but this one would do fine as well.

The army pulled back a little to reconvene and advanced forward together to attack as a single unit instead of everyone fighting at their own pace.

Even the elders started following Yan Yating's orders, doing as he said.

Yan Yating gave special focus to the strong individuals on the battlefield as they had to be taken extra care of. A single Immortal attack that caught anyone off guard would be a devastating blow to the entire army.

The group of 10 thousand soldiers split into 10 different groups, each led by one of the 9 elders and Zhou Linfan who hadn't managed to break through to the front.

He started setting coordinated attacks to get through the enemy formation that was in somewhat of a shamble. Despite his disappearance nearly 70 years ago, the empire hadn't bothered finding a new Head of War, it seemed.

Even then, Yan Yating could tell that the battle wasn't going in their favor. New soldiers were constantly joining, adding to the number on the opposite side.

Thankfully, a lot of them had decided to join their side as well and were happily helping them fight the other side. The numbers were little, but every single help counted.

"What is happening?" Long Huan asked suddenly as he looked to the side. He had witnessed something rather strange, and it was happening all around the battlefield.

Soldiers were leaving the battlefield, one by one, walking far away to the side and simply sitting there, watching the battle from afar.

"Tsk!" Yan Yating made a little sound in disgust. "We're giving them two choices. Join us and help fight your father, or stay out of the battle altogether. They are choosing to stay out of the battle."

"Your soldiers are persuading the Empire's army to stand down?" Long Huan asked.

"Yes," Yan Yating said. "Thanks to what you did, the process seems to be going much more smoothly than I could have done so by myself."

"Oh... good," Long Huan said.

Long Fangyu stood to the side, watching the battle with blank eyes. Everyone who was fighting on the other side was his soldiers. And yet, here he was doing nothing. He wanted to do nothing.

Wouldn't it be so easy if he could just stay out of the battle too?

But no, that would be too simple. For the past few years, he had known his life was anything but simple.

"I'm going to go and try persuading the others too," Long Fangyu said and moved ahead.

Long Huan thought for a bit and nodded. "I'll go do the same," he said and followed his brother to the battlefield.

Yan Yating returned to governing the battlefield, constantly giving out orders which Whisker helped make easy to transfer via the connection he had through the Array.

The battle continued with many getting wounded in the process, having to move back from the battlefield. When they were injured, the soldiers usually flew back into the giant ship that floated in the sky.

Yan Yating was quite curious about what was happening inside the ship since everyone went in there. "What are they doing in there?" he asked Whisker.

"Resting and healing," Whisker answered.

Yan Yating tried peering in, but strong formations blocked all spiritual senses from entering, so he couldn't see through it.

Time passed as he focused all of his attention on dealing with the battle as more and more soldiers continued piling on the other side.

Even though many knew the truth and were being persuaded by their colleagues and comrades to fight against the Dragon Emperor, only a few accepted to switch entirely to the war.

A good chunk of them decided to sit on the sidelines and watch the battle unfold, while the majority still decided to fight on the side of the Emperor.

Yan Yating took a quick count of the field and realized that while their side had grown by about 2000 more soldiers, the enemy's side had instead increased by 1000 soldiers. And that was including the soldiers that had died, or had left the battle entirely.

"Dammit!" Yan Yating cursed softly. "Even though we are converting many and causing many to step out of the war, there are still many that continue joining. And more keep coming on too."

Soon the enemy would have about 25 thousand soldiers, nearly double of what they had.

The Oathbreaker's arrival on the battlefield had been crucial, but unfortunately not as critical as Yan Yating might have hoped.

"We need something more," he said softly. "Something stronger."

He quickly turned to the side, Qi ready to shoot out an attack when he realized that the person approaching them wasn't there to attack him.

"How's everything going on?" Graham asked, arriving next to the two.

He was bloodied from head to toe, some of which were his wounds, but more of it came from the people he killed.

Yan Yating sensed the weak cultivation base on Graham and was surprised, but what he was more surprised about was the fact that he was even here in the first place.

"Why are you here? Weren't you the one dealing with the teleportation building?" he asked, looking down to where they should have been.

"Alex told me to stop guarding it," Graham said. "So, I left."

Yan Yating's face was a mask of confusion at first. However, when he saw a group of people walk out of the teleportation formation, his eyes widened in surprise.

"A risky choice for sure," he said. "But not a bad one."

#### Chapter 1786: New Arrivals

Alex teleported next to an old man in the distance, arriving at his side where the old man would have to twist his body around to protect himself.

Alex slashed once, creating an explosion in front of him that immediately covered the old man in flames of terrible might.

He stepped away from the flames as an attack flew toward him carrying the might of a Saint Transformation 9th realm cultivator.

As Alex dodged it, a person flew at him, trying to drive a spear through his heart. Hannah's sword flashed and a storm of Water Qi moved past the person that was about to attack Alex.

Two more soldiers had to come to protect the person at the last moment.

Alex took the opportunity to teleport back toward his sister who was holding on her own.

"Are you okay?" Hannah asked.

"I'm fine," Alex answered.

"I see Huan back there," Hannah said. "I don't think we're making it to the Emperor this way. We need to back down."

Alex didn't want to do that at all. He released a soft sigh as he tried thinking of what choices he even had. The number of soldiers that had gathered at the Emperor's side had continued increasing and even though they had killed a few, more battalion leaders were joining the battle, causing them to slow down on their progress toward the Dragon Emperor.

The Dragon Emperor was in the distance, relaxed next to his soldier as he watched the battlefield with cold eyes. He had been resting while Alex and Hannah had been continuously fighting for the past many minutes.

This was bad. Even if they managed to break through these soldiers somehow and arrived in front of the Dragon Emperor again, they would be tired and low on Qi, while the Dragon Emperor would be well rested and ready to fight again.

Alex couldn't let that happen.

With a part of his senses, he could see the entire battlefield. While he had only been focusing mostly on the battle, he still had part of his senses looking out for any abnormalities in the war, and he had long since been waiting for one.

His father had left the Teleportation building on his word and now the teleportation formation was free to be used once more. And it was being used.

One by one, people were coming out of the teleportation formation just as he had hoped. At first, it had been the soldiers who had been diligently waiting to be transferred to the other side for quite some time.

That had added to the number of soldiers on the battlefield once again. However, because of what his father had done there, most of the soldiers had instead chosen to fly directly to the capital.

As such, most of the teleportation buildings were empty. So, what came from them afterward were not soldiers, but instead, people who had heard the words of the second prince, and heard the battle cry of the soldier who had been betrayed by his Emperor.

They were people who had come to, hopefully, aid Alex and the army opposing the Dragon Emperor.

And of course, these weren't just any regular people. They were the ancestors, clan leaders, sect masters, family heads, elders, and anyone strong enough to handle their own in the war.

They were high-ranking individuals of the cultivation society, and they had arrived just as Alex had hoped.

"We should start moving back," Alex messaged Hannah and started fighting to slowly move back again. They would have to reconvene with the army and destroy the opposing army together before moving for the Dragon Emperor.

As Alex and Hannah started making their way back through the many soldiers that surrounded them, fighters gathered on the battlefield, all of whom looked toward someone to look to.

Yan Yating quickly approached everyone and asked them to stay aside for a moment as he could tell that the newly arrived people didn't wish to fight right away.

Instead, they wished to confirm that what they had heard was true. They gathered in a group of nearly 5000 strong within 10 minutes and nearly demanded the truth from both sides of the battlefield.

They had enough people with them, that both sides of the war felt the urgency to stop and wait before this was resolved.

"Fellow Daoists, thank you for coming here," Yan Yating spoke with a small bow toward the many people who were gathered there.

His heart skipped at the sight of many recognizable figures, all of whom had influences and fame of their own.

The leader of the Heavens Cleaver sect and his two great disciples stood to the side with their chests puffed proudly.

The master of the Ice Mist Palace flew with a group of fairy-like female cultivators next to her, all of whom were in the Saint Transformation realm.

The ancestor of the Realms Beyond Sect, who once used to be its sect leader, had arrived with the sect leader and a few elders of the sect.

Similarly, many other sects and families had arrived and were now waiting outside the war for someone to approach them and tell them what was in fact true. They wanted proof and so they waited for it.

"Brother Yan," a person moved toward Yan Yating. It was an ancestor from the Huang Family of the Silver Kingdom. "It is good to see you alive. Would you mind explaining what is happening? Why it is that you, who we had thought dead, are now back? And why you are against the Emperor?"

"I believe I have explained myself perfectly already. Long Tiankong did something horrible and now he must be punished for it," Yan Yating said.

"By horrible, you mean the Azure Dragon's death? Is the Azure Dragon truly dead?" another person asked.

"Yes," Yan Yating said. "I cannot do anything more than confirm what you already heard. I am bound by oaths to not speak of the horrible matter that happened that day where I was forced by another oath to participate in."

Many looked at Yan Yating with a look of pity, but many also looked at him with a look of doubt.

"And what about everything else that has been said about the Emperor? Is that true too?" someone else asked. "His Highness, the second prince, if that was even him, said a lot about His Majesty."

"I am not aware of everything else, but I can assure you that it is more than likely true," Yan Yating said. "I was not there, but many of my colleagues who left the Empire's army after me can surely confirm it all to you."

"Yan Yating!" a voice called out suddenly.

Yan Yating turned around and saw a figure approaching him and the group from the distance.

Long Huogang, one of the three Heads of the Head Legion, arrived next to the group.

"How dare you go against His Majesty," the man pointed toward Yan Yating accusingly as he spoke. "Do you have no shame?"

"My shame was wrenched away from me the day your Emperor made me do what I did not wish to do, Long Huogang," Yan Yating said. "And I see that you've left yours behind. You still chose to assist him even after knowing the entire truth."

#### Chapter 1787: Truth

Even as war raged right next to them, another smaller and verbal war was erupting where the newly arrived cultivators had gathered.

Long Huogang, the Empire's only working Head in the war, was speaking against Yan Yating, who was once the Head of War himself.

The two of them spoke, trying to convince the cultivators to come to their aid, but none could successfully persuade the cultivators.

Long Huan arrived a moment later, leaving his brother, who had been trying to convert the soldiers into fighting against their father.

The gathered cultivators looked at the prince, and one ancestor moved forward. She brought out a talisman and spoke, "This is a talisman to remove all illusions and lies. May I use it on you?"

"Go ahead," Long Huan said.

The old woman threw the talisman at Long Huan and activated it. Instantly, the talisman burned away as it left an aura behind that gathered around Long Huan.

Long Huan felt the aura move around him and seemingly settle on his surface before rapidly fading.

"No, that is the prince alright," the woman said. "Second prince, are you any sort of compulsion to speak what you speak?"

"I am my own man. No one is compelling me to say what I am saying," Long Huan said. He could feel the energy of the talisman somewhat take away his ability to lie, which he fortunately didn't have to do.

"Then your words regarding what your father did is correct?" someone else asked. "Did the Emperor kill the Azure Dragon?"

"He did," Long Huan said.

Several of the cultivators gasped in surprise as they realized that what was being said was true. They all then looked toward Yan Yating and Long Huogang.

"Senior Huogang," one of the senior cultivators spoke. "Would you mind telling us what reason the Emperor might have had to do what he did?"

"What he did is already bad enough that he will have to immediately abdicate his throne," someone else said. "We cannot stand the murder of our true ruler and let his murderer sit on the throne."

"Yes," someone else shouted, and soon enough many of the people that had gathered there were of one tone.

"That is true," the senior cultivator that had first asked the question said. "However, if there was a reason why he did it, a good one, then maybe we can stop at just abdication. There won't be any need to punish him."

At those words, many of the people slowly nodded their heads as they understood the purpose of the question.

"I..." Yan Yating began to speak but a look of pain flashed through his face. "I cannot tell you. I am bound by the oath that the Emperor forced upon me that day."

"I already told everyone through my message," Long Huan quickly said. "His Majesty, the Azure Dragon had a son. My father wished to kill him, so he attacked the secret realm with many soldiers who were bound by oaths and could not leave."

"Many died that day, and many others were forced to speak another oath to never speak of that day again," Long Huan said. "The Azure Dragon died during that."

A quiet murmur passed through the cultivators as they took in the information and tried to make sense of the situation.

The people seemed to take the information in stride, but their beliefs were shattered when Long Huogang asked a single question.

"Were you there that day, Your Highness?" the man asked. "Were you there to witness what happened?"

"What?" Long Huan asked. "No, I wasn't."

"Then how would you know what happened?" Long Huogang asked.

Instantly, many of the cultivators looked back at Long Huan as a new layer of confusion and distrust passed through them.

"Senior Yan," Bing Zheshuang of the Ice Mist Palace spoke. "You mentioned that you were all forced to speak an oath that day?"

"Yes," Yan Yating said.

"Then... why does His Highness know what happened that day?" she asked him.

Yan Yating paused for a moment and turned around toward Long Huan. He wasn't sure how anyone else had accurate information from back then.

"I..." Long Huan tried to answer, only to find himself stuck once again. It wasn't as though he didn't know the answer, or that he would have to lie to make up an answer.

It was just that these people would not accept the answer that he was going to have to give to them. And he wasn't sure how well they would take that information.

With no choice, Long Huan spoke.

"I received that information from Alex," he said.

"You were told this by the King of the Southern Continent?" someone asked.

"Surely you didn't help wage a war against your father just because of another King's words," someone else said.

"Are you sure you weren't played, Your Highness?" someone else asked.

Doubt was heavy in the air, and distrust was slowly growing as well.

"That I might have received knowledge from someone," Long Huan said. "But do you doubt when I say that my Father tried to kill me?"

"He didn't try to kill you, Your Highness," Long Huogang said. "He simply wanted to stop you from running away."

"And he nearly killed me back then."

Long Huogang sighed. "He merely sought to get back the Empire's treasure that you ran away with."

"He nearly killed my wife," Long Huan shouted back.

"That was because she was killing our soldiers," the old man said. "His Majesty merely tried to stop her."

"You know damn well that is not true," Long Huan said as he looked ready to kill the old man.

"And what of me?" Yan Yating spoke as he turned toward Long Huogang. "Do you claim that I and my fellow soldiers turned against the Emperor for no reason as well."

"Stop your squabbling!"

A drowning voice covered the entire battlefield as the Emperor flew high in the distance and spoke from there.

"Long Huan, I'm disappointed in you," the Emperor said before looking at Yan Yating. "And I expected better than this from you, old friend."

Yan Yating could only growl in response.

"The rest of you," the Emperor addressed the gathered cultivators. "Since you are here, come assist us in this war. Help us drive the foreign army from this land."

Many of the cultivators looked at each other, unsure what to say or do. The leader of the Immortal Saint Pavillion stepped forward and bowed toward the Emperor.

"Your Majesty, we apologize but we cannot aid you just yet," he said. "The accusations made against you are severe enough that we cannot just look past it. If you wouldn't mind, please enlighten us to the truth."

"The truth?" the Dragon Emperor asked. "The truth is simple. I shall prove it to you all at once."

The Emperor took a single second to take in a deep breath and spoke out loud.

"I, Long Tiankong, Emperor of the Azure Empire, did not kill the Azure Dragon, Qing Tianchui. If I am lying, may the heavens strike me down."

The war seemed to pause after the Emperor's words as silence filled the earth.

And just as well, it filled the sky and the heavens as well, for they did not rumble, and they did not strike him down.

Chapter 1788: Lies

The Emperor's declaration immediately caused the many cultivators gathered to switch their opinions immediately. Seeing as that the heavens had in fact not come down proved to them that the Emperor had in fact not killed the Azure Dragon.

"No, that's not true," Long Huan quickly said. "He wasn't the one who made the kill, but it was his actions that led to the death of the Azure Dragon. He was involved in that kill."

"I had no hands in the Azure Dragon's death," the Emperor said. "I swear to the heavens on that."

Both Yan Yating and Long Huan turned to look at the Emperor who had just spoken another oath. Only this time, he had spoken a false one.

"Why would you... why would you lie?" Long Huan slowly asked. Even as he did, confusion filled his mind.

How was this possible? Why was his father still alive?

The gathered cultivators looked toward him with a surprised look as well. They turned around toward Long Huan and Yan Yating. "This is not what you told us."

"No, no that's not true," Long Huan said. But beyond that, he couldn't say anything. It did not make sense to him why his father wasn't hurt by speaking a clearly fake oath.

Had he somehow not spoken an oath? Had he created an illusion or a clone and made it say that oath? No, that would still hurt the original person speaking the oath.

Questions filled Long Huan's head, and not a single answer came.

Yan Yating was in a similar situation, but he had a feeling that he understood just what had happened. If what he thought was true, then that would make the Emperor a much more despicable person than he had ever imagined.

"Senior Yan, what is happening?" Long Huan asked. "How is my father lying?"

Long Huan hadn't been present for the Azure Dragon's death, so every information he knew had been secondhand. Given that his father had successfully spoken an oath regarding the Azure Dragon's situation, he was starting to have doubts spring up inside his own heart.

"Your father is speaking the truth, so the oath isn't hurting him," Yan Yating said.

"But... isn't that a lie?" Long Huan asked.

"What is truth and what is lie, it all depends on your father," Yan Yating said as a look of anger appeared on his face. "Therefore, whatever he is saying right now, he believes with all of his heart to be the truth."

"Oh my god!" Long Huan could only utter these few words.

"This is a command from your Emperor," the Dragon Emperor shouted. "Attack those rebels and opposing army. Save your Empire."

"Stop!"

Someone rushed just as soon as the Dragon Emperor finished ordering.

"He's lying," Long Fangyu flew up toward the group. "The Emperor is lying."

The group of cultivators were surprised to see the Crown Prince there.

"Crown Prince, what are you doing here?" Long Huogang asked. He was the Crown Prince's bodyguard regularly, and it was only today that he had been forced away from the young prince.

He had assumed that the prince was safely at the back of the army. He hadn't realized at what point the prince had left the safety and had come here.

The Crown Prince ignored the man and looked toward the cultivators. He opened his mouth to speak.

"Long Fangyu!" the Dragon Emperor suddenly shouted his name. The world reverberated with his words and the Crown Prince felt himself shaken to his core upon hearing his father call for him.

He turned around, his heart beating a million times a second, as he looked at his father far away.

A look of anger and disappointment filled the Dragon Emperor's eyes. "What are you doing there, Fangyu? Return here right away."

Fangyu made a tight fist, trying to hold on to what little sense of self he still had while trying not to be scared by his father. But that was harder than he thought.

The fear he felt from his father's words was not something he had ever expected to feel.

"Fangyu!" the Dragon Emperor shouted.

"Crown Prince, come to me," Long Huogang said as he gestured for Long Fangyu to move.

Long Fangyu looked at him, and then at his father in the distance. Almost subconsciously, his body started to move.

"Brother!" Long Huan grabbed his brother by the arm. "What are you doing? Don't listen to him."

Long Fangyu paused and looked at his brother. His eyes then moved to the hand that grabbed him.

It wasn't a tough grab, but a simple one. There was no force in that grab at all. He could tell that his brother did not want to hurt him at all.

"No..." Long Fangyu said softly. The feeling of loneliness, as if he was alone in this world with no one beside him was slowly melting away.

"What?" Long Huan asked.

Long Fangyu's head snapped back toward his father. "NO!" he shouted.

Both the Dragon Emperor and Long Huogang looked at Long Fangyu in surprise.

"Crown Prince," Long Huogang said softly.

Long Fangyu pointed at his father. "You killed the Azure Dragon, Father," he shouted. "Even though your hands were not the ones that took his life, you are responsible for his death."

"Crown Prince—"

Yan Yating's sword flashed, the blade pointing toward Long Huogang. "Let him speak."

Long Fangyu lifted his chest to speak. "You tried to kill his child. All that the Azure Dragon did was try and protect his child. It was a tragedy that he died in return for trying to protect what was his."

"That is nonsense, Crown Prince," Long Huogang said quickly. "His Majesty already swore an oath to prove his side of the story."

"Then he is a fool who cannot see what wrong he's done," Yan Yating said.

"If my Father has spoken an oath, then so shall I," Long Fangyu said. "My Father and Mother were responsible for attacking the Azure Dragon and his family, subsequently forcing the Azure Dragon to fight back, at which point he died to Heavenly Judgment. This was information I learned directly from my Father's mouth. I swear this by the heavens."

The Crown Prince's sudden proclamation sent ripples throughout the gathered cultivators as well as the new ones that continued arriving.

At this point, even the soldiers that were staying on the sidelines of the war were focusing on this.

After hearing the two sides of the battle, the gathered group did not know who to trust at all. Both sides had spoken the oaths and that was all they could force them to find the truth. And yet the truths clashed.

Skimming through the words, the people started finding some flaws in them. They especially doubted the Crown Prince now as what he promised had been what he learned from his father.

There was a big chance that the Emperor had lied to him, which he took for truth.

"Have you people still not decided on the truth when you have so many clear indications?"

Alex suddenly appeared before them and asked.

"We simply need to be certain is all," one of the older men in the group said. "As of yet, we aren't even certain that the Azure Dragon is dead or not. There is no clear information."

"Is that so?" Alex asked. "Then here is your answer."

Alex raised his hand forward and brought out the corpse of the Azure Dragon.

Chapter 1789: Proof

1789 Proof

At nearly 5 meters wide and over 200 meters long, the corpse of the Azure Dragon was a behemoth of a body that floated above many of the individuals on the battlefield.

The sudden appearance of the corpse of the Azure Dragon caused battles all around to slow down and move away.

Nearly no one had seen an Azure Dragon before and now that they were looking at once, it was a corpse of one.

Wounds filled the corpse's body, scars completely ruining what would've been a majestic beast while alive. Burn marks from the lightning bolts scarred most of the body and some parts of it were even missing.

The Azure color no longer remained on the corpse, and it was now a dull blue color than anything.

The corpse floated high above Alex as he showed it to everyone.

Most were stunned to see the corpse at all, but it was only the Dragon Emperor who had any other thought in this situation at all.

The Dragon Emperor couldn't help but wonder why the Azure Dragon's body was solid at all. He looked for damages on the body and was surprised to not find one.

Sure there were many wounds to the physical boy, but what the Dragon Emperor searched for was in fact a wound that Alex would've had to place on the corpse to steal from the Azure Dragon's Soul Space.

However, there was no such wound at all. The Emperor tried looking hard for it, but he couldn't find it at all. If he had to guess, the Dragon Emperor would say that the Soul Space of the Azure Dragon was intact and without any attempt at gaining its content.

The Dragon Emperor was still stunned by the fact that the Azure Dragon's soul space was still active. After all, if a beast's Soul Space was still alive, it could not be kept anywhere easily.

Be in a storage bag or storage ring, Soul Space could not be fitted at all. If they tried to place something with Soul Space or any other spaces inside the ring or bag, they just wouldn't be accepted.

Which was why it was so surprising when Alex brought out an intact corpse with the Soul Space still working. The Dragon Emperor could only imagine how exactly it was possible.

When he thought that Alex had brought the ship out from somewhere as well, he started to get jealous regarding just what sort of treasures Alex could be wearing for this. He was more than looking forward to gaining anything and everything from Alex when this war ended.

"Here is the Corpse of the Azure Dragon that you doubted was dead at all," Alex said. "Do you still have any doubt?"

Many shook their head obviously, while the others were still drawn to the Azure Dragon's physical body.

"Then ask yourself, how could your Ruler, a being from the Immortal realm, could have died?" Alex asked. "You already have the answer."

Many turned to look at the Emperor when Alex said that. Alex did too.

"Dragon Emperor, this is your chance to fully prove yourself innocent," Alex said. "Swear that you and your wife weren't forcing the Azure Dragon to fight back to defend his own family. Swear that you didn't nearly kill your second son and his wife just because they took away the one sword that could help you get your wishes to carve open the Azure Dragon's body and gain it."

The Dragon Emperor looked at Alex with a seething look on his face. He couldn't wait to kill him at all. Everything else was something he could handle once Alex was dead.

"Swear the oath!" Alex shouted in a chant and everyone that understood him got on it, asking the Dragon Emperor to say it.

The Dragon Emperor looked at everything and sighed when he realized that he couldn't force these people to do anything.

"Fine! Do whatever you want," the Emperor said. "But if you will fight me in war, I will kill you all without mercy."

He turned to leave but as he did, he looked at Long Huan and Long Fangyu.

"As of today, the Crown Prince of the Empire shall be my third son," he said loudly. He didn't even remember the poor boy's name enough to say it in the immediate announcement.

When the Dragon Emperor turned away, Long Huogang quickly flew away as well and started managing the Empire's army.

As soon as Alex took back the Azure Dragon's corpse once again, he felt a sudden increment in a bit of mental suppression as well as a very mild ache.

He could most definitely live with the pain for a day or two, but any more would be uncomfortable and unnecessary.

Next, Alex looked at the gathered cultivators. "You have come as per my request. I thank you all for that," he said. "I hope you will be willing to provide me with all the aid I can require."

"We have seen what we must," one of the older cultivators said. "I cannot tell you about the others, but I will most definitely help you where you need it."

"Thank you," Alex said and walked away.

Graham flew up to Alex and said a few small things regarding the numbers and everything around the battlefield.

"They have double our numbers," Alex said. "But we have triple their fighting will."

Alex looked toward Yan Yating who was making some plans in his mind. "Have you come to any conclusion yet? How is the situation?"

"With the new cultivators joining, we can survive for a few hours at best. We will need more miracles to stay alive longer than this," Yan Yating said.

"Don't worry, there will be miracles," Alex said. "I've sent someone to bring a miracle."

Yan Yating curiously looked at Alex but got no answer in return. In the end, he could only focus forward.

Alex took a deep breath and hoped that Pearl was doing alright.

Then, he rushed back onto the battlefield to fight.

After learning about how his mother and father had died at the hands of the Dragon Emperor, Pearl had thought that his hatred for the man could not go any higher.

It was only now that Pearl was realizing just how incredibly wrong he had been.

"My grandparents were killed by the Dragon Emperor too?" Pearl asked in a stunned voice.

The Deer, who had told him that, nodded.

Pearl looked toward the rest of the group and most could only look away in shame.

"What is the meaning of this?" the Lion stood up from his seat, walking to the middle of the gathering. "What do you mean that my uncle and aunt were killed by that human emperor?"

"That is the truth, Leader Zhu," the Lizard spoke. "That is unfortunately the truth."

"Why am I only just hearing about this?" the Lion demanded. "If my uncle and aunt were murdered then I should've been made aware. Why would you not tell me?"

"To protect you," the Swan said. "As we said, if we told you the truth, you would rush to attack the Emperor. That would only add one more dead beast to the list, nothing more. And we know how hot-headed you are. You would absolutely attack them."

"It doesn't matter what I would do or wouldn't do," the Lion said. "It is my right not only as a nephew to the previous leader but also as his successor to know how he had died. Hell, it is my right the Leader of the Lion Colony to know the truth that all the leaders already know about. So I ask you all this again, why was I not made aware?"

Pearl was still stunned by the information he had just learned about his grandparents. A million thoughts went past his head, morphing each time he thought he had a grasp on one, leaving him speechless.

It was only a while later that he realized he had stood still without talking. Somehow, no one had noticed this behavior from him. They all seemed focused on something else.

"It was on that day when the massive lightning strikes filled the southern skies near His Majesty's secret realm," the Eagle started speaking. "Everyone was concerned what those lightning strikes were, but no one knew enough to make any logical conclusions."

"Later that night, we sensed some faint but strong and violent aura in the distance. We weren't very concerned at the moment as the aura was very vague and hard to tell where it had come from."

"It had come from the Lion Colony," the Ox took over. "We couldn't tell at the time, but given the direction, it is obvious in hindsight."

"You didn't go check?" Pearl asked.

"There was nothing to check," the Swan said. "To us, the aura could have been anything. Besides, it was so vague that it wasn't worth checking. We only ever remember it because we realized what it had been just hours later."

"We were abruptly notified to gather outside our colonies and meet the Dragon Emperor alone," the Ox said. "When we arrived at the location, we met with a bloody and wounded Dragon Emperor who notified us what had happened."

"He had killed Leader Shi and his wife; he straight up told us that. That man... he had no remorse at all. Looking at him, you wouldn't even believe that it was the same day when his wife had died."

"And?" the Lion asked. "What happened when you met him? If he was wounded, you could have attacked him, right?"

"We couldn't," the Lizard said. "We were still shocked by Leader Shi's death when we learned that the Azure Dragon had died that very day as well. He told us how he hadn't wanted the Azure Dragon to die, but he still had."

"Wounded as he was, he was still very much stronger than us. If we had tried to attack him that day, he would kill us without mercy. We... chose to keep our lives instead that day," the Elephant spoke up.

"And what? You let him get away just like that?" the Lion asked. "He told you that the Azure Dragon was dead due to him. He told you that my uncle and aunt were dead due to him. And you guys simply let him walk all over you and leave without even trying to fight back? Are you all that much of a coward?"

"We are pragmatic," the Deer answered. "What choice do you think we had? Kill the Dragon Emperor?"

"Yes!" the Lion said.

The deer shook her head. "Think about this. If we had hurt the Dragon Emperor in any way, let alone kill him, he would have come back with an army 10 times what we could muster even with our weakest forces combined. Our paradise would have been destroyed within days. Yes, we wanted to attack the Emperor, but we needed to take care of ourselves."

"Instead of trying to do anything to the Dragon Emperor, we decided to save ourselves. The Dragon Emperor had demands, and we chose to meet them."

"What demands?" the Lion asked.

"Simple demands, ones that went into effect the very next day," the Deer said. "We were to close our land to the humans. And we were to never talk about the Azure Dragon or the Lion Leader's death to anyone else."

"And that was it?" the Lion asked. "You said yes and you forgot all about my uncle and aunt, his Grandparents."

The leaders looked toward Pearl whose eyes had grown teary by this point. He was close to weeping after hearing about his grandparents.

The last time he came, he had learned about his grandparent's death. But he was led to believe that they had died due to some cultivation problems.

The eagle floated next to Pearl and put her wings around Pearl, slowly rubbing his back. "I'm sorry you had to learn it this way, my child," she said.

Pearl quickly wiped his tears and looked up. He looked at all the leaders, including the Eagle next to him, and said, "You were afraid that you would be wiped out if you fought back because you don't have the numbers. But you do have one now. My brother is in a battle with the Dragon Emperor right now. You can feel the battle from here, I'm sure you can."

The leaders all looked in a certain direction. They had long since sensed the turbulent aura that could only be Saints fighting each other.

"He has a lot of soldiers fighting alongside him, but he needs more. If we add your numbers to him, then we can win. We can defeat the Emperor for all the crimes he has committed until now."

The leaders looked around for a moment or two and then slowly shook their heads. "The other continents are not strong. Your brother will lose, even if we join. It is better if we protect ourselves," the Lizard said.

The others gave a hesitant nod.

"How... how can you be like this?" Pearl asked.

"If this is all, we would like to return," the Ox stood up to leave.

"No, this is not all," Pearl said. "If a request won't work with you all, then I will make commands."

"I, Pearl, son of Shi Meiyong and Qing Tianchui, command you all to rally your beasts to join my brother in the war."