

## **Alchemy 1801**

### Chapter 1801: Return to Battlefield

The Dragon Emperor remained stunned in the air some distance away from the teleportation formation as the light faded and Alex disappeared.

He witnessed the scene with some feelings of anger, horror, and confusion.

Anger at the fact that he had even let something like this happen. Horror at the thought of what the result was going to be. And an overall confusion on why Alex had been able to activate a formation despite the lack of a key.

He had heard clearly what Alex had said at the end there. He had said that he needed no key. How was that possible?

Those were but fleeting thoughts for the Dragon Emperor, however, as another concern overtook his mind very soon.

What was he going to do next?

Alex surely hadn't left the battlefield, running away somewhere to save himself. He planned on coming back. It was what he planned on coming back with that concerned the Emperor.

Before that could even happen, he had to stop it.

The Intercontinental Teleportation formations were created long ago by the Immortals that came with the first Heavenly beasts that settled on this world.

As such, the formation platforms were created using materials not known to mortals and one equally as difficult to destroy.

The choice for that had been in an attempt to stop any mishaps and mischief that could be done to it in the years to pass.

The Dragon Emperor knew this and knew just how difficult it was going to be to destroy this. And after destruction, the chances of it being recreated were none as well.

Still, it was something that had to be done.

Destroying the platform would not stop Alex from teleporting back into the Eastern Continent. But it would stop him from teleporting right here in the Dragon Capital.

And any delay would certainly work in the Dragon Emperor's favor.

Such thoughts passed through the Dragon Emperor's head in the blink of an eye as he raised his Noble Dragon Spear to attack the formation platform in an attempt to destroy it.

As he did, he felt an aura of fire slow toward him from the side. His senses saw the attack even before it arrived toward him, forcing him to react on instinct as he fired the attack he prepared toward that attack.

The crescent-shaped fire attack was destroyed by the many spears made out of wind that the Dragon Emperor shot out.

The two attacks created an eruption of energy and light in the sky and from within them came down Hannah, like a barreling attack herself.

Her thin black sword glowed by her side, one that she named Starweaver, and sent out another fire attack.

Before the Dragon Emperor knew it, he was already roiled in another battle with her.

"Fight!" he shouted as loudly as he could in between the attacks. "And destroy the teleportation formation."

The war that had been seemingly paused by the appearance of the Immortal images once again went back to full speed as people fought and killed each other.

The ones that fought for the Dragon Emperor fought to kill the opposing army and destroy the formation platform below if they could.

The ones fighting alongside Alex fought to defeat the Dragon Emperor's army and protect the formation from the other attacks.

As such, not many were able to do anything to the formation at all. That was not to say no one could do anything.

Quite a few people still managed to slip passed their opponent or find a gap in battle to send out an attack as their Emperor demanded. They struck the formation platform below.

However, such measly attacks could do little to destroy what had been created by the Immortals. These few people would have to work a lot harder and a lot longer if they wished to destroy any of these at all.

The battle raged hot and heavy for a few seconds and the Emperor started pushing back Hannah with his attacks.

Hannah and the Emperor were about the same strength now thanks to all the aid they got from their respective arrays. And because there were such small gaps in terms of how strong one could be once they were past the Saint Transformation 9th realm when aided by others, they were both practically at a tie by this point.

However, perhaps because Hannah wasn't as experienced as the Emperor, or because she had been fighting for a long time without rest, she had grown a little dull.

'Or is she just not fighting seriously?' the Emperor wondered. 'Is this wench just buying for time?'

Hannah threw out another attack, which the Dragon Emperor quickly destroyed.

"What can I give you to stop you from fighting me?" the Dragon Emperor asked.

"Your head!" Hannah shouted as she sent out another attack.

The Dragon Emperor defended himself with his shield and launched back another attack.

Hannah created a swirl of Water and blocked the attack.

"I will become an Immortal soon. And then I will leave this realm, and you and my son can become the Emperor and Empress of this realm. You don't have to fight me," the Dragon Emperor said.

"You tried to kill me," Hannah said as she attacked again. "You tried to kill your own son, you scum!"

The Dragon Emperor blocked the attack. "It appears there is no coming to an understanding with you," he grunted. "Die!"

As the Dragon Emperor attacked once more, he felt the familiar sensation in the air of ripples of space being moved around. He didn't know the Dao of Space at all. But the minute amount of the Azure Dragon's bloodline that was within him, helped him sense space to a certain degree.

And he could tell for a fact that the teleportation formation had just accepted a teleportation from another location.

Realizing the possibility next, the Dragon Emperor let out his attack toward Hannah and immediately ran away to hide among his people

If an Immortal was really coming, then he needed all the help he could get.

Hannah blocked the attack and was about to attack again when she noticed the Emperor running away. Then, she felt the aura beneath her and looked down just in time to see a glimmering flash of silvery light that covered the area.

It covered the entire platform all over.

The sudden appearance of the light distracted everyone once again as they all stared down to watch what was there.

When they looked, they saw an army.

Over 15 thousand strong men and women stood tightly around the teleportation platform, each one wearing the uniform of a soldier from the Southern Continent.

Each one of them looked around, feeling the strong Qi and aura of this place, orienting themselves to the new area.

They looked up at the sky and saw the many people that were battling. In their center was Alex.

Alex slowly took flight, and behind him, his soldiers did the same.

He looked toward his army, the gravely wounded and beaten soldiers stood tall with pride.

"My apologies," Alex said to them. "It took me longer than I would've hoped for to get your colleagues here."

He looked toward the enemy group of soldiers and smiled. "Now then, shall we continue?"

Chapter 1802: Despair

There was a limit to how many people Alex could carry within his Soul Space, even if they dampened every little Intent and Spiritual sense.

As such, from the very beginning, the idea of bringing along a group of soldiers to the other continent had been a bad one.

After testing a bit, Alex had realized that he could only carry about 5000 soldiers without feeling anything for his normal day-to-day life.

At 6000, he felt discomfort, and at 7000 his mind felt heavy. At 8000 and 9000, he truly started feeling pain.

At 10 thousand, his mind felt as though it had somehow immolated itself.

When coming up with plans to attack the Emperor, the first plan he had was to just take Hao Ya over there secretly and have her fix the formation so he could teleport the others.

However, he quickly realized how big of a flaw that plan had. It relied entirely upon the fact that no one would know about his presence in the Eastern Continent, and somehow be able to come into this guarded area with cultivators all around and somehow manage to teleport soldier after soldier over.

That would never work. Instead, he had to bring the soldiers over there directly, which didn't work either as he couldn't take all of the nearly 30 thousand soldiers in any way.

So, instead, he came to a compromise with the two plans and mixed them into one. He would take as many soldiers as he could, and then bring the remaining through the teleportation.

Since he needed 10 thousand soldiers to form the next level of Hell Emperor's Divine Battle Array, that was how many soldiers he decided to take in the end.

It was a miracle that things went all according to plan. And now here he was, standing around with over 25 thousand soldiers, facing an opponent with close to 30 thousand of them.

The gap which seemed too massive just a minute ago, now looked almost as if it didn't exist at all.

Alex felt a great deal of hope surface inside of him. This was it. He was going to do it. He was going to win the war.

He stared at the enemies who looked with frightened faces and knew that if everything went according to plan, they were going to win.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Dragon Emperor felt a lot less fear at the situation than he would have expected himself to feel. What he felt more than fear was annoyance.

Annoyance at the appearance of another large number of reinforcements to the enemy army. They first had the strong beasts that came to aid them, and then the many cultivators that were entranced by his son and his previous war Head's words. Then, now there was another massive chunk of the army here.

The Dragon Emperor could only feel annoyed.

Even so, a sense of happiness and relief filled him as he realized that no Immortal had come with Alex at all. That was the main thing he had been dreading about in the first place.

As long as the Immortal wasn't here, the Dragon Emperor felt no fear at all. Sure there were a lot of enemies now, but that meant nothing to him.

He had more soldiers here and with decent tactics, they could still win this. Even if the soldiers somehow lost, the Dragon Emperor had another backup plan ready to go into action.

Something he knew none of the others could ever stop him from doing.

The Dragon Emperor looked at his soldiers and saw hints of fear in their eyes. He didn't need to give them any orders. Some people were already doing that for him.

However, either because they had missed it, or were deciding to ignore it completely, there was something they were not doing.

"Break up the arrays," he gave the order.

"Your Majesty?" Long Huogang, who was working as the General for this war turned toward the Emperor with a look of shock on his face.

"Do you disagree, Huogang?" the Emperor asked.

The man looked around quickly, trying to come up with an answer of some sort that wouldn't dissatisfy the Emperor.

"What is it?" the Dragon Emperor asked. "Speak your mind. I order you to."

The man took a deep breath. "It's like this, Your Majesty. Our soldiers are on the whole stronger than the enemy, but the enemy has an array that seems to make everyone stronger than they are, instead of just a few people."

"As such, a select few individuals are a lot stronger than we can handle if we break up all the arrays," the man said.

The Emperor thought for a moment and knew it to be correct. He felt angered at the thought of his enemy having something better than he did, but that could not be helped right then.

"Fine, only the leaders of the—"

Just as he was making his decision, the Emperor felt a surge of aura expand from the distance, arriving suddenly and violently.



He turned around, looking in the direction of the aura, only to realize it was coming from beyond his palace, from the backyard.

Just as he wondered what it was, he saw specks of something covering the air which quickly became visible for what they were.

Beasts.

A swarm of beasts flew out of the Dragon Emperor's own palace, making their way toward them.

The Dragon Emperor was confused and concerned, and he wondered exactly what was happening. He could not understand why there would be beasts coming out of his palace.

Just as he was thinking about it, he saw the beasts more clearly as they came closer, and he recognized a few of them.

He recognized the leaders of the beasts.

The Lizard, the Ox, the Elephant, the Deer, the Eagle, the Swan, and the Lion were at the front of the swarm of nearly a thousand beasts, who made their way toward the battlefield.

And then the Emperor's eyes went wide as he noticed who else was at the front of the swarm of beasts.

A mighty tall beast with the body of a tiger, the face of a cat, and a fur of pure white flew surrounded by the many beasts.

'No...' the Dragon Emperor said softly as he recognized what it was that he was looking at.

The beast was different from the one he remembered attacking. In fact, this one didn't look like a female at all. Instead, it was a male.

'The child,' the Dragon Emperor thought.

"No..." he said out loud that time around as he saw the beasts come and stop near them.

All this time, he had been trying to do what he could to stop this very thing from happening, and somehow it was still here.

The soldiers around the Emperor looked at him with concern as they didn't understand what worried him. They looked toward the beast, and still, they understood nothing.

Only the Dragon Emperor himself understood the extent of despair he felt at that very moment. His worst fear in his life, one that thought he had stopped but knew deep down was just a matter of time, was coming to life.

The prophecy was becoming true.

#### Chapter 1803: Declaration

The Beast Paradise had a teleportation formation that linked directly to another teleportation formation in the backyard of the Dragon Palace.

Created during the reign of the first Emperor, the two formations were created to maintain a deep connection between the beasts and the humans and remember where the leaders of the beasts had come from.

Over time, the connection had become more and more shallow until it was nothing but a piece of formality that one had to maintain.

And even that formality the current Dragon Emperor broke by forcing upon the beast's rules and orders that they had to follow.

The teleportation formation itself was left alone and the beasts had used that very formation to quickly come here from the Beast's Paradise.

Pearl flew with the group of beasts and arrived next to the battlefield, slowly stopping only some distance away as he stared at the man that he had come to this war for.

Despite staying in the Eastern Continent for nearly 18 years with Alex, Pearl had never seen the Dragon Emperor with his own eyes. Forever it was just through recordings in talismans. They knew he could not appear before the Emperor at the time and for that reason never came face to face with him.

As such, this was the first time Pearl was laying an eye on the Dragon Emperor.

He watched the tall, middle-aged man with a silky-thick blue beard and flowing blue hair. His face held a level of calmness but his eyes betrayed the anger and frustration he felt at Pearl's appearance.

"You..." the Dragon Emperor growled softly.

Pearl took a few steps, separating himself from the swarm of beasts to stand out amongst them. He looked at the plethora of humans, some who knew who he was, most of whom didn't.

He took a deep breath, calmed the hatred in his heart that seemed to want to consume him, and spoke with a voice loud enough to be heard by not just the people on the battlefield, but also the people far away who were either hiding or watching.

"Long Tiankong!" Pearl spoke.

The man did not deserve a title in his opinion. Nor did he deserve any sort of deference.

"I will assume that you know who I am. After all, you tried to kill me when I was only a newborn child."

Pearl's words caused many of the people on either side to look around in confusion. They couldn't understand this new element at all.

However, a few of them remembered information that was already provided to them and were starting to slowly piece together answers.

"For those who do not know me, let me introduce myself. I am Pearl. I am a brother to King Alex of the Southern Continent, his bonded beast," Pearl said.

The words caused a layer of surprised murmur to pass through the group of people whose fighting had come to somewhat of a stop.

The Emperor's eyes shot toward Alex, finally gaining a level of understanding where he had learned all that he had. He knew not what thing Alex did to get the memories out of a child, but that made more sense than Alex finding out the information out of nowhere.

"I am also the Great Grandson of Bai Jingshen, ruler of the Western Continent, the White Tiger," Pearl said.

His words sent another wave of gasps and whispers, but this one wasn't as big as the last one. After all, everyone could see what exactly Pearl most likely was.

"However, most important of all, I have yet another identity," Pearl said. "Yet another connection that I only came to learn about just the last year. Perhaps, the most important identity I have."

"To the people of the Eastern Continent, I am Qing Shouchuang, Son of Qing Tianchui, the one you know as the Azure Dragon," Pearl said.

Pearl let the information linger.

The Dragon Emperor frowned as soon as the information was out, and the people who had guessed it already were more than shocked to find their guesses confirmed.

As for the people who had expected nothing at all, this piece of information hit them like a hammer. Numerous shouts rang around them, some claiming what Pearl was saying as false, some praising him for it, while some simply wanted proof before they believed anything."

"If you want an oath from me, then you shall have it," Pearl said. "I am named Qing Shouchuang at birth and am the son of the late ruler of the Eastern Continent, Qing Tianchui, I swear this upon the heavens."

The world stirred but nothing fell from the sky to strike Pearl. The world remained still, proving to everyone that what Pearl said was the truth.

"That is correct," Pearl spoke. His words cut through the deep silence that hung in the air. "I am the son of the Azure Dragon, the late ruler of the Eastern Continent. In his death and the lack of another Azure Dragon, I become the sole heir to that throne and am thus the new ruler of your kind."

"To those who still fight on behalf of this man, you must know of his crime by now. If you do not, know that he was responsible for the deaths of my father and mother. As your rightful ruler, I command you all to fight against him and his men immediately."

Pearl's eyes then turned toward the Emperor and his voice grew vicious. "For you, Long Tiankong, I have no words to speak but this. You tried to kill me when I was a child, but the sacrifice of my father and mother helped me survive."

"Today, I have come to pay you back for that sacrifice. Today, I bring you vengeance, and I bring you death."

His words thundered throughout the world with a tiger's roar. A flicker of something appeared on his forehead for a fraction of a second before disappearing, and his words were heard by every person that was in the air and all around.

Whisker recorded what was happening once more as it would be something useful for Alex later on. Or maybe they could even use it right away to send more messages throughout the empire.

With Pearl's arrival and declaration, there may be more hands willing to help them in this war.

Soldiers that were on the sideline slowly stood up and looked toward Pearl and then the war. The war was no longer between the Southern Continent and their Emperor whom they no longer wanted to follow.

It was now between the heir of the Azure Dragon and the one that killed the Azure Dragon. There was more reason to the battle now, more meaning to what they were doing.

As for the soldiers that were fighting on the side of the Emperor started having second thoughts. They were unsure what exactly it was that they should do here.

Quite a few of them started leaving the army, defecting right in front of them. As for the rest, they were still on the side of the Emperor as the Azure Dragon meant little to them.

They turned to their Emperor, hoping to find an answer in their time of doubt. When they saw him, they were disheartened to see that their Emperor as well was filled with questions himself.

Chapter 1804: Free

I bring you death.

Those were the last words that the Dragon Emperor wanted to hear from the mouths of the White Tiger.

He stood still, unsure if he was stunned or simply lacking in all emotion. He thought what he felt now was the numbness that came with the understanding that everything was over and there was nothing he could do anymore to prevent what he had tried preventing for a long time

Another prophecy was going to be true, wasn't it?

A tinge of pain came and went away as he remembered his wife who tried her best to stop this very thing from happening. In the end, it seemed all they had done was just delay the inevitable.

Maybe it wasn't even that. Maybe it was all just meant to happen this way, and they were all pawns to fate, unable to change what the future held for them.

The Emperor's body slacked as he saw the beasts around Pearl started to fly toward them, charging at them with the intent to kill.

He saw the opposing army begin fighting once again. His heart was simply not in it.

What else did he even have to care about? The prophecy was here and it was true.

Above your realm shall they proclaim your end. A King, A son of a King, and a Tiger pure White.

He turned to look at Alex. The King.

He looked at Zhou Linfan. The Son of a King.

And then he looked at Pearl. A Tiger with pure white fur.

He then looked down at the city that was the heart of his empire. Above his own realm.

"Is this really it?" the Dragon Emperor thought. "Am I destined to die like this? Do I have no chance of survival?"

A part of him refused to believe it. A part of him, that was forged by his wife's love for him told him to fight this thought, but truth overcame all feelings for him at the moment.

No thought remained but the single one. The words of his prophecy went through his mind over and over and over and over as if trying to haunt him with it anew.

A King. Death. A Son. Pure White. Proclaim. Your realm. A Tiger. The words of his prophecies rang loudly like an alarm in his head, and he couldn't help but hear it all as clearly as he had the first time all those years ago.

As the words went over and over in the Emperor's mind, he started accepting that maybe he truly was going to die this time around. He didn't want to, but maybe—

The Emperor paused. What was this?

As the words played in his head, a thought that he had never considered surfaced in his mind, formed by the repetition of the words of the prophecy.

How had he never considered this possibility?

All this time, the Emperor had been focused on the 'who' of the prophecy and had taken the rest of its meaning to be that someone would come and kill him in the future.

It was under this context that he based every action of his from the start. But what if he had been wrong from the very beginning? What if he had simply misunderstood what the prophecy was about?

The wording of the prophecy did not say that he would die at the hands of those three. It only said that they would proclaim his end. While 'End' could mean a lot of different things for the Emperor, he had decided that it was his death that it pointed to.

Perhaps, long ago, he might have considered some other alternative possibilities to the word 'End' in his prophecy, but that was not what surprised him right now.

The thing that made him reconsider everything right now was the word 'Proclaim'.

Above your realm shall they proclaim your end.



They had come, and they had indeed proclaimed his end. They had declared war against him and had called for his death.

But that in no way meant that he was going to die, did it?

The prophecy made no claims beyond the proclamation as to what was going to happen to him. The proclamation itself was the end of the prophecy.

Beyond that, the Emperor was a free man.

The Emperor felt his heartbeat faster and faster. Excitement filled his body, excitement that he had never felt in the longest time he could remember.

He felt free. Free as a bird out of its cage. Free as a fish who escaped the bait.

Free as a man who had escaped the clutches of fate and destiny.

New life reinvigorated the Dragon Emperor, new life filled him with purpose. Many had died in this path for this exact moment and it had come to pass.

Now, it was up to him to honor everyone who died for him. It was up to him to live and survive.

He regained his focus and saw the beasts and the men attacking his group of soldiers at once. Long Huogong was giving orders, but many of the soldiers seemed hesitant to fight at all.

They were not sure whose side they were supposed to be fighting.

The Dragon Emperor took a deep breath.

"Soldiers!" he shouted, immediately catching the ears of every single soldier on the battlefield and outside.

Many of the soldiers fought while lending an ear to him.

"I will not tell you who to choose today. Make the choice of your own accord," the Dragon Emperor said. "But know this, for the past 7 millennia, I have been your sole Emperor. The Azure Dragon has never done anything for you, he has never even known that you existed."

"It was I who ruled this empire. It was I who brought peace and prosperity into this empire. I may have done many things in the past, but I have never acted against the greater good of the empire."

"So when you choose me, choose to know that it is I who holds your best interest at heart," the Dragon Emperor said. "And if you don't choose me, and choose the enemy. Choose them knowing who you make an enemy of."

The Dragon Emperor's aura exploded as might beyond what any of the soldiers had ever sensed from a mortal making their minds shudder. Many of them reflexively fell back into rank and continued fighting for the Emperor.

A few still defected, but the number was far less than it would've been had the Emperor not spoken at all.

The Emperor looked at the armies. His number was now less than the enemies after the beasts were mixed into the battlefield. But he saw no problem in that.

On average, his soldiers were much stronger than the average soldier in the enemy's army. So, he could let them fight without much worry.

"Soldiers, break array and join the battle," the Emperor ordered and the many soldiers that were aiding their leaders commanded.

"Your Majesty," Long Huogang tried to protest, but the Dragon Emperor cut him off.

"Prepare everyone for battle," the Emperor said.

Long Huogang looked back at the 400 or so strong saints that were staying in an array, constantly empowering the Emperor.

"Everyone?" he asked.

The Emperor nodded. "Everyone!" he said and went into battle.

#### Chapter 1805: Sneak Attack

"Are you alright?" Alex quickly flew over to Pearl and asked.

Pearl looked at the beasts that had just left for war. He turned toward Alex as he arrived next to him.

"Was I late, brother? I hope everything is alright still," Pearl said as he looked around, searching for people he cared about. He felt a relief when he saw Liz and Graham in the distance, wounded, but safe.

He tried looking for some other people he could recognize, but the war had restarted after his arrival, and everyone had started moving once more.

"We have a lot of losses," Alex said. "The numbers are not fully in yet, but we should have lost nearly 1500 soldiers in total. 3 of our elders have died as well."

Pearl gave a saddened look. "I'm sorry. I should have come earlier," he said.

"You weren't any later than I was," Alex said. "I only just brought the soldiers over from the Central Continent too. So don't think those deaths are because of you. Besides, we all came because we decided to. To do what is right."

Pearl nodded.

Alex looked at the thousands of beasts that moved toward the war and took notice of their aura. Most of them were quite strong, with about 30 or so beasts in the Saint Transformation realm.

'Those are a good addition to the army,' Alex thought. The other soldiers who had turned against the Emperor were also a good addition now. He looked back at Pearl.

"What do you plan to do now?"

Pearl looked at the battlefield and said, "My mother made me promise that I wouldn't go out looking for revenge, but I'm already here. I'm weak and don't have much of a cultivation base, but I must fight no matter what."

"After coming all this way, I cannot hide behind others still," Pearl said.

Alex nodded. "Go fight who you can, but take care of yourself. The moment you know you aren't safe, run away," he said.

Pearl nodded.

"Let's go."

Alex and Pearl went back into the war, joining it as everyone started fighting with full force.

"What is the situation?" Alex asked Yan Yating through Whisker.

"We have the upper hand in number, but the strength of the opposition still dwarfs us in most of the places," he said. "If we are to not suffer many casualties, we should immediately begin attacking the upper echelon of the army and destroying the chain of command from the top."

Alex nodded to himself. "I'll go fight the stronger—"

His words cut off as 3 soldiers came for him, flying past the beasts and other soldiers, specifically targeting him.

Alex pulled out Midnight immediately and attacked back, destroying 2 of the three attacks that flew toward him immediately.

As for the last attack, he simply took it to the face and came out of it with no damage.

They seemed to be ignoring Pearl, thankfully, who had joined the battle in the distance.

"It seems like I have found my opponents for now," Alex sent a message. "Keep me informed about the situation."

"I will be joining the fight soon as well. I will have my subordinates replace me in overseeing the war," Yan Yating said. "Given how strong I am, it makes no sense for me to just sit around and—"

The man's words cut off.

Alex didn't know why he had stopped speaking, but this was no time to give thought to those words. He turned around, swinging his sword as he let out an attack that flew toward one of the two men that were attacking him.

The man was in the Saint Transformation 6th realm and seemed quite strong. What surprised Alex was the fact that the man was in fact the cultivation base he had, and didn't have any sort of aid for him.

It took him only a moment to realize that the man didn't have anyone protecting him.

The attack Alex threw the man's way was so strong that the man was forced to use his strongest attack to protect himself.

A gust of brown wind created sand all around the man, which coalesced into a spike of sorts that immediately flew toward Alex's sword slash.

Alex felt the panic that he felt every time someone attacked with Immortal Qi. Taking the cue, he immediately moved out of the way, making his way toward the woman who was readying an attack.

He took a deep breath and sent out a Yang Palm attack that flew toward the woman. This woman too didn't have any support behind her and had to use a life-saving treasure to save herself.

Just then, Alex felt someone teleport behind him as he felt the aura of teleportation and the fluctuations of space in the air.

Other than that, Alex could not feel anything else about the person that appeared at all.

If not for his ability to recognize manipulations in space, he wouldn't have even known that the man was there. There was absolutely no aura that came out of the man at all.

Alex's senses still caught onto the man and saw that he was already mid-swing with his sword even as he teleported. The attack had been so fast that Alex had no chance of defending himself at all.

Alex sensed the lack of aura and Qi in the attack in everything but the man himself. His sword glowed softly, but that didn't produce any aura at all.

The entire attack landed on the other person not noticing anything. This was an assassin's attack.

Alex saw the sword and the swing with his senses, and even as it was too late to do anything about it, he knew what he had to do in this case.

He let out a strong Intent, not to stop the man, but to stop the defensive energy deep inside him from surfacing. As for the attack itself, he took it head-on without any defenses.

The attacker felt the feedback on his sword as it seamlessly cut through Alex's neck, severing his head in that one single strike.

Blood spurted from Alex's headless torso while the head itself flew into the air to the side.

The man wasn't done just yet. Just to finish the attack, he sent his sword through Alex's chest, driving it into his heart.

As he stabbed, he felt something crunch within Alex's robes, almost like a metal that was very strong but brittle at the same time.

He felt little resistance again until after the sword came out on the other side when it struck something and broke it through Alex's robes on the other side.

Tiny pieces of crystalline ruby seemed to break off from Alex's body, confusing the man. He gave it a closer look and realized that it wasn't ruby at all, but something similar in color and yet perhaps harder than it.

He reached into Alex's back following his sword and took out what his sword had broken into. He pulled it out into the sun and saw the crimson translucent piece of a solid object that he had never seen before.

However, the smell of it told him exactly what it was.

"Is this... blood?"

Chapter 1806: Headless

1806 Headless

"How is blood this solid?" the man asked himself while holding onto the piece of blood armor's part.  
"How is blood this strong?"

He crushed the solid blood and found how solid it was. He could crush it now, but earlier it felt even harder. It was as though the blood had lost its hardness over time.

He let the crushed blood drop from his hands, and let the powder float into the wind and get taken away.

"Brother Gangjin, you did it!" the woman moved toward Alex's corpse, holding onto an activated formation plate, and smiled at the man with wide eyes. "And just in time too. I thought I was going to die."

The other two men that had been fighting Alex came closer too and congratulated the man.

"Did you kill the Nascent Soul too?" one of the men asked.

"No," the man named Gangjin replied. "It hasn't appeared from his body. I wonder why."

"You should just crush his Dantian to be safe. Maybe it is still sticking in there."

The man thought for a moment and nodded. "It's better to be sure," he said. "Has anyone noticed us yet?"

"No, I activated the barrier the moment his head came off," the woman said. "I do not know if someone noticed it or not, but we have to hurry either way."

"You're right," the man said.

He looked back at Alex's headless corpse and took a deep breath as he had done what everyone wanted to be done. Now, to make sure he was truly dead in body and soul, he had to destroy the soul too. So, he pulled the sword back.

Or at least he tried to.

The sword had seemingly been caught in something and couldn't be pulled back. He tried a little harder and still he couldn't pull it.



'What the hell? Did it get stuck in that hardened blood?' he wondered. He couldn't believe that he would have to use Immortal Qi to pull out a sword too.

All four people's attention instantly shifted toward the side as a large snake appeared in the formation out of nowhere, completely made of blood and nothing else.

"It's this man's beast," the woman said. "It must have realized he was attacked and come back to protect him."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Go attack—"

The man's words were cut off as he felt something happen in a moment when he had let his guard down. He slowly looked down and saw that 5 spikes, made entirely from blood, had dug deep into his chest and abdomen.

Blood spurted out of the man's mouth as he realized that his heart and his Dantian had been pierced by these spikes of blood.

'What happened?' he thought with numbed emotion. He couldn't tell if someone else had done something or if Alex had a defensive technique that was set to launch after his death.

"How did I—"

He looked up and saw similar gazes from one of the men and the woman, who were looking down at their own chests as more spikes had pierced through their bodies as well.

Only one last man had a protective barrier around him that had activated from a talisman that he kept in his body at all times.

It had stopped all of the spikes made out of blood that were entirely coming out from Alex's body. The spikes pulled back into Alex's body, disappearing all at once.

As for the people that were attacked, their bodies started losing control over their Qi and they started falling down even as they desperately tried to find a healing pill for themselves.

The final remaining man wasn't sure what had happened, but he knew that Alex's corpse had done something just now. He took his spear and got ready to attack, only to have to turn around for the blood snake that was making its way toward him.

The Blood Snake had an aura that made the man think it had a cultivation base of Saint Transformation's 9th realm. As someone in the Saint Transformation 6th realm himself, the man had no way of fighting against the beast in any capacity but a single one.

He reached into the body and pulled out the remaining Immortal Qi and sent out a terrifying attack at the Blood Snake.

The Blood Snake opened its mouth, creating a pool of blood in front of it, and attacked. The attack was a Water attack, that now used Blood instead.

It was a rather terrifying attack at Saint Transformation 9th realm, but the attack it faced was in the Immortal realm.

That single attack destroyed the blood attack that the Blood Beast made and then destroyed the beast itself. The blood beast disappeared in a rain of blood with no more aura to sustain itself.

A single bead of hardened blood, that was the core of the beast, crumbled and floated away into the wind.

The beast died in that one attack, but the man had no chance to take a break. Something was happening to Alex's body, so he turned around to confront him.

Just as he did, Alex swung his sword and cut the man's head off before stabbing him through the Dantian to kill his soul as well.

Alex pulled Midnight out and swung it to get rid of the blood coating it. He reached for the man's falling body and took it into his Soul Space.

He looked down at the 3 other falling bodies teleported next to them and swiftly killed the ones that weren't dead before taking their body as well.

He let the formation plate fall down and felt the barriers of the formations pass through him as it fell.

A few people saw him reappear and gasped when they saw how he was.

His head had grown back swiftly, but a sword still stuck out from his chest, right from his heart.

Alex grabbed the sword from the hilt and pulled it out slowly. The hole it left behind healed quickly and a layer of hardened blood covered it immediately as the Blood Armor reformed below his robes.

Alex looked at the sword and realized that it was quite a nice sword. He stored it as well and paid attention to his surroundings to see if someone else was going to come attack him.

It didn't seem as though they were. Most people were busy with their own fights. Only a few paid attention to his arrival and that too perhaps only because they saw the Snake fly into something and disappear.

"Brother, are you okay?" Whisker asked through his bond.

"Yes, I'm fine. I was ambushed, but I killed them," Alex said. He couldn't help but wonder if he alone had been their target because they knew he couldn't use Immortal Qi.

Alex then took a moment to look at his body. He had found something quite fascinating today.

When he let his head get cut off, he assumed that he would have to wait until it grew back on. He knew it would only be a split second when he would black out before coming into consciousness.

However, the moment his head was cut off, instead of blacking out, his consciousness had been transferred into his Nascent Soul instead.

Chapter 1807: Convert

1807 Convert

Even with his head cut off, Alex could still sense the world around him through his Nascent Soul.

There had been many instances when Alex had killed a Saint with a soul and that soul had innocently flown out of the soul, completely unaware of the world around him.

However, that hadn't happened to him at all. He wondered why that was.

Was it because his body was special? Was it because his mental strength was quite stronger than most people? Or was it because of the Undying Physique which made it so that his body wasn't truly dead even with his head cut off?

Any of these possibilities, or a combination of these possibilities could have done what had happened to him just then.

However it had happened, his soul had gained consciousness, and through that soul, he had realized that he could still control parts of his body.

He couldn't physically control his body, but he still had overall control of what it did. He could even control the Undying God's Physique to stop himself from immediately healing.

That had been great to know, but what truly shocked Alex was the fact that he could somehow control his blood as well.

Perhaps due to the nature of Blood God's technique or because of the Blood Aura dao he had learned, he was capable of controlling only just his blood while his consciousness was only in the soul.

He could also control the blood beasts that were far away, but that was less surprising. After all, in a way, those beasts were bonded to him through blood as well.

With this information, Alex had acted the way he did. He killed the people who had attacked him, and now it was time to move on to other fights.

There was no luxury for him to wait around and fight.

"Brother!" Whisker's frantic voice suddenly came to Alex and he got worried.

"What is—"

He sensed a strong aura from a distance and turned around quickly in that direction to see the Dragon Emperor wielding his Noble Dragon Spear aloft in the sky, power radiating from it as lightning crackled around the spear, and he launched the attack.

In front of that attack stood Long Huan, who had simply no way of defending himself against an Immortal attack.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long Huan had been working alongside his brother for some time to try and convert people to not fight for his father.

As the Emperor's son, even though he was on the other side of the war, the soldiers still found it hard to attack him with the intention to kill. So more time than not, he found the opportunity to just talk to those people.

Long Huan stumbled upon a wounded soldier who was out of place in the war, having somehow been separated from his group of soldiers, and was trying to find a way back to that group.

The fearful man turned his spear and attacked Long Huan the moment he came anywhere closer, but Long Huan quickly struck the man's spear away with his sword, having been clearly stronger than the young man.

"Brother, I'm not here to hurt you," he quickly said and took a few steps back to make the man trust him a little.

"Your... highness?" the man saw him and couldn't believe that he attacked the prince.

"Listen to me, you don't have to fight. This is not your war," Long Huan said.

"I... but..." the man looked around, anxiety filling his every move. He did not want to die like he had seen so many do today.

"Brother, you are wounded. Do you have no healing pills with you?" Long Huan asked.

"I... I do," the man said. "I mean I did. I ate a few already to heal myself, but the more I ate the more I needed to eat to heal myself the next time around. Now, my healing pill is not working for me."

Long Huan blinked with surprise. He had only heard about pills not working as they were intended to after too much use and had never seen that actually happen.

'How many healing pills did this man have to eat for the pills to become ineffective?' he wondered.

"Listen to me, you won't die here," Long Huan said. "This isn't your fight, so you can simply leave this place. But if you want to fight for something good, you should fight on our behalf."

"We have a lot of pills, pills that will work on you to heal you," Long Huan said. "If not, we have other ways of quickly healing you."

The man looked at Long Huan as if trying to search for words of deceit, but he couldn't find anything.

"What... what's the catch?" the man asked. He had no doubt there had to be one. There was no way someone would simply give something to him without expecting something back.

"Simple. You either vow to leave this battlefield entirely or you vow to fight for us," Long Huan said. "If you leave without fighting, we will let you go. If you join us, we will heal you immediately. Those are the only catch."

The man took a few deep breaths and looked at his wound. He had been cut across his arm, with a wound that went from the side of his biceps all the way down past his elbow.

He had been bleeding profusely for some time now. If not for the fact that he was a cultivator, he would have long since died of blood loss.

"I can heal you say?" the man asked.

"Yes," Long Huan said. "We have a method to heal you even without pills."

"And I just have to speak the oath for today?" he asked.

"Yes," Long Huan said excitedly. Things were going in the right direction now. He hoped to find more people when doing this, but every single change mattered.

Instead of killing someone, converting someone against the empire was a more devastating blow.

"I..." the man slowly spoke.

Long Huan nodded, urging him to continue.

"I swear on the heavens that I will fight alongside your soldiers today, once I am healed fully," the man said.

Long Huan smiled. "Great! That is all we needed from you," he said. He was happy that this man chose to fight instead of leaving the battle. He didn't mind when people left the war, but if they joined them instead, that was a much bigger help.

"So, how do I heal now? You have a pill?" the man asked.

Long Huan nodded and looked at the man's wound. Since there were no missing limbs, he decided to not give him the pill.

"To get healed, go to the—"

Blood sprayed across Long Huan's face, cutting him off mid-

sentence. Long Huan stared in front of him at the man who had been ready to turn and saw a spear sticking out from the front of his face.

"My empire does not need a coward like you who switches sides," the Emperor said and swung his spear sideways. As he did, the man slid out of the Emperor's spear, immediately exploding into nothingness as the man died without a corpse.

#### Chapter 1808: A Chance

Long Huan's face was a mixture of shock, horror, and fury. He was simply speechless to say what he wanted to see. All he could do was stare at the place where the man's body had exploded and turned to dust.

How easily had that man died, and that too while he was about to do the right thing?

Long Huan slowly turned his face toward his father, who now stood right in front of him with not a single emotion for the man who had just died. He did not even feel sadness for losing a subordinate or remorse for killing someone who wasn't even fighting anyone.



He stared into the eyes of his callous man and felt his shock subside as the hateful emotions took over slowly.

How long had it been since he had come face to face with this man before him? Long Huan remembered the last time he had been alone with him was when he was asked to return the Ivory sword.

Today, the man had the Ivory sword, so there was nothing that Long Huan had that he could give back to him.

The Dragon Emperor slowly floated toward Long Huan, and Long Huan instinctively started floating back.

"Are you afraid of me?" the Dragon Emperor asked his son.

"Why would I not be?" Long Huan asked. "You just killed an innocent man before me with no thought."

"This is a war. Everyone here is innocent and not at the same time," the Emperor said. "How innocent do you think you yourself are?"

Long Huan didn't answer. This wasn't the time for a conversation. He needed to run away. But he couldn't see an opening at all.

Everyone around him was busy with their own fights. He could see Hannah far away, caught in a fight with half a dozen different people. He could see Zhou Linfan, similarly caught in another fight.

Every single person of any worth was fighting someone already. He wanted to look for a way out, but even that wasn't there.

"Are you scared I'm going to kill you?" the Dragon Emperor asked Long Huan.

Long Huan turned around. "Forgive me if I find your presence threatening to my life. You haven't been exactly safe for me these past many years," Long Huan said.

The Dragon Emperor gave a small smirk. "You would've been dead had I truly tried to kill you," the man said. "But I didn't, that's why you are still alive. Even with your wife, with the army I had that day, I could've killed you easily. You're only alive because I chose not to."

Long Huan's eyes narrowed. "Do you want me to thank you for not killing me?" he asked in a mocking tone. He wasn't sure why he was doing what he was doing, but he couldn't stop himself from taking that tone with his father.

The Dragon Emperor stared at his son for a solid second and shook his head. "I still don't understand why you care so much about the life of someone else over your literal father. Do you care that little of your own blood? Did you care that little about me?"

"You know I didn't," Long Huan said. "But you changed. You are not the father I knew. Or at least, you are not the father you acted yourself to be in our presence before. You led Mother to her death by attacking the Azure Dragon. She would've still been alive had that not happened."

"She was the one who suggested—"

"I don't care," Long Huan cut him off. "We are long past that talk now. Mother made her choice and she died for it. I'm not going to make the same mistake and aid you with your heinous crimes."

"You eradicated entire royal families without any reason. You attacked an entire continent for no real reason. I should have known you were not a good person from the start. I'm just glad to have figured it out before it was too late. I'm not going to let you have your way anymore."

The Dragon Emperor simply closed his eyes and sighed. "Are you the one that leaves..." he said softly. "Or are you the one that is left behind?"

"What?" Long Huan asked. He could hear his father clearly, but the words made no sense to him. Leave? Left behind? What did that have anything to do with what was going on?

"I'm certain now that you are not the one that stays, whatever that means," the Emperor said. "But still, I will give you one last chance."

"I'll let you come to my side. Come back to me and I'll let you and your friends alone. You can have your wife too, I won't do anything to her either. Since I've taken away your brother's right to the throne, you can become the next Emperor."

Long Huan's eyes narrowed. He couldn't believe that his father would actually think he would still come back.

"I don't care about this attack on me either. I have nothing to fear here. All that I will be taking from here is the corpse of that king and that stripeless tiger. No more people need to die beside them."

"So, what do you say? Will you need time, or can you make the decision now?"

Long Huan thought for a moment. He didn't have to think as to what his answer would be. That was something that easily came to him. What he thought of instead was how to run away. He needed time and this seemed the best way to get some of it.

He searched for people who could help him, but even as his senses searched throughout the battlefield, he could see no help coming.

There was no one here that could help him.

And as despair set upon him, he heard his father's voice.

"I thought so," the Dragon Emperor said. That was all the confirmation he needed.

Long Huan tried to move back, but an aura from his father caught onto him. He tried to struggle out of it, but the aura was simply too strong.

"Whichever of the two you are, I do not care anymore," the Emperor said.

His spear appeared by his side and immediately a terrible aura surrounded the man. Lightning crackled all around the spear as the Dragon Emperor poured his Immortal Qi into it.

Long Huan paled as he watched his father prepare the attack. He gulped in fear, but there was nothing else he could do.

He was going to die.

"Goodbye, son," the Dragon Emperor said and launched the attack.

A pillar of bright white streaked toward Long Huan in a split second and in the very next second it exploded into bright fiery light.

The Dragon Emperor protected himself against the bright light and took a moment to see what had just happened.

Right before Long Huan had been hit, someone had appeared and used an Immortal attack to protect him.

The Dragon Emperor saw the figure and gave a rather surprised look when he saw what the figure held.

Long Fangyu stood before his brother, having arrived in time to protect him using none other than the Ebony sword itself.

#### Chapter 1809: The Right Choice

Long Fangyu's sudden appearance didn't surprise the Dragon Emperor nearly as much as the sight of the Ebony sword that he held in his hands.

The last time he had seen that sword had been in his wife's hands, who had died to protect him. After that, the sword had been as good as gone for him.

He had tried sending people out to search for the white cat and the sword, but finding his own son soon took precedence and he soon forgot about the sword entirely.

However, looking at it now, he could only wonder how his son came across the sword.

A thought came to him and he realized that the sword must have been brought by the White Tiger that came to declare war against him.

"I see," the Dragon Emperor said slowly. "So you must have been working with them for a long time. I wonder how I missed all the signs."

Long Fangyu breathed with difficulty. The shockwave of the explosion with Immortal Qi had been rather difficult for him to handle with regular Qi.

Given how weak his cultivation base was, there was little Immortal Qi in him. What he had, he had already used to protect his brother. Now, there was nothing in him to fight against his father.

The only choice was to run away. Even as he moved to leave, the Dragon Emperor's spear crackled with thick bolts of lightning.

"Long Tiangkong!!" someone screamed from the side.

The Emperor didn't need to look away to know that it was the chef who screamed. The Golden Dragon Shield appeared in his hands and he poured his Immortal Qi into the shield as well while he shot out with his spear at the same time.

Long Fangyu grabbed onto his brother even as the bolt of lightning came toward them.

The Dragon Emperor's lightning bolts sprayed into many different bolts as they streaked across the sky toward anyone it could find, regardless of whether they were fighting for him or not.

Long Huan felt the force of the lightning bolt land nearby, but at the same time, he was teleported away, no longer in danger.

Where he had been, the dozens of bolts of lightning sprayed forward, hitting many people in the way beyond where they had stood.

One of the bolts of lightning came for Zhou Linfan as well, but he struck aside the attack and came barreling at the Dragon Emperor where he knew deep in his heart that he would not leave until the Emperor was dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

As soon as they were teleported away, Long Huan quickly checked the surroundings to see that they were at a safe distance.

He had only noticed that they were way back within the Southern Continent's safe zones when he noticed his brother slowly falling.

He turned around and reached out for his brother instinctively, grabbing onto him to keep him aloft.

"Brother, are you alright? Did you overuse your—"

Long Huan's face took on a look of horror as he saw what was before him.

Long Fangyu staggered a little, his mind growing heavy, his thoughts escaping him even as he tried to grab onto them. He looked down slowly, looking at a giant wound on his chest where the lightning had struck him, blasting through the armor he wore.

He felt nothing at the sight, nothing at the fact that he was in incredible pain.

He saw his brother open his mouth to say something, but Long Fangyu heard nothing. In fact, the only thing he could hear was a long ringing that didn't seem to want to stop.

His vision was fuzzy as well.

He felt something around his face and saw his brother's hands forcing something into his mouth. He tasted nothing but he did feel something slide down his throat.

A wave of feelings returned to him, and his mind sharpened momentarily, letting him properly think as to exactly what was going on.

That was all that was needed for Long Fangyu to know what was happening.

'I'm going to die,' he thought. He could feel his senses slowly shutting down and his mental faculties leaving him. He tried to assess the situation and quickly realized just what was wrong with him.

His Dantian had been struck by the attack, and while he wasn't sure if he was crippled or not, he could tell that his soul was terribly wounded to a point where if he didn't recover soon, he would die.

'Do I have a pill to heal souls?' he wondered.

Even as he did, his mind slowly started shutting down. A body was only the reflection of its spirit in the end. As the spirit was wounded, his body couldn't do much either.

Thoughts went through his mind, memories flashing by. He couldn't stop them.

'I have to... I have to..' He had to do something, but he couldn't remember what. His mind wasn't working as capably.

He looked up, his fuzzy vision seeing a newly arrived figure.

A woman with black hair caught onto his head as he was moved away. He looked at her face, unable to recognize who she was exactly.

He was taken into the ship, not that he recognized it immediately. He saw the passing metallic features and arrived in a glowing room full of people

Something warm touched his skin and Long Fangyu looked to the side. A mass of red, yellow, and purple moved around fuzzily in front of his eyes as he felt the warmth coming from it.

'Fire?' He thought. somehow, the answer to what that was came to him simply.

Phoenix Fire.

The woman from before grabbed onto him and he felt something drop down from her onto his face.

Tears.

"Luo... yang?" Long Fangyu slowly spoke.

"I'm here," Zhan Luoyang spoke through her tears. "Just wait, someone has gone to get the King. He will get you a pill to heal your souls right away."

After more than an hour of ongoing war, the stock of healing pills that she had had become small long ago. She had a few healing pills for the body, but since Phoenix Fire didn't heal the spirit, those ones had long since been fully consumed. So, there wasn't anything Zhan Luoyang could give her fiance to eat at the moment that could save him.

Fangyu could hear none of what she said, but he could see her trying to reassure him. He reached out for her with his bloody arms and touched her cheeks.

He found it reassuring to have her be with him right now. His eyes moved toward his brother to the right who was more agitated than anyone at seeing him like this.

He could see how genuinely the two cared for him.

He could feel his mind slipping faster and faster. If he didn't do it now, he wouldn't have the chance later on.



While holding onto Luoyang, he reached for his brother and grabbed his hands tightly.

"Huan... Luoyang... I'm sorry," he spoke with a struggle. "I... I'm glad... at least at the end... I... made the right... choice."

"Brother?" Long Huan called out. "BROTHER!"

"Fangyu, no," Luoyang shouted as well.

However, no matter how much they spoke his name or called out to him, Fangyu could no longer respond to them. His wound to his soul had gone beyond the point where he could stay alive.

And just like that, the once Crown Prince of the Eastern Continent died.

Chapter 1810: Stalemate

Alex received the knowledge of the Long Fangyu being wounded and needing help just a few moments before he teleported away from the battlefield to the outside of the ship.

He quickly flew onto the ship, but by the time he arrived inside, he could already hear the wailing screams of Long Huan and Zhan Luoyang who were crying over Long Fangyu's body.

His eyes widened in shock as he went forward and leaned down to send his senses over the body.

Dead.

Without a doubt, Long Fangyu had died.

The wounded soldiers around the room were looking at the situation with a look of pity and sadness.

Alex found it a little difficult to believe the situation.

"I'm... sorry," Alex said softly. "I was too late."

Luoyang couldn't say anything. She didn't find any capacity to do anything but cry.

Long Huan looked toward Alex with tears streaming down his face. "His soul... his soul was wounded in the attack. We didn't have any pills," he said.

Alex held a grim look. "What about all the other pills?" he asked.

Long Huan shook his head. "Most of the pills have already been used," he said. "There wasn't any for my brother."

Alex grimaced at the words. He looked in front of him at the Phoenix fire which everyone was using to heal themselves throughout the battle.

The ship was specially created to bring this fire along for the war, with a Spirit vein being burned down below to keep this fire going.

This fire was meant to heal most minor wounds, but Alex knew from the start that this wouldn't heal wounds to the spirit or the soul.

'Dammit!' he thought to himself. He should've thought to bring more pills along for healing souls. That had been a mistake on his part.

"Why were you late?" Long Huan asked.

Alex couldn't help but put on an apologetic look. "I'm sorry, I was deep in a battle," he said.

After seeing that the prince was saved by his brother, and seeing Zhou Linfan join in a deadly fight with the Emperor, Alex's focus had been to keep people from interfering with that fight.

Zhou Linfan's job was to do his best to tire the Emperor and kill him if he could. And everyone worked to his work from being disturbed as it had been multiple times in the past.

Had Alex not started another fight, he could've maybe made it back in time.

"What happened? I thought you and your brother made it out of your father's clutches," Alex said. He remembered seeing them teleporting away. The splitting bolts of lightning had covered a large area and had somewhat blinded him at that moment. It was only the teleportation aura that told Alex that they had made it away.

"He was hit before we could leave," Long Huan said, his voice seething with anger.

He looked around and caught onto the sword that lay near his brother's dead body. The Ebony sword.

He held onto it tightly, as his face became a mask of fury. "I'm going to kill him," he said softly. "I'm going to kill my father."

He stood up, but Alex caught onto him. "Brother Huan, don't be reckless. Senior Zhou is fighting him right now. You can't do anything even if you go there."

Zhan Luoyang stopped crying and looked to the side as she realized something was going on.

"Let go of me," Long Huan shouted. "I'll go kill him."

"Young brother Huan," she tried to speak, but Long Huan spoke even louder than she could.

"He killed my brother, his own son. I must kill him. I must see him dead with my own eyes. He must die at my hands," the prince shouted.

"He will die, but if you go there right now, you will die too. Calm down for now," Alex said, but the prince tried to shove Alex aside to move out.

"Please, brother Huan," Alex tried speaking, but the man used all he could to push Alex aside and moved past him.

Alex sighed, seeing that he had no other choice at all. He let out a spiritual attack, using Heaven's Impact at that moment to render Long Huan unconscious.

Alex grabbed onto his body as it fell and slowly laid him down by Zhan Luoyang. "He'll be unconscious for a few minutes. Please look after him while he wakes up," he said.

Alex then reached into his Soul Space and brought out a few pills that healed soul-based injuries. "I'm sorry I couldn't make it here earlier, and you have my condolences, but we do not have the time to mourn. The war rages outside and people are wounded by the minute. I need you to help them however you can. Please."

Zhan Luoyang took onto the pills that Alex handed her over, a measly 20 pills, but even a single one would've been able to save her Fangyu's life had it been in time.

Luoyang nodded. "I will do what I can," she said as he wiped the tears that hadn't stopped streaming down her face.

Alex stood up straight and looked at the phoenix fire that burned within the ship, feeling bad that it did not heal soul injuries.

He shook his head in the end and turned around, walking back out of the ship to go back to the fights where the battle had reached a crescendo with Zhou Linfan and the Dragon Emperor tearing through the skies to hopefully kill each other.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Dragon Emperor and Zhou Linfan had come to add an odd sense of stalemate in their battle. They continuously fought each other, but neither of them got an upper hand on each other at all.

The problem lay in the fact that Zhou Linfan's regular Saint Qi was now much stronger than the Emperor's Saint Qi due to him being part of the Hell Emperor's Array.

As a result, the Emperor was forced to use Immortal Qi to fight against Zhou Linfan's attacks as there was nothing else that could bridge the gap between their Saint Qi.

At the same time, Zhou Linfan struggled in the same way that his powerful Saint Qi had no way to bridge the gap against the Emperor's Immortal Qi and was thus forced to use Immortal Qi himself.

As such the Emperor and Zhou Linfan were both forced to fight with nothing but Immortal Qi, and as a result neither of them were coming anywhere close to beating each other.

As such, there was all but one path to victory in this fight.

Whoever could make the other person run out of Immortal Qi first won.

Neither of the two knew how much Qi the other person had. Neither of them knew how long each of them were fighting. All they knew was their own limit, and they were both willing to push it to the limit.

Zhou Linfan knew he wasn't going to back down, and the Dragon Emperor knew there was no way for him to back down.

As such, the two of them fought with every might in their body.

"I will avenge my father and my Kin, Long Tiankong!" Zhou Linfan shouted. "Today is the day you die."