## **Astral Pet Store (WN) Chapter 1501: Sorcerer Ancestor Yuan Long (1)**

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Sorcerer Ancestor Hun Yu's voice was transmitted again, "They're trying to monopolize chaos. I cannot leave..." The message stopped there. It was obvious that none of the allied forces would survive if the great expert left. Besides, it had ght so relentlessly had they not been cornered. nowhere to run; it wouldn't have led its people to

Since it had decided to ght, it would be to the death!

Boom!

A magni cent power pushed Su Ping and the others away. They instantly saw ashing colors and the scenery changed quickly. The Sorcerer Ancestor's image became blurry, while the Heavens also became twisted in a ash, until everything in front of their eyes was gone.

Following that, in nite darkness.

To his surprise, Su Ping discovered that they had been pushed countless light years away. He was no longer able to sense the auras of the Heavens or that of Sorcerer Ancestor Hun Yu.

Su Ping felt sad as he looked at the dark and silent void and remembered the great expert's back.

He knew it would be impossible for the guy to escape.

Those Heavens were clearly aiming for the Sorcerer Ancestor.

Their population was limited. As the Heavens saw it, Ancestral Gods were just troublesome ants that would fall eventually. That is, after the Sorcerer Ancestor died! None of them would have the power to resist the Heavens by then.

It was impossible to become a Sorcerer Ancestor through cultivation, since the state itself was a gift bestowed from birth.

Hardly had Su Ping arrived in the Empyrean Cultivation Site when he witnessed a Sorcerer Ancestor sacri cing itself and countless species ghting fearlessly alongside it.

There had always been twelve Sorcerer Ancestors in history, but one of them just died. The Golden Crow's Chief Elder mentioned that a Sorcerer Ancestor died before the Golden Crows had chosen to live in seclusion. I wonder how many Sorcerer Ancestors are still out there...

standing at the peak of all lives, yet he still felt lacking.

Su Ping's face was gloomy. His cultivation had been meteoric as he quickly reached the Ancestral God realm; he was

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That feeling of weakness had haunted him ever since he started cultivating. He could not rest because of it.

A loud voice echoed among all the survivors. "Hurry up and leave this place. We must not let the Sorcerer Ancestor die for nothing."

The owner of the voice was an Ancestral God with the body of a lion and the tail of a dragon, which was an intimidating

sight. There were several incurable wounds on its body, left by the Heavens; the lingering black-colored energy was eating away its esh. There were survivors from different species, but all of them were mythical creatures. Anyone with a thousand-meter stature

was basically a dwarf in comparison. Their leaders snapped out of their stupor and ordered their forces to retreat.

"Friend of the primitive clan, are you coming with us?"

gure ew over. It was a massive bird with colorful feathers, and a wingspan of a hundred thousand meters. The creature emitted an abundant aura of chaos, while its sound was as pleasant as spring water.

Su Ping asked, "Do you have anywhere to go?"

ashed in the bird's eyes. It said, "Our home has been destroyed. We can only go to the Original Dragons for help. They've always been close to us, and will probably let us stay. We'll reestablish our home when the Sorcerer Ancestor returns!"

"The Original Dragons?" Su Ping was slightly dazed. It had to be a clan with a Sorcerer Ancestor, too.

"All right. I'll go with you," said Su Ping.

After all, only another Sorcerer Ancestor could be a Sorcerer Ancestor's friend.

survivor, had probably escaped with his Sorcerer Ancestor's help. Besides, all the survivors had witnessed how he had led the dragons to ght in place of their ancestor.

The bird was not surprised, since the Primitive Chaos Clan had already been shattered by the Heavens. Su Ping, the only

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# Both of them were in the Undying State. For such a being to let Su Ping sit on its back was a gesture of gratitude.

"Come on, I'll give you a ride," said the bird.

Su Ping didn't overthink the situation; he simply jumped to its back and sat down. He also narrowed his body down to the size of a human being, which made him look like a speck of dust on the bird.

The latter returned to the team and led its clan forward along with other Ancestral Gods.

possibly hurt him. We were too weak and were only liabilities. He had to stay to resist the Heavens in order to protect us."

rmest voice, "Of course. He is the strongest of the twelve Sorcerer Ancestors; the Heavens cannot The bird replied with the

"Is Sorcerer Ancestor Hun Yu coming back?" Su Ping asked on the bird's back.

Is that so...Su Ping was silent. The Primitive Chaos Clan's Sorcerer Ancestor had been destroyed. The Golden Crows' Sorcerer Ancestor was living in

wanted to turn himself off and fall asleep. Perhaps all the problems would be gone after waking up.

Su Ping didn't know what to feel. He was somewhat confused and desperate, while also frustrated and helpless. He even

seclusion. The Heavens were stronger than he imagined... Could Sorcerer Ancestor Hun Yu really come back?

He wore a troubled expression as he looked at the silent skies. He suddenly made out a familiar shape in the eternal darkness.

promise?

The Little Skeleton. Su Ping's sense of loss was instantly gone. He clenched his

The Little Skeleton hadn't been resurrected yet. How could he give up so easily?

He hadn't trained the Inferno Dragon to become the strongest dragon yet. How could he give up before ful

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lling that

He hadn't avenged the people from the Federation...