

The Ages 1181

Chapter 1181 - Save The Little Fish

As part of a superior race on the sun, Weisheng Moran was naturally a cut above the Weisheng clan in the chaos skyjail. She would be a god in the eyes of all beings in the chaos skyjail. Having decided on developing in the Myriad Solar Sects, Tianming certainly knew which was the Weisheng clan's most powerful force.

Of the Myriad Solar Sects, six thousand were structured like a sect, about three thousand like a dynasty, and around a thousand like a great clan. The top ten on the myriad sect ranking was dominated by forces that were established as a sect, but the Dreamless Celestial Nation, which ranked first, was a dynasty.

The dreamless celestial emperor was the ruler of the Dreamless Celestial Nation. Rumor had it that the dreamless celestials were one of the top three powerhouses on the sun, rivaling most members of the Sky Palace. The main race that made up the nation was the dreamless celestials, and Weisheng Moran, who temporarily ranked first on the imperial star ranking, was one of them.

Tianming didn't understand the Dreamless Celestial Nation, much less the dreamless celestials. But he knew that the gorgeous woman in front of him was Weisheng Moran—his top competitor and a popular candidate of the Sky Palace.

"Won't you be honest? Is your heart pounding? Few men are calm in the face of a woman like her. Stop lying to yourself," Yu Ziqian snickered. They were rushing toward the tomb, yet this guy was prattling on.

"Why are you so annoying?" Tianming glared at him.

"You're serious!" Yu Ziqian suddenly burst into laughter.

"What?"

"You really don't know! That young lady might be beautiful but if she whips it out from her skirt, she might be bigger than you." Yu Ziqian convulsed with laughter.

"What do you mean?" Tianming glanced back. The woman dressed in green had an exquisite figure and bewitching curves. Just a glance was enough to know her body would feel good to touch. How could she have a third leg?

"The dreamless celestials are the most incredible race I have ever come across. They're all both male and female. She might look female from the front, but underneath their hair is a man's face. If she confronts you with that face, her physical characteristics become male. Do you know what I mean? If you marry a woman from the dreamless celestials, you'll be fucked at the flip of her hair." Yu Ziqian laughed so hard he was almost out of breath.

"No way." Tianming couldn't help turning around. The young lady appeared so gentle. How could she be a man? But when the other men saw her, there wasn't a look of appreciation in their eyes. Instead, they pitifully fled from her.

"Really?" Xiaoxiao was dumbfounded.

"Of course. The dreamless celestials are a foreign race that arrived in the myriad sect thirty thousand years ago. The celestial orderians allowed them to develop here. In the time since they arrived, they became number one in the myriad sect ranking, pushing the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect down to second place. Their strength cannot be underestimated, and every one of them are both male and female. This isn't a secret. You three are the only people who don't know that," Yu Ziqian explained.

Tianming had to admit that the universe was vast and there were all kinds of races. "It's so weird." He couldn't believe his eyes. When Weisheng Moran first showed up, he couldn't help but appreciate her beauty. After all, she was so beautiful she could send anyone into a trance. Who would have thought she was both male and female!

"If you run into her, you must remember, she's your opponent. Don't believe everything you see, because the dreamless celestials are experts at illusions. Everything you see may not be true, including her gender," Yu Ziqian said in all seriousness.

"Understood." During the conversation they continued forging ahead through the chaos at the entrance of the tomb, passing countless disciples who were blown away and quickly approaching the abyss-like entrance.

"Hurry!" Because Yu Ziqian wasn't moving fast enough, Tianming grabbed his lapel as he flew toward the entrance. Just as he was about to enter the tomb, Tianming felt a chill on his back. Upon turning around, he noticed a woman in green standing amidst the storm that swept away everything, her hair and dress fluttering in the wind. It was almost as if he could caress that perfect countenance with his hand. There was a light in her dark green eyes that made her pupils seem to come alive. At that moment, both pupils turned into little black fish.

"Are you the one the little fish is waiting for?" Her red lips parted as she uttered this confusing sentence. In that instant, her left pupil, which had transformed into a little black carp, separated from her eyeball and swam out. Her left eye was suddenly vacant, a bit like Bodhi's eyes. Without warning, the little black carp shot into Tianming's eye following a green flash. It moved so quickly that Tianming failed to dodge.

"What?" His left eye didn't hurt, but there seemed to be something on it.

"Save the little fish." With that, the woman in green flickered past Tianming and rushed into the tomb. Before she disappeared, Tianming noticed that her left eye was now pupilless. Only the whites of her eye remained.

"What the hell!" Upon observing himself with the Plundering Eye, Tianming was horrified. The little black carp had entered his left eye. It circled his gold pupil, attached itself to it, and turned into a smaller dark green pupil, ceasing all movement. There were two pupils in Tianming's left eye, one gold and the other dark green, one large and the other small. Tianming looked even more strange now. More importantly, he wasn't sure what to expect from this inexplicable incident.

"Her pupil turned into a fish and went into my eye?" Tianming felt his scalp tingle. This world was crazy. He couldn't have imagined such a thing, not even in his wildest dreams.

"That's crazy!" Yu Ziqian exclaimed.

"What is it? Tianming asked, pointing to his left eye.

"I don't know. I've never heard of such a strange technique from the dreamless celestials," said Yu Ziqian.

"Does your grandfather know?" Tianming asked.

"He doesn't know the dreamless celestials. That old man constantly brags about how great he used to be, but I think he was just an average guy," said Yu Ziqian.

Chapter 1182 - Divine Celestial Pattern

"Are you uncomfortable?" Lingfeng took a moment to observe Tianming's eye, but couldn't see anything.

"I don't feel anything at all, but it can't be good." Tianming frowned.

"I think it's safer if we gouge out your eyeball," said Yu Ziqian.

"Fuck off." After poking himself several times to no avail, Tianming said, "Is she sick in the head? I don't even know her, but the first thing she does is to throw her eye at me and utter a bunch of gibberish. I must stop her and get her to explain herself."

"Bro, she's way stronger than you. Your ranking on the imperial star ranking is a little exaggerated, but hers is solid." Yu Ziqian appeared anxious.

Tianming looked inside; there was a more important matter at hand, which was to enter the tomb at once. Everything about the stunning girl flashed in his mind—her eyes, the way she spoke, and so on.

"Who is the little fish waiting for?" He was baffled. While his attention was occupied, he failed to notice that the little green pupil turned into a tiny black carp that swam in his golden pupil, gliding around the whites of his eyes. In fact, Weisheng Moran's beauty was almost breathtaking. If she weren't a dreamless celestial, Tianming could still think of this as an interesting encounter.

"Fuck!" In his heart, all the things he wanted to say condensed into this one word, perfectly expressing his mood.

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Thunderous reverberations sounded from all directions. A cloud of dust arose as the surrounding walls shook, a sign that the tomb was still sinking. He turned around and saw the light from the surface grow dimmer and dimmer as the commotion from a billion disciples began fading; the entrance to the tomb was about to be sealed.

Ten breaths after Tianming urged them inside, the mouth of the dragon sculpture was completely sealed. In that instant, the noise and flames outside were completely cut off and they were plunged into darkness. The smell of mold and decay washed over them, the cold, gloomy air entering their lungs. Ever since arriving on the sun, Tianming hadn't felt such gloominess until now. It was like falling into an ice cave.

The tomb was still sinking, the surrounding stone walls trembling as the rumbles persisted. It was likely that the tomb would sink into the depths and be covered by the earth above, sealed by dust.

Meanwhile, the remaining disciples outside would immediately disperse and search for other opportunities. The imperial star ranking was still outside. For the eight hundred million people who failed to enter the tomb, there were other opportunities to improve their rank and stumble upon good fortune.

"The Sky Palace didn't say anything about the tomb being everything."

In the Voidsky Realm, geniuses had their way of doing things, while ordinary disciples had their own approach. Most of the elite disciples had entered the tomb.

There were at least nine thousand five hundred names marked with a red dot on the imperial star ranking and, including Tianming, who was in second place. The skyward eyes dispersed, no longer focusing on this area. The images transmitted were no longer related to the tomb, but focused on the disciples outside. This phenomenon astonished the onlookers in the Myriad Solar Sects. What they wanted to see was the battle between the great talents; however, it was clear that the Sky Palace wasn't planning to show the fight within the tomb.

"We can't see what's happening in the tomb. What's the Sky Palace doing?"

"I don't know. The sect master asked and heard that the emergence of the tomb wasn't known by the first-rate forces in advance, either."

"The ancestors of the celestial orderians searched for the tomb for a long time, but never found anything. I wonder what the sun emperor thinks of the Sky Palace's actions."

"Why do I feel like there's something brewing?"

"With the emergence of the tomb, this is no longer a battle between disciples, but some kind of sign. As for what it is, I don't know."

"The question remains, what's inside the tomb? Is it treasure that wasn't left for the Xuanyuan Dragon clan, or just some insignificant odds and ends?"

"All we can do is wait."

The only thing they could watch now was the imperial star ranking

"Did you notice that the scores of the names with a red dot are still changing? This means that the imperial star ranking is still recording their performance."

"In other words, we can see who's winning in the tomb through the changes in their scores."

"That's right."

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After the strongest shock yet, the tomb finally sank into the depths of the earth and stopped moving. The last shock lasted a long time. The room seemed to spin, causing many of the disciples to find it hard to move in the darkness. The next moment, the rustling of their movements sounded as everything stabilized. The disciples discussed amongst themselves and began to head inward.

Those who made it into the tomb on their own have astral force, so the disciples in the tomb have at least reached Ascension.

Achieving Ascension before the age of thirty would make anyone in the Divine Moon Realm a top genius. However, there were tens of thousands of such disciples right before Tianming's eyes. The tomb was so enormous that there was room for even their largest lifebound beasts to battle and rampage. But at this moment, no one was stupid enough to let their lifebound beasts out and block the way. In the secret domain, flexibility was important.

"Dammit. I can't get rid of it!" Tianming fiddled with his left eye for a long time, but to no avail. The tiny, dark green pupil was planted in his eye like some sort of strange power. There was no way of removing it unless he dug his eye out. It didn't seem like a special technique either. The only explanation is that it's an innate skill of her race, similar to the talents of the sky plunderer race. How incomprehensible.

Fortunately, this thing seemed to have no effect on Tianming for the time being. At this moment, the tomb was stable and everyone was rushing inside, striving to be the first and outdo the others. Tianming couldn't neglect the task at hand and was forced to put aside the matter of the little black carp.

"Don't panic. This may not be a bad thing. Maybe it's a token of her love for you. When your relationship comes to fruition, when two strong people meet, man on top of man, crossing your swords, it'll go away," Yu Ziqian comforted Tianming.

Tianming was furious about Yu Ziqian's joke. "Let's go!" He could only put the matter aside for now. The four followed the crowd, rushing into the dark tomb.

"This place almost feels like the Tomb of the Ancients." Lingfeng whispered.

"You're right."

The entire tomb was eerie and gloomy. The walls were all black, with dragon patterns carved on them. Tianming hacked at the wall with the Grand-Orient Sword and found that it was extremely hard. It was definitely forged from divine ores. As the blade cut deeper, he saw divine ordered patterns that showed traces of breaking down due to age. It seemed like the incarnation of the world's laws couldn't last forever.

The crowd madly pressed forward, like fish crossing a river. There might have been a fight if the passage wasn't wide enough.

"The path diverges up ahead." Tianming could see farther with his Plundering Eye. At the end of the dark passage were dozens of pathways. When venturing into one of them, he discovered that the path started to branch off again about a kilometer in. One path diverged into ten, ten into a hundred, a hundred into a thousand, and so on. After encountering this dozens of times, the number of people around him had decreased, and only continued dwindling. Because the passages all looked the same, there was little hesitation. With how mysterious the tomb was, no one could tell what treasures existed or in which passages they lay, so everyone left it to luck.

"Dammit, there's a formation here. We can't pass! "

"There's one here as well."

"Let's turn around."

One after another, curses came from everywhere, which meant it happened rather often. There were many divergences, yet the paths were connected to one another so the tomb became a terrifying maze. There were so many intersections that even if tens of millions were to enter the tomb, they would all be swallowed in an instant like ants crawling into an ant trap.

"Where are we?" After a while, Tianming had taken so many twists and turns he was almost dizzy. Although it didn't seem like they had returned to the start, he had completely lost his sense of direction so he wasn't sure if they were moving forward. An hour later, the crowd around him had disappeared and there were only three others beside him. Ying Huo stood on his shoulders, glancing around curiously and leisurely flitting about. Tianming thought they would continue in this manner until they ran into an invisible barrier.

"Another formation." Although they heard the others yelling, this was the first formation they had encountered.

"This is a divine ordered formation, at least third-grade. It won't be easy to break unless you're a formation guru. Let's take a detour," said Yu Ziqian.

The astralscape of order had more thorough standards regarding formations, heavenly pattern tomes, artifacts, and alchemy. Divine ordered patterns were the foundation of heavenly patterns, saintly heavenly patterns, and tribulation patterns. The Flameyellow Continent's heavenly patterns were fragments of divine ordered patterns and weren't whole. Therefore, the races in the astralscape of order didn't include them. Everything in the astralscape of order originated from nova sources and divine ordered patterns, including patternscribing and heavenly pattern tomes.

Chapter 1183 - Silverdragon Palace

Past generations of experts had used analysis and copying to grasp divine ordered patterns. They had extracted the useful parts, rearranged them, took them apart, put them together again, and formed a whole new system. They called this newly created system, 'divine celestial patterns'.

Divine celestial patterns were born from the world and were the representation of the world's law. They were the parts of divine ordered patterns that cultivators had developed. And these divine celestial patterns were the basis of formations and tomes! The patterns in formations were divine celestial patterns. Formations, from as large as fusion formations to as small as protective formations, all had complicated divine celestial patterns constructed with divine ores as their core. Divine tomes followed the same logic; however, they used the combination of divine celestial patterns and blank books made from divine herbs. Divine celestial patterns were scribed onto the blank book and could generate a predetermined amount of power.

Formations and tomes using divine celestial patterns were always divine-class at the very least.

Orderia divided divine formations into nine grades. Divine tomes, too, were broken down into nine grades.

The arts of formations and tomes were split into two different occupations: formation gurus and tome gurus. Whatever grade of formation they could create dictated their grade as a guru. For example, the

Skysource Hellshaker Formation was a grade-one formation, making its creator a grade-one formation guru. Still, even a grade-one formation guru was far beyond the likes of Yi Xingyin and Li Caiwei.

It was the same for some gurus.

Orderia had four special occupations in total: formation guru, tome guru, smithing guru and alchemy guru.

Formation gurus created and broke apart formations. The peak of the occupation were fusion and star world guarding formations. Tome gurus imprinted the power of divine celestial patterns onto divine herbs to produce tremendous attack power. It was the hardest occupation, but the money was definitely there. Alchemy gurus combined divine herbs and divine hazards together to form shocking medicinal effects. Yu Ziqian was an alchemy guru, though Tianming had never seen him make a pill.

If one wasn't a formation guru, it would take a lot of effort to break a barrier-type formation. Even though it was just a thin layer, its toughness and the complexity of the patterns inside were possibly even greater than the Skysource Hellshaker Formation. The strength of a formation had never depended on its size. Even the tiny Cyclic Map Tianming had once carried had been able to blow away Di Yi despite its tiny size.

Feiling's Heavenly Unity ability had a high affinity for tomes. When she woke up, Tianming planned to get her a chance to learn proper, profound formations and tomes on Orderia so she could become a formation and tome guru.

Tianming's ability to break formations surpassed countless formation gurus. This grade-three formation was as good as paper in front of him.

"Actually, I'm a formation guru," Tianming said.

"Yeah, right," Yu Ziqian said disdainfully.

"Want to make a bet?"

"Really? Alright, if you can do it, I'll call you daddy." Yu Ziqian gave him a doubtful look. Could someone perfect in everything really exist in the world?

"Alright, I'll call you daddy if I can't." Tianming had a confident look. "Turn around."

"What, you want to act mysterious?" Yu Ziqian turned around.

"Your portable grandpa too, please," Lingfeng added.

"Hmph!" the portable grandpa angrily snorted.

"Three seconds left until you call me daddy," Tianming smirked.

Yu Ziqian panicked when he heard this. When he counted down to zero, he turned around and saw Tianming grinning at him. The barrier that had been so complex had had a hole ripped open in it.

"Come to daddy," Tianming said.

“Alright!” Yu Ziqian came over. He brought his hands together and saluted Tianming, his expression full of respect. “Father, your son greets you!”

"You really know no shame."

“Like father, like son!”

Tianming was about to give him ‘The Look’ when a bright light shone behind him. He turned around, and saw a giant palace. It was emanating a soul-shaking aura, as if a giant beast was waking up from its slumber within. Then the sound of metal clashing, the roars of beasts and cacophony of abilities traveled over. It meant that quite a few people had arrived ahead of Tianming. They might have brute forced their way through the maze, or perhaps they had formation gurus in their teams.

“Let’s go!” The four quickly entered.

“So many people.”

The palace was huge, and a quick glance didn’t reveal its end. Originally, the walls were a dull grey. However, after people entered, the walls lit up with a silver metallic luster and the Silverdragon Palace was once again living up to its name.

Inside the palace, there was currently a chaotic battle involving hundreds of people. When Tianming had discovered the Imperial Ninedragon Tomb, many names on the imperial star ranking had already had a red dot on them. That meant they had entered almost two hours before Tianming. The entrance Tianming had used had seen traffic of at least tens of millions. So having hundreds here wasn’t that bad, all things considered.

As time passed, more people would arrive. However, the latecomers would be too late for any treasures.

“I’m from the sky plunderer race. Stealing treasures is my job! Where are they?” Tianming said to himself.

Chapter 1184 - Weapon of the Ninedragon Emperor

Ying Huo’s eyes were sharp, and it quickly picked out a giant silver egg deep inside the palace.

When Tianming looked closely, he found that the shell of the egg was actually formed of scales the size of fingernails. The scales undulated with wave-like motions, making it seem like the egg was a living creature.

“What’s that? An egg?” Xiaoxiao asked.

“No, it’s a formation.”

Tianming’s group quickly reacted, rushing toward the silver egg.

“A formation?” Xiaoxiao had thought it was a living creature.

“That’s a grade-four formation called the Millionblade Formation. It has strong defensive capabilities, and you need both a grade-five divine artifact and mighty astralforce to break it. If it’s there, there must be a valuable treasure inside, worth even more than the formation!” Yu Ziqian was excited.

Tianming didn't need him to infer that what was inside the formation was what the hundreds of people were fighting over.

By then, several dozen had already gathered next to the egg. They were all wildly hacking away at the formation, trying to break it and get inside. Sharp scraping sounds rang out every time divine artifacts met formation.

Many lifebound beasts were wildly clawing at it as well, so desperately their claws were bleeding.

"Do they know what's inside?" Just as Tianming was thinking that, he realized that the Millionblades Formation would occasionally turn transparent, revealing what was inside for the world to see.

Tianming heard a snarl and was surprised to see a silver dragon inside the formation. The dragon's body was coiled up. It was over ten thousand meters long, and its entire body was covered in silver metal blades. However, Tianming realized it was actually a weapon, not a living creature. It was, in fact, a silver chain giving off silver light. So why did it snarl and feel like a living creature?

"An artifact soul! It has an artifact soul!" Yu Ziqian's exclamation answered Tianming's unasked question. As long as the artifact existed, so too would its soul. It was a special kind of soul that could last much longer than that of a cultivator. Only the best artifacts would have a soul.

Forging gurus weren't able to bestow a soul, so their birth was up to destiny, a miracle born from a weapon's transformation over the course of battle after battle.

"I recognize it! This is the weapon of the Ninedragon Emperor!" Yu Ziqian said. Actually, Yu Ziqian's fan had an artifact soul. The fan likely belonged to his portable grandpa. However, it was far inferior to the silver dragon.

"Is it strong?" Tianming asked.

"Duh. That's a grade-seven divine weapon! It's called the Lifesteal Silverdragon. All of the divine ores and hazards that make it up have grade-seven divine ordered patterns! The main ore used, voidslicerite, is practically the hardest material possible. It has the 'voidslice' divine ordered pattern and its sharpness can cut even space."

"The Ninedragon Emperor added four grade-seven divine hazards to it—frostvoid flame, skybreak bolt, infernal windblades, and absolute zero frost. It doesn't just have terrifying cutting power, but its attacks are imbued with fire, lightning, sharpness, and frost divine hazards. It's among the best even among grade-seven divine artifacts."

"Is grade seven high?" Tianming's reaction wasn't that strong as he really didn't know.

"Bro, Orderia as a whole doesn't have many grade-eight artifacts. For us constelliers, we can at best use fourth or fifth grade. Any stronger and we'll even suffer a backlash. The more powerful a divine artifact is, the harder it is to control. Even the artifact my master uses is only grade-seven, and it's far from this Lifesteal Silverdragon. If you bring this outside, disciples won't be fighting for it, but those old folks hundreds or over a thousand years old will be."

The constellier geniuses Tianming had met so far hadn't even used grade-five divine artifacts. Sixth and seventh grades were beyond the ability of constelliers. That meant this Lifesteal Silverdragon was nearly at the peak of Orderia.

"You need to be grade seven to develop an artifact soul." Tianming wasn't that worried about a weapon, since he had the Grand-Orient Sword. In truth, Tianming wasn't even a constellier yet. He could still use the grade-four orderian cauldron, but even a grade-five divine artifact would be beyond him.

"So, it's worthless even if I were to grab this chain," Tianming said. If it had been grade-five, it might have been viable to wait until he was a constellier before trying to use it. But grade seven? That would be overreaching.

"You can use it. Grade-seven and above artifacts are special. They have a soul, so they can control their power and recognize a master! You see that drop of blood next to the weapon? I guarantee you that's exalted blood the Ninedragon Emperor left behind. Our level may be low, but if we absorb it, the artifact soul will sense its previous owner's aura. It'll treat us as a successor and switch to a new owner!"

Yu Ziqian's eyes reddened. "While we're still growing, it'll hold back its power and won't hurt us. Even then, it'll still be much stronger than a grade-five divine artifact.

"Exalted blood?" Tianming finally noticed there was an ancient bottle next to the silver dragon. It was no wonder these hundreds of disciples were going crazy. It seemed the Lifesteal Silverdragon would be very useful to them.

"Then I won't hold back!"

The Lifesteal Silverdragon's class was on par with lifebound beasts with eight thousand stars. That was incredibly high. And, well, Tianming was very fond of the weapon's name. It was very fierce, just the way he liked it. From how the weapon looked, Tianming suspected that even a body as tough as Lan Huang's would be injured if he attacked with it.

Even ignoring the four divine hazards, just the voidslice ability the divine ore granted was enough to give him the shivers just by looking at its edges.

Yu Ziqian was confused. "Did Sky Palace really leave this here for us?"

Several dozen people were still attacking the Millionblade Formation. Their weapons had already broken, but the formation still stood proud.

Tianming hadn't used a chain for a while, and he felt slightly nostalgic.

"Cover me." Tianming told his group. He quickly approached the formation, reaching a spot where no one was. Lingfeng and Xiaoxiao flanked him.

Yu Ziqian didn't have the ability to break the formation himself, so he just tagged along as well. As he had his own artifact soul, his desire towards the Lifesteal Silverdragon wasn't that high.

Despite so many top-tier disciples madly attacking, the formation hadn't budged an inch.

"Make a commotion," Tianming said.

“I’ll do it!” Meow Meow jumped out and sent a bolt of lightning into the sky.

Electricity flickered, completely concealing Tianming’s position. Unlike the rest, Tianming wasn’t using a formation guru’s method or attacking. Instead, he prepared his black arm. Just as he was about to take action, he heard a whistling sound by his ear. A dark blue chain was lunging towards his ear like a venomous viper!

The attack was violent. Despite Lingfeng’s attempt to block it, he was sent flying into the formation.

In the face of danger, Tianming was forced to temporarily give up. He dodged aside and the blue chain struck the formation instead, causing sparks to scatter and land on Tianming’s body.

“So you were the one who cut off my brother’s arm?” A charming yet cold voice called out from above.

Tianming looked up and saw a dazzling blue light. A seductive and curvaceous woman surrounded by a group of people was standing there, glaring at Tianming.

Upon spotting the new arrival, Yu Ziqian immediately shouted, “Retreat!”

Chapter 1185 - Dazzling Blue Figure

The woman definitely wasn’t someone ordinary if they could scare Yu Ziqian into wanting to immediately flee.

The power within the chain had confirmed for Tianming that the attacker was one of the foremost geniuses in their age group. He looked up and saw a woman. She was wearing a luxurious dress that had jewels that glittered like stars embedded in it. Every one was made of divine ores, and the dress itself was at least a grade-four defensive artifact. Despite her youth, she gave off a queenly aura.

Her beautiful appearance and enchanting figure resembled a slightly immature Sovereign Xi. However, her natural attributes were better. Whether her light blue hair or her eyes that shone like stars, she was naturally radiant.

She was a beauty that would become the center of attention even if placed within ten million disciples. She was more charming than those her age, but also more overbearing. The arrogantly raised chin and naked desire for power in her eyes pointed to her being a genius that would never submit.

That was why Yu Ziqian had called her a monster. Her reputation was resounding in Orderia, and not just because of her talent. Born a blueblood royal, her talent surpassed the masses. However, what was more frightening was her complete lack of consideration when handling matters. All those who had offended her, no matter how minor, had never had a good outcome.

She was Lan Xingyao’s elder sister, Lan Feilin, the strongest member of Blueblood Starocean’s disciples and the first to defeat a thousand other competitors! Even though her rank had had some fluctuations, she was still comfortably in the top five. She was still fourth even after Tianming had returned to the top ten.

The current imperial star ranking wasn’t an actual reflection of strength. In strength, Lan Feilin was the top ten among all of the Myriad Solar Sect’s disciples under thirty. There weren’t many women who managed to accomplish that.

Lan Feilin and Weisheng Moran were two such women, though Weisheng Moran's designation as 'a woman' was debatable.

Currently, it was exactly that genius in the air above the Millionblade Formation. She descended from the sky in a queenly manner. Under the lighting, her skin seemed as fair as snow and seemed to shine a faint blue, creating a strange charm.

However, not many dared to brazenly look. After all, there were over a hundred Blueblood Starocean disciples orbiting her now. They were all totem cultivators. Backed by the celestial orderians and embracing their will, they had fierce expressions.

"Get lost! If you don't need your legs to run, then don't even think of keeping them!" Lan Feilin hadn't even said anything before they started chasing people away.

There were only a few hundred people in the area. Most were only in small groups, so they had no way of resisting such a big group, especially when it had so many constelliers.

Over half of those present gave up, helplessly looking at these 'bluebloods'. They were angry, yes, but fear was in their hearts too. If it had been another of the top ten sects, they may still have given it a shot. However, the Blueblood Starocean was famous for their viciousness. They had already declared they might break the legs of these ordinary disciples before destroying their imperial star formations! If so, these people who had just come to try their luck would suffer a huge loss.

The Blueblood Starocean was exactly that overbearing, with the backing of the celestial orderians.

More and more backed away from the Millionblade Formation. Some still weren't willing, but the Blueblood Starocean disciples didn't hesitate to pounce. They didn't go for the formations, but went for the people instead, violently beating them up.

Finally, all the other disciples were forced to retreat.

"Our Sis Lin wants this treasure. Get lost!"

"If you're jealous, leave behind your eyes so you can watch more."

"Shoo!"

Honestly, if they really wanted to fight, these hundreds of people outnumbered the hundred-plus from Blueblood Starocean. Victory may be possible. However, they came from over a hundred separate factions. They didn't know each other, so an alliance couldn't be quickly formed. Also, with over half of them frightened already, the only option left was to retreat and look for an opportunity.

"A bunch of scared mice that only know how to run away when real tigers come." The Blueblood Starocean disciples grew even more smug after successfully chasing the others away. The blueblood clan all had attractive facial features. The men were well built and their appearance was a cool type of handsomeness. The women were tall and had spicy figures. And because they liked to show off their figures, they also wore rather revealing clothes. The men were basically all shirtless, while the women all had their bellies exposed.

After capturing the Silverdragon Palace, they were all chatting in a good mood.

As for Lan Feilin, she was like a star everyone else was orbiting around. She wasn't anxious to go for the Millionblade Formation, instead surveying everything from above. She looked at Tianming, then turned to Yu Ziqian.

Her gaze finally rested on Yu Ziqian, and her lips curled up slightly. "Yu Ziqian, I heard you wanted to meet me and have a passionate romance?"

Yu Ziqian was sweating buckets, which he kept wiping away with his sleeves. Of course he wanted to run. However, with so many Blueblood Starocean disciples around forming an encirclement, all of his routes of escape were cut off.

While Lan Feilin had chased away everyone, she obviously didn't plan to let Tianming safely leave here.

"Miss Lan's beauty is a spectacular sight. I've always admired it. As for whatever passionate romance, you must be mistaken. I've always been a gentleman that's well-versed in the arts and full of respect for women. Even if I did have the honor of meeting Miss Lan, I'd just be reciting poems." There was no way he wasn't anxious.

"Is that so? Shame I'm the violent type though. I don't like poems. As for useless good-for-nothings, if they insult me, I have many younger brothers to break their third leg and permanently stop that kind of thinking." Despite her pretty face, her words chilled Yu Ziqian.

All of the Blueblood Starocean disciples were sniggering.

"I wonder what was going through the brains of Azure Soul Palace, having such trash."

"Look, his legs are shaking."

"Too bad there's no skyward eye. We can't let the world watch how we make a second-rate sect's genius a eunuch."

"I can't believe someone like this dared to try teasing Sister Lan. I heard he's quite the playboy, but I suppose those days are over."

Lan Feilin didn't even make a signal before a dozen male disciples stepped out.

"Work fast. Try to record it. Maybe we can sell it in the Azurecloud Continent." Lan Feilin smiled.

The female disciples of Blueblood Starocean all covered their faces in mock embarrassment.

Lan Feilin rolled her eyes. "Don't act pure. It's not like you've never seen it before." She was pleased when she saw Yu Ziqian in despair. "You even dared to touch my little brother. Did you think our sect was a pushover?" Lan Feilin found it incredible that this kind of absolute fool existed in the world.

However, when she looked at Tianming, Lingfeng, and Xiaoxiao, she couldn't help but pay more attention to these three's appearances and auras—especially Tianming, the true culprit behind her brother's expulsion.

"Your left eye has a green fish? What's that?" She had noticed that strange thing, but was too lazy to pursue it when Tianming didn't reply.

“Whatever, standard rules of the Blueblood Starocean. You pay four times the price. You break one arm of my brother, we break four. Do you want to do it yourself? If I have to do it, your friends will have to suffer your punishment as well.”

It was hopeless to expect mercy from her. Tianming was just reluctant to give up on the Lifesteal Silverdragon.

With Yu Ziqian moments away from disaster, though, he couldn't stay here any longer either. “Go!” he ordered his team.

Lan Feilin was strong and had numbers. However, the gap wasn't that ridiculous and he had Meow Meow's speed.

“It's a maze once we exit the palace. Lose them there. They're all totem users. Lingfeng, bring up the rear while I carry Gan Gangan.” Tianming made a snap decision.

“The treasure?” Lingfeng asked.

“We'll give it up for now.” Tianming was aware of his priorities. Lan Feilin was a fourth-level constellier, and there were also quite a few at the second-level. A head-on fight wasn't realistic for now.

“If we don't act fast, the Gan family line ends today!”

Yu Ziqian wanted to cry. His surname was Yu, not Gan!

Chapter 1186 - Punishment

Yu Ziqian had never been so humiliated in all his life. “I didn't think that a beauty like her would actually want the Gan family... no, I mean the Yu family to go extinct! I won't agree, and neither will the sect nor my ancestors! The Ultimate Pill God won't allow it either!”

The blue-haired burly men standing in front of him shot him teasing glances. One of them even brought out a small blade and started whistling, enraging Yu Ziqian even further. “Fuck it. I'll castrate you now once and for all!”

This was utter and shameless humiliation. “Hehe... press him down and prepare to exact punishment.”

The three-centimeter-long blade crept closer and closer to Yu Ziqian as he was surrounded by a group of men. Just as he let out cold sweat, they leapt toward him, a hulking mass of muscles.

“Hehe.” The sight almost made Lan Feilin want to puke. “How could someone even compare his ilk to people on my level?”

There were a few hundred other disciples near the Silverdragon Palace who had heard of Yu Ziqian, though they were rather surprised to see him in such a pitiful state.

“He deserves it for faking it the whole time.”

“Yeah. As they say, the higher you climb, the harder you fall.”

None of them sympathized with him. He had been the target of envy from the access he had to so much of their cultivation resources.

"So he was a weakling after all. The Azuresoul Palace really messed up this time."

"What a bunch of idiots."

Hearing that, Yu Ziqian's expression turned darker. This was the first time he felt how cold the world was. Then again, when he was at his lowest, even his own junior Mo Yuling wouldn't give him the time of day, let alone others. Only Tianming had bothered to come save him.

"Halt!" he called out to Tianming.

"What's wrong?" Tianming asked.

"Stand aside! I want to show off!" Yu Ziqian roared and opened his arms wide. His cry was so loud that all of the Blueblood Starocean disciples froze. "Damn you, pill recession phase!"

Even though he was loud, his body didn't appear to change much. Seeing that, the burly men laughed and continued approaching. Right then, the power in Yu Ziqian's body seemed to have been unlocked and burst forth immediately with an eerie sound. A wave of black astralforce burst forth with terrifying force, sending the men flying. His body continued to let out sounds of explosions. After roughly a month, his pill recession phase was finally over. Even though he didn't know when it would return, he could at least let loose for now.

"Hahahahaha!" He waved his arms around and laughed wildly.

The disciples he sent flying struggled to get up and looked at him with a shocked expression, something Yu Ziqian relished. "Sister Lin, what's going on?"

The palace was completely silent save for Yu Ziqian's manic laughter as he felt the pleasure of his power returning. Lan Feilin opened her mouth slightly in shock. She had received quite a lot of reports about Yu Ziqian's incompetence, which were further corroborated by his performance in the Voidsky Realm. She was speechless at the thought that all of it could be untrue. If what Yu Ziqian had just done was all part of an act, then he was a genius actor. Yet, he really did seem to have power. What was going on?

"What a pointless struggle. Let me handle him. You guys should focus on taking those three down," Lan Feilin coldly said. Without another word, she attacked Yu Ziqian.

Yu Ziqian grandly waved and said, "Junior Brother Li, I shall take care of these small fries. You should take that weapon without holding back!"

"Are you serious?" That was a pleasant surprise. He had decided to leave, yet Yu Ziqian suddenly grew powerful again and even offered to help. This way, Tianming wouldn't have to give up on the Lifesteal Silverdragon!

"Save your words for later. For now, just watch and learn," Yu Ziqian said.

"Showoff..." Tianming decided to do his best to obtain the artifact. "Feng, Xiaoxiao, I need your help!"

Not only did Tianming not retreat like he had planned, he charged into the group of Blueblood Starocean disciples, unleashing all four of his beasts in one go. Lan Huang immediately knocked quite a few people off their feet. Roughly twenty disciples came to stop Tianming, leaving a few hundred others surrounding the palace. It wasn't that the rest didn't want to fight, but that they were simply waiting for

someone to be the first to engage, and now, Tianming had taken the initiative. His beasts unleashed all manners of abilities, blasting the entire area.

Caught off guard, the twenty-plus disciples weren't able to stop him, but much of it was thanks to Xiaoxiao and Lingfeng. Lingfeng had used Infernal Soul Curse on their totems, sending a black flaming ball slamming into them and immediately causing most of the totems to shriek in pain before returning to their respective bane rings. The Archaionfiend also put in quite a bit of effort, charging in for a melee alongside Lan Huang with its huge body sparking with blood lightning. Xiaoxiao was mounted on its neck with her bow drawn, using Ninebolt Inferno in coordination with the beast's attacks. The lightning arrows amplified the blood lightning of the Archaionfiend, piercing a few imperial star formations. The eliminated disciples were instantly whisked away to who-knows-where.

"Stop him!" someone cried.

Lingfeng slammed his staff into the ground. It began to grow in size and length until it reached the top of the palace and was about ten meters thick. The Evil Suppression Formation activated and enveloped Tianming and the rest within it and the darkness immediately interfered with the vision of the Blueblood Starocean disciples. Then, Tianming used the Impereal Sword Formation and split his sword into two, one for attack and the other for defense. He made his way to the Millionblade Formation and Xian Xian took root there with its back facing the formation and its front facing the incoming enemies.

"I need you to buy me some time."

Chapter 1187 - Reginal Fan

Tianming fully trusted his compatriots' abilities and left them to their own devices. He wouldn't forget how they were helping him to obtain the treasure.

"No problem," they chorused. The four beasts, Lingfeng, the Soulfieud, Xiaoxiao, and the Archaionfiend all spread out behind him.

After the first wave of attacks, the Blueblood Starocean disciples were finally able to react. They didn't think that Tianming would dare to remain and even charge into their midst. Those whose totems weren't damaged charged in to fight.

"Slay them all!"

"They're still trying to get the divine artifact? This is a fourth-level divine formation! Even if we weren't here, you wouldn't be able to take the treasure within!"

Roughly a hundred of them attacked at once. However, they neglected to take into account the hundreds of disciples from other sects waiting nearby. Now that they had split off a considerable number of people to deal with Tianming, the other disciples could wait no longer.

"It's a mess! They won't be able to remember all of us!"

"Go!"

"Onward!"

"Those damn totem users that serve the celestial orderians never stop showing off. At the end of the day, they're no different from the celestial orderians! I find their presence among the Myriad Solar Sects sickening!"

"The Azuresoul Palace already struck first. Since Yu Ziqian himself is fighting them, let's give them a hand!"

Though they called it 'help', they were actually pining for the treasure. Thus, they didn't go after the Blueblood Starocean disciples but headed toward the Millionblade Formation instead; however, that did draw the ire of the disciples they were trying to avoid. They couldn't afford to let others pass through.

"You are courting death!"

"Don't say we didn't warn you!"

"We'll send anyone that dares to come crawling back!"

However, they noticed that no matter what they said, it was all pointless. Thousands of lifebound beasts and their beastmasters were already charging toward them. The disciples of the top ten sects had their own pride that drove them to meet their foes in battle rather than let them reach the formation, which caused them to be entangled in battle.

"Let's beat them up!"

"Die, totem scum!"

With their participation in the battle, Tianming managed to relieve quite a bit of pressure. Amidst the chaos, he used his black arm to slowly pry open the Millionblade Formation. This was a grade-four divine ordered formation whose main purpose was to seal something, rather than a defensive formation. So it was much harder to undo, requiring more time.

"Can you do it?" Ying Huo asked.

"As long as Yu Ziqian can hold Lan Feilin back, I'll be fine."

"I'll go take a look!" Ying Huo zipped around the battlefield and spotted Yu Ziqian, who was still engaged in combat with Lan Feilin. She wielded a sparkling astral chain. It was a grade-four divine artifact called an Azure Galaxy, but it wasn't just any grade-four divine artifact. It was among the strongest for its grade, forged with a combination of multiple divine ores.

As she was a master of chains, the Lifesteal Silverdragon was a dream weapon in her eyes. She was a heptabane and her totems were bluecharm starfairies. They resembled Sovereign Xi's heptastar moongods, all of them looking like seductive, translucent blue goddesses. Their dresses were dotted with stars and their hair was long and loose like the chain in Lan Feilin's hand. They formed a cage as they were hurled toward Yu Ziqian.

"Guess you won't know what's coming until it gets you." Lan Feilin was pissed beyond measure, given how the situation had spun out of control right in front of her. Her chain danced through the air with the hair of her totems, even attacking the hundreds of disciples that came charging in afterward. But right at that moment of triumph, a figure appeared behind one of the starfairies, thrusting a blood-colored

blade into her body and causing it to let out a blood-curdling shriek. Others found it hard to believe that such a small blade could cause a gigantic totem like that to immediately disintegrate.

The figure was Lingfeng. With the hundreds of disciples also fighting the Blueblood Starocean disciples, he was under much less pressure to buy Tianming time, so he took the opportunity to strike at Lan Feilin. At the same time, he sent the flames of Infernal Soul Curse flying toward the other bluecharm starfairies. They looked nothing like the goddesses they had looked like before as they screamed in pain. Though they didn't disintegrate, their abilities were heavily affected.

"Junior Brother Lingfeng, I believe Lady Lan here doesn't appreciate you butting into our time alone together," Yu Ziqian said.

"Understood." Lingfeng returned the foe to Yu Ziqian without another word. He was only good against her totems, anyway. Though he left, the black flames continued burning.

Lan Feilin unleashed her skyriver constellation, allowing it to boost her totems. The constellation connected to them with a river in the sky. Boundless amounts of astralforce started flowing, causing Yu Ziqian to feel like he was trapped in a current.

"You think your little tricks will work on me? Get ready for my fragrant constellation!" Yu Ziqian went all out. Though his constellation wasn't visible, a thick fragrance assailed everyone's noses.

"What kind of smell is this? Is this all your constellation can do? How laughable!" Lan Feilin endured the burning of her totems and used a fourth-realm divine art, Fiendflash Starbreaker.

"This is the smell of a true male! Give it a few more whiffs and I guarantee that your heart will sway at the sight of me! I am the enemy of all women!" Yu Ziqian burst out laughing as he swerved between the chain's path. He was like a blur, evading all attacks with great efficiency; he was obviously using an amazing divine art.

Lan Feilin gave it another sniff and noticed an uncomfortable change in her body that caused her to moan with discomfort. That moan caused quite a few people to blush. "Damn you! To think that your constellation uses an underhanded method like this! What's this mesmerizing smell?!"

She was fuming. With four of her totems damaged, she took them back into her bane-rings, leaving only three to fight beside her. The chain and totem hair weaved a cage so tight that even a mosquito wouldn't be able to fly out of it. Yet the fact that Yu Ziqian was still holding his own was enough to dispel everyone's doubts of him. They were all flabbergasted, the Blueblood Starocean disciples in particular.

Finally, Yu Ziqian's time had come. Though Lan Feilin's attacks were perilous, he had managed to evade them with a sly smile time and again. "Lady Lan, you seem a little distracted. If this is all your whip can do, I'm afraid you'll need the help of a few more candles to tame me."

"Die!" She attacked so fiercely that sparks appeared on the walls of the palace.

"Ouch, now that has more bite! Looks like I have to unleash my true power to leash you. Now, witness my Reginal Fan!" As he took the fan out, he sang his own background fanfare. The painting on the fan depicted five ultimate beauties. Though the grade-seven divine artifact was normally really understated, it only took Lingfeng one look to tell that it was Yu Ziqian's trump card. "I'll fan so hard that your skirt flips over!"

He used the fan to block attack after attack. Lan Feilin completely ignored his provocations and rained more divine arts and totemic calamities down on him.

"You don't believe me, huh? Witness my ultimate move: Skirtblower!" Yu Ziqian gave the fan a huge horizontal swing and a formless storm manifested. It turned into a twister, instantly sending the chain flying off. Lan Feilin used her totem to defend against the twister, but it merely pierced through the totem and slammed into her. The strong winds did in fact blow her skirt inside out.

"Wow! What a pure white!" Yu Ziqian said with a perverse smile. Though he was devious and bombastic, that move of his was no doubt powerful. Not only had it busted through a totem, it had even sent Lan Feilin slamming into the wall of the Silverdragon Palace. The impact shocked her innards and caused blood to leak out of her mouth.

The others around them drew a cold breath at the sorry sight. Yu Ziqian was still crazily fanning away at the countless hairs that attacked him.

"Did a disciple of a second-rate sect really defeat the strongest disciple of the Blueblood Starocean?" Even though her totems weren't in peak condition, it was still a shocking result that Lan Feilin's fellow disciples couldn't accept.

"Someone made it into the formation!" This exclamation only made Lan Feilin's comrades even more anxious.

"Who is it?"

Everyone stopped fighting and looked around. Yu Ziqian's three seconds of fame ended just as rapidly as it had begun.

"As expected of my junior!" Yu Ziqian said.

Tianming had managed to enter the formation. He expressionlessly swept his gaze across all of the spectators as he approached the ten-thousand-meter-long chain.

"How did he get in?"

"Did he destroy the formation? If so, how could it still be active?"

"Maybe he only destroyed a small part?"

"Quick, we have to take it!"

Though they were awed, they were just as anxious about losing the treasure. However, the formation wouldn't budge at all no matter how powerful their attacks were. Lan Feilin stood before the formation with her fists gripped tight as she tried advancing, but before she could take a step, the purple-haired youth appeared before her once more with his fan raised. His intentions were obvious.

"This treasure belongs to my junior. You all should scram."

Chapter 1188 - Holding the Silver Dragon

There were many Blueblood Starocean disciples there. But thanks to Yu Ziqian and the rest, they had all been held back. Neither side wanted to back off when there was a treasure of that caliber at stake. All of

a sudden, the disciples of Blueblood Starocean and those of other sects had the same goal. Yu Ziqian was still blocking their way, and as impressed as they were at his abilities, some still led a charge against him.

"Don't let them get their hands on it!"

"Let's fight fair! Yu Ziqian, don't get in our way if you don't want the treasure for yourself!"

Most of the people there were young ascendants. They had their beasts and totems unleash abilities and totemic calamities, filling the area with chaotic elements.

"Enough nonsense! I'll flip all your skirts with my fan!" Yu Ziqian said. He had been holding in his urges for more than a month. Now that he could finally let it come bursting out, he decided to go full force with this release. Holding back wouldn't be good for his health, after all.

The beauties on his Reginal Fan shone so brightly that those in the distance couldn't clearly make it out. Not only did the five artifact souls move, they even sang and danced around the fan's surface. A faint song was coming from it as waves of fragrance washed over them. Then the fan whipped up another twister, wreaking havoc all around the Silverdragon Palace and rebuffing many abilities and totemic calamities. Nobody was able to get into melee range.

"Yu Ziqian's too powerful!"

"He was only pretending to be weak! How shameless!"

"I used to think that his juniors were much more powerful than him, but now he looks stronger than Tianming."

"What in the world is going on in the Azuresoul Palace? How'd they produce so many top geniuses? I wonder if they'll survive after this skirmish. The Supracloud Sanctuary can no longer afford to let them grow stronger."

Many of them were flabbergasted at what they saw as they were swept away by the strong winds. Even large lifebound beasts weren't able to stay rooted and were helplessly spun around by the twister. Yu Ziqian had left quite a strong impression on them, and their worshipful gazes were what he had been looking forward to the whole time!

"Alas! Even a transient firework can leave an eternal impression," Yu Ziqian waxed poetic, feeling quite satisfied with himself. Little did he know that it sounded like sophistry to Tianming. Right as he said that, a bunch more people charged toward him.

"I have to hurry up." Tianming didn't turn back, knowing that his friends were now under a lot of pressure. He charged toward the drop of exalted blood.

All of a sudden, the long chain's artifact soul sensed Tianming's presence and moved with a life of its own. A phantom of a dragon ten kilometers long charged toward him with its jaws wide open. The chain itself wrapped around Tianming, constricting him and causing its spikes and blades to cut and tear through him.

Tianming had guessed that the chain would have an artifact soul. With the Purple Tower reinforcing his defenses, he had a really powerful defense. However, it wasn't a complete divine artifact, much like the

Grand-Orient Sword. As the tower was spread throughout every single albus in his body, its defensive capabilities were also spread thin. Tianming's body alone wasn't enough and his blood began spilling.

"It's far too sharp." The chain was among the sharpest weapons he'd seen, as it had been forged using voidslicerite. "Lifesteal Silverdragon would be able to cut an ascendant beast's body with its sharpness alone."

Despite being bound, his eyes still glowed with keen interest. "I haven't used any other chain since getting Archfiend." Chains used to be his weapon of choice before he switched to using swords. His eyes burned with passion when he saw the exalted blood right in front of him. As the chain didn't have a user, it wasn't able to kill Tianming easily with the power that remained within it. Thus, Tianming was able to pull the chains apart with his sword and zip toward the blood.

"This is the blood left behind by the Ninedragon Emperor hundreds of thousands of years ago, eh...." Without another word, he swallowed the drop of blood. It sizzled like magma as it ran through his guts and spread throughout his body, invading his bloodstream like it was the master of the house. Any other person might have their personalities changed by consuming the blood, but Tianming's physique had been enhanced through cultivation with the Primordial Chaos Beasts. That drop of ancient blood just joined another larger ocean filled with the primordial blood of the beasts and was soon overwhelmed. When it disintegrated, Tianming's body began radiating a hint of the Ninedragon Emperor's aura.

The chain that had been trying to kill him like a venomous cobra stopped all of a sudden and let him go. Then the silver dragon artifact soul looked at Tianming with suspicion and longing. It didn't seem to be particularly intelligent and acted more like a wildbeast. It groaned a little and flew around Tianming, causing the blades and spikes on the chain to rattle. Its gaze seemed to be saying 'long time no see'.

Tianming lightly stroked it and said, "From now on, I'm your owner. Don't worry. I won't ruin your impressive reputation. People across the world shall speak of the mighty Lifesteal Silverdragon once more."

The silver dragon roared with fervor.

"Come!" Tianming called out. The chain shrank into a small dragon about a meter long and wrapped itself around him. Though it looked harmless, it would be a razor-sharp killing machine when Tianming swung it at his enemies. "Even without much astralforce, the blades are sharp enough to cut many things. Not to mention, the varied elemental damage it can deal makes it more than powerful enough."

A grade-seven divine artifact was considered among the best available in the astralscape of order, containing the destructive powers of grade-seven divine hazards. If it weren't for the drop of exalted blood, Tianming wouldn't be able to control the chain's power and would even suffer a backlash.

"Let's go!"

The disciples outside had given up, seeing that he had assimilated the blood. It wouldn't work a second time. The only exception was if Tianming could familiarize the chain with his own blood and distilled a drop of exalted blood for someone else to inherit the weapon, but that would take at least decades for Tianming to reach a level of the likes of Jiang Qingliu. The only other way was to forcefully rob him of Lifesteal Silverdragon and get powerful seniors to suppress the silver dragon artifact soul, but they were in the Voidsky Realm now, so there were no seniors to help them with that.

"The exalted blood is mine, so no other disciple would be able to control it even if they take it."

Chapter 1189 - Enemy of My Enemy

Now that the Lifesteal Silverdragon finally had an owner, the Millionblade Formation that had fulfilled its purpose over the past years finally exploded into countless silver pieces. Tianming was once more exposed to all of the disciples.

"Man, it's pointless now!"

The many disciples who couldn't even compare to those from the Azuresoul Palace didn't dare to take the weapon at all. Only the Blueblood Starocean disciples continued fiercely eyeing Tianming.

"Take it!" Lan Feilin ordered. She would never allow him to get off easily for what he had done to her brother, let alone taking this treasure. The group of people charged at Tianming once more.

"Oh?" Tianming gripped the chain tight and eyed Lan Feilin. Then he swung the chain whip, sending a silvery dragon flying. The roar of a dragon rang out, and before the two burly, blue-haired constelliers beside Lan Feilin could react, the flesh on their chests was immediately cracked open, even snapping some ribs. That was even after they had used their weapons and totems to defend against the blow.

The power of frostvoid flame caused their flesh to sizzle. The cold fire caused more pain the longer it burned. Not to mention, the skybreak bolt entered their bodies and tore their innards apart. Infernal windblades and absolute zero frost invaded their bodies and wreaked even more havoc.

The power of the grade-seven divine artifact had the crowd completely stunned. It only took two simple whips for two constelliers to be rolling on the ground in pain. Right as Lan Feilin was about to charge in, Yu Ziqian waved his fan and flipped her skirt once more. Tianming had a good idea of how powerful his new weapon was now, and Lingfeng and the rest were feeling slightly worn out. With the treasure in hand, there was no longer a point in staying here.

"Let's go."

"Alright!"

The four of them grouped together and paved a path toward escape. Any Blueblood Starocean disciple that came forward would be eliminated, their imperial star formations almost immediately breaking thanks to the chain whip and fan.

"Yu Ziqian, Li Tianming, it's over for you two! Even if you leave the Voidsky Realm, our army will chase you all the way back to the Azuresoul Sword Mountain for stealing my Lifesteal Silverdragon! You'd better be ready to kneel and present it to me!" Lan Feilin shrieked, her cute face completely contorted.

"What're you going to do even if that happens? It'll be a few centuries before you can actually use it," Tianming said. Without the exalted blood, young disciples had no hope of using a powerful divine artifact like that.

"Miss Lan, looks like your sect isn't that impressive after all. The other top ten sects have geniuses whose parents are willing to make their own exalted blood to allow their children to use weapons with artifact souls, but you don't." Yu Ziqian caused her to flare with anger once more.

Divine artifacts with souls, or rather, possessed artifacts, could boost a genius's combat capabilities even more, giving them a qualitative advantage. There were many instances of stronger people distilling exalted blood so that their disciples or descendants could use their grade-seven artifacts, but it wasn't really safe to do so. Should the user of the weapon be killed, the weapon was as good as gone. Hence, only the strongest powers bothered to do something like that since most people would think twice before offending them. This was further discouraged by the fact that taking the weapons themselves was pointless since they could only be bound using exalted blood.

Hence, in most cases, there would be no need for juniors below the age of thirty to use possessed artifacts apart from competitive events like the Voidsky Skirmish. Their seniors would usually take the artifacts back after such matches.

Naturally, Lan Feilin had the right to request for one such loan from her seniors since she was competing in the rankings, but her request had been rejected, which made her really unhappy. Though, she had been lucky enough to find the Lifesteal Silverdragon to make up for her lack of a possessed artifact, only for Tianming to take it away from under her nose. Either way, anger was not the solution here.

Tianming couldn't be bothered to deal with her since he was only a ninth-level ascendant while she was a fourth-level constellier. The group paved a path of blood as they headed along a path that led inward. Yu Ziqian's fanning was even more powerful inside the pathway. The moment Lan Feilin entered the pathway, she was greeted by a gust of strong wind. When she regained her vision, she saw ten branching paths, each a kilometer apart. In a maze like this, there was little chance she would be able to take back the Lifesteal Silverdragon.

"Sis Lin...."

The other disciples were all out of breath. When they looked up, they saw Lan Feilin standing outside one of the branching paths with her body brightly glowing and countless astral collisions and explosions within her eyes. She tightly clenched her fists and felt her breathing intensify.

"Screw off, all of you!" She was essentially a princess in her sect, a scion of one of the top ten sects. Usually, men groveled at her feet and licked them. But today, two second-rate men had completely humiliated her.

"Sis Lin, please calm yourself. Honestly, now that the drop of exalted blood is gone, there's no longer any hope of getting the chain. But don't worry, a treasure of this caliber isn't something a sect like theirs can keep. Once we leave, we can just get our parents to notify the seniors to put pressure on the Azuresoul Palace and make them hand the Lifesteal Silverdragon over," one disciple consoled.

"Do you think we can just rob people of what they get from the Voidsky Skirmish once it's over? What do you take the Sky Palace for?" Lan Feilin rolled her eyes. She had only said what she did to Tianming to save face. There was no way she would dare break the unspoken rules set by the Sky Palace.

"While we can't outright demand it, we can use other methods to cause the Azuresoul Palace trouble. We'll let them realize what they have to do on their own!"

"What do you mean, Sis Lin?"

"Who are the enemies of the Azuresoul Palace?"

"The Supracloud Sanctuary... I understand now."

The enemy of her enemy is her friend.

.....

An hour had passed since the tomb closed. The battle continued outside, but the commotion began dying down as more and more people were defeated. Most understood that rather than enter the elusive tomb, they would stand a better chance of finding treasures in the rest of the Voidsky Realm. There were still more than nine hundred million disciples outside, and the first place only had two hundred and seventy thousand points for now. If one was powerful enough to defeat a lot of enemies, they could still make the top.

Not to mention, it was said that many secret places other than the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb existed in the Voidsky Realm, within which universal manna, divine artifacts, and divine pills could be found. They were the temptations the Sky Palace had put there for the mid to low-tier disciples. Without any skyward eyes in the tomb, the audience turned to watch at the imperial star ranking as it gradually changed.

Chapter 1190 - The Young and Wild Jiang Qingliu

"Those names with red dots don't seem to be having a lot of change in their points."

"Does that mean entering the tomb will affect your ability to improve your points?"

"That means our chance is here!"

This fact made the disciples who hadn't gotten inside relieved. But then, a shocking change suddenly occurred!

"Look!"

"The imperial star ranking? Nothing changed?"

Many people looked closer.

"Look at the first name."

Now, more and more people realized there was a new top dog around. Before, it was Weisheng Moran of Dreamless Celestial Nation, with a total of two hundred and eighty thousand points. However, now, she had been dragged down to second place.

"The first is Li Tianming of Azuresoul Palace!"

"It's him again!"

"Did you notice? He instantly jumped from two hundred and thirty thousand to four hundred and thirty thousand points!"

"That can't be points from beating someone."

"What the hell did he do?"

A disciple who had the power of a second-level constellier should have been ranked in the hundreds when it came to combat power, had seized number one not once, but twice! Once might have been luck, but twice was a pattern.

“How did he do it?”

“Maybe the Sky Palace got something wrong and gave Yu Ziqian’s points to him?”

“No way.”

Apart from confusion, shock filled them as well. After all, this wasn’t some small schoolyard brawl. This was a competition a billion people were participating in.

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The experts outside could actually track the changes much more easily. A jump of two hundred thousand points immediately drew all attention toward the name Li Tianming.

“It’s him again.”

“Could he be the son of some member of the Sky Palace and they just threw him points?”

“It seems he gained it from the Imperial Ninedragon Tomb.”

“How is this fair? What could he get in there that’s worth two hundred thousand points?”

“Don’t say that. The Sky Palace never said beating people was the only source of points. Now, that would be unfair. When you have people under thirty, some will be twenty-eight, some will be thirty. Even if they have the same level of talent, there’ll be a difference in cultivation. It’s not fair to see who’s stronger then. Talent should always be the most important thing.”

“So you mean the treasure he got in the Imperial Ninedragon Tomb proves he’s talented?” Everything was decided by the Sky Palace. This was their recruitment exercise, so they wouldn’t want losers. Questioning their examination system was meaningless.

“The Azuresoul Palace had a famous disciple called Yu Ziqian. Now they have another three disciples dominating the top ten. A spectacular showing from a thirty-eighth-ranked sect.”

“And one of their disciples topped it!”

“They’re also all disciples of Azuresoul Tower’s Jiang Qingliu. He was famous a few years back.”

“When he was young? I heard he had the strength to reach the top ten in his Imperial Star Ranking. However, he was unlucky so he got eliminated early.”

“If they keep this up, Jiang Qingliu will be a legend of Orderia.”

“The super teacher of a generation? Haha.”

Everywhere, such discussions were being held. That included those standing right around Jiang Qingliu himself. Several hundred people were congratulating him now. They were powerhouses who had brought along their disciples for this and all of them were impressive figures in their own right.

“Brother Jiang, share it with us? Where in the world did you find disciples like this?”

“Three people in the top ten is way too amazing.”

“What an embarrassment for the geniuses from the top ten sects.”

These people were all wearing big smiles on their faces. However, they were competitors. What emotions were really lurking underneath weren't shown.

“I don't deserve it, I don't deserve it! It was just pure luck. My three disciples used luck too. Their strength is just nicely at the constellier stage. When it comes to actual strength and talent, they're still lacking. Give it a day or two and they'll drop back down,” Jiang Qingliu hurriedly said.

“You're being too humble, Brother Jiang.”

“Yes, you are.”

“Just look at that Li Tianming. His four hundred and three thousand points is equal to beating four hundred and three thousand people. The rest of the top ten might not be able to catch up. Li Tianming has secured a spot in the top ten, at least.”

“It's been a while since a disciple from a second-rate power has reached the top ten. I believe the Azuresoul Palace will rise in the rankings as well. I'm well and truly envious!”

Jiang Qingliu continued acting humble and claiming it all as luck. That was because he was very well aware the most insidious way to kill someone was to inflate their ego. When you became overconfident after being praised so much, a moment of carelessness might become your downfall. And the culprits couldn't be blamed because all they had done was lavish praise. The more brilliant Tianming's group was, the more malicious the eyes of those hidden in the darkness were. For example, Supracloud Sanctuary's Yun Tianque. There were many people around him.

The top ten of the imperial star rankings would affect the situation on the Azurecloud Continent. How could he watch from the side without doing anything?

“Brother Yun, you need to take action.”

“You may not be able to affect the Voidsky Realm, but there are strings to pull in the Azurecloud Continent.”

Yun Tianque smiled coldly when he heard the reminder from his 'allies'. “No need.”

“How so?”

“That disciple has climbed too high. I'm not the one he offended, and the benefits he ruined aren't our Supracloud Sanctuary's. Instead, it's the top ten sects of the myriad sect ranking! He seized their position and snatched their treasure, so someone will naturally deal with the Azuresoul Palace.”

He continued, “These children don't know that without backing, the higher you climb, the harder you fall. Their master was the exact same way when he was younger. But he didn't learn his lesson. He puffed up Yu Ziqian's importance and sent him on a road to death, as well as these three. We just need

to kick back and watch the show. Idiots will always be idiots. The hierarchy is important in Orderia. You want to rise up just because you have some geniuses? Hah!” Yun Tianque gave Jiang Qingliu a brief look.

He grinned, “See?”

The people around him turned to look and saw a pale, blue-haired, middle aged man in black robes flying toward Jiang Qingliu. He had a youth with him. Everyone in the way quickly gave way, smirking. The middle-aged man’s facial structure was quite big and sharp, a little like a shark. Blue hair pointed out his origin, and the youth next to him, Lan Xingyao, pointed out his identity. He was someone from the Blueblood Starocean!

There was a flicker in Jiang Qingliu’s eyes when he saw the newcomer. “Lan Sha.” Many things from the past surfaced in his mind and he involuntarily clenched his fists.

“Jiang Qingliu. The passing of time really is quick. Without noticing, seven hundred years have passed since we last met.” Despite Lan Sha looking like the violent sort, his voice was very gentle and cultured.

“Yes, time flies.” Jiang Qingliu looked at him doubtfully, then smiled as if nothing had happened.

“I didn’t expect that I would gain a new understanding of you today. The great teacher of a generation?” Lan Sha smiled.

“You must be joking. This is just the kids playing around. It’s not worth mentioning.”

Lan Xingyao couldn’t endure it and snapped, “He cut off my arm and stole my things. That’s playing around? Let me tell you, your disciples are finished.”

“Shush.” Lan Sha gave him a cold look.

“Yes, Second Uncle.” Lan Xingyao lowered his head and stepped back.

“So, are you here to find trouble? The kids fight and the adults have to clean up the mess?” Jiang Qingliu said mildly.

Lan Sha shook his head. “That’s not so. It’s just my elder brother had some doubts about your disciples. Come with me, he’s not far.”

“He’s near?” Jiang Qingliu paled.

“Yes, just passing through.” Lan Sha nodded.

“I’m not going. The Voidsky Skirmish is a fair competition. As a member of the Blueblood Starocean, you shouldn’t play these kinds of tricks that will only embarrass you.”

At least tens of thousands of experts were paying attention to their conversation.

“I said, it has nothing to do with Voidsky Realm. My elder brother wants to meet you, and I’m here to let you know.”

Jiang Qingliu’s expression was frosty, but he didn’t say anything.

“Jiang Qingliu, the last time you were disobedient toward my elder brother, you lost three lifebound beasts. How many are left?” Lan Sha approached him and whispered in his ear. He narrowed his eyes and said, “Follow.”

Lan Sha turned and walked away, seemingly unworried about Jiang Qingliu not following. He knew Jiang Qingliu didn't dare.

People looked at Jiang Qingliu with pity.

“This is what happens when you play with fire.”

“Haha.”

“Honestly, if he wasn't so flashy when he was young, with five lifebound beasts, he would be quite impressive today.”

Actually, they didn't know that Li Tianming and the rest had popped up halfway through, and Jiang Qingliu hadn't expected them. And now, danger had arrived.

Just as Jiang Qingliu was about to follow, a woman's gentle voice rang out. Although it was gentle, tranquil, and elegant, it contained a power impossible to resist.

“Jiang Qingliu, stop there.”