

The Ages 1251

Chapter 1251 - Lan Huang Runs

It was a duel between dragons, a collision of the same elements. All three dragons were extremely powerful; however, the Primordial Terraqua Dragon was the grandfather of dragons and controlled the mountains and seas

Despite being entangled by the Thousand Waterform Dragons, Lan Huang's Kilofold Rings revolved, forcibly tearing open a bloody path. There was chaos everywhere, but that couldn't stop the gigantic, mountain-like Lan Huang. It spun and bore into the ground like a pangolin, dragging the surging mars dragon through the rocks and thorns with it.

The grandiose saturn dragon's formidable powers ended up slamming into the surging mars dragon instead. Long Longlong had made a huge mistake in arranging for the water and earth dragons to pursue and attack Lan Huang. The beast possessed the Greenspark Tower, a treasure worth several times as much as the Ninedragon Imperius. Jagged rocks and water dragons swarmed Lan Huang. This kind of attack was effective at restraining the enemy, but did nothing to Lan Huang. As a result, Lan Huang was able to contain three dragons.

This was Lan Huang's most exciting battle. Its opponents were all dragons with elements that matched it, and through battles like this, Lan Huang could prove its superiority. At this moment, many people had recalled that Tianming too possessed a dragon lifebound beast.

The battle of the earth and the sea was extremely intense. Lan Huang dragged the surging mars dragon as it ran while dealing with the water and earth dragons. Blasting away with their abilities, the pursuing dragons chased after Lan Huang, but failed to catch up. Due to the Primordial Chaos Beast's natural advantage, the dragons weren't as competent at pursuing Lan Huang as the platinaurum venus dragon. It could pin down Lan Huang, but these two couldn't. Overconfidence was the reason Long Longlong had allowed the two dragons to attack Lan Huang. He believed they were the strongest among beasts of the same element, and had never expected they'd encountered a Primordial Chaos Beast. Relying on the Lifesteal Silverdragon and Greenspark Tower, Lan Huang toyed with the three dragons. It was a battle of the gods and this playful scene had the audience gasping in amazement.

Long Longlong had assumed the two dragons would rescue the surging mars dragon from its predicament. But unfortunately, not only had they failed to defeat Lan Huang, they'd also lost the advantage. By the time he reacted and wanted to send the platinaurum venus dragon to rescue its brother, it was too late.

"Don't go."

Without a word from Tianming, Meow Meow transformed into the Regal Chaosfiend to stop the platinaurum venus dragon, striking with Blitzbane. The sea of lightning trapped the gold dragon in place.

"Fuck off!" Unafraid of lightning, the gold beast ignored Meow Meow's Misty Hellthunder as it charged toward Meow, exploding in Thousand Swordspike. This ability was terrifying. A sword-like spike extended from every scale on its body.

The dragon turned into a fearsome fighting machine that resembled a hedgehog; not even Lan Huang could defeat this beast in close combat. It was the Lifesteal Silverdragon in the form of a dragon. The beast roared as it pounced on Meow Meow, flashing in a golden light. Given Meow Meow's cultivation level, a head-on collision would be devastating. Judging from that alone, it was clear how formidable Lan Huang was to handle three dragons on its own.

However, being a clever cat, Meow Meow didn't intend to go head-to-head in close combat with the platinum venus dragon. The moment its opponent went for the kill, it turned into an innocent little kitten, then twisted and turned its back to the dragon. Stretching out its long tail, Meow Meow patted its thigh and sneered, "Bite me!"

The dragon shot toward Meow Meow, pouncing on air. In that instant, Meow Meow flickered away and appeared on top of its opponent's head, snickering. "You're too slow. Are you a dragon or a snail?"

The dragon was furious.

"Leave it alone. Get the Lifesteal Silverdragon first!" Long Longlong shouted.

The platinum venus dragon understood, but just as it was about to switch targets, black thunder shot toward its head, followed by two blood-red Cosmic Lances piercing its tail.

"Dammit! Are your balls made of metal?!" This was Meow Meow's first time attacking a special part and it was nervous. Unexpectedly, the effect had been minimal, which was very frustrating.

However, the dragon rolled around in pain. "You little!" Meow Meow fled as soon as it began chasing after it. When the dragon stopped to go after Lan Huang, Meow Meow bombarded it with consecutive attacks. With Blitzbane, Meow Meow was a force to be reckoned with. The dragon had its back turned to Meow Meow, so there was no stopping the attack. It was so outraged that its balls were about to explode.

"Little strokes fell great oaks. I don't believe I can't break those balls of steel. Try turning away from me again."

The dragon had no choice but to charge toward Lan Huang with its tail tucked. To its dismay, Meow Meow launched one attack after another, but the moment it turned around, the cat ran away. This was the most frustrating battle it had ever fought. Without its help, the water and earth dragons had to restrain Lan Huang or the surging mars dragon would be dragged to its death.

At the very beginning, the surging mars dragon had been hit by Ying Huo's Skyscorch Featherblast and it was still bleeding. Parts of the Lifesteal Silverdragon cut into its flesh. If Lan Huang continued dragging the beast in this manner, it might slice the dragon into more than a dozen segments. Unless it was an earthworm, it would perish. The surging mars dragon was aggrieved; it had been dragged around like a dog before it could properly launch an attack. On top of the fact that its abilities weren't effective on Lan Huang, whose flesh was hardened, the Lifesteal Silverdragon was extremely long. The dragon was filled with despair.

"Leave. Let them fight instead!" the surging mars dragon roared.

The grandiose saturn dragon and abyssal mercury dragon were ashamed. Why did their abilities seem so weak against this two-headed dragon? When they tried entangling Lan Huang in close combat, they were dragged away instead.

"Are you a dog? Can you keep running?" they desperately shouted at Lan Huang.

"Up high!" Turning over, Lan Huang sent the dragon on top of it flying.

Lan Huang continued wildly running as the mountains within the battlefield shook. Turning around, the desperate surging mars dragon saw one of its brothers being played with by a cat, while another fought a tree. What was more depressing was the fact that the latter was actually at a disadvantage.

Countless roots and vines entangled the dragon as both of their abilities tore at each other. After having been stifled for a long time, Xian Xian had finally encountered a semi-plant lifebound beast. Torturing the antivoid jupiter dragon had Xian Xian feeling as good as Lan Huang.

With its ability, Winding Woods, Xian Xian's opponent grew a dense forest using seeds. Xian Xian stretched its roots among the lush saplings, sucking their vitality and turning them into deadwood as the antivoid jupiter dragon watched in stunned silence. The natural restraint Xian Xian exerted on the dragon was far more terrifying than Lan Huang's. Faced with the Primordial Chaos Beast, the dragon didn't know what to do. It had encountered its natural enemy.

Xian Xian was only afraid of fire, and the only dragon it had feared was in a miserable state. Letting go of all restraints, Xian Xian extended numerous vines and roots, binding the dragon to its trunk. Then, turning to Ying Huo, it said, "Chicken Bro, does my dragon necklace look good?"

"Shut up! Don't distract me from my duel!" Ying Huo flickered past with an arrogant expression on its face.

In fact, it was hiding behind Tianming. Taking advantage of his battle with Long Longlong, Ying Huo was sneakily attacking from time to time. The scene was simply incredible; despite possessing one more lifebound beast, Long Longlong was being besieged by Tianming and Ying Huo.

The platinaurum venus dragon and antivoid jupiter dragon had been completely restrained. Xian Xian could torture its opponent as well as separate vines and roots to help Lan Huang. The Evernight Curse and Trisoul Fiendsong had also begun taking effect. While the water and earth dragons were fine, their struggle was the only thing stopping the surging mars dragon from being dismembered. It was equivalent to Lan Huang taking hostages.

They stopped to pull at the Lifesteal Silverdragon together. The power of the three dragons combined was certainly strong enough, but the weapon was too sharp. As long as they tightened their claws around it, it would only rip out their scales.

However, the Lifesteal Silverdragon's spikes and sharp blades couldn't pierce Lan Huang's flesh, so it didn't feel any discomfort at all. It wasn't even paying attention to its back.

"Keep running and don't stop!" Tianming shouted.

At that moment, Lan Huang had sprinted over a long distance; even the platinum venus dragon had failed to keep up. With three dragons in tow, Lan Huang ran to the edge of the arena. It was a sorry sight to see.

Watching their brother's flesh gradually being sliced away by the Lifesteal Silverdragon, the earth and water dragons were forced to sacrifice their own bodies in resisting the weapon's power. One of the dragons tried tearing apart the Lifesteal Silverdragon. As a result, the artifact soul exerted its power, drawing its strength from Lan Huan as it continued constricting the surging mars dragon. Even if they could bear Lan Huang's power, there was no fighting such a swift attack in that instant.

Long Longlong's lifebound beasts were all at a disadvantage and he had no choice but to personally save the surging mars dragon from its plight. Unfortunately, Tianming and Ying Huo were in his way.

Chapter 1252 - Minorworld Dragoncloak

The five dragons were extremely frustrated and gloomy. Long Longlong had never expected he would be at such a disadvantage. They weren't weak, but they had missed two important details. The first was their opponent's arrogance in entering the battle. Without warning, Tianming had immediately locked on to one lifebound beast and begun mercilessly attacking. Secondly, Long Longlong was overconfident in the superiority of his dragons' bloodline in their encounter with Lan Huang, who possessed the Montseabane.

As a result of that oversight, one of his dragons was seriously injured. In a short period of time, it was trapped in a dire situation. Although Tianming's lifebound beasts had a lower cultivation level, their bloodline advantage and the suppression produced by their natural attributes were incomparable. That was the real reason for Long Longlong's current predicament. The effect of the Radix World Tree against the antivoid jupiter dragon was simply more proof. Before Tianming's Primordial Chaos Beasts, Long Longlong's 'perfect' combination of lifebound beasts was full of inadequacies.

Despite the resentment he felt, Long Longlong kept his composure. Ending the battle in the shortest time possible was his priority; he needed a breakthrough to level the playing field.

"I underestimated you." Having fought several rounds but still failed to defeat Tianming, Long Longlong had gained an understanding of his opponent. "The Lifesteal Silverdragon is very powerful and has helped you establish an advantage."

His gaze fell upon the Ninedragon Imperius in his own hand. His weapon was obviously stronger, but due to its weapon type, the Ninedragon Imperius must be held in his hands—unlike the Lifesteal Silverdragon, which could be used by Tianming's lifebound beast. Long Longlong was well aware that he needed a major advantage to turn the tide and make up for his lifebound beasts' weaknesses.

Through his five-colored pentaphase slaughter constellation, he established a connection with his lifebound beasts' energy. The three dragons in the distance shone with the power of the constellation. Despite being scattered, they formed a powerful collective body. It was something that Tianming couldn't achieve for the time being.

"Li Tianming, you had to scheme so hard just to have an advantage over me. That makes you a worthy opponent. However, it also shows you lack confidence and fear me! And here's what I want to say: in

the face of true strength, all schemes are useless. You can't win." The five-colored eye on his forehead shone on Tianming.

"You're full of shit! Come on!" Since the beginning of the battle, Tianming had been swift and decisive, every move of his quick as lightning. This time was no exception. With both hands on the Grand-Orient Sword, he glanced at Ying Huo's position, striking in that instant, shooting toward Long Longlong.

"Do you really think that's all there is to the Ninedragon Imperius?" Long Longlong swept his gaze across the Grand-Orient Sword. "Say goodbye to your sword!"

A grade-eight divine artifact could almost crush all other weapons on the sun. Since acquiring this sword, Long Longlong had broken dozens of weapons, including a grade-five divine artifact. Nothing could withstand the Ninedragon Imperius. He hadn't planned on destroying his opponents' weapons, it was merely an unintentional consequence of the weapon's might. But this time, he wanted to waste Tianming's weapon as an outlet for his anger.

Sword ki surged from his body, flowing into the Ninedragon Imperius. Long Longlong also cultivated the Pentaphase Imperialstar, a sword body cultivation technique that incorporated divine hazard sword ki. By absorbing the sword ki of the five phases, accumulating them within his body, and breathing them out during battle, he was deadly. Countless threads of pentaphase imperialstar sword ki poured into the Ninedragon Imperius, awakening its sleeping power. In that instant, the sword exploded with ferocity.

When Long Longlong opened his dragon eye of the five phases, his pride, birth, parents and grandfather, Saintdragon Talent, and sense of honor all gathered within the Ninedragon Imperius. At this moment, he seemed to be the protagonist of this battle.

"Minorworld Dragoncloak!"

The sword danced erratically in an easy demonstration of the grade-five divine art. This was a kind of fusion art with a total of five basic strikes. Long Longlong had integrated four strikes—metal, wood, fire, and water in harmony. Only one more strike was needed for him to exert its full power. Once it was complete, it would rival a grade-six divine art.

However, one glance was all it took for Tianming to burst out laughing. "Isn't that a poor imitation of the Ninedragon Tribulation?" The descendants of the Ninedragon Emperor were so strongly attached to everything he had ever owned. In fact, this sword art was extremely powerful, but in front of its true ancestor, this weak fusion had numerous inadequacies.

As the four phases, metal, wood, water, and fire merged into one sword, the Ninedragon Imperius exploded with power. Many watched in shock through the skyward eyes, some proud of Long Longlong, like his mother, Long Xiqian. She couldn't tolerate his current disadvantage. There were too many people paying attention to this battle, a fact that Long Longlong was well aware of.

"I must win! Ancestor, give me the power of the saintdragon!" Brilliant rays of light burst from his third eye, creating a five-colored passage that completely covered Tianming from head to toe, leaving him nowhere to escape. Before the sword had even reached him, sword ki scraped Tianming's skin, causing tiny wounds on his face.

"The heavens command the dragon's unrivaled power!" With that roar, Long Longlong stepped into the five-colored passage, locking on to Tianming. In a powerful display of the Minorworld Dragoncloak, he shot toward Tianming's head, sword ki forming a majestic dragon that seemed to possess the blood of a real dragon. With this strike, the strength of the Ninedragon Imperius was indisputable.

Tianming felt its forceful suppression. However, Long Longlong's move was full of flaws, mistakes that resulted from the misinterpretation of the Ninedragon Tribulation by the Ninedragon Emperor's descendants. Even if I'm only a quarter dragon bloodline, my blood is ten thousand times purer than yours, Long Longlong, Tianming whispered inside. He was proud of his lineage.

Saintdragon? In the glow of the five-colored passage, Tianming glanced at Ying Huo on the other side.

"Now!"

Twirling the Grand-Orient Sword, Tianming channeled the astral force in his body toward his arms as he unleashed a fusion of three swords—the Silverdragon Flashkill, Blooddragon Sacrifice, and Blazedragon Fireblast.

Chapter 1253 - Overnight Fame

The fusion of three swords was incomparably better than the Minorworld Dragoncloak in terms of sophistication and perfection. Strangely enough, the sword art appeared similar; however, Tianming was faster and more ferocious. As the Grand-Orient Sword exploded in power, it shook, forming a thunderous roar that deafened Long Longlong.

Long Longlong's ears started bleeding. As the Ninedragon Imperius and Grand-Orient Sword collided, a harsh, deafening boom erupted. However, the situation was inconsistent with Long Longlong's expectations—the Grand-Orient Sword didn't shatter. In fact, it was completely intact. He couldn't help but despair at how indestructible the sword was.

"Why isn't it broken?!"

In the past, he could easily break grade-five divine artifacts. More unsettling was the fact that he was at a complete disadvantage in terms of battle arts. Tianming's every move seemed to target his weakness, while his attacks fell short every time. Despite the numerous twists in his attacks, Tianming had managed to anticipate every one of them.

"What sword art is this?" Long Longlong stared with wide eyes, his heart prickling with pain.

Instead of answering, Tianming smiled and said, "Behind you."

"What?" Long Longlong had focused too much attention on Tianming, the Grand-Orient Sword, and his sword art. At that moment, a little phoenix descended upon him like a meteor, its tiny wings demonstrating the same sword art as Tianming, a fusion of the Silverdragon Flashkill and Blooddragon Sacrifice. Although its power was much weaker than Tianming's strike, its silent attack had proved deadly in the midst of Long Longlong's battle with Tianming.

"Take this!"

Feeling a chill run up his spine, Long Longlong turned around and blocked Ying Huo's attack. Despite managing to protect his vital parts, before him was an even more powerful opponent. Ying Huo quickly

switched to Death Inferno instead. Long Longlong couldn't block one explosion after another; because of its size, Ying Huo was difficult to deal with.

"You can fuck off!"

Like a fiery dragon, Tianming's sword raged, sweeping toward Long Longlong's head. Following Long Longlong's cry of pain, blood spilled and his imperial star formation shattered while the Grand-Orient Sword was still undamaged. Long Longlong's sword had even failed to slice off Ying Huo's wings. Out of the blue, he stared at Tianming, eyes wide as saucers as he let out a heart-piercing roar.

"The Ninedragon Tribulation?" He recognized it as the Ninedragon Emperor's signature battle art. Streaming tears cleansed his cheeks and the belief in his heart collapsed. Aside from the Ninedragon Imperius, all the treasures he desired had been acquired by the Azuresoul Palace. The Ninedragon Tribulation was his dream. Watching his dream fall into someone else's hands was indeed heartbreaking. With Tianming's attack, his imperial star formation was now broken and he had been defeated. However, the fact that the Ninedragon Tribulation belonged to Tianming was more painful than elimination. He was crushed.

"How funny. If your ancestor didn't leave it to you, it isn't meant to be yours. Got it?"

Tianming didn't care about the Ninedragon Emperor's considerations. These treasures and sword arts had been sealed up instead of passed down to his descendants. The man was free to do as he pleased. Hence, Tianming didn't think there was anything wrong with seizing the treasures. Unfortunately, Long Longlong cared too much.

"No...I hate you! I hate you!" he cried.

"Then hate me even more."

Before Long Longlong left the tomb, Tianming raised his sword and sliced off the finger wearing his spatial ring. He could have seized the Ninedragon Imperius, but it was meaningless because it didn't contain exalted blood and couldn't be controlled. Such a move could also lead to a deadly disaster. Collecting some caeli would be enough.

Tianming had no choice but to expose the Ninedragon Tribulation. Everyone knew he had obtained a treasure in the Whitedragon Palace, via the scores on the imperial star ranking. If he couldn't keep the treasures, he would just toss them.

With anguish and resentment in his heart, Long Longlong was sent out with his lifebound beasts and sword. He flew out of the battlefield formation and would soon completely leave the Voidsky Realm.

Tianming had won a complete victory in the first battle. Raising his head, he noticed the skyward eyes focused on him, a clear indication of the sensation he had caused. This was the first time he had proved himself with his own strength. On the Skyward Stele, his name had returned to first place. From this moment on, his number one place on the imperial star ranking was entirely well-deserved.

Tianming could almost hear the loud discussions from within the formation. This was all partially due to his Imperial Will. The moment the Myriad Solar Sects turned their gaze toward Tianming was just like the day he had revealed his exceptional talent in Archaion's faction battles. His name was now seared into the minds of many. Only if they remembered him could he reach the top and dominate the world.

However, Tianming was concerned with Long Longlong's spatial ring at the moment. Upon inspection, he found tens of thousands of caeli, hundreds of different divine pills, and numerous divine ores and herbs. As he had expected, there was something he desperately needed—the divine hazard sword ki that Long Longlong carried all the time to forge his sword body. The best in his possession was probably a grade-five divine hazard. It wasn't particularly powerful, but it could strengthen Tianming's Ninedragon Tribulation.

"I've made a killing!" Tianming turned to the Skyward Stele once more. Now that I've exposed the Ninedragon Tribulation, my future will be even more dangerous. The Sky Palace is my only way out. I must at least win the Sky Palace candidacy.

He glanced at the imperial star ranking. There was only one person who intimidated him: Weisheng Moran. She had simultaneously defeated Long Longlong and the other three Xuanyuan Dragon Sect disciples earlier.

Although she's really strange and was willing to concede the Divine Worldeater Cauldron to me, her strength is indisputable. If I'm to battle her, there's a chance I'll be eliminated. Once she makes the top four, the odds of us fighting in the final battle are only one-third. The Sky Palace candidacy is mine as long as she isn't my opponent, isn't it?

With that thought, he was sent out of the formation. At the very last moment, what Tianming saw were the names "Weisheng Moran" and "Lin Xiaoxiao" next to each other. The battle between the two was about to begin!

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Except for the sound of the wind, it was completely silent. Thousands of Xuanyuan Dragon Sect elders stared at the skyward eye with weird expressions on their faces. Most of them didn't know whether to be happy or disappointed. They turned and looked at the two dragon imperials standing alongside Long Xiqian.

"The battle between those two kids was so exciting!"

In the deathly silence, someone suddenly spoke up. The others didn't need to look to know that the speaker was the Whitedragon Empress, Long Wanying.

"Jiang Qingliu, it's amazing your disciple defeated the Saintdragon Talent cultivated by our sect. We certainly can't compare to you." There wasn't a sliver of shame or guilt in Long Wanying's eyes. In fact, she seemed pleased.

"How can that be? It's all luck," Jiang Qingliu replied.

"It isn't luck, he's really amazing. It seems what the young man acquired in the Whitedragon Palace was the Ninedragon Tribulation. That's a grade-eight divine art!" Long Wanying exclaimed as she glanced at Long Xiqian.

From the very beginning, Long Xiqian had had her fists clenched, face pale and bereft of speech as she watched the battlefield. Long Wanying's every word pierced her heart.

"Qianqian, thank goodness you're here. Your precious son will be out in a moment. I wouldn't know what to do if he cries." With regret, Long Wanying continued comforting her. "In fact, Longlong was pretty good. With his performance today, I can conclude with certainty that not even ten Weisheng Morans and ten Li Tianmings would be his match." Toward the end, she couldn't help but laugh.

"Shut! Up!" Long Xiqian's chest violently rose and fell as she turned around, viciously glaring at Long Wanying, her expression full of vitriol.

"Long Xiqian, how can you speak to me in this tone? Don't you know our statuses are different?" Long Wanying reprimanded, her smile fading. She couldn't help but curse on the inside, Dammit, I want that kid. She glanced at the Saintdragon Emperor, but the old man had nothing to say.

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The result of the first decisive battle in the Voidsky Realm swept across the vast burning sun like a storm. In this world, battles were a constant interest, and this particular battle was hotly discussed.

"In fact, they're almost equal in strength, but Li Tianming is amazing. He had Long Longlong completely in the palm of his hand."

"You're wrong. I felt as if Long Longlong's every move was thwarted. He was defeated because he wasn't as strong as his opponent."

"It's amazing that a disciple of a second-rate force entered the top four and dominated the imperial star ranking. But some people say that he's there because of luck?"

"There's nothing from this kid and all of a sudden he makes such a big splash."

"This is what they mean when they say overnight fame...."

"I heard from the people over there that the treasure he got in the Whitedragon Palace was the Ninedragon Tribulation."

"His luck is unmatched!"

"Let's see. The Azuresoul Palace might not be able to keep them. It all depends on what the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect decides. After all, it's rather humiliating that their Saintdragon Talent has been defeated."

"He was also defeated by Weisheng Moran...."

"Weisheng Moran and that disciple Lin Xiaoxiao are about to fight."

"They're already in battle."

Chapter 1254 - Green Light

When Tianming left the formation, he found Lingfeng and Yu Ziqian near their original position. Amidst the wind and sand, the young man dressed in black stood next to an elegant young man dressed in white. After integrating the exalted blood, Yu Ziqian's big purple lips were less swollen.

"Xiaoxiao went in?" Tianming asked.

"Yes, she just entered."

"Let's take a look."

They walked toward the edge of the formation where they previously were. They could watch the battle from there.

"You're awesome bro! You took down Three Long and became famous with that battle." Yu Ziqian patted him on the shoulder, his eyes filled with admiration.

"Three Long?"

He was obviously referring to Long Longlong. The battle was indeed of great significance, but the Sky Palace would be the one that reaped the treasure.

"Brother, have you spoken to her?" Staring at the battlefield, Lingfeng turned to Tianming.

"It's alright. It doesn't matter if Xiaoxiao faces me or has Weisheng Moran as her opponent. She'll most likely be the first one eliminated. Gan Gangan's master is waiting for her outside. If the situation takes a turn and she can't hold onto the Dragonblood Desecration, she'll release it at once."

If Xiaoxiao no longer possessed the Dragonblood Desecration, they wouldn't care about her. The other disciples had already left the Voidsky Realm. Judging from the current rules of the battle, Xiaoxiao would be the first one to leave and deal with the storm outside.

"There's nothing we can do if she loses the Dragonblood Desecration. However, my master will find a way. Just trust him." Staring into the formation, Yu Ziqian smiled. "Don't be so pessimistic. Who knows? Maybe she will defeat Weisheng Moran... after all, the three of you are beasts."

Tianming and Lingfeng exchanged a meaningful look. They understood Xiaoxiao. Her progress and combat power were unstable, thus she stood no chance of victory against a sixth-level constellier with a seven-star divine beast. In fact, Xiaoxiao could choose to remain in eighth place and pick Tianming as her opponent. However, she was headstrong and wanted to improve.

Tianming supported her decision.

"This is merely one of her first hurdles in life. Her opponent is very powerful, but she has to take the first step."

After yielding to the Archaionfiend, she could courageously continue as long as she didn't die.

"Xiaoxiao is here!" Xian Xian shouted.

Tianming was greeted by the sight of Xiaoxiao riding the Archaionfiend. She could see them through the formation. With their presence, she regained her composure. The certainty in her heart grew stronger. Meanwhile, the Archaionfiend seemed like it was facing a great enemy. It had its back turned to Tianming as it stared out at the sandy battlefield. Beneath the observing skyward eyes, Xiaoxiao pulled out the Dragonblood Desecration, took a deep breath, and shot an arrow.

The strength of the fourth-level constellier converged and aimed at the mist. Her opponent was Weisheng Moran, the mysterious young woman who had let Tianming have the Divine Worldeater Cauldron. The battle between the two ought to be civil, one where they swapped pointers; or at least, that was what Xiaoxiao thought.

She was extremely focused on circulating her astral force as she drew the bow. Millions of blood-red snakes of electricity were connected from end to end, entangled together, forming a lightning vortex that spread out. Against the starlight, lightning bolts roamed around the battlefield, looking for her opponent.

The sound of thunder and lightning was all she could hear. In the mist and clouds, a green light flashed.

"She's fast!"

Xiaoxiao could vaguely make out one person, but the Dragonblood Desecration still didn't have a target. Forced to make a rough judgment, Xiaoxiao shot her arrow. On the blood arrow were countless electric snakes that formed an enormous net as it was propelled toward that green light.

"Weisheng Moran?"

Outside the formation, Tianming saw the green light as well. He could clearly see her face amid the fluttering hair and clothes. Tianming met her gaze, but there was something different about her eyes. What was once a quiet, ethereal girl was now a stone-cold killer. Indifference was all he could see in those blank eyes.

"Be careful!" he yelled. Tianming didn't quite understand how the gentle Weisheng Moran could suddenly become so cold. Beneath the shadow of her umbrella, the spear in Weisheng Moran's hand transformed into a green lotus, sweeping away the red lightning. The spear tore away at Xiaoxiao's offensive, flying straight toward her. It was impossible to resist.

The Archaionfiend rose from the battlefield in an attempt to dodge. At the same time, its lightning formed a red ball of electricity that slammed into Weisheng Moran. However, she moved incredibly quickly. High up in the air, her skirt seemed to dance, resembling a spinning green paper umbrella. Her movements were so erratic and unpredictable that not even Tianming could see how she had managed to evade the Archaionfiend's attack and appear in front of it in no time at all.

"Ugly beast."

Like a serpent, the two-meter-long grade-seven divine artifact bore through the Archaionfiend's chest and emerged from its back. Fresh blood poured out of the wound.

"Wu You!" Xiaoxiao's expression turned ugly. Weisheng Moran wasn't as friendly as she had imagined. What she was aiming for was the Archaionfiend's heart! It was clear that Weisheng Moran had planned to kill the Archaionfiend in one blow. Although it had managed to sway the trajectory of Weisheng Moran's weapon, the Archaionfiend had almost perished.

Frightened out of its wits, the Archaionfiend shouted, "Stop fighting! Run!" Before it could continue speaking, Weisheng Moran swept her spear across its wings, almost crippling them with one strike. The impact sent the Archaionfiend flying.

Xiaoxiao was forced to fire an arrow in mid-air. However, Weisheng Moran was extremely agile, and it seemed as if the sky had been enveloped in the shadows of her umbrella. There was no way to zoom in on Weisheng Moran's exact position.

Dust filled the air as the Archaionfiend crashed to the ground. The blood arrow had also failed to stop Weisheng Moyan from appearing in front of Xiaoxiao.

From this battle alone, Xiaoxiao understood that, as a cultivator who relied on caeli to grow, she had many shortcomings when facing an opponent alone, especially since she had poor control of her own power. The sooner her shortcomings were exposed, the better. She could frankly face herself. That was the advantage gained from battle. But the trouble was that Weisheng Moran had performed unexpectedly. She was no friend, but a mortal enemy!

Chapter 1255 - Strange Woman

Weisheng Moran was in front of Xiaoxiao, her gaze cold and weapon aimed at her opponent's eyes. Such a fierce attack would certainly break Xiaoxiao's imperial star formation. Even if she failed to kill Xiaoxiao, there was still a chance she might pierce her eye.

From the moment the battle had begun, Weisheng Moran was swift and ruthless. It was as if she was aiming to kill with every move. Xiaoxiao didn't even have time to think. Combining the bow and arrows in her hand, the Dragonblood Desecration transformed into a crimson spear. This was its other form.

The bow and arrow were its main form, so the Dragonblood Desecration wasn't at its most powerful in its second form. But at this moment, it would be more effective in close combat. The crimson and green spears collided.

Although Xiaoxiao wasn't very strong on her own, the Dragonblood Desecration had its own subduing effect. Weisheng Moran's spear was knocked off its trajectory and failed to pierce Xiaoxiao's eye, but the sharp end of the spear swept across her cheeks, drawing fresh blood. Xiaoxiao screamed.

The young woman in front of her sneered, her hands moving as fast as a phantom. When the spear was split in two, it formed two short spears that shot toward Xiaoxiao in a fraction of a second. This was a sophisticated technique of the dreamless celestials that seemed simple, but actually contained dreamlike moves.

Xiaoxiao felt like the entire world was filled with the swaying shadows of spears. She didn't know how to resist; there was too much of a disparity in their strength. The first spear pierced the back of Xiaoxiao's hand, while the other sank into her chest. She had been thoroughly defeated.

After the spear penetrated two centimeters into her flesh, her imperial star formation appeared, blocking the fatal blow. Had the spear struck her eyes, her eyeballs would have burst upon impact. With the appearance of the imperial star formation, Xiaoxiao had been beaten and would soon be sent out.

More importantly, the spear that pierced her palm was nailed to the Dragonblood Desecration. Xiaoxiao turned pale from the pain. The moment she unclenched her fist, Weisheng Moran bore down on the Dragonblood Desecration, and the weapon struggled against her. As the artifact soul fought Weisheng Moran's control, it roared. Unfortunately, Weisheng Moran could forcibly seize the Dragonblood Desecration, much like Zhan Yuance's lifebound beast had once done with the Lifesteal Silverdragon. But without the exalted blood, Weisheng Moran wouldn't be able to use the weapon. She had to strongly suppress the Dragonblood Desecration just to keep it by her side.

Xiaoxiao didn't have an opportunity to snatch the weapon back. Once her imperial star formation had been broken, the power that originated from the Sky Palace locked on to her and the Archaionfiend. Throughout the entire Voidsky Realm was an enormous formation that immediately zeroed in on them and eliminated them.

The pain from Xiaoxiao's pierced palm was unbearable. Having just escaped death, the Archaionfiend was equally uncomfortable. Without a word, they were swept away by the storm. Xiaoxiao had been rather confused from start to finish because she could sense Weisheng Moran's apathy. She wasn't deliberately aiming to kill the Archaionfiend or pierce Xiaoxiao's eyes, it just seemed as if she was born to be ruthless. Why did Weisheng Moran hand the Divine Worldeater Cauldron over to Tianming but seize the Dragonblood Desecration from her? She couldn't understand.

After Xiaoxiao left, Weisheng Moran was the only person remaining in the huge battlefield. The light from the skyward eyes shone on her. Everyone had witnessed how easily she'd taken down her opponent without the help of her lifebound beast and would sing praises of her combat power. Among the juniors, she was completely invincible. At that moment, her brilliance surpassed Tianming. Who wouldn't be impressed by this peerless beauty? In the Myriad Solar Sects, she would be highly admired and celebrated.

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Tianming had watched the battle from outside the formation, observing every detail. With her hand around the Dragonblood Desecration, the young woman turned to stare at him, a strange coldness in her beautiful eyes. Although she smiled at Tianming, it made his hair stand on end. Her smile was completely different from before.

"It's like she's become someone else. She wasn't like this before." Even Yu Ziqian was dumbfounded.

Weisheng Moran soon left the battlefield formation.

"What's she like according to the rumors?" Tianming asked, his gaze cold.

"Rumors? She doesn't appear very often. As the dreamless celestial emperor's secret disciple, there's no one that really knows her. The first time I met her was right before we entered the tomb. I thought that was her, but she's completely different today, isn't she?" Yu Ziqian couldn't quite figure it out.

"So apart from us, no one would think there's something off about her today," said Tianming.

"I think they'll never forget the fact that she gave you the Divine Worldeater Cauldron. Xiaoxiao has a good relationship with you, so it does seem strange that Weisheng Moran took the Dragonblood Desecration from her. But if you think of it as an act of jealousy, it makes sense," Yu Ziqian analyzed.

"Jealousy?"

Beating Xiaoxiao after giving him the Divine Worldeater Cauldron for no reason at all did sound like an act of jealousy, but Tianming knew that was certainly not the case! From the start of the battle, there had been something off about Weisheng Moran.

"Xiaoxiao and the Archaionfiend were both injured when they left. Now that everyone knows she's lost the Dragonblood Desecration, she'll be safe for the time being," said Lingfeng.

Tianming was worried that Xiaoxiao would be in danger if she left alone with the Dragonblood Desecration. However, Weisheng Moran had made sure that didn't happen. Narrowing his gaze, Tianming stared into the distance where she had once stood, his brows wrinkled.

"Do you see a change in her vita?" he asked Lingfeng.

"Nothing has changed, but she feels like a different person. It's weird," Lingfeng replied.

Her situation was obviously different from Feiling's.

"Personality?"

Some people did have split personalities. They behaved differently, depending on the time and place.

"It doesn't seem that way. If you encounter her in the next battle, don't show her any mercy," said Lingfeng.

"Alright." Tianming nodded.

This Weisheng Moran was dangerous. He had assumed that the Sky Palace candidacy was in the bag after defeating Long Longlong, but now it seemed something was wrong. He had a hunch that Weisheng Moran would prove to be an obstacle if they were to fight. The spear that had pierced Xiaoxiao's palm remained vivid in his mind.

"It's Gan Gangan and your turn next. We'll see what the Sky Palace has arranged," Tianming said.

Yu Ziqian smiled bitterly. His nickname was truly "unique." Right then, Yu Ziqian was sent into the formation. It was his turn.

Tianming looked up. On the imperial star ranking, Weisheng Moran sat firmly in second place. The next fight would be between Yu Ziqian, who ranked third, and Zhan Yuance, who was still in sixth place. Who would Yu Ziqian's opponent be? Zhan Yuance or Chu Jingchuan, the Emyrean Sword Sect disciple in ninth place?

Chapter 1256 - Shadow of The Skywolf Star

The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was gathered outside the Voidsky Flame Pillar. Amidst the flames, a girl dressed in black appeared. Before she could touch the ground, a white figure wrapped her arms around her waist and landed steadily.

Xiaoxiao was taken aback. When she looked up, she realized that the person holding her was a dignified and gentle woman. She looked very young, with skin as soft as snow and a sweet-tempered smile.

"Big Sister, you...."

Her choice of words sent Long Wanying flying over the moon. The elder placed Xiaoxiao on the ground.

Upon noticing Jiang Qingliu, Xiaoxiao was relieved. She was safe for the time being. "I'm sorry, Master. I failed to keep the Dragonblood Desecration in the end." Xiaoxiao knew exactly what to say in front of Jiang Qingliu.

"Your opponent was too strong, and you're too much of a fighter. If you'd learned from others and shirked like a little wimp, you wouldn't have lost your treasure." Long Wanying gently patted her shoulder and smiled.

Many Xuanyuan Dragon Sect experts quickly closed their eyes and pretended not to hear anything. Not far away, Long Xiqian was taking care of Long Longlong, who had been defeated. Covered in blood, the huge surging mars dragon lay on the ground applying medicine to its wounds.

"Master, who's this senior?" Xiaoxiao asked in a low voice.

"The Whitedragon Empress of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. She plans to take you in. Are you willing?" Jiang Qingliu asked.

"The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect?" Xiaoxiao stared at Long Longlong in the distance. The young man was a sorry sight. There was a chill in his eyes when their gazes met.

"I'll give you the best future." Long Wanying patted her chest. "You can be assured of my character. I'm sincere and fair to all."

Xiaoxiao thought the woman seemed interesting and amiable. However, she still said, "I must follow the three of them. I'll go wherever they go."

"Alright." Long Wanying said no more, squeezing Xiaoxiao's bloody palm. Her broken bones would take some time to recover. She pulled out some medicine and applied them to the wound. Meanwhile, the Archaiionfiend was being similarly treated by a lifebound beast healer.

"What did you just say?" asked Long Xiqian, her expression ugly as she glared at Long Wanying and Xiaoxiao.

"I said this child is very brave," Long Wanying replied.

"Isn't she an idiot? Why lose the Dragonblood Desecration for nothing? The only thing of value she possessed is gone. Long Wanying, are you planning on raising a useless idler?" She was happy that Xiaoxiao had lost the Dragonblood Desecration. Anyway, they were only willing to take risks for the Divine Worldeater Cauldron.

Paying no attention to her, Long Wanying focused on healing Xiaoxiao.

"Maybe this is just the beginning. After two more battles, you might find that the three disciples you want have nothing left. Wouldn't that be funny? You just won't admit that you're being short-sighted. Besides, the Dragonblood Desecration will destroy the delicate balance between us and the other bloodline that we've maintained for so long. Losing it won't be so bad after all." With that, Long Xiqian sauntered off, looking as if she had gained the upper hand.

The value of Tianming, Lingfeng, and Xiaoxiao was constantly compared to the risks of the Divine Worldeater Cauldron. In fact, the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was still weighing the pros and cons.

At that moment, something interesting happened. Through the skyward eye, the audience watched Yu Ziqian step into the battlefield formation. However, Zhan Yuance didn't appear. The Empyrean Sword Sect had picked up Chu Jingchuan as well. Both of Yu Ziqian's potential opponents had been eliminated.

As a result, Yu Ziqian's name soon returned to the third place on the imperial star ranking, and Zhan Yuance back to the sixth. Yu Ziqian was sent out of the battlefield and returned to Tianming's side. That meant he had won without a fight.

The audience was speechless. The rules of the competition were too rigid. Once set, there was no changing them.

For forty-nine days, no one had managed to squeeze Zhan Yuance out of the top eight, turning him into a walking lucky gift bag. And Yu Ziqian had won the prize. He didn't have to do anything for Zhan Yuance to be bumped from fourth place to sixth.

Outside the Voidsky Flame Pillar, Zhan Yuance was still eager to try, thinking he could return. Unfortunately, he had only been greeted by a bucket of cold water. He was depressed because of his bad luck.

"That means only one of the top four places is left. It'll be decided between Kong and Feng. There will be at least one Azuresoul Palace disciple in every battle. They already have two disciples in the top four. If Feng wins, there'll be three of them, and the Azuresoul Palace will be guaranteed a place for the Sky Palace candidacy. That means more than just the Azuresoul Palace's position on the myriad sect ranking."

The Azuresoul Palace currently occupied the first, third, and seventh place on the imperial star ranking. Lingfeng would either place fourth or fifth. According to the rules, the Azuresoul Palace would go up at least five places on the myriad sect ranking with four disciples in the top ten of the imperial star ranking.

The most important cultivation resource determined by the myriad sect ranking were nova sources. The Sky Palace was in control of the nova sources for every sect. Because nova sources involved generations to come, their flow must be controlled. Therefore, the higher the sect's ranking, the more superior the nova source and the more prosperous the sect. From this alone, it was clear the myriad sect ranking wasn't meaningless. Each place on the ranking represented real resources.

"There is no suspense about the Azuresoul Palace's promotion. However, Kong, the disciple hidden by the Voidword Shrine, also obtained a treasure from one of the palaces. He's the only one who has yet to appear. He must be stronger than Feng."

"The disciple who left the Imperialdragon Palace compared Feng to Lin Xiaoxiao. Apparently, he's somewhat weak in one-on-one combat. If he's about as strong as Lin Xiaoxiao, then he has no chance of winning."

"What's interesting is that they're both specters. I didn't think the Voidword Shrine would accept a specter."

"Their ancestors have something to do with specters. I recall a rumor claiming that the Voidword Shrine is a force planted by the Skywolf Star. I must say, they're powerful indeed. They don't even care to prove their innocence and accepted a specter."

"A clean hand wants no washing. After all, the rumors about the Skywolf Star are 800,000 years old."

"My friend, the Skywolf Star has two stars. The larger nova source is three times the size of the sun. It is known as the 'white nightmare' of the astralscape of order. They went around burning and killing

everything. Back then, they almost destroyed our defense formation and annexed Orderia. Until today, countless legends about the Skywolf Star still circulate among the people."

"It's hard to explain the Skywolf Star in just a few words. According to historical records, it is a combination of a large and smaller nova source. They're extremely bright. The smaller one is comparable to the size of Orderia's nova source..."

"That was the only war where the Myriad Solar Sects and celestial orderians joined hands. In order to protect the nova source, a third of all beings of Orderia were slaughtered in the war. There were corpses everywhere in the starry sky. After that war, the celestial orderians increased the number of outposts and surveillance areas by ten times which remains till today."

"The war for nova sources is terrifying. It's complete annihilation for the losers."

"Alright, enough about that."

"Feng from the Azuresoul Palace and Kong of the Voidword Shrine have entered the battlefield."

"Alright."

"Kong has never fought before?"

"Yes."

"His name is quite unique."

"The youths like to pretend they're profound. They pick weird names to attract attention. Little do they know that I can draw everyone's attention even with the name 'Liu Tiezhu'."

"Fuck off."

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The yellow sand filled the battlefield. With his feet on the ground, Lingfeng slowly proceeded. His dark red eyes scanned the wind and sand, looking for his opponent. Clouds and mist rolled in. There was an uncomfortable smell in the air, not foul, but dangerous. The battlefield resembled a jungle, but it was still too soon to say who the prey and the predator was.

The black storm around his body descended to the ground, transforming into an ape-like monster with three heads and six arms. At this moment, its angry head was facing the front, while the other two heads turned to the left and right. It was the Soulfliend.

Many were discussing the Soulfliend appearance on the battlefield. After all, Lingfeng wasn't a beastmaster. As a specter, he had no lifebound beasts. Moreover, the Soulfliend seemed to be a spiritform, yet it wasn't a totem or part of Lingfeng's combat force. However, the audience could only question its presence. It was reasonable and fair as long as the Sky Palace thought so.

Lingfeng threw himself onto the Soulfliend's shoulder. Stretching out his hand, he drew a red dagger from his head. In the depths of the clouds and mist, a strange young man with a huge head, small body, sparse hair, and big eyes stumbled over. When he raised his head, his pale star-like eyes immediately noticed Lingfeng.

He exhaled heavily. The light within those pale eyes shone like two luminous bodies that illuminated the entire battlefield. Even Tianming and the others who were watching the battle from a distance were affected. The young man stretched out his arms from his wide sleeves. There was no flesh and blood on those hands. The finger bones were connected by broken skin which seemed as if it might fall off at any moment. Under his spacious robes, a creature rolled up and down his waist. It appeared to be a snake.

Their gazes met. Without so much as a word, the two men charged toward each other.

Chapter 1257 - Divine Corpse Puppet

With around a hundred skyward eyes in the area, there were no blind spots in the arena. The two specters had never been featured before, so they incited quite a bit of curiosity.

Suddenly, sand blasted across the area as the both of the combatants rapidly approached each other. It was a clash of black and white as they locked on to one another. Lingfeng saw that while his opponent was small in stature, he had the signature property of a specter: a supremely tough physical body. The body in question loudly snapped as bones and muscle moved. He looked like a gigantic stampeding beast, each step causing the mountains beside him to shake.

"What's that?" Lingfeng noticed some movement underneath Kong's robes. Having a third regal soul, he had sharp senses. Suddenly, he stopped charging and thrust his staff deep into the ground. Then he deployed the Evil Suppression Formation, causing a black domain to spread out. A mist surrounded Kong, but he continued advancing. Lingfeng was now a third-level constellier, but his physical body and astralforce capacity still couldn't compete with his opponent's. However, his vita was far more advanced. The legacy he had gained from the Primordial Demonlord was also a huge asset of his. He was a rather unique specter in his own right, having no special physical body enhancements. Even if he had consumed quite a number of wildbeasts, it didn't seem to have had much effect. All in all, he looked more like a human, unlike Jiang Wuxin, Bodhi, or Kong.

Now, the Evil Suppression Formation kept Kong away. Lingfeng fought calmly, refusing to directly engage his foe before he made sure of what was under his robes.

"How could there be a living thing without a soul?" The dragon golems were the only such examples of soulless 'living beings' that he had encountered, and he had a rather hard time against them as his advantage was useless against them. He swung his staff vertically. While the Evil Suppression Pillar wasn't that wide, it turned from a staff into a huge pillar that blocked off a considerable part of the sky as it swung down toward Kong's head.

With a loud boom, dust covered the entire area. Finally, the thing underneath Kong's robes was revealed. A dark figure had emerged from Kong's sleeves.

"What in the world is that?" many cultivators wondered. Through the skyward eyes, they managed to get a good look at the thing that had emerged.

"That's a lifebound beast!"

"It can't be. Specters have no lifebound beasts!"

However, Lingfeng had a much better view of it, being as near as he was. It was a nine-headed black dragon that was incredibly similar to the one from the Blackdragon Palace, but it looked to be much

smaller, being only a meter or so in length. Its heads were fierce and lively and there were large numbers of divine celestial patterns on its body, which revealed that it moved with the power of formations. However, Lingfeng could easily tell that this was no dragon golem. After all, they were made from mineral and metal ores but this dragon looked to be flesh and blood; yet it didn't have a soul. Without one, it couldn't be considered a true lifeform.

"It's made of flesh. What's going on?"

Countless people had seen the creature through the skyward eyes. The nine-headed dragon was covered in black scales and its eyes were an oily green. It radiated a threatening aura as it clawed toward Lingfeng, all the while expanding in size. It didn't take long before it had become even larger than the dragon golem of Blackdragon Palace. The scent of rotting corpses that came from it as it expanded was proof of one fact.

"The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was sealed for too long. No living creature could possibly survive inside for that long."

"That's right. Looks like this is the treasure that Kong obtained from the Fienddragon Palace."

"What in the world is it?"

Soon, someone had the answer to that question.

"I heard it's a divine corpse puppet."

"A divine corpse puppet? What's that?"

"It's as its name suggests. A puppet made from corpses of wildbeasts or even lifebound beasts and special formation techniques. They can be used in combat. The success rate of this technique is rather low and it's mainly used to preserve the astral body of the dead by restructuring it. It's a really complicated secret art that few have mastered.

"The main difference between corpse puppets and dragon golems is that the golems need to absorb fundamental cosmic forces to remain active, whereas corpse puppets need to be awakened through blood. It can also only absorb the astral force of the owner. Before engaging in combat, both of them have to charge up. Once they run out of power, they become useless, but they're still rather useful for protecting much weaker juniors." For instance, the dragon golem of Fienddragon Palace had had a large amount of fundamental cosmic force stored. Had Tianming not breached its formation, Zhan Yuance would never have had such an easy time dealing with it.

I remember now. This corpse puppet was probably one of the most powerful wildbeasts in the history of Orderia. It was known as the nine-headed fienddragon, and at its strongest, it was even more powerful than a mature eight-star divine beast. All those years ago, when it showed up, it was said to have been killed by the Ninedragon Emperor. Who knew that he'd made it into a corpse puppet?"

"To think that the Ninedragon Emperor knew how to make corpse puppets on top of those dragon golems... what an all-rounded genius."

"That's right! He was the strongest of everyone back in his prime. Even though he's long dead, his body has been sealed this entire time and has remained completely unmolested. Even with the formations he

devised only being able to exert a tenth of their original power, they're still stronger than the formations of our sect, right? He must've been the absolute strongest of his time."

They wondered if Kong would be able to surpass the other seniors by relying on the corpse puppet. Either way, they really envied him for having such a precious treasure.

"Still, a corpse puppet relies on the power of its master to control its body and replenish its energy reserves. Kong is a junior, like the others, so he should only be able to utilize a small part of its power. I'm guessing it'll only be as good as a body double at best."

Though the corpse puppet would only be able to be used to its full potential as he grew stronger, it was still a good position to be in. Once that corpse puppet was in the hands of someone truly powerful, it would no doubt be able to wreak endless havoc.

"I wonder how the Azuresoul Palace's Feng will deal with this corpse puppet...."

As they had guessed, the creature of flesh and formations was completely soulless, so Lingfeng was having just as hard a time dealing with it as he had the dragon golems. Amidst the cloud of sand in the air, the corpse puppet agilely moved about and roared toward Lingfeng.

"That black dragon uses Kong's power. Isn't it a little similar to the link I have with the Soulfriend?" Lingfeng didn't know much about corpse puppets, but he had more or less guessed its underlying principles. The relationship between Tianming and his lifebound beasts was symbiotic; however, he and the Soulfriend had somewhat of a parasitic relationship. The Soulfriend had to rely on Lingfeng to exist, usually siphoning away his astralforce and soul energy. The stronger he grew, the more powerful the Soulfriend would be. In some ways, it was a storage device that could fight on its own, and it had its own unique tricks up its sleeves.

But just like corpse puppets, it also had a weakness: once it had expended all the energy from Lingfeng, it would be completely powerless. The Soulfriend was the servant of the Primordial Demonlord and had an undoubtedly high status. But now, how strong it was depended on Lingfeng. So it was a little like Lingfeng's body double, but with feelings and a will of its own. Though its ability to fight in a continuous capacity was limited, it was still a huge help during crucial moments, especially after having stored so much of Lingfeng's energy when it wasn't fighting.

Little did the two of them know that each others' 'partners' had really similar ways of drawing fighting power from them. The corpse puppet and its master also had a parasitic relationship. During the clash of these two specters, both had gigantic beasts accompanying them. It was almost like it was a clash between beastmasters, but although it was interesting, the two of them felt nothing but fierce animosity toward each other.

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The nine-headed dragon's powerful body swirled about on the ground, the thick black mist wafting from its body causing a stench stored for hundreds of millennia to spread. Its flesh still remembered its proud form of the king of wildbeasts. Kong's energy was like a candle that had lit up a torch; it was burning with passion from within, its nine pairs of oily-green eyes all trained on Lingfeng.

The Soulfliend roared with dissatisfaction at being ignored. Somehow, it looked like it was materializing and dematerializing from time to time. Though the Soulfliend looked savage on the outside, like a beast that excelled in close combat fights, it was actually proficient at dealing soul damage. Each of its six arms had large, thick black claws that alternated between ethereal and corporeal. It almost looked like it couldn't tear flesh and blood apart, but rather souls. It went without saying that corpse puppets were horrible matches for it.

Right after letting the nine-headed dragon corpse puppet out, Kong instantly stomped on the ground, charging toward Lingfeng. His body snapped as flesh swirled around to increase the size of his build.

"Isn't this Bodhi's Fiendgodmorphize technique?" Tianming wondered from his place outside the arena. Kong was now five meters tall and covered in snow-white fur. His large head had turned into that of a wolf, and claws had sprouted from his fingers. There was an oppressive glare in his gaze. Judging by looks alone, he was no doubt a full-blown specter.

Chapter 1258 - Fiendguard Armor

Kong's appearance caused quite a commotion throughout the Myriad Solar Sects.

"Damn, he's a specter skywolf royal, as expected."

"In the battle back then, many skywolf royals fell. To think that they survived and continued festering in the darkness. I thought they'd long died out, but turns out that isn't the case...."

"The question is: why would Voidword Shrine take him in? What're they trying to do? Is the Voidword Shrine really allied with the Skywolf Star after all? Most members of their sect are human, though...."

"Forget it. It's been eight hundred millennia since then. The remnants of the skywolf royals have long been naturalized here in Orderia. Not to mention, this is just a child."

"It just doesn't feel right to me no matter what. Even if the Myriad Solar Sects are trying to nurture geniuses, we surely can't nurture people of his background, can we?"

"It makes sense.... This Kong looks no different from a white-eyed wolf."

The revelation of Kong's identity had caused many to start to doubt the Voidword Shrine. Even so, they were more interested in the treasures obtained by the Azuresoul Palace and Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. Eight hundred millennia was far too much time for people to start forgetting things to the point that seeing a former enemy's descendant become a genius shocked them less than the appearance of those treasures.

"Someone must've forced the Voidword Shrine to take him as a disciple. Oh well, I suppose most people are more concerned about who the treasures will belong to."

"Of course."

"However, since the Voidword Shrine let him expose his true identity, does that mean they're prepared for the consequences?"

"That's right. They truly picked the right moment. It was bound to get out sooner or later anyway, so revealing it now will lessen the impact later."

On a normal day, this news would have generated shock and awe, but most people were already tired of such reactions after all that had transpired up till now. It had been eight hundred millennia, and even the strongest hate would fade and simmer out with time.

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Kong, now a werewolf, held a grade-seven divine artifact, a sign of how highly the seniors of his sect regarded him. It was a gigantic curved demonic blade that looked almost like a saw. It was made of a bone of some kind, probably the spine of a huge beast. The blade was three meters long and could corrode flesh upon contact. Its saw-like nature also allowed it to cleave quite a few chunks of its target off at the same time.

The nine-headed dragon lingered around Kong's side. Whenever it moved, the earth shook. Its nine heads stretched out and surrounded Lingfeng and the Soulfliend. Then emerald-green smoke came wafting out of its heads, obviously toxic in some way.

The entire time, the two youths hadn't said a single word. Lingfeng used his primordia constellation, bringing himself to peak performance. The black vortex of a constellation immediately sucked up all the green smoke. No matter what kind of toxin it was, once it entered the Primordial Gate or primordia constellation, it would be sent to who-knows-where. No matter how much smoke the divine corpse puppet spewed, it just got sucked away.

Like an ape, the Soulfliend leapt into the air and rammed into the nine-headed dragon. Though it attacked with its claws, they drew no blood. The corpse puppet didn't cry out in the slightest and countered by biting the Soulfliend with all nine of its heads. The Soulfliend had to dematerialize into its spiritform to be able to evade that attack.

"Don't bother trying. Only by destroying its formation can it be defeated, so soul attacks are useless against it. We can only win this by destroying Kong's imperial star formation. Let's just do our best to hold back the dragon's attacks." The more Lingfeng fought, the calmer he became.

The Soulfliend roared and switched its target to Kong, whose eyes shot two beams of blinding light toward Lingfeng. This was an ability! The white light flew toward Lingfeng's chest like swords at a speed so fast it was practically impossible to evade. His expression shifted. Though he had managed to evade one of the beams, he was pierced through by another. Many people thought that he was going to die after seeing that scene. However, he didn't react in the slightest upon being pierced through, flying toward Kong instead.

"Huh?" Kong was surprised. How could someone survive a lethal wound like that? He didn't look too closely at Lingfeng's chest in the heat of the moment, though he did see him take out a black staff. Suddenly, the staff broke apart into many pieces, then reformed into a black armor that protected his entire body. Though it looked eerie and heavy, it was actually far lighter than its looks suggested. The mirror on his chest plate looked like a dreamy vortex that could cause confusion and nausea.

This was the second ability of the Evil Suppression Pillar. Like the Grand-Orient Sword, which had five golden doors within, the staff had four deep wells. The activation of the first well unlocked the ability to deploy the Evil Suppression Formation. As for this Fiendguard Armor, it was unlocked through the

second well. Mechanically, it functioned similarly to Tianming's sword splitting in two, though, it split up into far more pieces and could recombine into something else. It was a far more complex process.

After the conversion, Lingfeng's speed, defense, power, and other attributes were increased to some extent. It was as if he had put on the Dragonhide. However, the Fiendguard Armor's strength was that it still had other abilities remaining to be unlocked, much like Tianming's Grand-Orient Vortex.

So far, the Grand-Orient Vortex could enhance Tianming's astral discs to some degree, whereas the Fiendguard Armor allowed Lingfeng to wield two Heartpiercer Soulblades, one in each hand.

He used his Infernal Soul Curse, spitting out black flames from his mouth toward the Soulfierd and setting it alight. Once the Soulfierd absorbed the ability, it opened all three of its mouths and projected a gigantic black flaming pillar that looked like a copy of the Evil Suppression Pillar. The Soulfierd no longer bothered attacking the nine-headed dragon. Instead, it blasted three black flaming pillars toward Kong, completely enveloping him within.

At the same time, the dragon came biting again. The Soulfierd didn't dematerialize this time, taking the hits for Lingfeng instead.

Kong's gigantic body began burning with countless black flames that swarmed into his sea of consciousness and burned away at his vita. Anyone with a weak soul would be heavily maimed by this attack of Lingfeng's, even someone a few levels above him. It would require someone much, much stronger to easily take out Lingfeng.

Chapter 1259 - Soulfierd

Kong was enduring the pain of his divine soul being consumed by flames. He roared agonizingly as he swung his sawblade over. At the same time, the nine-headed dragon applied a huge pressure on the Soulfierd, a few of its heads piercing straight through it and toward Lingfeng. He furrowed his brow in a troubled manner. Then, his primordia constellation rose into the sky and blocked the dragon, though it did nothing to stop Kong's attack.

"Die!" the werewolf yelled. He executed the Bonesea Phantasm, each one of his slashes causing Fiendbone to clack and crackle as it grew in length. Then it shattered into countless pieces of bone, each one a sharp blade in itself. All of them threateningly swarmed toward Lingfeng, filling his vision with ivory white.

The moment the attacks landed, Lingfeng couldn't block them all, so he chose to commit even more into his attack and flung the Heartpiercer Soulblades toward Kong. They split into countless fine needles in mid-air, all connected to his hands through blood-colored threads that had stretched out of his own vita. The needles blasted outward toward the countless bone shards.

What was weird was that the sight everyone was expecting to see didn't come to pass. Instead, the needles passed straight through the bone shards, guided by the threads to home in on Kong, who was still in pain from the black flames eating away at his soul. This was Lingfeng's suicidal gamble. Since he couldn't block the countless bone blades, he would unleash an attack that Kong had no way of blocking as well.

"Aaaagh!" Kong heart-wrenchingly yelled as the sea of bone shards swallowed Lingfeng up. But right then, a black gust materialized with its back facing the shards, protecting Lingfeng. It was none other than the Soulfierd!

The countless shards that pierced it dealt it a lot of damage. Almost instantly, its back was almost entirely covered in holes. A normal lifebound beast would have died right away, but the Soulfierd was a unique lifeform. It immediately reverted to its spiritform to survive lethal injuries, though its spiritform was visibly dim; its injuries wouldn't just disappear like that.

"Soulfierd!" Lingfeng cried out. He didn't know how to express his emotions very well, but he was completely shaken at the sight of the Soulfierd protecting him without regard for its own life.

The Soulfierd continued groaning in pain, but it didn't stop. Its dim spiritform surrounded the threads sprouting from Lingfeng's hands. On the other end of the threads, the needles had embedded themselves into Kong's body, making a pincushion of him. The nine-headed dragon was visibly shaken, too.

Then the injured Soulfierd entered Kong's sea of consciousness through the red threads. Within it was a small white figure that represented his vita, but it had been completely pierced through by the needles. As it was crying out in pain, the Soulfierd's spiritform invaded with its special ability. Right as it entered, the mist around the sea of consciousness surrounded it to stop it from progressing, but the Soulfierd roared and persevered, disabling the sea's defenses and putting its six arms around Kong's vita.

This was its skill: Soul Embrace. Using it, the Soulfierd could enter someone else's sea of consciousness as a spiritform, though it would badly drain the Soulfierd. Even so, it couldn't care less about itself. The longer they let the battle go on, the worse they would fare thanks to the divine corpse puppet's immunity to soul attacks, so they had to settle it as fast as possible.

The Soulfierd was injured, but there was no retreat. It kept its arms tightly locked around Kong's vita like a stubborn octopus. When it hugged Kong's vita into a deadlock, his gaze immediately petered out as his body fell weakly to the ground. Even if his terra returned to his body now, it was too late; the Soulfierd had caused him to completely lose control of his body. Soul Embrace wasn't just a simple matter of hugging and suppressing a vita's movement, after all. To the Soulfierd, Lingfeng was its young master, so it would do anything for him.

"Soulfierd..." Lingfeng knew that it was helping him at a cost to itself after seeing Kong weakly slump over. He had to take advantage of the opening! Roaring, he switched the Fiendguard Armor back into the Evil Suppression Pillar. The dragon had been being controlled by Kong the whole time, but it was completely frozen now that Kong had lost control.

"Get out of my way!" Lingfeng used Demon Suppression Staff, swinging the staff through an entire circle and smashing it into Kong's head. Right before he made contact, the Soulfierd was repelled from Kong's sea of consciousness, so Kong had regained consciousness. It was no surprise, considering the sea of consciousness was somewhere that normally couldn't be entered. Anything that did would face huge rejection. Though Lingfeng could damage what was inside with his abilities, he couldn't enter it himself. Yet the Soulfierd had managed to do so and use its Soul Embrace. It would take a long time for it to recover.

The staff finally smashed into Kong's head. He had regained clarity too late to be able to mount any resistance to it. If he didn't have the imperial star formation protecting him, his head would have exploded from the impact. Finally, his formation shattered, marking his elimination.

"Soulfiend, come back," Lingfeng said. The Soulfiend crawled onto his outstretched hand, now about Ying Huo's size, though it still retained its three heads and six arms. It looked cute, in an ugly kind of way, and that gave it quite a bit of character.

The Soulfiend entered Lingfeng's own sea of consciousness, in which it wouldn't face any rejection. Lingfeng's third regal soul was golden bright. Being nourished by the golden divine soul, the Soulfiend gradually recovered from its near-death state and began to rest and recuperate. It couldn't use any pills to recover; only time would mend its wounds, though there were some that couldn't be fixed with even that. Fortunately, the injuries it had suffered this time weren't of the latter variety.

"You really fought hard today. Rest well." Lingfeng's own soul looked at the tired creature with a gentle gaze. The Soulfiend perked up all of a sudden and made a weird noise. The center head had an expression of 'liking'. It meant to convey that it was happy, despite the injuries it had suffered.

"Do you mean to say that protecting and serving me is the meaning of your existence?" Only Lingfeng would be able to understand what it was trying to say. The Soulfiend nodded in response.

"I won't let you down," Lingfeng replied earnestly. What a truly loyal servant the Soulfiend was. Even so, Lingfeng treated it like he would a senior. As they conversed, Lingfeng rapidly backed away from Kong, who had regained consciousness. The nine-headed dragon began rampaging once more.

"I lost?" He seemed a little confused. Lingfeng was the most interesting opponent he had fought so far. Though he was physically unharmed, his vita hurt really badly. Kong had wanted to join the Sky Palace; it had been his dream. Yet another fellow specter had put an end to it. Furrowing his brow, he said, "You mixed-blood mongrel, you're gonna die for sure." He shot Lingfeng one last savage glare as he was eliminated.

"Mixed-blood mongrel?" Lingfeng shook his head. It probably meant that his bloodline was among the inferior ones in the specter hierarchy, not that it mattered to him anyway, as he had never particularly felt like he belonged with them in the first place.

The fourth and fifth places in the ranking switched. Kong was eliminated and Lingfeng took fourth place, earning himself the last slot to progress to the next match.

"Among the four slots, Azuresoul Palace occupies three...."

"That means we'll definitely have at least one disciple who'll get the Sky Palace candidacy...."

Having completed his mission, Lingfeng felt completely relaxed. Little did he know that he had played a part in creating the Azuresoul Palace miracle that had shocked the entire world stupid. Now, there were only two battles left to observe.

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On the Azuresoul Sword Mountain, many people watched the broadcast, all fearing that it was nothing but a group fever dream.

"Three! Chief Instructor, we got three places in the top four!"

If anyone had told them this would be the result before the Voidsky Skirmish, everyone would have asked that person to get a sanity check. Gujian Qingshuang held on to a stone pillar as he looked at the Skyward Stele, tears flowing from his eyes.

"Chief Instructor, why're you crying? Are you moved to tears?"

"Fuck no! Quick, fortify the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation even more!" Gujian Qingshuang snapped.

Chapter 1260 - Unparalleled

In the sea of clouds, the shapes of a nine-headed black dragon and a three-headed, six-armed beast could faintly be made out.

There were also two youths facing off. One had transformed into a werewolf and carried a serrated white bone blade. The other youth had red eyes and was wearing black armor. This youth's eyes were clear, his expression unflinching even though he was fighting a strong opponent.

He used his black staff to eliminate his opponent.

Mission accomplished, he looked at the skyward eyes in the skies above. Deep desire was hidden within as his gaze pierced through unfathomable distances to land on the one person he was waiting for among the sea of people. He was betting that she would see him. Hence, he directed a foolish smile toward the skyward eyes, which was as simple and pure as when they had first met.

Billions of kilometers away, at the Ninemoon Palace in the far north of the sun, there was a young woman standing there with long hair that was as white as the moon. When she saw that foolish smile, she knew what he was thinking. Warmth surged within her, and she couldn't resist smiling. "Idiot, you're still like a little kid."

She felt a brief pang of loneliness and lowered her head. It was because she knew he had no way of knowing if the one he was hoping for was watching him. Unfortunately, she had no way of telling him. There was no way to tell him that she knew that he was still alive, and that they had arrived on the sun. She focused all her attention on the Voidsky Skirmish, not willing to miss a single moment they appeared.

The name 'Feng' had already risen to fourth on the imperial star ranking.

"One more win and they can get the candidacy for the Sky Palace. It doesn't matter which of them enters, the identity will make things much easier." She was very well aware of the pain of having no backing after her time in the Moon God Realm. She had ended up paying a huge price. Fortunately, he was still alive, something worthy of celebration.

At that moment, several young and pretty women came in, chattering.

"Goddess, Goddess, Young Master She is here to see you."

The young woman's expression immediately changed when she heard the name. She retracted her smile and her expression turned cool and indifferent. She gestured, and the servant girls all retreated.

Soon, a young man in dark red dragon robes entered, a warm expression on his face. Falling to one knee, he respectfully said, "Greetings, Goddess."

"Is something the matter?" The young woman didn't even turn around, looking at the clouds ahead.

"The Spiritjoin Valley's Scarlet Suntime I mentioned before is about to bloom today. When the time comes, the valley will become filled with fire, and the view of that field of red will be magnificent. The emperor has instructed me that the Goddess works hard on her cultivation, and needs rest. I'm here to invite the Goddess out for a trip." The young man remained on one knee, not rising. He kept his head bowed, not daring to look directly at her.

"I thank you for your kind thoughts. However, I don't need rest, and I don't have any interest in scenery. I'm currently at a critical juncture, so I don't wish to be distracted." She turned around. "If there's nothing else, you may leave."

"Yes." The young man kept his body bent as he drew back.

When he reached the exit, he pursed his lips and said, "Is the Goddess watching the Voidsky Skirmish? Did you notice anything mysterious?"

"What could be mysterious?" The young woman chose her words carefully.

"True. The so-called geniuses of the imperial star ranking still have a gap when they're compared to us celestial orderians. Although the Goddess has only cultivated for a short time, the gap is still wide." The young man nodded.

"Us celestial orderians? Aren't you a beastmaster?"

The young man wasn't awkward hearing the question. "For us of the Veildragon Palace, our bodies, hearts, fates, and souls all belong to the celestial orderians."

The young woman didn't reply, just waited for him to leave.

The man continued talking. "Actually, that Weisheng Moran has a seven-star divine beast, so she would be up there even if she was here."

"Oh." The young woman had no interest in the person he mentioned. However, Weisheng Moran was undeniably the greatest obstruction for Tianming's trio now.

"Goddess, the emperor helped you find a seven-star universal manna a while back... has Shuo Yue evolved yet?" The young man asked in a low voice.

"Why are you so concerned?" The young woman pointed at the door, slightly displeased.

The man was very polite on the surface, even overly humble. However, he hadn't left, which showed that their relationship wasn't a simple master and servant.

"Sorry, I shall leave now! The emperor instructed me to properly serve the Goddess. Please let me know if the Goddess has any requests. I'll work myself like a horse to accomplish any tasks." He finally turned to leave.

“Don’t overthink it, there’s no way it could happen between us.” The young woman continued looking ahead at the clouds.

“Yes.” The young man’s mouth twitched, perhaps out of embarrassment, as he left the palace.

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Outside the servant girls were all looking at each other, speechless. They didn’t even dare to breathe loudly.

“Young Master She is a miracle in all of the Veildragon Palace’s history. But even he has to be humble before the Goddess....”

“Of course, the Goddess has a nonabane. She’ll be the empress of Orderia in the future. Everyone has to lower their heads apart from the emperor.”

“A nonabane is too frightening. She even has a lifebound beast. That’s what it means to be unparalleled.”

They were all whispering into each other’s ears.

“Quiet.” A woman’s voice drifted out from inside the palace.

The gossiping girls quickly shut their mouths. They all knew the Goddess was a gentle and peaceful woman. She never bullied anyone, and her attitude towards these servant girls that had been handpicked by the emperor was very good. However, her attitude wasn’t very good toward the emperor himself, nor this ‘husband-to-be’ that was picked by him.

Rumour had it that the Goddess was the emperor’s illegitimate daughter who had grown up in the normal world. Some grudges after not seeing each other for years was normal.

“The Goddess will understand the emperor’s efforts one day.”

“Young Master She will be a good husband, too. He’s loyal and willing to put his life on the line.”

“Everything will be perfect. Serve the Goddess well, and us sisters will have a limitless future!”

These girls all had very high talent among the celestial orderians, but all of them had middling backgrounds. Growing up with the Goddess, they would be her future foundation when she ruled. They carried a lot of hope for the future.

“Let’s work hard!” they all encouraged each other.

However, inside the palace, the young woman they thought was destined to rise was currently biting her lips and her eyes were filled with rebellion and determination.