

## The Ages 1451

### Chapter 1451 - Feng's Wrath

The atmosphere in the hall was grim. Tianming stood beside Lingfeng. Seeing his anger, Tianming gently patted his shoulder, his lips curling into a smile.

"Brother." Lingfeng looked up, the Primordial Gate on his chest rapidly revolving. There were a few crimson streaks in the corners of his eyes, making him appear rather gloomy.

"It's alright. Problems are meant to be solved," Tianming said. However, solving their predicament meant facing the sun emperor. This was different from the Azurecloud Continent; the sun emperor obviously wanted to use the Ninemoon Goddess to turn the number one sect on the myriad sect ranking into his vassal. Anyone who dared to stop him was setting themselves against him.

"I'm not afraid," Lingfeng said.

While they conversed in a low voice, the Seven Dragon Imperials continued talking. The Saintdragon Emperor said, "The fifteen million people led by Apothecary Li, as well as the other fifteen million here, are unlikely to cause a devastating blow to us. I'm only afraid that they'll use the wedding and the Ninemoon Goddess as an excuse to send more people. The celestial orderians have an abundant supply of experts. If they send thirty or forty million more, they can definitely overwhelm us one day. They can even deal with us on behalf of the Veildragon Palace on the grounds of internal strife."

These were serious problems.

"Most importantly, the Sky Palace and Myriad Solar Sects aren't doing anything. We'll need to fight on our own." The Azuredragon Emperor frowned.

"Is there any news from the Sky Palace?" asked the Saintdragon Emperor.

"I've been there several times, but they're avoiding me. Even Granny Yuan Long is ignoring us." The Violetdragon Empress said helplessly.

The situation was ridiculous.

"I don't believe it. Will the other sects really just sit back and watch if forty million more celestial orderian troops are stationed in the heart of the Myriad Solar Sects?"

"The Northdipper Swordsage formed an alliance, but all he wants is for the Empyrean Sword Sect to rise."

"These people...."

"In fact, no one's at fault. The problem is that the Myriad Solar Sects are so divided that we failed to notice it sooner."

"The Sky Palace's response is even more outrageous. I suspect the sun emperor has something on them and they've stabbed us in the back."

The Seven Dragon Imperials' words were pessimistic.

"What a good actor the sun emperor is! If he pretends to love his sister, he can kill in a rage. Now he shows the world how much he loves his daughter and sends fifteen million people to 'protect' her!" The Violetdragon Empress grit her teeth.

Long Wanying had previously mentioned that as well. This was all part of the sun emperor's routine! Did he really love his sister and daughter? Not necessarily. In Tianming's opinion, he picked Qingyu up and used her as he pleased.

"Saintdragon Emperor, what should we do if the sun emperor really wants to hold a wedding in the Myriadragon Mountains, leave more than ten million people behind, and even continue sending reinforcements?" Long Wanying asked.

"It's simple. Kill the person she's supposed to marry," a voice interrupted.

It was Lingfeng who spoke. His words left Tianming dumbfounded for a moment. He turned to look back at the young man, suddenly recalling that Lingfeng wasn't a good boy either. He'd grown up inside the Infernal Soul Barrier and had witnessed the death of all eighty thousand of his family members. His heart was both violent and unyielding.

"Long Renshe? That's right. Although he has a high status, he isn't the sun emperor's child, after all. Of course, if we casually kill him, we might cause a conflict. We must have a foolproof plan and an excuse to fight him," the Saintdragon Emperor said, glancing at Lingfeng.

"Tianming, Feng, you mustn't be impulsive. Even if we go ahead with this, we must have the right excuse and opportunity. If we don't behave reasonably, they can use this to start a war," Long Wanying reminded them.

"I understand, Aunt Ying." Tianming nodded.

"Their elders will certainly protect the youths well. It wouldn't seem right if our elders were to make a move or if we sent someone to assassinate him. Our motives are too obvious. It must be some kind of accident..." Long Wanying contemplated.

They began pondering what sort of mishap it could be. Purely entertaining ideas were difficult. It was better to put in concrete action.

"We're leaving, Aunt Ying," Tianming said.

"By the way, has Yin Chen spread out?" Long Wanying asked.

"In two days, ten million of its bodies will occupy the three thousand mountains."

That way, there would be thousands to each mountain. However, Tianming didn't think it would be enough. The number of cockroaches had to reach dozens of times the number of their opponents so that they were ever-present. There just weren't enough metal veins.

After speaking, Tianming and Lingfeng.

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On the way back, Lingfeng gradually loosened his fists. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Qingyu must've suffered a lot."

"Relax. We'll know everything when she arrives," Tianming said.

"Brother Tianming, we're merely juniors. Can we really change something that involves Orderia's nova source?" Lingfeng turned to look at him.

"It won't be easy. We came here to take Qingyu away. As long as she's here, we have a chance. Even if something really happens, it isn't a bad thing having the saplings absorb nova source. We might be able to escape via the Imperial Ninedragon Tomb. Of course, that's an optimistic scenario. Let's take things one step at a time. You're right about the problem ahead of us—killing Long Renshe will solve our current predicament," Tianming coldly said.

"There's many ways to kill a man, especially if you can keep track of his whereabouts at all times," Lingfeng said.

"Yes." Tianming grabbed his shoulder. "If anything happens, we'll bear it together."

"Yes!" Lingfeng nodded. However, the killing intent in his eyes didn't fade, but grew stronger instead.

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As Tianming and Lingfeng arrived at Whitesource Peak, they heard a loud din in front of the Jade Bliss Pavilion. It sounded like a fight. Having stayed in the Myriaddragon Mountains for a while, Tianming knew it was the disciples of the Veildragon Palace and the celestial orderians who had come looking for a fight. Their methods and antics were endless, and their purpose was to beat the youths of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect until they felt inferior and sank into despair.

"That's where Long Longlong cultivates?" Tianming asked.

"It seems like it."

Because of Qingyu's matter, the two didn't have a good impression of the Veildragon Palace or the celestial orderian juniors. In fact, they felt a strong hostility toward them. Although Long Longlong used to live elsewhere, Long Wanying had specially moved him there after Tianming had arrived so that Tianming could look after him.

### **Chapter 1452 - Long Wangyu**

As the Saintdragon Emperor's grandson, Long Longlong had received a devastating blow. There weren't any formations or fortifications in the Myriaddragon Mountains, so their opponents' juniors freely ran around; there was no way to control them.

"Let's take a look."

Before Tianming had even said that, Lingfeng had already flown over. In the blink of an eye, the two landed in the pavilion and noticed that Xiaoxiao was also there. The young man beside her was Long Longlong, who possessed the Saintdragon Talent as well as the Ninedragon Imperius. However, he wasn't as high-spirited as he usually was. His face was slightly pale, as if he had lost his vigor. He was surrounded by many young disciples with anxious expressions.

"Brother Tianming..." Long Longlong had a bitter look on his face.

They had met previously. When Tianming arrived, he saw a group of disciples gathered outside, their laughter reaching the pavilion.

"Who's that?" Tianming asked.

"Long Wangyu." Long Longlong gritted his teeth.

"The Voiddragon Emperor's direct grandson, who's forty-three years old and a tenth-level constellier? The one that humiliated you last time?" Tianming said.

"How do you know that?" Long Longlong blankly stared at him.

"That's a secret." Tianming smiled. Due to Yin Chen, Tianming had received a large amount of information over the past few days.

"Longlong, he's more than twenty years older than you. Don't be so upset just because you've lost. You know, you're the face of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect," Tianming said.

"I know, but because of this, he's constantly digging traps for me to fall into. For the sake of our dignity, I'm forced to fight him..." Long Longlong sighed. To put it bluntly, this young man was too upright. His opponent obviously had the advantage of age, yet he still had to meet him head-on. If he didn't learn to accommodate to circumstances, he would definitely suffer. He had to fight, but knowing how and whom to fight was a skill.

"What does he want you to do this time?" Tianming asked.

"He says they plan to hold a grand celebration to celebrate the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's ascension to the top of the myriad sect ranking. Only the top juniors of the sect can participate. They want me to bring others with me," Long Longlong replied.

"Can you not participate?" Tianming said.

"They're outside, laughing at the humiliation I suffered earlier. They said that people from our branch are all cowards," Long Longlong angrily said.

Tianming also heard the unpleasant insults. The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect taught their disciples to be too upright and honest, so they were at a disadvantage when dealing with such shameless rogues. Their enemies had also come prepared with sufficient numbers.

"The Voiddragon Emperor's grandson? His status is rather high. Shall we conduct an experiment?" Turning to Lingfeng, Tianming arched an eyebrow.

"Okay." Lingfeng nodded.

"Longlong, we'll help you vent all your pent-up anger today." Tianming patted his shoulder.

"Brother Tianming!" The disciples of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect gathered around him with fiery eyes.

Tianming led the disciples out. With such a leader, they appeared more energetic and imposing. After all, he was the one who had defeated Li Haochen.

As soon as Tianming opened the gates, the disciples outside turned to stare at him. They were just talking and laughing, but at that moment their smiles turned stiff. Half of the group were celestial orderians, and the other half were from the Veildragon Palace. They were headed by a tall young man dressed in green with dark green patterns on his face. His effeminate, yet sinister appearance resembled a venomous snake. At forty years of age, he was already a tenth-level constellier, which was rather impressive.

The Veildragon Palace had inherited their universal manna from the territories controlled by the celestial orderians and their juniors could even cultivate with caeli imperius. Their conditions were great. Therefore, even Long Youyou and Long Wangyu could compare to Long Longlong with his Saintdragon Talent.

Long Wangyu's dark green eyes met Tianming's.

"What celebration? Am I invited?" Tianming asked.

"Of course. The question is, do you dare to go?" Narrowing his gaze, Long Wangyu sneered.

"Sure, but the person inviting me must be qualified. Are you qualified?" Tianming asked, raising his head.

"Want to see if I'm qualified?" Long Wangyu retorted.

"I do, but...a regular duel isn't interesting. Let's try something more exciting—victory or death. What do you think? Don't you love to provoke? You have all kinds of means, but you haven't tried this. I'd like to see if you have the courage. If you don't, then stop coming around and embarrassing yourselves," Tianming laughed.

The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect disciples behind him burned with excitement.

"You're so daring!" Long Longlong exclaimed. However, he knew that the basis of all this was strength. This time, the provocation was coming from Tianming, not their opponents. He had caught them off guard.

"Do you dare accept the challenge? Long Wangyu, weren't you shouting earlier? Why're you so quiet now? Don't you mention the gap in strength. Why didn't you say anything about age or cultivation level when you bullied Long Longlong?" Victory or death was too much of a thrill. Long Wangyu and the others didn't usually duel to the death because their main goal was humiliation and suppression. They didn't dare to go too far.

Silence enveloped the group.

"Don't be fooled, he defeated Li Haochen in seconds. Brother Yu, it's already difficult for you to beat Li Haochen. Don't throw your life away."

"Don't throw your life away for a moment's recklessness. Someone else will deal with Tianming, and that person is still thinking of ways to do it. Don't stir up trouble," the disciples reminded Long Wangyu.

He grit his teeth. Despite being unaccustomed to shrinking from a conflict, he accepted their advice to be on the safe side. "You can defeat Li Haochen. I admit I'm no match for you, so I won't throw my life away. There'll be others who will fight you to the death. Let's see if you dare."

This was clearly a show of cowardice. No matter how he sounded, his momentum was gone.

"Scram!"

"Coward!"

"You're at least twenty years older than Tianming, yet you're afraid to fight him."

"What about the celestial orderians? Is there no one who's brave enough to fight just because Li Haochen was easily defeated by Tianming? Why show off then?"

With this hard-won opportunity, Long Longlong and the others mocked their opponents. Li Haochen's defeat constantly pricked at their hearts. Tianming was invincible among the juniors and those of the same age; this was an immutable fact.

Long Wangyu frowned. Reason told him he should leave, but the unpleasant feeling in his heart still lingered.

"Li Tianming, it's too soon for you to be happy. Sooner or later, someone's going to deal with you. You'll get your life and death duel!" With that, Long Wangyu motioned for the others to leave.

#### **Chapter 1453 - Eightwing Ghouleye Voiddragon**

The rest were about to leave, but Tianming said, "Don't go just yet. I haven't even said that I'd be the one to duel you to the death. Don't be so scared that you piss yourself while you're running, got it?"

They all turned back and looked at Tianming. "Then who'll it be?" Long Wangyu coldly asked.

Tianming pushed Lingfeng and Xiaoxiao forward. "These two. They only defeated the likes of Li Ruoshi and Long Youyou and are still way stronger than any of you from the celestial orderians or Veildragon Palace despite not being even half your age. Pick one."

Long Wangyu looked closely at the two.

"I wouldn't pick a woman if I were you, though. Even if you defeat her, that won't prove that you aren't trash, Long Wangyu," Tianming teased. It was a psychological tactic. It appeared that he was giving Long Wangyu a choice, but there was more to read between the lines. "So the Voiddragon Emperor's grandson doesn't even dare to pick a seventh ranker on the ranking who isn't half your age... stop pretending you're hot shit. If you're afraid to die, stop asking for it," Tianming said with a shrug.

"Brother Yu, it's a trap!" someone beside him said. However, Tianming's words had left him little choice. He had already compromised so much, and he wouldn't even be the one to fight. Lingfeng and Xiaoxiao had only defeated seventh-level constellers so far.

"Alright, I'll pick her!" Long Wangyu said amidst the teasing looks.

"Hahahaha!" Everyone behind Tianming laughed at and mocked him. Picking the weaker-looking Xiaoxiao was a clear sign of cowardice on his part. He was far from the badass he wanted to be seen as.

"Alright, Voiddragon Emperor's grandson..." Tianming joined the others in laughter. "Xiaoxiao, go ahead. Show us what these forty-odd-year-olds of the Veildragon Palace are made of."

"They're nothing but older bullies," Xiaoxiao said, rolling her eyes.

Long Wangyu and the rest looked even worse off than before. "Wait!" he said as he pointed at Lingfeng. "I changed my mind. I'll pick him. He'll be the one to die."

"Oh." Tianming shot him a thumbs-up. There was no way the grandson of the Voiddragon Emperor would completely abandon his pride. Apart from Tianming, who was so famous that even people twice his age wouldn't dare to fight him, Lingfeng and Xiaoxiao didn't have much to their name. At the very least, their names hadn't appeared on the radar of the celestial orderians or Long Wangyu.

A few other youths on Long Wangyu's side exchanged glances. Soon, someone sent a transmission stone to notify their seniors about this fight to the death. However, the instant Long Wangyu pointed at Lingfeng, Lingfeng already charged in for an attack. Long Wangyu was completely taken aback by the unexpected assault.

"Move it!" He felt particularly pissed at being underestimated. He shoed his minions away as a wave of dark green appeared from his body. A huge simian beast with three heads and six arms appeared behind the youth that charged toward him. While it was clear that it wasn't a totem, it didn't seem like a lifebound beast either. It was none other than the Soulfliend! The fierce aura coming from it immediately instilled a sense of fear into its target. Like Ye Chen's guardian spirit, it could absorb Lingfeng's power to grow in strength, but it also differed in some fundamental aspects.

"Aren't you a specter? Why're you calling for outside help in a fight to the death?" Long Wangyu said with a mocking look. As far as he was concerned, things aside from totems and lifebound beasts didn't count.

"Outside help?" Lingfeng smirked and had the Soulfliend return. Then he took out his black Evil Suppression Pillar and glared at Long Wangyu, his eyes even redder this time. His Primordial Gate began spinning faster and faster underneath his chestplate, sucking up all of the nova source in the area to manifest his primordia constellation! The constellation created a vortex of wind around him, causing his hair to wildly flutter. Traces of blood began seeping into the whites of his eyes, giving him a really terrifying appearance.

"What's the deal with him?"

"It looks really ghastly... Specters are weird after all!"

"Look at Long Wangyu."

They saw nothing but a frozen expression on his face as he said, "A specter who isn't physically tough and uses illusory tricks, huh?" Though it was meant as an insult, Long Wangyu wasn't laughing in the slightest. He had a bad feeling about making it a fight to the death, but he didn't know why. This should have been a great opportunity to get rid of them—it was even proposed by his enemies themselves!

"Brother Yu, do you want to back off?"

"Buzz off!" Long Wangyu couldn't afford the humiliation of backing out of the fight before it even began. His five eightwing ghouleye voiddragons flew to his side from the mountains below. They were dark dragons covered in dark green flames, each of them sporting four pairs of wings. Their growls were dark and insidious. Their arrival caused the temperature in the surroundings to fall, ostensibly thanks to the

frosty-looking fire. What made them even more eerie was the flaming green eye on each of their wings, each one around a hundred meters across. There seemed to be countless smaller eyes in the large green eyes that measured around a centimeter wide.

The moment the eyes locked on to Lingfeng, Tianming understood where Long Wangyu's confidence stemmed from. If it weren't for the Soul Tower, merely looking at the wing-eyes of the five dragons would have made him distraught and disoriented.

The five dragons began breathing fire, leaving a trail of green frost across the entire battlefield. "So voidflames can freeze the soul as well as the body.... Looks like those dragons are really capable at soul attacks."

Tianming already knew all of that. Even though he had just arrived, he'd already found out about a lot of secrets through Yin Chen's eyes. As such, he had chosen the perfect match for Long Wangyu.

### **Chapter 1454 - Fourth Imperial Soul**

"The youths of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect have been oppressed for so long. As one of them, it's about time we struck back," Tianming said.

"Yeah...." Lingfeng was standing right in the middle of the stormy vortex. He was surrounded by ghostly green flames, his eyes glowing red.

"Has your fourth imperial soul formed?" Tianming asked.

"Almost. It's part of the way there. In terms of the power of my soul, I'm probably among the top three," Lingfeng said. "Great!" Tianming really wanted to see how strong Lingfeng could get after having inherited the Primordial Demonlord's legacy.

Lingfeng now faced off against Long Wangyu and his five dragons with nothing but his staff. The sheer power of his soul was already unleashed, making the onlookers feel a tingle in their scalps. It felt like the space around the area was filled with the absolute domination of the power of his soul. In a sense, it was as if it had permeated the whole battlefield.

Bloody spikes began extending from the Evil Suppression Pillar, making it look like an elongated spiked club. In actuality, the spikes were formed from extensions of Lingfeng's fourth imperial soul. Coupled with a divine artifact like the Evil Suppression Pillar, it made quite a spiritually devastating combination. This was a new ability of Lingfeng's as a result of cultivating his soul: Soulvisceration Thorns. As he swung his staff around, everyone's souls seemed to hear a sound that made them hurt.

"Go!" Long Wangyu charged in with a spear and his dragons, who rained down green fire. The dragons were lined up horizontally, each one of them spreading their wings wide, forming a circle of forty wing-eyes that made up an even larger eye that circled around Lingfeng's head. In the very middle of the eye was Long Wangyu. "Die!"

He wouldn't be showing any mercy, given that this was a battle to the death. Every strike was made with the intent to kill. The flames of the dragons' ability began completely bathing Lingfeng's body, much to the anxiety of Long Longlong and the rest. However, a black figure charged out of the flames, seemingly completely unaffected by them, and evaded Long Wangyu's attacks. He circled around and went for the dragons, extending his staff all of a sudden and smashing it into one of them.



One might have imagined flesh being torn asunder, but that didn't happen. Instead, the Soulvisceration Thorns passed through the body of the dragon without drawing blood. In fact, the strike seemed completely harmless. However, the dragon immediately cried out in agony and the light in its eyes dimmed all of a sudden. Then the flames on its body stopped burning and the gigantic eye that was made up of their wings crumbled as the dragon came smashing to the ground, creating a huge crater. It didn't even twitch or move in the slightest.

"Is it dead?" Everyone's feet were glued to the ground as they watched the dragon in the crater and the battlefield up above. Even Long Wangyu froze, his hands grasping his head as he shuddered.

"Brother Yu, fight!"

"Snap out of it! Your other lifebound beasts are almost gone too!"

"Brother Yu, run!"

The minions were getting nervous. Long Wangyu blankly looked up at the blood-eyed youth with the spiked staff, slaughtering the rest of his lifebound beasts. In the next moment, another eightwing ghoul eye voiddragon lifelessly fell to the ground after being struck a few times. Long Wangyu heard nothing but cries of despair through the telepathic connection he had with his beasts.

"How dare he?!" Long Wangyu watched the black-haired youth execute a sixth-realm divine art with his staff. Everything he had been so proud of was nothing before Lingfeng.

"Brother Yu, run! This is a trap! He's really terrifying!"

Only now did the tenth-level constellier Long Wangyu snap out of his stupor. He hurriedly called his remaining dragons to him and ran without a word, his face completely pale. Lingfeng chased after him like a terrifying wraith.

"Stop him!"

"Murderer!"

Countless people cried out, but the youth merely took out a dagger of blood and split it into countless needles, flinging them at anyone who dared stop him. It hurt quite considerably to be hit by the needles, so there was nothing the rest could do but avoid them. It took only an instant for Lingfeng to catch up to the fleeing Long Wangyu.

There was nothing Long Wangyu could do but turn back and fight. "I'm the grandson of the Voiddragon Emperor! You dared to kill my lifebound beasts! You're dead for sure!" It wasn't that he was chickening out; he had legitimately smelled death coming from Lingfeng.

"The ones I want to kill are all of you," said the ghostly voice that hurt one's soul to listen to. Lingfeng executed a new divine art he had learned, Animitta, Formless Finesse, unleashing impressive power from his staff without any form or rhythm. It was a fatal strike, especially when coupled with his soul attack.

Long Wangyu cried out as the staff smashed into his head. He had been running away from the strikes, only to blank out and kneel on the ground in an instant. He turned back to Lingfeng and prostrated himself. "Don't kill—"

He couldn't even finish the sentence before his face was planted flat into the ground. Long Wangyu had been killed in battle, but not before he felt the slightest bit of hope when he saw his seniors coming toward him from the three thousand Skydragon peaks. It was a shame that it was too late; he couldn't even ask to be avenged. His soul had completely scattered, leaving nothing behind.

The staff returned to Lingfeng's hand, after which the spikes vanished. Then he spun it around and turned back, causing the other young celestial orderians and Veildragon Palace members to run toward Tianming in a panic, only to see his lips curve into a wry smile. They were surrounded front and back!

Fortunately, for them, the seniors rushed over when they witnessed Long Wangyu's death. Naturally, they weren't as quick as the Seven Dragon Imperials, who had been informed of the fight by Tianming before it had even started. They had been watching the duel from nearby without interfering.

"This is only the first of many counterattacks!" Tianming shot Lingfeng a glance and the two smiled.

### **Chapter 1455 - Just You Wait!**

The Seven Dragon Imperials didn't stop Lingfeng from killing Long Wangyu. They also believed that this would be a chance for them to send a shocking message to the youths on the other side. Given the sullen state of Long Longlong and the other juniors, they had been humiliated and bullied far too much lately. Even now, countless young people were getting into fights all across the Myriaddragon Mountains, with the youths of Veildragon Palace and the celestial orderians having the upper hand. It wasn't that the juniors of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect were weak, but that the elite juniors of the other hemisphere of the sun had far too high standards.

The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was only just one sect, while the celestial orderians controlled the entire other half of the sun. To keep the youths of the sect down, they had resorted to many underhanded tactics. It was one thing for male disciples to be beaten up and have their lifebound beasts killed, but it was worse for female disciples, who were endlessly teased, which would cause the sect's disciples to be enraged as well.

Naturally, the other side had also suffered some setbacks, but someone of Long Wangyu's status being killed was completely unprecedented. Transmission stones were sent flying all over the place, spreading word of his death across the entire mountain range. Tianming had chosen the perfect time to do it. With Apothecary Li and his fifteen million troops still not here, the enemy could only take this sitting down.

Soon, a large group of elites from the Skydragon peaks came to Long Wangyu's side.

"Little Yu!"

A single look was enough to tell that he was no longer breathing. Instantly, a wave of powerful resentment burst forth from this group of people, causing the atmosphere around the Whitesource Peak to fall to a freezing low. All of the young disciples immediately sensed the threat and ducked behind their seniors.

Long Wangyu's grandfather, the Voiddragon Emperor, led the group that just arrived. Even Long Wangyu's father, Long Yuange, had come. They looked at the boy's lifeless, kneeling body that still clutched his head with both hands with rage. Long Yuange hurriedly hugged his son, but there was no

saving him. He howled with rage and immediately turned his bloodshot eyes toward Lingfeng, attacking without another word. Lingfeng, however, had moved behind the Saintdragon Emperor and the rest.

"Stop!" the Voiddragon Emperor yelled at Long Yuange. Despite his calm voice, he wasn't able to hide his rage and killing intent. The other elites from the Veildragon Palace all had sour looks. "Saintdragon Emperor, someone from your sect killed my grandson in broad daylight! How do you think we should deal with it?"

The Voiddragon Emperor had many grandsons, but that didn't make it okay to kill them. Killing juniors was a taboo. Even now, none of the youths from the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had died because of these incidents.

"From my sect? Aren't you part of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect too?" the Saintdragon Emperor said.

"Stop with the sophistry. Hand him over. A life for a life, or else...." He pointed at Lingfeng, threateningly glaring at the Seven Dragon Imperials.

"Or else what? Are you going to declare war against us with your celestial orderian allies in the territory of the Myriad Solar Sects?" The Saintdragon Emperor smirked and continued, "Voiddragon Emperor, stop joking around. According to what you said before this, the young ones are just messing around. It's the nature of hot-blooded youths like them to be rash, after all. It isn't surprising at all that they agreed to a duel to the death. The other kids here can bear witness to the fact that the duel to the death was mutually agreed upon beforehand. Nobody's at fault for the death of the loser apart from the loser themselves. They only have their incompetence to blame. Surely you can't just brush it off when youths on our side lose, but throw a hissy fit when someone from your side loses, right?"

"That's right. Voiddragon Emperor, you have many grandsons, so losing one isn't a big deal. It's just a hair off your scalp," Long Wanying said. It was clear that their intention was to stand up for Lingfeng.

Long Longlong and many more immediately gave their testimonies.

"That's right! Long Wangyu was the one who challenged Brother Feng to a duel to the death!"

"We heard it and recorded it as well! Do you want to hear it?"

"I also recorded it!"

They were using small formations that were capable of recording audio and video. It was something even a fossil like the Hexapath Sword God could use, let alone adaptable youngsters like them. There was hard evidence. Both the testimonies and the looks of Long Wangyu's expressions gave the Voiddragon Emperor and the rest a hard time. Apothecary Li hadn't come yet, so they couldn't afford to start a fight! Thanks to that, Tianming had taken advantage of the opportunity to strike back and there was nothing they could say about it.

Saving three of the Dragon Imperials using Li Wushuang hadn't been pointless. If they hadn't done that, anything they did would be revenged upon the hostages, but now they were free to fight back. Naturally, part of the reason the Seven Dragon Imperials hadn't stepped in was Tianming's status as a Sky Palace disciple. But even though he wasn't the one who killed Long Wangyu, there was still nothing the Veildragon Palace could do about it.

"Senior Voiddragon Emperor, why don't you take Long Wangyu back instead of leaving his corpse out in the cold? Perhaps he'll reincarnate faster if he's buried while he's still warm," Tianming said.

"You!" That incited a furor across the enemy's group.

"Don't casually lump the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect together with the Veildragon Palace and the celestial orderians. No matter who it is, those that come to bully my brothers and sisters will end up like this." Tianming wasn't afraid of them in the slightest.

Even though many of them wanted to warn Tianming, the Voiddragon Emperor waved them to silence. He knew that this was something they would just have to swallow without being able to do anything about. "Just you wait," was the only thing he said before he smirked, sweeping his gaze from Tianming to Lingfeng. It was clear what he meant—he had begun considering them to be dead men walking. Little did he know that Tianming's personal safety was guaranteed thanks to the millions of Yin Chens constantly monitoring his surroundings.

"Very well! Since you dared to kill people outright, just you wait!"

"We'll have tens of millions of you all from the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect buried alongside Brother Yu!"

"You were the ones who started the slaughter, so don't blame us! If anyone dies, blame Li Tianming!"

The seniors and juniors of the Veildragon Palace and celestial orderians hatefully left. Now, they no longer called themselves part of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect.

### **Chapter 1456 - Great Skydragon Peak**

The ruthless words they left behind worried the disciples of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect to some extent.

"Grandpa, what're we going to do if they become more bloodthirsty and a slaughter begins?" Long Longlong asked.

"Don't worry." The Saintdragon Emperor rubbed his head. "There's fifteen million celestial orderians on their way here. The Myriaddragon Mountains will be in complete chaos. We originally planned to move all the junior disciples in the sect into the Redlotus Worlddragon Formation. Although there's barely any resources and the nova source is weak within the formation, it is isolated from the world. It can at least ensure your safety."

This clearly wasn't a long-term solution; isolating them for a long time would greatly affect their cultivation. If the situation in the Myriaddragon Mountains was stable, there would be no need for it. However, the sun emperor was determined to teach them a lesson, hence, hiding them was necessary until the sect made it through.

"I'll arrange it right away." Long Wanying said.

"Alright, the children are handed over to you," said the Saintdragon Emperor.

Upon hearing that, Tianming breathed a sigh of relief. This way, the juniors wouldn't be humiliated.

"Grandpa, the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect is in trouble and we want to fight with you. We don't want to hide like cowards!" Long Longlong grit his teeth.

"What good are you?" The Azure Dragon Emperor patted his head and smiled.

Tianming and Long Wanying stood together on the side.

"Aunt Ying, are they really going to go to war?" Tianming asked.

"All signs indicate that. After all, the celestial orderians are sending another fifteen million people. If they aren't coming to suppress us, why send them? When we captured Li Wushuang, they were shocked by our actions. I'm afraid they've realized that crippling us is the first step to taking over the sect," Long Wanying explained.

If they were to slowly nibble away at the sect, that might last for hundreds or thousands of years. There would be no need for the disciples of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect to hide. But now that war was at hand, protecting them was the right thing to do. Killing off Long Wangyu first gave them an outlet for some of the anger.

...

As rage over the death of Long Wangyu brewed in the Veildragon Palace and celestial orderians, the Seven Dragon Imperials quickly transferred all the junior disciples under the age of a hundred into the Redlotus Worlddragon Formation. Without the liveliness of the juniors, the seven thousand Earthdragon peaks were cold and cheerless, which added to the solemn atmosphere of the oncoming war.

Tianming, Lingfeng and Xiaoxiao were the only ones left on Whitesource Peak.

"Do you feel better?" Tianming asked.

"I do." Lingfeng scratched his head. "I lost control of my emotions and caused trouble for everyone."

"It happens!"

Staring in the direction of the three thousand Skydragon peaks, Tianming narrowed his eyes. "The Voiddragon Emperor has many grandchildren, but Long Renshe is the Torchdragon Emperor's most talented son and is known as the heir of the Veildragon Palace. Long Wangyu's status is a far cry from his. We must be patient when dealing with this man. He's also accompanied by Li Shenjian, the sun emperor's ninth son."

"While we're thinking of ways to deal with him, he's probably doing the same," Xiaoxiao said.

"You're right. The heroes have gathered in outrage," Tianming laughed.

Yin Chen had turned into cockroaches and entered the enemy's base. No matter what they planned to do, Tianming would be a step ahead of them.

...

The Great Skydragon Peak was one of the tallest mountains in the center of the Myriadragon Mountains. The third dragon imperial's palace was previously there. However, the Veildragon Palace had claimed the place so they could cultivate with the juniors of the celestial orderians. They also seized the divine herbs planted by the Azure Dragon Emperor's lineage, as well as the divine ores they had accumulated.

All three hundred thousand juniors of the Veildragon Palace and celestial orderians regarded this place as a paradise, frolicking and wreaking havoc as they pleased, especially the young celestial orderians. After all, they would eventually leave.

Any other time, the Great Skydragon Peak was filled with laughter and frolicking dragons, but at this moment, a grim atmosphere had enveloped the entire mountain. These juniors were no longer pleased by suppressing the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's disciples. Most of them were gloomy and extremely irritable.

"Gather at the Grandcloud Palace!" a loud voice spread from the peak.

Upon hearing the voice, the disciples at the foot of the mountain all rushed toward the top. There were also many who had just returned from the other seven thousand Skydragon peaks. In a short period of time, more than two hundred thousand people had gathered in front of the magnificent palace.

These were all young faces. Even if they were a hundred years old, they looked like twenty-year-old Flameyellow Continent natives. Having immersed themselves in cultivation all year round, they were about as mature as thirty-year-old disciples in terms of life experience.

The Veildragon Palace and celestial orderian disciples were completely different in appearance and personalities. Because the Veildragon Palace was once the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's war branch, they shared the same temperament, but were more aggressive. On the other hand, the celestial orderians were the sun race. Just and honorable, majestic and sacred, they possessed an unyielding will and an even more imposing manner.

At that moment, more than two hundred thousand people turned their attention to the figure in front of the palace. Tall and thin, the man wore white and gold armor with smooth and shiny light gold hair that draped over his shoulders. His masculine features made him better looking and more domineering than his younger brother, Li Haochen. He was the sun emperor's ninth son, Li Shenjian.

His most obvious feature was his bane-ring. Like Li Haochen, it was between his eyebrows, but instead of a circular sun pattern, it was shaped like a square with flames surging within. It was just as impressive as Li Haochen's vastsun godbeasts. However, Li Shenjian's square bane-ring resembled a jade seal with four smoldering characters inside.

In fact, Li Shenjian had a greater reputation than Li Haochen; after all, he was the older brother. The disciples of the two forces on the Great Skydragon Peak were essentially led by him.

At that moment, Li Shenjian stood in front of the crowd with a cold and dignified expression on his face.

"Long Wangyu was killed. It was the Sky Palace disciple Li Tianming who set a trap and allowed the disciple Feng to make a move. Feng had only defeated Li Ruoshi previously, so Long Wangyu didn't expect him to be so powerful. He didn't even have a chance to escape. How bold of them! They're the ones who started it. My father says to kill them on sight. Let's see how they respond to that."

Sure enough, as Tianming had said, they were filled with self-righteous indignation.

**Chapter 1457 - Blood Cocoon**

Everyone was waiting for Li Shenjian to give a statement that would unify them. All along, he had been the one behind their actions.

"I just received news that all the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect disciples are hiding inside the Redlotus Worlddragon Formation. There's no way we can enter, so it'll be difficult to get revenge for the time being," Li Shenjian solemnly said as they looked at him.

"What the hell!"

"Are they hiding like cowards?"

"They fled after slaughtering one of us? What cowards! But can they hide forever? How ridiculous. They'll only grow weaker in a sealed environment."

These juniors, especially the Veildragon Palace disciples, knew very well that they might remain in the Myriaddragon Mountains for the rest of their lives.

"There's no way they can hide forever. They'll stay out of the limelight for a while, but it doesn't matter. We'll come up with the perfect plan. As soon as they reemerge, they'll suffer a thousand times worse than what they did to Long Wangyu. Your so-called compatriots will eventually kneel and beg for mercy whenever they see you. When that happens, our task is considered complete," Li Shenjian said.

The Veildragon Palace disciples had to express their gratitude. Despite the way they flattered the celestial orderians, they enjoyed a high status due to a wealth of geniuses. The celestial orderians got along well with them, but that wasn't the case with the wargodeans and Blueblood Starocean disciples.

"So there's nothing we can do?" someone asked.

Li Shenjian shook his head. "That's not true. The little ones are hiding, but not the big fish. Li Tianming and the murderer, Feng, are still here. The reason I've gathered everyone here today is to tell you that they've gone into hiding and discuss how we can avenge Long Wangyu."

"These children are junior disciples. They can't be that strong. I'm at the Solar stage, so I can kill them with the same method they used on Lang Wangyu," someone shouted.

It was common for disciples nearing a hundred years of age to have reached the Solar stage. Among this group of people, Li Shenjian was the most talented, but not the strongest. After all, he was only in his fifties.

"It won't work. They won't fall for it. Ordinary provocation is useless. How about this? Take some time to think about it and if you come up with something, speak to me privately and let me handle it," Li Shenjian suggested.

"Yes!"

He was trying to pool all of their wisdom for ideas. Getting them to speak to him in private could also ensure absolute confidentiality before the plan was implemented.

"Think first. Don't come to me with stupid ideas, got it?" Li Shenjian said.

"Got it!"

If they wanted to come up with good ideas, they would have to straighten out the network of characters whose lives intersected with Tianming's.

"Disperse!"

Although Li Shenjian said that, the others didn't leave. They remained in front of the palace, gathering in twos and threes to exchange ideas. Hundreds of thousands of cockroaches watched them. The strategies they concocted were all kinds of strange! More people meant better brainpower. Tianming never thought there were so many ways to die. But one thing was certain: these people hated him to the bone.

Tianming wasn't stronger than all of them. There were many who thought they could kill him, since they had the advantage of age. At this moment, it seemed they had all forgotten that he was a disciple of the Sky Palace. Their passivity was the reason the celestial orderians thought even less of his identity. Even a hundred-year-old disciple dared to take his life.

...

Li Shenjian straightened out his armor and walked into the Grandcloud Palace. In the center of the hall, a young man dressed in black was standing with his back turned to him, lost in thought. As Li Shenjian approached the man, he saw that he was fiddling with a human skull. He had inserted his fingers through the two eye sockets, as if feeling for something.

"Brother She, what's this?" Li Shenjian asked.

"Nothing." The black-clad youth put it away.

"Li Tianming and his friends must die. Brother She, do you have any ideas?" Li Shenjian said.

The young man shook his head. "You do it. Win back the respect your brother lost. Qingyu will arrive soon, I must prepare to welcome her"

Patting the young man on the shoulder, Li Shenjian smiled. "Alright. I heard that Father is choosing a wedding date for you. You'll have the wedding here in the Myriadragon Mountains. We've called each other brothers for so long, but I didn't think you'd become my brother-in-law!"

"Is she really your sister?" the young man asked, his lips curling in a smile.

"Who knows?" Li Shenjian shrugged. After a brief pause, he added, "Alright then. Prepare yourself, I'm going to pick a strategy to kill them."

...

The Saintdragon Shrine was the highest point in all the Myriadragon Mountains. This was once the Saintdragon Emperor's site, a place ordinary people were forbidden from entering, but now it was occupied by the Veildragon Palace and celestial orderians.

The Holy Dragon Temple was a bright and sacred place, where thousands of generations of Saintdragon Emperors cultivated and taught others. But at that moment, there was a bloody, scarlet mist circulating in the hall that would blow the cockroaches out the hall every time they approached. There were few



cockroaches that could remain in the hall to monitor the situation with their shiny black eyes; however, they could still see and hear.

In the center of the hall was a huge blood-red cocoon. Ghostly faces appeared on its surface, some in red robes with long tongues and others with green faces and fangs. There were purple babies and messy-haired faces with eyeballs that dangled out of their sockets. The bloody mist that filled the entire hall originated from the giant cocoon. Despite the crimson waves that resembled a tsunami, there were still four people who could remain standing there—the three dragon imperials of the Veildragon Palace and the Flamefiend Lord, Li Xiaoyan.

With solemn faces, the four stared at the cocoon. There was inevitably some tension in their expressions. Clicking and popping and the occasional woman's cry sounded from inside the giant cocoon. Although she sounded miserable, there was a trace of delight in her voice that made it impossible to determine her condition. It seemed she was shedding her mortal body and exchanging her bones.

"Is she alright...?" the Blooddragon Emperor said.

"If His Solar Majesty says she's fine, she's fine. Having received good fortune, Lady Wushuang will definitely usher in a rebirth. His Solar Majesty has already said that there will be two rulers in the celestial orderians in the future! He has spoken. Do you still doubt?" Li Xiaoyan's eyes burned with fervor.

"The sun emperor occupies half of the sun. With one more ruler, we'll dominate all of Orderia, won't we?" The Torchdragon Emperor smiled.

"I think it's possible," Li Xiaoyan laughed.

"His Solar Majesty is very kind to Lady Wushuang." The other two dragon imperials sighed. At the moment, the Voiddragon Emperor showed no pain of losing his grandson.

As they gasped in admiration, the woman in the blood-red cocoon was still tragically screaming. Four hours passed as the bloody mist grew thicker, the violent aura enveloping half of the mountain. The Torchdragon Emperor ordered those in the vicinity to evacuate.

Along with the surging blood mist, the woman's screams and struggling intensified. From outside the cocoon, they vaguely saw that she seemed to lack bones or joints. Her body was twisted, her back was folded in half, and her neck was stretched several meters long. The nova source's violent power poured into the mountain and was swallowed up by the cocoon.

Time passed as Li Xiaoyan and the three dragon imperials waited in fear and trepidation. They were profusely sweating.

"You must hold on."

The blood-red cocoon shook violently, followed by an ear-piercing scream. The vibrations caused the mountain to shake as if an extraordinary beast was about to be born. However, just as the situation approached a climax, all movement abruptly stopped and the screams disappeared. Even the bloody mist that filled the sky seemed frozen.

"Wushuang!" Li Xiaoyan quickly approached, trying to see the situation inside. He felt breathless.

At that moment, a small three-centimeter-diameter hole appeared in the cocoon, through which a red eye with countless ghostly faces stared back at Li Xiaoyan. He felt a chill crawl up his spine.

...

When Yin Chen spoke, it seemed out of breath.

"She's become terrifying and extremely hideous. That's it?" Tianming asked.

"That's it," Yin Chen replied.

"And then what? Where did she go?"

"She sent... the others... away and... secluded herself. Then, she... looked in... the mirror..." Yin Chen said.

Sure enough, everyone loved beauty.

"She gave up her appearance in exchange for strength? She's probably even more crazy now. If Li Wushuang stays, Aunt Ying will be in danger. She doesn't care about anything now. They said she might become the second ruler..." Tianming believed that it was necessary to inform the Seven Dragon Imperials about Li Wushuang's matter. At that moment, a burst of tremors came from the ground.

"What's going on?" Xiaoxiao asked.

"There must be at least ten million people on their way."

Tianming walked out and looked into the distance. On the horizon were endless figures marching in lockstep.

"The celestial orderian army is here!" Tianming took a deep breath.

Yin Chen had yet to report to him, as the army was still far away. However, their large numbers made it possible for Tianming to spot them first.

"Feng, Qingyu is here," Tianming shouted into the inner hall.

Sprinting out, Lingfeng joined Tianming and stared at the dark horde in the distance.

### **Chapter 1458 - Sunscorch Guards**

The main part of the celestial orderians possessed fire-type totems. When all fifteen million troops came together and swept across the sky, it was like a tsunami of flames had engulfed the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's territory. Wherever the invaders went, clouds of smoke roiled and the heat scorched everything.

Tianming and Lingfeng stood on the top of Whitesource Peak, looking toward the north. The closer the flames approached, the more the ground shook. Even the air was burning. The entire world turned red.

It was clear their purpose was to intimidate the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. They had yet to arrive, yet they'd managed to create a sense of oppression. The tense situation was like having a mountain pressing down on the tops of their heads. The Myriadragon Mountains were enveloped in the shadows of the flames and many people were out of breath.

From Tianming's position, he could already see individual silhouettes within the sea of flames in the sky. They were celestial orderians clad in armor. All fifteen million of them were at least five hundred years old and top elites at the fifth level of the Constellation stage and up. They didn't rely on roaring and shouting to suppress the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect; instead, they were all cold and silent as they released their powers. Tens of millions of totems gathered atop their heads, forming an enormous fireball that was even larger than the Myriadragon Mountains. If they were to unleash the fireball, all life in the mountains would be in danger.

Tianming frowned. The celestial orderians were the enemy! Their strength and magnificence brought great pressure to Tianming and their indifferent eyes seemed to weigh heavily on him.

"Their forces will give the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect an even harder time. It's one disaster on top of another."

In the seven thousand Earthdragon peaks, the Ninedragon Army looked up at the sky. No matter how tenacious they were, or how strong their fighting spirit was, it was an inevitable fact that greater challenges were approaching.

In the three thousand Skydragon peaks, top experts soared into the sky to welcome the arrival of Apothecary Li's army. Ten million Veildragon Palace cultivators and the celestial orderians' five-million-strong Flamefiend Army got into formation. Dragons roared and totems filled the sky; this wasn't just a welcome, but the convergence of the two armies. Their purpose was to intimidate the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect and break through the Ninedragon Army's psychological defenses—to subdue the enemy without fighting.

The three dragon imperials led the experts of the Veildragon Palace toward the reinforcements. Li Xiaoyan stood with the Flamefiend Army, his face beaming. These troops came under the banner of 'protecting' the Ninemoon Goddess. Under the eyes of everyone watching, the Veildragon Palace and Flamefiend Army fell to one knee and shouted, "Ninemoon Goddess, welcome to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect!"

There wouldn't be such a grand scene if Qingyu were replaced by Li Wushuang. Their purpose was to raise her position so the presence of the Goddess Guardians was within reason. The celestial orderians loved using this trick, especially the sun emperor. It was well-trying and time-tested. He first elevated his sister's position, then his daughter's.

They respectfully fell to one knee as if welcoming the sun emperor himself. Meanwhile, Li Shenjian stood in stunned silence. Although he understood the disparity between his identity and the Ninemoon Goddess, he never imagined it would be such a large gap. He still had to be polite to his elders. But even though he felt the unfairness of it all, there was nothing he could do except helplessly shake his head.

"Don't let this bother you. We're only showing the goddess respect so our troops have a reason to stay here." The young man in black stared into the fiery sea in the distance, his lips curling in a gentle smile.

"That may be so, but this scene is enough to elevate my sister to a position that none of us brothers will ever reach." Li Shenjian shook his head.

The young man in black merely nodded.

Li Shenjian was stunned by his response, but soon recalled that the man with whom he shared a close relationship would soon become the Ninemoon Goddess' husband. Voicing the hidden bitterness he felt about her seemed rather ridiculous. At the thought of that, Li Shenjian put aside his emotions and a smile reappeared on his face. Then, together with the troops behind him, he greeted the goddess.

When the two armies came together, the key figures such as the Torchdragon Emperor and Li Xiaoyan were naturally at the forefront.

"It's been a while." Apothecary Li hugged the others.

"We've been waiting for you for a long time. With you here, we can accomplish great things," Li Xiaoyan said.

"Don't say that. I'm just here to boost morale. You have to decide how we go about it!" Apothecary Li said with a smile.

"You're too polite... Where's the goddess?" the Torchdragon Emperor asked.

"Are you so anxious to see your daughter-in-law?" Apothecary Li teased.

"That's nonsense," the Torchdragon Emperor dryly laughed. Although she was his daughter-in-law, he couldn't joke about her in public.

"I must say, His Solar Majesty truly cares for the Long clan. You're about to soar."

Apothecary Li brought them to visit the Ninemoon Goddess. They soon arrived before a white marriage sedan covered in flowers and surrounded by thousands of people. The outer ring was made up of cultivators dressed in flame armor from head to toe, each of them extremely powerful. Their most obvious feature was the flame flower on their chests; it was the symbol of the Sunscorch Guards.

The Sunscorch Guards were top elites of the celestial orderians. There were a thousand of them in total, all at the Solar stage. They had to be at least as strong as Jiang Qingliu to be selected, yet the Sunscorch Guards were now the Ninemoon Goddess' bodyguards. On the other hand, those in the inner ring weren't worth mentioning. They were all young women that had yet to reach thirty years of age; they were Qingyu's personal maidservants.

With the Sunscorch Guard's encirclement, the marriage sedan was impenetrable. Their presence left Li Shenjian speechless. He thought he must have been adopted, or perhaps all ten of the brothers were illegitimate children....

"She's closely protected by the commander of the Sunscorch Guards, Li Yunxi."

What was even more shocking was the fact that he had no way of approaching his sister and could only catch a glimpse of the sedan chair through the gaps in the crowd. However, the others were no better. When the Torchdragon Emperor and the others approached, a woman beside the marriage sedan stood in their way.

### **Chapter 1459 - The Reunion Of A Couple**

She was a gorgeous woman with long green hair and green eyes, like an elf among the flowers. Her white armor wrapped around seductive curves. She was heroic, yet pure and unsullied. From her

appearance, it was clear she was a soul tribulator. She was the commander of the Sunscorch Guards, Li Yunxi, an elite soul tribulator. According to rumors, she was also Li Wushuang's best friend. Known as the Soulblossom Fairy, Li Yunxi was equally matched with Long Wanying in terms of appearance. Although her title sounded divine and ethereal, she was in fact a tough character.

"We've been traveling for some time and the goddess is tired and wants to rest. There's no need to involve more people," Li Yunxi unceremoniously said to the men in front of her.

"You're right. Please send the goddess to rest," the Torchdragon Emperor replied.

The plan was to meet, but since the Ninemoon Goddess was unwilling to show her face, they wouldn't force her. Tianming and the others saw them meet, then the two armies gathered together and they returned to the three thousand Skydragon peaks.

"I thought that they'd give us a display of their strength," said Xiaoxiao.

"There was enough of that from the welcome scene alone," Tianming replied. His and Lingfeng's eyes had never left the sedan chair that was surrounded by the army.

"Is that where she is?" Lingfeng's crimson eyes seemed to tremble. In fact, they weren't far apart, but were separated by thirty million troops; it was an insurmountable chasm. So no matter how much they missed Qingyu, there was nothing Tianming and Lingfeng could do.

"She's probably residing in the Great Saintdragon Peak. Don't worry, there's plenty of Yin Chens there. We can contact her as long as she's alone," Tianming said.

In fact, he was just as concerned for Qingyu as Lingfeng. However, people in love were confused and reckless at times. Lingfeng watched the marriage sedan leave, unable to return to his senses. Tianming didn't know what had happened to them in the Divine Moon Realm, but the two must have established a profound relationship after sharing weal and woe.

"Brother, I'm going up for a bit." Lingfeng soared into the sky, continuing to ascend amid the howling wind. Why did he fly so high? Because the higher up he was, the farther he could see. Stand tall and see far, only then could he look past the celestial orderian experts and catch a glimpse of the sedan chair on the Great Saintdragon Peak.

"Wait for me. I'm coming too." Tianming and Lingfeng flew side by side.

The eyes of the young man beside him were focused on the sedan chair in the distance. His breathing quickened.

"You didn't think you could see her again after being separated, did you? It's been tough on you...." Tianming placed his hand on Lingfeng's shoulder.

Dozens of maidservants prepared to welcome Qingyu. The commander of the Sunscorch Guards personally opened the door of the sedan. Amidst the mist, a delicate figure dressed in white appeared before tens of millions of people. Everyone wanted to catch a glimpse of her.

"It's her!" Lingfeng grit his teeth, his tense body finally easing up a little. After their long separation, his emotions violently fluctuated upon seeing her. It felt like the couple had finally been reunited.

Because of all the people around her, Qingyu couldn't see Lingfeng or know what he was feeling, but she felt just as he did when she watched them through the skyward eye.

"She's lost weight." Tianming breathed a sigh of relief. The moment he laid eyes on her, he no longer cared about the threat of the fifteen million warriors who came with her. Judging from her upcoming nuptials, Qingyu's life wasn't under her control. The Goddess Guardians had nothing to do with her wishes; they were all pawns of the sun emperor. Without her, the troops would still have come for other reasons.

"Although she wasn't as ostentatious back in the Divine Capital, she was happy and life was simple. She may have fifteen million people guarding her, but she's lonely and helpless..." Tianming lamented.

She must be feeling despair from being confined by the celestial orderians, powerless and all alone.

Meanwhile, Qingyu had already stepped foot on Great Saintdragon Peak with Li Yunxi and Apothecary Li escorting her, as well as thousands of Sunscorch Guards following closely behind. When she finally disappeared from sight, Lingfeng wanted to rise higher so he could take one last look at her.

"Don't be silly. Come back with me. You won't be able to see her, but talking to her isn't a problem!" Grabbing Lingfeng by the back of his neck, Tianming dragged the fascinated young man back down to Whitesource Peak.

"At least she's safe." At the thought of that, Lingfeng came to his senses.

"Ask Yin Chen, Brother Tianming. Hurry up." It seemed that only Qingyu could fluctuate his emotions like this.

"What's the rush? She just entered the Saintdragon Shrine. She's probably going to see Li Wushuang first," said Tianming. After all, Li Wushuang had the highest status. "Don't worry, it'll all be fine." Tianming stared in the direction of the Great Saintdragon Peak, his gaze solemn.

...

Within the Saintdragon Shrine on Great Saintdragon Peak.

"I'll accompany her," Li Yunxi said to the others, flipping her hair back.

"Lady Wushuang's emotions aren't stable. Just greet her and don't talk too much," Li Xiaoyan reminded Li Yunxi.

"That's because you don't know how to comfort her. With how close we are, it'll be fine!"

Li Yunxi turned and looked at the young woman standing beside her. From time to time, the young woman looked around the mountain as if searching for someone.

"Goddess." Stretching out her slender hand, Li Yunxi pointed to the Saintdragon Shrine.

Qingyu returned to her senses, then pursed her lips as she followed Li Yunxi into the hall. As soon as they entered, the two of them frowned. The bloody and violent energy in the hall was overwhelming. It was clearly a sacred building, yet the interior felt eerie.

"Wushuang..." Li Yunxi said in a slightly trembling voice. She noticed a woman sitting on the ground with her back turned to them. Her murderous aura and waist-length red hair were terrifying.

Stunned for a moment, Qingyu paused in mid stride. She didn't continue walking forward, but even so, she felt her scalp tingle.

### **Chapter 1460: You Will Join Me**

"Get out!" A low shriek sounded from the trembling figure in front of her. There was frustration, rage, and despair in her voice.

"Wushuang, it's me, Yunxi. What's wrong with you?" Li Yunxi frowned, her pace quickening as she approached Li Wushuang.

"I said get out!"

Feeling like countless monsters had pounced on her body, Li Yunxi quickly stopped. "I heard about it. Is it true..." she asked, her voice hoarse.

The woman in front of her trembled but refused to respond. It was clear she was in pain.

"Wushuang, your looks might've been affected a little but you'll make history," Li Yunxi persuaded.

"A little?" Laughing miserably, Li Wushuang rose to her feet. Amidst her heartbreaking laughter, she turned around.

Qingyu was so frightened that she slammed into the door, her face pale. Li Yunxi's delicate body trembled as she threw both hands to her mouth to stop any screams from leaking out.

Li Wushuang's hair was disheveled, her scarlet eyes resembling a beast's. There were no whites in her eyeballs, only red. Her skin had turned purple, with dark purple pus oozing out of the cracks in her skin. Just looking at her made Li Yunxi sick. It was almost impossible for a human to look this hideous.

"Am I ugly? Am I still human?" Li Wushuang threw herself onto Li Yunxi, rotten hands grabbing her lapels as an awful stench assaulted her nose. Li Yunxi felt like she was about to throw up.

"It's alright, Wushuang. It'll be fine. It's okay...." She grit her teeth, forcefully holding down her churning stomach.

Both of them were beautiful, once. Li Yunxi was still the same, but Li Wushuang had become like this. At the sight of Li Yunxi's smooth, flawless skin, Li Wushuang felt even more despair. Shoving Li Yunxi away, she roared, "Leave! Get lost!"

"Alright, I'll go." Li Yunxi staggered, her face pale. Her intention had been to bring Qingyu to see Li Wushuang, but she'd never expected such a horrifying twist.

"Wait!" At this moment, Li Wushuang caught sight of Qingyu. Her purple lips parted and she let out an awful wheeze of frenzied laughter. In fact, her appearance used to be similar to Qingyu's, but now it was completely different. Swaying as she walked, she approached Qingyu. The latter leaned against the door, staring at her vigilantly. But after a while, she couldn't stand to look at Li Wushuang any longer, so she turned her head away and asked, "What is it?"

Li Wushuang grabbed her hand.

"Let go!" Qingyu struggled, but to no avail.

Li Wushuang was so thin there was almost no flesh on her hands, only skin and bones. It was impossible for Qingyu to loosen her grip. She squeezed Qingyu's delicate arm, pulling her sleeves open. Upon looking at her bane-rings, Li Wushuang covered her and giggled like a madman. She laughed for a long time before finally letting go.

Leaning into Qingyu's ear, Li Wushuang smiled and said, "You'll join me."

"What?" Qingyu grit her teeth.

"You'll become like me. It won't be long now," Li Wushuang said.

Qingyu gasped. She had undergone that process. Nine drops! She knew what Li Wushuang meant. The woman's appearance was enough to give her nightmares for a lifetime. Uncontrollably trembling, she was overcome with fear and despair.

"Accept your fate. It's too bad he loves you...." Li Wushuang turned around, swaying like a drunkard, even knocking Li Yunxi aside as she walked away.

"Let's go." Grabbing Qingyu's arm, Li Yunxi pulled her out of the hall. During the entire process, Li Wushuang's ghostlike figure was reflected in Qingyu's eyes.

...

On the Great Saintdragon Peak, not far from the Saintdragon Shrine was the Dragontooth Spring, a place with rich nova source. Long Longlong grew up there. It was where his family had spent happy times together, once, but now it had been emptied. The Ninemoon Goddess was arranged to live there, as it was the safest place in the Myriadragon Mountains. Even so, thousands of Sunscorch Guards still surrounded the area, rendering the Dragontooth Spring impenetrable. Anyone entering or leaving required the Sunscorch Guard's permission, including the dragon imperials of the Veildragon Palace.

Li Yunxi also stayed in the Dragontooth Spring, remaining closer to Qingyu than her maidservants. In truth, Qingyu wouldn't be in any danger. No one dared to touch her.

After the arrangements had been made, Li Yunxi turned to her and said, "I'm going out. Don't go anywhere in my absence."

"Understood." Qingyu sat on the stone chair in the courtyard with cold sweat on her forehead.

Li Yunxi looked worried when she left; it seemed she was on her way to pay Li Wushuang another visit. With Li Wushuang's current state, no one could comfort her because getting close was truly frightening.

"You can leave, too. I want to be alone for a while. You'll be living here from now. You can do whatever you want, don't worry about me," Qingyu said to the maidservants.

"Yes, Goddess." They retired.

Qingyu was the only one left in the huge courtyard. Resting her arm on the stone table, she pulled up her sleeves and looked at the malevolent ghostly faces that were faintly visible on the dark side of the



moon on her silver-white bane-rings. Bloody streaks appeared near her bane-rings. At this moment, Li Wushuang's face seemed to overlap the bane-rings. Quickly covering her arms, Qingyu let out a long sigh. However, she couldn't control the trembling of her fingers; they didn't feel like they belonged to her.

"Father, what should I do...." She lay softly on the stone table, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I am... not your... father father..." a deep, emotionless mechanical voice suddenly sounded from the surface of the stone table.

Startled, Qingyu sat up and wiped away the tears. She glanced around, but strangely there was no one there

"Who is it?" she asked quietly.

"I am... your big... brother brother...." At that moment, a little silver cockroach on the stone table caught Qingyu's attention. It looked up at her.

"Then I'm your mother!" Qingyu smacked it. When she raised her hand again, she found that the little cockroach had split in two.

"What?"

She was about to smack it once more when Yin Chen quickly raised its antennae and said, "Stop! I... am Tianming's... lifebound beast!"

Qingyu's hand froze in mid-air. "Big Brother?" It was like a drowning person grasping at straws. She was overjoyed, like she had just crawled out of deadly quicksand. Carefully holding up the little cockroach, Qingyu burst into tears. "Big Brother, why's it a cockroach? You...."

Yin Chen shouted, "Shut up... woman woman!" It was in a hurry. It spoke as if it was constipated, two words at a time.

"So I can talk to my brother through you? You handsome bug?" Qingyu's sorrow turned into joy as she stopped pretending. As soon as Tianming appeared, she would rather follow him like a little girl.

Her words made Yin Chen elated. The little cockroach was full of vigor and in high spirits. Although it was slow, Tianming and Qingyu could still communicate if time wasn't of the essence. Thus, Tianming and Lingfeng, who were far away on Whitesource Peak, had a long-distance conversation with Qingyu through Yin Chen.

"Big Brother, is it really you? Where are you? Is Feng next to you?" Qingyu eagerly asked.

On Whitesource Peak, a silver ball gradually transformed into a face similar to Qingyu's, with eyes, ears, a mouth, and a nose that resembled hers. Following Qingyu's expression and tone, it relayed her words to Tianming. It would be like she was in front of them if it didn't stutter.

"We're on Whitesource Peak, which isn't far from the Great Saintdragon Peak. The people of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect are all here, and Feng is next to me," Tianming said.

"Big Brother, first let me say I'm sorry. I wanted to find an opportunity to come over and meet you, but I didn't expect that he would use me as an excuse to send so many people here. I was forcefully taken here and now I can't leave," said Qingyu.

"We know. It isn't your fault," Tianming replied.

"Big Brother... I've asked about you two. How are you?" she asked.

"We're fine, of course. It's you we're worried about. Qingyu, take this opportunity to tell us about your situation, including how they're really treating you, the sun emperor's attitude towards you, and your betrothal to Long Renshe. We have to know exactly what's going on," Tianming solemnly said.

"Okay, I'll explain everything."

Through Yin Chen, Qingyu briefly told them about her situation in the celestial orderians, but concealed the issue of her bane-rings. "The sun emperor isn't my father. He brought me back because I'm a nonabane. I'm not sure if he plans to nurture me or use me, but he's definitely not a good man."

Upon hearing that she had nothing to do with the sun emperor, Tianming breathed a sigh of relief. Sure enough, this Li Wudi wasn't the one that he knew.

"Did he hurt you?" Tianming asked.

"Not yet."

"Then tell me, what'd Li Wushuang say in the Saintdragon Shrine?"

Qingyu was dumbfounded.