

The Ages 1481

Chapter 1481 - Odd Siblings

Tianming, Lingfeng, Xiaoxiao, the Seven Dragon Imperials, Yang Ce, and the rest returned to Little Saintdragon Peak. After the battle, the young disciples of the sect returned to the defensive formation in a joyous mood. Though their victory had greatly boosted their morale, the threat of the sun emperor and celestial orderians still loomed above them. Without the support of the Myriad Solar Sects, the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect would find it difficult to endure this kind of pressure. Fortunately, they had managed to ensure the safety of the three Dragon Imperials who were taken hostage by exchanging them with Li Wushuang.

Regardless, the fifteen million troops that had allegedly come as an escort of the goddess inevitably meant things would be going down soon. Tianming and the others, however, couldn't predict what they would do until Tianming was notified of Li Shenjian's death and how Li Wushuang planned to pin it on him. He hurriedly told the seniors about it.

"What?" All of them seemed shocked to hear it.

"The sun emperor's sister killed his son... and they're going to frame you for it?" The Saintdragon Emperor's brows were tightly furrowed.

"That Li Wushuang is such a...." Long Wanying found that she was becoming more and more terrifying.

"The question is, doesn't the sun emperor know the truth? The Torchdragon Emperor and the rest were there, too. Would they help Li Wushuang cover it up?" the Azuredragon Emperor asked.

"If the sun emperor's been aware of it the whole time, things will be troublesome," the Violetdragon Empress said. If the death of the sun emperor's son were to be blamed on Tianming, it would be enough to cause all celestial orderians to hate him. Tianming had avoided killing Li Shenjian during the duel precisely because he didn't want to give them a pretext to increase the number of troops they sent.

"Everyone, I think your thoughts are going in the wrong direction," Tianming said with a bitter look.

"What do you mean?" the Saintdragon Emperor asked.

"Li Wushuang never had the intention to hide from the sun emperor to begin with." He repeated what Yin Chen had heard after she'd killed Li Shenjian, much to their shock. "Did I hear that wrong? Is the status of a son of the sun emperor so low? It's one thing if they're beneath the Ninemoon Goddess, but how could Li Wushuang just casually kill them like that?" the Azuredragon Emperor said with disbelief.

Everyone knew that Li Wushuang's authority was greater than even the empress'. It wouldn't be weird for Li Shenjian and Li Haochen to respect and obey her, but that didn't mean she could just kill them. It was like they were nothing but her slaves.

"Does the sun emperor really not care? They're his flesh and blood! There's something odd about these siblings!" Long Wanying hatefully said. She was a parent once, too, and she knew the pain of losing a child. There was no way the sun emperor and Li Wushuang were normal siblings.

As they spoke, the transmission stone of the sun emperor arrived at the Saintdragon Shrine. After Yin Chen relayed their conversation to Tianming, he shook his head. "Huh. The sun emperor really didn't

care about it at all. He knows that Li Shenjian is dead, but gave him nothing more than a glance and didn't even blame Li Wushuang for it. He went straight to talking to the Torchdragon Emperor."

"What in the...." Long Wanying was speechless. How could family members do that to one another?

"Perhaps it takes someone as cruel as that to rise to the top."

"He doesn't seem to be a cold-blooded person though... look at how well he treats Li Wushuang."

The sun emperor was becoming more and more mysterious in their eyes.

"Actually, unfathomable people like him are the most terrifying," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

"Then what can Tianming do? Will they send more troops using that as an excuse?" Long Wanying asked.

"The celestial orderians will no doubt be angered by this, but I doubt it'll make any difference since they were planning to wipe us out to begin with. Let's hear what the sun emperor has to say, first. What was he discussing with the Torchdragon Emperor?" the Saintdragon Emperor asked. As long as they had Tianming on their side, they always had the initiative as they could discuss the enemy's next move together and prepare for it. Tianming had left the highest number of Yin Chens at Great Saintdragon Peak.

"They're talking about Qingyu and Long Renshe's marriage," Tianming said.

"Has the date been decided?" Long Wanying asked.

"Wait a bit." Tianming was still communing with Yin Chen. After fifteen minutes, he had the information in full and told them about the date, the venue, and the powerful figures that were going to be invited. Then he turned to Lingfeng. This wasn't as shocking as it seemed as they had been more or less ready for such a possibility.

Still, the date of Qingyu's marriage was set and the clock was ticking for Lingfeng and Tianming. It felt like someone had begun choking them, and soon, they would run out of air. Lingfeng's face was pale; he had just seen her back at the Infernal Dragon Purgatory, only for things to turn out this way. For youths like them, a figure like the sun emperor was as beyond their reach as the stars. Forty-four days would pass in a flash, and the future of these youths from the Flameyellow Continent would depend on what they did during that time.

Tianming, however, didn't expect the Seven Dragon Imperials to be so riled up about the marriage and even be vehemently opposed to it. It should have been a personal matter of Tianming and the rest, and it didn't have anything to do with the survival of the sect, but the Saintdragon Emperor almost went berserk after hearing it.

"Primodragon Cave!" They all grit their teeth, their expressions contorting.

"That shameless sun emperor! He's despicable!"

"Looks like he doesn't intend on just leaving twenty million celestial orderians here!"

"Saintdragon Emperor, we can't let them cause trouble at Primodragon Cave no matter what, right?" Long Wanying said.

"Of course!" the older Dragon Imperials firmly said in unison. They even seemed willing to die for the cause.

Tianming asked, "Aunt Ying, what kind of place is the Primodragon Cave?"

Long Wanying was already used to how clueless he could be about common knowledge like this.

Chapter 1482 - Dragon of Origin

As the other Dragon Imperials were discussing how they could deal with the news, Long Wanying explained it to Tianming. "Well, the Primodragon Cave is actually a special place in the Myriad Solar Sects' territory. It's ancient and of the utmost importance, being the birthplace of our sect. In time immemorial, our ancestors were normal humans that encountered the dragon of origin in that cave. After signing a blood pact, one of them started symbiotic cultivation with the dragon, and that passed down through the generations. That's how normal humans like our ancestors eventually gave birth to beastmasters with lifebound beasts. Now, there's all kinds of dragons and they all descend from the dragon of origin."

"Dragon of origin and blood pacts? So were all the rootbeast races originally normal humans that formed blood pacts?" Tianming asked, shocked. On the Flameyellow Continent and in many other places, blood pacts were considered a low-level form of obtaining lifebound beasts and very looked down upon, yet now it seemed to be how the lineage of normal humans had turned into that of beastmasters. Wouldn't that mean that his Primordial Chaos Beasts, Xiaoxiao's Archaionfiend, and Ye Chen's Chaos Dijiang had bonds forged in the manner of these primordial pacts? Could the dragon of origin be a powerful wildbeast from the stars like the spectral progenitors? Were there other kinds?

"I don't really know for sure, but that's how the legend goes. Our sect acknowledges this legend to be our origin, but most other beastmasters maintain that blood pacts are merely inferior forms of symbiotic cultivation."

"I see.... So that means that holding the wedding at a sacred place like Primodragon Cave is akin to some kind of desecration, then."

"That's not all—since the earliest days of the sect, the Dragon Imperials and their lifebound beasts have been buried there thanks to a unique property of the cave: it can prevent bodies from rotting. In other words, the countless bodies of our forebears are fully preserved there, looking just as they did when they were still alive. That's why we call it the place of eternal rest," she said with a serious, yet melancholic expression. "My husband is buried there, too."

"I see...." Tianming now understood why they were so strongly against such an act. Marriages and funerals were polar opposites, and grouping them together was taboo. It would be highly inappropriate for the loud festivities of a wedding ceremony to take place where one's ancestors were resting in peace and shouldn't be disturbed.

"There's no low to which the sun emperor won't sink! He doesn't have any class!" Long Wanying spat. This was something that would be more dangerous than outright war. For one, they hadn't officially

declared war yet, but they'd sent the Veildragon Palace to infiltrate the sect and take the dragonsprings regardless. After that, the sun emperor had used the excuses of his daughter's wedding and the repatriation of the Veildragon Palace to make such a dastardly announcement.

The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had probably been watching out for instances like this from the moment the Veildragon Palace had returned. The Ninedragon Emperor was so powerful that the celestial orderians had been pushed to the brink; it was only after his passing that the Veildragon Palace had parted with the sect. Perhaps the celestial orderians had never forgotten the fearful days of being suppressed by the Ninedragon Emperor.

"Is the Primodragon Cave a place that can be entered casually?"

"No. A single dragonspring can only allow a few people in at a time. To open it to the public, all ten dragonsprings will be needed."

"I see. So they need to get all ten dragonsprings to hold the wedding, which means they'll start applying pressure soon."

"That's right."

"What can we do in forty-four days?"

Long Wanying speechlessly looked at Tianming. How could they possibly stand up to the celestial orderians' plans? If it weren't for the fact that they weren't allowed to utilize the full might of their army here, there was no way the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect could resist at all.

"As long as the Myriad Solar Sects refuse to support us, there's nothing else we can do but fight to our deaths. We'll stuff the entrance of the cave with our corpses if we have to!" Long Wanying's eyes were filled with murderous hate borne of desperation.

"Sky Palace and the Myriad Solar Sects!" Tianming shared her outrage. They should have been on their side, yet for some obscure reason, they didn't help out the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect at all. Their shortsighted selfishness was just like the Northdipper Swordsage's disgusting ambitions.

"Tianming, it's the nature of people. As long as the blade isn't held against their necks, they'll think it has nothing to do with them. Some may even see it as an opportunity to make a profit. The Myriad Solar Sects have always been a collection of many discrete factions, some of whom aren't even natives of this star. Unity isn't something that can be easily formed. The whole point of the Sky Palace's existence is to be the rope that binds the myriad sects, but something happened to it to the point that they can't, or won't, act. Even if some other faction wants to help us, there's nobody that can effectively organize them," Long Wanying said, sighing.

"Something happened to it?" Tianming thought about what he had witnessed there. There were far too many questions left unanswered. It was too bad that the members of the Sky Palace all seemed like lunatics. Since Tianming had left the place, they'd never again appeared at the platform where he'd seen them.

"This is just a guess. At the very least, I know that Granny Yuanlong from our sect isn't even willing to see us! Her parents and siblings are still resting in the Primodragon Cave even now!"

The Azuredragon Emperor and the rest had decided to head to the Sky Palace once more. "Yuanlong's my aunt. I'll go and see if I can establish any contact with her. Let's hope she won't let anyone disturb my grandparents and father," the Azuredragon Emperor said. The Crimsondragon and Bluedragon Emperors, on the other hand, would request aid from the dreamless celestial nation, Voidword Shrine, Emyrean Sword Sect, and others. They were chosen because they didn't have dragonsprings on hand. Currently, only the Saintdragon Emperor, Greendragon Emperor, Violetdragon Empress, and Long Wanying had dragonsprings, so they had to be closely guarded.

"Wanying is correct. We have nowhere to retreat to. Even if we come to an end, we can't avoid this fight. The ancestors' rest is not to be interrupted," the Saintdragon Emperor said in a booming voice. Their fighting spirit was firm and resolute—the Myriadragon Mountains were their home, and the Primodragon Cave their inviolable holy land. No words could describe the dedication all seven of them felt.

"Wanying," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

"I'm listening."

"I picked a hidden location on the Xuanyu Continent that nobody knows about. Have our young disciples transferred there over the next twenty days. At the very least, we won't be completely exterminated in the worst case. One day, our descendants might rise again to avenge us, bringing new life to our kind."

"Understood!" Long Wanying nodded with tear-filled eyes.

Chapter 1483 - Blood Transience

Long Wanying knew why she had been tasked to evacuate with the young generation: she was the youngest of the Dragon Imperials and incredibly sensible. The other six were way past their prime, so it wouldn't be too much squandered potential if they were to fight to their deaths with the rest of the sect.

"Yang Ce, help her out," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

"Understood." Yang Ce had been standing there the entire time without moving in the slightest. Regardless of their decision, he would be beyond the normal trappings of life and death.

"Everyone, let's fight back! It'll be far preferable to having our heads pressed down for eternity, right?" the Saintdragon Emperor said with a hearty laugh.

"That's right! Let's end things with a bang!"

Tianming's defeat of Li Shenjian was a good start. It would be the perfect opportunity for them to rebel and vent all the frustrations they had felt the entire time their sect was occupied. While they might not realize it themselves, their fighting spirit had been galvanized by Tianming's victory.

In a war of this scale, Tianming would be nothing more than cannon fodder. The most he could handle were people under a hundred years old, so there would be little he could do. However, he was fully on the sect's side when it came to stopping the marriage, so he would give it his very best.

I might have something crucial that they need: the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb! The saplings have grown quite large from the nova source they've absorbed and their efficiency is growing. Perhaps I'll be able to

make the tomb go airborne soon. So, I need to continue training my sword techniques! Only then could he light up the remaining dragon palaces.

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At the very top of the peak, burning nova source descended from the flaming clouds, becoming a magma-like flow as it entered Tianming's body. His albi ravenously sucked up all the energy and his eyes glowed bright as the little green fish excitedly swam around inside.

"You're telling me that Weisheng Moran's been spotted near the Myriadragon Mountains?" Tianming asked Yin Chen.

"That's right."

"I see." Tianming couldn't be bothered with her, busy as he was with training the sixth move of the Ninedragon Tribulation: Fienddragon Blood Transience. The sixth basic move seemed to be a league apart from the rest, and the same would probably be the case for the moves after that. Even without fusing it with the other moves, Blood Transience was probably on the level of a sixth-realm divine art, which required the divine sun of a solarian to channel its full power. Tianming didn't have a divine sun, but he could more or less emulate its effects with his two constellations to an extent, allowing him to train the move to pretty good effect.

The Fienddragon Blood Transience was a rather unique move, being the bloodiest and most savage of all nine, the key lying in the word 'fiend'. It contained the essences of berserk, rampage, insanity, and bloodlust, far more than the Blooddragon Sacrifice. It was, in a sense, an enhanced version of that move.

In fact, using it even consumed a certain amount of blood. Every time he used it, he would have to cut his palm with his sword and stain it with fresh blood to achieve the effect of boosting his fiendish intent to the peak while the transient blood coated his sword. Naturally, with Tianming's mastery of the Grand-Orient Sword, cutting himself was an easy task. As such, his face was almost constantly pale from all the blood he spent in training, but he couldn't take it slow as the wedding date was approaching.

"One more time! Again!"

The Grand-Orient Sword bathed in his blood time and again, eventually turning a blackish red. The blackened blood formed a black dragon that danced around his blade, guided by his sword intent. Then, astralforce and sword ki gave it a fierce push to launch a savage attack.

This was a transient fienddragon. It wasn't a lifebound beast, but rather a manifestation of the Ninedragon Tribulation. When he struck, astralforce, sword ki, and even some totem ki infused into this bloodformed dragon, causing it to strike with boundless power. His surroundings were darkened in an instant before tens of thousands of black dragon sword ki strands wildly rampaged around. Tianming had spent quite some time on the move and had finally figured out a rough idea on executing it—without the fusion part, of course. That was still quite some ways off.

"As long as I master this move by itself, I'll be able to light up another dragon palace." Five of them had been lit so far, and the war drum had slightly changed. He couldn't wait to go light the next palace once he was done mastering this move. As the Voidsky Realm wasn't that far off from the Xuanyuan Dragon

Sect, it wouldn't take long for him to go there. He put his sword away and went to tell the Saintdragon Emperor about his plans.

As Long Wanying was busy with the evacuation, the Saintdragon Emperor had his daughter, Long Xiqian, escort Tianming. Once more, he met with Long Longlong's mother, who had been quite discontent with him the last time they met. However, the black-clad woman seemed more tired and worried than unpleasant. She forlornly smiled at him and said, "Tianming, I never had a chance to thank you for this, so let me do it now."

"Thank me for what?"

"I didn't treat you well back then, yet you still stood up for my Longlong."

"It was only a small matter. I'll be counting on you this time, Aunt Qian." With the end of the sect in sight, her troubles with Long Wanying weren't even worth mentioning.

"It's my pleasure to help." She looked at him with her beautiful eyes and said, "I also saw your fight with Li Shenjian. You truly were born to be a hero."

"I only hope I'll be able to live long enough, haha," Tianming said.

"You will." As they spoke, they headed south toward the Voidsky Flame Pillar. Soon, they arrived at the tomb's location and Tianming brought her down with him.

"What's this?" She widened her eyes as they headed down the dark pathway, surprised to find that there was boundless nova source inside this place. The saplings that smelled of a vegetative fragrance also looked like bombs ready to go off.

"They're the saplings of the divine tree. They might be what I need to activate this divine astralship," Tianming said.

"Whoa..." Long Xiqian marveled at it excitedly, much like a child. Then, she turned to Tianming and asked, "Were you chosen by the heavens?"

"What do you mean, Aunt Qian?"

"Not only did you get the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb at the Voidsky Realm, you also got the saplings of the Azurecloud Divine Tree. It almost seems like fate has plans for you."

"Perhaps. If fate is kind to me, I hope everyone will survive this ordeal."

"We definitely will!" She felt a little taken aback. Even though Tianming was just a junior that couldn't contribute much to the upcoming conflict, she somehow felt reassured that he was on their side, as if that would better their odds. While she marveled on, Tianming had the war drum ready as he prepared to light up the Fienddragon Palace.

Chapter 1484 - Come Aboard

Soon after, they went to the Fienddragon Palace. Tianming took out the drum when he was inside the quiet and dead compound and gathered astralforce near his palm that held the dragon drumstick. To use Blood Transience, he also needed to smear the stick with his fresh blood.

Black blood began flowing. The fiendish aura of the move surprised Long Xiqian somewhat as Tianming used the drumstick as his sword and executed the move, causing the transient fienddragon to slam into the wardrum formation.

The drum resounded with great force, causing the lights of the palace to turn on. Even the name of the palace at the entrance was brightly glowing. The palace that had laid dormant for hundreds of millennia finally woke up to new life in a brilliant light show for the two of them to enjoy. So far, Tianming had lit up six of the nine dragon palaces.

"I wonder if there'll be any change." He was quite curious, especially after the wardrum in his hand changed to look more complicated than before.

"This thing actually resembles our dragonsprings somewhat," Long Xiqian said. Dragonsprings were keys to the formations all across the Myriadragon Mountains.

"Yeah." Tianming held the formation in both hands and tried feeling it out with the fingers on his black left arm. The little drum was actually formed from countless divine celestial patterns, which were recombined from divine ordered patterns that occurred naturally in the world. Surprisingly, he noticed quite a change in the arrangement of patterns. They seemed to have twisted into a new form altogether, becoming a wheel of sorts.

"What's this?" Long Xiqian asked, looking at the round object. There was a nine-headed dragon on its surface that almost looked alive.

"I think it might be a ship's wheel," Tianming excitedly said. With it, he could change the direction of the cruise!

"Does that mean you'll be able to activate the divine astralship now?" she asked.

"I'll give it a try!" Tianming was as excited as a child that had gotten a new toy. As only six of the nine dragon palaces had been lit up, the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb's full functionality had yet to be restored. That might include defensive formations, or even the conversion of nova source into offensive formations. Additionally, the saplings couldn't provide as much nova source as a proper miniaturized stellar source to utilize those other functions. Even so, as long as Tianming's ship could cruise, it could be used as a last resort for retreat! They could escape the sun emperor's grasp!

At the thought of that, he looked at the new formation in his hand, familiarizing himself with the patterns by feeling out their flow. Then he slowly turned it around. He saw two vortices of divine celestial patterns that seemed to have some special function.

At first, nothing happened when he turned the wheel, but it was only a slight delay. Then the entire tomb seemed to rumble after a bit. As it was buried underground, any slight movement could cause an earthquake in the Voidsky Realm above.

"It's really a divine astralship!" Tianming felt himself going wild. He looked around and noticed that the tomb was absorbing power from the saplings. The walls began glowing, as if a dormant beast was waking up.

"Don't cause too much commotion or we'll be discovered," Long Xiqian said, her eyes shining with pride. After all, she was a descendant of the Ninedragon Emperor.

"Alright." Tianming regained his calm and looked at the two vortices on the wheel. He stopped spinning the left and instead stretched his black arm to the right vortex. The instant he put it in, the tomb wildly shook once more, rapidly absorbing power from the saplings and lightning up even brighter than before. It was trying to move forward!

"Oh my, that's for accelerating!" Tianming hurriedly pulled out his hand and the tomb immediately calmed down; the rumbling outside also stopped. His eyes widened, the light from the wheel illuminating his face.

"The other vortex must be for braking," Long Xiqian said.

"I see...." Now, they had all the basic functions required to steer the ship. Tianming recalled the sea ships that he had seen back in the Vermillion Bird Kingdom. The divine astralship was similar, but countless times larger. With the new wheel formation, he could steer it, but functions like defensive and offensive formations were still unavailable. He didn't know if it could do anything else, either, but this was enough of a pleasant surprise already.

"I thought I'd need to learn all the moves of the Ninedragon Tribulation to be able to use this." With a divine astralship, they could do far more than just escape. They could also roam the astralscape of order and leave the sphere of influence of the sun in search of new worlds. The possibilities were only limited by their imagination, especially now that Tianming had seen what a world like the Violetglory Star could offer.

Roaming the astralscape with a divine body alone was far too slow. One might not reach other astral worlds even if they continued roaming until the end of their natural lifespan. Not to mention, without access to a nova source, astralforce and the like would eventually run out. It was the same principle as drowning in the ocean. The saplings and the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, however, had given Tianming new hope.

"Let's not get too excited for now and learn more about what it can do," he reminded himself. Divine astralships were still far too mysterious. Tianming was just a fellow who hadn't even driven a horse carriage before, let alone a divine astralship. If he crashed it, it would all be over. Moreover, there was no way he could test drive it as it had to be kept hidden.

Chapter 1485 - Father and Son

For now, Tianming had to do his best to understand how the formation worked without actually using it so that he would have some idea of how to work it when the time really came to use it. "Aunt Qian, give me a few days to study it."

"Alright. I also want to have a closer look at this impressive piece of ancient technology. I think I'll have no more regrets if I'm able to see it fly one day," Long Xiqian said.

"Alright. Actually, its name is the Ninedragon Cruiser." Tianming didn't even know what the ship looked like from the outside; the parts he saw during the Voidsky Skirmish were only the tip of the iceberg. No doubt, the day it resurfaced for good would be a majestic one. "I'll meet you for real one day!"

He took a deep breath and continued exploring the tomb while checking on the growth of the saplings. After a few days, he noticed that he could convert the wheel formation back to the wardrum formation.

There were some commands he could give through the divine celestial formations. For instance, when he was away from the tomb, he could knock on the drum using the Ninedragon Tribulation to summon the tomb to where he was, or at least that was his guess. He didn't dare to actually try it out, but he was more or less certain that this was its function as the owner of the cruiser. He was its captain! After having lit up six dragon palaces, it seemed that he had attained the first-level privileges and was able to pilot the ship around, and the more he learned about it, the more impressed he became.

"It's a miracle!" The moment he got a miniaturized nova source, this ship would be no different from an entire Divine Moon Realm. Not only could it rapidly cruise, it could also launch attacks. No doubt the complexity of its formation was even higher than that of the Divine Moon Realm. Not to mention, it was almost entirely constructed out of top-tier divine ores.

"This ship represents the crystallization of the wisdom of millions of years and labor of countless more. It's both a top-tier treasure and a terrifying war machine!" Nova source was everything for cultivators. Taking it from the star was something that could threaten the longevity of the star and its inhabitants. Even Bodhi from the Ninefold Hell had only wanted to get a stellunar source to help his kind survive on their dead planet.

Since the days divine astralships were invented, the era of astral warfare had arrived. No nova source world would ever be truly safe as countless threats lurk in the dark and ever-reaching astralscape. That was why Tianming was so moved by the functioning state of the cruiser. Without an astralship to rival the celestial orderians' Divine Sun Palace, the sun would forever be their domain. Tianming's first steps into the higher arena had been taken, from the unification of the Azurecloud Continent to the dedication of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect and activation of the divine astralship.

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The Dragonfang Springs were located at the Great Saintdragon Peak. Two men were there, one middle-aged and one young. They were the Torchdragon Emperor and Long Renshe, respectively. They were the most discussed father and son pair in the whole of Orderia as of late. With the date of Long Renshe and the Ninemoon Goddess' wedding set, they were constantly the topic of discussions.

With the Veildragon Palace occupying the Myriaddragon Mountains, the celestial orderians sent twenty million more troops to the place using the wedding as justification. The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had also regained its top place on the sect rankings, with the relatively young Torchdragon Emperor who was still in his prime having overtaken the Saintdragon Emperor to become the true ruler of the sect. His reputation was even greater than the dreamless celestial emperor's. As for his son, the husband-to-be of the goddess, he was the top genius across the history of the Veildragon Palace and the heir of the number-one sect. He was ready to usher the sect into a glorious new era. These two had risen to the top practically overnight, attracting a lot of attention.

However, there was another matter aside from the marriage that had incited the rage of billions of celestial orderians: the death of Li Shenjian, allegedly at the hands of Tianming, who had injured him beyond recovery during the duel. The sun empress' grief was well known across the realm, and if it weren't for the sun emperor's explicit order, hordes would have been sent to the Myriaddragon Mountains. Tianming was now the public enemy of all celestial orderians. In the eyes of the elites, a junior, no matter how talented, wouldn't be able to shape current events no matter what. After all, the

Veildragon Guard alone would be enough to kill him. In the era of war and turmoil, talented geniuses weren't worth that much; the best Tianming could bring the other side was some extra morale.

Naturally, with how well protected he was, there was little chance any assassination attempt would succeed. Not to mention, Tianming had made sure to send Yin Chen out in advance to scout out wherever he was about to go, allowing him to avoid many dangers. Regardless, the celestial orderians only needed one justification to head south with their armies and deal a definitive blow to the Myriad Solar Sects, making Li Shenjian's death both significant and insignificant at the same time.

However, that wasn't what weighed on Long Renshe's mind. Ever since the goddess's arrival and the setting of the date of the ceremony, he hadn't had a chance to talk to her even once. His father had asked him to talk to her to find out what demands Qingyu had about the wedding arrangements— everything had to be done to suit her every need and want, since she was the star of the show. On the way to the springs, he had told his son that he should obey the goddess's every whim and see himself like her slave. Though Long Renshe nodded, his feelings didn't match his actions. Right as they arrived at the entrance of the Dragonfang Springs, they were stopped by the Sunscorch Guard.

"Gentlemen, what's this about?" the Torchdragon Emperor asked. They were soon to be the in-laws of the sun emperor!

"Apologies, Torchdragon Emperor, the goddess isn't in a good mood for some reason and instructed us to not let anyone disturb her," said a guard.

"Not in a good mood? I suppose we should find another time then," the Torchdragon Emperor said with a smile.

"Dad, she won't even see you?" Long Renshe's expression turned cold.

His father glared at him to shut up. Then he smiled at the guard and asked, "Is Li Yunxi around?"

"Our leader is at the Saintdragon Shrine."

"Alright, I'll go look for her then." He left with his son.

"The goddess seems to be pushing me away a little too hard," Long Renshe said.

"That's normal. Just think about how different your statuses are. If it weren't for this lucky opportunity, would you really have had a real chance with her? Don't forget..." He pointed at the third eye of his son and continued, "we're outsiders, not part of their race, understood? It's no surprise that they discriminate against us, so. We've spent countless years to rise from the ranks of dogs to that of slaves. You're still a slave, yet you're getting married to the goddess. What kind of divine karmic luck did you have for this to be possible?"

"Is that so..." Long Renshe sighed. He felt that they weren't in as bad a position as his father believed. The celestial orderians seemed to be rather respectful toward the Veildragon Palace, after all, but his father's views were far more pragmatic. The worst thing was that he knew his father was correct, but he still just couldn't bring himself to accept it.

"Just make sure you are aware of our place and learn to let go. Mulling this over will only get you into trouble. Even Li Shenjian could be decapitated just like that, let alone you."

"Yes, Dad, I know." Long Renshe was the understanding sort. He set aside his pride, smiled like his father, and lowered his head. People could call that cowardly if they wanted, but he was the one who was moving up in the world.

Chapter 1486 - Feelings Eternal

In the courtyard of Dragonfang Springs and far away at Little Saintdragon Peak near a large, green boulder, two people separated by a great distance were each looking at a cockroach in their hand and using them to communicate.

"Feng, did you hear what Yin Chen said? My brother said the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb can move now. He's learning more about it to see if we'll be able to make use of it," Qingyu said with a soft voice.

"I know. That's our last resort," Lingfeng said.

"I guess you can rest assured now. With him around, we'll be able to escape no matter what," she confidently said.

However, the black-clad youth sitting on the boulder furrowed his brows even more. Shaking his head, he said, "It won't be that easy. The sun emperor is intent on using you as a piece in his game, so there'll definitely be many more safeguards and traps. Escaping won't be as easy as you think."

"I know. But we still need some hope, at least. We must persevere, got it?"

Lingfeng shut his eyes and clenched his fists tight.

"Dummy, don't be so worried. I'm fine right here. No matter how many times Long Renshe comes, he won't even get to see me, let alone touch me. If he's desperate, I'll just die. There's no way he'd dare to do anything radical to push me. The most troublesome thing now is that I don't know what they're trying to achieve with this wedding, or how it'll affect you guys," Qingyu said.

"I see...."

Hearing that he was still worried, she asked, "Feng, what're you thinking right now?"

"I just feel really lost. I don't know what I can do. I feel useless with all that's happening. I can't take you away, nor can I participate in this war. You're in their hands, yet I'm just as helpless as I was back in the Divine Moon Realm. I—" His eyes were bloodshot with rage, but there was nothing he could do but rail against the circumstances that weighed down on him like a mountain.

"Don't say that. You're still really young. There's no way fighting someone like the sun emperor will be easy. Some things have been ordained by fate and there's no use fighting it." She began feeling a little pessimistic. Apart from threatening to kill herself, there was nothing she could do. The sun emperor's shadow loomed over all of them like the flaming clouds that blanketed the entire world.

"No, I still want to do something." He grit his teeth, his mind racing through more and more radical hoops. His fiendish nature seemed to push him to a path of no return at full speed, without any fear of death. He took a deep breath and said, "Qingyu, that's enough for now. I'll go talk to the Dragon Imperials. If we have a chance, I'll do my best. I wasn't able to protect you last time, so I want to make sure I don't have any regrets this time!" He didn't say how he would do it, but he was filled with a wild determination.

"Feng, I'll support you no matter what you do." Lingfeng thought that she would ask him to be careful, yet she had only reassured him, motivating him even further. Qingyu understood him well. Given his type of cultivation, there was no turning back once he set his mind on something. "If our struggles result in nothing, I'm willing to die when you do," she added. Though Yin Chen repeated the words without the gulp at the end, Lingfeng could feel her emotions in his soul.

"Then let's cultivate and fight together just like when we were at the Divine Moon Realm. We'll face any danger together, no matter what kind!"

"Yeah!"

The promises of youths were simplistic, but it was precisely because of that that they contained so much raw power.

"Qingyu, I don't wish for any harm to come to you," he said once more.

"Haha, I'm the older sister here. I won't let anyone bully you, Feng." They would keep an eye out for each other, their feelings eternal and unchanging.

.....

Tianming and Long Xiqian snuck back to the Myriaddragon Mountains after he had more or less some idea about how the tomb worked. He had tested it out by knocking on the drum when he was near the mountain range, and as expected, the tomb began rumbling and tried flying toward him and he quickly canceled the command.

"It should be fine now!" He felt far more confident about things.

"The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb doesn't have offensive and defensive capabilities like the Divine Sun Palace, so we must make sure to keep the element of surprise. Only use it at the crucial moment," Long Xiqian said.

"Alright!" The testing was complete. As they were about to reach their destination, Yin Chen told Tianming that Weisheng Moran was nearby. She had begged it to bring her to see him. Since they were passing through and she had come such a long way, Tianming decided he would grant that wish. "Aunt Qian, I'm going to meet a friend of mine nearby."

"I'll go with you, then," she said. Her power wasn't too far off from Long Wanying's, and now that Tianming was exposed to the celestial orderian threat, she wanted to make sure he was protected at all costs, at least until Tianming returned to Little Saintdragon Peak. Her sense of gossip flared up as she asked, "What friend is it? A young lover, perhaps?"

"No...!" He began sweating.

Ying Huo flapped its wings while perched on his shoulder and said, "They're not lovers yet. They just help each other relieve their biological needs."

"Shut up with your nonsense, you damned bird!"

"Biological needs!" Xian Xian echoed without knowing what that meant as it secretly engraved the words on its branch.

Long Xiqian was only confused by the explanation, but she seemed to sigh with understanding when she saw Weisheng Moran. The way the young girl looked at Tianming was filled with romantic yearning. "You have a good eye, young fella. This girl is truly pretty, tens of thousands of times prettier than Long Wanying was in her youth."

Tianming told her that he would go see her alone before they were close enough.

"Alright, I'll keep an eye out for you. It's only natural for young folks like you to want some intimate action.... Just make sure you don't make too much noise," Long Xiqian said.

Thankfully, Feiling seemed to be asleep. Tianming quickly made his way to Weisheng Moran. She seemed as charming as ever, her skirt fluttering as she held her iconic green umbrella. She seemed to have been waiting for quite some time. Pouting, she said, "What is wrong with you? This little fish came here to help you, yet you're ignoring me."

"Stop messing around. Just say what you came to say," Tianming said.

"Wow...." Long Xiqian only heard the slightest whisper and her ears flushed red as she thought, these young folks really get straight to the point, huh... There's no modesty at all!

She smiled as she imagined the budding romance, only for her expression to freeze. Wasn't Weisheng Moran a dreamless celestial? They were both male and female, right? She gave Tianming an even more impressed look. "A young hero indeed. Even his taste can be rivaled by none. What kind of wild pleasures he must be seeking out...."

Chapter 1487 - Power of the Azure Spirit

Long Xiqian watched Tianming and Weisheng Moran with deep interest as they stood side by side near a stream. He made sure to stand at some distance away to draw a line.

"Why'd you follow me this time? You want me to save you and fight the dreamless celestial emperor? Bro, I'm already in lots of trouble myself... please don't add more to that pile," Tianming said, almost begging.

"I know." She bit her lip and continued, "Given your situation, antagonizing the dreamless celestial nation is more unnecessary trouble—"

"It's good that you understand. It isn't that I don't want to save you... I just don't have that ability right now."

"You might not have it now, but I believe you will in the future!" Her green and white eyes shone with hope.

"In the future?" Tianming felt the onset of a headache.

"Big Brother!" Weisheng Moran paused for a bit, then continued, "I actually want to help you this time."

"Help me? How can you help?" The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's plight wasn't something an extra person or two could change.

"This little fish has a way to get the dreamless celestial nation to help the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect," she said with a serious look.

Tianming's interest was immediately piqued. At the end of the day, he was neither her enemy nor her ally in any true sense. He was just afraid of antagonizing the dreamless celestial emperor at this point in time. But if they could help each other out, it would be worth the risk. "What do you mean?"

"The Azure Spirit is far too important to the dreamless celestial emperor. If you threaten to destroy it, you can force him to mobilize the nation's army. You might even stand a chance to unite the Myriad Solar Sects."

"Are you sure? This little thing?" Tianming pointed at his left eye with a look of disbelief.

"That's right. It's really important to the dreamless celestial emperor."

"That doesn't sound right. If it's so important, why didn't he take it from me at the Azure Cloud Continent? I'm just a weak junior."

"That's because you're a Sky Palace disciple. No matter how important it is, he doesn't want to destroy one of your eyes so he's been looking into other methods to retrieve it. However, the Sky Palace seems to be waning in relevance lately, so the notion of taking your eye is looking more and more appealing to him. He might even be considering killing you."

The dreamless celestial emperor wasn't the sun emperor and his nation was still under the administrative umbrella of the Sky Palace. No matter his status, he couldn't just completely ignore them like the celestial orderians, who were all too eager to take Tianming's life for the death of Li Shenjian. However, the Sky Palace's influence seemed to be on the wane, resulting in Tianming's status no longer being as important as before. It would certainly be possible for the dreamless celestial emperor to take back the Azure Spirit by force.

"Are you sure that threatening him with the destruction of the Azure Spirit will be enough to get him to act?"

"Definitely! However, you must be prepared to pretend that you're willing to sacrifice one eye for the sake of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect," she said.

Tianming had never been afraid of such a small sacrifice. This time, the lives of Qingyu, Lingfeng, and everyone else hinged upon their victory. If it would save them all, one eye wasn't too huge a price to pay.

"I guess I can have the Seven Dragon Imperials take me to the dreamless celestial emperor to see if that'll work," he said after some thought.

"Yeah! You'll definitely see how nervous he is," she said with certainty.

This was something he had to consult with the Seven Dragon Imperials about first, though. If they could get the dreamless celestial nation to join this conflict, they would be able to alleviate most of the pressure on the sect. The dreamless celestial nation wasn't much weaker than them, after all.

"Alright. Since you gave me such a good idea, I'll do my best to help you after this. The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect needs to threaten the dreamless celestial emperor to rope him in, so our relationship with him will

be soured either way. I won't have any qualms about helping you then. Since it isn't safe for you here, I'll take you back to the Myriadragon Mountains," Tianming said, worried that she would be forcefully taken back by the dreamless celestial emperor if she was left alone. "No, I think it's better for me to hide by myself. It'll be easier for him to track me down if I'm surrounded by people. I think he's already guessed that I'm somewhere near the Myriadragon Mountains, but he isn't able to sense my location for now so I can still evade him for a few months."

With Long Xiqian nearby, Tianming couldn't ask about the details of her ties with the dreamless celestial emperor. "Are you sure you aren't coming along?"

"Yes."

After some thought, he said, "Alright, then we'll try out what you said. If it works, I'll make sure to make it up to you."

"This little fish will be waiting," she said, her face lowered and flushed.

"Make sure to hide yourself well."

"Okay. Just don't tell him that I was the one who gave you this idea. After this, I'll have to hide myself well."

"Alright, do that."

"I'm sure I'll be even safer if I can hide in your heart," she said, glancing at him for a reaction.

"Bro... please don't mess around." There was nothing he could do if she didn't want to come with him. He rubbed left eye and said, "Can you tell me what secrets it holds?"

"I don't know everything, but I can unlock it for you to use. However, the dreamless celestial emperor will go mad if he finds out. The threat will only work as long as it hasn't been activated."

"I guess we're better off not using it then."

"If we have a chance next time, I'll activate it so that he'll never be able to get any use out of it."

"Alright!" Since time was of the essence, he hurriedly bade her farewell and left to sort things out with the sect.

.....

When Tianming returned to Little Saintdragon Peak, he noticed that only the Saintdragon Emperor, Azuredragon Emperor, Greendragon Emperor, and Violetdragon Empress were there. Long Wanying was busy evacuating the young disciples while the other two were requesting help from other sects.

The Azuredragon Emperor had said that he would look for his aunt, Granny Yuanlong, at the Sky Palace; she was the only white-robed woman there. However, he had since returned. Given his sour expression, it was clear how it had gone.

The Sky Palace continued ignoring their pleas; they weren't fulfilling their responsibilities at all. If word of this got out, their reputation would fall to a historic low. Some rumors even said that they had submitted to the celestial orderians due to some weakness that they'd grasped. Either way, even with

Granny Yuanlong around, the Sky Palace seemed to no longer care about the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's survival.

That was more than just depressing; it was frustratingly unjust! The Sky Palace was completely undeserving of its reputation. All these years, their position among the Myriad Solar Sects had been nothing but a joke.

The sect could only save itself now.

Chapter 1488 - Abandoned Pill Pile

As the dragon imperials were overwrought and deeply troubled, Tianming returned with news of the Azure Spirit.

"Is that it?" The four elders solemnly stared at the little fish swimming in Tianming's eye as if eager to pry his eyelids apart.

"Do you see anything special about it?" the Azure Dragon Emperor asked.

"No," the Saint Dragon Emperor answered.

"It's really strange. It's an unusual thing, yet it completely fits his eye."

The four exchanged a look.

"The relationship between us and the dreamless celestial emperor is rather poor. Since we have something of his in our hands, we should take advantage of it if we can." The Saint Dragon Emperor came to a decision.

"I agree."

"It's a matter of life and death. What's left to fear?" The other dragon imperials were resolved.

"Tianming, prepare yourself. In a few days, I'll use the Azure Spirit to lure the dreamless celestial emperor out and secretly meet with him. Let's see how he reacts when the time comes," the Saint Dragon Emperor said.

"Understood!" Tianming nodded.

"If there's a threat or conflict at the time or, you might injure your eye—"

"It doesn't matter. We must win, even if it means losing my eye," Tianming said.

"Alright."

The gazes of the Dragon Imperials were filled with admiration.

"If it really works, this may be the breakthrough we've been looking for." The Saint Dragon Emperor grit his teeth.

"Hope it goes well!"

They knew in their hearts that it would be unrealistic to expect that they could force the dreamless celestial emperor into joining the war with just the Azure Spirit alone. There were too many variables, and each of them could prove fatal.

...

Just as they were about to leave, Lingfeng suddenly walked in, his expression ugly and eyes red. The Primordial Gate in his chest was spinning faster than usual.

"Brother Tianming, you're back?" He asked hoarsely.

"Yes. How's it going? Have you spoken to Qingyu?"

With unwavering resolve in his eyes, Lingfeng nodded and said, "I want to do something, not sit around and wait."

"This is a fight between the elders and powerhouses. There's nothing you or I can do." Tianming said helplessly.

Tianming understood Lingfeng's anguish. However, hundreds, or even a thousand years of cultivation was an insurmountable gap. Once the war broke out, it would be a battle of millions of constellations while the most they could kill was hundreds. Unless they could each kill upward of a million cultivators, they would basically be useless.

"I know it's no use, but I don't want to repeat the same thing, waiting for an answer and backing down. If I can grow stronger, even a little...."

He couldn't change the deaths of all eighty thousand of his people, nor could he resist being separated from Qingyu and sent to the xenomemory space. How would it feel to watch as his beloved was escorted to the gallows and do nothing while the sect faced a calamity? The resentment and grievance he felt was stronger than Tianming's.

"What do you want to do?" Tianming asked.

Sweeping his gaze past Tianming, Lingfeng looked at the four dragon imperials. "I'd like to ask the dragon imperials for divine pills. It doesn't matter what grade they are, I'll take what I can get even if they're broken or scrapped."

Tianming understood what he was thinking. Lingfeng wanted to quickly improve his strength without regard for his foundation or the stability of his strength and allow full play of the Primordial Gate's extraordinary power. It would be an even bigger shortcut than the one Xiaoxiao took. It wasn't a good thing, but it was his choice.

"Alright, I support you," Tianming said without hesitation.

Lingfeng was extremely excited because Tianming's support was what he needed most. Life was filled with risk; Tianming often risked his own life so how could he stop Lingfeng from making a desperate attempt? There was no predicting whether or not they would emerge victorious. Even if the destination was hell, he would still charge right ahead.

"If I miss this, I'll never have another chance in this life," Lingfeng said, his voice low and affectionate. Rarely did he appear so emotional.

When they turned to the dragon imperials, the four were looking at one another in dismay.

"How much do we have on hand? Give it to them," said the Saintdragon Emperor.

The Azuredragon Emperor and Violetdragon Empress shook their heads. "When Wanying set off with the juniors a few days ago, we handed over all the divine pills." The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect disciples were their descendants and the future generation. They needed the pills.

"I still have a few grade-six divine pills, but they've taken the rest. The Veildragon Palace currently holds all our divine pills," the Azuredragon Emperor said.

Their expressions were bitter; Lingfeng was too late. While Tianming tried to think of other methods, the Azuredragon Emperor walked up to Lingfeng and handed him three divine pills.

"Feng, you can use discarded pills? Are you sure? They're defective products, failures. Although it's undeniable that the materials for these pills are great, they're either ineffective, less effective, or even highly toxic. Some are even extremely harmful to the body. No one would take them."

"I'll be fine." Lingfeng opened the formation on his chest and revealed his Primordial Gate.

For the four dragon imperials present, a void in one's chest was an unbelievably strange thing. They stumbled back in shock.

"What's this? A hole in his chest?"

"Are you alive?"

They stared at Lingfeng, dumbstruck.

"I'm fine." Lingfeng was flushed with excitement.

"Azuredragon Emperor, do you have defective pills? With this thing, Feng can fully absorb divine pills, perhaps even defective ones. If you have any, you can let him try."

Tianming knew that the Azuredragon Emperor was one of the Myriad Solar Sects' top alchemy gurus. He was the second dragon imperial in the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect and his achievements in alchemy rivaled the Tumulus Pill God. According to the grapevine, he had successfully refined grade-six divine pills. An alchemy guru who had been practicing for more than a thousand years must have many failed products.

"Do you really possess such a miraculous ability? Aren't you the perfect pill tester for an alchemy guru?" After the shock wore off, the Azuredragon Emperor's eyes lit up.

"Let him try," said the Saintdragon Emperor.

"Alright. Come with me!" The Azuredragon Emperor wasn't one to procrastinate and left at once with Tianming and Lingfeng following behind him. Against the violent howling wind, they flew out of Little Saintdragon Peak. Tianming turned and looked at Lingfeng, whose eyes were filled with obsession. This time, the young man no longer cared about life or death.

"Feng has grown up."

If a person could throw caution to the wind and sacrifice themselves for love and responsibility, that was growing up. He knew what Lingfeng was planning—he was looking for an opportunity to duel Long Renshe and kill him without interference from anyone.

Chapter 1489 - Meeting The Dreamless Celestial Emperor

Lingfeng's plan was similar to the battle between Tianming and Li Shenjian. Tianming had succeeded. In a conflict involving honor—one that could arouse the interest of others as well as cause a sensation—the arrogant youths would have the opportunity to fight a one-on-one battle. However, the conflict between the two sides would definitely intensify. It was still uncertain whether or not they would have the opportunity to duel. And whether one lived or died would be even more unpredictable. This could very well be self-destructive, but Tianming couldn't stop him because he himself had been guilty of such behavior.

...

In the Earthdragon peaks, the Azure dragon Emperor took the two of them into an abyss, deep into the ground. It was pitch black and they could barely see their fingers.

"My pill pile is just up ahead. My way of alchemy is different from the Tumulus Pill God's conservative approach. I like to boldly experiment and combine different divine herbs to study their medicinal effects. After all these years, I've improved several formulations that'll earn me a glorious reputation that'll last throughout the ages. Of course, it's all because the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect has the conditions for my experiments. A thousand years of experimenting has resulted in countless defective pills, some of which are completely ineffective, too potent, have strange effects, or even highly poisonous.... Anyway, this is where I left them. After all, the materials for these pills are precious. Even if they're useless, discarding them would be a waste!"

The three soon arrived at an underground palace. There was a deep, covered well beside the Azure dragon Emperor. As he moved the well cover, he asked Lingfeng, "Are you sure? Don't underestimate these pills. I wouldn't want to poison and kill you."

"I'll give it a try," Lingfeng said.

"You're a brave lad!" the Azure dragon Emperor laughed.

The moment he removed the well cover, a unique fragrance emerged from the well. Tianming was assaulted by a combination of various scents. It wasn't the enticing scent of a pill, but a sour, sweet, bitter, spicy, and salty smell—a mixture so pungent one might faint from just a whiff of it.

Tianming took three steps back. "If you didn't call it your pill pile, I would've thought it was a septic tank!" Tianming pinched his nose.

"Nonsense! You can still smell a nice fragrance!" The Azure dragon Emperor scowled.

"That makes it worse...." Tianming rolled his eyes. Would it still be considered a pleasant scent if one were to smell perfume on top of the stench of feces? He couldn't stand it any longer and directly shouted, "It's worse than the Sworddragon Ocean Purgatory!" That was merely physical agony.

"You know nothing. Look at Feng, he isn't affected by it at all," the Azure Dragon Emperor scoffed. He was sensitive when it came to his achievements in alchemy. Even if they were defective pills, he would still inflate their advantages.

But just as soon as he praised Lingfeng, the young man held his stomach and retched, his face twisting in a grimace. The Azure Dragon Emperor's expression darkened.

"I'm fine!" Straightening his body, Lingfeng pinched his nose.

"Are you sure you want them?" Tianming shivered.

"Yes, give them all to me," Lingfeng said.

"Wow!"

Tianming stood beside the open well and used his black arm to look inside. It was clearly a pill pile, yet it seemed like there was a group of demons within. All kinds of defective pills were thrown together, some of which were in liquid form. After accumulating for such a long time, there seemed to be the howling of ghosts and wolves besides the nauseating stench from the fermentation and fusion. It was like hell on earth! The colorful pill mist had actually turned into various ghosts that floated around.

Drawing a large amount of defective pills that had almost been scorched black from below, the Azure Dragon Emperor threw them to Lingfeng. "Show me, then. If you can handle them, I'll hand over my entire pill pile to you."

"Yes!" With that, Lingfeng grabbed the pills and tossed them directly into his chest. His Primordial Gate spun faster as the pills were engulfed and visibly crushed in an instant and their odors were immediately swept away. Lingfeng's face slightly contorted as black mist washed over him, but it soon faded away. Gritting his teeth, he raised his chin and said, "See? I'm fine!" His look of indignation resembled a child.

The Azure Dragon Emperor circled Lingfeng as if he was looking at some monster, applauding.

"Goodness! If I'd met you earlier, I wouldn't have wasted so many divine herbs!"

"So you agree?" Lingfeng asked excitedly as he glanced at the ghosts in the well.

"Of course. The only reason I haven't thrown these pills out is because I don't want people to know that I've wasted so much. They're all yours as long as you can handle it... on the condition that you don't harm yourself," He warned.

"I know." Taking a deep breath, Lingfeng turned to look at Tianming and solemnly said, "Brother, I'm going down. Cover the well for me."

"You're going down? Can you handle it?" Tianming asked.

"Yes, I'll just think of it as the Infernal Soul Barrier." He rubbed his head and smiled.

The Infernal Soul Barrier was a nightmare, but he wasn't afraid. The xenomemory space was an even more terrifying nightmare, yet he had left the place even stronger.

"Alright!" Tianming nodded.

Lingfeng said no more. Driven by impulse, he jumped down. He had asked Tianming to seal the well so there would be no turning back. The moment he entered the well, colorful smoke rose from below along with another burst of mixed odors.

Tianming sent a few of Yin Chen's bodies down with Lingfeng. If any problems arose, he would immediately be able to discover them. Before the poor silver eggs could react, Tianming covered the well. In that instant, Yin Chen went mad. The pill pile that had been accumulating for a thousand years was its nightmare. It was desperate, even though only a small part of its body was exposed to the pills. It was impossible to get clean, no matter how many times it took a bath.

"Damn you... I hope... you die..."

Before it finished speaking, a loud thud sounded and it was quiet once more.

"You're all geniuses!" Sighing deeply, the Azuredragon Emperor looked at Tianming, then at the well cover.

Although it seemed like a happy scene, Tianming knew that Lingfeng's heart was filled with killing intent.

...

Two days later, Tianming headed over after being summoned by the Saintdragon Emperor. The Azuredragon Emperor, Greendragon Emperor, and Violetdragon Empress were present as well.

"Tianming, the dreamless celestial emperor responded. He's willing to meet with us alone. We'll choose the place and you'll come with us," the Saintdragon Emperor solemnly said.

"Alright."

Shaking up the dreamless celestial emperor wouldn't be easy; Tianming was prepared to sacrifice his eye and force a showdown.

Chapter 1490 - Dragonbound Valley

The Xuanyu Continent was located in the center of the Myriad Solar Sects. The continent was fragmented by several hundred different forces. Among them were more than eight second-rate sects. It could be considered one of the most chaotic continents of the Myriad Solar Sects. Excluding the Azurecloud Divine Tree, the conditions here were definitely superior to the Azurecloud Continent. Of course, it was far inferior to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect and the Myriaddragon Mountains.

Ironically, it was safe because of all the chaos. The Saintdragon Emperor built a secret base there hundreds of years ago in order to deal with situations like the current one. The base was located in a remote place among the mountains and ravines.

As a top-level formation guru, the Saintdragon Emperor and his confidantes spent hundreds of years building a grade-seven divine formation with layer upon layer of dense fog on the outside and defenses within. He named it Dragonbound Valley. The word "bound" carried a negative connotation because of its meaning. Thus, Dragonbound Valley was their prison. He had chosen the name in hopes that the juniors of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect would never forget that living there was no different to imprisonment, if they were to fall to such destitution. They couldn't dawdle or loaf about; instead, they

were to remember the deep hatred they carried on their backs and look forward to the day they could leave Dragonbound Valley and return to a world that belonged to them.

That required strength. There was nova source, divine artifacts, divine herbs, and the caeli of their elders in the valley. Although the cultivation resources there couldn't compare to those of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, everything they required was available.

Over the past few days, Long Wanying and Yang Ce were in charge and had already transferred the future of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect over. The entire process was kept as hidden as possible. Seeing that the juniors and their lifebound beasts had accepted the new place, Long Wanying couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

Compared to the Myriadragon Mountains, it was like a paradise. The juniors' youthful energy symbolized the future vitality of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. Long Wanying left a thousand solarians with them, all under five hundred years of age. They too were the future of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect and could protect the children. On the other hand, she was to rush back to the Myriadragon Mountains before the day of the wedding to lend a hand. After arranging everything, Long Wanying said goodbye to them.

"I've said everything there is to say. You must be tired of my nagging by now." She stood on the top of the mountain, with young, hot-blooded faces before her. In fact, they weren't willing to stay here. They wanted to live and die with the sect.

"But I'll say it again! Don't go out! Cultivating is the only thing you can do. If we emerge victorious, we'll return to pick you up. If we fail, you must keep the flames of hatred burning and remain firmly focused on revenge!"

"Yes!" Their eyes were red.

"I'm leaving." Long Wanying gritted her teeth.

"Farewell, Whitedragon Empress!" they shouted.

"Be good." Eyes red, Long Wanying left with Yang Ce.

The others watched the two until they disappeared.

Long Wanying had managed to relocate hundreds of thousands of people in complete secrecy. However, she was still worried. These people had the blood of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect coursing through their veins, but how could she be sure there would be no traitors? Although she had some concerns, she had no choice but to choose to believe in the Saintdragon Emperor's formation and the descendants of Xuanyuan.

"I hope everyone stays safe."

...

The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect and Dreamless Celestial Nation were both close to the south pole of the sun. The strongest forces of the Myriad Solar Sects were actually rather close to each other. With the rise of the Dreamless Celestial Nation, they had taken a large part of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's territory. At

the border, the two sides were like water and fire; there were countless disputes between them. However, now that the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was in a predicament, the border was peaceful.

The Dreamdragon Mountains sat amidst the fiery red nova source. There were volcanoes everywhere, scorching rivers of magma that flowed down from the top of the mountains, and hot mist that rose into the air. Fierce roars could be heard throughout the mountain range.

Someone had to watch over the Myriadragon Mountains. Thus, the Saintdragon Emperor took only the Greendragon Emperor. They protected Tianming as they entered the Dreamdragon Mountains.

Excluding the members of the Sky Palace, the dreamless celestial emperor was the number one expert in the Myriad Solar Sects. Even with leverage in his hands, the Saintdragon Emperor, who was ranked second and more advanced in years, was far from arrogant. This was obviously a dangerous path.

Tianming listened to the thunderous eruption of flames that sounded like there were thousands of troops hidden in the mountains. When they reached the center of the mountain range, they stopped at the top of an active volcano, staring at the black smoke as they waited.

"Dreamless Celestial Emperor."

The Saintdragon Emperor had once met him in the Voidsky Realm. As soon as the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had met with misfortune, the Saintdragon Emperor wanted to see him, but the man remained in Somnium City.

In the fiery red mist, a young man dressed in white appeared, his robes fluttering in the clouds like a scene straight out of a dream. His perfect countenance was almost too gorgeous. Upon taking a closer look, Tianming found that the dreamless celestial emperor was the male version of Weisheng Moran.

The face on the back of Weisheng Moran's head must look like him, Tianming said to himself.

"Is this person also a hermaphrodite? So his breasts are on his back? Wouldn't that make him just like a camel?" If it weren't for Tianming restraining it, Ying Huo would have flown over to his back to take a look.

The temperature rose. The dreamless celestial emperor glanced at the little blue fish in Tianming's left eye. Sensing his presence, the fish shrank and shivered, hiding in the corner of his eye.

"I've made our purpose clear through the transmission stone. I don't want to say more about the Azure Spirit. There's only one thing I wonder if you understand. Assuming the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect falls and we become the celestial orderians' lackeys, working for them to annex the Myriad Solar Sects despite being first on the myriad sect ranking, the celestial orderians can dispatch hundreds of millions of troops to lay low near the Dreamless Celestial Nation. If they want to swallow up the Myriad Solar Sects, you'll be the first ones they take down. Once they take over the south, they can invade the middle from both ends—will the Myriad Solar Sects have a way to survive?"

It was very clear, but the Saintdragon Emperor had no chance to point it out because the dreamless celestial emperor wouldn't see him. They were the two most powerful forces in the southern hemisphere and the core of the Myriad Solar Sects.

The celestial orderians occupied the entire northern hemisphere. Once they attacked, it would only be a matter of time before the Myriad Solar Sects were destroyed. Even if they weren't destroyed, the beastmasters would be enslaved by the totemancers from then on, and all resources seized by the celestial orderians. It was impossible for the celestial orderians to slaughter all beastmasters; however, they could subjugate and enslave them, suppressing them for thousands of generations. The population of beastmasters would eventually decline until there came a generation when the sun was made up of totemancers alone. In that way, a threat like the Ninedragon Emperor would never exist again.

"Please tell me your answer," the Saintdragon Emperor solemnly said.

The dreamless celestial emperor burst out in laughter, as if he were ecstatic.