

The Ages 1491

Chapter 1491 - The Place Of Eternal Life

Instead of responding to the Saintdragon Emperor when his laughter subsided, the dreamless celestial emperor glanced at Tianming and said, "Go back and tell her that although her fate line is broken and I won't be able to find her for the moment, she won't live long either."

Fate line? Weisheng Moran never mentioned it.

"So? What's your decision regarding the celestial orderians?" Tianming asked.

"A few days ago, the sun emperor and Torchdragon invited me to the Primodragon Cave, but I'm not interested," he indifferently said.

"Don't you want this?" Tianming pointed to his left eye. He was a ruthless man, so if the dreamless celestial emperor continued to avoid the important matters and dwell on the trivial, he might just gouge his eye out.

"Don't worry, I didn't say no. Since you have leverage, how about I bring a legion of ten million to congratulate the Ninemoon Goddess on her wedding day?" the dreamless celestial emperor said with a smile.

"Ten million?" The Saintdragon Emperor didn't expect such decisiveness from the man. On the contrary, obtaining his support so easily was almost frustrating.

"What if you don't do as promised?" Tianming asked.

"It's simple. Can't you just destroy your eye? You have something on me. Would I do nothing if you're in danger that day?" he said.

Weisheng Moran was the one who imparted the value of the Azure Spirit, but she was a dreamless celestial. Tianming couldn't be certain if that was her real intention. There was too much uncertainty to the entire thing. Was the Azure Spirit important? Perhaps Tianming only had one chance to verify that.

"That's great. I'll be waiting for you." Taking a deep breath, Tianming continued, "You should know that my eye is nothing compared to the countless lives."

"I'm surprised. What does the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect have to do with you? There's no difference if you come to the Dreamless Celestial Nation, is there?" He smiled.

Tianming couldn't be bothered answering him. On top of the protection and resources that the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had provided him, Qingyu and Li Wudi's involvement in the matter meant that he couldn't stay out of it.

"Your Majesty, I hope to hear the news of your legion a few days before the wedding. You know the significance of the Primodragon Cave to us. This time, we'll have to give it our all, even if it means sacrificing our lives. Once the war begins, the Myriad Solar Sects won't be able to escape. Neither can the Dreamless Celestial Nation," the Azure Dragon Emperor said.

"I understand. You don't have to be so long-winded. Haven't I already promised you?" The dreamless celestial emperor said with a wave of his hand. This was the end of the matter. Since he had made a promise, he wouldn't shed all pretenses of cordiality. He understood the Saintdragon Emperor's thoughts.

"Tianming, protect my Azurespirit. Otherwise I can't be sure if the Sky Palace will protect you." He laughed, disappearing in the fiery mist.

His last words demonstrated how small the Sky Palace's sense of presence was, which meant Tianming was in even greater danger each day that passed. Tianming turned to the Saintdragon Emperor. "That was a little too easy. Could he have a trick up his sleeve?" He had assumed there would be a fight.

"There's nothing we can do. When the time comes, we'll watch for movement from his legion, then decide what to do. We must reach out to other forces like the Emyrean Sword Sect and Divinemight Empire. We can pull them over to our side with the dreamless celestial emperor's willingness to join us." That was a good thing. The Saintdragon Emperor had managed to record the dreamless celestial emperor's promise through a formation.

"There's something off about him. He must be up to something." The Greendragon Emperor frowned.

"We'll study all possible motives when we return. Wanying is usually good at that," said the Saintdragon Emperor.

"Yes!"

With that, they made their way back.

"Go!"

More than three hundred thousand Yin Chens turned into three million cockroaches that entered the Dreamless Celestial Nation and migrated to Somnium City. They didn't have to listen for important news, but at the very least, Tianming would like to know if ten million dreamless celestials began moving.

...

After returning to the Myriaddragon Mountains, Tianming headed to the pill pile to check on Lingfeng. As soon as he opened the well cover, the stench drifted out and a black man crawled out, looking like he had been digging for coal.

"Are you okay?" Tianming asked.

"Yes," Lingfeng replied.

"That's amazing"

They were still waiting for a response from the other sects. Meanwhile, the Veildragon Palace and celestial orderians were preparing for the wedding and had begun decorating the Myriaddragon Mountains. Upon learning that they wanted to hold the wedding in the Primodragon Cave, the people of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect were furious. With each passing day, their anger deepened. As the wedding drew closer, the Myriaddragon Mountains resembled a bomb that could detonate at any moment.

...

In the ninth level of the Violetglory Pagoda, Tianming continued cultivating with the caelum imperius. The benefits could help Tianming advance several cultivation levels. The previous expansion of his Imperial Will was an exception. At the moment, he remained under the caelum imperius' guidance, upgrading his Lifesbane Will and Prime Tower. They could stabilize his five astral discs.

Time quickly passed, and in the blink of an eye, there were only ten days left until the wedding. After a long period of cultivation, Tianming's divine will had risen once more.

"Eighth-level Constellation! There's a huge gap between the Constellation and Solar stages. Even a first-level solarian is extremely powerful. Will I be able to take on a solarian with my current strength, including the cyclic constellation and all of my totems?" Tianming looked forward to it.

Unsurprisingly, his cyclic constellation wasn't effective in the wondersky realm. He didn't have the time to schedule a duel with Ye Chen, so he found an old first-level solarian instead. Although the fight was challenging, he won.

Tianming left the wondersky realm, unaware that news of his victory had caused another sensation on the Violetglory Star. This time, they said that Ye Chen was uneasy.

...

"Another breakthrough?"

The seven dragon imperials and Yang Ce gathered. With just a glance, Long Wanying had noticed his progress.

"It's just a minor breakthrough. It won't change anything," Tianming modestly said.

"It's a miracle. If you were born five hundred years earlier, the sun emperor would be nothing." Long Wanying's beautiful eyes lit up.

"Aunt Ying, are the arrangements ready?" Tianming asked.

"Yes."

"Do you have good news?"

"You can say that. Because of the dreamless celestial emperor, many sects have agreed to join us. With the excuse of attending the wedding, they'll send people to support us," Long Wanying said.

However, whether or not they would really provide assistance remained uncertain. It all hinged upon the dreamless celestial emperor and Northdipper Swordsage. Even if an army was at their door, these people could withdraw at any moment, just like the battle on the Azurecloud Continent.

"At least we're hopeful. I doubt we'll have to fight alone." Tianming sighed.

"This was only possible because of the dreamless celestial emperor's support, and you're the reason we have his support," Long Wanying said.

It was great that he could be of help.

"By the way, we're heading over to the Primodragon Cave. Will you join us?" Long Wanying asked.

"The Primodragon Cave?"

Tianming wanted to go, of course. That was the legendary place of eternal life!

Chapter 1492 - The Blood's Never Cold

The Primodragon Cave was located not too far south of the Myriaddragon Mountains. In fact, it was close to the Voidsky Flame Pillar. It was under a bottomless abyss, a place no outsiders could enter. Tianming followed the seven dragon imperials to the isolated spot. There was no one within a hundred thousand miles, only barren hills, rocks, and deep streams. Yellow sand melded with the fiery mist from the nova source so every grain of sand was calcined to a sharp, red speck. With the violent storm, hundreds of millions of grains of sand became lethal weapons. The place resembled a natural battlefield.

Facing the sandstorm, they crossed the mountains and ravines, opened a path with the dragonsprings, then passed through top defense formations set up by their ancestors to reach their destination. The scale of the defenses around the Primodragon Cave was comparable to that of the Myriaddragon Mountains. Although both were controlled by the dragonsprings, the characteristics of the two formations were different.

In the Myriaddragon Mountains, the dragonsprings controlled different formations and had different functions. For example, the Sworddragon Ocean Purgatory was controlled by the azure dragonspring. On the other hand, it took the combination of ten dragonsprings to disable all of the formations around the Primodragon Cave so the legions could enter. Even if one possessed nine dragonsprings, they could only take a certain number of people with them by forming a protective circle with the dragonsprings.

There was something even more unique about it—even if the celestial orderians used the dragonsprings to open a path, they would still be heavily attacked by the formations, unless they could gather all ten dragonsprings. Thus, entering the Primodragon Cave wasn't easy. The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's ancestors had specially introduced such requirements to guard against the celestial orderians. Otherwise, the sun emperor would have already invaded the cave with the Veildragon Palace's dragonsprings.

...

The shield formed by the four dragonsprings protected them from the fiery sand that collided with the surrounding surfaces.

"We're here!"

A deep pit appeared in front of them. When they looked down, it almost felt as if their souls would be sucked inside and swallowed. It was the entrance of Primodragon Cave.

"Our ancestors are said to have found the dragon of origin after jumping into the Primodragon Cave."

Tianming was filled with reverence upon arriving at this solemn place.

"Just jump." The Saintdragon Emperor went first, followed by the other dragon imperials and Tianming. The feeling of falling into a bottomless pit was similar to the one in the Flameyellow Continent that led to the Abyssal Battlefield. The drop seemed to last forever as their speed increased. At their fastest, they

suddenly rose instead, decelerating until they came to a complete stop. Then, a cave entrance appeared above their heads.

"Isn't it magical?"

The sun was spherical, not flat with two sides like the Flameyellow Continent. How could this be? Did they pass through the core of the sun and reach the north pole, the celestial orderians' territory? It was impossible because the fusion formation was underneath the ground.

The fusion formation sealed the nova source. It would have taken them much longer to travel through the sun, and during the process, they would be surrounded by nova source. There was only one passage through the sun—the fusion formation passage within the Sky Palace in the south. The celestial orderians in the north possessed one as well. In theory, the passage would link the north and the south. However, the Sky Palace and celestial orderians must have sealed the entrances on their sides to prevent the other party from going across.

We might not have traveled through the sun, but there was the feeling of falling and then rising, which shows how strange the Primodragon Cave is. No wonder it's called the place of eternal rest. The curiosity in Tianming's heart soon disappeared. As soon as he jumped out, he was greeted by the sight of an ancient, solemn world. The archaic atmosphere made his hair stand on end.

"This...." Tianming's eyes widened as he took in the grand scene before him with a look of incredulity. The seven dragon imperials had expected his reaction. All of those who visited the Primodragon Cave for the first time would be shocked by its magnificence. Majestic? Moving? Epic? Tianming couldn't find words to describe it all. He knew that the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had considered the Primodragon Cave the mausoleum of the dragon imperials for millions of years, but he never expected it would be like this.

In front of them was a towering yellow mountain that was larger than the Great Saindragon Peak outside. It resembled a tower; the higher one went, the more important they were. The Saintdragon Emperor and the others called it the Primodragon Mountain. Ancient tombstones hundreds of meters tall were erected on the mountain. Millions of years of history, countless generations of inheritance, and a hundred thousand dragon imperials who had made great contributions toward the future generations of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect were forever buried there.

The burial sites of these dragon imperials stretched from the foot of the mountain to the peak. However, the word 'burial' wasn't appropriate because the dragon imperials weren't buried in the ground. There were only tombstones, no superfluous underground mausoleums. Tianming had been shocked at first glance because the former dragon imperials stood beneath their tombstones, like a hundred thousand living people looking down at them, which brought a sharp intake of breath from Tianming. He wasn't afraid, but surprised that the dead hadn't been buried.

Some ancestors were from millions of years ago, yet they stood in front of their tombstones. What a frightening scene indeed. There were various dragons coiled around each tombstone; every dragon imperial had an average of four or five dragon lifebound beasts. Thus, there were more than four hundred thousand of them on Primodragon Mountain, each huge and majestic. Their eyes were open, expressions lively. Some were coiled up, others were high up in the air. They were all different, but the one thing they had in common was unparalleled power!

Was this a mausoleum? If he had entered the Primodragon Cave without knowing it was a mausoleum, Tianming would have thought that the dragon imperials and their lifebound beasts were alive. His scalp tingled; it was like he was staring face to face with each and every one of them. The higher he looked, the older the corpses were. These ancient corpses appeared different from the people of today. They were hunchbacked with bigger arms and were almost apelike.

"These are people from millions of years ago!" Tianming blankly looked around.

What was so magical about Primodragon Cave that it could preserve these corpses to this day? From a distance away, Tianming could feel the majesty of the dragon bloodline. They looked as if they had just departed.

In the Flameyellow Continent, Great Emperor Xuanyuan had preserved his physical body for two hundred thousand years through the orderian cauldron, but he had long since lost his strength and his flesh had decayed. His situation was completely different from the former dragon imperials.

"Aunt Ying, why haven't they been laid to rest? Even if their bodies can be preserved, why place them upright?" Tianming asked.

"I'm not sure either. The practice was handed down from our ancestors. We're afraid to make an exception, even to this day," Long Wanying softly said.

Die standing? Did it symbolize some sort of spirit? While Tianming pondered, the Saintdragon Emperor took them up the mountain. Eyes wide, he stared at the former dragon imperials and their lifebound beasts. With the tombstones as the center, the former dragon imperials and their lifebound beasts seemed to have merged into one, frozen for all eternity.

"Aunt Ying, why do I sense vitality from their astral physique? It feels like they've just passed away? There's still astral force within their albi." Tianming was astonished. He knew what a new corpse looked like. The clothes and weapons of these dragon imperials had disintegrated, yet their flesh was preserved forever. Their blood was still warm! How could it be possible?

Chapter 1493 - The Figure In The Plane Of Origin

Long Wanying understood Tianming's doubts. "The preservation of these bodies is the miracle of the Primodragon Cave. In Orderia, there are many people who want to be buried here after death. After all, everyone hopes their body will still be warm after millions of years," she explained

Tianming was bereft of speech. "I know too little about the mysteries of the cosmos." If it weren't for respecting these seniors, Tianming would have approached the bodies to study them closer.

Right then, Long Wanying gave him a chance to do so as they followed a path to the top of the mountain. Long Wanying turned to the Saintdragon Emperor. "Please give me a moment...."

"We'll go with you." The Saintdragon Emperor nodded.

Tianming noticed the red in Long Wanying's eyes and the sadness in her expression. It seemed she wanted to see someone first. If his guess was right, she was going to see the former Whitedragon Emperor, Long Junxuan, her late husband. His was the last body to enter the Primodragon Cave so his

position was lower. Following their gazes, Tianming found a tombstone that was fairly new. In fact, many tombstones on the top of the mountain were almost crumbling, but the bodies were still fresh.

Not long after, they arrived in front of a white jade tombstone, beneath which stood a man dressed in white. He looked young and had a sunny, gentle demeanor and eyes as bright as stars. If he were still alive, he would be the backbone of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, one that would surpass the Saintdragon Emperor and suppress the Torchdragon Emperor. After all, the Saintdragon Emperor was already old. All of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had grieved over Long Junxuan's death. Back then, they had been caught off guard when the sun emperor placed a false charge on Long Junxuan and murdered him. In just one move, the future of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had been snuffed out.

Long Wanying hadn't been here for a long time. At this moment, when the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was in danger, she approached this familiar man, tears streaming down her cheeks. It had only been several decades since his death so his was the most well-preserved corpse. He seemed alive, with blood coursing through his veins. His starry eyes gazed at the woman in front of him with love and affection.

Tianming could feel his majestic power, which rivaled the Saintdragon Emperor. After a person died, their divine will would dissipate. Without it, astral force would disperse as well. He didn't even have a divine will, yet astral discs existed in each of his albi. How was it possible? Tianming swept his gaze across the entire cave. From start to end, there was only shock in his eyes.

Long Wanying stretched out her trembling hands, stood on tiptoe, and kissed Long Junxuan's cheek. Although her eyes were red, she was smiling like she was recalling the first time they met. Then, muttering to herself, she placed her ear on his chest. There was no doubt that his heart was no longer beating, but she was content to lean on his chest. Perhaps in her heart, he was merely sleeping, just like their younger days when she would count the newly-emerged hairs on his chin after he had fallen asleep, exhausted from cultivating. How could she have imagined then that they would be separated by life and death? Biting her lips, she cried and laughed. The happier she was, the more painful reality was. The sun emperor and celestial orderians had caused this torment.

"Wanying," said the Saintdragon Emperor.

"I'm okay." Releasing her grip, Long Wanying wiped away the tears and forced a smile. "I'll just think of it as reliving the sweet memories of the past. It doesn't matter. Perhaps it'll soon be time for me to stand by his side forever. Then the effort I devoted toward becoming the Whitedragon Empress wouldn't be in vain."

"We must defend the Primodragon Cave, otherwise...." The Saintdragon Emperor sounded hoarse.

Looking up, the hundred thousand ancestors of the Dragon Emperor, solemn and majestic, opened their eyes wide, examining their younger generation. Once the Primodragon Cave was captured, everything here would be gone.

"Without the origin, there's no future. Millions of years of inheritance would be destroyed."

Their clan, culture, and inheritance would be extinguished. As long as they were unwilling to yield, they knew that this would be a fight to win or die. Annihilation—what a terrifying word it was.

"Let's keep going," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

Everyone's throats burned, but none of them spoke. Instead, they followed the Saintdragon Emperor up the mountain, one step at a time. Along the way, Tianming turned and looked at each dragon imperial. They were all staring into the distance; perhaps the Myriadragon Mountains were in that direction and they were watching over their descendants. The significance of a hundred thousand former dragon imperials from ancient times to the present was extremely profound.

"We're almost there," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

Tianming couldn't help but wonder what they were doing climbing to the peak. They were already high up on the mountain.

"Look." Long Wanying patted his arm lightly.

Following her gaze, Tianming looked up. Only then did he discover an upside-down lake above the peak of the Primodragon Mountain. The lake was about a kilometer across with water so clear that it was almost completely transparent, so Tianming didn't notice it at first. The lake was exceptionally calm, with not a ripple in sight. Although it was upside-down, not a drop of water fell, which was yet another oddity.

They continued to climb up. There were no tombstones around. Upon reaching the top of the mountain, the only thing in sight was the mirror-like lake.

"What is this?"

"The plane of origin," Long Wanying replied.

"Is this where the dragon of origin was born?" Tianming asked.

"Yes. It's also a sacred place for us." Pulling Tianming to her side, Long Wanying and the dragon imperials knelt under the lake and began chanting in a low voice. Although Tianming couldn't decipher what they were chanting, they seemed extremely pious. Hence, he stopped asking questions. About half an hour later, the chanting stopped and rays of light appeared on the plane of origin, enveloping what seemed to be the figure of a person. It was blurry, so he couldn't tell who it was.

"Who is it?" Tianming asked Long Wanying in a whisper.

"I don't know. It might be the Ninedragon Emperor," Long Wanying replied.

"Might be?" Tianming added.

"The Ninedragon Emperor's death remains a mystery. There's many theories. You didn't find his body in the Imperial Ninedragon Tomb, did you? He should've been buried in the Primodragon Cave, but his body isn't here so according to rumors from our ancestors, he entered the plane of origin to follow the dragon of origin's trail," Long Wanying explained.

The Ninedragon Emperor had existed hundreds of thousands of years ago. If he entered the plane of origin, it would have happened a long time ago.

"What happens if you enter the plane of origin? There must be many who have entered," Tianming speculated. He was eager to plunge inside and take a look. After all, the plane of origin had a history of millions of years.

"Since ancient times, all those who entered, including the Ninedragon Emperor who allegedly did so, have never reemerged. They're considered to have perished," Long Wanying said.

"So this leads to a world from which you can't return?"

Chapter 1494 - Reappearance of the Ninedragon Emperor

Tianming looked at the lake and saw his own reflection.

"That's right.... Perhaps there's many more dragons of origin in the world the original one came from," Long Wanying said.

"I see.... Do you think the sun emperor has his eyes on the plane of origin?" Tianming asked.

"That's right. As he's a celestial orderian, he needs to obtain all of the dragonsprings to be able to come in here."

"He can't be looking for a dragon of origin to form a blood pact with and become a beastmaster, right?" His words completely stunned the Saintdragon Emperor and the rest.

"Tianming, why would that even occur to you?" the Saintdragon Emperor asked.

"Because a totemancer that's also a beastmaster might be really strong, especially if they're the best in both cultivation methods."

The rest exchanged glances with one another. The Saintdragon Emperor said, "Normally, totemancers look down on beastmasters, but the Ninemoon Goddess is famous for being both.... This really is a possibility that has never occurred to us before. Naturally, we still have to defend this place regardless of his goals."

If it weren't for the fact that the Veildragon Palace had more dragonsprings, all they had to do was keep their dragonsprings here. But a fifth of the former Dragon Imperials were ancestors from the Veildragon Palace.

"They heavily wounded and oppressed us, all for the Primodragon Cave...." No matter what the sun emperor's goal was, there was already nothing more that they could lose.

"That's right. Aunt Ying, what'd you all chant just now?" Tianming asked.

"It's a special word left behind by the Ninedragon Emperor. The pronunciation is really weird, but he instructed us to chant it in times of danger. Naturally, there's many versions of history from all the way back. For all we know it could just be a prank of some kind. Either way, we already finished chanting it and there's no reaction like before, aside from the appearance of this figure," the Saintdragon Emperor said,

"I see." Tianming looked at the projection of the figure on top of the plane of origin and took a deep breath. Suddenly, he noticed something coming from his spatial ring. "The Grand-Orient Sword?" What did it have to do with the Ninedragon Emperor? He took it out and noticed the nine-colored scale embedded on its handle brightly shining, the light of which touched the plane of origin and caused the lake to shine with lights of many different colors.

"Tianming!"

The Seven Dragon Imperials were all delighted to see that reaction. The nine-colored scale left behind by the Ninedragon Emperor had caused the plane of origin to change. As they cried out to him, the power from the scale traveled into Tianming's body through the sword, seemingly trying to drag him inside. Once he entered, there was a chance that he would never come back, but Tianming didn't feel afraid for some reason. Deep down, he knew the scale wouldn't harm him.

As expected, when he was less than a meter from the lake's surface, the scale no longer moved. By then, the sword had pierced part of the way into the surface, with half of the scale entering the plane of origin. The lakewater began flooding toward it as it continued shining bright light into its waters. Tianming was floating in mid-air, holding his sword. Then he looked up and stared at the surface of the lake with both his eyes and the third eye on his hand, only to notice that the projection of that person was still in the lake. In fact, it began looking clearer and clearer as more light poured in. He vaguely heard the cries of dragons coming from the five gigantic dragons that flew behind that person, so close yet so far, as if they were in a completely different world. That figure had barged its way into Tianming's vision like a heavy hammer.

"Ninedragon Emperor!" It was actually him! There was a horn on his forehead that looked like the Saintdragon Emperor's and his limbs had turned into dragons, all of them sporting dragon heads. The four dragons on his body and the five dragon lifebound beasts were why he was called the Ninedragon Emperor. The most eye-catching part was his perfect and sculpted physique, clear to see from his unclad form. Even his manhood was shaped like a small dragon, seemingly pointing at Tianming and grinning. It wouldn't be wrong to call him the Tenedragon Emperor instead.

"Is he still alive?" Tianming could see the Ninedragon Emperor seemingly swimming around in the lake with his arms wide open. However, he knew that no matter how lifelike he looked, the other corpses in Primodragon Cave were just as lifelike. That didn't change the fact that they were still dead... yet the smile on the Ninedragon Emperor's face gave him the chills.

"Emperor!" Tianming couldn't help but call out. The legendary figure almost seemed to be looking straight at Tianming. The five dragons behind him seemed to be coming toward Tianming. Soon, the lake began rippling. Tianming widened his eyes as the man himself turned into four dragons to join the five. Apparitions of nine dragons came flying out of the lake and entered the nine-colored scale. Tianming wasn't sure if they were ethereal spiritforms or corporeal bodies, but at the very least, he knew that the caelum of the Ninedragon Emperor still remained in the hands of the Veildragon Palace.

After a short while, the dragons completely disappeared into the scale. Now it shone with a different light as it slowly came out of the lake with the sword, returning to normal. Tianming also fell back to the ground. Everything had happened so quickly that none of them could react to it. When they looked up again, the lake surface above them was so still that it looked like a reflective mirror again. Not a single ripple was left and the cave was as quiet as it had been before.

"Tianming?" The others came running toward him as he found his footing, still rather shocked. They saw that the nine-colored scale on the sword had seemingly flipped over. Having absorbed something from the lake and changed, its surface was now slightly rippled and it was far smaller than before. Tianming

could vaguely see the Ninedragon Emperor's apparition within it, as if that being had returned to the scale.

"What in the world is this? A caelum? Or could it be the vita or terra, or maybe something else?" One thing was for sure: that was no corporeal body. It looked like a kind of soul, but what kind? Even the other Dragon Imperials had no idea. "Perhaps it's something the Ninedragon Emperor left in the plane of origin... or maybe he himself turned into that thing," Tianming guessed.

"That could be it. Whatever the case may be, the Ninedragon Emperor passed away eons ago. It's impossible for him to come back to life," the Saintdragon Emperor said. They looked up again at the silent lake surface. Nothing else happened; it was all over.

"How do you feel, Tianming? Did the Ninedragon Emperor give you something? Can you sense any changes?" Long Wanying asked.

"Let me try." Tianming looked closely at the Grand-Orient Sword.

Chapter 1495 - The Fiend of the Pill Pile

Tianming wanted to feel out the nine-colored scale through his sword using his caelum, but there didn't seem to be a connection with it through the sword. So he touched the scale directly. The moment he did, his finger seemed to sink into it. The scale had actually turned into a kind of liquid similar to the plane of origin's lake!

The liquid seemed to flow into his albi through his finger, even stretching out to his arm. That instant, he felt like his finger was about to explode—and that was a finger on his black left arm, the strongest part of his body. It now glowed with different-colored light, exuding a kind of powerful aura. Using his third eye, he could clearly see the part of his finger that entered the scale. Within it, he saw a figure with five dragons holding Tianming's finger.

"The dragon soul prevails and Xuanyuan lives on!" Those words came ringing through his fingers in his mind and soul. His sea of consciousness was completely disrupted as the words seemed to become engraved on his vita itself. They contained the essence of the dragon. The voice rang deep, as if it wasn't said by just a single person, but rather a hundred thousand rulers of the sect all at once. He felt a warmth flowing into his body from the scale, all of his albi feeling the sudden clash of energy.

When he suddenly felt pain, he drew his finger out in a hurry. After that, the nine-colored liquid left his body and returned to the scale, causing the raging astralforce around him to calm down.

"How'd it feel?" the Saintdragon Emperor asked.

"It felt like the Ninedragon Emperor was giving me power, but it was a little too much to endure."

"What kind of power? Divine soul power? Astralforce? How are you able to control it without divine will?"

"I don't know. It felt really weird, like the power was flowing into my body through the liquid almost like nova source." Nova source had to be converted to astralforce before use; that much was common knowledge.

The dragon imperials exchanged glances after hearing his explanation.

"Let's go back and properly study it," the Saintdragon Emperor said. With the rest of the clan still at the Myriadragon Mountains, the Dragon Imperials didn't dare to be away for too long. Tensions were only rising as the wedding date approached, and conflict could break out at any time.

.....

After returning to Little Saintdragon Peak, Tianming tried putting his finger in the scale a few more times, but it always ended up with him breaking it off because he couldn't endure it. They tested it for a few more days, but they couldn't figure out how it worked so they set it aside for now. They had thought the change in the plane of origin could help the sect somehow.

After they left to work on other tasks, Tianming continued studying the changed scale and trying to communicate with the Ninedragon Emperor within, to no avail for now. With the wedding date approaching, the atmosphere grew heavier. The future of the sect now seemed to be in the hands of the sun emperor. The wedding wasn't going to be that simple.

.....

Every few days, Tianming checked on Lingfeng at the waste pill pile. The smell that wafted out of it whenever he opened the entrance was incredibly unpleasant, even for him, and he couldn't imagine how Lingfeng could possibly take being in there for so long. Even the Soulfliend entered a few days ago. Fortunately, it didn't have any sense of smell, or it wouldn't be able to stay inside for long.

"Feng, come out," Tianming said.

"No. I'm at a crucial point," a deep voice replied. Tianming could tell how much struggle and dedication Lingfeng was experiencing as he refined those waste pills that were not only toxic, but of conflicting properties as well. Forcefully using them could harm the body and even damage one's foundations.

"Are you really fine?" Tianming asked one final time.

"I am. Don't worry," Lingfeng said, gritting his teeth and smiling.

Life wasn't easy by any means, and even people like them had their own hardships. None of them could breathe easy with the sun emperor looming over them. Tianming knew that Lingfeng was putting himself through a hellish struggle to protect the ones he loved, something that Tianming himself was doing as well. As much as he wanted to tell Lingfeng he could count on him, he knew there was probably little he could do in a war on this scale. So, all he could say was, "Make sure you don't lose your heart!"

"Definitely!" Lingfeng no longer had any energy left to talk, using the simplest of language and putting the rest of his attention on struggling with the rampaging forces of the pills' effects. If Tianming went down there, he would see that Lingfeng's skin had turned completely black—not only that, his skin and eyes had turned black as well. In fact, his flesh seemed corroded to the point that some of his bones were visible. His handsome face now looked completely charred, and there was even some black substance evaporating from his tongue.

He slowly got up and approached another pile of pills, stuffing them into his chest. The Soulfliend slammed its chest and groaned, but all Lingfeng did was smile at it as he continued stuffing pills into his body. The vortex in his chest began grinding them down and a black substance began permeating his entire body like countless insects spreading out under his skin.

"Ugh..." He fell face-first on the ground, breathing hard as he opened his eyes wide. Then he got back up, supporting his body with his shaky arms.

"Feng, stand up!"

"Brother Feng, do your best! We're with you all the way!"

"You must grow strong and chase after the life you want!"

"You're doing great! Just a little more!"

Faces began appearing in his vita as the voices rang out. They were always there; Lingfeng was never alone.

"If you want to take her with you, keep running forward! Don't turn back, no matter the obstacles!"

"Kill anyone who tries to stop you!"

"Kill them!"

Were those the voices of his own inner demons, or the eighty thousand souls of his kin within him? The black miasma seemed to weigh down on his entire body like a heavy mountain.

"Kill..." he groaned. Then he opened his arms wide and his Primordial Gate spun rapidly as black blood dripped all over the ground.

Chapter 1496 - The Thief That Cried Thief

Time was like a rampaging beast that couldn't be stopped. The only thing Tianming could do was make sure Yin Chen kept an eye on the sects while he cultivated to check if there were more troops coming in from outside. As most of the sect members had returned to the Myriadragon Mountains, the sect's two continents were left undefended, allowing anyone from the celestial orderians or Myriad Solar Sects to reach the mountain range.

There were only a few days left until the wedding. These past few days, a new alliance had formed and assembled an army of eighty million. They had already entered the realm of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, and it was said that around eight thousand factions of the Myriad Solar Sects were part of it. It was an even bigger alliance than the one led by the Emyrean Sword Sect, a sign that the dreamless celestial emperor had far more influence than the Northdipper Swordsage, not to mention his own force of ten million.

However, it was still tough to say whether they would really support the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. Long Wanying said, "The million troops gathered by the Northdipper Swordsage last time were elites that were ninth-level constellers and above. They were akin to a normal force of six to seven million led by the Northdipper Swordsage alone. This time around, however, the eighty million troops gathered because of the dreamless celestial emperor and us on the pretext of coming to attend the wedding celebrations, but there's no singular leader. They're led by their own respective leaders so they have numbers, but they aren't united.

"The dreamless celestial emperor had no intent on gathering a large force to begin with. Like the Northdipper Swordsage, they all have their little cliques. Who knows what their intentions truly are? We

can't even be sure who'll fight and who'll just watch when the time comes. We might fare even worse if we count on them. Given the distance they stationed their troops from us, it's a sign that they intend to act depending on the flow of battle."

Tianming was rather convinced. The army had indeed come because of the dreamless celestial emperor, who'd done so for the sake of the Azure Spirit. His casual agreement to their terms was initially doubtful, to say the least. With his leadership and the pleas of the Dragon Imperials, an army of eighty million was assembled. It just so happened that the sun emperor had also extended invitations to those factions, so they had a good reason to come to the Myriad Dragon Mountains. For now, most people of the Myriad Solar Sects merely saw themselves as observers. They would probably stay out of the fight unless the celestial orderians obviously had the weaker hand.

"So we should pay attention to the actions of the Northdipper Swordsage and the dreamless celestial emperor. If they help, they'll draw in the rest of the alliance to help. Guess we'll just have to wait and see if the dreamless celestial emperor's ten million troops are here to watch the show."

Not even eighty million troops could change the pessimistic outlook of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. Tianming and the rest knew what kind of people stood at the top of the sect rankings. The dreamless celestial emperor and Northdipper Swordsage's actions would affect the whole Myriad Solar Sects. Even if the rest hated the celestial orderians, they wouldn't act if those two didn't.

"Aunt Ying, the Veildragon Palace informed the sun emperor about the arrival of the army, but the sun emperor simply told them to proceed as usual without worry," Tianming said. As the one who made all the plans was the sun emperor, the Torchdragon Emperor and the rest didn't know what to do next; there was even less chance for Tianming to predict their actions.

"Have Yin Chen keep a close eye on what they do. It's almost the day of the wedding now," Long Wanying said.

"Got it." Tianming informed Yin Chen about it, then his expression changed. "Aunt Ying, the Veildragon palace received another instruction from the sun emperor. They were told to come to us and grumble about the arrival of the army."

"So they want to pin it on us and use it as a justification for the war, eh," she said, smiling. Knowing that, they could make plans in advance.

.....

A group of nearly a thousand people had gathered outside the Little Saintdragon Palace, all of whom were elite solarians. On the other side were the Seven Dragon Imperials. Strictly speaking, the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had more elites on their side. The tens of thousands of people who gathered outside the peak seemed far more domineering.

The Saintdragon Emperor coldly asked, "Why have you come, Veildragon Palace?" The two sides were staring off at each other.

"Veildragon Palace? Saintdragon Emperor, the Veildragon Palace is no more. There's only the united Xuanyuan Dragon Sect," the Torchdragon Emperor said.

Many elites broke out laughing at the notion. "Say what you came to say, Torchdragon Emperor," some said. No matter how much he insisted that they were one sect, their opposition was clear as day. Even if their bloodlines had come from the same origin, the Veildragon Palace would forever be maligned for siding with the celestial orderians.

"I only wish to ask the Saintdragon Emperor why you've gathered an army of eighty million before the marriage ceremony, a historic moment. The army has surrounded our sect. Are you trying to serve us up to the enemy on a silver platter?" the Torchdragon Emperor sternly said.

"It's got nothing to do with us. They came on the sun emperor's invitation as wedding guests. I don't understand why you're so nervous. Did you do something that you should be worried about?" the Saintdragon Emperor asked.

"The sun emperor only invited the key figures to come."

"Said key figures are important to their respective sects. It's the first time they've been invited to an event by the celestial orderians, so it isn't the least bit surprising for them to come heavily guarded. Didn't your Ninemoon Goddess come with twenty million guards as well? If we're to proportionally match that, we should have eight hundred million guards, given the number of key figures that came on our side!" Many others agreed with this sentiment. They had already come up with this justification far in advance. Hearing that, the Torchdragon Emperor and the rest merely snickered.

Chapter 1497 - The Sun Emperor's Two Moves

After a hearty laugh, the Torchdragon Emperor squinted at the Saintdragon Emperor. "The way I see it, you're the one who betrayed our ancestors and the sect. You're trying to hand over the Myriadragon Mountains to outsiders. The marriage between one of our kind with a celestial orderian represents a historic step in normalizing relations between the north and south poles of the sun. As the top-ranking sect, it's our heavy responsibility to strive for peace for the other factions. Yet you allowed everyone else straight into our territory... Saintdragon Emperor, do you feel no remorse before our ancestors?"

People laughed at hearing his take on events. It was the thief crying thief. What he said didn't matter, it was just argument for argument's sake. The only reason they even bothered with this public discussion was so they could take the moral high ground once the battle started and have an appropriate justification for involving the celestial orderian troops in the fight.

Most, if not all wars required just cause, even if one had to lie to themselves about having just cause. Only then could criticism from their own kin and descendants be avoided. Too many times had war broken out, citing peacekeeping or rescue operations as a reason, yet that hadn't prevented any bit of raping or pillaging that came hand in hand with such conflict.

Now, the Saintdragon Emperor and the rest had been branded as those who were stopping peace from being achieved between the Myriad Solar Sects and the celestial orderians thanks to such a peculiar explanation. Those of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had nothing but mockery for that joke of an excuse.

The Saintdragon Emperor shot the Torchdragon Emperor a thumbs-up. "Nice thinking. Your in-laws are about to hold a marriage ceremony at the graveyard of your ancestors and you're allowing outsiders like them to defile our sacred land, yet you're still standing up for them. This is shamelessness taken to a whole new level. I thought the clan of dragons would be proud and of upstanding character, but now I

grieve to realize that no such person exists in the Veildragon Palace. You're all just living examples of dastardly filth!"

The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's cultivators cheered and echoed the sentiment. Their loud demands for the Veildragon Palace to leave was a heavy weight pressing on the chests of those of the Veildragon Palace. Bloodlust between the two groups had reached the peak, thanks to the wedding ceremony. The leaders on both sides were all too aware that a battle to the death would occur the moment they heard that the Primodragon Cave would be the venue. Even though they'd come from the same origins, they had to spill each other's blood. It was all thanks to the sun emperor's machinations, which fanned the flames of war. This meeting was held to establish who was in the right by coming up with justifications for the bloodshed that was to come, but it was clear which side was righteous and which side wasn't.

.....

After those from the Veildragon Palace left, the other Dragon Imperials left to make preparations for war. By now, negotiations had fallen apart and there was no turning back from the upcoming bloodshed. The twenty-five million troops from the Ninedragon Army had joined up with another five million, who were guards that had been stationed at other cities and settlements. In total, they numbered thirty million. There were even a billion normal folk who were fourth-level constellers and below that came to the mountains to volunteer, all of them scattered and hidden in the forest and mountains. Even though they were quite weak in this war of the gods, they were set on fighting to the death for the sake of their pride and survival.

They all understood that once the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was lost, so would the dragon beastmasters be. When the ones at the top fell, the ones below would be enslaved and mistreated. The fall of the Myriadragon Mountains would mean the fall of their kind; they were willing to fight even while they didn't control all the formations, as they lacked the relevant dragonsprings.

In a war like this, corpses had to pile up in order for their homes to be defended. Coupled with the eighty million reinforcements, it seemed that they had a huge chance of winning. That said, the sun emperor wouldn't fight a battle he had no chance of winning. For all they knew, the chances the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect thought they had could be just wishful thinking. A billion volunteers was nothing but a herd of confused sheep in the face of trained, elite fighters. Without a formation that they could contribute energy to, they weren't of much use at all.

Not to mention, Yin Chen and the informants of the sect had noticed the departure of another thirty million celestial orderian troops from the north of the sun claiming to be in-laws coming to attend the wedding ceremony, which now had a staggering fifty million celestial orderian 'guests'! Add to that the ten million from the Veildragon Palace, the wedding would be attended by sixty million people, twice the number of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's troops.

The Veildragon Palace justified it by saying it was a response to the eighty million outsider troops that had gathered in their territory. By now, war had seemingly spread across the whole sun; it was ready to break out at any moment.

Reports kept coming in that celestial orderian reinforcements were gathering at the borders of the Myriad Solar Sects' territory. For instance, the celestial orderians were eyeing the north of the Azurecloud Continent. The nearly hundred million celestial orderians made the entire Myriad Solar Sects

tense about the upcoming conflict. Even the eighty million outsider troops at the Myriad Dragon Mountains seemed a little panicked, having left their factions undefended. If the celestial orderians launched an attack, innocent civilians could end up as casualties, causing many among them to retreat before the battle had even started. Roughly ten million had already left, and nobody knew how many of the seventy million that remained would still be there on the wedding day.

"As long as the celestial orderians station troops at their border, the eighty million troops would worry and not be ready for a fight." That left only the southernmost faction, the dreamless celestial nation, unafraid of enemies at the borders.

"There's always another sneaky tactic that'll trump the former, eh...." The sun emperor's two moves, sending the 'in-laws' and gathering troops at the border, were enough to neutralize the eighty million reinforcements. He had completely grasped the complex internal relations within the Myriad Solar Sects and exploited their weaknesses using a brute force approach. The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had been served to him on a silver platter and he could eat it however he wanted, whether piece by piece or the whole thing in one gulp.

Chapter 1498 - Diviluna Eternalight

There was only one day left before the wedding. Tens of beautiful ladies in waiting were panicking outside the Dragonfang Springs.

"The goddess still hasn't allowed us to enter! What should we do?"

As they panicked, Li Yunxi, clad in snow-white armor that accentuated her figure, came in. She held a treasure chest and wore an expression of joy. "Move aside," she commanded.

The maidservants watched her enter.

"What's that?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's part of the goddess's outfit tomorrow!"

"Could it be the bride price from the celestial orderians?"

Though they were all curious, none of them dared to get too close. They listened closely for anything within the quarters.

Li Yunxi entered the hall, only to be stunned. The girl before her was holding a moon-white blade, looking at her. She could feel her killing intent from her cold, white eyes. "Goddess, the sun emperor sent you the dowry. You'll be the most glamorous person during the ceremony tomorrow. Please take a look," she said as she put the chest down.

"Leave," Qingyu said.

"That won't do. I have to put this on you today and make adjustments. Here's His Solar Majesty's exalted blood. I also brought it along," Li Yunxi strictly said as she took out a vial with golden blood that had a trace of red. The dowry appeared to be a divine artifact. "Goddess, this is the most expensive dowry to ever be given, as well as the most beautiful wedding dress. It's the number one armor in all of Orderia, the grade-eight divine artifact Diviluna Eternalight. Its history goes back three million years.

Nothing short of it would fit the grandest wedding ceremony ever to be held. It's a perfect match for you... I'm sure you'll like it once you see it.

Qingyu immediately turned to leave, having not the slightest interest in the exalted blood.

"Goddess, do you not like Long Renshe?" Li Yunxi finally asked. By the time she did, Qingyu had already walked back into the hall. "The problem is that you're His Solar Majesty's daughter, the Ninemoon Goddess. Nobody other than Long Renshe would be a good match for you."

"Leave." It was the same reply.

"Goddess, I'm afraid I won't be able to comply today," Li Yunxi coldly said.

A third person appeared in the hall, completely covered in a bloody aura that seemingly turned the surroundings into a hellish environment the moment she appeared. It was like there were countless corpses on the ground. She was clad in a blood-red dress and had frizzled, unkempt hair. Her skin was purple and green and she looked unimaginably ugly, like a female wraith that had crawled out of the depths of hell, though she seemed to have forgotten about her horrifying looks and even her cold smile was filled to the brim with confidence.

She took the vial of golden blood from Li Yunxi and stretched her hand out toward Qingyu right as she was turning around, grabbing her by the neck and pressing her against a desk.

Qingyu widened her eyes at the sight of the nightmarish appearance, struggling to push the hand away to no avail. She was turning pale and couldn't even speak. The newcomer was none other than Li Wushuang. She smashed the cover of the vial and stuffed the blood into Qingyu's mouth, causing it to immediately assimilate. Only then did she loosen her grip. Then, with a hoarse, ugly voice, she said, "Be obedient and do what you're told. You'll be the most beautiful you'll ever be tomorrow. After that, you'll become like me. Treasure it while you can, girl."

She looked at Qingyu's bane-rings and smiled even harder. She was just like the sun emperor in how she forced her will on Qingyu with brute force. There was nothing Qingyu could do to resist; she could only accept her fate. Qingyu pressed her own hand down, glaring at Li Wushuang as the exalted blood permeated her body. Then the Diviluna Eternalight inside the chest resonated with her.

"You really lucked out. Even I wanted the Diviluna Eternalight. It's a perfect match for my Skymoon Holyfiend," Li Wushuang said. Those were grade-eight divine artifacts, one a refined blade and the other a set of armor that could even take the form of a wedding dress. It was the most beautiful divine artifact that had ever been crafted and had used the best divine ores available.

"I don't want it!" Qingyu said, to Li Wushuang's surprise.

"Haha, you truly are an interesting one. Why resist? Don't tell me that you have someone else you like," Li Wushuang said, but there was no reply.

"I hate love. It's the most disgusting thing in the universe. I can smell its stench on you. Tell me. Who's the one you love?!" she grumbled as she dragged Qingyu along by her clothes and tossed her to the ground at the entrance.

The maidservants outside were shocked at the sight and scattered. Qingyu got up, gritting her teeth and coldly saying, "I do have someone I like. What's it to you?"

"Now that's huge news!" Li Wushuang gleefully said. She approached Qingyu so close that her eyeballs that looked like they were about to fall out almost touched her face. "It has nothing to do with me, but I'll tell you in advance that you have no choice but to accept fate's plans for you. There is nothing you can do on your own. You're merely a pawn in someone else's game. The one you like will forever be in a different world from you!"

"Oh? Do you feel good about that?" Qingyu said with a mocking tone.

"Of course."

"You're a shallow, loveless person. That's why you're so happy when the love of others gets trampled and destroyed."

Li Wushuang widened her eyes, her teeth chattering. "Then... let's see who'll have the last laugh. Qingyu, you'll soon be just like me, got it? You're exactly like I was when I was younger, from head to toe." She gripped her hands together so tight that they audibly snapped. She was feeling incredibly agitated.

"You're wrong. You're nothing like me at all. I'd rather die before I reach your point. Do you know what I'm saying? I'd rather die than become an ugly freak like you! And I'm not just talking about your outer appearance!" She pushed Li Wushuang aside and went back into the hall, leaving her standing there seething with rage, her eyes filled with deathly resentment.

Chapter 1499 - Bad News from Dragonbound Valley

Long Renshe stood at the courtyard of the Dragonfang Springs and was just about to knock on the door, only to hear all that had transpired. He closed his eyes and slowly drew back his hand, tightly clenching it into a fist. His expression began to contort. "Dad... does she mean she'd rather die than accept me?"

"What are you talking about? Marriage is one thing, romance is another. It's enough that she's the daughter of the sun emperor," the Torchdragon Emperor said. "Let's forget about meeting her and head back first."

"Haha... she's been here for quite some time, right? Today's the day before our wedding and I managed to enter for the very first time, only to hear that she already has someone she likes...." Long Renshe was both amused and angered.

The Torchdragon Emperor lightly smacked his head. "This isn't important, got it?"

"Then what is?"

"Power and authority."

"Where is it, then? Even if you rule the Myriad Solar Sects and wipe out the humiliation we've suffered, we'll still be subordinate to our in-laws."

"It's much better than before. We must know when to be satisfied with what we have."

Long Renshe closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Even after serving them for hundreds of thousands of years, I only have a feeling that we're still just...."

"Just?"

"Cannon fodder? Dogs?"

"Shut it!"

Long Renshe no longer said a word. But the question in his heart still persisted: they served a group that didn't share blood ties with them. Would the stronger side really treat the weaker side as their friends?

Right as the Torchdragon Emperor left the Dragonfang Springs, a celestial orderian cultivator came out. "Torchdragon Emperor, there's important news!"

"How important?"

"Really! The informant we planted among the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect has information about the hundreds of thousands of young disciples of their sect!"

"State it." The Torchdragon Emperor immediately sterned up.

"They're no longer inside the Redlotus Worlddragon Formation. The Whitedragon Empress personally evacuated them to the Dragonbound Valley. It's said that the Saintdragon Emperor built that place to protect the young blood of the sect. It's protected by a grade-seven defense formation! This has been verified by an informant among the disciples within!"

"I see...." The Torchdragon Emperor's lips gradually curved into a smile. "So they're moving the young generation away to protect their legacy for the future.... Isn't the Saintdragon Emperor considerate? Why'd you bother to report this? Surely we can't completely exterminate them, right? They're just children. It'll be a shame if they all die."

Everyone present broke out laughing, knowing how devastating that would be to the sect. The Saintdragon Emperor and the rest might just barf out blood when they heard the news.

"To be fair, they didn't have a choice either. We're going to fight at the Myriaddragon Mountains, and the formations here are controlled by the dragonsprings. Not even the Redlotus Worlddragon Formation would be able to protect them, so they had no choice but to evacuate them."

"It's a shame that there's also those among them who'd sell out on their own for personal benefit!"

"What do you mean 'also'? We don't have anyone like that," the Torchdragon Emperor said. The informants had only betrayed the sect, not their kind. Race traitors were the worst in their eyes, after all, but political differences were a wholly different issue. It seemed that parasites existed within every group, no matter how prestigious.

"Send a small group to deal with them. I want the fighters on their side to hear the news that all of their children have been slaughtered before the battle starts tomorrow," the Torchdragon Emperor said.

"Yes!"

"Resistance... how laughable." Fighting the celestial orderians was suicidal.

"Torchdragon Emperor, is the fight going to happen tomorrow for sure?" someone asked.

"It depends on whether they stop us from going to the Primodragon Cave." Going there required the cooperation of the Dragon Imperials and the four dragonsprings they still had. If they didn't cooperate, that meant they were going to stop them.

"I see. The battle is unavoidable, then." There was no way the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect would just relent. They suddenly felt a chill at the mention of that. At the entrance of the Dragonfang Springs was a wraith in red.

"Lady Wushuang!" Everyone immediately knelt on the ground.

"The Dragonbound Valley?" There was a bloody light in Li Wushuang's eyes.

"That's right," the Torchdragon Emperor said.

"I'll go," she said, licking her lips with her ghastly tongue.

"Yes!" The Torchdragon Emperor hurriedly nodded.

"Tell this to Long Wanying two hours after my departure: she can trade her life for the lives of those hundreds of thousands of youths," she said with a wry smile.

"Understood. However, whether Long Wanying chooses to die, the young disciples will die either way, right?"

"What do you think?" Li Wushuang shrugged.

This was the perfect chance. The marriage would start tomorrow and the Seven Dragon Imperials would have to defend the Primodragon Cave. Their armies were already in position, and nobody would be able to go to Long Wanying's aid at a time like that, given their already low numbers.

Li Wushuang dragged her blade along the ground as she headed north, her mind filled with nothing but thoughts of wild slaughter. "Long Wanying, once people like you all die off, there'll no longer be someone as disgusting as you! I'll mark your grave with the heads of the hundreds of thousands of disciples!"

She began maniacally laughing, though it ended up sounding like the ghostly wail of a banshee. Even after she left, the Torchdragon Emperor and the rest still shuddered.

.....

As the seven thousand Earthdragon peaks' formations couldn't be activated, they were incredibly hard to defend. As such, the thirty-million-strong Ninedragon Army headed toward the Primodragon Cave. They planned to use the terrain in front of the cave to defend it from attackers coming from the Myriaddragon Mountains, with their backs to the cave. That would prevent them from being encircled. That meant having to give up on the Redlotus Worlddragon Formation, but it was too small to cover a side of their huge army in the first place.

The cave would be where they made their final stand, so they had no choice but to send their descendants and disciples away. However, the thing Long Wanying was worried about happened. Even

when their survival was at stake, someone had sold them out. She had done everything she could to maintain secrecy along the way, even sealing off the formation at the Dragonbound Valley to prevent transmission stones from going out. She didn't know how word of that got out at all. As such, she felt crushed when she heard the news from Tianming.

"Why... why can't we all just survive? Why sell us out at a time like this?" she helplessly said, tears flowing.

"They're all sick!" Tianming didn't understand their motivations either. They were all in the same boat, after all. Now there was no way to tell who the informant was. The leak had put the sect in a completely passive situation. They were facing far too many difficulties, with the disciples unable to be moved to another place. They would only be cannon fodder. There was no way the sect could protect them, either, now that the army was already in place to defend Primodragon Cave. It only took one person for hundreds of thousands of lives to be at risk!

Long Wanying had already done her best, as it was difficult to manage every single transmission stone while moving so many people. Other groups might have even more people who caved to such pressures to betray their own kind. Yang Ce and the Dragon Imperials were all enraged. The only thing they could count on would be the formation the Saintdragon Emperor had set up there. It would still be salvageable if it was peacetime, but they couldn't afford to leave their stations now. Li Wushuang wanted Long Wanying to die no matter what.

She stood up and said, "Since it leaked from my end, I'll deal with the consequences. Li Wushuang wants to kill me, so I'll head out immediately to stop her!"

The others cast a pained look at her, the youngest among them and the most hopeful. She should have been kept the safest, yet if she were to leave now, she would be at huge risk.

"Yang Ce, go with her," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

"Understood."

"No, I'll go myself. They need you here," Long Wanying said.

"Heed my orders! Don't waste time. I order you two to leave now," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

"What about you—"

"We'll hold the fort," the Azure dragon Emperor said.

They couldn't afford to waste any more time. Thanks to Tianming finding out about this in advance, they still had a chance. If they arrived sooner than her, Long Wanying could possibly hold the formation and stop Li Wushuang long enough for Yang Ce to return to help.

"Alright!" Long Wanying nodded.

"Aunt Ying," Tianming called to her, "relax. Li Wushuang has my bonegnaw ants in her. They've been dormant this entire time, but we can finally put them to use. However, you must be careful. She's recently grown much stronger!"

"Noted." She squeezed out a smile at him. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Aunt Ying. Live on!"

"You too." She immediately left with Yang Ce for the final showdown with Li Wushuang. Perhaps this had been her destiny all along.

.....

The groans and cries at the waste pill pile grew louder and louder as the wedding date approached. It was heartrending, yet the Primordial Gate was akin to Lingfeng's heart. His heart seemed to beat more and more faintly as time went on while the gate spun faster and faster. In the darkness, the youth crawled out of his seemingly possessed state step by state, oozing a black miasma all around him.

Chapter 1500 - The Gods of the Sun

The three thousand Skydragon peaks comprised the inner region of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect and were in the place with the highest nova source density. Flaming storms could be seen all over. Amidst the storms were fifty million celestial orderians, most of whom had fire-type totems. There were also ten million troops from the Veildragon Palace, making up a total of sixty million.

There was a sea of people at the Great Saintdragon Peak, all of whom were celestial orderians. Their kind once called themselves the gods of the sun, embodying the hot-blooded and short-tempered nature of the denizens of the sun. Their fire totems and bane-rings made them resemble divine incarnates of flame, while the crimson markings on their bodies detailed the mighty exploits of their kind. Since their rise, the Myriad Solar Sects had gone through hard times.

The divine moonrace was elegant and loved all matters of refinement, but that was because they hadn't inherited the core trait of celestial orderians. As the gods of the sun, they had no need for refinement, only brutish, fiery might and unyielding courage, both of which had no doubt played a huge part in their absolute domination. The ancient and deep aura of the Xuanyuan dragon peoples could only just barely match up to that kind of tenacity.

The fifty million totemancers around the Great Saintdragon Peak made it seem like there was an endless sea of fire burning around the Myriaddragon Mountains. The ten million Veildragon Palace troops looked far too weak compared to them, being nothing but stray dogs the celestial orderians fed. They were there to take the brunt of the first wave of attacks for them and seemed to be of completely different make.

The sound of their heartbeats alone made for a loud rumble. Even though this was supposed to be a wedding, the sixty million troops organized in neat ranks showed nothing but a sign of war. It was clear that the celestial orderian side was stronger, especially with how organized their troops were and the fact that they obeyed orders without question. They made the strongest army in all of Orderia with their unyielding discipline and lack of any fear of death.

The punishment for desertion was harsh: one's entire family would be slain. Throughout millions of years of enforcing these rules, an ironclad army was formed from soldiers who didn't fear death. The Myriad Solar Sects, on the other hand, focused more on cultivation and enjoyed carefree freedoms. Most second-rate factions didn't even have armies of their own, like the Azuresoul Palace for instance. Given that, even if both sides had a similar number of troops, the celestial orderians would be far superior.

In addition, lifebound beasts could easily be separated from their beastmasters on the battlefield, resulting in their overall might being lowered. Totems, on the other hand, could never be too far from their users. As such, if the reinforcements from the Myriad Solar Sects didn't join in, the thirty million troops of the Ninedragon Army would easily be overwhelmed. The Ninedragon Army was already the best-organized army on the side of the Myriad Solar Sects. Given the odds, the sixty million celestial orderian and Veildragon Guard troops were filled with a murderous confidence.

They watched as their leaders appeared at the Great Saintdragon Peak. There were four generals: Li Xiaoyan, Apothecary Li, and an old couple that had just arrived two days ago. Additionally, there were the Torchdragon, Voiddragon, and Blooddragon Imperials. The seven of them combined weren't one bit inferior to the Seven Dragon Imperials. Additionally, it was also said that the sun emperor himself would be present. The person with the highest status, Li Wushuang, on the other hand, wasn't present.

Even then, those seven elites weren't the main characters of the day. Instead, they were the two youths, one of whom stood beside the Torchdragon Emperor. He was clad in grand groom attire, an armor of black and gold with a chestplate forged from the best divine ores, depicting a mighty nine-headed black dragon. He was none other than Long Renshe, son of the Torchdragon Emperor and the bearer of the legendary Contradragon Talent of the Veildragon Palace. His achievements far surpassed those of his peers, already being a solarian and making him the indisputably best pick to be the perfect match for the Ninemoon Goddess. His entrance garnered loud cheers from countless celestial orderians.

Celestial orderians respected the strong by nature. That was why even though Long Renshe was the heir of the Veildragon Palace, he enjoyed the protection of fifty million celestial orderians, who worshiped their emperor and naturally respected the one that even their emperor acknowledged.

"Congratulations, Veildragon Palace! Congratulations, Torchdragon Emperor!" they all said in unison.

Shocked and delighted, the Torchdragon Emperor said, "Thank you for your kind acknowledgment, celestial orderians! My infinite thanks to His Solar Majesty!" Though those bootlicking words sounded trite, it was necessary for him to humble himself and consider this marriage a gift.

"Long Renshe!" he chided his absent-minded son with a low voice. Long Renshe only bowed to the fifty million celestial orderians when he was reminded to. Though he had only wanted to make a simple show of it, his father pushed his back down even lower.

"Why don't you just get me to kneel to them, then?" he said with a stern look. Fortunately, nobody paid attention to him as the true guest of honor had arrived.

Qingyu, the Ninemoon Goddess, was the only one that could make the celestial orderians go wild. The Diviluna Eternalight took the form of a flowing spiral dress dotted with stars, shocking everyone. Even though her face was obscured by a veil, her lunar radiance caused millions to stare with their mouths agape. She was far too beautiful. Both herself and her moonlight aura were all that was needed for this to be called the grandest wedding in all of history. Little did they know that Li Yunxi had to control her to make sure she didn't make a mess of things.

Li Yunxi herself was a top beauty among celestial orderians and her curves were nicely highlighted by the formal dress she wore. However, the one who should have been in her place was Li Wushuang.

With the core figures assembled, the Flamefiend Lord, Li Xiaoyan, and the Torchdragon Emperor rose, representing each of their factions. Together, they said, "The time has come! As the rulers of the Myriaddragon Mountains, our peoples will now head to the Primodragon Cave to welcome our guests for this auspicious occasion!" Countless people cheered in response.

"Depart!" With both sides already assembled at the Great Saintdragon Peak, they headed for the Primodragon Cave together along with their army of sixty million.