

The Ages 1501

Chapter 1501 - The Youth Who Doesn't Turn Back

Things were going completely according to the sun emperor's plan.

"What do we do next, Dad?" Long Renshe asked, not turning to look at Qingyu behind him.

"We head to the Primodragon Cave," the Torchdragon Emperor said.

"I know, but everyone knows that the Seven Dragon Imperials and their army of thirty million are there."

"So what? The formation of the cave requires all ten dragonsprings to open. When we meet them, we'll open the cave together and let the countless guests from the Myriad Solar Sects witness your marriage, which will finally bring peace to both our sides. I'm sure the ancestors in the cave will be touched." He seemed to be in a rather good mood today, speaking as he fiddled with his mustache.

"Dad, you know that isn't going to happen."

"Ahem...." He glared at his son and said, "Since you know that, why bother bringing it up?" They'll definitely stop us, so we have to wipe them out first to take their dragonsprings. Then we'll trudge over their corpses and hold the wedding! It might be a little bloody, but at least your marriage with the Ninemoon Goddess will still be a done deal."

"Dad, I'm only asking whether we'll fight the moment we meet them. The sun emperor isn't here yet." Long Renshe still felt ill-prepared, not to mention that holding a wedding right after a bloodbath was unnerving to say the least.

"Naturally, we have to wait for the sun emperor to give an order. So we might have to wait a bit before His Solar Majesty arrives."

"I see...." It wasn't surprising for a youth like him to feel unsettled by the state of affairs. He took a deep breath. Even though he was the groom, he felt a cold chill coming from the goddess behind him that unnerved him.

The leaders led the sixty million troops toward the Primodragon Cave. It looked like a sea of fire was spreading and threatening to set the Ninedragon Army alight. Long Renshe felt like he was standing atop flaming clouds, feeling the temperature around him changing. He also felt a burning heat from within that was almost scalding. The killing intent of the celestial orderians was almost infectious.

"Son!" The Torchdragon Emperor smacked his shoulder hard. He was being lifted up along with the atmosphere as well. Looking in the direction of the cave, he could vaguely see the mass of thirty million figures. He grit his teeth and said in a low, but maniacal voice, "Back then, the ancestors of our Veildragon Palace were driven from our homes like dogs.... They swore that we would rise again and return to make them pay the price one day. We submitted to other forces, and that allowed us to finally fulfill that oath!" That was the rhetoric that had been ingrained into him by the generations that preceded him and every single member of the Veildragon Palace who yearned to return to the promised land.

"Yes, yes!" They weren't doing this for power or authority, merely the fulfillment of the wishes of their ancestors! As they approached the Primodragon Cave, their hearts felt a burning passion to paint the place red with the blood of their enemies.

"I wonder how the dead souls of our ancestors in the cave will see us when we trample over the corpses of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect!"

"Hahaha!"

Their laughter even sounded distorted. This was the very thing they'd dreamed about since their ancestors had begged the celestial orderians for protection. It would be sixty million troops against the Ninedragon Army's thirty million, one from the south and the other from the north. The two forces gradually approached, the land between them completely silent without a single person to be seen.

The eyes of the celestial orderians seemed like they were on fire. They looked like flaming stars in the misty void generated by the dense nova source, all of them intent on burning the Ninedragon Army to the ground. Their gazes carried so much pressure that it could make one suffocate, which was only exacerbated when all of them deployed their totems. The world seemed like it was going mad with fervor as they let the blood rush to their heads.

The ground rumbled as sixty million people marched toward their destination, shaking the mountains around them. A dense smell of blood and gore could already be sensed even before the battle started. Needless to say, this would be a war on such a scale that had never occurred in the past hundred millennia, waged between gods whose astral bodies shook the world as they marched. The battle at Taiji Peak Lake seemed like child's play in comparison. Even the rocks and boulders between the two armies were crushed by the sheer willpower radiating from both sides. Nobody dared to enter the area between them to endure the pressure of more than ninety million gods.

Yet nobody could have expected a pitch-black figure to appear between both armies like a mad ape, leaving a trail of smoke along the way as it screamed and rampaged. It smashed through an entire mountain and revealed its three faces with their mouths opened as it roared toward the army of sixty million with its six arms extended. It was like an ant showing up between two rhinoceroses charging at each other! However, this three-headed six-armed beast was far from being as small as an ant, and was easily spotted.

That instant, the fiery atmosphere turned much more eerie. Everyone turned their gaze to the beast. None from the celestial orderian side bothered to comment on it, intent on just crushing the lone figure and his beast with sheer force. All of a sudden, a black figure emerged from the chest of the beast, wielding a black staff. His eyes locked straight onto Long Renshe as he charged toward the army of sixty million alone.

"Is that fellow mad?"

Countless others said something similar, annoyed.

"Send someone to take that person out," Li Xiaoyan said. However, nobody expected that the Ninemoon Goddess would shake off her red head covering while Li Yunxi was distracted, revealing her moon-white hair.

"Goddess?"

People were shocked to see their goddess tearing up as she maddeningly stared at the lone figure, who charged toward her like a moth to flame. Long Renshe clearly saw everything and recognized Lingfeng, feeling a rage building up within him.

Chapter 1502 - Woman

The land outside Dragonbound Valley was incredibly desolate, making it rather well concealed. Coupled with an illusion formation, the whole place was a maze that could trap someone for eternity. However, it was hard to say whether it would do much against elite celestial orderians. It was a matter of luck.

Currently, an uninvited guest had shown up in the vicinity, an ugly woman with a ghostly face dressed in a bloodstained white robe and wielding a fine crimson blade. Her eyes flashed violet and red as she made her way through the illusory fog. Then a demonic totem emerged from her, completely covered in green and purple. It looked like an infant with a disproportionately large nose covered in hairy spikes.

"Let's see... no matter how intricate this formation is, it can't hide the scent of living bodies... I'll let you guys enjoy a feast today," Li Wushuang said, cackling.

The totem plastered itself on the ground. It looked humanoid, but had long legs that resembled those of a spider. It rapidly scuttled along the ground like an insect, zig-zagging around as it dragged its long tongue across the ground, letting out sharp baby-like sounds as it went about. Though it was a totem, it seemed to leave some kind of thick, slimy residue that could melt a thousand-meter hole into the ground. The infantile voice and Li Wushuang's demonic laughter reverberated through the entire area. Many young disciples that were doing their best to cultivate inside Dragonbound Valley heard the sound.

"Who's crying? It sounds like a child."

"It's too loud to be a child. It can't be...."

"Someone's laughing outside, too, how terrifying."

Panic began to spread as the pale-faced youths huddled toward the center of the valley.

"It must be some kind of elite! Spread out and hide! Don't gather in large groups!"

Long Longlong had quite a bit of authority, thanks to his relative experience. The other disciples did as they were told and hid in their respective safe spots. That way, even if someone barged in, they wouldn't be able to kill everyone in a short time. The only thing left for them to do was pray.

"Over here," the totem said.

Li Wushuang looked toward the southeast. The commotion coming from within the valley couldn't escape her sight. "Found you, little ones."

She cracked a wide, beaming smile that was cold and disgusting at the same time. If she saw her reflection now, she would no doubt puke. Fortunately, she had tossed the mirror away long ago and no longer cared about her looks; it was good enough that she was powerful. She felt a mad rush as she felt the power coursing through her.

"Was he right after all? I'm a twelfth-level solarian now... few can stand up to me in all of Orderia. Even the Saintdragon Emperor is getting old. As for the Myriad Solar Sects, if we don't include the Sky Palace, the dreamless celestial emperor's probably the only one who can stand up to me." Back then, she'd had a really high status, but her power was far from close to being the number two in all of Orderia.

"If I become the sun empress one day, can't I use his Divine Sun Palace to roam the astralscape of order? That'd be a completely different kind of life, huh?" She seemed to have her thoughts in order, or in as much order as someone driven mad by power like her could have. As she cackled, she shuffled toward the valley, her body stinking to the high heavens.

At that moment, two figures descended before her, a man and a woman, the latter of whom was an incredible beauty. Long Wanying's elegance had only grown more refined as she aged, with every bit of her skin seeming perfectly sculpted. Time didn't seem to leave the slightest mark on her. With her dreamy looks, it made her so much easier to approach. Even just standing beside her brought one comfort. And Yang Ce, her loyal protector, was right beside her.

Long Wanying angrily glared at Li Wushuang, who felt a sour tug in her heart. She looked at Miss Popular, who was loved and adored by everyone, and even saw her own reflection in her eyes! Could her power make up for her lost beauty? No! Absolutely not! Old wounds reopened as her rage and despair welled up within, her emotions pouring out from them like toxic blood.

"Aaaaaagh!" she madly howled, clutching her head. Then, she raised the Skymoon Holyfiend and pointed it at Long Wanying. "I... will... make you... minced meat!" She had gone raving mad. Tears of blood flowed down into her ghastly mouth as killing intent soared.

"Li Wushuang!" Long Wanying's whole body shuddered as she fought to glare at the madwoman. "It's your fault that my husband and son are dead! You ruined my life! You're the source of all the pain I suffered! Yet you still want me dead? I don't get it. You started all of it! You think you deserve to hate me?! It should be the other way around! Your family was the one that ruined you! How dare you blame me for all of it?!"

"Because you deserve to die! No question about it!" Someone like Li Wushuang would never find fault with herself. As far as she was concerned, Long Wanying was the target of her envy who had stopped her from getting everything that she ever wanted. "I can't wait to relish in torturing you to death! Let's see who has the last laugh when I make you as ugly as I am now!" She charged in and began her assault, erratically switching from laughing to crying.

"Wanying, the fight over there has started. We won't be able to go back until we deal with her, so let's give it our all," Yang Ce said.

"Alright!"

This was the moment she could get her revenge. Every time she closed her eyes, she saw the sight of her husband and son dying. It had been that way for all these years. Solitude always reminded her of the pain of loss. It was the kind of loss that she would never fully recover from all her life. However, though she hated Li Wushuang to the bone, she would never become as cruel as her. She held her sword tight, her heart shaking. "Xuan, my beloved, and my dear Tian, I'll avenge you today."

She had held herself back from killing Li Wushuang even when she was out cold, but now there was nothing left to fear. The celestial orderians were going to go all out on her sect, anyway. Her eyes were completely bloodshot as she finally let her pent-up hatred loose. Even her sword seemed like it was covered in a bloody aura.

Li Wushuang's eight completely different totems emerged. Long Wanying felt like she was seeing a completely different person. In Li Wushuang's youth, her totems were beautiful goddesses of the moon, aloof and dreamlike. But now they were all fiendish demons!

"How powerful...." Yang Ce and Long Wanying furrowed their brows. "She's at least at the twelfth level now."

This was a nightmare. The two of them were only tenth-level solarians.

Chapter 1503 - Ultra Spiritarray

Despite the seething hatred she felt, Long Wanying still kept her wit and reason. Before an elite on the level of the dreamless celestial emperor, the two tenth-level solarians barely stood a chance.

"Let's mount a fighting retreat toward Dragonbound Valley!"

Even though the valley's illusory formation was unable to hold Li Wushuang back, they still had the grade-seven divine formation laid by the Saintdragon Emperor and the rest, called the Pentaphase Dragonhide Formation, which was more or less as powerful as the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation. No doubt it would take quite a bit of pressure off their backs.

Two beams, one black and one white, shot through the mountains and rivers, backing toward Dragonbound Valley as they were chased by a harsh red figure that glared at them like a predator glaring at prey, maniacally chasing them down.

"Hehehehe!" Ghastly laughter came pouring out of Li Wushuang's mouth. The Skymoon Holyfiend tore the air around it apart, letting out a chilling aura that tore the nearby mountains and boulders asunder.

When they were within range of Dragonbound Valley, the formation began activating. Formation spirit threads were all over the valley, allowing the disciples that took refuge to use their power to fuel the formation. Some of them were already solarians, despite being less than a century old, so the group as a whole made for quite a significant force. When they channeled their astralforce into the formation spirit threads with their lifebound beasts, the grade-seven divine formation's power was unleashed to its full potential. With hundreds of thousands of people charging it up, it boasted enough power to stop even the largest of forces.

However, peak elites were like sharp blades that could cut through almost anything. Given Li Wushuang's power, busting the formation wouldn't be that difficult. That didn't mean that she would be able to take on a million-man army alone—rather, she had much more power concentrated in a single person rather than having a large amount of power spread out among many.

The three of them entered the formation's range soon enough. That instant, countless dragon roars came from all over as the surroundings completely changed. Divine hazards of different types, namely metal, wood, water, fire, and earth, formed tens of millions of gigantic dragons, filling the entire area to the brim. They joined together and swirled into many vortices that surrounded Li Wushuang, tearing

into her without mercy. The youths' fighting spirit was conveyed through the formation spirit threads into the pentaphase dragons. Many of them had been forced to leave their homes and part with their loved ones for the sake of survival, as much as they didn't want to hide away. They wouldn't have come if it weren't for the Saintdragon Emperor's orders.

"She's Li Wushuang, sister of the sun emperor!"

"They'll have all the Xuanyuans wiped out and she even came for us, the young and vulnerable! Someone this despicable should be eradicated!"

"Brothers and sisters, let's do our best to help the Whitedragon Empress and the Grand Minster kill her!"

"This is payback!"

They burned with passion, human and dragon alike contributing as much astralforce as they could to strengthen the pentaphase dragons. Sounds of crackling divine hazards rang out from outside the valley nonstop, intermingled with the ghastly cries of an infant and the wailing of a resentful banshee. Those sounds came from Li Wushuang's totems!

Amidst the raging storm was a cloud of ever-expanding bloody mist that turned into flames. Eight gigantic totems of completely different looks surrounded Li Wushuang from all directions. She rapidly slashed at the divine hazards with her blade, paving a way clear ahead of her.

"So this is all this formation amounts to, huh...." She began growing drunk with power. The feeling of absolute domination brought her endless bliss. She started understanding why her brother liked to lord over others so much. "Long Wanying!"

She locked on to the five actual dragons among the countless dragons in the formation, specifically the worldcleanse whitesoul dragons. The five snow-white grand dragons sported pure white scales and horns. Their eyes shone like the smoothest pearls and their whiskers looked like silver whips, each of them appearing like the avatar of perfection. One look at them was enough for Li Wushuang to tell them apart from the rest. She instantly covered a distance of one kilometer and closed in on Long Wanying, the object of her hate and envy. Though fear seemed to flash across Long Wanying's eyes, that emotion was soon replaced by hatred.

She fought with her dragons in tandem with her divine sun, forming the perfect fighting unit. Before Li Wushuang's totems could approach, the white dragons unleashed their abilities on them, using Galactic Radiance. Each dragon turned into rivers of white, their scales blending into them as they shone bright silver, illuminating the entire battlefield and swallowing Li Wushuang's totems up in the purifying light. Normally, any evil thing of malice would be reduced to ash by such an attack, but this ability only seemed to stop Li Wushuang for a moment. The next instant, her laughter began permeating through the vast mass of white, along with the color of blood, black, grey, and violet, polluting the pure radiant white. Rot began spreading along with the toxins of the totems, even staining the worldcleanse whitesoul dragons. Holes began forming all over their scaly bodies.

The totems were like hungry ghosts, lashing wildly out at Long Wanying and her dragons with their fangs and claws. Even though countless formation dragons got in their way, they weren't able to stop Li Wushuang's rampage. By now, few in all of Orderia could stand up to her, especially after her divine

aura had receded in favor of a demonic one! Her cold laughter and toxins hung around Long Wanying and her dragons like a cloud.

"Being weak is a sin! Long Wanying, you were always destined to be trampled by me! The more you hate me, the happier I am! Because there's nothing you can do but submit!" As she cackled away, she fought her way close to Long Wanying, immediately striking directly at her. With her astral force and numerical superiority, she came close to cutting Long Wanying into pieces.

"I was almost there!" she spat, dissatisfied.

Long Wanying felt the difficulty of exacting her revenge. She grit her teeth tight, her eyes bloodshot as the sword in her hand dripped with blood. Her entire body shook with rage. Fortunately, Yang Ce wasn't idly watching from the side. His dark knight truefiends matched Li Wushuang's totems in number and ferocity. Back then, he had been able to fight her toe to toe. The dark knight truefiends attacked Li Wushuang's totems from behind as they were busy chewing away at the five dragons, each one piercing their spikes through the totems.

At that moment, the worldcleanse whitesoul dragons used a second ability: Ultra Spiritarray!

Chapter 1504 - Desolate Worldsoul

The five dragons connected with each other from head to tail, linking into a single unit as they executed their combined ability. They were connected together in a circle, within which festered powerful energies from their ability. A blinding ring of light could then be seen in the sky above. With an ear-piercing sound, a beam of sword-shaped light shot out of the ring and pierced two of Li Wushuang's totems.

Not only was she being held back by Yang Ce, the explosions of the Pentaphase Dragonhide Formation also kept on going off, making it the perfect opportunity for the worldcleanse whitesoul dragons to use their ability. Even though the attack didn't completely scatter the two totems it hit, it pierced the core of their power, causing them to considerably dim. Li Wushuang wasn't able to do anything about it with Long Wanying and Yang Ce keeping the pressure up. Countless bloody slashes filled the sky, sending Yang Ce flying off. Li Wushuang then charged at Long Wanying in a fit of blind rage.

"Do you really think you're a match for me!?" She grew even more savage and ferocious, her body seemingly rotting even more from the black miasma, making her look even more like a ghoul that had crawled up from the depths of hell. Fresh blood dripped from her crimson eyes, splattering all over her totems and letting out a sizzling sound. The eight fiendish totems shrieked in pain, creating a cry so high pitched that it caused many youths in the valley to begin bleeding from their ears. Many were severely weakened, causing the power of the formation to fall.

The totems gathered together, contorting into one terrifying form after another. Eyes began appearing on all areas of their bodies and turned to look at Long Wanying. This was their totemic calamity, Desolate Worldsoul. The eyes began popping out of the totems, after which the totems grabbed them with their limbs and wings before throwing them toward Long Wanying and Yang Ce.

"Get away!" Yang Ce cried. He hurriedly called back his totems and did his best to avoid getting pelted by the eyeballs. Long Wanying, on the other hand, had more eyeballs thrown at her. She was at threat of being completely swarmed by them.

"What a horrifying totemic calamity!" Yang Ce snapped out of it and sent out his eight totems, filling the skies above with black mist. They used Skyfiend Night March, turning the entire sky dark in an attempt to neutralize Li Wushuang's totemic calamity with his own. Countless explosions immediately occurred.

"Die, all of you! You've asked for it, so I'm giving it to you!" Li Wushuang cried. The eyes were all over the place. When they exploded, they turned into black blood, which would grow into brand new eyes in an instant. The worldcleanse whitesoul dragons were immediately infected, causing the blight to infest their flesh. The area around Dragonbound Valley was completely desolate now, with countless dragons of the divine formation raining down on it.

"Die! Die!" Li Wushuang knew that her move had nearly dealt a fatal blow. Seeing the state of the worldcleanse whitesoul dragons, Yang Ce and Long Wanying had definitely suffered injuries to some extent. Seeing them retreat, helpless before her even though they wanted her dead so badly, she felt absolutely wonderful.

"Enough playing around. I want to hear your cries," she coldly said.

From beginning to end, Long Wanying hadn't said a single word, putting up a strict act. But Li Wushuang's totemic calamity had forced her dragons back into her lifebound space to recuperate and dealt quite a bit of damage to her and Yang Ce. She slammed into the ground, while Yang Ce blocked Li Wushuang's slash and tried to help her back up.

"It won't do.... We have to use them," Long Wanying said, nearing despair.

"Once we use it, we have to kill her. Otherwise Tianming will be in trouble," Yang Ce said.

"Just do it! If we don't, the kids behind us will perish!" Gradually, her gaze turned from a resolute one to one of hate and fury.

"Alright, let's do it!" Yang Ce said after a short breather. He seemed far more resolute than before. It was a fact that the two of them weren't Li Wushuang's match, even with help from the formation. "The fight at the Myriaddragon Mountains might not have broken out yet. I just don't know whether we'll succeed here, and even if we do, how will this change the situation as a whole...?"

Li Wushuang's status was something that Long Wanying could never exceed. She didn't even dare to imagine it. "There's nothing else we can do. We've been forced into a corner. Even if there are some people that we can't afford to kill, she wants to kill every one of my kind! I have no choice but to fight!" She'd held it in for far too long and finally made her decision to fight without holding back, unleashing all the pressure that had built up over the years into her grade-seven divine artifact, the Sacred Whitedragon.

Li Wushuang came charging in with her totems again, intent on dealing the killing blow to Long Wanying. Her maniacal laughter sent chills down the spine of those listening. "It's over for you, haha!"

"You're the one it's over for!" Long Wanying stopped letting out any shred of gentle kindness. The wounds she had suffered on her face made her seem even more hard-headed and resolute. Right before disaster struck, she said, "Yin Chen!"

Spurred into action, the dormant bonegnaw ants, a hundred thousand of them within Li Wushuang's body, awakened. It wasn't a number that would be enough to completely take her down, but the

sudden pain could result in fatal mistakes. Her face immediately contorted right before she landed her slash, her vision blanking out for a moment. Large beads of sweat trickled down from her head, carrying traces of blood within them.

The bonegnaw ants had hidden themselves in spots where astralforce couldn't easily reach and attacked in unison. With enough time, they would be able to reduce Li Wushuang into a boneless person. That was the special characteristic of a Primordial Chaos Beast that Li Wushuang couldn't hope to match. It lasted only three breaths, but Li Wushuang completely ceased her attack from the searing pain. Even her totems were completely disoriented from the pain, making an opening Long Wanying had been waiting for.

Chapter 1505 - Complete Disintegration

The hundreds of thousands of dragons from the formation reacted even faster than Long Wanying, fusing together before charging toward Li Wushuang's totems, which were no different from tentacle-like spiked appendages that sprouted from Li Wushuang's body herself. Every one of them seemed completely subjugated by a dark, fiendish totem.

"What?!" Li Wushuang had never felt something like that. She cut off a finger and saw a few metal ants falling into her other palm, only to completely freeze. She immediately recalled that Tianming had a broodmother type lifebound beast and recalled seeing the silver ants somewhere before, but she would never have imagined that something like this was hiding in her bones! The mere notion of them filling one's entire skeleton would bring endless horror to any person.

"Li Tianming!" she cried, almost biting off her tongue. The next instant, she forced herself to endure the pain.

"You're crazy! Die now!" Yin Chen's metallic voice rang from inside her bones. During the entire process, Long Wanying's sword and her dragons that reemerged from her lifebound space as well as Yang Ce's spear flew at Li Wushuang with abandon!

Though Li Wushuang was shrieking in pain, she still held onto her Skymoon Holyfiend. The battle was growing more and more chaotic by the moment. "What the hell is this?!"

Her gaze contorted even more. Even she had to admit that this unexpected turn of events had instilled terror into her. She had thought that fear was no longer something she could feel after getting used to her fiendish totems. Yet the parasitic ants inside her seemed far more demonic than her totems could ever be.

"Aaaaaagh!" Her hair messily fluttered all over the place as her every action was affected by the ants. Even as she rolled on the ground, fresh blood endlessly flowed from her. Yang Ce calmly struck with his spear from the darkness, piercing her shoulder straight through. A red tongue came spitting out of her mouth, almost piercing Yang Ce's head. The tongue belonged to the totem that looked like a red-robed female. The next instant, that totem was torn asunder by the pentaphase dragons of the formation, returning to the bane-ring on Li Wushuang's shoulder.

The next instant, however, a white sword flashed across, containing endlessly arcane mysteries that made its trajectory impossible to predict. Li Wushuang tried avoiding it, but still felt a piercing pain coming from her left shoulder, causing her to howl in pain. Her bane-ring had been shattered by Long

Wanying's attack! Totem ki burst out of the bane-ring, sending Long Wanying and Li Wushuang both flying.

"My bane-ring!"

She fell to the ground and smashed a boulder beneath her, only to scramble up again. Looking at her destroyed bane-ring, she widened her mouth and eyes, then stretched out her tongue and grimaced, showing an expression of absolute suffering. After losing her beauty, the absolute power she had gained was the only thing she had left. Yet now Long Wanying had ruined her only chance to become the sun empress. She would never recover from another ruined bane-ring ever again!

"Li Wushuang, you won't be able to become the sun empress with only seven bane-rings. You've lost your beauty and a bane-ring, so now you have nothing left! Maybe you were destined to end up with nothing from the very beginning!" Long Wanying charged to Li Wushuang, covered in traces of blood. Her eyes were filled with endless bliss as she spoke those words, finally venting the bursting hatred she had felt for so long. Her soul felt completely liberated!

Li Wushuang had nothing, that pitiful, hate-inducing wretch! Her pride had instantly evaporated. It hadn't been long since she'd been able to hypnotize herself into forgiving the sun emperor for what he had done to her, yet now she was beset by true despair once more.

"Aaaaaaagh!" Her lips were opening so wide that they were tearing themselves apart and dripping fresh blood.

"The one you should've hated from the beginning wasn't me, but your brother, the sun emperor! He made you the way you are! He was the one who destroyed you! Even so, that doesn't change how much I loathe you. I never imagined that the day I'd make you pay the price would ever come. Even if killing you today is doing something that I'll never be able to take back, I've already made peace with my potential death. All things considered, despite everything that's happened in my life, it's all been worth it! You weren't! I hate and pity you!"

Long Wanying seemed to understand Li Wushuang better than she did herself. There was no way she would be able to pick the most hurtful words to say otherwise. The only one responsible for Li Wushuang's ruin, envy, and being forced onto a path of no return, on which she was still able to delude herself despite her new ugly appearance, was the golden figure that appeared in her mind. At that moment, her entire being began rupturing—not just her organs or her soul, but everything down to her smallest albus!

"Ugghh..." Not even the pain of the bonegnaw ants could rival the psychological pain she felt. What had she lived for all her life? What was the point of standing at the very top? She didn't even have a normal family member, and the only memories she had were the times she coldly looked at her reflection. Her heart dripped with blood, and so did her body. Yang Ce's spear had pierced another of her bane-rings, dissipating yet another totem; it would never return again. Long Wanying followed it up, rupturing yet another bane-ring.

Li Wushuang collapsed, still holding her Skymoon Holyfiend. In her eyes, the whole world was shaking and stained with blood. Memories from her childhood onward flooded toward her mind. She recalled that the golden man had picked her up and looked at her oddly when she was really young.

Though it hurt a lot, her mind was growing more and more dull. Was he really her brother, or something else? A demon, perhaps? The figure that supported her? Why had she come to hate the world and everyone that seemed to live a better life than her? As Long Wanying's sword touched her throat, her eyes glazed over as she thought of the only person in the universe she could still call out to.

"Big Brother... save me...." She stretched out her hand, trying to reach him, yet feared him at the same time. He was the person she feared the most. Her nightmare reminded her of the odd smile that man had when she looked at him. It was burned into her mind before she felt a searing pain at her neck. Her head was gone, separated from her body.

Long Wanying's sword dripped with blood as she held the demonic head in her left hand. "Yang Ce...." That was the only thing she could mutter after mustering all the energy she had left. She slowly slumped to the ground.

Chapter 1506 - What About This Life

It was the most stimulating moment in Long Wanying's lifetime. She weakly sat on the ground after the moment she struck that one final blow, feeling not a hint of joy or relief. Instead, her mind was completely blank. It was like her body had completely lost all feeling. Time itself seemed to stop.

She looked down at the head of Li Wushuang with much difficulty, confirming the kill multiple times. She had finally killed her for good, something she'd never dared to imagine. She suddenly hurled the ugly head away, the expression on its face forever burned in her mind. It was one of utter despair, hardship, and denial. Even though she had died by Long Wanying's hand, it looked like she was directing the hate at someone else, likely the sun emperor.

"Are you alright? How are your injuries?" Yang Ce asked.

"I'm fine. I'll just have to rest for a while." She took a deep breath. Only then did the numbness around her body begin to fade. Taking a few more looks at Li Wushuang, she took in the fact that she was dead for sure, having thoroughly suffered in the process. Long Wanying had wanted her to feel that pain. It took a while, but feelings of vindication and relief after getting her revenge flooded into Long Wanying.

"I...." Tears began forming. "Brother Xuan, my dear Tian, I... I've finally avenged you!" she uncontrollably bellowed before bursting into tears. This was completely unlike her usual demeanor. She completely let out her suppressed feelings and cried it all out, much to Yang Ce's surprise.

Then a smile appeared on her face, illuminated by the flaming clouds above. Seeing her finally being released from her dark past like that, Yang Ce was truly happy for her as the one who understood her most. The chains of destiny had finally snapped. All this time, Yang Ce had seen Long Wanying life's mission as his own. Now that Li Wushuang was dead, she could die without any regrets, in a manner of speaking. This kill was all she had lived on for.

However, Yang Ce's expression turned stern as he looked at Li Wushuang's corpse. "Even though she's dead, the storm that'll brew from her death would be even harder to deal with."

Long Wanying hadn't dared to kill her while she was out cold for good reason. Nobody would dare ruffle the sun emperor's feathers if they didn't have to.

"Wanying," he called out, helping her up after she had vented her feelings. He looked at her more closely, noticing that some of the Skymoon Holyfiend and the totems' power had permeated her body and was still doing some damage to her albi. There were two huge wounds, one on her abdomen and another on her back. Her albi there had been shattered and her flesh was rotting. It was something that could only be helped by divine pills.

"The sun emperor must already know that Li Wushuang is dead. It'll only cause the conflict at the Myriadragon Mountains to be even more severe. The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect will be under more pressure from now on, and the sun emperor might not hold back in his rage."

However, that had been unavoidable from the very beginning. They hadn't been left with a choice. With how powerful Long Wanying was, not dealing with her for good would result in Long Wanying's eventual death, as well as the deaths of the disciples of the sect that represented its future. Ruining one of her bane-rings was no different from killing her, after all, so they might as well go all out. Not to mention, even if they had spared her, the situation at the Myriadragon Mountains was still far from optimistic. For now, the consequences of killing her were still hard to gauge.

Long Wanying's mood turned heavier as she took a deep breath. "We had no choice since she forced our hand. All we can do now is return as soon as possible and hope we can fight alongside the rest."

"Alright." The two of them exchanged glances. For now, it seemed that nobody would be coming to Dragonbound Valley, since Li Wushuang had come alone to begin with.

"Let's go." They were short on time and couldn't afford to dally. As Long Wanying couldn't move well yet, she had one of her dragons that was less heavily injured carry them back.

Standing atop the dragon's head, Yang Ce looked ahead, his expression darkening more and more as the dragon flew higher up in the sky.

"What are you thinking of?" Long Wanying asked weakly.

"The sun emperor has a unique relationship with Li Wushuang. If he really considers her more important than his wife and children, he might go berserk and the two of us will die. There's nowhere we can hide to escape his wrath."

"I see...." She wore a look of worry as she fell into deep thought. Then she shook her head and said, "No, I was the one who killed Li Wushuang. It has nothing to do with you. It was already enough that I got to kill her in this life, so I can die without regrets. It was a good exchange. However, that isn't the case for you. You have to live on well, understood? Yang Ce, you don't owe me anything. It'll be fine."

"I see." Yang Ce nodded to her, casually agreeing.

However, Long Wanying understood his character. He was saying it, but he didn't mean it. It wasn't the first time he had tried playing it cool and brushing this matter off. "Yang Ce, I'm serious. You should avoid implicating yourself if you have the chance, and keep a low profile. When the sun emperor's enraged, I'll just let him kill me so his rage subsides," she said with a stern look.

"We'll see what happens. At the very least, I still have to fight as the Grand Minister. Asking me to hide is asking me to become a coward. I've never feared death from the moment I dared to stand up against the celestial orderians."

"Yang Ce, all the dragon imperials hope that you'll defend the future of our sect! It isn't up to you to stake your life in this fight!" she angrily snapped.

"They wish for you to be with me in fulfilling that task. You are the key. Not to mention, you're smarter and tougher than me, as well as the better leader. I'm not the kind of person who can do this. I'm lazy and I don't do anything but cultivate. I'm not fit for the role," he calmly said. Seeing her about to argue, he continued, "Enough for now. Rest up and recover. I won't be intentionally getting myself killed if that's what you're worried about."

"Fine... I just don't want you to keep giving so much away."

"Giving?" Yang Ce shrugged and feigned nonchalance. "I never felt I was forcing myself to do any of this. All of this is preparation for my next life, that's all. I've done the math, you see. Long Junxuan died early, so he'll have reincarnated earlier too. But this time, I'm closer to you in terms of age, yet my sense of presence has been drowned out by him in this life. Thankfully, he won't be around in my next life."

Long Wanying just blankly looked at him. Was he messing around, or was he expressing his true feelings through a nonchalant joke? Confused and flustered, she said, "But what about this life?"

Yang Ce brightly smiled despite his usual cool demeanor. "I doubt I'll have a chance. You love him far too much and share a lot of precious memories with him. I wasn't his match when he was alive and I can't bring myself to take you, especially not with him dead. Wanying, your feelings are pure, and I don't wish to ruin that. It isn't that bad to be in love with one person for all your life. I don't need you to empathize with or pity me. However, I'm still calling dibs in the next life."

She began tearing up despite how matter-of-factly he stated the matter. Lowering her head, she bit her lip and said, "I'm so lucky to have met men like the two of you... what did I do to deserve it?" Long Junxuan was a great man, but so was Yang Ce.

"Fine, let's put it this way: I don't like used goods, alright? Don't flatter yourself," he said with a smirk.

"Fuck off, you." She finally chuckled at the snide remark. The sudden contrast in his words broke her out of her sullen mood, distracting her from her bleak outlook with anger. "Fine, since you properly got in line, I'll be yours in the next life."

"Alright." His expression was one of joy. Time seemed to freeze at that moment.

All of a sudden, the flaming clouds suddenly began undulating. Huge shockwaves seemed to brush the sea of flames across their heads, much to their shock. A gigantic golden ball of flame with a diameter of a hundred meters appeared from beyond the clouds before rapidly charging toward them. Almost instantly, the ball of flame was right in front of the worldcleanse whitesoul dragon, which hurriedly stopped and avoided a collision with the ball.

The pressure from it felt like countless flaming clouds were pressing down on the two of them; they were pale and short of breath. In the middle of the flaming ball was a huge golden figure, half naked with his hair unkempt. His eyes looked like two burning nova sources. Flames came shooting out from them toward the dragon, heating up its scales till bright red. Hurriedly, it returned to the lifebound space since it was too huge to be able to effectively evade.

Long Wanying's fingers twitched. Everything about the person, from his looks, the aura and sense of terror he radiated, and down to the sheer superiority as a lifeform in a completely different league told them all they needed to know about his identity. He was the sun emperor! What did his presence here mean? Shouldn't he be at the wedding ceremony?

Chapter 1507 - Owner of the Sun

The pressure coming from the golden ball of fire seemed like something out of a nightmare. The sun emperor had never been so enraged; from the moment of his appearance, the sea of flames above burned even brighter, heating up the air so much that even the ground beneath them began to shift and crack. Mountains seemed to shift and rivers looked like they were flowing in reverse. He looked like he owned the sun itself, as if the world they were on was part of his body. The fact that he was here instead of at the wedding ceremony at the Myriadragon Mountains seemed to suggest that he considered Li Wushuang far more important than the wedding he had painstakingly planned.

The moment Long Wanying saw him, she knew that it was all over. Thankfully, he came here. If we can lighten the burden on the battle over there even a little, we'll have done our part.

Perhaps Yang Ce also shared that thought. The two of them didn't seem to panic at all, knowing well that they were fated to die anyway. Still, they were still surprised by how important the sun emperor considered Li Wushuang. The only thing Long Wanying felt bad about now was that Yang Ce would no longer be able to escape. She had thought her death would be worth it, but now that had fallen through.

"It's fine. If we die together, we might become childhood friends in the next life," Yang Ce said. Even in the face of death and despair, his gaze never wavered.

The next instant, the sun emperor charged straight toward them. Yang Ce was still uninjured, so he charged in to stop the sun emperor, who used a simple punch. That punch alone sent Yang Ce flying as his darknight truefiends appeared, causing his chest to cave in. He vomited blood as his broken ribs tore into his organs, completely ruining him. He got slammed straight into the ground, his fall creating a crater a kilometer wide. That fiery punch completely charred the area ten thousand meters around them.

"Yang Ce!" Long Wanying's eyes turned bloodshot once more. Before the sun emperor, they had no choice but to accept their fate.

A huge golden hand descended from the sky and gripped her by the head. The giant covered in golden patterns stood before her, looking down on her like the mere weakling she was with his star-core-like eyes, his gaze literally smoldering. Faced with the oxymoronic cold rage of the sun emperor, Long Wanying felt the kind of terror a mortal would feel toward a god. She understood that the slightest squeeze would be enough for him to crush her head. With her halfway stepping through the gates of death already, her life could come to an end in the next instant.

She stared through the gap in his fingers at the golden face. No matter how much she demanded herself to not be afraid, her body shook beyond her control like a frightened, captured rabbit. "Li... Li Wudi... I'm not afraid of you.... I killed your sister, so I got my revenge! Kill me then! I have no regrets, hahaha!" she said, mustering all the effort she could in an attempt to distract him enough so that she might allow

Yang Ce to escape. She desperately hoped that he understood her intentions. If she could cry out to get him to run, she definitely would.

Though she claimed she would have no regrets, that was far from the truth. Yang Ce was the one she didn't want to die no matter what. She would even endure endless torment to make sure he lived on. She forced herself to open her eyes wide, glaring straight at the sun emperor. However, even the capillaries in her eyes seemed to shake. Her neck almost seemed to be lengthened by the sun emperor's grip. It was about to snap like a rubber band.

"I know you're powerful and unmatched, sun emperor. You're someone who can dictate the fates of everyone on the sun, but I want to make sure that you're aware of how you failed to protect the person you most treasure! I killed Li Wushuang and personally ruined her bane-rings! I cut off her head! Kill me if you dare! What are you waiting for?!"

She didn't know whether tears or blood was flowing from her eyes. All she cared about was that Yang Ce would escape, but she couldn't even see that with her head being held fast in place. Her fingers felt like they were being electrocuted. She didn't fear death, since it would probably be over in an instant. Yet she still feared the sun emperor; some things are terrifying, even beyond death.

"Yang Ce..." she mumbled the name as she despaired and closed her eyes. Tears continued flowing all over her face. Her weak body looked like a toy in the hands of a giant. Why hadn't death come yet?

Then she heard the hoarse voice of a man coming from behind her, filled with killing intent. "Hey, do you believe I can stop you from killing her?"

It was Yang Ce! Long Wanying couldn't see him, but she came to the despairing realization that he wasn't someone who would abandon her and escape. "No!"

Though she wanted to push away the hand holding her head to look at Yang Ce, she wasn't able to budge even a single finger. All she could see through the fingers was the golden giant looking up and beyond her. Then he said, "I don't." The entire time, he had been contemplating a fitting way to kill Long Wanying to quell his rage.

"Keep your eyes open!" Yang Ce said with aloof pride. This was how he had acted in his youth as Long Wanying recalled—rebellious, fearless, and straightforward. He had butted heads with almost everyone. Though he'd seemed to mature after his responsibilities grew, it seemed that this part of him had never changed. What was he planning to do?

Long Wanying desperately tried to look back, but still couldn't. All she knew was that the sun emperor's interest was piqued. It felt like a provocation—who would dare challenge the sun emperor?!

She immediately heard the howls of the darknight truefiends, forlorn yet firm. They had stayed to fight without turning back. All she could see was the golden figure narrowing its eyes. What in the world had happened? She had a really bad feeling about the situation.

Chapter 1508 - See You in the Next Life

What Long Wanying couldn't see were the eight black bane-rings on Yang Ce's back exploding one after another. Eight loud explosions shook the area as the darknight truefiends painfully howled. The explosion of totem ki surrounded the totems, creating a black vortex that swallowed each of them up.

Then eight bloody holes appeared on Yang Ce's body, though he persevered and kept his glare on the sun emperor like a berserk wolf.

After the vortices swallowed up the eight totems, they exploded and gathered into a pair of pitch-black wings, whose every feather was formed from totem ki that burned with black flames. The wings that were thousands of meters long burned until they turned to ash, seemingly reducing Yang Ce's totems to nothing. Did that do anything at all? When the wings scattered, Yang Ce seemed defeated. A stifling silence descended upon them.

But the next instant, Long Wanying felt blazing heat from behind her as a wave of destructive power came shooting out of her back. Huge wings thousands of meters in length appeared behind her, filled with ravenous power that resulted from the totems' explosions. They were wings of protection, formed using Yang Ce's lifetime of cultivation to be used at a single moment! As they unleashed all of that power, they formed many black feathers that covered her entire body.

She had never thought that darkness could bring her so much sense of security, completely contradicting what she thought she knew about it. She recalled the time Yang Ce had mentioned that he'd unlocked a second totemic calamity called Evernight Guardian Wings. She had asked him to show it to her, but he mentioned that it was only usable once. She recalled mocking it for being useless. It was only now that she understood the reason: using it would destroy all of his bane-rings only to protect someone a single time.

Why would such a totemic calamity exist? The reason was that a second totemic calamity was formed from the will or intent of a totemancer. The thing that constantly weighed on their mind would be reflected in the function of the second totemic calamity. Totems were formed from the terra, after all, which was part of the soul!

Yang Ce's Evernight Guardian Wings were the culmination of his wishes and desires, the second totemic calamity of this quiet, stoic and stern man. Long Wanying's inner world instantly shattered; this was truly a useless skill that could only make her suffer. Even though she was surrounded in darkness, she could hear explosions coming from the wings. She despaired at the thought that the sun emperor would completely crush her.

However, the pain only lasted an instant. Right after that, the surroundings rumbled. She felt space itself tear open, and the next moment, she no longer knew where she was. The only thing she was sure of was that she could no longer hear anything else and was now surrounded by true darkness, yet it was far gentler than the radiance of the sun. It seemed that she was safe now. However, a pain in her heart rushed to her once more.

"Yang Ce!" she cried, suffering throughout her entire body. The fear of death had long subsided. Yang Ce's grand sacrifice and compassion caused her to tear up even more. She burst out crying in the lonely darkness, her heartrending voice reverberating throughout.

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The flaming clouds continued rolling about. The golden giant looked at his empty right hand, the fires in his eyes flaring up even more. He then turned to the bloodstained black-haired man whose face was completely pale.

"Why bother? Nobody can escape from me so long as they're still on the sun. They can run for a time, but not for life."

"You're wrong. If she's able to escape just for a single moment, she'll be able to evade you for eternity one day." Yang Ce wiped off the blood at the corner of his eyes and cracked a smile. With how he was squinting now, he seemed just like his younger self.

"I see," the sun emperor tepidly responded to his confident claim, but he was no doubt incredibly enraged. First, Li Wushuang was dead, then Yang Ce had ruined his plans once more. The world itself seemed to cave in in response to the pressure of his anger. Now, Yang Ce was the only person left here for him to vent on.

Yang Ce's smile looked even more radiant now. Somehow, he seemed to be at his peak, glowing more brightly than he ever had. The sun emperor was like a towering god, looking down on him with the intent of eradicating him. Yang Ce quickly drew a dagger and acted quickly, slashing his own neck. What was even crazier was how he grabbed his own hair and pulled his severed head off before showing it to the sun emperor, heartily laughing out.

"Fool! You may have messed with me big time, but I didn't die by your hand! Does your impotence infuriate you?!" After saying that, his mouth stopped moving. His expression remained one of joy the whole time. Then his headless body plummeted to the ground. The decapitated head nudged and turned in the direction Long Wanying left in, his expression slightly warming up. "Long Wanying, let's meet in the next life. You promised me you'd be with me when we meet again."

Just like that, the world entirely faded from his perception.

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The blonde giant landed on the ground, picking up a blade with his huge hand. It was the Skymoon Holyfiend, still dripping with blood. Then he approached the corpse of a woman. It was small, petite, and gentle. The ugliness of her skin seemed to have faded away, leaving behind nothing but a pale white surface. He walked a few more steps and saw her head, whose hair had reverted to its moon-white color. Even her eyes looked much better.

The giant smiled and carefully lifted her up, saying with a spoiled voice, "Don't worry, Shuang'er, you've just fallen asleep."

He walked south with the body and the blade, every step of his leaving huge craters that only grew larger and larger as he walked. It was almost like he was a gigantic mountain slamming into the ground with every step. The flaming clouds above seemed to completely change. Eventually, a huge earthquake devastated the Xuanyu Continent. Countless mountains collapsed and many crevices opened up in the ground, striking much fear into those who lived there.

Chapter 1509 - Moth to a Fire

Loud, booming sounds like those of a war drum could be heard throughout the entire area of conflict between the Myriadragon Mountains and Primodragon Cave. Each boom sent gravel and boulders flying. Many among the army of sixty million saw the black figure as they swarmed toward the Ninedragon Army; like a moth flying towards a fire, he generated quite a lot of commotion.

"Who's that?"

"It looks like Feng, that specter disciple that killed Long Wangyu!"

"He is...!"

They were simply shocked to see it, and few knew what he was doing or why. All the celestial orderian side knew was that he was charging toward them like a wild beast without the slightest hint of turning back. Not only that, even the Ninemoon Goddess did something completely unexpected, exposing her face and going against the bride protocol. The panicked expression she had when she saw the black-clad youth was a sign that something wasn't normal. Right as the army was about to crush the youth to shreds, she turned to them, spread her arms and shouted with all she could, "Everyone stop! Don't touch him!"

With how much the sun emperor spoiled this daughter of his, thousands of Sunscorch Guard soldiers and Li Yunxi herself were guarding her. They were fervent followers of the sun emperor as well as the Ninemoon Goddess, a nonabane. So, she held an authority that none of the other sons of the emperor could ever have.

"Goddess, what is this?"

"Is something going on?"

"Do they know each other?"

The gods all had great senses and could see really far. They could also pick up all sorts of odd smells. Qingyu's order soon spread to all sixty million troops and they actually stopped, though they hadn't been marching that quickly to begin with. After all, they hadn't received an order from the sun emperor to do so yet.

Right away, the entire area quieted down. Both sides had all their eyes turned on the three key people: Qingyu, Lingfeng, and Long Renshe. The fact that Lingfeng wasn't instantly killed was a sign that he had succeeded a third of the way. The reason he had chosen to show up at this instant, despite risking being vaporized immediately, was that he wouldn't have a chance to face off against Long Renshe once the battle truly began. Youths like them would stand no chance in this clash of armies no matter how talented they were. He would only be able to attract attention right as the two armies were facing off against each other.

Having absorbed far too many waste pills, heavy black miasma oozed out of him. He plunged his staff into the ground and stopped, then turned his dark red eyes to Qingyu, meeting her gaze. They were closer than ever now, still separated by thousands of people but it was progress all the same. They could almost hear each others' heartbeats. When their fiery gazes met, it was as if all the dangers and obstacles no longer mattered. The two of them would have more than enough to reminisce for the rest of their lives with how Lingfeng stood up to sixty million troops just to see her. His fearlessness was mind numbing to say the least.

However, the key question in the Veildragon Guard and the celestial orderians' minds was: how in the world are these two related? They turned to the cold Long Renshe and Torchdragon Emperor and had a

rough idea about the nature of this relationship. How could the goddess possibly have crossed paths with Lingfeng?

Amidst the many doubts, Lingfeng finally gave them their answer. He raised his staff and pointed it at the groom. "If you want to wed her, you'll have to go through me."

The words immediately sent waves across the crowds. It was a love triangle after all! Though it was just a normal, messy affair, there were completely different implications as it involved Qingyu and Long Renshe. Their union would represent the union of the number one faction with the celestial orderians. It was clear that this was a huge move on the part of the sun emperor. The mere notion of a third party going to interfere with a marriage of such a scale was tantalizing, to say the least.

A few people among the Ninedragon Army had clearly heard that Lingfeng wanted to duel Long Renshe. It would be witnessed by more than a hundred million people in total. As the three involved were youths, fights between them represented a fight between the two sides' future hopes. It could greatly affect morale of either side, so they wildly cheered for Lingfeng like they had with Tianming back then. Even their lifebound beasts loudly howled, everyone looking at Lingfeng and letting him know that he wasn't fighting alone.

"Answer him, Long Renshe!"

"The number one genius of the Veildragon Palace who's supposed to be the strongest talent in their history, someone less than half your age is challenging you! Do you understand?"

"If you don't even dare to stand up to him, how would you be a good match for the Ninemoon Goddess?"

"Don't let the Veildragon Palace and the sun emperor lose face!"

Lingfeng's choice was the right one, and the mockery the Ninedragon Army threw the way of the celestial orderians only helped increase the pressure. Not to mention, Qingyu's reaction also added fuel to the fire, putting Long Renshe on the spot. Now, even the fifty million celestial orderians turned to him to see his reaction.

Long Renshe had earned the respect of the elites among the celestial orderians with his achievements, talent, and stable personality. Nobody had an issue with him marrying the Ninemoon Goddess. It went without saying that none among them supported Lingfeng. Perhaps they thought that if Long Renshe didn't step up now, the Veildragon Palace would be humiliated and that might affect morale in the upcoming battle.

Their burning gazes were also a pressure that forced Long Renshe to be unable to turn back. Even though his father held his arm tight, he pulled it free and shot him a heavy look before turning to Qingyu, only to see her say nothing. All she did was look at the black-clad youth with a gentle and loving gaze. Long Renshe didn't exist in her vision at all. Coupled with the fact that she had avoided him the entire time since she'd come to the sect, that meant she hadn't come to see him from the very beginning.

Though he managed to keep a calm expression, his innards tensed up from the agonizing stress. He had never seen Qingyu with such a gentle expression before. But she was supposed to be his bride! Dressed

in the Diviluna Eternalight, she was the most beautiful thing on the battlefield. With the sun emperor's order to attack not having come yet, they still had time for a small show.

People from both sides kept chanting his name, even some among the Veildragon Guard. Even his father was silent about the situation, patting his shoulder in a silent acknowledgment that he had no choice but to fight, given how Qingyu and Lingfeng behaved.

"What? Did you lose confidence?" Li Xiaoyan asked.

"That isn't the case. I just felt that he doesn't deserve the right to challenge me, but forget it. As long as we settle this, His Solar Majesty's grand design will still go through without a hitch," Long Renshe said.

"That's right. Focus on the key." Li Xiaoyan patted his shoulder as he whispered in his ear, "But you still have to win. Otherwise, the reputation the Veildragon Palace has cultivated over all these years will come crumbling down at your hands."

"Understood!" Long Renshe's eyes immediately turned bloodshot. He got down to the ground and stared at Lingfeng, loudly roaring as he charged at him like he had a deep grudge against him.

Chapter 1510 - Grand Contrakarmic Torchdragon

Thanks to his festering hate, Long Renshe attacked without saying a single word. Ninety million people instantly turned their eyes to them. The sudden change had also attracted looks from the troops of the alliance who were watching from the periphery. Those who were further behind could only count on those in front to report what was happening. Even as the two armies got closer to each other, the reinforcements hadn't budged from where they stood. They were merely observing from the sidelines, much to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's peril. Fortunately, the Ninedragon Army had been prepared to fight a losing battle from the very beginning and placed their fighting spirit in their hopes for Lingfeng, seeing him as a representative for themselves.

"Kill him!"

"Die!"

Those impassioned cries slammed into Lingfeng's back, transferring all of the frustration and resentment into him and causing his gaze to turn colder. Even the Soulfriend seemed agitated as it slammed its gigantic fists into its chest and opened its mouths wide like a raging simian beast. Even when faced with so many furious celestial orderians, it didn't look the least bit fearful, let alone now that it was facing Long Renshe alone.

The Soulfriend's relationship with Lingfeng was closer to being parasitic. It could only survive by devouring his astralforce, only being as powerful as he was at any moment. Though it wasn't a lifebound beast, per se, nobody would demand for it to leave the battle at a time like this.

Long Renshe had five lifebound beasts anyway, so it was six against two in total. Long Renshe didn't look down on his enemy either. He knew that Lingfeng must have had some trick up his sleeves for him to dare to challenge him, so he immediately unleashed all five of his dragons. They loudly roared as they emerged from his lifebound space, all of them two kilometers long. They had also enjoyed unlimited access to universal manna, as the celestial orderians had no need for it. Long Renshe was the fourth person to have all his lifebound beasts evolved to seven-star divine beasts, with the other three being

their three Dragon Imperials; Long Renshe was the only one among those under a hundred years old to have such evolved beasts.

Even though the dragons hadn't fully matured to their prime, they carried the most sacred bloodline of the Veildragon Palace. Many dragons among the Ninedragon Army felt the pressure radiating from them. The five dragons were black and crimson, looking both beautiful and domineering, like roses. In contrast to other dragons, they had three pairs of fleshy wings sprouting from their backs as well as a pair of deer-like antlers that seemed to spread into ninety-nine spikes that grew slanted forward, contrary to the normal back-sweeping horns of dragons, which was why that was called Contradragon Talent.

In terms of physical characteristics, the five dragons were much broader than normal dragons, sporting tough bodies and razor-sharp fangs and talons. Even their tails looked like spears and their wings seemed like they could cut through anything; their entire bodies looked like weapons. They were natural killing machines whose bloodlines had inherited the most savage parts of the dragon of origin.

They were known as grand contrakarmic dragons, and Long Renshe, having inherited this trait, was lauded and respected from a young age. The third eye on his forehead was proof of his status. Usually it looked just like a normal red eye, but the moment his dragons were out on the battlefield, it blinked and completely changed. Brilliant, seething light came bursting out of the eye as a blackish red substance inside it morphed into two dragons that swam inside it like yin-yang fish.

Following that, his body began changing. Black and red scales surfaced from his skin and formed a layer of armor. His body also seemed to enlarge like that of a specter's, making him three meters tall with a slight bestial hunch. Not only that, contrahorns like those of his dragons sprouted from his now-draconian head, enhancing both his offensive and defensive abilities. He also sprouted three pairs of wings and a whip-like tail, making him resemble his dragons even more.

One look and it was clear why his reputation outstripped even Li Shenjian's—he was a proper solarian, someone who lived for nothing but slaughter and fighting! Everyone's gazes turned to him as he allowed his talent to manifest.

Naturally, his talent wasn't just limited to enhancing his ability during combat. His third eye could also unleash a similar effect to the wargodeans' eight-ear talent, which greatly enhanced their senses. Similarly, Long Renshe's third eye could instantly analyze an enemy's movement and velocity, not letting slip the slightest detail or grain of dust, making it even better than the wargodeans' talent. Owing to the multifaceted benefits, Long Renshe enjoyed the reputation he had today. At the very least, even many seniors among the celestial orderians and Veildragon Palace envied his future potential, as well as his union with Qingyu.

Dust and fire rampaged across the battlefield. The dragon roars from the Ninedragon Army alone were able to intimidate the grand contrakarmic torchdragons enough that they didn't fight at full ferocity. Even so, it only took an instant for them to close the distance. The moment their weapons clashed marked the start of the death duel fought over love and dignity!

Though Lingfeng's Evil Suppression Pillar wasn't well known at all, Long Renshe's blood-red spear was quite famous. It looked similar to the Dragonblood Desecration, having been created as a replacement for the lost divine artifact to begin with. It was a grade-seven divine artifact called the Bloodleech

Voidriver. It had a long history, much like the Dragonblood Desecration, but lacked the same legitimacy. Even so, the fact that the point of the spear looked like a water leech showed that it had a bloodsucking ability that wasn't inferior to that of the Dragonblood Desecration. It was a perfect match for Long Renshe.

Seeing the weapon gave the onlookers on his side a confidence boost. Now they watched the duel as they would an entertaining performance. Comparatively, Lingfeng's staff had nothing but its toughness to go for it. He was at a complete loss when it came to a dazzling showing.