

The Ages 1511

Chapter 1511 - Skyfiend Soulsorch Curse

Despite being a specter, Lingfeng's physical capabilities seemed far from Long Renshe's, especially with how sickly he looked. However, the audience only came to understand how much power he could unleash when the fight started for real, especially with how enraged and desperate he was. As the five seven-star dragons came bearing down like mountains and started breathing fire, Lingfeng and his Soulfierd leaped into the air, still exuding black miasma. The dragons opened their mouths wide and breathed black and crimson fire, raining down a river of flames from above. Tens of thousands of flame dragons emerged from the streams and charged toward the two black figures.

The fire dragons exploded, letting out a bright light as they unleashed fatal damage across the entire area. The grand karmic bloodflare could easily spread across one's body the moment they got hit with it. It even burned away blood itself, making it a toxic kind of flame. These poisonous flames had now spread throughout the entire battlefield. Then the dragons immediately flew behind Lingfeng and the Soulfierd to attack them from behind.

"Didn't you look really badass just now? Don't just keep running like a coward!" said one of the dragons. It charged toward the back of the Soulfierd with its horns. The audience nervously watched as it closed the distance, only for the Soulfierd to turn back right before the collision. It had been blocking the flames for Lingfeng the entire time, and with it evading, Lingfeng faced the huge dragon himself.

With a cold look, he tossed tens of thousands of blood needles toward the dragon that were linked to his hands through blood threads. This was the upgraded form of Heartpiercer Soulblade, Heartpiercer Soulneedles! The needles and threads were so fine that people couldn't see it from afar. Not even the dragon was able to notice it, despite being so close. Its huge body crashed into Lingfeng and the Soulfierd, sending them slamming to the ground. Lingfeng stabilized himself and gave his hand a tug. The needles that only he could see had spread across the dragon's entire body and continued burrowing their way toward its sea of consciousness.

Right away, the dragon howled in pain. Only two people across the entire sun had a fourth imperial soul, making Lingfeng among the most threatening people on the battlefield. Not to mention, the blood-colored flames that came from his vita spread through the threads and reached the dragon, igniting it. Thanks to the needles latching onto it, the dragon couldn't easily shake off the attack. This was an enhanced Infernal Soul Curse, Skyfiend Soulsorch Curse! Having those flames burn in one's sea of consciousness was a disaster for lifebound beasts.

Lingfeng had an edge when it came to soul attacks, thanks to his level and astralforce control, but he also faced some drawbacks. Faced with enemies a few levels above him, his relative weakness would be magnified a few times more. However, thanks to his waste pill bender that came at a huge cost to his health, his level wasn't that far off from Long Renshe's—he was now a twelfth-level constellier! Though he had no doubt eroded his foundations in some measure, his stubborn gaze showed that he had no regrets. In fact, this was the very day when he would vent all the pain he had endured!

The rapid-fire attacks caused the crimson flame to engulf one of the dragons whole, causing it to shake and turn in agonizing pain. It made for quite an eerie sight as it wasn't being harmed on the surface, but

rather in its soul. The next instant, the other four dragons and Long Renshe came bearing down toward him.

"Looks like you're quite a weird specter that turned to soul cultivation instead!" As Long Renshe spoke, he thrust with his spear in a manner similar to Ye Chen, going straight for Lingfeng's throat as he used his seventh-realm divine art, Umbral Meteor. All of the air and light around the spear seemed to twist as a result of the suction, then it gathered at the tip of the spear. The suction generated from the move made it seem like Lingfeng would be sucked in and impaled without Long Renshe even having to move.

Coupled with the seventh-realm divine art, the four dragons unleashed their ability, Flaming Rainstorm. The gigantic dragon horns could be temporarily launched. They spread into millions of needle spikes, so many that they blocked out the entire sky. The entire barrage was unleashed toward Lingfeng and his Soulfier.

The Ninedragon Army watched Lingfeng in his perilous moment with held breaths. Many seniors began loudly cheering for him in unison, but it appeared that their worry was for naught! Long Renshe's third eye wasn't giving him much of an edge at all. Lingfeng dragged the gigantic dragon along using his needles and threads; the more it struggled, the more its soul hurt. It was already at its breaking point with a large amount of crimson flare having entered its body. Though it initially didn't think it would be a big deal, now it knew that even a soul attack alone could potentially kill a dragon.

Chapter 1512 - Strike to the Soul

As time passed, the dragon felt like its divine soul was beginning to crumble. The Skyfier Soulfier Curse didn't just consume its soul, it also consumed its life! Even more important was how a few of its fellow panicking dragons' rain of spikes had pierced into its flesh; now it was both physically and spiritually hurt. Their ability was terrifying in that their split horns were hooked at the front, not to mention they could grow longer upon contact. Forcefully pulling out the spikes would take with them huge chunks of flesh!

"What're the rest of you doing?" it cried at its brothers, not that they had a choice in that given how huge it was.

Lingfeng managed to avoid the ability, while the Soulfier turned into a black tornado right before it connected, adopting an ethereal form on which the physical ability didn't work. Though the Soulfier looked like a close combat monster, its appearance was deceiving in that it didn't have nearly as much close combat power as huge dragons like Long Renshe's. Even so, that didn't mean that it and Lingfeng were in the clear yet. Lingfeng blocked Long Renshe's spear strike twice with his staff. Almost instantly, Long Renshe took advantage of his superior astral force and thrust once more toward Lingfeng's chest.

"Die!" He unleashed his boundless killing intent as another form of suppression. Lingfeng had relied on consuming a large amount of pills and his unique soul attacks to fight, so Long Renshe paid it back by giving his thrust to the chest his full force. His special talent enhanced his draconian body. Coupled with his third eye, he avoided the staff and slipped into the opening, executing his divine art with perfect precision.

The spear passed through Lingfeng's chest and emerged from his back, but there was no blood! However, that was hardly surprising, given Bloodleech Voidriver's bloodsucking ability. It would suck any opponent down until they were nothing but dry husks.

The thirty million troops of the Ninedragon Army had their enthusiasm dampened as worry began surging to their heads. Meanwhile, the opposing army cheered and chanted Long Renshe's name. The ten million from the Veildragon Palace especially felt their hearts burn with so much pride that they were about to cry. Long Renshe had won and killed Lingfeng! That was the same conclusion all ninety million people had come to at the same time.

However, only one person was struck with shock: Long Renshe himself. Even though his spear had gone through, it was as if he'd hit nothing but air. Then he spotted the confident look on Lingfeng's face, which prompted him to immediately withdraw his spear.

"Huh?!" Long Renshe noticed that Lingfeng's chest had stopped his spear from moving. It was as if there was something sucking it back in. Even stopping it from budging for the slightest moment was enough to overcome Long Renshe's guard.

"You fell for it." Lingfeng had used his Primordial Gate to take attacks before, and it'd never failed him.

"You!" The instant Long Renshe pulled again, Lingfeng swung his staff that was covered in Soulvisceration Thorns toward his third eye. Long Renshe quickly used his fortified left arm to grab the staff, only to be forced to let go the next instant from the pain. The spikes had torn into his flesh and seeped into his sea of consciousness, sending endless pain coursing through him! However, it was already too late to let go. The blood-and-spike-covered staff still landed on his nose and broke it, even with Lingfeng's inferior astralforce, drawing quite a lot of blood. The pain of even more Soulvisceration Thorns entered his sea of consciousness, attacking his vita!

"Aaaaagh!" he harrowingly cried. He let go of his spear and backed off tens of meters, his face bloody and all messed up. Even though people couldn't see it, they knew his vita was injured. All of that had happened in an instant and people were still chanting his name, only to suddenly quiet down. Not even the Ninedragon Army could clearly see what happened. As they were stupefied, Lingfeng went charging toward Long Renshe once more!

It was only then that the Bloodleech Voidriver fell to the ground. From then on, his Primordial Gate was no longer a secret, but he wasn't afraid. He unleashed three staff strikes toward the reeling Long Renshe, who managed to block two, only for the third to land on his shadow. While it didn't look too damaging, the Soulvisceration Thorns did wonders once more, the sheer pain that resulted causing his mind to numb and blank out. He felt so weak that the strike almost seemed fatal—he was suffering the exact same thing as one of his lifebound beasts.

"Dammit!" Fortunately for him, his other dragons blocked Lingfeng's way, slamming him away with their gigantic claws and saving Long Renshe from imminent death. "Thank goodness," he said, breathing a sigh of relief. "I neglected that he has impressive soul damaging capabilities and almost got defeated. But I can't let him off!"

He didn't even dare to imagine what would happen to his father or the Veildragon Palace if he lost; it was too close. He quickly retrieved his spear and had four of his dragons return to defend him. However,

he knew that the sixty million people who had placed their hopes in him didn't look too good and could feel the humiliation mounting. What was worse was how he had underestimated Lingfeng's fourth imperial soul abilities to end up in such a state.

It didn't take long before Lingfeng attacked the injured dragon with his staff, causing it to lengthen more than a thousand meters before he swung and slammed it into the beast that was still agonizing from being struck by the Skyfiend Soulsorch Curse.

Chapter 1513 - Cold-blooded Youth

Lingfeng struck four times, sending countless soul thorns into the dragon and causing it to howl out in agony. Long Renshe had just avoided the fate of being killed, only for one of his lifebound beasts to be beaten to the brink of death. Then Lingfeng shrunk the staff to its normal size with the Soulfiend landing beside him, baring its claws and fangs at Long Renshe.

"That was the first one. Who's next?" Someone less than half of Long Renshe's age had cold-bloodedly beaten his dragon up and uttered such words! Though it was taking a page out of Tianming's playbook, it was effective, to say the least. A proud and arrogant opponent that was easy to provoke was perfect to use this tactic on. Long Renshe's eyes turned even redder as his third eye brightly burned.

Once more, the sheer pressure from the sixty million troops generated a boundless sea of flames, but Lingfeng wasn't afraid. In his divine soul were his eighty thousand kin, who would face this with him. Once more, he said, "Long Renshe, who'll come next after it dies?!"

The Ninedragon Army erupted with morale from the magnificent display. Even Long Renshe's teeth chattered from such blatant provocation. He gripped his spear tight and yelled, "Kill!" then charged in with his four dragons.

This was the first real battle that would cause Lingfeng's reputation to spread. The clash grew bloodier and bloodier as the battle progressed. Though Long Renshe was powerful, Lingfeng had his own eerie tricks to counter and gain ground with! The Skyfiend Soulsorch Curse, Heartpiercer Soulblade, and Soulvisceration Thorns, as well as the Soulfiend's Spirit Tornado, were all unavoidable. The more physical damage Lingfeng took, the more spiritual damage he dealt!

"If we go on, we'll lose. Soulfiend, let's gamble it all on one final blow!" he said, crawling out of a pool of his own blood. The Soulfiend nodded in an angry gesture, prepared. "Send me across! Ignore the dragons!"

The Soulfiend roared in response. Though their relationship wasn't a symbiotic one, they still shared boundless synergy. Lingfeng grit his teeth and gave Qingyu one more look, wiping blood off his face. She seemed heartbroken to see the wounds on him. It was clear for all to see how much she liked him, which made the celestial orderians and Veildragon Palace's situation even more awkward.

Then a rapid new development took place on the battlefield. Lingfeng and the Soulfiend rammed into each other, turning into a black tornado. The grand kontrakarmic torchdragons' abilities and strikes landed on the tornado, causing the Soulfiend to cry out in pain. However, the attacks did nothing but wear away at its lifeforce. It kept protecting Lingfeng without relenting.

"Hold on!"

The tornado began speeding up, shooting past the dragons, but it didn't have to go further ahead as Long Renshe charged toward it with his spear at the ready.

"Now!" Lingfeng roared with all his power. Blood rushed straight to his head, causing the tornado to spin even faster as it closed in on Long Renshe. The Soulfend used Soul Embrace, its most powerful ability that allowed it to infiltrate the sea of consciousness of others at great cost to itself. Every time it did so, it had to give up on a certain volume of its body, which was essentially its lifeforce. That was on top of the amount it had already lost from taking all that damage to approach Long Renshe. Using the last bits of power it had, it coursed through Long Renshe's spear and entered his head.

Long Renshe closed all three of his eyes as he stopped the tornado. Little did he guess that the black tornado would instantly materialize in front of his human-shaped vita, turning into the Soulfend. It embraced the vita with its six huge arms, like a huge beast attempting to crush a baby. Long Renshe felt like the whole world shook as his senses left him in an instant. The pain only lasted a moment, as the Soulfend vanished soon after, returning to Lingfeng's body and entering another period of recovery. But that single moment was enough. Lingfeng managed to make it straight in front of Long Renshe, the bloody glow of his staff piercing through the black mist he exuded all over him.

"Die!" He used Animitta, Skyshaker, executing it in tandem with Soulvisceration Thorns; it was the most powerful strike in his arsenal and could scatter any god or fiend! The staff slammed into Long Renshe's head as his eyes rolled back, crushing his skull that instant. Lingfeng's twelfth-level constellier astralforce was enough for the strike to be fatal, putting aside the countless Soulvisceration Thorns that pierced Long Renshe's vita countless times.

Only after that did Long Renshe recover consciousness, but his head had already been blasted open. He looked at Lingfeng, who glared back at him with a cold, deathly gaze.

"Perish."

Hearing that single word was enough to tell Long Renshe that it was all over. Even if he could, he wouldn't dare look back. He couldn't imagine what kind of shock his death would bring to the Veildragon Palace. Today should have been a glorious day for him as he took the Ninemoon Goddess as his wife, yet it had ended before it even began. It even ended far too quickly, which was probably a blessing that would spare him from the cascading consequences that would result from his death. His consciousness slipped away, for good this time, as he weakly slumped to the ground.

The entire battlefield world fell silent, then a figure appeared beside Long Renshe, striking Lingfeng with a palm and sending him flying off. He coughed out blood and collapsed. Nobody knew if he still lived. It was the Torchdragon Emperor. He had made preparations, but it was still too late. He wasn't surprised that Lingfeng had defeated his son, only that he had struck and killed him so quickly that not even he was able to react in time.

Things were dire—the sun emperor's grand design had been thwarted. The Torchdragon Emperor's face turned pale, knowing that the nightmare was upon them. All of his dreams had been crushed, just like Long Renshe's skull.

Chapter 1514 - Black, White

Lingfeng had killed Long Renshe in a shocking turn of events, only to be struck and ostensibly killed by the Torchdragon Emperor! A simple palm strike from a solarian wasn't something a junior would be able to resist, no matter how impressive or talented they were. The fact that Lingfeng's body was still in one piece was already a miracle in its own right.

Though Lingfeng was dead, people felt even more heartbreak for Long Renshe, whom he had killed. This wedding ceremony was completely ruined. It was supposed to be a pretense for the celestial orderians to fight the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect in the first place by demanding to enter the Primodragon Cave, giving the sect no choice but to fight. With the groom dead, would there be a reason to demand to enter the cave anymore?

A commotion began brewing the moment Long Renshe's head had burst open. Lingfeng had already 'profited' a lot by being able to kill a genius of unprecedented talent of the Veildragon Palace. What an impressive achievement for someone so young! The Ninedragon Army seethed with rage at seeing him attacked by the Torchdragon Emperor. However, there was nothing they could have done to prevent it, for the duel had taken place too far from the ranks of the army.

On the other side, the ten million from the Veildragon Palace were all stupefied. It felt like their hopes for the future had completely crumbled. All of a sudden, they were assailed by endless pain and confusion. The celestial orderians were also just as hurt by the loss, but they were more angry than confused. What could they do about the upcoming arrangements? Either way, they were still filled with a sense of respect and helplessness at the sight of the unmoving specter youth. Back then, the top figures that shocked the world with their talent had all come from celestial orderians, but now there was nothing they could do but envy and respect these 'lesser' people.

The sixty million people had come with high morale, only for their plans to be completely set back by Lingfeng alone. Now, their morale was at rock bottom.

"And to think the Torchdragon Emperor killed him off.... This is the kind of shameful deed we'll never be able to shake off for the rest of our lives." With Lingfeng dead, that meant that nobody from their ranks would have a chance to defeat him and wipe their humiliation clean. It was even worse than leaving Lingfeng alive. The celestial orderians cared for their reputation more than anything, after all.

They all watched the Torchdragon Emperor hugging his dead son on the silent battlefield. The remaining grand kontrakarmic dragons could do nothing but mourn. After losing their beastmaster, they would have no future apart from decadence and death, regardless of their impressive bloodlines.

"Son!" the Torchdragon Emperor cried, agitatedly hugging the corpse. His pride and joy, all ruined. Had he known this would be the result, he would never have allowed Long Renshe to fight and used the army to crush Lingfeng instead. However, would that have been possible in the first place? The duel had been carried out in the name of Li Qingyu, the Ninemoon Goddess. Long Renshe had too much to live up to, given her peak status. If he hadn't accepted Lingfeng's challenge, it would have left a stain for the rest of his life.

However, the benefit of hindsight would always be irrelevant; the fact remained that losing Long Renshe had caused their morale to collapse. What could they do now that the wedding was already in question? It seemed there was nothing else they could do but languish in humiliation. The Torchdragon Emperor

was nothing but a sad husk. People savored his pitiful state, given how much grief he had brought the sect in recent times.

Then a strong wind ruffled his robe. He stood up, holding the corpse, and turned to Lingfeng, glaring at him with all three eyes. He seemed to hear signs of life in the form of light breathing! Immediately, he picked up the Bloodleech Voidriver, the weapon he had passed onto his son, and charged toward Lingfeng. The palm strike from before was far from enough. He would cut Lingfeng into many pieces this time around. With how quickly this was happening, those from the Ninedragon Army couldn't react at all.

Almost instantly, the tip of the spear was thrust toward Lingfeng's throat. He was covered in blood and his chest had completely caved in, barely able to take in much air at all. Tightly gripping the ground, he coughed out black blood, hanging on a thin thread of life. People knew that even if he had somehow survived the first strike, there was no chance he would now. However, they forgot that Lingfeng was only able to gain the right to challenge Long Renshe because of Qingyu.

"Torchdragon Emperor!" From the moment the Torchdragon Emperor picked up his son, Qingyu had begged Li Yunxi, Apothecary Li, Li Xiaoyan, and the other two Dragon Imperials to save Lingfeng. However, they all kept quiet in the face of the Torchdragon Emperor's despair.

"Goddess, calm down. He's the enemy. Stopping the Torchdragon Emperor will only make it worse for the Veildragon Palace," Li Xiaoyan said.

"Calm down?" Her moon-white hair began wildly fluttering. Her body had been filled with nothing but grief. She would probably never forget about the duel that had just taken place for the rest of her life. Qingyu had never been one to rely on others for everything. The moment Li Xiaoyan refused her, her expression turned cold. "Very well. Then I'll die when he does. I'll start with destroying my bane-rings. Let's see how you explain this to him, then!"

Her dedication was no joke. Li Yunxi immediately panicked and hurriedly tried to stop her, but she panicked when Qingyu shot a furious glare at her. Her red eyes were filled with endless resentment, the implied message being 'do you think you can stop me?'

At that moment, the nine moonsbanes brightly glowed as they howled and shook. Ghost faces began surfacing from them, all nine at the same time, the cry of which caused Li Yunxi to shudder. She recalled what Li Wushuang had ended up like. Looking up, she saw ghostly faces appearing in Qingyu's eyes, coldly laughing at her. All the resentment and animosity had built up with her grief, mixing with her feelings for Lingfeng. Her white hair even began turning red!

"Stop!" Li Yunxi noticed that while she was able to stop Qingyu from moving, she couldn't stop the changes in her bane-rings.

"Listen up. If he dies today, the five of you will suffer an even worse fate once I grow powerful enough!" As Qingyu said that, tears of blood began leaking from her eyes, having been stained red by the ghostly faces in them. The faces in her eyes were laughing and crying at the same time in a ghastly manner, exuding an even more horrifying aura than Li Wushuang had, thanks to Qingyu's innate potential.

Those words stunned the five of them as they exchanged glances. Qingyu was still the Ninemoon Goddess, at the end of the day. No matter what, she was the flesh and blood of the sun emperor. It was clear what choice they had to make, whether it be antagonizing her or the Veildragon Palace.

"Torchedragon Emperor, stop!" All five of them charged in at the same time as the Torchedragon Emperor raised the spear up high. However, his thrust had been stopped by Li Yunxi's sword flash, barely managing to save Lingfeng. The others managed to force the Torchedragon Emperor away and surround him.

"What is the meaning of this?" He held his dead son tight with one arm, and the spear with his other.

"Apologies, brother. The Goddess used her death to threaten us to act. This should be a matter left to the sun emperor," Li Xiaoyan said.

"Hahaha!" the Torchedragon Emperor laughed, knowing that his son's death had been in vain. Even though his son had possibly been about to become the second most potentially influential person ever after marrying the first, the Ninemoon Goddess had never cared about him at all. The Torchedragon Emperor laughed as he held his son tight, returning to the rest of the Veildragon Palace with a look of grief.

Now, all ninety million people there looked at the Ninemoon Goddess as she ran toward the bloodied youth, unafraid, and tightly hugged him. His black blood stained the Diviluna Eternalight. It was a clash of the pure and the obscene. However, when their faces were pressed together, it looked so natural, as if their match had been ordained by heaven. Tears and blood mixed as they united in an embrace, no longer caring about the huge audience around them. Her hand held his tighter and tighter.

"Feng...." The ghostly faces in her eyes finally vanished.

Hearing her dreamlike voice, Lingfeng nodded in response and opened his mouth. Even though blood filled his mouth, he managed to smile.

This sight completely stunned everyone. There were all kinds of theories being thought up. Li Yunxi and the rest were the worst off as they awkwardly watched from the side, not knowing what to do now that the marriage plans had been ruined by something nobody could have expected. Just as they were about to faint from the worry, a transmission stone that burned bright and golden appeared before them. It was the sun emperor's decree!

Chapter 1515 - Outbreak of War

Given the sun emperor's status, it wasn't surprising that his transmission stone was so eye-catching. Lingfeng had ruined the marriage ceremony he'd planned, so what would happen next would depend on him. His temperament would decide the fate of all of Orderia! When the golden transmission stone let out a piercing bright golden light, the fifty million celestial orderians instantly knelt, causing a tremor on the ground. Those of the Veildragon Palace reacted slower, but also quickly followed suit. Even though they had qualms about the Ninemoon Goddess, they would never dare to have anything to say about the sun emperor.

"All hail His Solar Majesty!" the sixty million troops yelled, creating soundwaves so loud that they could shatter eardrums. If the sun emperor had his own version of Tianming's Omniscient Will, it would

probably be incomparably strong. After all, every one of them here were gods, and he was the god of gods! The fifty million celestial orderians' cheers and devotional feelings once more caused the temperature to rise to a boiling point.

When the chatter settled, all that remained to be heard was the uniform heartbeats of all those troops. It sounded like millions of beasts stampeding across the ground. Gradually, the light formed into a golden figure; the sun emperor's projection was there for all to see. He glared at the Ninedragon Army and the Primodragon Cave behind them and emitted flames from his eyes. His aura could clearly be felt through the transmission stone, his rage apparent. The celestial orderians' killing intent rose in tandem.

Then, the projection let out a loud, low-pitched roar. "The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's Whitedragon Empress and Yang Ce killed my sister, Li Wushuang, at Dragonbound Valley."

Those words shook the entire place. Chatter began festering among the ranks of the Ninedragon Army. On the other side, they were shocked to hear the news and immediately let their rage boil. Many cultivators' expressions were already contorted. The death of Li Wushuang was completely different from that of Long Renshe. Tianming and a few others already knew about it, but most of the Ninedragon Army didn't.

Any sane person would know that no matter whether it was true or not, it would be assumed to be as such, much like the allegations of Long Junxuan having violated Li Wushuang from so long ago. Anything the sun emperor said would be taken as the sole truth by the celestial orderians! It seemed that an attack from them was already unavoidable. The only difference from back then was that Li Wushuang could still come out in public after the alleged violation, whereas she would no longer be able to show her face from now on if her death had been faked, so there was a good chance this was real after all. It also lined up with what they knew about Yang Ce and Long Wanying going to save the youngsters at Dragonbound Valley.

The flames of war between both sides flared even more, far more than what had been caused by the incident with Long Junxuan, and it was still rising. Many celestial orderians were about to explode from rage. It was supposed to be a simple mission of forcing the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect away from the Primodragon Cave. But now, not only had the wedding been ruined, but now Li Wushuang was also dead. This alone was reason enough to start a war. No other justification was needed.

The sun emperor turned to look at the Torchdragon Emperor and the other two. "Torchdragon Emperor, were you the one who sent people to kill Wushuang during such a joyous occasion?"

"Your Solar Majesty!" The Torchdragon Emperor knelt in a panic. "That is definitely not the case! I'd never do something like that right as our two peoples were about to be united! The Saintdragon Emperor must've done something so rash to threaten the peace because of his stubbornness! I represent the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect when I say that we'll avenge Lady Wushuang by ridding our sect of this festering tumor!"

He was rather capable, still being able to put up an act despite the recent death of his son. He would use the upcoming war to get rid of dissidents in his sect, framing it as a just cause rather than an unreasonable assault on the sect by celestial orderians.

"Very well. The celestial orderians shall lend you a hand." The golden figure raised his hand and pointed at the Ninedragon Army. Then he said with his booming voice, "Heed my orders, celestial orderians! Wipe out the traitorous Saintdragon Emperor and anybody that tries to stop us!"

No matter how many people thought the justification was nonsense, the sun emperor's just and boundless aura trumped everything else, making him look like the good guy for invading. To the seventy million troops from the Myriad Solar Sects, those words were meaningless nonsense. They had come to help the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, only for them to kill Li Wushuang and actually escalate the situation even more. Word of the troubles they had at their borders made it even worse.

"Why would they kill Li Wushuang? Isn't that just idiotic? Now, every advantage gained thanks to Feng's actions will go to waste."

"They didn't have any other choice. I got word that the young disciples of the sect were hiding at the Dragonbound Valley. It's clear that Li Wushuang went to wipe them out."

"Then this is troublesome. Do we help out?"

"Who knows what's going on in the dreamless celestial emperor's mind?"

Confusion spread among the alliance's army as the hate felt by the sixty million troops that mainly consisted of celestial orderians peaked. They had never suffered a true loss before, yet now they'd lost Li Wushuang. People no longer cared about the truth and wanted to fight more than anything else.

Totems and lifebound beasts appeared amongst their ranks. The ten million troops from the Veildragon Guard summoned their dragons. Beside them, fifty million totemancers manifested their totems, filling the sea of fire around them to the brim. The only peaceful part of the battlefield was where Qingyu and Lingfeng were. There were a thousand from the Sunscorch Guard there along with Li Yunxi. The army behind them circled around them before charging toward the Ninedragon Army.

War had broken out. Things had already been set in stone. Tianming watched as countless fierce enemies charged their way, filled with fighting spirit. None of them feared death thanks to the sun emperor's presence.

Chapter 1516 - War of Extermination

The sound of the charge was all the more terrifying. Before both sides even clashed, the crescendo of war had already risen to its peak; all other senses seemed to fade into the background. People even began hearing sounds that weren't there. It was as if the world itself had shattered. This was the most terrifying war that Tianming had ever witnessed. Even though it wasn't on the level of a war between different astral worlds, it was no doubt a world war!

"Dragonbound Valley...." He was well aware of what happened there. He was the one who had located Li Wushuang using Yin Chen, after all, but they didn't have a choice as they were forced into a corner. Even if they hadn't killed Li Wushuang, the war would be unavoidable as Lingfeng had killed Long Renshe. Given his absolute might, the sun emperor wouldn't hesitate to use that as a justification. When might makes right, one only needed a vaguely plausible justification to excuse just about anything.

The Ninedragon Army no longer had a way out of the fight. They were fighting with no option for retreat, something they had already anticipated; it was only a matter of time, after all. Tianming held

the Lifesteal Silverdragon in his left hand and the Grand-Orient Sword in his right, ready to fight to the death along with the sect. Lingfeng and Qingyu would be safe for now, so there would be a better time to use the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. He wouldn't allow himself to escape alone anyway. Not to mention, there were still many mysteries of the sect that he hadn't discovered yet, for instance, the changes that had occurred to the nine-colored scale when he'd entered the Primodragon Cave. He watched as the totems and their masters came charging toward him. Not far away from him, the six remaining Dragon Imperials had prepared themselves for a fight to the death.

"Ninedragon Army!" the Saintdragon Emperor roared as he drew his sword, Ninedragon Imperius, a grade-eight divine artifact that was to be temporarily used by him. The thirty million troops obeyed his call, honoring their long history. "When we fight, we do so without a need for frivolous justification or a rage that colors our eyes! We're the descendants of the dragon of origin, masters of the land around us! All we need to do is to defend our home and family to our deaths! Death comes for everyone, eventually. What's important is to make sure we live a life without regrets. Let us not suffer the regret of letting these dogs trample our home, kill our families, desecrate our ancestral tombs, and eradicate our legacy!"

That was all he needed to say. The Ninedragon Army also had a long and rich tradition. They knew that there was no backing away from this fight. "We fight until our bodies crumble! Every last kill counts!"

The thirty million troops had a total of more than a hundred million lifebound beasts, all of them dragons roaring mightily in the sky! The dedication they showed despite being numerically disadvantaged was a sign of their true dragon spirit! Such a strong will was something that even inspired the many folks from the Myriad Solar Sects. It was no coincidence that the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect took the first place in rankings across most of history.

These thirty million troops didn't look like pushovers. The Saintdragon Emperor, Azuredragon Emperor, Greendragon Emperor, Violetdragon Empress, Crimsondragon Emperor, and Bluedragon Emperor were the key supporting pillars of the sect. Though they were rather old, they had contributed most of their lives to the sect. Now, they led the army through tough times like these and showed the determination to fight to their deaths. It looked like there wasn't even a single deserter near the Primodragon Cave, their sacred land. Even taking one step back would mean that one was trampling on the pride and soul of their people. When the order to attack was given, they all charged toward the sixty million enemies without hesitation!

The seas of totems and dragons finally clashed and the battlefield turned into a meat grinder. The fight between nearly a billion gods and their totems and lifebound beasts swallowed up the entire place. Countless bright lights flashed as flames and dragons intertwined, sending flesh and blood flying all over the place as the combatants were slowly boiled to pulp in a primordial soup. It felt like countless gates to the underworld had opened up to welcome countless souls. Such was a war between higher lifeforms on their star worlds! Once the fight began, nothing else mattered. The celestial orderians were a proud race; killing and conquest were child's play to them. On the other hand, while the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect didn't have that kind of savage culture, their unyielding determination to protect their homes and legacy was even more terrifying!

Countless booming war cries rang out, mixing with the cries of the dead and fallen. Blood burned to crisp amidst the raging flames in the air. The celestial orderians dominated the battlefield with double

the number of defenders. The flames their totems generated had allowed them to dominate Orderia, and the Xuanyuans were the only ones capable of standing up to them. Now that the fight had finally broken out, they came to realize that they would suffer at least half their number in losses to wipe out their enemies.

Naturally, the sun emperor didn't intend to kill all thirty million of the Ninedragon Army, only severely cripple them. First, they would get rid of their inspirational leaders and use the Veildragon Palace to subjugate the ones that were left behind. After that, the top faction would become servants of the celestial orderians, allowing them to control the Primodragon Cave.

However, the bloodthirstiness of the Ninedragon Army proved troubling for the celestial orderians. Even with the numerical disparity, they didn't relent in the face of the charge of the enemy troops. Their dragons' abilities bombarded and killed many celestial orderians. The death toll on both sides was rising to historic heights.

Countless caeli left their bodies, floating up the skies above before entirely disappearing. Soon, piles of bloody corpses formed, blanketing the entire battlefield and leaving no ground unstained. The loud rumbles ruptured the eardrums of many, drowning out any present and future sound. Countless more lost their lives after losing their sense of hearing. One particular Ninedragon Army soldier got hacked to pieces from his blind spot. He didn't even know where his lifebound beasts were on this chaotic battlefield. As he fell, he turned to look back at the Myriaddragon Mountains one last time. "I killed three... It was worth it. Chong'er, please live on in Dragonbound Valley."

Chapter 1517 - A Life for a Life

The man's eyes dimmed after he smiled his last. The thought of Li Wushuang's death gave him peace in the knowledge that Dragonbound Valley would be safe for now. Such occurrences were all too common in every corner of the battlefield.

"Die, you celestial dogs!"

"Kill them!"

"Kill the dogs! Protect our homes!"

"The Veildragon Palace is our sect's shame!"

This war wasn't just between the sect and the celestial orderians. The Veildragon Palace was also in the chaotic mess. They sacrificed countless of their own to pave a way for their celestial orderian comrades, much to the bafflement of many others. Why would they do something like that to fight against their own distant kin? They were even willing to give up their pride and dignity to invade the lands of their ancestors like loyal dogs!

How tragic! Even though they were dragons all the same, how could they turn against their own? That only served to enrage those from the Ninedragon Army even more. They couldn't accept this no matter what! Their territory, dignity, and ancestral legacy... they sacrificed themselves to defend all of it. As the battle developed, more and more casualties were suffered by both sides. Even so, the Ninedragon Army didn't back off in the slightest.

Lingfeng's choice was correct. If he'd shown up during the heat of battle, he wouldn't have had the chance to get close to Qingyu. The battlefield was nothing short of a hellscape right now. The flaming clouds above began raining down countless embers on the battlefield, each of which left large craters that quickly filled up with blood and burning flesh from beast and man alike. Blood could even spray tens of thousands of meters away thanks to the wild storms. Those far away in the Azurecloud Continent could probably also feel the effects of this battle. The fusion formation far beneath them rumbled.

What was even more angering was how the Sky Palace didn't show up at all despite the war taking place near Myriadragon Mountains. The seventy million troops of the alliance merely watched as those from the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect fell in battle. It wasn't that they didn't dare to fight, they simply lacked someone to lead them into battle. Most of them were made up of smaller factions that wouldn't be able to change the tide of battle even if they joined in. Even second-rate factions would perish as long as the first-rate factions didn't chip in, easily being vaporized the moment they approached the battlefield.

There were all kinds of reactions among those troops. Some were enraged at what they saw, some felt horrible, some feigned ignorance, and some merely coldly smiled. As long as the blades of the celestial orderians weren't placed against their necks, most of them didn't feel the slightest bit bothered. Countless chatter rang out among their ranks.

All of the pressure was put on the first-rate factions' leaders, the dreamless celestial emperor and the Northdipper Swordsage and so on. However, nobody could find the former at the moment. Who would be able to lead the Myriad Solar Sects? When they looked at the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's fighting spirit and compared it with the cold dreamless celestials, most figured that the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect would rank first even without the Veildragon Palace among them. When it came to a real fight, numbers weren't everything.

"We already came all this way! Do we fight or not?"

"The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect killed Li Wushuang, so the celestial orderians have ample justification. What reason would we have to involve ourselves?"

"If you join, you'll only earn their ire. The sun emperor will definitely wipe them out. Everything has been planned, from the return of the Veildragon Palace to Li Wushuang's death."

"Come to think of it, is she really dead? She can't possibly come back to life ten years later, right?"

"Yeah, it's quite the deal to cripple the entire Xuanyuan Dragon Sect in exchange for ten years in hiding."

"Can you all shut up? Don't you think the celestial orderians will come for us once they win here? When we're gone, the Myriad Solar Sects will be wiped out! Our descendants will forever be the slaves of the celestial orderians! Totemancers will reign supreme over beastmasters!"

"There's seventy million of us...."

Even if they had that number, they were disorganized and disunited. They might not even stand a chance against the thirty million troops of the Ninedragon Army. These onlookers were just as shameless as the Veildragon Palace, in a sense. The Ninedragon Army had never counted on them to

begin with, otherwise their apathy would have affected their morale even more. They merely continued gritting their teeth and fighting away.

"Kill!"

"Don't fall! The Primodragon Cave is right behind us!"

"We'll die sooner or later! What better time than now? We'll take a few traitors with us so our descendants won't have to bow down and become their slaves!"

It took countless years for the Myriad Solar Sects to be able to rival the celestial orderians, but if they lost here, they would be past the point of no return.

"Even if we fail and die, we can at least cause the celestial orderians grief! Let's kill thirty million of them and teach them a bloody lesson! Let's all at least kill one before we die!"

They already had nothing to lose, so they had no qualms about sacrificing themselves for a hopeless cause. As long as every one of them killed one enemy before being killed, it would be a huge blow to the celestial orderians.

"Anyone who dies before killing at least one enemy shall forever be shamed in the afterlife!" With that thought in mind, every single soldier fought with renewed vigor and abandon, desperate to score a kill even if it meant enduring a fatal wound. Some even imploded their cultivation to self-destruct!

No matter how tough the celestial orderians were, a level or three of difference no longer mattered against fearlessly suicidal fighters like the Xuanyuans. No matter how strong they were, one could easily perish in a battle where death was the only constant.

What was even more shocking was how the Ninedragon Army didn't even look like they were at a disadvantage after fighting for so long. Their dedication to trade life for life had instead instilled fear in their enemies. What sane person would risk dying just to kill a single enemy? When faced with a suicidal enemy like this, the only rational choice was to run! While it wouldn't be a problem if tens, or even hundreds of thousands of them ran, their unified will would be heavily affected once millions of them made such a cost-benefit analysis.

The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect wasn't strong from the get-go. They had protected their lands and maintained cohesion amidst the constant rising and falling of the many factions, forming a solid legacy and sense of identity. When faced with invaders, they would repel them with the fiercest ability they could muster! The burning souls of the troops of the Ninedragon Army fought back against the celestial orderians' solar flare, much to the shock of the seventy million onlookers. Even Tianming was impressed and affected by their sheer will.

Chapter 1518 - Demise of the Dragon Imperials

Tianming's robes were already stained with blood. Despite being a youth, he hadn't embarrassed the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. He hadn't been hurt yet, but had already sent several of the celestial orderians to their graves. They were all seniors who had trained for hundreds of years.

The battlefield was in chaos, and in the midst of the flames, not many would notice him in particular. Even when they did, no one could hear their shouts over the din. Every celestial orderian that noticed Tianming would excitedly rush at him, only to end up being killed by their would-be victim.

The Lifesteal Silverdragon crossed a thousand meters and its sharp tip pierced through a celestial orderian's eye, then continued through his skull. The Lifesteal Silverdragon then returned, the force directly ripping the corpse in half.

A female warrior of the Ninedragon Army was in front of the dead man. Just now, she had almost been killed. "The Lifesteal Silverdragon... He's actually on this battlefield." She cried tears of blood.

Honestly, Tianming being willing to step on this battlefield was an act of incredible courage. All of the celestial orderians wanted to kill him, and any enemy that saw him would go mad. In other words, Tianming was being suicidal. Even he knew he was being suicidal. When the Dragon Imperials had tried chasing him away, he had refused to listen.

Some kinds of will were able to infect him, even his cultivation and divine will. From the Archaic House of Xuanyuan of the Flameyellow Continent to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect of Orderia, the dragon souls of this clan had been influencing Tianming. That also included how he and Long Wanying were birds of the same feather.

"The Ninedragon Emperor didn't give me the Imperial Ninedragon Tomb just to run away with it." Combined with the plane of origin and the uniqueness of the nine-colored dragon scale, Tianming couldn't just up and go.

Although he hadn't been fighting in the core battlefield, the meat grinder in front was already fast reaching him. No matter how fierce the Ninedragon Army was, defeat was an inevitability when faced with twice their numbers. Even so, the brave warriors in front continued burning their lives to trade lives with their enemy.

Things only grew worse. Terror, despair, and gloom surrounded everyone. Tianming could feel himself being infected by it. He knew that the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect really needed someone to step out right now. Perhaps if he did so, he could make everyone believe in him and entrench his Imperial Will in their hearts.

Unfortunately, the current Tianming was just too insignificant a speck in this whole battle. He simply lacked the ability! So what if he could kill a few people here and there? What would it change? Tianming felt his heart bleed; too many had died. The celestial orderians were overwhelming them and the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect would definitely pay a price for this battle.

"Azuredragon Emperor!" Suddenly, Tianming heard a mournful shout.

Tianming looked in that direction and saw an ongoing battle of experts. In the thick of it was a gray-robed man, the Azuredragon Emperor! Surrounding him were the Flamefiend Lord Li Xiaoyan, Apothecary Li, and the Blooddragon Emperor.

Many around them wanted to save the Azuredragon Emperor, but alas, even more celestial orderians were around. No matter how many members of the Ninedragon Army came forward, more celestial orderians would pop up. Clearly, the three experts were ganging up on the Azuredragon Emperor in an

attempt to take the head of the army. Once the six Dragon Imperials were taken down and the remaining dragonsprings seized, the Ninedragon Army would collapse on itself. A Xuanyuan Dragon Sect without its Dragon Imperials was only fit to be enslaved!

The battle loudly raged as the Azuredragon Emperor led his lifebound beasts in an attempt to fight one versus three. The shockwaves and sea of fire from Li Xiaoyan's fire totems made it hard for Tianming to make out what was happening inside. However, the Azuredragon Emperor's furious and emotional roars could still faintly be made out, his inextinguishable will clear to all.

Although he was older than Li Xiaoyan and Apothecary Li, it was clear he was no easy target from how long they were taking to bring him down. From afar, Tianming heard his rough, yet tragic laughter.

"It's fine for me to die. I'm old. But one day, my clan will pay back this debt of blood!"

Light, fire, and smoke swallowed up everything.

"Kill!" A bleak shout filled the sky as the Azuredragon Emperor spoke his last words. Tianming couldn't forget that elder who had provided Lingfeng waste pills.

"Run, Li Tianming!" A woman rushed over and grabbed Tianming's hand. It was Long Xiqian and she started pulling Tianming away.

Tianming flew backward and looked at the fog of blood in a daze. He choked, "Auntie Qian, the Azuredragon Emperor is gone...."

First it was Yang Ce. Now it was the Azuredragon Emperor. How many more people needed to die? When Yang Ce had passed, Tianming's eyes had gone red and he had almost suffocated.

"Yes. Go now." Long Xiqian clenched her teeth, tears falling. She knew very well the next to die may be her father, the Saintdragon Emperor. He was in the front line and using his aged body as the vanguard of the Ninedragon Army. The corpses beneath him were piled up into a mountain, but his fall could be predicted.

"It's alright Tianming. One of them will die for every one of us that dies. History will remember us," Long Xiqian said.

Tianming stopped and gnashed his teeth. History would remember them? Who gave a fuck? He took a deep breath. There was a disturbance beneath his feet and some metallic ants burrowed out of the ground. Together, they were holding a green dragon-shaped formation, which they passed to Tianming. Light danced on it and Tianming received it with trembling hands.

It was a dragonspring. It belonged to the Greendragon Emperor! He had been the first true Dragon Imperial casualty of the war, even before the Azuredragon Emperor and had handed the dragonspring to Yin Chen before dying. It had taken Yin Chen a long time to burrow its way to Tianming.

He had also left behind a will.

"Tianming, bring along the dragonspring and run far, far away using the Ninedragon Tomb. Never ever come back. That's the only way the sun emperor will never enter the Primodragon Cave."

The six Dragon Imperials were no longer young; mutual destruction was their staunch choice.

And Li Tianming... was their hope!

Chapter 1519 - Descent of the Dragonsouls of Origin!

There were still bloodstains on the dragonspring that clearly belonged to the Greendragon Emperor.

“Leave!” Long Xiqian anxiously told him. If he didn’t leave soon, he might lose the chance forever.

Tianming sucked in a deep breath. At this juncture, it wasn’t just that he had trouble convincing himself to retreat. Qingyu and Lingfeng’s position also made it impossible for him to fly the Ninedragon Tomb away. To him, surviving alone was as good as death.

“Godfather...” When Tianming remembered his promise to him, it meant he couldn’t give up now. When he thought of the Ninedragon Emperor, Saintdragon Emperor, Long Wanying, and Yang Ce....

“Tianming!” Long Xiqian grew even more anxious. Tianming looked back toward the fire-filled, bloodsoaked battlefield. The Ninedragon Army was collapsing and corpses covered the ground. He knew that Lingfeng was struggling beside Qingyu even now.

Who could save them?

As his, the Greendragon Emperor’s, and all of the rest of the fresh blood on the battlefield contaminated the Grand-Orient Sword, it gathered at the nine-colored scale. Tianming sensed a call from the Primodragon Cave. “Come!”

It sounded like countless seniors were speaking to him.

“Yes!” Tianming’s eyes finally shone.

“Who’re you talking to?” Li Xiqian asked, confused.

“Aunt Qian, follow me.” Tianming forced down the anger in his heart and maintained his rationality. Tianming didn’t fly away in the Ninedragon Tomb; instead, he rushed toward the rear of the Nine Dragon Army in the direction of the Primodragon Cave.

“Use the dragonspring to open the way!” Tianming hurriedly passed it to her.

“You want to enter the Primodragon Cave?” Long Xiqian frowned. Her mission was to bring Tianming away. With the Veildragon Palace around, the cave was no longer a safe place, but a trap.

She was considering forcefully bringing him away. “Don’t blame me....”

Tianming excitedly cut her off halfway. “Quickly, the seniors and Ninedragon Emperor are calling me!” He was practically shouting.

“Go!” Long Xiqian’s eyes briefly flashed with shock, but she immediately reacted and pulled Tianming along in the direction of the cave.

“Quickly, quickly!” Tianming urged. Someone was dying with every passing moment. Even the willpower of the dragon clan might not last long in the face of such odds.

Looking down, he saw that the Grand-Orient Sword was shaking and the lake-like environment inside the scale was already surging with waves. The projection from the Ninedragon Emperor looked like it was about to charge out as well.

“Tianming, what was that about the ancestors?” Long Xiqian’s eyes were red as she asked with a trembling voice. As she spoke, the Primodragon Cave was already in front of them. Tianming directly entered, finally leaving behind the battlefield for good.

He accelerated; the route seemed especially long this time. The summons from inside the cave were shaking his heart and causing a resonance with his bloodline. The Primodragon Cave was furious! He finally arrived and saw Primodragon Mountain.

On the mountain, the hundred thousand lifelike Dragon Imperial corpses were neatly arranged alongside even more dragons. Tianming hadn’t noticed it before, but this time he realized that the arrangement was actually similar to an army’s! Even though they were dead, he could sense their blood pumping and those lifeless eyes of theirs regaining some color.

He wasn’t sure he was seeing things, but he could see unbridled fury in their expressions! It was the kind of fury one felt when their homeland had been invaded, their descendants killed, and their legacy ended.

“Could it be....” Tianming lifted his head up and looked at the plane of origin above the mountain.

As expected, the previously calm lake surface was seething and churning, with bubbles appearing. Under the radiance of the plane of origin, the mountain seemed to light up, and the hundred thousand Dragon Imperials seemed to be glowing. Their gazes seemed to become more piercing and their auras much more robust. And of course, there were the hundreds of thousands of dragon corpses!

Their eyes sharpened into a glare and many whiskers were swaying in the breeze. Gradually, anger began coloring their features as killing intent began to leak from their bodies. An invisible will had gathered on the mountain, which now seemed to be a single, massive, superdragon a million meters long.

Perhaps, these were the dragonsouls of origin.

The babbling of countless seniors drifted past. It started off anxious before gradually becoming clear roars of fury.

Tianming felt like a fire had ignited in his chest that was expanding and heating up his whole body. The Azure dragon Emperor, Green dragon Emperor, Yang Ce, and the mountains of corpses piled up outside all became a deep, burning grudge that filled Tianming.

The Grand-Orient Sword vibrated; unbidden, the sword rose up and pointed at the plane of origin. The nine-colored dragon scale on the sword gave off a piercingly bright light and a nine-colored projection of a man walked out, leading five dragons. Instead of four limbs, he had dragon heads. Together, the total of nine dragons roared toward the plane of origin!

In response to the earth-shattering roar, all of the Dragon Imperial corpses shone with light. Their eyes become bloodshot, immediately making them appear more ferocious. Perhaps they had already

witnessed what was going on outside. Their excellent descendants died standing, their will unbroken. The survivors defended to the death, not giving any ground!

At that moment, the projection spread his arms as he faced the plane of origin. Despite not reaching two meters tall, his voice managed to shake the entire Primodragon Cave. "On Origin Festival, our children suffer. Our territory is no longer ours. I ask you, if the Primodragon World doesn't open now, when should it!"

Tianming felt like his eardrums were close to bursting.

"Dragonsouls of origin, descend!"

Chapter 1520 - Death and Rebirth

With that bold declaration, the plane of origin's seething reached a critical limit and strange phenomena began occurring. Illusory dragons burst out one by one from the plane of origin. They were all as long as a thousand meters and seemed to have come from another world. They lacked a real body, but still possessed a terrifying aura.

"Is this the secret of the Primodragon Cave? What kind of place is the Primodragon World?" Tianming wondered.

"What? Are these *vita*, *caeli*, or *terra*?" Long Xiqian's mouth was agape. The giant figures from the Primodragon World were clearly some kind of soul that was even purer than spiritual bodies.

Terra that had become totems would look approximately like this, if they were coporeal and strong enough. However, Tianming was certain these weren't *caeli* or *terra*, and especially not *vita*! The closest equivalent would be artifact souls, but of many grades higher. They were like a special spiritual lifeform that could exist as just a soul and never be extinguished.

Still, what they were wasn't important. What was important was that after these dragonsouls of origin rushed out of the plane of origin, they quickly entered the bodies of the Dragon Imperials and their lifebound beasts, settling within.

Hundreds of thousands of dragonsouls quickly made their way out, all entering the Dragon Imperials and their lifebound beasts.

Then, the bodies of the Dragon Imperials began to twitch. It started off with light trembling, but gradually, there was increasing familiarity with their moments. The dust on their bodies shook off.

"What!" Tianming and Long Xiqian forgot to breathe. The flesh and blood of seniors who had perished for millions of years still being in good condition and maintaining their power was extraordinary enough. But now, with the descent of the dragonsouls of origin, they actually 'resurrected'?

One Dragon Imperial after another was familiarizing themselves with their body. Their gazes looked strange; they weren't truly alive, but the anger still filled their eyes.

Hundreds of thousands of dragons soared into the sky from Primodragon Mountain. They flew around and roared. The entire scene was like a dream.

“I understand. Those illusory dragons from the plane of origin are controlling the bodies of the ancestors. The ancestors’ power is still around. If those illusory dragons can use it, doesn’t that mean our seniors can still protect their descendants after millions of years?” Long Xiqian felt warm tears streaming down her face.

Although what she claimed sounded fantastical, what Tianming was seeing had proved it.

The dragonsouls of origin substituted themselves for both souls and divine wills. They controlled the hundred thousand Dragon Imperials and their lifebound beasts, allowing the bodies to move again. It wasn’t a resurrection or a return from death; however, the power that had been perfectly maintained by the Primodragon Cave for all these years could finally find a use thanks to the dragonsouls of origin.

A hundred thousand Dragon Imperials, all bearing their power from before they died, took to the skies with their dragons, forming a terrifying army. Even though some among them were old and frail, with most of their power having left them, they weren’t weak by any means.

Under the direction of the dragonsouls of origin, all of them gathered in front of Tianming. Or rather, the person standing in front of Tianming.

All of the Dragon Imperials seemed to be no different from being alive, apart from their emotionless expressions. Most of them seemed similar to the person they had been before they died. Perhaps it was a form of muscle memory.

Tianming had thought this was incredible enough. The next moment, the churning in the plane of origin grew even more furious and a massive dragonsoul of origin, tens of thousands of kilometers long, rushed out. Then a second head. A third head! Nine heads in total made their appearance.

The heads stared at the small projection in front of Tianming. It wasn’t a soul; Tianming wasn’t sure what it was. Before, it had come from the plane of origin and entered the nine-colored dragon scale.

The next moment, the projection and its dragons flew into the sky toward the nine-headed dragonsoul before colliding violently with it.

Tianming was flabbergasted to see the man and dragons swallow up the massive dragonsoul of origin. The small dragons merged into one dragonsoul of origin, tens of thousands of meters long. It was more lustrous than the previous dragonsoul and seemed to have a spark of intelligence.

As for the projection of the Ninedragon Emperor, it became a giant tens of thousands of kilometers tall with four dragons for limbs. It looked like the spitting image of the Ninedragon Emperor, brave and majestic.

The giant bowed toward Tianming and spoke with a booming voice. “Junior, allow me to borrow the body of you and your lifebound beasts.”

“Come!” Tianming had already been shaken long ago. He had expected the miraculous occurrences in the cave to be for the sake of saving the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, but hadn’t expected to be able to help. Now that the giant needed him, he naturally wouldn’t decline.

Tianming was very straightforward. He even let Ying Huo, Meow Meow, Lan Huang, Xianxian, and the countless Yin Chens out from his lifebound space.

The giant and his massive dragons transformed into divine light that swept toward Tianming and his beasts. Similarly, endless amounts of nova source gathered around them.

Tianming cried out in pain as the giant rushed into his body, feeling like all of his flesh was being torn apart. Fortunately, there was the Greenspark Tower to stabilize his condition. Then the endless nova source gathered around him and swallowed him up. Tianming's entire body convulsed. His vision turned red, and he felt his mind lose focus.

"Kill our way out!"

"Yes!"

Tianming felt powerful beyond his wildest imagination right now. However, he wouldn't be able to control it by himself. He also sensed another power lurking in his body that was directing the berserk energies around him. He didn't know what the power was. Perhaps it had some relationship with the Ninedragon Emperor and Primodragon Cave. He only knew that the time to counterattack had arrived!

"Kill!" Tianming's furious roar was accompanied by the hundred thousand seniors' eyes turning red and an atmosphere of violence filling the crowd. The dragonsprings had been created by these seniors—it was possible they had predicted such a day like today would come when they were needed once again.

The formation of Primodragon Cave offered no resistance as one hundred thousand Dragon Imperials exited the cave.