

## The Ages 1541

### Chapter 1541 - Flames of the Skywolf Star

The sun emperor breathed out a long sigh, then smiled. "You're right. I haven't lost in far too long, so I let my emotions get the better of me. What happened today was an exceptional accident." He looked at Number One for a long while before he continued, "Not to mention that, while the Solar Wheel was crucial, my forebears have considered the possibility of losing it. So we spent a few generations making a backup wheel, and it's finally about to be completed. It's remained unused up until now, but I suppose it's about time I spent some effort to perfect it."

His words caused the seven to grimace. They obviously hadn't predicted that he would have a backup wheel, though whether or not that was a bluff remained to be seen. However, was it even necessary for the sun emperor to make such a bluff? It certainly didn't seem so.

The flames around the sun emperor's body vanished. He dusted his robe off in a relaxed fashion and said, "Thank you for helping me regain my cool."

"Sun Emperor, you sure regained your cool incredibly quickly," Number One said with a pained smile. At the end of the day, he wasn't sure if the sun emperor had really lost his temper or was just waiting for a good reason to stand down. Either way, his ability to control his emotions was shocking to see.

"Everyone, do wait for what is to come. The setback I suffered today is only a temporary delay. I'll return with the backup wheel to reclaim my Divine Sun Palace." The sun emperor turned around and picked up Li Wudi and his huge blood-colored kungpeng before casually leaving, the battlefield falling into complete silence with his absence.

"The Sky Palace's elites showed up and that was all it took to scare the sun emperor away?"

"They're far too powerful!"

"He left with his tail between his legs so quickly! Hahaha!"

The cultivators in the Myriad Solar Sects finally relaxed. It went without saying that the Sky Palace also enjoyed a boost in its reputation. The alliance that had just been about to form had fizzled out before it had a chance to begin with the sun emperor's departure—there was no longer a need for it. Once transmission stones came in with news of the celestial orderians' retreat, that was completely set in stone. The Myriad Solar Sects would no longer be able to form a united front and depose the Sky Palace. They truly had come at an opportune time to 'drive the sun emperor away'. Most normal people wouldn't have the slightest idea of the implications of what had just happened.

"Congratulations, everyone! The Myriad Solar Sects no longer have anything to worry about!" said the seven from the Sky Palace before they left, adding to their air of mystery. Everyone cheered, temporarily forgetting the role Li Wudi and Tianming had played in all this. Not to mention, they didn't announce the fact that the sun emperor had a backup wheel for the Divine Sun Palace. However, the Saintdragon Emperor, Northdipper Swordsage, and the rest didn't buy this one bit.

"The sun emperor's temper faded far too quickly. That's probably an even more dangerous sign for us," the Northdipper Swordsage said.

"I have to agree. The Sky Palace is definitely on his side," the Saintdragon Emperor said. They were far too shameless! Even though the battle had come to a close, it only foreshadowed even more troubles to come. Most of the smaller factions didn't know about what had happened at all and even began celebrating their victory.

"That kid is gone. Do you think he'll return?" the Northdipper Swordsage asked, pointing skyward.

"Him, eh?" The Saintdragon Emperor took a deep breath. "He can only continue growing if he leaves Orderia. The day of his return will be the day the Myriad Solar Sects are united. Trust me. Those kids are the real Sky Palace. They're the ones who truly inherited the will of the Sky Palace."

"I see. I stand with you on that," the Northdipper Swordsage said.

"Why?"

"I've seen the disaster that almost consumed us. I'm a denizen of the territory of the Myriad Solar Sects, after all." Protecting his home and heritage was all the reason he needed.

.....

Corpses were strewn all across the bloody battlefield. A woman covered entirely in blood flipped through the sea of corpses and finally found a cold, middle-aged man. Even though he didn't have any outward wounds, he was dead. In fact, he had been dead the entire time.

"Brother Xuan...." She hugged his corpse and cried in pain. "You stood guard in the Primodragon Cave all those years... now you can finally rest in peace."

He had led the charge of the hundred thousand Dragon Imperials to contribute to the sect one last time before he fell. Long Wanying put Long Junxuan's body into a crystal coffin. There was another coffin beside her containing the body of a man clad in black with his hands held at his chest in a peaceful manner. Then her worldcleanse whitesoul dragon lifted the coffins away.

.....

The Voidword Continent wasn't that far away from the Myriaddragon Continent. Yet despite the all-out war that had taken place in the latter continent, the Voidword Continent seemed completely peaceful. They hadn't participated in the battle at all, nor had they sent a single soldier to the conflict. To many factions, the Voidword Continent was a forbidden land. People who mistakenly wandered into it would immediately be killed by the Voidword Shrine, the most mysterious faction of them all. They maintained an incredibly low profile, seldom showing themselves in public. It was as if they kept themselves secluded in a place where the Myriad Solar Sects had no influence.

Today, Voidword Shrine was just as quiet as it usually was. Yet a cry of pain sounded out from an altar not far from there.

"No... no...!" A slender, hairless specter youth was held down by two elders and brought to the sacrificial altar. There was a gigantic sculpture of a white skywolf on the altar, standing proudly and magnificently. The eerie blue light coming from its eyes illuminated part of its body.

"Kong!" the skywolf sculpture suddenly opened its mouth and spoke, causing the youth to look up at it.

"You've come of age. The bloodline of you scorching imperials allows others to detect a hint of the

skywolf royals' scent. Your sacrifice will benefit countless others of our kind. It's the honorable right of those with your bloodline. You should be proud."

"No, I don't want to die! You're just trying to lure the Skywolf Star here!" Kong yelled.

"Oh.... As a skywolf royal, you don't seem to want to contribute at all. In fact, you doubt us. You aren't fit to bear the bloodline you've inherited. Your only purpose is for us to burn you up." The door of the altar suddenly sprang open and a pale flame appeared in front of Kong.

He drew a cold breath when he saw the millions of skeletons under the altar; the flame only burned away flesh, not bones. Every skeleton that burned there was his future self. He shuddered at the thought of his inevitable fate. From the moment of his birth, it had been decided that he would be tossed into the altar after he reproduced. He finally understood why every single skywolf royal was an orphan the moment they were born.

### **Chapter 1542 - Lost in the Stars**

The cosmic aether was a void that seemed to stretch on forever. They didn't know when it started, but sound had eventually faded from the inside and outside of the ship. Tianming could control the formation of the ship to allow its passengers a view of the outside. Since they had left Orderia, the scenery hadn't changed one bit. All they saw were stars in all directions. Like a leaf floating in the sea, they could easily lose their bearings and would have to sail blind.

Navigating the astralscape was even more complicated than navigating the sea! At least the sea was two dimensional, whereas they had to consider the third dimension in the astralscape. Sometimes they couldn't even tell up from down; it took less than an hour for Tianming to lose his way. During that time, he had focused his attention on familiarizing himself with the astralship's controls. When he finally tamed the wild beast of a ship, he came to a stunned realization.

"Where's Orderia?" he asked. There were nothing but nondescript stars wherever he looked, and there was no way for him to tell which one was Orderia. The scorching ball of fire had blended in with the rest of the stars.

Feiling was even more shocked. "I don't know. You're the driver, right?"

Tianming felt troubled. Now he understood why the many astral worlds seldom communicated with one another. Despite their worlds glowing so brightly, it was impossible to tell them apart from other worlds when they were far enough away. Finding a frame of reference was the main concern.

The cosmic aether was completely different from land—it was wide and borderless. Not to mention, just heading in the direction of any random star wasn't a good idea. There might be stronger powers that set up traps in the far distance. A divine astralship like the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, especially in its incomplete state, was easy prey.

"Guess I've been taking things for granted. The real world is never as easy as it seems, huh." Tianming had finally come to this realization. Just because they had left Orderia didn't mean they would be safe. They might have only found their way into a dark forest from which they would never emerge. Hunters could be hiding at every corner without them noticing. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was an absolute treasure, yet it was now in the hands of a few brats that weren't even thirty years of age. Taking it would

be like taking candy from a baby. His head began hurting when he realized that they could be in more danger than before.

"Life is full of challenges.... If I let fear stop me from moving forward, I wouldn't have even started cultivating." At least, he still had his wits about him. "Our main priority is still to bring the Solar Wheel away to a place where the sun emperor can't possibly reach without his Divine Sun Palace."

Even though he could no longer see Orderia, he still felt like they weren't far enough away. If the sun emperor had a special telepathic link with the Solar Wheel, he might be able to find it in a matter of months, or maybe years.

"Let's keep pressing on!" The further they went, the more awed Tianming felt. The astralscape was far too large. No matter how far they flew, it felt like they hadn't moved the slightest bit. The vastness of the universe was a despairing sight to those that truly experienced its scope. Tianming and the rest were now one of those unlucky few. They wandered in the endless ocean of space like newborns in uncharted territory, ignorant to all of the potential dangers ahead. Would they survive if they capsized?

Eventually, ten days passed, but it felt like months for them. The sense of complete isolation seemed to drag out the passing of time. During that time, Lingfeng had recovered rather well and eventually regained consciousness.

Ying Huo and the rest, on the other hand, had made themselves at home. They were so carefree that nothing seemed to worry them. Their presence made the atmosphere in the ship far more rowdy. Xian Xian's tree, on the other hand, rapidly grew along with the saplings of the Azurecloud Divine Tree. Lan Huang ran through the complicated labyrinths in the ship nonstop and even played hide and seek with the Archaiionfiend, while Yin Chen chased after it to bathe. Needless to say, this long and boring journey was perfect for Meow Meow to catch a long snooze; it hadn't woken up since their departure. As for Ying Huo....

"Yue Yue, look at my biceps. Did your heart skip a beat? Wait, don't ignore me! Have you been shocked into silence by my magnificence?"

It was showing off its new phoenix form to Shuo Yue, Qingyu's kunpeng, though its flirting game was pathetic, to say the least. Shuo Yue had grown much prettier since becoming a seven-star divine beast. Its pure white feathers, elegant and slender build, and noble aura completely charmed Ying Huo. Not to mention, they were old acquaintances.

"Yue Yue, want to fly into the skies of love together?"

"Dream on. You're still a childish little chicken after all these years," Shuo Yue said, not knowing how to respond.

"Yeah, I'm childish! Childish enough to fall in love—ahem, scratch that." If this went on, Ying Huo thought its dreams of a harem would be dashed. "My love is too vast to give to one individual alone. Everyone deserves the right to have a piece of it."

After quite some time, Tianming had learned to control the ship much better. Given that they didn't have a frame of reference at all, it wouldn't be an issue for him to tilt the ship by any degree. For now, he let the ship cruise on autopilot since they were already at cruising speed. It zoomed on across the

void like an unstoppable beam. As long as Tianming and the rest didn't leave, even solarions would be reduced to ashes if they were in the ship's course.

He decided to let loose and check on Lingfeng. With Qingyu's loving care, he had recovered to the point of being able to stand. Having absorbed too many waste pills too quickly, his Primordial Gate was still working to disintegrate them. But now, a flush of blood was already beginning to return to his blackened skin and he looked much more alive.

"I'm glad you're fine," Tianming said, patting his shoulder. He had stopped worrying, though Qingyu still looked at the rear of the ship with a grave expression.

"Big Brother...." She stopped herself from saying what she wanted to.

"The astralscape is too confusing. I don't even know if Orderia's still behind us," he said.

Qingyu still kept looking behind them out of habit. "Does that mean we won't be able to find our way back?"

"There's a good chance that that's the case. However, I think the ship has a way for us to find our way back, I probably just haven't found it yet. I still have to master three sword moves to gain full control of the ship. Right now, I only have access to a quarter of its functions," he said.

### **Chapter 1543 - Fake Dead Star**

Divine astralships had many functions. The Divine Sun Palace, for instance, had an attack that had almost eradicated the Aeonid Formation. But given Tianming's current control over the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, he could only use it as transport.

"That would be good," Qingyu said. She thought that there was no hope at all of returning.

"Don't worry, Qingyu. Your dad said that he'll survive no matter what. If we go back one day, we'll find a way to save him," Feiling said. They were of similar age, but Feiling now looked much younger, like a porcelain doll. Even so, her consolation still soothed Qingyu.

"He's no normal person. He'll definitely hold on," Tianming said. That was how confident he was in Li Wudi. He definitely intended to return to Orderia, one day. But for now, he could only count on mastering the Ninedragon Tribulation to find his way back. Some things simply couldn't be rushed. Also, there was nothing else to do in the deep void of space. That was the next thing he had to consider.

"Thankfully, I have the heavenly locus formation." Using it, he could let four people into Violetglory Star's wondersky realm, where they could cultivate using the caeli there. With the amount of nova source stored within the saplings, their cultivation could proceed as usual. Otherwise, they would eventually run out of nova source in their bodies and be unable to replenish it so far away from a star.

For now, Xiaoxiao temporarily didn't need to enter the wondersky realm. The Archaionfiend had snuck away with countless caeli during the great battle, after all. It didn't dare to make any drastic movements now, with its belly so flush and bloated. Ying Huo mocked it for looking like it was pregnant, much to its frustration. For now, it had to bear this burden in order to get stronger. Either way, it had still been a rather huge stroke of luck.

On the other hand, even though the Archaionfiend had lost much of its memory, Tianming had no better guide than it when it came to spacefaring, so he dragged it along to answer his many questions. His most recent query was about a gigantic black shadow that appeared in front of the ship on the twentieth day of their voyage.

"Slow down!" The Archaionfiend was so spooked that it had almost vomited out the caeli within it.

Tianming gripped on the wheel and decelerated as much as he could, then swerved aside to avoid a collision. Though it had played out well in his head, reality had other ideas. The ship swayed out of control and even flipped on its vertical axis before beginning to spiral toward the dark silhouette ahead of them. Ying Huo and Shuo Yue crashed into each other with their wings spread, rolling around like a ball of feathers. Meow Meow started foaming at the mouth from bouncing awake from its sleep. Lan Huang rammed into the Archaionfiend, causing it to burp out quite a few caeli, and Yin Chen was scattered all over the place like spilled sand.

"Ling'er, hold me tight!" He wanted to grab her, only for her to be sent flying away. When he looked at the person in his embrace, it was Lingfeng.

"What's up?" Lingfeng asked with an odd look.

"Not you! It's not my fault!" Tianming was smashed around until he began bruising all over. He wouldn't admit that it was his bad piloting skills. He quickly held the wheel tight to stop the ship from spinning, but the view ahead was now completely dark—the obstacle was right in front of them! Tianming noticed that it was a huge black star that could compare to a nova source world in size. He saw craters and mountains on its surface. It looked even larger than the sun itself. That was why they'd had no way of avoiding it despite changing course.

The ship passed through black fog as it crashed toward the surface with terrifying speed, shaking and rumbling so badly that everyone within couldn't even find their bearings. Fortunately, the ship was tough enough to weather the shock, and the saplings' power output fell until they finally stopped.

The Archaionfiend breathed a sigh of relief. "Thankfully this is a dead star. If it'd been a fake dead star, this collision would've cost us our life."

"What's a fake dead star?"

Dead stars were stars without a nova source or moons without stellar source; the Ninefold Hell was one such world. It could come into existence once the fundamental cosmic force of a world naturally burned out, or if it was forcefully robbed of it. Once that happened, the spiritual energy on that world would begin to thin to levels lower than the Flameyellow Continent's, leading to the eventual extinction of life on that star. Even if there were some survivors, there would no doubt be few of them, and even fewer elites. This world was darker than even the Ninefold Hell. Due to the lack of nova source, it was completely unilluminated, which made it hard to spot from the void of space.

"Fake dead stars describe star worlds that're powerful enough to add a layer to their astralguard formation that prevents any nova source from escaping the world, making them invisible in the cosmic aether. Those in the dark always have an advantage, whether it comes to attacking or hiding," the Archaionfiend said.

"Is that even possible?" It was mind-boggling to contemplate. The astralscape was far more dangerous than they had formerly thought.

"In other words, the star worlds we see are rather low in rank. The really powerful ones are capable of hiding in the darkness."

This was a matter that could start astral wars and result in the end of one's people. The dead star they had landed on might have been the remnant of one such war. Tianming and the rest temporarily left the ship and noticed that they had caused the formation of a new supercrater.

This was a world with nothing but silence. The commotion they had caused seemed to go unnoticed by sheer virtue of the fact that most, if not all life in this world had died out. The entire place looked like nothing more than desolate lands.

"Let's look around."

### **Chapter 1544 - Hole of the Stars**

After a quick stroll around, Tianming found that it was a barren land devoid of life. Huge cracks could be seen across the ground. They looked like they were so deep that one could reach where the fusion formation used to be. The lower one went, the darker and colder it was; this was definitely abnormal. For worlds that had a nova source, the closer one came to the core, the hotter it was, making it ill-suited for habitation. Once Tianming reached rock bottom, he confirmed that the star had been emptied out. The location where the nova source should have been was empty, leaving behind a gaping hole of eternal rot and decay. He saw a rusted weapon on the ground. When he pulled at it, it broke.

"There seems to be signs of battle. The nova source of this world didn't naturally burn out, then. It was taken."

The war had probably happened at least a million years ago. There wasn't a single blade of grass to be seen on the star.

"Wars in the astralscape are terrifying," Feiling said with worry. War seemed to always be close at bay. Nova source was the key sustenance to all things living. Once it started running out, denizens of other astral worlds would be forced to take it from others by means of force and conquest.

"Wars in Orderia seldom involve genocide or senseless massacre of the people, but wars between astral worlds don't care for the lives of noncombatants...."

The laws of the universe were cruel indeed, and small factions often had to submit to the whims of larger ones. Even Orderia, as prosperous as it seemed today, would eventually have to contend with the fate of becoming a dead star. If that happened, even the lifeforms of the Flameyellow Continent that relied on its light to live would die out.

"The weak dying out in favor of the strong seems like a universal constant. The only thing we can do is strive our hardest to protect ourselves." Those were the epiphanies he had come to. He took out the Solar Wheel and buried it in the core of the star. "It should be far enough from Orderia here. I still eventually have to go back there, anyway, so keeping it on me only poses the risk of letting it fall back into the hands of the sun emperor. Better off just burying it here and let it die with this star. People shouldn't be setting foot here anytime soon."

Perhaps Tianming was the only visitor of this invisible dead star in millions of years. Even he probably wouldn't be able to find the Solar Wheel again after leaving the star. "Farewell, foreign world."

He buried the wheel and returned to his ship before taking off once more. Since he no longer knew where they were, he chose a random direction to cruise in. He knew that cultivation would be the key, for now. Only by mastering even more moves would he be able to gain control of more functions of the ship. Thus, their long cultivation voyage had begun.

It wasn't as boring as it sounded. With his beloved back with him and the energetic Ying Huo around, his mood was always pleasant. However, everyone still felt the creeping angst of being lost in the vast astralscape. The more worlds they passed by, the more insignificant they felt. In the grand scheme of things, nothing seemed to matter.

"For all we know, these astral worlds could be grains of rice for some higher being. Cultivators like us might just be ants that flock to the rice. To those beings, our petty little wars don't matter, but to us they're a matter of life and death. It's all too real for us."

During the battle at the Myriadragon Mountains, Tianming had absorbed too much Omniscient Will, especially after the Ninedragon Army began seeing him as the Ninedragon Emperor and their mental support. The things he had seen made him understand the path of rulership even more, allowing his Imperial Will to grow further, though he hadn't had a chance to focus on cultivation to catch up. Thankfully, he had nova source from the saplings to spare. Eventually, he broke through to the ninth level of the Constellation stage.

"Feng used pills to defeat Long Renshe, and he's still slightly more powerful than me in terms of level. Based on my power now, though, taking care of a rare level one solarian genius like Long Renshe should be easy for me." As long as he could rival a solarian in power, he would be on the same level as some seniors that had cultivated for centuries, or even a thousand years.

"Let's keep on going." If he still hadn't at least reached the peak solarian level by the time he returned to Orderia, he would have no chance against the sun emperor. Only by running could he buy the time to grow powerful enough.

Though the voyage was initially a rather stressful one, he eventually grew used to the tranquility of the routine of playing with his lifebound beasts and spending time with Feiling. From time to time, he would take her to the front of the ship to look at the stars ahead. There was a beauty to the silence as well.

"Once we're stronger and able to adequately defend the ship, we'll be able to roam anywhere we want." His dream was to experience all kinds of cultures, their delicacies and their sights. Eventually, they grew to like this cruising lifestyle. The further they traveled, the higher the density of stars grew, which was a sign that Orderia was located near the periphery of the universe. Conversely, that meant that the risk of running into an astral war rose the closer they came to the central area. The spot with the most rice would get the most ants, after all.

.....

One day when Tianming was going to take Feiling to watch the stars, she pointed ahead and asked, "What's that?"



Tianming turned to look. "How beautiful... it looks like a flower of stars." The flower seemed as large as a nova source. It slowly rotated and let out colorful lights, making for quite a bewitching sight.

"Let's go and take a look." The closer they grew, the brighter it appeared.

"It's best you don't approach it. That's an astral hole," the Archaionfiend said.

"What's that?"

"It comes about as a result of the destruction of a fusion formation, which causes the nova source of a star to implode and eventually swallow up the rest of the world due to contractions within, forming a structure that isn't too dissimilar to a saint spring. It contains a nova source within, but it's uncontrolled. It looks beautiful, but it could easily tear the ship apart."

They had learned of yet another weird thing that existed in the universe. Could people really survive contact with a rampaging nova source?

"Without the fusion formation, the nova source takes the form of a lifespring, eh.... So it's like a gigantic vortex. Could such a world have cultivators?" Tianming asked.

"Of course! As most of the life on that world would perish from the implosion, those that remained are the ones capable of surviving such a catastrophe. At the very least, they're ascendants. That's how you get worlds without mortals."

Tianming looked at the beautiful flower as he contemplated the Archaionfiend's words. "The astralscape is truly wondrous." As he spoke, he piloted the ship toward the astral hole.

### **Chapter 1545 - The Prime Tower's Signal**

"Are you insane? Even though astral holes don't have astralguard formations, the nova source coming from them is really wild. Not to mention, there could be quite a high number of elites there. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb stands out too much and we'll be immediately discovered!" the Archaionfiend warned in a fright.

"Are you getting old or something? Since when have you been so careful and pensive?" Tianming said with a mocking look. Naturally, he wasn't going there to attract attention. The reason he dared to approach was that he had found a nice place to land the ship.

The collapse of the world that formed the astral hole was like the world had split in half, creating large amounts of rocks and debris floating around the astral hole. They formed a large collection of rings that resembled Lan Huang's Kilofold Rings. The rings themselves didn't give off any light, but they reflected some of the light that came from the astral hole. They looked like clouds surrounding the petals of the astral hole. They were made of asteroids of varying sizes, some tens of thousands of them even comparable to the moon in size. Tianming targeted one such asteroid to land on, as the size made it easy to hide the ship.

Eventually, they finally got close to the ground and Tianming tried for a perfect landing. He was enjoying his role as the captain of the ship and was earnestly doing it with his full focus. The ship slowly decelerated as it descended before eventually smashing a crater into the surface of the asteroid, giving

the passengers another rough bump. Lan Huang, unprepared for the impact, went rolling around, smashing against the inner walls of the ship and ending up half dead.

"Well, it could still use some work, but it's much better than before! Nine out of ten!" Tianming confidently said. Then he had the ship burrow to the deepest point of the asteroid and parked it there. As he wasn't able to use the cloaking formation yet, that was the best way to hide it. Fortunately, there were many asteroids like this one in the rings, and given how there was no nova source nearby, people wouldn't usually go to them. Their risk of being discovered was quite low. Only then did the Archaionfiend breathe a sigh of relief; it had thought that Tianming was crazy enough to fly straight into the astral hole.

Eventually, the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb lay nestled in the middle of the asteroid and Tianming let go of the wheel formation. "Done deal!" He turned back to the rest and said, "We flew far, and I have no idea where we are either, but we finally found something that approximates a nova source world. Let's rest here for a bit."

"Alright." The others didn't have a specific destination either, and only wanted to leave Orderia. As the saplings hadn't had too much time to absorb nova source there, Tianming wasn't sure how far they could fly. At the end of the day, it would be safer to stop somewhere with at least some nova source. They also needed a change of pace for their mood.

"The astral hole world isn't too far from here. I think we only need ten or so days to fly there with our own bodies. I'll go there to check it out with Ling'er. How about you guys? Do you want to come with me or stay here?" Tianming asked. They would be able to communicate through Yin Chen, given the relatively short distance.

"Big Brother, Feng still needs a month or two of rest to detoxify, so he can't really be moving around. I'll stay here with him," Qingyu said.

"Yeah, that's what I thought, too. What about you, Xiaoxiao?"

When Tianming looked at her, she started for a moment and gave it some thought. "I think I'll stay here." The Archaionfiend had ingested far too many caeli, so it needed time to digest them.

"Alright."

It seemed that they were quite tolerant of long voyages, but Tianming couldn't stand it for too long. He was sick of seeing nothing but an endless sea of stars. "I need to see some land!"

He took his lifebound beasts along and hugged Feiling's waist tight as he went up the rocky surface of the asteroid. The splendor of the astral hole world was visible from where he stood.

"Man, staying cooped up in the ship was driving me cuckoo. Being out here is so much better," he said.

"Cuckoo? You already have a bird with you.... Oh, wait, you'll get more in time." Ying Huo came out and took the form of a chick. It stretched its wings and properly combed its 'hair'.

"What are you on about?"

"You stick to your one and only. I prefer to go around, even when I already have a long-time lover. We are not the same. I've tasted enough love lately. I plan to look past Yue Yue and explore this new world. Hopefully, I'll meet more avian beauties there," it said with a serious tone.

"How shameless can you be? Shuo Yue doesn't care about you at all."

"Sigh, you just don't get it, do you? It's called playing hard to get!"

Tianming ignored that stupid bird. He held Feiling by the waist and took out a divine artifact from his spatial ring, the Prime Tower! Since the Greenspark Tower had manifested, the Prime Tower was no longer that useful in combat, apart from its toughness. Thus, he hadn't had much time to use it. Yet it seemed to have reacted to something as the ship was passing by the astral hole.

"Why's there mist coming from the Prime Tower?" Feiling asked, her eyes filled with wonder. It was letting out some kind of white fog that surrounded the tower more and more, eventually making it blurry.

"Both the Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower are incomplete. There's a huge hole in their divine patterns. The changes might be a sign that the missing patterns have something to do with this astral hole," Tianming said as he gave the world another look.

#### **Chapter 1546 - Nova Source Storm**

"Is that the reason you stopped here?" Feiling asked, her nails and face basking in the light, making her even more enchanting.

"Of course. Naturally, we started off without a destination in mind. Sigh...." This was easily the most lost he had felt. Even though he was roaming the endless universe, he didn't have a fixed goal apart from wanting to leave Orderia. But even now, he couldn't be sure how far away he was from it. When would he be able to go back and save Li Wudi, who had risked his life for their escape?

"Don't worry. We'll find our way sooner or later. Let's make your first goal finding more about the Prime Tower's secrets for now." She hugged his waist and plastered her head against his chest. Her cute, googly eyes made Tianming's blood boil.

"You're mistaken. That's not my first goal," he said seriously, putting away the Prime Tower.

"What is it, then?"

He pinched her on the cheek and said, "It's been a month since you were reborn. You're larger and taller now... and curvier.... In five more months, you'll be adult sized. That's my first goal."

"You rascal!" someone shrieked. It wasn't Feiling, but rather Ying Huo, who was pointing a wing at Tianming and had its other wing on its waist.

"It's none of your business," Tianming said, glaring at it.

Feiling's face was flushed red. "Why are you in so much of a rush...." Her embarrassment just added more extra spice. Everything smelled good with her simply being by his side.

"Haha, I'm just joking. I really did come to check on the Prime Tower. Even though this world collapsed, it's still a nova source world, the second one we've seen since the sun. Let's see what kind of wonders are on it."

Gradually, they approached the flower of the universe, growing more and more fascinated as they approached.

.....

The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was so large that Qingyu, Lingfeng, and Xiaoxiao didn't spend time in the same area. Lingfeng was still recovering and Qingyu was caring for him. Xiaoxiao, on the other hand, was cultivating somewhere else. Since Tianming had left, the Archaionfiend had returned to its lifebound space. In the darkness, Xiaoxiao was sweating with bloody veins appearing on her body, a sign that she had consumed too many caeli.

"How are you feeling? Those two lovebirds are there and you're alone," the Archaionfiend said.

"I'm fine," Xiaoxiao said.

"Even if you're fine with it, they might think you're in the way. Hehe...."

"They won't. Not to mention, why are you even bringing this up? Are they in the way of your schemes?"

"I'm just thinking that they'll limit your growth potential."

"Wu You, stop this already. Don't think that just because we're away from Orderia that you'll be able to escape their control. I know they haven't used the Bloodrose Curse for a long time now, but it's still there."

"Fine!" it nonchalantly said. "I'm just saying. One day, you'll want to leave. You're an extra here. Nobody but me truly cares for you."

"Shut up." She continued focusing on her cultivation.

.....

Starlight continued brightly shining against their faces. Tianming and Feiling had finally reached the stamen of the flower. "The Archaionfiend said that after the nova source world collapsed into a saint spring structure, the nova source storms here can potentially damage us like the forces of a normal nova source world's core would damage a mortal's body. That's why the flowery parts that we're able to see are basically uninhabited."

It was like an inversion of a normal world. Normal worlds had their uninhabitable parts surrounded by their surfaces, while the habitable parts of astral holes were surrounded by hazards instead.

"Then where can people live around here?" Feiling asked.

"There!" Tianming pointed at the center of the flower. There was a small black-colored hole that seemed to be the quietest part of the world. "A saint spring structure is like a storm, and every storm has an eye where things are shockingly tranquil. That would be its center."

In a sense, this world was like a storm but on a much larger scale. It continued endlessly spinning and moving in the astralscape, occasionally tearing into other stars it came in contact with, and even then, the center was still quiet and tranquil. As such, any survivors of the apocalypse would be located there.

"We're at the top of the storm now. From here, the eye looks like a circle, but it's actually a cylinder."

"That sounds complicated," Feiling said.

"Let's see for ourselves!" Tianming was already awestruck by all the amazing things he had seen in the astralscape. That was the charm of roaming the stars. As he spoke, he brought her toward the eye of the storm. It was the safest place, despite looking the most dangerous. The closer they came, the larger the eye seemed. Tianming believed that the volume was probably less than a twentieth that of Orderia's, but that was already large enough. It got louder and louder, thanks to forces of increasing intensity that pulled them in all directions. Losing control and being flung into dangerous areas would see them torn to shreds in an instant.

"Looks like it'll be hard to fight the world with our bodies alone." He was reminded of how Ying Huo and the rest could even devour stars in his dreams; it made them seem far more impressive than before.

"Hold tight!"

Ying Huo returned to his lifebound space in fear of its hairstyle being messed up as Feiling tightly hugged Tianming.

### **Chapter 1547 - Kunlan Realm**

"It's beautiful!" Feiling said, her eyes reflecting the multicolored storm. They were two small specks compared to this gigantic flower of the universe.

"You're right." It was far more beautiful than the burning sun. This colorful flower was formed from some of the most terrifyingly wild nova source in the universe. The most beautiful things were also the most dangerous.

After ten or so days of descending, the two of them finally reached the seemingly endlessly deep eye of the storm. It looked like a lake from the surface. When they sank through the surface, they were enveloped by darkness and sound suddenly vanished. Endless shadows swallowed them up, making it feel like they were drowning. It was so silent that they seemed to hear droplets fall. It was a terrifying kind of silence, but the warmth and heartbeat of the beauty in his arms came just at the right time. He came to understand that no matter how powerful he grew, his loved one would always be a powerful reassurance. Being able to rely on each other was destiny's gift.

Two days later, they finally left the darkness and a world of color once more appeared before them. The lights had come far too suddenly and they shut their eyes in response before they could adjust. Then they slowly opened them again, causing their expressions to change from shock to awe.

"Whoa!" they unconsciously uttered. Though the world of the astral hole was supposed to be at the edge of ruin, the fact that it could be so beautiful at its end of days made it seem like this was the final sendoff for all the life that had perished during the apocalyptic event. Tianming felt like he was in a gigantic kaleidoscope, and he was a small ant crawling near its walls. Colorful storms of nova source

swept across the skies, yet despite being amidst such destructive forces of nature, he felt incredibly at ease.

It wasn't just him, either. There were many houses constructed along the walls, between which much astral debris floated and flew around. From those homes, one would no doubt be able to constantly see the rampaging nova source that illuminated the entire place. Given the sheer density of nova source in the area, cultivating would be no problem. Not to mention, only the most stable nova source would find its way into the eye of the storm.

This was a wondrous world indeed. In a sense, it was like licking blood from the surface of a blade. Though the blade was incredibly sharp, if one was hungry enough they would be desperate enough to lick the blood for nutrients to prolong their survival just that little bit more. Even though living here could come to a sudden end due to some accident, it was still better than being stranded in the endless void of the astralscape without any nova source at all. Not to mention, being able to enjoy such a sight throughout one's life was also a kind of luxury few could claim to have experienced.

"Ling'er, I noticed that even though the astralscape is despairingly large, if I'm powerful enough, I'll grow to love it, especially now that I have the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb," he said with a hopeful look. Even though cruising through the astralscape had seemed boring, seeing this world had completely changed his outlook on things. He was now looking forward to the other endless possibilities.

"That's right. No matter what, I'll be with you to the end," she said.

It was a touching moment, but Ying Huo had to ruin it by rolling its eyes. "Showing off your love, I see. I've done the same dance with Yue Yue countless times. Only shallow couples would do something as pointless as this. Yue Yue and I have higher aspirations for our relationship now."

"Shoo." Tianming continued descending past the field of astral debris, upon which people had constructed many cities. Thanks to the presence of a nova source, the debris was teeming with nature and life, as well as divine herbs and ores. It was similar to normal worlds in most respects.

"Let's go down." He picked a larger piece of debris that seemed to have an area a hundred times that of the Divine Moon Realm. Unsurprisingly, the debris within the flower was larger than that in the outer ring. They descended into a forest there and found that the temperature and humidity were just right. This world didn't have the dry aridness of the sun and gave off a more calming, tranquil aura instead. It made them feel at peace. They could even see clouds floating above, beyond which was the colorful and rapidly spinning sky.

"This feels great...." The flora and fauna around him made it seem like he had returned to the Flameyellow Continent, though the nova source here was far superior. "Looks like this world is giving off nova source at many times the rate of the sun. Given the amount that remains in this astral hole, I doubt it has more than a third left. Looks like it won't be able to last longer than a few years."

He sent half a million Yin Chens to look for signs of human habitation. It wasn't that difficult to blend in with the natives. Soon, he found out that the locals called this astral hole Primary, a completely unimpressive name. The dominant people of this astral hole was the primalwingers. What surprised Tianming was that they weren't beastmasters or totemancers, but rather normal humans, which supposedly made up the majority of denizens across the whole astralscape.

Even though they fell under the category of 'normal humans', they had something unique that differentiated them from the rest: their primalwings. It was a unique energy construct similar to the lifespring of divineglorians and also served as a storage of energy. At the same time, they served as wings, and different wings had different effects. As for how strong they were, Tianming had yet to see that for himself.

Three days later, Yin Chen had covered a substantial area and Tianming reached a city called Minorbend. He would try learning more about the local customs here. After entering the city, he noticed that people were far and few in between. Not to mention, the primalwingers were smaller in stature, with the tallest of them being only 1.6 meters in height. Both men and women seemed petite, making Feiling fit in rather well. Tianming, on the other hand, immediately drew attention.

An orange-haired girl came to him and curiously asked, "Nice to meet you. Are you a cultivator from the Violetglory Star? Are you a beastmaster or a totemancer?"

Tianming was immediately taken aback. "Violetglory Star?"

Seeing his surprised look, the girl seemed a little disappointed at the suggestion that he wasn't from there. "Ah, so your ancestors came here long ago, too...."

Tianming immediately had Yin Chen seek out more information. From the conversations of people here, he soon found out that Primary used to have ties with the Violetglory Star. Though their relations seemed to have been cut off, the two places weren't too far off from one another. Did I just so happen to find the Violetglory Star after randomly roaming about? It felt like a dream.

When the other primalwingers heard that he wasn't from there, they all scattered. The orange-haired girl, however, remained. "I'm Xu Xuxu. What's your name?"

"Bao Mi." [1]

"Alright, Brother Bao Mi," she said with an odd look. "So your surname is Bao. What a weird name you have."

Tianming was speechless.

"By the way, the Kunlan Realm is about to open soon. Aren't non-natives like you usually the daring sort? Why didn't you go see what it's about?" she asked.

Tianming immediately had Yin Chen focus on information about the Kunlan Realm. Soon, he learned of another shocking truth: the Kunlan Realm was the lowermost part of the eye of the storm. In fact, the eye of the storm resembled an inverted Prime Tower. It was more of a cone than a cylinder, and the Kunlan Realm was located at its tip. In fact, it even resembled the Primodragon Cave!

1. Tianming actually says his name is a secret here. ?

### **Chapter 1548 - Skyorange Flamewing**

The Kunlan Realm was similar to the Primodragon Cave in that it had existed back when Primary was a normal nova source world and that the primalwingers had a relationship with it that was similar to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's relationship with the Primodragon Cave. The Kunlan Realm was said to be the origin of the thing that had given them their primalwings. In fact, compared to the ethereal myth of the

Primodragon Cave, the origin tale of these primalwingers was even more tangible. Even today, the Kunlan Realm was still producing primalwings, enhancing the cultivation of the lifeforms of this world.

There was another point of similarity: once one went past the entrance of the Kunlan Realm, there was no returning, much like the plane of origin in the Primodragon Cave. According to Yin Chen, nobody that had entered the realm ever returned. It was as good as entirely vanishing from this world. It just so happened that the signal the Prime Tower had detected could be traced to the bottom of Primary.

"Something must have caused the Prime Tower to change. It must be near the Kunlan Realm, or even inside the realm itself." His interest in it grew. He wasn't intent on telling the girl too much, so he parted ways with her after some more casual conversation.

Now that he had Yin Chen, Tianming didn't need to directly fish out information through conversation. Letting it spread its copies wide was enough. Yin Chen had no other downside, apart from its stunted speech.

But just as Tianming and Feiling were about to leave, Xu Xuxu held them back. She looked at Feiling and said, "Which branch of the primalwingers are you from? Why do you look a little weird?"

She indeed saw Feiling as one of her own. Xu Xuxu wasn't actually weak; though she looked like a young girl, given her stature, she was actually more than two centuries old and a peak-level constellier. She also had a rather high status, given how the other primalwingers didn't dare to approach her.

"Why's that any of your business?" Tianming said.

"Fine, I was just asking. You folks that hang around with non-natives are always trouble," Xu Xuxu said. It seemed that they had a low opinion of xenoraces in general. Tianming had already felt some hostility the moment he entered the city. The only reason Xu Xuxu had wanted to talk to him was to find out more about his background. She stopped him from leaving because she didn't really get any information from him.

"Goodbye." If it had been the Tianming from back then, he would have slapped her for that rudeness. But now, he was in a foreign land, so keeping his head down was a good idea.

"Hey, don't go yet!" As Xu Xuxu spoke, orange light gathered behind her and suddenly burst into a pair of orange wings. When they flapped, orange flames appeared. Those were primalwings, wings of light formed from energy rather than actual physical wings. That was possible due to the wing bones primalwingers had that let out that energy. Each set of primalwings had a pair of wing bones that contained special albi with the ability to store energy. Awakenning the wing bones was a way of becoming stronger.

However, the wing bones could only store astralforce, not totem ki. Xu Xuxu looked like a fairy with flaming orange wings. Her speed and agility were greatly boosted by her wings, allowing her to instantly overtake them and block their way again.

Seeing the wings of a primalwinger for the first time was truly a wonder for Tianming. However, it was far from a friendly way to start things off. "Are you looking for trouble?" he said with a serious glare that signaled that he wasn't one to be messed with.



"I... just thought that the two of you were a little suspicious... I was worried you'd try something funny," Xu Xuxu stubbornly said.

"Leave us." Tianming instantly passed her and left the city.

Xu Xuxu was left frozen by his glare and unable to react. By the time she snapped out of it, Tianming and Feiling were long gone. "What a weird person...." She flapped her wings and flew higher, looking at the direction they left in. However, she no longer dared to give chase due to the fright from before.

Not long after that, Tianming and Feiling left that asteroid and continued deeper into the eye of the storm. The Yin Chens continued scouring the other asteroids for more information; everything after that was relatively simple. As Tianming descended through the beautiful astral hole, he collected the information Yin Chen passed him in his mind, including things about the local geography, factions, organizations, and notable people. He could learn about almost anything through Yin Chen.

"It might take another ten or so days for us to reach the bottom." That went to show how large the astral hole was. Tianming was descending at a rate so fast that even gods would struggle to clearly see him. "It's said that they were normal humans like the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's forebears, but primalwings came flying out of the Kunlan Realm and attached themselves to the bodies of their ancestors. Eventually, that got spread to the next generation and they became the primalwingers.... Unlike the dragon of origin, primalwings seem to resemble a kind of universal manna. It seems that, even now, the Kunlan Realm is still producing new wings for them."

They would have turned back into normal humans if the supply of wings had been cut off. After all, inheriting primalwings through birth wasn't always a certainty. Some descendants of peak elites might end up normal and untalented, being born without wings like their parents. And in most cases, the children of wingless primalwingers wouldn't have wings either.

## **Chapter 1549 - Galactic Inversion**

The opening of the Kunlan Realm that Xu Xuxu had referred to described the emergence of new primalwings from the realm. The wings would choose new owners to fuse with. In one of Feiling's nails was sealed an ability called Celestial Wings. They were a pair of wings of light that looked almost the same as primalwings.

Unsurprisingly at this point, one of the grades of primalwings were celestialwings. There were five categories of wings in total, namely celestialwings, terrestrialwings, arcanewings, yellowwings, and normalwings. According to the talent afforded by each kind, those with celestialwings were considered to have the most talent. They were also incredibly rare. Even those who only had terrestrialwings and arcanewings were already considered rather talented. As a baseline, those with normalwings were also able to become ascendants under the unique circumstances of the astral hole.

"Ling'er, I wonder if your wings have something to do with primalwings."

"Surely they can't be the same. My Celestial Wings are just named that way, while theirs are a category of wings." As for whether there was a level beyond celestialwings, they didn't know for sure.

"The funniest part of this is that they consider you one of them. You happened to shrink at the right time."

"The wings do look quite alike," Feiling said as wings of white light appeared behind her back. All three gigantic pairs of them spread wide open. Even though they were wings of light, there seemed to be countless feathers on them. Each flap of the wings was dreamy and beautiful, thanks to the light, and each pair had a special allure. Upon closer inspection, there was a unique symbol on each feather, each of them seemingly resembling a peak god with a different will. The closer Tianming looked at them, the more his head hurt. He simply had to get used to looking at them as a whole.

"Do they look good?" Feiling asked, flapping the wings and shyly twirling around.

"They do. As expected of an immortal woman who's existed since eons ago. Your aura is enchantingly unique," Tianming teased.

"Meanie." She put the wings away and returned to his side.

"You look no different from those primalwingers now," Tianming said with a sigh of relief. It was far too convenient, though Feiling might begin looking different when she grew larger in size in a matter of months. At the very least, she blended in fine now and seemed no different from Xu Xuxu.

Since her rebirth, her true power was only at the Ascension stage, so she had basically only attained a god's physique. The blood grudge incident was an accident, though there were some changes with her body and soul after her rebirth. While the specific changes were hard to pin down, it was obvious that she was different from her previous self. At the very least, she had gained some new insights into her own cultivation.

Since leaving Orderia, she seemed to be training to recover her previous cultivation. She had absorbed enough nova source to reach the threshold of a first-level constellier once more, a staggering rate of growth indeed. Naturally, things would be harder the higher level one was. Right now she was only so fast because she was recovering cultivation she had previously attained, much like Bodhi.

Additionally, she had recovered some of her memories of cultivation. Even though her combat ability was still lacking, she had unlocked eight of the abilities sealed in her nails. Her unique constitution also allowed her to give Tianming a huge help; just like the time back when they were in the Vermillion Bird Kingdom, they were still an iconic duo.

As for her Eternal Nirvana, there were two more rounds and they didn't know when they would start. Tianming worried that he would lose her again all of a sudden, so he wanted to learn more about her before that happened. "The Kunlan Realm is a place of no return. I wonder what's at the bottom...."

The curiosity began sinking in as they descended. The lower they went, the thicker the fog around the Prime Tower became. They were heading in the direction of the signal.

.....

Before they reached the bottom of the astral hole, they saw more and more people heading the same way. Most of them were primalwingers. There were also some beastmasters and totemancers, most of whom were from the Violetglory Star. Some had come recently, while others were descended from Violetglorians.

Primary had collapsed into an astral hole after its nova source had surged out of control, so there was no longer anything of worth to conquer. Its fate was to eventually fizzle out and die. As such, no war had

broken out between the two sides since they'd established contact. There were some primalwingers that moved to the Violetglory Star and some Violetglorians that moved to Primary, though they would eventually have to return home either way.

Currently, the distance between the two worlds could be traversed with the body alone, so people would leave when the time came. While there were still some minor gains to be made on Primary, it was a world without a future.

As many other Violetglorians headed for the Kunlan Realm, Tianming no longer stood out. Even if some people came to talk to him, he wouldn't reveal that he was only in his twenties. With his age hidden, he was no different from the many other cultivators here.

Primalwingers with all kinds of colored wings flew past them as they descended. There were far more people down below, occupying much of the space. When the two of them finally reached the bottom, there were hundreds of millions of people outside the entrance of the Kunlan Realm, most of them primalwingers with even more on the way. With most primalwingers being ascendants or above, the level of people there was actually rather high. On Orderia, they would be fit to serve in a large army.

The sheer sight was impressive to behold from above. Billions of wings were spread open all over, each of them a glowing point of light. It looked like countless butterflies of light had formed a sea of colorful stars. Even though Primary was a world that was destined to die, it was still able to produce such a beautiful sight. Up above, one could see the colorful stars. Down below, one could behold the countless fireflies.

Tianming and Feiling didn't stand out among them at all. They chose a spot and prepared to witness the birth of miracles this world had to offer. The Kunlan Realm would open up and release primalwings out into the wild. They would pick their own owners like the dragons of origin once had! As such, there would be no competition of any sort over the wings.

### **Chapter 1550 - The Mystery of Kunlan**

Everyone had come to try their luck and be picked by the wings. Most of them were primalwingers who already had wings of their own, but they could still receive primalwings that would fuse with their existing ones to make them more talented and powerful. As such, most primalwingers would also join in to test their luck. If they got a pair of impressive ones, they would instantly shoot up in prominence. It didn't require any competition, after all, so there was nothing to lose. As such, more and more people gathered.

Tianming and Feiling had arrived relatively early; countless more wings could be seen descending from above in a constant stream. Fortunately, primalwingers were generally polite and civilized. As long as they were within range of being picked by the primalwings, they didn't mind being further away from the Kunlan Realm. It wasn't that they would have a better chance if they were closer, after all. Without squeezing into each other, they simply found a place and got in line.

Now that so many people had gathered, Tianming wondered where the Kunlan Realm was exactly. He used his third eye to sweep around—below them was a completely dark void where nothing could be seen. To prevent being sucked in by the Kunlan Realm, nobody dared to approach it. After looking for a long time, he finally noticed a change. A lake that was seemingly identical to the plane of origin

appeared at the bottom of the astral hole. It looked like a colorless mirror that reflected all of the colorful lights coming from the primalwingers' wings.

"It almost looks like the same plane of origin...." It was far too wondrous. Why would two distinct worlds have places that were so similar in form and function? The two places created two different kinds of people. When the lake appeared, the primalwingers all politely bowed as if some kind of divinity had descended.

"Kunlan!" they cried. The word meant ancestor in their language. In other words, the Kunlan Realm was the realm of their ancestors. The voice from their unified cry was quite loud, given their sheer number. Countless wings flapped at the same time. Even the wings they'd inherited from their parents had come from the Kunlan Realm.

"So the primalwings are supposed to come out like the dragons of origin to replenish the lost wings of the primalwingers. There should be around hundreds of thousands of arcanewings and yellowwings, followed by a few thousand earthwings and, if they were lucky, some celestial wings as well. Once the wings are able to be passed down, they'll be able to form powerful families."

That was all the news he had heard from Yin Chen. Nobody noticed the metal cockroaches as they collected information.

"Oh, can't forget the Prime Tower." It had begun reacting even more strongly since they'd arrived; Tianming had found the location the signal was coming from. "I wonder if I can find these lost divine patterns here...." He took out the artifact from his spatial ring only to see the thick fog around it. Then it suddenly began shaking with power and burst out of Tianming's hand.

Stunned, he noticed that the tower had immediately left him. Before he could react, it had already gone flying down into the abyss.

"What in the world?" The tower became a beam of white light and crashed into the lake below, much to the shock of the primalwingers. Water splashed all over the place before the ripples entirely disappeared. Tianming clenched his empty hand and looked at the entrance of the Kunlan Realm, completely flabbergasted. He hadn't lost the Prime Tower since he'd obtained it from the Grand-Orient Sect, but now it had vanished before he was even aware that it was gone. Not to mention, it hadn't been taken from him. Rather, it went into the Kunlan Realm, a place of no return, of its own accord. Was it gone for good?

"Uhh...." He was still blanking out.

"Big Brother, it'll come back to you, right?" Feiling asked.

"Maybe? The Soul Tower, Greenspark Tower, and Violet Tower are still with me." That was the only thing he could say to console himself for now, though there was no expectation that something that had entered the Kunlan Realm would be retrievable. He began worrying quite a bit; both the Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower were absolutely crucial artifacts for him. "Dammit... before I even got anything from this crummy place, I already lost something crucial...."

"Don't worry, your beloved is still here," Feiling said, tugging on his hand in consolation.

"You're right!" Apart from complaining, there seemed to be nothing else he could do. It wasn't like he could leap into the Kunlan Realm in fear of not being able to return.

The Prime Tower had flown in so fast that nobody had seen it come from Tianming's hand.

"What fell in?"

"It didn't look like it was falling. It was like something was sucked in."

"Huh?"

Quite a lot of discussion surrounded the incident. Everyone watched the ripples on the lake as they drew careful breaths. Based on previous experience, any changes to the lake's surface meant the appearance of wings, so they all stared hard. Tianming gently held Feiling's waist and looked as well. The two of them weren't primalwingers to begin with, so they were only there to watch the event. Little did he know that he would lose the Prime Tower, so he was now invested in what would come to pass. If the Prime Tower didn't return, his loss would be substantial.

"Pray the heavens have mercy...." After he said that, colorful lights were seen beneath the lake's tranquil surface.