

## The Ages 1841

### Chapter 1841 - Escape of the Sixth

"The blessings I have depend on the faith of everyone and my distance from them, while Feng's only depends on the number of people killed...." Lingfeng alone wouldn't ever be able to consume so many terrae himself, so he really needed some kind of miracle to generate the kind of casualties that he would need.

"The Xenoworld Gate...." Tianming looked into the vortex and saw a nonsensical world filled with shadows. "Huh?"

Suddenly, he noticed a small, pale-white egg within his lifebound space had awakened and excitedly jumped about after getting a whiff of the Xenoworld. It came out of his lifebound space and leapt toward the gate. It was the first egg to ever ignore him and run away!

Tianming cried for Lingfeng to shut it and quickly caught the egg in his hand. He had spared so much effort to save Lingfeng from the xenomemory space, so how would he find a single egg within—especially when he hadn't even done symbiotic cultivation with it yet? Lingfeng had only started connecting with the Xenoworld, so he wouldn't be able to locate the egg if it entered, either. The five remaining eggs in Tianming's lifebound space that would hatch into Primordial Chaos Beasts were the most precious things he had. He almost lost one of them! Thankfully, Lingfeng had reacted quickly and closed the gate.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I think there's something in the Xenoworld that can help it hatch," Tianming said. He was currently nearing the fourth level of the Solar stage, which was already rather impressive. To allow Sixth to reach parity with them, it would need a precious kind of energy during the hatching process, and it seemed that neither Orderia nor Violetglory had anything that fit its conditions.

He recalled the dreamscape he had seen when Yin Chen was hatching. There was another cloud-like creature that came out from another world, which was probably the sixth egg's beast. Its origins should lie within the Xenoworld, so that was probably where it could hatch.

"Be patient!" The egg seemed really mad about being captured. It struggled and hummed, creating a crack on its surface that emanated an eerie aura. It heated up so much to the point that even Tianming's black arm felt pain. But after a while, it stopped and burrowed back into the lifebound space, ostensibly mad and sulking in its corner.

"Damn, this one's even feistier than Yin Chen was before it hatched." Tianming felt a headache welling up. Primordial Chaos Beasts were far too eccentric, and it seemed that changing their nature would be incredibly difficult. In contrast to the antisocial but mischievous Yin Chen, who had hatched and become quite the hard worker, Sixth was different. Tianming could feel the coldness deep within it. There wasn't a hint of cuteness in its personality.

"Who knows what it looks like...." He did quite look forward to the day it hatched.

Lingfeng said, "If it wants to go in, I can take the two of you in once I'm more familiar with the Xenoworld."

"Alright. We'll be counting on you." The Cyclic Formation had helped them quite a lot when Di Yi was pursuing them within the Xenoworld. But now that Lingfeng could come and go as he pleased, there was probably little risk even if he was discovered.

"Sure thing." Lingfeng closed the gate and returned to normal. He seemed to look forward to being brought to the battlefield; he bore a deep grudge against the celestial orderians.

"You should go back to spending time with Qingyu. I'll have Yin Chen notify you when the time comes."

"Alright!"

"My sister's luck has always been quite bad, so do understand her."

"I will, Brother Tianming." He knew that he didn't quite have a way with words, so he would make up for it with effort.

"Great. See you later." Tianming turned and left.

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Right as Tianming was about to reach the mountain, he saw a purple-haired youth not far away dressed in loose robes. His face was filled with bright smiles like always. It was none other than Yu Ziqian. Tianming didn't think he would run into him here. He recalled that Yu Ziqian was a Sky Palace disciple as well, but the stigma he received was slightly different. His stigma looked like the character for 'sky (天)', while Tianming's resembled 'void (无)' a little more. According to the sun emperor, those with stigmas could probably go through the Sky Palace Formation. However, Tianming believed that even if he couldn't, he could use his sky plunderer abilities to get him through.

"Boss?! I finally got to meet you! You're so busy nowadays. I heard what you did at Fushen Valley! You're my idol! My respect for you oozes out without end. I'm your most loyal follower! You shine bright like a star in the sky!" Yu Ziqian hurriedly approached Tianming with glowing eyes.

"Stop messing around, you fake believer," Tianming said. He didn't even have an Omniscient Thread. Not to mention, Tianming's most fervent believer was no doubt Xiaoxiao. "What're you doing here?"

"I'm bringing Brother Feng divine pills! Didn't you hear? My pill-refining techniques grew leaps and bounds in recent years and shocked the world! I created history! I'm a master alchemy guru now, despite my youth! Oh, I heard you killed the Tumulus Pill God, too. Great, that's one fewer rival for me! I'm at least in the top five when it comes to making pills, and the rest of them are probably twenty times my age. Amazing, right?"

"You're that great?" That did indeed change how Tianming looked at him. In fact, he looked closer and was surprised. "Gan Gangan, you're a solarian now?"

"Haha, it's not worth bringing up compared to your achievements!" Yu Ziqian said, feigning humility. In worlds on the same level as Orderia, even the children of sovereigns are only around the eighth or ninth level of the Constellation stage.

Chapter 1842 - The Eighth Sword Strike

Tianming was wearing a really weird expression. He had gone to the Astraldome and had seen much. The fact that Yu Ziqian had made so much progress in his cultivation meant that he was on par with the geniuses of skypiercer-class worlds, yet he was just a normal human with no totems or lifebound beasts. Even the bloodline he had inherited from his parents wasn't really worth mentioning, yet he was starting to catch up to Ye Chen.

"Well... that's mostly thanks to my portable grandpa. You know how I am. I'm in a pill advancement phase right now. For all I know, I could turn back into a constellier in a matter of days when I hit a receding phase. How can I compare to someone like you? You're fighting against the hegemon of the sun himself and are even considered the top elite of the Myriad Solar Sects! You're a universal miracle!" Yu Ziqian agitatedly said.

"Alright, enough flattery." Tianming rolled his eyes and got him to shut up.

"But I really can't control my passion for what you've done!"

Tianming didn't have much time to catch up. "Alright, I still have affairs to tend to, so a longer talk will have to wait. Feng will be needing quite a lot of pills now that he's here, so do send some to him if you get something good."

"No problem!" Yu Ziqian smacked his chest and shuffled over suspiciously. "Well... I have a gift for you as well.... These are the good stuff. Do you want them?"

"What are they?"

"Pleasure balls, of course! You'll get to enjoy all the fun of plowing without worrying about any seeds being sown!"

"Hey, do you think I'm that kind of person?" Despite saying that, Tianming took a bunch of them and pocketed them in his spatial ring.

"Hehehe...." Yu Ziqian watched as Tianming left, snickering oddly all the while. He continued muttering, seemingly talking to the Ultimate Pill God. "The Voidsky Organization... Voidsky Organization!" His entire body shuddered as his gaze and face paled. A layer of powder seemed to cover his face, ears, eyes, and even his nose. When a gust of wind blew by, the powder scattered and his facial features seemed to vanish as well. The only thing that remained was the bright 'sky' stigma on his forehead.

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For now, only Tianming, Long Wanying, and the Saintdragon Emperor were aware of Skywolf's approach. Tianming hadn't told the Northdipper Swordsage or the rest about it for now. They were still contemplating what kind of chaos news like that would cause. If the spark of hope they had ignited after so much hardship were to be extinguished, it would give the sun emperor a great opportunity.

"Tianming, what do you think the sun emperor's next move will be after he finishes charging the Divine Sun Palace?" The Northdipper Swordsage and the rest wanted to know the same thing.

"So far, the Divine Sun Palace hasn't moved," Tianming said.

"At all? Isn't he in a rush?" Fushen Gongyi said.

"I thought he'd come straight for our Frostsoul Imperium," said the Frost Empress.

"The three hundred million celestial orderians are still heading south from five different directions. Some of them might regroup, and others might attack straight away. If I were the sun emperor, I'd gather all of my troops together and take out our separate forces one by one. That would make things really hard for us, since that's where we fall short. For them, splitting up their troops across multiple fronts will only result in more losses," Long Wanying said.

"That's right...." Their next crisis would come if the three hundred million troops chose to take out the sects as one united force.

"Even though we, the Emyrean Sword Sect, took in so many cultivators from second-rate sects, we might fall even faster than the Fushen Clan if they attack with all their troops at once along with the Divine Sun Palace," the Northdipper Swordsage said. While their defensive formation was powerful, it wouldn't be enough to deal with three hundred million troops on the ground. "We're indeed relegated to a really passive position. All we can do now is reinforce whoever gets attacked. We can only react. Thankfully, the Divine Sun Palace can't transport three hundred million troops, so it'll take quite some time for them to march from place to place. We have some leeway in that regard."

Either way, the alliance was still at a disadvantage. Every remaining first-rate sect faced even more risk than the Fushen Clan had.

"With the Divine Sun Palace now dormant, the three hundred million troops will need days to move to any first-rate sect. We should make final preparations, whether it be fortifications or reinforcements," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

"That's right. We should also have enough time to move all the elite refugee cultivators to first-rate sects," the Northdipper Swordsage said.

"Tianming, what'll we do about the normal folk in the territories that the celestial orderians conquer?" Yan Lingxian asked.

"For now, they aren't touching the normal folk, unlike back at the Azurecloud Continent. We're fine on that front at least," Tianming said. Had Li Tianyi not burned down the Azurecloud Divine Tree, the Azurecloud Continent would still have suffered just as many casualties.

"Just because the sun emperor isn't doing anything to them now doesn't mean that he won't enslave all of them after he unifies the sun," the Northdipper Swordsage said.

Tianming, Long Wanying, and the Saintdragon Emperor exchanged glances. They were even more perplexed about the sun emperor's motivations than before. Was there really a need for conflict between the celestial orderians and the Myriad Solar Sects when an enemy from another world was approaching? Was it just for vengeance?

There was nothing the alliance could do but prepare. The core of their efforts still lay with the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. Even though it was countered by the Divine Sun Palace, it was the only way the alliance could send reinforcements.

"I will be going to take a rest. Just notify me if something happens," Tianming said, then retreated to the inner hall. He had been pondering the sun emperor's next move with the seniors, but they always came up short. Instead, he turned his focus to mastering the eighth strike of the Ninedragon Tribulation.

"This technique doesn't just make me stronger, it also gives me more control over the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. If it can be used as a warship like the Divine Sun Palace, the Myriad Solar Sects wouldn't have to be so passive."

After mastering the sixth move, the wheel formation had appeared, allowing him to pilot the ship. Then the star map had appeared after he mastered the seventh move, allowing him to navigate between Orderia and Violetglory as well as locate Skywolf and other heliacal-class worlds. What would mastering the eighth strike unlock?

The issue was the difficulty. If the Saintdragon Annihilation was already that complex, the eighth move would no doubt be even more troublesome. In fact, it was harder than normal eighth-realm divine arts. He would need superhuman willpower to calm his heart and work on his swordsmanship despite the mounting pressure. Even after two hours, he still had no idea about the move and it was only growing more confusing. The approach of Skywolf and the threat Flameyellow was under weren't things that could be easily solved.

"I better try to calm down." He stood at the window and looked into the distance, solemnly thinking of Li Wudi and Qingyu. "Be still, my heart." He took a deep breath and suddenly thought of going to Soulburn Hall to look at the snow. The chill there would surely serve as a good way for him to calm down. There was no way he would be able to make progress on the eighth strike with his mind in that state.

He activated the heavenly locus formation and sat within it. He hadn't gone into the wondersky realm for quite some time. When he arrived, he felt the chill of the snow. All of a sudden, a pair of arms wrapped around his waist from behind, a familiar warm body snuggling close against his back.

Chapter 1843 - Person in Your Heart

"Who goes there?" Tianming said as he gripped the hands around his waist, brightly smiling.

"The person in your heart," said the clear voice.

Even though he was in a sea of snow, a spring-like warmth washed over him. "There's a lot of people in my heart, you know. Which one are you?" He grabbed her hands and pulled her closer. She was just as soft and gentle as before. They hadn't met for a long time, but with her around, his worries seemed to melt in an instant.

"How many people are in your heart?" she said, pouting.

"Tens of thousands, at least."

"Hmph, your eyes must have issues. Those tens of thousands of people are all me."

"Haha, so you're saying you're just like Yin Chen?" He turned around and finally looked at Feiling. Her black hair and eyes stood out from her short blue dress and her fair skin was exposed to the snow around them. In fact, it seemed even fairer than snow. Her flawless, alluring thighs were tempting to

behold, but those didn't even compare to her charming smile. Her little dimples were just as enticing as back then when Tianming had first seen her at Red Twill Mountain. "Ling'er...." Her smile was something he hadn't seen for a long time.

"Hey, what're you looking absentmindedly at? What's there to stare at?" She nervously held her dress with both hands, blushing from Tianming's intense look.

"Not bad. You're starting to look your age: endless years old," Tianming teased.

"Hey, stop with the slander! Do you want me to smack you?" She seemed far more energetic than before. She raised her hands, but they landed gently around his neck. She gave his cheeks a light peck and said, "Well, I can't bear to. I miss you too much nowadays, and the more I think about you, the deeper I fall. I'm regretting not going back with you...."

Tianming suddenly felt that her decision had been the correct one. Their separation had only strengthened their relationship even more. In fact, as long as she missed him, those feelings probably helped suppress the other feelings from her ancient self. Only then could she return to her simple, pure self and feel joy again. She seemed to focus on nothing but him and him alone, her eyes glued to him. It was one piece of good news out of all the bad that he had received lately. Joy was really hard to fake, and Tianming knew that it was coming from her heart.

"What's wrong? Is something troubling you?" Feiling was a sensitive girl and she quickly picked up on his mood.

"Well, since returning to Orderia, we've run into a lot of trouble. I'm feeling quite pressured."

"I see...." She tightly held his hands and the two of them snuggled beneath the roof of Soulburn Hall. Then she had him lie down on her thighs and hugged him tightly, stroking his hair as she said, "Well, just use me as your little trash can. Throw whatever your troubles are at me and I'll take care of them for you."

"Wow, can you really do that?" He couldn't deny that resting on her thighs in the snowscape like this, far away from all his worries, was something he had greatly desired. It was no wonder men of ages past considered their careers and partners to be just as important as each other. A beautiful partner could even be far more tempting than empires.

"Of course. I've been reading a lot, you know. I know how to solve all kinds of worries with my huge knowledge banks," she said confidently.

"Well, it's really huge alright. I'm so breathtaken that I find it hard to breathe," he said, looking upward at her chest.

"Get your mind out of the gutter!"

"Yeah, definitely." He went on to brief her in detail about his discussion with Long Wanying. Even though Feiling was there to listen, there was little she could do to help. However, he still wanted to share his doubts with her. At the very least, talking about his worries helped a little with his feeling of helplessness.

"Ling'er, don't say things like you regret not coming with me to help me with this. I'm actually happy to see how you're faring. Back then, you said you were sick, but now you look like you've recovered. Your recovery is just as important to me as the other stuff. Not to mention, there might not be much you could do if you were here. The situation isn't something that can be changed with the help of any single person."

"I know. I'll stop bringing it up." She nodded and hugged him tighter and puckered her lips. "Big Brother, I'm not really sure how I can comfort you. It all sounds really complicated. Instead, I have a few cliché words of love for you."

But that was Tianming's expertise! "Alright, I'm ready to puke."

"Hmph, be ready to be moved and charmed by my eloquence." She cleared her throat and brought her lips to his ear. Blushing, she asked, "Big Brother, if a box containing a gift is called a present, what's a box that contains me?"

"Sexual favors?"

"No, dummy!" She hammered his head and said, "It's a beautiful marriage!" [1]

Tianming really felt the cringe on that one. "Well, that isn't cringe enough. Let me come up with one."

Feiling immediately tensed up. "I worry that I can't take it."

"Listen up. Do you know what the four things I need to do every day are?"

"Cultivating... what else? Thinking about me?" She pondered hard, tilting her head.

"Wrong. The answer is three meals a day!"

Three meals a day, but four things to do each day? They were physiological needs. What if the fourth thing also had a physiologically emissive connotation.... When she finally realized it, her embarrassment turned into anger. She pinched his ear and said, "Naughty Tianming! Who are you having three meals a day with, huh? And that fourth thing of yours..."

"Ouch! Relax, that was a joke!"

"I don't believe you! Hmph! I'm sure you're cheating on me! You're dead for sure!" With the force she was using, Tianming almost begged for mercy even though this was just the wondersky realm.

1. If this sounds weird, it's because it's an untranslatable pun. ☹️

Chapter 1844 - The Second Perpetual Nirvana

Feiling and Tianming tussled and rolled on the snow. Feiling soon discovered that her dress had disappeared, ripped into pieces that fluttered in the wind.

"What are you doing?" Although she tried to cover herself, she couldn't hide her beauty.

"You."

Half a day passed in the blink of an eye. They hadn't received any notifications outside, which meant the sun emperor had yet to make his move. The second-, third-, and fourth-rate sects, as well as the entire

Fushen Clan were retreating as planned. After the storm, the snow on the ground appeared even more striking. The gentle girl in his arms had quietly left while he was dreaming. Tianming lay alone on the snow, his gold and black eyes watching the snowflakes fall from the sky and envelop the world.

From the very start, Feiling hadn't explained herself or cleared up his confusion. But in spite of that, he was at peace after pulling into the gentle harbor that was her. The cringey love talk, as well as her adorable manner, her every frown, every smile... her each and every move made him realize how beautiful life was.

"I'll pick her up at the end of the war. I can't leave with my tail between my legs and I can't die. So I must win!" Feiling had changed his irritable and chaotic heart. Like a sweet spring, she'd washed away his impetuosity and cleansed his eyes that had been blinded by hatred. His current external passion and inner calm were extremely suitable for cultivating the sword.

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The scenery within Primary was always beautiful, regardless of the time of year. As the eye of the storm, it was very quiet there. The revolving nova source was bright and magnificent; the world was illuminated by the colorful lights for as far as the eye could see. Colors were the theme of the primalwingers. And among all the colors, the blue of the Kunlan Realm appeared the most noble and captivating, much like a gem. Kunlan Lake at the entrance of the Kunlan Realm was much larger than before. Ordinary primalwingers, as well as their overlord, had stopped approaching the lake. But even so, they saw three pairs of enormous wings extending from the Kunlan Realm. The wings were no longer made of pure sapphire, but were an amalgamation of various types of wings with a wingspan of at least tens of thousands of meters. Over the past few months, the primalwingers had watched as more than ten thousand top-grade wings flew out of the Kunlan Realm to merge with the three pairs of wings, a phenomenon that continued even to this day. It was hard to imagine how terrifying the wings would be after combining so many.

There was only one person who could watch the process up close: Lin Xiaoxiao. At that moment, she was floating above Kunlan Lake, blankly staring at the woman below. The enormous wings were connected to her body. Enveloped in bright light, the woman's body appeared perfect, whether it was her face, figure, or skin.

"She's too beautiful," Xiaoxiao couldn't help sighing.

"No matter how good-looking she is, she's still your enemy. You'll never be able to claim the top seat if she doesn't die," Wu You gloomily said.

Xiaoxiao was used to pretending it didn't exist, so her mind automatically filtered its words. She didn't dare approach Kunlan Lake in fear of being sucked into the Kunlan Realm. From this distance, she seemed to see Feiling entering the heavenly locus formation.

"Looks like she can't take it anymore. She wants to see him." Xiaoxiao smiled knowingly.

"Are you stupid? Why're you happy if they're so in love?" Wu You rolled its eyes. It wasn't happy with either Tianming or Feiling.



"In love..." Xiaoxiao had heard that things in the wondersky realm felt just like the real thing. When she noticed the blush on the woman's face, Xiaoxiao didn't dare look at her again. She quickly turned around, her heart skipping a beat.

"Xiaoxiao." She was just about to leave when she heard someone call her name. Feiling appeared before her as soon as she turned around, her wings gleaming in the light.

"What is it?" Xiaoxiao asked. She didn't dare face Feiling in her current state. With the addition of the wings from the Kunlan Realm, Feiling's temperament had undergone a drastic change. Perhaps she was still a little girl in the wondersky realm, but here, she had the air of a supreme empress even if she didn't display her strength.

"My second Perpetual Nirvana is about to begin." In the light, Feiling's expression was gentle.

Xiaoxiao had witnessed the first Perpetual Nirvana. At the time, Feiling's body had exploded and reassembled time and again... so she knew how terrifying it was. It was essentially multiple near-death experiences.

"Have you told him?" Xiaoxiao asked with concern.

The dreamy woman in front of her shook her head and said, "He has a lot on his plate. I don't want to add to his worries. This is my fate, I'll face it on my own."

"I would feel terrible if I were Tianming. What if you don't return? He doesn't even have the right to know? How's he going to live with that?" Xiaoxiao asked.

"I know, but I don't have a choice.... I can't bring myself to tell him." Lost and frustrated, Feiling slightly lowered her head. The impending catastrophe shrouded her entire being like a dark shadow.

This time, Xiaoxiao was silent.

"It doesn't matter. I believe in myself. I'll definitely survive and wait for him to pick me up. Or maybe I'll go to him and give him a surprise." There was conviction in her eyes.

"So you meant Perpetual Nirvana when you said you were ill." Realization dawned upon Xiaoxiao.

"I'll get better. I will." She repeated that over and over again, as if convincing herself. Compared to the panic she had felt during the first Perpetual Nirvana, she was calmer now. Perhaps that was also the power of love. After their time together, Feiling could see that he couldn't live without her. She couldn't bear to leave him alone, and it was that strong emotion that made her eyes bright and her voice resolute.

"Don't tell him about my condition. Don't mention Perpetual Nirvana either. I'll take care of myself and get better, and when he comes to pick me up, I'll be healthy and beautiful."

Shocked by Feiling's determination, Xiaoxiao stared at her. As a woman, she understood Feiling's thoughts.

#### **Chapter 1845 - Skydragon, Skysword Apotheosis**

"Okay! Leave it to me." Xiaoxiao nodded.

"Thanks."

Xiaoxiao smiled and said nothing more.

"This time, I'm going to enter the Kunlan Realm... I'll return later," Feiling said.

"I'll wait for you. I won't go anywhere," Xiaoxiao replied.

"Alright."

Perhaps it was at that moment that they established a deep friendship stemming from mutual understanding and empathy. With that, Feiling closed her eyes, wrapped her arms around herself, and formed a brilliant sphere with her wings, then sank into the Kunlan Realm.

You have to come back... Xiaoxiao thought, her eyes filled with hot tears.

"I hope she dies," Wu You coldly said. Only when she was dead could the Bloodrose Curse be removed.

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Tianming stood atop Great Saintdragon Peak, the highest point in all of the vast Myriaddragon Mountains, higher than Azuresoul Sword Mountain. Above his head were fiery clouds from which fire plummeted, shooting past him. A man on top of the Great Saintdragon Peak looked like a speck of dust from a distance. The world was enormous and man was insignificant, yet able to control nova sources and boundless territory with the fusion formation.

He was experiencing that feeling of insignificance. After returning from the Soulburn Hall in the wondersky realm, his heart had undergone a cleansing. Thus, he climbed to the top of the mountain, came to the highest place with the Grand-Orient Sword in both hands, and looked to the north. In that direction, an army of three hundred million celestial orderians destroyed the weak and occupied the Myriad Solar Sects' lands. Sooner or later, they would kill their way into the Myriaddragon Mountains.

He stared in that direction for a long time before raising the Grand-Orient Sword, the gold and black blade reflected in his eyes. Seven grade-eight sword ki strands overflowed from within his body, forming a sea of swords that soared into the sky, competing with the fiery clouds.

Both outside and inside, his sword intent was growing. Since the fusion of the seventh sword, he had begun contemplating the eighth strike of the Ninedragon Tribulation. It was called Skydragon, Skysword Apotheosis. Without a doubt, it was more complicated than the previous sword strike. As the saying went, cultivating the sword began with mastering sword intent. The spirit of this strike was the essence of the matter.

Orderia only grew more and more chaotic with each passing day. No matter how Tianming meditated on the moves and tried his best to simulate them, what he obtained was the opposite result. He found that he didn't understand Skydragon, Skysword Apotheosis at all. What was the sky? What was the essence of apotheosis? In any case, it was more advanced than the Saintdragon Annihilation.

The Ninedragon Tribulation was supposedly an eighth-realm divine art, but in fact, Skysword Apotheosis alone was stronger than that. With his Trisoul Prime, Tianming possessed excellent comprehension. The reason he found the eighth sword a challenge was because he thought a few months were too long, while others spent their whole life mastering an eight-realm divine art. Right now, seclusion wouldn't be

as effective as a moment of enlightenment in terms of understanding more profound sword intent. Such epiphanies often arose from an inner calm after a transformation, or from looking at problems with fresh eyes. That was exactly how he felt at the moment.

Sword in hand, he stood on the peak. Trouble was approaching and powerful enemies were almost at the door. There were obstacles everywhere. His godfather and sister were caught in a vortex of disaster.

"These fiery clouds symbolize the power of Orderia's nova source. At this moment, it covers the top of my head so I can't see ahead or the stars. Perhaps it's also a sort of sky."

What were heaven and earth? With a bigger picture in mind, the sky was the universe. Perhaps one could expand that further to the laws of this world, or perhaps the fundamental laws of the entire universe. Birth, old age, sickness, death, cultivation, divine providence, as well as the creation and destruction of nova sources were all carried out under the laws of the universe.

However, he could also view it at a micro level. It could be the blazing clouds in front of him, or the predicaments he encountered. In the face of such grave circumstances, Tianming's heart burned with hatred. Only battle intent remained in his bones. It would be difficult to comprehend the meaning of this sword in that state.

With Feiling's gentleness and playfulness, the parts of him that her fingers had brushed were filled with a sweet crispness. Tianming was able to integrate water and fire, combining the warmth of fire with the gentle and thoughtful nature of water.

"Skydragon, Skysword Apotheosis! Split the void and refine heaven and earth. That alone attests to how domineering and destructive the sword is. It's a sword of devastation that erupts under adversity. Its spirit is one of defiance of the natural order and altering destiny, much like the Voidgod Sword Intent." To be more precise, the strike was an infinite expansion of that same Voidgod Sword Intent. The moves, fusion, and totem formation were all extremely complex. Tianming had long figured out its many complicated parts. What he needed now was ten thousand times what he had with the Voidgod Sword Intent. [\[1\]](#)

"Since it's a sword of destruction, power is fundamental. It requires courage to advance, regardless of life and death, and a purer, more intense killing intent!" He still had time, so he was exploring it step by step. "Where the sword falls, the sky shatters, trouble fades, and gods and ghosts bite the dust!"

Compared to the Saintdragon Annihilation, Skysword Apotheosis seemed more ferocious, cruel, and sought only destruction. Because the two attacks were completely different, Tianming had taken numerous detours on the path to comprehending the strike.

After a lengthy contemplation, his spirit swelled and sword intent gradually emerged from the four corners of the world, settling in his heart. He opened his eyes. The fiery clouds in front of him violently billowed. Like the sun emperor and celestial orderians, they bared their fangs and brandished their claws. And beyond the burning clouds were two approaching incandescent stars, bigger shadows pressing down on his head.

"Those who are against all living beings are evil, whether it's enslaving the common people or plundering nova sources. They will all be wiped out from my territory!" At that moment, Tianming had finally integrated with the sun and defined it as a star he guarded. Perhaps he hadn't belonged there

before and could only look up at the sun, feeling its warm rays. But now, he possessed the belief and blessings of a billion people. The moment Tianming merged with them, he was connected to the land by blood.

### **Chapter 1846 - Illuminating the Skydragon Palace**

No one could connect with the stars. However, Tianming felt the pulse of this fiery star through his Omnisentient Threads. It didn't belong to the celestial orderians alone, but also to the Myriad Solar Sects. As the leader of the Myriad Solar Sects, he should replace the Sky Palace and control half of the sun. Only when one bore the weight would they know the rage. Tianming's heart resonated with the nova source through the vibration of the star. Between the fierce beats, he felt a sense of honor that made his scalp tingle.

"This sword strike was born to disperse all peril, to split the darkness so the light shines in! Apart from the final attack, it's the essence of the Ninedragon Tribulation." The resonance brought about an epiphany. As thoughts and sword intent enveloped his heart, many people flashed through his mind and finally settled on Li Wudi. Scenes from their last encounter came to mind.

"Godfather, after fourteen years of perseverance, you'll finally have some peace and quiet. This time, I won't let you die no matter what!" Roaring at the top of his lungs, Tianming struck with his sword. Skydragon, Skysword Apotheosis! Sword ki erupted, astralforce merged with the monstrous sword intent, and the boundless power formed a huge sword. It was as if an enormous horn had sprouted from the dragon-shaped mountain, reaching into the fiery clouds above. The ringing of the sword resounded throughout the Myriadragon Mountains. Everyone looked up at the sky, only to see a gaping hole had been torn in the sea of flames like a wound which had yet to heal.

Tianming was the only one who could see it clearly. A large area of the fiery clouds had been shattered by his sword. Under the impact of that destructive attack, even the power of the nova source had dissipated. And he hadn't even used his totems or the power of his believers.

"It's powerful." Because he understood the Ninedragon Tribulation, he could see that this single strike alone was stronger than the previous seven combined. It was an attack made entirely for killing. Skysword Apotheosis—complete destruction!

"I have Ling'er to thank for this epiphany." Without personally experiencing it, he wouldn't have known what effect a lovely, gentle, and sweet partner could have on his cultivation. Sure enough, men and women complemented each other. The significance of mastering this sword strike lay not only in its power, but also in the control of the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. He couldn't wait, and felt a little anxious.

"Will I be able to upgrade the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb?" Any disadvantage of the tomb compared to the Divine Sun Palace was a disadvantage of the Myriad Solar Sects as a whole. It would be great news if he could change that.

Although he was excited, Tianming was patient, especially after having gone through so much. After all, the greater the hope, the greater the disappointment if he were to fail. So he took a deep breath and regained his composure. "I didn't expect my Lifesbane Will would grow with the mastery of this sword. I should be able to break through to the fourth level of the Solar stage."

He remained on Great Saintdragon Peak, absorbing the sun's nova source. The power of the star's nova source could cause a fiery disposition. Over the past few days, his Imperial and Lifesbane Wills had improved; as expected, he smoothly became a fourth-level solarian.

"Fourth level! Even without Omniscient Threads, my strength should have surpassed Aunt Ying." An improvement in his physique was true progress. Although the Omniscient Threads in Orderia were more stable than those of Violetglory, Tianming couldn't guarantee that they would never disappear. If he failed, he might no longer be their king.

"I mustn't rely on Omniscient Threads. Every emperor must be strong on their own!" Ignoring his own cultivation would be putting the cart before the horse.

Long Wanying and the Saintdragon Emperor happened to head up the mountain together. They had been attracted by the commotion, and also wanted to ascertain the Divine Sun Palace's movement.

"Is it on the move?"

"No." If it did move, Yin Chen would immediately inform him.

"I wonder what the sun emperor is doing in there? Is he creating some new weapon to give us a fatal blow?" Long Wanying dejectedly asked.

"Yin Chen can't enter the Divine Sun Palace." Tianming shook his head. They had no way of knowing what the sun emperor was up to.

"By the way, you were just..." Long Wanying looked at him. She could naturally see certain changes in Tianming. "It's strange. You seem calmer than before. Are you also stronger?" Tianming was their hope. As long as he was improving, it was great news.

"You can say that." Tianming smiled. "Come with me to the tomb, I'm going to try something."

"Try what?"

"You'll know when we get there."

"Why all the secrecy?"

With that, they flew down from Great Saintdragon Peak. At that moment, sixty million warriors were assembled in the tomb, ready to attack at any time. The army was composed of the remaining Fushens from the last battle, as well as ten million from the Ninedragon Army stationed in the Myriadragon Mountains. Most of them were Tianming's believers.

"Imperialdragon Princeps!"

"First Alliance Leader!"

Tianming's presence naturally caused a stir. They all enthusiastically looked at him. Amidst the darkness, Tianming was their dawn. Smiling, he headed to the Skydragon Palace with the Saintdragon Emperor and Long Wanying. It was the second to last palace. In the dark hall, Tianming pulled out the wardrum formation with a black, nine-headed dragon on the surface. In his hand were eight drumsticks, seven of which he had used. The remaining one corresponded to the skydragon.

"It's the last one. How will I light it after I master the ninth sword strike?" He gave the question little thought. Perhaps he would know the answer after mastering the ninth move. After all, there was a nine-headed black dragon on the drum.

"Tianming?!" As soon as they noticed his actions, their faces were filled with surprise.

Tianming nodded, "Don't be too happy just yet. I'm not sure if it'll do anything."

"Alright." In order not to disturb him, they held their breaths and stood as far away as possible.

Taking out the skydragon drumstick, Tianming set up the black wardrum. Having just learned the eighth sword strike, he wasn't completely proficient in it yet. After a long period of contemplation, he used the drumstick to execute the Skydragon Apotheosis.

#### Chapter 1847 - The Dragon Awakens

Because Tianming didn't use considerable astralforce, his move was hardly powerful. All that mattered for unlocking the palace was sword intent. The drum continued vibrating and roars sounded from the entire tomb. He looked around and found that numerous hidden celestial patterns had appeared on the walls. Starting from the newly lit Skydragon Palace, light shone everywhere and the once dimly lit Ninedragon Imperial Tomb became extraordinarily bright. He was pleasantly surprised to discover that the entire structure of the tomb was undergoing a transformation.

"The divine astralship formation!" The Saintdragon Emperor shouted in excitement.

Tianming nodded, sensing that the tomb's formation had finally appeared. Only with a divine astralship formation could the tomb be considered complete. It was no longer just a means of transport, but also a fighting machine. Only with the formation could it attack and defend.

The tomb's changes weren't merely internal, but also external. The nine-headed dragon seemed to have come to life. What was more shocking was the transformation of the outer walls, which looked like layer after layer of dragon scales with celestial patterns dancing across them. After being covered in scales, the tomb resembled an enlarged version of Lan Huang—sturdy, domineering, and mighty! From its appearance alone, the tomb was no longer inferior to the Divine Sun Palace.

The wardrum and wheel formations had also evolved into their fourth forms, with an additional cylinder structure like a bamboo tube that could be rotated. Ying Huo flew off of Tianming's shoulder to fiddle with it. After a while, it said, "It's similar to Tianming's Grand-Orient Sword. You can aim and shoot it."

"Silly chicken, how can the Grand-Orient Sword do that?" Long Wanying softly laughed.

"That's because you don't know the specifics," Ying Huo retorted.

"Oh, and what could that be?" Long Wanying asked, curious.

As soon as the words left its lips, Ying Huo was caught by an embarrassed Tianming and thrown back into his lifebound space. If he allowed its big mouth to continue speaking, he would be too ashamed to face his elders.

"Aunt Ying, forget about the stupid bird. All it does is spout nonsense." Tianming laughed cheekily.

Fortunately, she didn't dwell on the subject. The 'bamboo tube' had attracted Tianming's attention as well. After a little observation, he noticed a button. It was clear at once what it did. Picking up the tube, he looked inside and found that he could see what was happening outside. "I think this is the tomb's attack component. If I push this, I can produce an attack similar to the Divine Wrath," he said.

He could already feel the formation absorbing the nova source stored in the saplings. In fact, it was soaking up a great amount of power.

"Give it a try?" Both Long Wanying and the Saintdragon Emperor had guessed it as well.

"Alright."

Tianming adjusted the bamboo tube so it was aimed at the sky while expelling those around him. Taking a deep breath, he pushed the button and targeted the fiery clouds. In that instant, the entire tomb violently shook. The celestial patterns on the Bamboo Tube Formation fluctuated and nova source that had been absorbed by the saplings poured out uninhibitedly at this moment. The consumption rate was tens of thousands of times what it was when the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb navigated the universe. From outside, one could see the destructive power accumulating on the dragon heads.

"The sleeping dragon has finally awoken!" Raising his arms in celebration, the Saintdragon Emperor cheered, tears streaming down his cheeks. He knew how important it was for the Myriad Solar Sects to possess such a divine astralship.

The destructive power gathered by the tomb grew more and more powerful. Spheres of nine different colors expanded in the dragons' mouths. Amidst the excitement came a sudden buzzing sound. Before the power could condense, it dissipated and all activity in the tomb ceased. Even the Bamboo Tube Formation in Tianming's hand suddenly lost its brilliance, becoming weak.

"What happened? The giant dragon woke up only to fall asleep again?" The Saintdragon Emperor blankly stared.

"Why's it limp?" Long Wanying looked at the formation in dismay.

What made them even more depressed was that the problem wasn't confined to the Bamboo Tube Formation. The divine astralship formation that had finally reappeared disappeared once more and all of the dragon scales faded. In that instant, the tomb reverted to its original appearance.

At a loss, Tianming and the two elders stared at one another. Gritting his teeth, he sighed, "There's nothing I can do about it. The saplings aren't exactly trees and their nova source is limited. There's enough power to sail through the cosmos, but not enough to support the divine astralship formation and power its attack. Right now, the saplings have been sucked dry. They can't even muster up enough energy for a single attack...." The predicament made them dizzy. After finally restoring the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, they now faced a problem: the lack of a miniaturized nova source.

"Apart from the celestial orderians, where else can we find a nova source? Can we find a stellar source and compress it?" Tianming asked.

"Can you do that?" Long Wanying rolled her eyes.

Obviously not! It was said that a compressed miniaturized nova source was as powerful as a stellar source. When the Divine Sun Palace broke the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation, it poured the power of two stellar sources, which was equivalent to the source of the divine moonrace's cultivation for several hundred millennia. The divine astralship's terrifying power was clear to see.

"Where can I find a miniaturized nova source?" Tianming asked.

"The sun emperor extracted his from within the sun using the fusion formation and compressed it into the Divine Sun Palace. The Sky Palace also possesses a solar core. As long as we have a solar core, we may be able to obtain one. But the problem is that the Sky Palace is unlikely to help us," said the Saintdragon Emperor.

"Got it!"

In other words, the key lay in the Sky Palace and their solar core. Tianming was tempted to head over there for an adventure. If he was successful, he would own the Sky Palace Formation, solar core, and a complete Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. But if he failed, he... would be able to escape, wouldn't he? Both the Saintdragon Emperor and Long Wanying saw a fire in his eyes.

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In the Dreamless Celestial Nation, a girl engulfed by the blood grudge struggled in her shackles. At that moment, the door slammed open and a figure walked up to her. She didn't have to look up to know that the person was filled with an overwhelming killing intent.

Chapter 1848 - Forty-nine

There was a deep underground palace with a blood pool in the center. Bloody mist enveloped the pool as the waters bubbled and a girl with long, dark green hair was trapped inside as she suffered unending torture. Footsteps sounded. Opening her bloodstained eyes, she vaguely saw a handsome young man in that scarlet world. Hands behind his back, he coldly looked at her.

"It takes a thousand days to nurture soldiers, only to use them for an hour. Little Fish, you've made a big mistake. I hope you'll atone for your sins through service," said the young man, his lips curling in a sinister smile.

"What are you planning now? Do we have a way out besides uniting with the Myriad Solar Sects to protect ourselves?" The girl's breath was weak and her voice was hoarse.

"Hehe, you don't know anything. Of course, there's no need for you to know, either." He stretched out his hand, dragged the bloody girl out of the pool, and threw her to the ground. Staring at the resentful girl, the dreamless celestial emperor said, "Little Fish, fortunately you were able to help me absorb this blood grudge, or else I'd be finished. I'll remember this hatred on your behalf. You must remember as well."

The girl looked at him coldly with a gloomy expression and no strength to respond.

"I have a surprise for you." As the dreamless celestial emperor raised both arms, the blood pool in front of him boiled and splattered everywhere. The bottom of the pool was exposed at once. Right in the



middle was what seemed to be a formation door. Under the dreamless celestial emperor's control, the door suddenly opened, revealing a dark passage below.

The girl was stunned. She had remained on top of the formation for a long time, but never realized that there was another world under the blood pool.

"Come out, children!" the dreamless celestial emperor softly called.

The girl narrowed her eyes. With his call, movement came from below. One by one, figures jumped out from the depths of the passage and appeared in a straight line before the dreamless celestial emperor, forty-nine of them in total.

The girl let out a scream—the forty-nine figures were all beautiful women. Some were mature, not old, but more charming. The youngest was about the same age as the girl. They all had long, dark green hair, green eyes, and a graceful bearing, each of them capable of turning the world upside down with their beauty. But all of this wasn't enough to make Weisheng Moran scream. What frightened her was the fact that all forty-nine women looked exactly like her, like complete replicas! Even if some of them were slightly older, they looked exactly as she would look in decades or a hundred years. At the sight of those forty-nine people, she seemed to be looking in the mirror; they were all her. Anyone faced with such a scene would question their life and ask themselves, "Who am I? What am I?"

There was only one difference between Weisheng Moran and them. They were like puppets, alive but emotionless. Although they blankly stared at the dreamless celestial emperor like fools, Weisheng Moran could sense that each of them was stronger than her. But fools didn't have divine will. The dreamless celestial emperor seemed to be their master.

"Little Fish, you should be able to guess that you're just like them, but rejoice. Although you're the same, you're the most special among them. You're lucky." He softly smiled.

Weisheng Moran shuddered. They had all emerged from the dark cave below, which meant they had been hiding inside for a long time like prisoners. How frightening was that? And why? What the hell am I? Her mind was flooded with these hair-raising questions.

The dreamless celestial emperor no longer paid any attention to her. Taking two steps forward, he walked toward the dark cave and glanced inside, his expression taking a strange turn. It was a divided expression, one of yearning and madness both.

What else was down there? Weisheng Moran suddenly wanted to see for herself. Holding her breath, she inched closer. Perhaps the dreamless celestial emperor was too preoccupied to notice her, so he ignored her actions.

Brimming with tension, she shifted her gaze in that direction. Then she saw it! There was only a tiny area of light and what seemed to be a bed in the dark underground cave. It was a plain and simple white bed. On the bed lay a woman with loose hair. Her arms rested on her stomach as she slept extremely peacefully. Her wavy dark green hair resembled a flower that adorned the dark cave with some color. When Weisheng Moran finally saw the uncanny similarity between the woman's appearance and hers, she was already numb. However, she also noticed something different, something neither she nor the other forty-nine women possessed: celestial patterns twirled across the woman's glowy skin. The bed was actually made up of celestial patterns. She had the breath of the living, but it was as if she was dead,

like her soul was no longer there. Weisheng Moran had never encountered such a special lifeform. She suddenly burst into tears. Her heart ached with longing for this woman.

"Do you want to know who she is?" a strange voice sounded beside her ear.

"Yes...." As soon as Weisheng Moran answered, the hair all over her body stood on end and she quickly shrank back, because the person talking to her was the dreamless celestial emperor.

Squeezing her neck, he lifted her up and said in a mocking tone, "She is your mother."

"Mother...." The word shattered her heart. So she did have a mother! Such a figure had never existed in her life. Her breathing grew heavy. She believed his words, because she could sense a connection by blood. Just as she was about to take a second look, the dreamless celestial emperor coldly closed the door.

Then he smiled at Weisheng Moran and said, "Don't get excited. There's one more thing you don't know."

"What is it?!" Weisheng Moran asked through gritted teeth. She wanted to ask him what he had done to her mother. Why did she seem to be alive even though she was dead?

However, he merely smiled and said, "I am your father." He carelessly shrugged as if the truth made him sick.

But for Weisheng Moran, it was like taking a bat to the head. She had always speculated about her relationship to him since she was a child. All the other dreamless celestials were hermaphrodites, but not Weisheng Moran. She thought the dreamless celestial emperor was both her father and mother. Perhaps he wasn't willing to appear as a female. However, he only mentioned "father" and not both. What did it mean? Wasn't he a hermaphrodite? But he had once revealed his female form....

While she was still shocked, Weisheng Moran was thrown into the group of people who looked exactly like her. The women held her down. Their immense power made it impossible for her to struggle.

"I hope that Li Tianming cares about you, even just a little bit. To be honest, I didn't want to be his enemy at all. It's all your fault, you know?" Laughing, he turned around and walked out.

The women behind Weisheng Moran grabbed her with a death grip and left with the dreamless celestial emperor. At that moment, Weisheng Moran's brain was a mess. She couldn't forget about the sleeping woman in the dark cave, nor the nightmare that the dreamless celestial emperor had forced onto her.

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As soon as they emerged from the underground palace, a white warship appeared outside. Though not comparable to a divine astralship, it was still enormous. Mainly powered by a large number of divine herbs, it could travel short distances through space. The Dreamless was considered to be the most powerful weapon in Orderia after the two divine astralships. The dreamless celestial emperor boarded the warship with all fifty women. At the same time, several formations powered up.

"Yinxi!" the dreamless celestial emperor shouted.

Soon, a young man walked out of the warship. He was very handsome, and, like the emperor, charming and elegant. Tall and fair, he had a bright smile.

"Have you checked the warship?" the emperor asked the young man.

"Yes. There aren't any formations that can be used to eavesdrop, nor any living beings," the young Weisheng Yinxi reported.

"I've heard that Li Tianming has eyes everywhere, so be careful," the dreamless celestial emperor coldly said.

Weisheng Yinxi glanced at the fifty identical women behind the emperor, his expression strange. With a loud roar, the warship whizzed toward the Myriadragon Mountains. The dreamless celestial emperor stood at the prow of the ship, his heart smoldering with killing intent.

"These are your sisters." The dreamless celestial emperor turned to the silent young man beside him.

"No. Those born to the dead have incomplete souls. They aren't even human. Don't call them our sisters." Weisheng Yinxi said with disgust. As he spoke, his body twisted and split in two, becoming a man and woman. The man was handsome and the woman beautiful.

"How annoying! When can I be free? Who says you can separate when you feel like it and merge when it pleases you?" the girl pouted.

"Xi'er, how many times have I told you? In Orderia, the divine wondersky race only has a single lineage. We've remained hidden among the dreamless celestials for so long. Before our great cause is completed, we can't expose our identity," the man said.

The man was called Weisheng Yin, while the woman was named Weisheng Xi, two people who had never existed among the dreamless celestials. There, there was only a Weisheng Yinxi.

And Weisheng Moran witnessed all of it.

Chapter 1849 - Weisheng Yinxi

Weisheng Moran stared wide-eyed. It was the first time she had witnessed Weisheng Yinxi split in two. Although she had heard the secret of the dreamless celestials and knew of the locator, it was the first time she had truly seen the difference between the divine wondersky race and the dreamless celestials. The other forty-nine women that looked exactly like her failed to react to any of it. From beginning to end, they were like puppets. No wonder the dreamless celestial emperor had said that she was different from them. Confined by the women, the confused Weisheng Moran couldn't move.

Then Weisheng Xi walked up to her out of sheer boredom. Seeing Weisheng Moran's confusion, she happily said, "What's wrong? Is it your first time seeing us apart?"

"Are you divine wonderians...?" Weisheng Moran said through gritted teeth.

"Of course. Dreamless celestials are just a bunch of mixed-bloods under the control of us divine wonderians. Although they're also man and woman in one, they're actually one person, unlike us. We're two people. That's the fundamental difference between us. The dreamless celestials are hermaphrodite beastmasters who can reproduce on their own, while we're the great divine wondersky race. So in our

eyes, dreamless celestials should really be called dreamless bastards!" Weisheng Xi yearned for the divine wondersky race.

"Then what am I?" Weisheng Moran trembled. She wasn't even a hermaphrodite, and certainly not a dreamless celestial. In comparison, she was more like a pure beastmaster.

"You?" Seeing Weisheng Moran's resentful, yet perplexed expression, Weisheng Xi couldn't help but laugh. She leaned in toward Weisheng Moran's ear and quietly said, "Anyway, you're almost dead, so it doesn't matter if I tell you. You were conceived by my father and a dead person. All fifty of you were.... But the difference between you and the other forty-nine is that they only possess half a vita. They're incomplete. You're the only complete one, barely a human. Weisheng Moran, you aren't a divine wonderian, and you have nothing to do with the dreamless celestials either. Your lifebound beast was acquired by my father using a blood pact when you were young! To be honest, our lifebound beasts are merely a smokescreen. They were also acquired via blood pacts. We've never used our divine wonders, which are most powerful." After speaking, Weisheng Xi smiled.

"I was born to a dead person?!" Weisheng Moran felt her heart shatter. Was she referring to the woman lying in the dark cave? From what Weisheng Xi had said, it seemed they shared the same father, and the forty-nine women around her, whether their souls were intact or not, were her sisters. "Who was the dead woman?" Violently trembling, she stared at the laughing woman in front of her, her heart broken.

"You want to know the truth, don't you?" Weisheng Xi laughed. She was very carefree, because it wasn't her life.

"Yes, please tell me," Weisheng Moran begged.

"It's very simple. That woman is also my mother, so, strictly speaking, we're sisters. She's my father's other half, and their relationship is the same one that Weisheng Yin and I share. But she was killed after giving birth to us," Weisheng Xi whispered.

"Then what...."

"My father didn't have any other choice but to use the divine wonderian's art of formations to maintain her flesh and create a wonder spirit, which is somewhat similar to a lifebound spirit. Her body lives on, but her soul is gone. Only in that way can my father retain his strength. After all, husbands and wives share a symbiotic cultivation. If one party dies, the other will collapse. This is my father's way of surviving, so he can continue to rule the Dreamless Celestial Nation. It isn't easy for my father. Divine wonderians must control the Dreamless Celestial Nation. In our generation, Weisheng Yin and I are the only ones left. He must protect and support us until we're strong enough." Weisheng Xi must have been bored out of her mind to be talking so much. Weisheng Yin and Weisheng Xi were so inconspicuous that few dreamless celestials even knew of their existence.

"That's impossible. I've seen the emperor switch to his female form...." Staring at the man in the distance, Weisheng Moran shook her head. She had indeed seen the emperor as a woman many times. Weisheng Xi meant that the dreamless celestial emperor was a divine wonderian, but only the male part. The part of him that was the woman had perished long ago.

"Have you forgotten? Divine wonderians are masters of illusions and formations. With my father's abilities, how could it be difficult for him to switch genders? However, he's long been a singular person, equivalent to Weisheng Yin on his own," Wei Shengxi proudly said.

The truth was out. Weisheng Moran grew closer and closer to the truth and knowledge of her past.

"Then what about us...?" She bleakly stared at her dull, unresponsive sisters.

"You... I'm too embarrassed to even talk about it." Weisheng Xi covered her face.

Right then, the dreamless celestial emperor and Weisheng Yin headed deeper into the warship. Weisheng Xi suddenly became more courageous. "My father must miss my mother too much. It didn't take long after her death for him to start messing around again. After all, the wonder spirit is still warm. It's almost no different from a living body. Guess what happened then? She was pregnant! And the odds of her conceiving were higher than before! It took them many years before they had Weisheng Yin and me, but in less than a hundred years, they conceived fifty of you. Except for you, the rest of them are fools. They've all been refined by my father." Having said that, she stopped herself before she said more.

"Refined into what?" Weisheng Moran sensed that they might be the dreamless celestial emperor's great weapons. He must have obtained some sort of benefit for him to continue defiling the wonder spirit. She stared at the sister in front of her who could playfully speak of such awful things. At the thought of the dead woman and how she was still being used, Weisheng Moran's heart turned cold. Were they all psychopaths? What kind of mental disorder could turn them into such people?

"Forget about it! Just keep your mouth shut and behave, and maybe he'll let you live on account of your complete soul." Weisheng Xi stood up, looking even more pleased. Although she called her 'sister,' she considered Weisheng Moran no different from the puppets.

"Weisheng Xi, please clear up one more thing for me, won't you? I want to know. I'm begging you...." Weisheng Moran said, tears streaming down her face.

"Fine." Weisheng Xi glanced at her impatiently.

"Who killed her?" asked Weisheng Moran.

"Who?"

"Our mother."

"Huh?" Wei Shengxi shrugged. "You still don't get it, do you? We don't share the same mother. My mother is a divine wonderian, and yours is a wonder spirit without a soul, got it?"

"Then how'd she become a wonder spirit?"

"My father killed her." Weisheng Xi smiled.

Why? But Weisheng Moran was afraid to ask further. It was at that moment that she knew what a repulsive soul was hidden beneath the dreamless celestial emperor's attractive skin. The divine wonderians would murder their partner and birth a bunch of puppets under the banner of single-minded love. And the most ridiculous thing of all was the fact that it was her life. Her lifebound beast was fake, acquired through a blood pact just so she would seem no different from any other dreamless

celestial. Everything was fake. She didn't even know how her soul and life had come to be. Weisheng Moran couldn't understand why this was happening to her. Her experience was probably the most bizarre in all the worlds.

#### Chapter 1850 - Voidheart Worm

Anyone would go crazy if they had that identity! But Weisheng Moran didn't. Her mind kept conjuring up the image of the woman laying in the dark cave. She had been killed by her lover! And even up until today, her children continued to mock her. The thought of it infuriated her. Most of her rage was directed toward the dreamless celestial emperor, though some of it still went toward the two children who followed their father.

Due to having sentience, Weisheng Moran was even more tragic than her forty-nine sisters. They were ignorant, like beasts, and it was more like they had never even come into this world.

But she had come, and even formed attachments.

"Your eyes tell me knowing the truth has made you even more pained," Weisheng Xi said, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, thank you," Weisheng Moran said.

"No problem. There was a time I really thought I had a little sister who could talk... then I realized a freak like you can't even be called a person, so, whatever. A little loneliness on the road to growing up is nothing, right?" Weisheng Xi said.

"Right, I apologize for disappointing you," Weisheng Moran said.

"Honestly, you're good looking and resemble mom quite a bit. I used to be jealous of you," Weisheng Xi said.

"That's meaningless." Weisheng Moran shook her head.

"It really is. You aren't a person anyway—and how can humans envy monsters, right? Hey, you won't get angry if I talk like this, right?" Weisheng Xi laughed. She had never been a pleasant person and was telling Weisheng Moran this as retaliation and to spite her. After all, it was an unpleasant joke for a monster to have looks that made her jealous. If she didn't retaliate now, she wouldn't get a chance in the future.

"I won't get angry as I don't have a soul."

"Yes, you're the same as those puppets. You were born by my dad, and it's meaningful enough in your life to die for him. Mine and Weisheng Yin's duty is to perpetuate the wonderian line on this world," Weisheng Xi said.

Weisheng Moran smiled, then closed her eyes as if she was asleep. She really had fallen asleep. In her dream, the woman laying down whispered into her ear. "Those demons in the world will go to hell after death..."

Meanwhile, the bonegnaw ants which had been in her bones had snuck into the ship when they had boarded it.

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Dreamless wouldn't take long to reach the Myriadragon Mountains at its current speed. Hence, father and son were making idle conversation inside the ship.

"Father, your child still has many doubts regarding this matter," Weisheng Yin said from behind him.

"Regarding Skywolf?" the dreamless celestial emperor asked.

"Yes. If the sun emperor already knew long ago that Voidword Shrine had some madmen inside who wanted to summon Skywolf, why didn't he try his best to wipe them out long ago? Even tens of thousands of years ago, the Voidword Shrine shouldn't have existed."

"For eras, the celestial orderians have been fooled. The Voidword Shrine burning the blood of skywolf royals was actually a ruse. Through the years when a skywolf royal appears, they're all burnt to death by Voidword Shrine, but it never worked! The sun emperor also knew that the blood burning was useless, so he just let it be. After all, the Sky Palace and the Myriad Solar Sects would never have allowed the celestial orderians to attack the Voidword Shrine. Who could've known if a 'Skywolf invasion' was an excuse or not?" the dreamless celestial emperor said.

"Then what about now?" Weisheng Yin asked.

"All these years, the Voidword Shrine has just been a misdirection. The ones who truly summoned Skywolf are in the Sky Palace," the dreamless celestial emperor calmly said. He was clearly not as panicked as the Saintdragon Emperor and the others about the Skywolf invasion.

"Why did Sky Palace do it? How did they do it?" Weisheng Yin asked.

"Listen well." The dreamless celestial emperor deeply inhaled, then continued, "It's simple. Centuries ago, the remnants of the skywolf royals finally found a frozen cosmic wildbeast, the voidheart worm, which had been left behind during the past invasion by Skywolf. It was in its larval stage when it was sealed inside the ice. Since then, it's been growing in the Voidsky Realm, which is rich in nova source. When it reached a certain stage, its voidheart worm brethren on Skywolf could use their racial abilities to sense its existence and use it as a locator for Skywolf.

"Honestly, the skywolf royals are quite cunning. They infiltrated the Voidword Shrine and sent their descendants to death so as to numb generations of sovereigns and celestial orderians, making them think they were idiots. When the sovereign disregarded them, the voidheart worm extended its tentacles toward the Sky Palace. This generation of Sky Palace members must've been eaten by it. Those public members must actually be its progeny!

"I myself only sensed the tentacles of the voidheart worm a few days ago, and only knew it was mature when I went back and checked the divine wonderians' records. Now that it's matured so much, Skywolf must know the sun's position and are already heading this way. I expect them to be arriving soon! I wanted Little Fish to join the Voidsky Skirmish that time so she could infiltrate the Sky Palace because I already felt suspicious then. But Li Tianming ended up ruining my plans, or else I would've found out much earlier." The dreamless celestial emperor gnashed his teeth, obviously displeased about the voidheart worm.

“Does the sun emperor not even know about the voidheart worm?” Weisheng Yin frowned. “To my knowledge, this generation’s sovereign is quite terrifyingly strong. Skywolf may invade, but their strongest may not even be on his level.... So why doesn’t he kill it?” Weisheng Yin asked.

“First, he only found out after the Sky Palace was already under control. The worm’s main body has always been in the Sky Palace Formation, untouchable. Second, which is the most important...”

“What?”

“The sun emperor is just a native of the sun. His knowledge is limited, no matter how talented he is. He’s never been to the Mysterium Cluster, so he doesn’t know the voidheart worm is one of the colonizing insects bred by the mysterians, nor does he know that Skywolf is one of the Voidsky Organizations set up by the mysterians. If he knew the voidheart worm was summoning Skywolf, he would’ve tried to kill it long ago. I bet he was excited when the worm controlled the Sky Palace, and thought it was his chance to unify the sun. It’s too late for him to have found out now, because it’s behind the formation and he can’t do anything no matter how strong he is. Well, he can’t be blamed. It’s a limitation of knowledge. He even knows I have many ‘daughters’ in secret, and says I’m rearing some little ghosts. However, he doesn’t know that they’re my divine wonder vessels,” the dreamless celestial emperor sneered.

“Voidsky Organization? So the mysterians are trying to muscle in on our divine wonderians’ turf?”

“Yes. Although we have the Wondersky-Mysterium Alliance, outside of the Mysterium Cluster we’re in competition. Usually, we’re faster. However, if we’re one step slower this time, we won’t be able to overcome the Voidsky Organization and will have to hand the sun over to the mysterians,” the dreamless celestial emperor said.

“Question, why do we divine wonderians construct wondersky realms everywhere?” Weisheng Yin asked a question many wonderians questioned.