

The Ages 401

Chapter 401 - Theocracy of the Ancient's Stronges

The winds howled as Tianming stood on a golden disc that was about twenty meters in diameter. It was made of top-grade spiritual ores, and had over forty heavenly patterns on it. Clearly, it was a saint beast weapon that could absorb energy from the sun to travel at a speed faster than most lifebound beasts. Judging from their conversation, it seemed to be called a Solar Disc.

Li Wudi's Crimsonblood Saber only had about forty saint heavenly patterns, and it was already a top-grade saint beast weapon in the Grand-Orient Realm. Judging from how they used a saint beast weapon as a traveling tool, it showed that these people were on a whole other level, compared to the Grand-Orient Realm. Furthermore, Tianming had a feeling that these three elders were all stronger than Li Wudi.

In order not to drag Li Wudi down, Tianming hoped that Li Wudi wouldn't come after him upon learning that he was captured. This could be considered Tianming's first long-distance travel, and he heard that they would have to travel across seven realms that were the size of the Grand-Orient Realm before they would reach the Divine Capital. It was a place that Yuwen Taiji yearned for, which was why he named his son Shendu, which meant Divine Capital.

It was known as the sacred land of the Yellowflame continent, a majestic city that was at least a quarter the size of the Grand-Orient Realm. Looking at the vast land, Tianming knitted his brows together.

"What a regret that I have to disappear when godfather and master have helped me so much. I didn't even have the chance to bid them farewell and thank them."

"Big brother, we'll definitely meet them again," Jiang Feiling comforted.

"Ling'er, I'm not certain about my father, and I might lose my life in the Divine Capital. So why'd you come along as well?" Tianming shook his head.

"Because I heard that there are lots of beauties in the Divine Capital. So if I don't keep a watch on you, what happens if you find new love?" Jiang Feiling replied.

Listening to her words, Tianming smiled wryly. He knew that Jiang Feiling was joking on purpose, which made him feel more relieved.

"Don't worry about it. Since they want to use me to get my father to the Divine Capital, that means that I'm still useful to them and I won't die," said Tianming. He had considered this event to be unfortunate, but he wasn't someone who would so easily bow down to fate.

He looked around and saw Jun Niancang and Yun Zhenzhen, who had taken this opportunity to travel along. Yun Zhenzhen already wanted to leave, but this time, she was returning to receive her reward. It seemed that she was only a small character in the Ancient Qilin Clan. As for Jun Niancang, he had lost his soul and had nowhere to go after learning that his father was dead, not to mention that he was further defeated by Tianming. But Tianming couldn't be bothered with him right now, as he was also in trouble.

Two of the three exalts were playing with the magical heavenly pattern barrier in their hands as they seemed to be trying to locate Li Muyang, while the last one was questioning Yun Zhenzhen about Tianming.

“You’re saying that he’s a descendant of the Li Saint Clan and also a pentabane?” Chong Yang’s words left the two other exalts shocked, and all three of them turned to look at Tianming.

“Raise your right arm!” the three of them ordered.

“Here, look all you want.” Tianming raised his right arm. If no one took a closer look, they wouldn’t be able to tell that he was a pentabane.

“He’s really a pentabane comparable to Li Shenziao! The bane-rings even formed patterns!” The three exalts looked at each other, all of them seeing Tianming in a whole new light.

“Your mother is a member of the Li Saint Clan?”

“That’s right,” said Tianming. He never thought that someone from Theocracy of the Ancients would know about the Li Saint Clan. Moreover, it seemed that they even knew about the first ancestor, Li Shenziao.

“Was Li Muyang naive enough to think that his descendants would be protected by mating with someone of the Li Saint Clan?” Chong Yang snorted coldly.

“Where’s your mother right now?” Jing Yue asked.

“I don’t know. I’ve never seen my mother,” Tianming lied. Right now, he only hoped that his mother, Wei Qing, would leave immediately when they returned from their trip.

“I can see that there’s a woman together with Li Muyang through the Cyclic Barrier, and it should be his mother.” The exalts weren’t falling for Tianming’s lie.

Tianming was stunned when he heard that, and started cursing in his heart. Holy shit, this Li Muyang is actually so fickle when it comes to love and is bringing a woman to run for his life? What a scumbag! No wonder my mother went with another man after waiting for him for over two decades!

Then again, that was for the best. At the very least, his mother was safe, since they’d neglected her existence. He wouldn’t have to worry about her being taken as a hostage.

“Exalts, the Grand-Orient Sword is on him!” Yun Zhenzhen looked at Tianming with a smirk. She refused to believe that Tianming could still control the Grand-Orient Sword after leaving the Grand-Orient Realm.

“Take it out,” the exalts ordered.

Tianming was currently in their hands, and he didn’t want to suffer for something like this. Honestly speaking, the Grand-Orient Sword would be the core of his Heavenly Will stage in the future. But after leaving the Grand-Orient Realm without the protection of Li Wudi, Tianming knew he wouldn’t be able to keep it.

“It’s really the Grand-Orient Sword!” But what left Tianming shocked was that the three exalts didn’t take the sword when he brought it out.

“Mhm?” Tianming then kept the sword into his spatial ring, seeing that they had no intention of taking it.

“Exalts, that’s a heaven-defying artifact....” Yun Zhenzhen who was still feeling smug, was shocked. The exalts didn’t take the Grand-Orient Sword when Tianming took it out? What the hell’s going on?

“Shut up!” Chong Yang glared at her, leaving Yun Zhenzhen trembling with fear.

“Hehe,” Tianming sneered. Right now, what he wanted to do the most was to beat her up. If it weren’t for her and her mouth, he would still be together with his foster father and master, enjoying the fruits of victory.

The three exalts suddenly gathered together. Knitting his brows, Chong Yang spoke out, “The Decimo Dao Palace is responsible for supervising the Realm War in the Grand-Orient Realm. Since this brat possesses the Grand-Orient Sword, that means that the Decimo Dao Palace must’ve noticed his existence.”

“Li Shenxiao might be gone, but the Decimo Dao Palace is still filled with respect for him. They even went so far as to leave the Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower in the Grand-Orient Realm, setting up the Realm War for it. If it weren’t for the fact that Li Shenxiao’s descendants didn’t live up to their ancestor’s promise, how would they be in this spot with the Decimo Dao Palace backing them up?” Jing Yue’s face was unsightly.

“The Decimo Dao Palace even said that aside from forces of the Grand-Orient Realm, no one is allowed to touch the Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower. This brat is a pentabane, and his talent is comparable to Li Shenxiao’s. If we didn’t come for him fast enough, the Decimo Dao Palace would’ve brought him to the Divine Capital!” Ling Xing added.

“There’s no way our clan can offend the Decimo Dao Palace. So we can’t kill this brat, and I don’t think we should even torture him. Our best bet is to keep him in Manor City!” said Jing Yue.

“I have an idea!” Chong Yang suddenly spoke out.

“What is it?”

“He’s also a descendant of our Ancient Qilin Clan, so we put the lifetime curse on him. We can just throw him in the Infernal Soul Purgatory! I don’t believe that Li Muyang will sit around when he learns about that. After all, our clan suffered because of him, suffering the torment and humiliation of the lifetime curse. So his son will have to suffer as well!” Chong Yang said, gnashing his teeth.

“You’re right. It’s the Primeval Autarch’s decree that we’re to impose the lifetime curse on our people. The Primeval Autarch granted the curse to our entire clan, so not even the son of Li Muyang can be free from that! This way, the Decimo Dao Palace won’t be able to say anything about it! No matter what, we don’t have to worry that Li Muyang won’t come back with this kid in our hands. Wasn’t he good at running? Haha!” Although they could lock on to Li Muyang with the Cyclic Barrier, the three of them were still toyed around in the palm of his hand, which left them furious.

“It doesn’t matter if the Decimo Dao Palace has noticed him. He won’t be able to leave Manor City or the Infernal Soul Purgatory unless Li Muyang returns to seek forgiveness from the Ancient Emperor!”

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A day later, Tianming found that the three exalts were looking at him with a strange gaze. Ever since he had revealed his bane-rings and the Grand-Orient Sword, Tianming noticed that the killing intent in their eyes had weakened. They'd been traveling without stopping, and Tianming had no idea how many realms they passed. Only now did Tianming realize that the Flameyellow continent was actually so vast!

When he got bored of looking at the scenery, he took out the Grand-Orient Sword to comprehend heavenly will, and had noticed that the three exalts had cast their glances at him occasionally. For some reason, he had a feeling that they didn't dare take the sword away from him, which left him doubtful. The Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower are clearly beyond the control of anyone in the Grand-Orient Realm. So why hasn't anyone come to take them over the years?

For example, if these three exalts came for it, Jun Shengxiao definitely wouldn't be able to keep the sword. So who created the Realm War and placed these two artifacts in the Grand-Orient Realm? It was a mystery that Tianming couldn't figure out. Furthermore, he was curious about Li Muyang, wondering what kind of person his father was. The only impression Tianming had of Li Muyang was the description from his mother.

So out of curiosity, he asked, "Exalts, I have never seen my father. So can you tell me what my father did for you guys to call him sinner?"

"You've never met him?" Chong Yang asked.

"That's right."

"Do you want to know, then?" Chong Yang sneered.

"Of course," Tianming said. "I'm actually at a loss now. Can you tell me about my father? If he's really a scumbag, I'll join you guys in cursing him."

"Hahaha!" The three exalts laughed when they heard that. They had mockery in their laughter and saw Tianming as a coward. However, they had no idea that Tianming was only doing this so that they would be in the mood to tell him about his father.

"Your father, Li Muyang, was the patriarch of our Ancient Qilin Clan four decades ago," said Chong Yang.

"He's that powerful?"

"He is powerful. When he was born, he was just like you, possessing an invulnerable left arm—the Ancient Devil Arm that not even a saint beast weapon could leave a scratch on. He was also born with a lowly status, and was also known as an inauspicious person. He was cast aside by everyone, but he relied on his talents to conquer the entire clan step by step. From being the strongest genius of the Ancient Qilin Clan, he turned into the strongest person in the city, then he finally ascended to the position of patriarch. That year, he was only forty years old, and he was already ranked in the top three in the Theocracy of the Ancients. People also said that he'd definitely become the strongest in a decade, surpassing the Ancient Theocrats' Primeval Autarch."

Chapter 402 - Ink Manor

Chong Yang sounded proud when he mentioned their history. However, Tianming caught onto something and asked, "The Ancient Devil Arm? Is there any origin to this arm?" Tianming had expected

his father to be powerful, but he didn't expect his father to be this powerful. Top three in the Theocracy of the Ancients?

"No. Who knows what's going on with that arm? It's just a name that I gave it," said Chong Yang.

"Alright, what happened then?" Tianming thought they knew the secret to the arm.

"What happened after that? That was the beginning of our clan's disaster!" Chong Yang was furious when he mentioned it.

"What happened?"

"On a certain day over forty years ago, Li Muyang entered the palace and stole the foundational treasure of the Ancient Theocrats, the Cyclic Mirror!"

"That's it?" Tianming was a little puzzled.

"Not only that!" Chong Yang's eyes turned savage when he recalled the past. "When Li Muyang stole the Cyclic Mirror, he also killed the Primeval Autarch's only daughter. It was his favorite princess! That day, the entire nation was shaken and the Primeval Autarch went after Li Muyang personally, which left him seriously injured. But in the end, he managed to escape and could no longer be found. Since that day, the entire Ancient Qilin Clan was punished with the lifetime curse. Even today, every newborn of the clan must be given the curse. No one in the clan can escape this fate, not even us!" Chong Yang's eyes turned bloodshot.

As he spoke, he gently lifted the hair covering his forehead and revealed a hideous black mark. The mark looked like a wildbeast that was composed of strange heavenly patterns. It looked similar to the Purple Blood-Imprint. With just a glance at it, Tianming felt his scalp going numb. No wonder Yun Zhenzhen also wore a headdress; it was probably meant to hide the mark.

"Do you know what this means?" Chong Yang questioned furiously. It seemed like he had diverted all his anger at Li Muyang onto Tianming. Gnashing his teeth, Chong Yang continued when Tianming shook his head, "It means slavery!"

Tianming trembled when he heard that. At first, he had thought these people just hated the mark for how it looked, but seeing the grief and anger in Chong Yang's eyes, he suddenly felt a little complicated. He knew what slavery meant. However, Tianming knew that it wouldn't be that simple, and asked, "What effect does it have?"

"Forty years ago, the Ancient Qilin Clan was the second largest clan in the Theocracy of the Ancients, and had a long heritage. But because of this curse, our clan became weak and declined. From that day on, we were forced to move from our ancestral land and build our new Manor City in the Infernal Soul Purgatory! In the past, only war criminals and villains were used to suppress the Infernal Soul Race in the Infernal Soul Purgatory. But now, that duty belongs to our Ancient Qilin Clan!

"Every single clansman of the Ancient Qilin Clan has to spend six months every year in the Infernal Soul Purgatory to maintain the operation of the Infernal Soul Barrier after the age of five. Otherwise, our curse will break out and kill us! During those six months, we're not allowed to cultivate. So how are our descendants supposed to catch up with other geniuses? This was all given to us by the sinner, Li

Muyang! If he didn't steal the Cyclic Mirror and kill the princess, how could the Ancient Qilin Clan suffer such a disaster?" Chong Yang was venting all of his anger on Tianming.

"Li Tianming, you also won't be able to escape from the curse!" Even Yun Zhenzhen was tearing up as Chong Yang spoke. She had been entering the Infernal Soul Purgatory since she was five. If she added all that time up, she had stayed there for seven years. And the Infernal Soul Purgatory wasn't a place people should stay. Although Tianming didn't know what the Infernal Soul Purgatory and Infernal Soul Race were, he could tell that it was a painful memory, judging from their expressions.

"You'll be given the lifetime curse when we return. After all, you're the son of Li Muyang, so you should stay in the Infernal Soul Purgatory for the rest of your life, atoning for your father!" Yun Zhenzhen's eyes flickered with lightning.

"Yun Zhenzhen, what did you say his name was?" The three exalts looked at Yun Zhenzhen with shock in their eyes. They realized that they still hadn't asked about Tianming's name.

"Li Tianming...." Yun Zhenzhen was baffled as she answered. Was that a strange name?

When Chong Yang heard it, he roared into the sky and glared at Tianming, "You have to change your name! This name is a taboo in the Theocracy of the Ancients. It's a name that the Primeval Autarch has forbidden!"

"Li Muyang, are you trying to challenge the Ancient Theocrats? Trying to challenge the Primeval Autarch by giving your son this name?!" Jing Yue roared.

"What's wrong with it?" Tianming and Yun Zhenzhen were both at a loss. Most importantly, Tianming's name was given to him by his mother, Wei Jing. After all, Li Muyang had fled shortly after the deed.

"That's because the princess that was killed forty years ago was called Jiang Lingjing, and her title was the Skyfate Princess, which is the same as your name, Tianming!"

Skyfate Princess? Tianming felt as if he had been punched in the head as he started to feel confused. Feeling a headache, Tianming asked, "May I ask what's the 'Jing(婧)' used in Jiang Lingjing's name...?"

"The combination of Nu(女) and Qing(青)," said Chong Yang.

Wasn't that the same 'Jing' used in his mother's name? Tianming felt a greater headache when he heard about that, and tried his best to calm himself down and sort out his thoughts. Firstly, my father killed the Skyfate Princess, Jiang Lingjing, and stole the Cyclic Mirror. My mother's name is Wei Jing, and she gave me the name Tianming. Then, my mother went on a trip together with my father? Holy shit! The more he thought about it, the more confused he got.

"You have to change your name!" said Chong Yang.

With Chong Yang suddenly breaking up his train of thought, Tianming became even more confused, and it took a long time for him to get everything clear. Why do I have a feeling that this matter isn't so simple? Li Muyang stole the Cyclic Mirror, killed the princess, and ran into my mother during his escape? What was the motive for him to steal the mirror in the first place? It doesn't make any sense. Wasn't he going to become the strongest in the Theocracy of the Ancients? Just what happened forty years ago?

For some reason, Tianming felt that all the answers were in the Divine Capital. He really wanted to know more about his father, and to look at the place his father grew up in. He wanted to know if his father had really committed an unforgivable sin. Anyway, he refused to believe that his father was such a villain. At the very least, his father didn't sound like a villain, judging from what his mother told him.

The Divine Capital! But will these three people try and force my father to come out? Perhaps I'll be able to find my answers at that time. The answers were all waiting for him in the Divine Capital.

"May I ask about my father's relationship with this princess before the whole event occurred?" Tianming asked.

"I heard that your father killed the Skyfate Princess out of rage because he couldn't get her!" Yun Zhenzhen mocked.

However, Tianming didn't listen to her, but was waiting for Chong Yang's answer. Forty years ago, Yun Zhenzhen hadn't even been born yet, so how could she possibly know anything?

"They were lovers." Chong Yang chuckled.

Yun Zhenzhen was surprised, as she had never heard about it. It was obviously different from what was circulating in the public!

"So why did he kill her, if they were lovers?" Tianming asked.

"It's because they were lovers that he managed to coax her to steal the Cyclic Mirror before silencing her! Otherwise, how do you think he managed to steal the treasure?" Chong Yang mocked.

"What a bastard!" Yun Zhenzhen cursed.

In the end, Tianming took a deep breath to calm down. He'd decided that he had to figure out the truth, no matter what he had to face. There was no way he would take Chong Yang's word for everything. Then again, Tianming had an intuition that came from his bloodline. He didn't think that his father, whom he had never met before, would be someone that everyone hated.

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It took them four days to reach the Divine Capital, even with the stunning speed of the Solar Flying Disc. High in the sky, Tianming could see the boundless city down below. But rather than calling it a city, it was more like a piece of territory that was equivalent to a fourth of the Grand-Orient Realm. However, he knew that it must be packed with people.

There were five rivers that converged in the Divine Capital, rippling with majestic waves that made them look like five stretches of seas instead. Tianming could sense the sheer density of the spiritual energy—this place far exceeded the Grand-Orient Sect and Heaven's Elysium. It was no wonder that the Theocracy of the Ancients had built their capital here. It was also said that this place was the core of the Flameyellow continent. Although they had just arrived, Tianming was shocked by the majestic and ancient aura.

"The Ancient Qilin Clan's Manor City is located in the southeast region, and beneath it is the Infernal Soul Purgatory. Furthermore, the only entrance to the Internal Soul Purgatory is located at the center of our Manor City. In the future, you'll be spending a lot of time there until your father comes back to

atone for his mistake. Then again, you probably won't have a good time there, as the son of a sinner," said Chong Yang.

"What are the Infernal Soul Purgatory and the Infernal Soul Race?" Tianming asked.

"You'll know about it when you go in," Jing Yue sneered.

"Have you thought of a new name?" Ling Xing asked. They would have to depend on Tianming to change the name. Otherwise, it would be useless, as long as Tianming introduced himself as Li Tianming.

"I won't be changing my name," said Tianming.

"Very well. Your name will definitely anger the Ancient Theocrats, and at that time, not even the Decimo Dao Palace can save you," Ling Xing scoffed.

"The Decimo Dao Palace? What's that?" Tianming caught onto something that Ling Xing had accidentally leaked. Sure enough, Chong Yang and Jing Yue both glared at Ling Xing when they heard that. However, no one explained anything to Tianming.

"I'll first throw you in the Ink Manor when we return. I bet Li Muyang has a lot of relatives that want to meet you. From now on, you belong to the Ink Qilin Branch," said Chong Yang.

"Ink Qilin?" Tianming still remembered that Mu Yang's lifebound beast was a water and earth-type Ink Qilin that was the same as his Primordial Terraqua Dragon.

"Tomorrow, the Ancient Qilin Clan will hold a family meeting, and under the witness of everyone, we'll impose the curse on you. Then, we'll throw you into the Infernal Soul Purgatory!" said Chong Yang.

"You're going to make it so grand?"

"How can your father come to learn about it if it's not grand?" Clearly, their objective was not only to let Li Muyang learn about it, but also a declaration of their loyalty. The Ancient Qilin Clan naturally wanted to atone by personally sending the sinner, Li Muyang, to the Ancient Theocrats.

"Now, we'll go to the Ink Manor!"

Chapter 403 - Li Muyang's Home

The Ancient Qilin Clan's Manor City was separated into an inner and outer city. The inner city was divided into seven areas, and one of them was occupied by the Ink Qilin Branch's Ink Manor. This was a massive city, and aside from the buildings, there were also many landscape decorations like mountains and rivers. The scope of the city was similar to the Grand-Orient Sect.

The Solar Disc flew in the sky and directly descended after reaching Ink Manor. There was a magnificent, ink-green gate that was higher than the Imperial Ninefold Gates. Furthermore, there were dozens of saintly heavenly patterns on it, which looked gorgeous under the nightscape.

Past the gate, Ink Manor was brightly lit and seemed prosperous. Tianming estimated that there had to be at least ten thousand people in the manor. Although the Ancient Qilin Clan had been on the decline for the past forty years, that was only for the younger generations. For the Ink Manor alone to be so huge, it seemed like the Ancient Qilin Clan was bigger than Tianming had imagined.

“Mo Yu!” Chong Yang yelled upon arriving. Shortly after, a gorgeous woman wearing an ink-colored dress came floating out from the darkness. She had white skin and a well-maintained posture. But her eyes reflected her age, though she probably wasn’t any older than the three exalts.

“Didn’t the three of you go chasing after Li Muiyang?” Mo Yu was at least a saint, as she was able to fly in the air.

“Li Muiyang toyed with us and we weren’t able to find him. But we managed to find something else, instead,” said Chong Yang.

“What is it?”

“Let’s talk about it privately.”

Chong Yang and Mo Yu went to the side and conversed by themselves, and a shocked expression could clearly be seen on Mo Yu’s face. She even turned to look at Tianming several times.

“He cannot be killed or harmed. Otherwise, I’m afraid that the Decimo Dao Palace will come looking for us. We’ll impose the lifetime curse on him tomorrow and throw him into the Infernal Soul Purgatory, then think of another method in case Li Muiyang doesn’t come,” said Chong Yang.

“Got it.” The look in Mo Yu’s eyes changed as she looked at the white-haired Tianming with a complicated expression.

“Does Li Muiyang still have anyone alive in his family?” Chong Yang asked.

“There’s still some distant relatives. But if you’re talking about someone who shared a close relationship with him, then there’s only one old man left living in Li Muiyang’s old home,” said Mo Yu.

“Then put him there,” said Chong Yang.

“I have a question. Will the Ancient Theocrats take him away if they learn of his existence?” asked Mo Yu.

“I don’t know. I reported it to them when the Cyclic Mirror appeared. But the Primeval Autarch told us to take it back to redeem ourselves. After all, the Primeval Autarch had destroyed Li Muiyang’s saint origin back then, and he had already lost his cultivation. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have had to hide for four decades,” said Chong Yang.

“What if the Ancient Theocrats ask for this boy?”

“Then we’ll give him to them,” replied Chong Yang.

“But he’s also Li Shenxiao’s descendant! Why is his identity so complicated? Does the Decimo Dao Palace know of his existence?”

“We will officially announce imposing the lifetime curse on him tomorrow. We’ll be able to see the Decimo Dao Palace’s reaction at that time,” said Chong Yang.

“Okay. We can also see the reaction from the Ancient Theocrats then, too. After all, this child’s identity is a little too convoluted,” said Mo Yu.

“He’s involved in too many things. I heard from Yun Zhenzhen that the Grand-Orient Sect has someone called Li Wudi, who used the Venomdrake Spike to undergo his Lifesbane for fourteen years, achieving a hexabane and reaching the Sky Saint stage.” Chong Yang knitted his brows.

“Are you joking with me? Where did this hexabane come from?” Mo Yu was stunned.

“That’s definitely true. She also said that Tianming is the son of that fellow. I only knew that he was just Tianming’s foster father when I asked that brat.”

“What is the Decimo Dao Palace going to do with that hexabane?” Mo Yu asked.

“With Li Shenxiao’s status in the Decimo Dao Palace in ancient times, I believe they’ll try getting him to join the palace. Furthermore, they’ll groom him. That’s the reason why I’m having a headache now; it’s all due to that kid’s relationship with that hexabane.”

“What if the Decimo Dao Palace tries to take this brat away?” Mo Yu asked.

“There’s no way we can give them this brat. He’s a descendant of the Ancient Qilin Clan, so why should we have to give him to them?” Chong Yang replied.

“But he’s also a descendant of the Li Saint Clan.”

“Anyway, we got him first. Moreover, the lifetime curse is a punishment decreed by the Primeval Autarch. So there’s nothing the Decimo Dao Palace can say about that.”

“The lifetime curse will definitely suppress his talent as a pentabane, affecting him greatly. Furthermore, it’ll be imprinted on him for a lifetime,” Mo Yu said with pity flickering in her eyes.

“What are you thinking? He’s here to atone for his father. Even if we let him go, he’ll still be destroyed sooner or later!” Chong Yang raged.

“Fine.”

After they were done talking, Mo Yu walked over and waved her hand at Tianming. “Follow up.”

Tianming turned to cast a glance at Yun Zhenzhen and Jun Niancang, then entered Ink Manor. After he went in, Chong Yang, Jing Yue, and Ling Xing turned to leave. But just when they were about to leave, Yun Zhenzhen suddenly called out to them, “Exalted ones....”

The only response was a token flying in her direction, which Yun Zhenzhen immediately received. “Take this token to the Saint Armory and pick a saint beast weapon with less than thirty saintly heavenly patterns,” said Chong Yang.

“Yes, thank you!” Yun Zhenzhen immediately expressed excitement. All she did was just contribute a piece of information she had gotten by accident, and she received such a huge reward for it.

After the exalted ones left, Yun Zhenzhen noticed the troubled look in Jun Niancang’s eyes and said, “What’s the matter? Did it feel terrible losing to him? That’s because he used the Spiritburn Tome. So don’t feel too bad about it.”

However, Jun Niancang replied by shaking his head.

“Is it about Heaven’s Elysium, then? Weren’t you feeling ashamed of your father? So why are you sad?”

“You wouldn’t understand. I’m now the only person remaining of my family.” The Jun Clan of Heaven’s Elysium had lost terribly. Jun Niancang closed his eyes in pain. “Furthermore, I’ll never be able to take revenge for Long’er.”

“Didn’t you hear that he’s the son of a sinner? His outcome will only be more terrible than you think. Just watch if you don’t believe me,” said Yun Zhenzhen.

“Is that so?”

“What do you plan to do now?”

“Return to the Decimo Dao Palace to cultivate,” replied Jun Niancang.

“After that?”

“I have no idea. Maybe I’ll be able to take revenge for Long’er one day, or even return to the Grand-Orient Realm and take back Heaven’s Elysium.”

“Aren’t you someone who longed for freedom?”

“I no longer have the qualification for that, with the feud I’m bearing,” Jun Niancang said with his voice choking up.

“Alright then, I’ll send you out.”

“Okay.”

“Furthermore, try to forget Yueling Long. Do you know what I mean?”

“Mhm?”

“Have you never considered why I went to the Grand-Orient Ream looking for you when you only helped me once?”

“I—”

“Honestly speaking, I’m happy that she’s dead.”

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“Exalted one!” Many people greeted Mo Yu when they entered. As they walked, Qilin saint beasts could be seen laying or playing around by the side.

“Exalted one, who’s this?”

“His arm....”

“Is he related to Li Muyang?” Many people came and surrounded Mo Yu and Tianming, looking at them with gloomy eyes as the two walked in.

“Stop asking about it. There’s a clan meeting tomorrow,” said Mo Yu.

“Yes!”

“Disperse! Don’t stand around!”

Although Mo Yu had left with Tianming, there were still many people in Ink Manor, quietly standing there. When Tianming turned around, he could see the rage in their eyes.

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Passing through the buildings along a small path, Tianming saw an old courtyard. The courtyard was lit, and flames could be seen flickering from within. The brightness here couldn’t be compared to the houses down below, and it didn’t take long for them to arrive.

“Exalted one, where is this place?”

“This will be your resting place in the future, if you can come out of the Infernal Soul Purgatory,” said Mo Yu.

“Got it.” Tianming didn’t think that this place was bad, despite looking a little old and tattered; he was an optimistic person. This place would be his new home, so it didn’t seem bad to be away from people. However, he knew that he wouldn’t be spending much time there. He knew that, to force Li MUYANG to return, they would definitely torture him in the Infernal Soul Purgatory.

“This is where your father grew up,” said Mo Yu.

“Oh?” Tianming became more interested in the place.

“Your grandfather and great grandfather left the world early, so there’s only an old man inside. He’s the second uncle of your father, so he can be considered your only relative remaining in this world, aside from your parents,” said Mo Yu.

“Li MUYANG’s second uncle?”

If this old man is Li MUYANG’s second uncle, wouldn’t he be my second grand uncle? Then this old man should be pretty old. After all, Li MUYANG should be in his eighties, right? Speaking of which, Li MUYANG, that old geezer, had actually gone after his young mother!

“Are you sure you’re not going to change your name?” Mo Yu cast a glance at Tianming, then shook her head. Taking a few more glances at Tianming, she continued, “You look like Yang when he was younger.”

“Yang?”

“Your father.”

“Hahaha!” Tianming couldn’t hold back his laughter when he heard that.

“What’s your cultivation right now?” Mo Yu asked.

“Fourth-level Heavenly Will.”

“Are you sure? You seem to be higher than that,” replied Mo Yu.

“Then add a few more levels if you want.”

Mo Yu was curious when she saw how fearless Tianming was. Wasn't he afraid of what he would be facing? She asked, "You're a pentabane, so why isn't your cultivation higher?"

"I started cultivating late."

"How late?"

"When I was already a teenager."

"Your parents didn't care about you?"

"Nope," Tianming lied. Right now, he just wanted to avoid talking about Wei Jing so his mother wouldn't be pulled into this vortex.

"What a pity then. After imposing the lifetime curse on you and throwing you into the Infernal Soul Purgatory, your talents will be suppressed. You won't be able to make any improvements on your cultivation, and you'll also lose the chance to catch up to your peers," Mo Yu sighed. She patted Tianming's shoulder and hesitated briefly, then said, "It's useless to try to escape. You won't be able to leave Ink Manor. Just rest well for the night. Tomorrow, the entire Ancient Qilin Clan will come to know about you."

Tianming was standing halfway up the mountain. From his position, he could see the entire Manor City. The city was brightly lit, and its heart was like the day. Looking at it, Tianming's eyes blazed. That must be the Infernal Soul Purgatory.

Suddenly, the courtyard gate opened with a creak. A blind old man wearing an undershirt and a pair of shorts walked out holding on to a cane, "Yang, is that you? Are you back home?"

Chapter 404 - Lifetime Curse, Unresigned To Fate!

The old man's white hair was falling out and his face was full of age spots. It was obvious he was nearing the end of his life.

"He's from the generation of my father's grandfather and close to two hundred years old. That is to say, he was once at the Earth Saint stage."

Mortals had a hundred-year limit, but not many lived to be that old. Most of them grew weak by age sixty and started losing beast ki, unable to escape the limits of nature. At the Earth Saint stage, their lifespan would be doubled, to a maximum of two hundred years. However, once a person reaches a hundred and fifty, they would start going downhill. Such limits on life was nature's law. Reaching the Saint stage didn't mean one could escape old age, sickness, and death. No matter what cultivation level the old man used to be, his beast ki had mostly dispersed.

"Little Yang, is that you? Say something!" the old man fretted.

"I'm Li Muyang's son." Tianming quickly stepped forward to help the old man into the courtyard.

The courtyard hadn't been cleaned for a long time, and both sides of the path were covered with weeds as tall as a person. The house was also very old, with mosquitoes everywhere.

"What? Are you Little Yang's beard?" The old man looked puzzled.

"Great Granduncle, I'm his son. My name is Tianming."

"What? His beard became a spiritual being and turned into a human? Do you want my life?" asked the old man.

Tianming didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Beard spirit, don't eat me. Come, have some pickles and braised eggs. That's all I have." The old man shivered as he pulled on Tianming.

Perhaps he had lived for too long. Although he couldn't see with his eyes, he could still move around in this courtyard with his cane. Tianming couldn't help but feel distressed. Even at such an old age, there was no one to care for the old man. And apparently, Li MUYANG was brought up by him.

"Big Brother, what should we do?" Releasing Spiritual Attachment, Feiling appeared beside him.

Ying Huo and Meow Meow came out as well. Those tyrannical little rascals were very excited to come to a new place, and brought Lan Huang with them as well. In the courtyard was an Ink Qilin that was so old its skin was peeling. It opened its eyes and looked at the visitors, then closed them again in boredom and continued sleeping.

"Since we're here, we might as well make ourselves comfortable. Let's clean the place up and settle down," said Tianming.

"Alright, no problem! Meow Meow, I'll leave the task of cleaning to you!" Ying Huo flew out to explore this new world.

"Don't worry, Brother Chicken!" Meow Meow patted Lan Huang's thick dragon paw, "Brother Tortoise, you were just born, so you'd better behave. I'm going to have a rest first."

"What Brother Tortoise, it's a dragon!" glared Tianming.

Meow Meow yawned and rolled on the ground, four paws in the air, already asleep.

"Damn, that was fast."

"Bro, let me help! Should I clean?" Eyes gleaming, an excited Lan Huang spat out a mouthful of water.

And a wall collapsed.

"Wow, fun!" Its eyes shone.

"Get out of here, all three of you!" Sweating profusely, Tianming drove Lan Huang away first, then caught Meow Meow and threw it out.

In mid-air, the black cat switched positions, yawned, and went back to sleep, until plop! It seemed to have fallen into water.

"Meow! Is there a flood? Why am I drowning?!" Meow Meow jumped up from the lake.

"Who castrated you? Doesn't that mean you're a eunuch?" gloated Ying Huo.

Suddenly, a beast landed in the water, and countless waves slammed into Ying Huo and Meow Meow.

"There's water. How exciting!" Like a mountain, Lan Huang rolled in the lake.

"Chicken Bro, Cat Bro, where are you?" asked Lan Huang.

"Damn it, I was eaten by you!" roared Ying Huo.

"Ah!"

Lan Huang opened its mouth and vomited, and out came a little chick and a black cat.

"Do you eat shit? Your stomach stinks!" shouted Ying Huo.

"Sorry, Chicken Bro. I probably sucked you into my intestines. I ate too much fish a few days ago and haven't pooped yet!"

"Damn it!"

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It took Tianming and Feiling over an hour to clean the place. With her help, their new warm nest would soon be ready.

"Haha, shall we sleep here tonight?" Tianming smirked.

"Dream on. Cultivators don't need sleep. Get out!" Feiling chuckled, well aware of his wicked thoughts.

"Beauty, now that we're in the barren hills and mountains, you can cry out to the heavens, but the heavens won't respond. Cry out to the earth, but the earth is impervious." Tianming held out his hands.

"What do you want to do?" asked Feiling.

"You."

"Little Yang! Little Yang! Are you back?" A figure banged on the door.

Tianming felt his breathing stagnate.

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In the pavilion in the courtyard, Tianming spent a long time massaging the old man's shoulders. There was some wine left in his spatial ring. As soon as the old man caught a whiff of it, his eyes lit up as if he could see again. It seemed he had a bad memory, and suffered from dementia. Even after Tianming repeatedly explained his identity, the old man still called him Little Yang.

"Little Yang, what were you doing hiding in the room with Jingjing just now?"

"Jingjing?"

Is he referring to the Theocracy Princess Jiang Lingjing? thought Tianming.

"Little Yang, when will you and Jingjing finally have a chubby baby I can play with?"

Tianming thought angrily, The chubby baby is standing in front of you!

"Great Granduncle, how long have I been with Jingjing?" Tianming asked.

"How should I know how long you've been sneaking around? You little bastard! You should've told me sooner. I was worried you couldn't find a wife!" chided the old man.

At his age, the old man was sometimes clear, and other times confused. It was unlikely Tianming would obtain any important information from him.

"Little Yang, sit down and listen as I tell you about my brilliant deeds. When you grow up, you must try to be as handsome and dashing as me!" The old man slapped his thigh and passionately continued, "Back then, when I was only fifteen, there was no one comparable to me throughout the entire Mo clan and sect. At the time, I was so handsome, the beauties who pursued me had to queue up from the palace all the way to here!"

A considerable amount of time later, Tianming carried the old man, who had finally fallen asleep, back to his room. Just as he placed him in bed, the old man sat up, patted his thigh, and fervently repeated, "Back then, when I was only..."

As he was gushing on, he suddenly asked, "Who are you?"

"Great Granduncle, I'm Little Yang," replied Tianming.

"Liar! Little Yang is cultivating hard outside and said he will return after ten days. Are you here to steal my eggs? Get out!"

"Alright."

"Little Yang is still growing. You bastards leave my eggs alone!"

After Tianming left the room, the old man still droned on and on.

"Great Granduncle is too old, so his mind isn't very clear." Feiling stood at the door.

"Yes. But I can tell that he was the one who raised my father. I'll take care of him from now on," said Tianming.

"Mhmm."

"Let's go out and look around. This place is really quiet."

There was a large, crystal clear lake in front of the courtyard where the three lifebound beasts were currently fishing. Obviously, Lan Huang's presence had seriously lowered Ying Huo and Meow Meow's intelligence.

The two sat by the lake, Feiling hugging her legs. Under the moonlight, her snow-white skin shone with a translucent luster. A pair of bright eyes looked out at the lake in front of her, so the waters were reflected in her eyes like a blue sea.

"Big Brother, do you think your father will come to save you?" Feiling asked.

"I'd like him to show up. If he does, everything will be revealed. To be honest, I'd really like to meet him. After all, he's my father. But I don't think he will. For so many years, he's never come to see me. Who knows how much he values me?" Tianming smiled helplessly.

"Big Brother, you're just guessing. I believe he has his own reasons. Let's look on the bright side, shall we?"

"Of course!" Tianming pulled her in to lean on his shoulder.

"Besides, there's a very important point!"

"What?"

"He left you the Primordial Chaos Beasts, so he must love you!"

"Yes." Tianming's eyes lit up as the faith in his heart gradually strengthened.

The night was beautiful, and the location was perfect. However, tomorrow morning, they would enter a most turbulent vortex.

"The Theocracy seems to have a place called Decimo Dao Palace. I must figure out the details of it, since it may be related to my way out," said Tianming.

"Yes, I've heard of it too. Is the Decimo Dao Palace related to the Aeonic Grandbane? "

"Probably not. It might just be a coincidence," Tianming said.

"Big Brother, if your father doesn't come even after you enter the Infernal Soul Purgatory, will they up their methods?" Feiling worried.

"Perhaps. However, I can see that, as far as these three people are concerned, they hate Li MUYANG so much that they're taking out their anger on me. My situation in the Ancient Qilin Clan will be known tomorrow. As long as no one stops me from becoming stronger, perhaps one day, even if my father doesn't show up, I can stop being controlled by others. I'd like to find out for myself just how strong the geniuses of the Theocracy are!" His eyes burned with passion.

"I'll remain alive, at least until my father shows up. And as long as I'm alive, I'll have opportunities. So let's wait and see!"

In fact, his eyes had already scanned the entire city. Although it was a place filled with crouching tigers and hidden dragons, it made his blood boil.

"It's alright. In fact, I was planning on visiting the Theocracy after the sect war. Now, the only difference is that I wasn't able to say goodbye to my godfather and Qingyu. We'll just pretend we're traveling," said Tianming.

"Well, I must try everything to prevent us from being bullied," added Feiling. What she was referring to was the remaining five seals. Perhaps there was a stronger ability that had yet to be unsealed.

"Together, we'll fight destiny!" Tianming held out his hand.

"Yes!" Feiling placed her tender hand in his.

Their gazes were fiery.

"Nicely said, but it's all just to hold Ling'er's hand, isn't it?" laughed Ying Huo.

In the courtyard behind him, a heavy object suddenly fell to the ground. Then came the sound of cursing. Great Granduncle was asleep, so who could it be?

1. In Chinese, "drown" is a homophone for "castrate".

Chapter 405 - Cloudburst Ink

The weeds had been removed from the courtyard. Although the house was dilapidated, at least it was clean. Under the moonlight were two uninvited guests, a young man and woman who could be described as the perfect couple.

The young man was tall and burly, with a straight nose and features as resolute as a sword. He wore blue brocade robes. Even among the Ancient Qilin clan, it was obvious he was one of the noble children. The young woman snuggled close to him. She wore a tight green dress that fully displayed her graceful figure. Tall and slender, her every curve was moving. She was beautiful and born with charm in her bones, though enveloped with a chill. In short, she was an icy beauty on the outside, but flirtatious and frivolous on the inside. Her amorous gaze confirmed Tianming's conjecture.

"Big Brother Qin Feng, there's no mistake. I heard the sinner's son is in this dilapidated place," said the girl.

"Why is there no one?" asked Qin Feng.

"Check the rooms."

The woman's name was Li Mulin, and she was rather famous in the Ink Qilin clan. Her name spread far and wide. They kicked open the door and found an old man sleeping in the back room. Qin Feng grabbed the old man by his shirt and lifted him up. "Where's the sinner's son, you old geezer?"

"Bah!" Having been woken, the old man was still groggy. "You bastard, you're stealing eggs again!" he spat.

Qin Feng darted aside, almost doused with the old man's saliva. He raised his fist in anger.

"Big Brother Feng, don't kill him, or you'll be punished. The old man made many contributions to the Mo clan!" said Li Mulin.

"Contributions? Was raising that beast Li Muyang part of his contributions?" scoffed Qin Feng. He threw the old man to the ground. If it weren't for the fear of the old man dying, he would have let his foot do the talking.

"Big Brother Feng, this old man will be dead soon. By that time, no one will care even if his body starts to stink. Finding the sinner's son is more important right now," urged Li Mulin.

"The Exalted One said that they'd deal with the sinner's son during tomorrow's clan assembly, but he didn't say we can't deal with him today! The sinner has harmed us so. Since we were young, we've been suppressed by the lifetime curse. I must kill him to vent my anger!" roared Qin Feng.

"Big Brother Feng, calm down. There's plenty of people who want to kill him. But there's only one man. If we didn't come today, we might not even get the chance to give him the beating he deserves."

"Find him. Even if he hides at the ends of the earth, we must find him!" sneered Qin Feng.

"Bloody thief, let go of my eggs!" After exiting the room, the old man was still shouting at them.

As soon as they walked out, Qin Feng and Li Mulin saw a man and woman standing at the door under the moonlight. The man's long white hair was extremely conspicuous, his eyes were ferocious, like an ancient, fierce beast, and his left arm was completely dark and scaly, which was extremely rare. His identity was obvious.

However, what surprised Qin Feng was the girl dressed in blue beside him. With black hair and dark eyes, her skin shone under the moonlight. Her facial features were perfect, and her temperament was as pure as snow. It almost seemed like she wasn't a mortal, but an otherworldly goddess who had descended to earth.

Even Li Mulin, who was famous for her stunning appearance suddenly, seemed dim in comparison. This wasn't a difference in mere facial features and figure, but a natural hierarchy.

As both couples confronted each other, temperatures ran high.

"You're the sinner's son!" Qin Feng grit his teeth in rage.

Tianming turned to glance at the room. The old man sat on the ground, yelling at Qin Feng.

"Come out, you two." Voice as cold as frost, Tianming hooked his finger and turned away.

"Thinking of running?" Qin Feng and Li Mulin quickly chased after him.

Immediately out the door, they witnessed an incredible scene—the gorgeous young woman suddenly transformed into a glittering ray of light and merged with Tianming.

Quickening his pace, Tianming finally reached the edge of the lake. A huge Primordial Terraqua Dragon climbed up from the bottom of the lake, with a chicken and a cat lying on its two heads.

"What a huge lifebound beast, and a dragon at that! In other words, he didn't inherit the qilin of the Ancient Qilin Clan." Li Mulin frowned.

Ying Huo and Meow Meow were automatically ignored. In her opinion, they were the Primordial Terraqua Dragon's two small pets.

"How can someone who grew up in the Grand-Orient Realm compare to the Theocracy? His mother must be some village woman. Why else didn't he inherit the qilin?"

Qin Feng smiled coldly. In the Ancient Qilin Clan, anyone without a qilin as a lifebound beast would be laughed at for a lifetime. As he spoke, Qin Feng approached Tianming. At the same time, an Ink Qilin with huge wings appeared beside him. The qilin saint beast was larger than a Hellshaker Black Tortoise. And from its aura, it was far superior to Mu Yang's lifebound beast. The great power of this Celestial Winged Ink Qilin was brilliantly displayed in its physique; it was a fifth-order saint beast.

This young man was less than twenty years old, and probably at eighth level Heavenly Will—which was stronger than Yuan Zhen. Tianming was curious how strong such a young man would be considered in the Ancient Qilin Clan.

"Sinner's son! Now that you've returned, you shall suffer. Today is just the beginning. You'll slowly enjoy a life of humiliation, suffering, and sorrow! There's hundreds of thousands of people in the Ancient Qilin Clan, and every one of them wants to kill you! But you're very lucky, because you won't die. None of us are willing to kill you. But in the days to come, you'll shed tears every day," laughed Qin Feng.

Tianming responded with the Grand-Orient Sword. As soon as his weapon was drawn, Qin Feng and Li Mulin's hearts skipped a beat. The elders had warned them against touching the sword, or there would be trouble. This was an important matter.

Tianming had merely previously made a conjecture. From the look in their eyes now, he was certain the Grand-Orient Sword seemed to hold a different meaning in the Theocracy.

"Who was that woman?" demanded Qin Feng.

His question undoubtedly upset Li Mulin. "Who knows if she's a person or a ghost. Big Brother Feng, hurry up. I can't wait to vent some of my anger on him!"

"I know." With that, Qin Feng pulled out a dark green divine sword from his spatial ring. There were more than twenty saintly heavenly patterns on the sword, which was of extraordinary quality. Even though Ye Shaoqing was a ninth-level Earth Saint, even he could only use a bestial weapon equal to this. This sword was called the Inkfeather Godsword.

"It's better if you both come at the same time!" Tianming moved in the wind.

"Hehe!" Qin Feng chuckled coldly. How could they gang up on Tianming? Wouldn't that be an insult to them? After all, among the youth of the Mo clan, he was considered a top genius.

The Celestial Winged Ink Qilin accelerated and its beastmaster unleashed an attack.

Cloudburst Ink Sword Art!

With the humble beast ki, the Mountainstream Will of an eighth-level Heavenly Will beastmaster fully demonstrated the majesty of this sword art.

The move was firm, but as gentle as a pear blossom, floating all over the sky and forming a canopy that covered the moon. This heavenly battle art was superior to Yuan Zhen's. The Ink Qilin flew up and stirred the dark clouds, causing a rainstorm to descend.

"So hundreds of thousands of people want to take it out on me? I didn't expect that I'd draw so much hate. However, not just anyone can strut around in front of me. At least, not you!" Tianming's voice possessed a ghostly magnetism. He remained motionless, and his three lifebound beasts sprang into action.

As soon as Lan Huang took the field, the land turned into a swamp, including the ground beneath Li Mulin's feet.

"Eat my sword, beautiful. Would you like to feel your chrysanthemum bloom?" With a sneer, Ying Huo chose his opponent. The words had just fallen from its beak when Chaos Disaster rained from the sky. Meow Meow had transformed into its Regal Chaosfiend form and was ready to attack with Ying Huo.

"A triple beastmaster!" Li Mulin looked astonished. However, she wasn't given time to react, as she was soon surrounded by Ying Huo's Infernal Haze.

"You're a bold one!" She pulled out her Indigo Ink Godsword, which was a match for the Inkfeather Godsword. In that instant, her lifebound beast, an Indigo-Eyed Ink Qilin appeared as well. However, it was immediately thrown to the ground by Meow Meow. Its Venomfiend Bloodclaws sank into the Ink Qilin's mouth, drawing a miserable cry from the beast. Li Mulin was about to help her lifebound beast when she felt an attack from behind that made a chill crawl up her spine. Face ashen, she flew into a rage.

"Lowlife!"

Cursing was of no use. Ying Huo's Pyros Imperius was ruthless, regardless of its target's gender. Li Mulin was being chased by countless Infernal Hazes, screaming from time to time.

Qin Feng was enraged. However, he was also sullen in the face of the charging beast. Although he tried slashing Pear Blossom down on Lan Huang's back, his sword failed to pierce its flesh.

When Lan Huang roared, the sound waves condensed into an attack that caused Qin Feng to bleed from his seven orifices. At that moment, the Celestial Winged Ink Qiling came crashing down from the sky. The white-haired man with Celestial Wings on his back punched three times in a row, hitting the Ink Qilin's forehead.

Trivita Fiendfist!

After three consecutive punches, the Ink Qilin's cries came to an abrupt end. Its head was cracked open and its body was convulsing.

Tianming then pierced its tongue with the Grand-Orient Sword. Blood instantly flowed. At that point, he turned and smiled triumphantly at Qin Feng, resembling a white-haired devil.

"Die!!!" Qin Feng raged.

However, he soon received a slap to the head from Lan Huang and his body thumped to the ground. However, Qin Feng was one tough cookie! Breaking away from Lan Huang's claws, he swooped in for the kill.

Cloudburst Ink Sword—Rainfall!

The sword art sounded fancy, but unfortunately, it couldn't stop Tianming. Shenxiao Sword Art, the second strike! This was a forceful strike, capable of suppressing his opponent. The combined power of Pyros and Fulguros Imperius exploded, flame and lightning sword ki surging forth. Amidst the monstrous sword aura, Tianming flashed forward.

The impact had Qin Feng screaming as he flew out. Tianming's sword pierced his thigh, ripping a bloody hole. However, it seemed that Qin Feng was still in the mood to talk. With his dark arm, Tianming punched Qin Feng in the mouth, breaking his teeth and causing him to immediately swallow them down.

"Ahh!" Pale as a sheet, Qin Feng fell to his knees, retching. His mouth had sunk into his face, hideously marring his features. He looked up, only to meet Tianming's cold gaze.

"Mmmph!" The vulgarities at the tip of his tongue remained unspoken, since his tongue had been pierced by his teeth. Tianming slapped him to the ground and his head landed on a rock. With a thud, Qin Feng's world started spinning.

"Remember: you can take it out on me, but you must be strong enough." With that, Tianming disappeared from his sight.

Qin Feng groaned in pain. When he looked up, he witnessed Tianming's ruthless grasp on Li Mulin's neck as he unloaded several consecutive slaps, turning the beauty into a swollen pig. Then, he tossed the young woman at Qin Feng.

1. In Chinese, "chrysanthemum" is slang for "anus".

Chapter 406 - Let Him Cry For A Lifetime

"Big Brother Feng!" Li Mulin sobbed.

Qin Feng jumped in fright at the sight of Li Mulin. How was this a human face? Clearly it was a pig!

With a look of indifference, Tianming walked up to them with his three lifebound beasts. Lan Huang held the Ink Qilin by its head and sat on it, as if incubating an egg. The Ink Qilin could only scream miserably.

"Fun, hehe!" it laughed innocently.

Qin Feng and Li Mulin couldn't help but shiver. Wasn't Tianming born in the Grand-Orient Realm? How could he be so strong?

In the eyes of these geniuses, the Grand-Orient Realm was viewed similar to how Vermilion Bird viewed Flamehaven. They couldn't even compare to Yun Zhenzhen, so the disdain came as no surprise.

"Sinner's son, how dare you attack us! You're finished!" cried Li Mulin. At this moment, her long dress was covered in blood. Ying Huo wasn't one to protect the fairer sex.

"Finished? Didn't you say that hundreds of thousands of you can't wait to give me a thrashing? I was already finished to begin with, so why would I be afraid of more doom?" Throwing his head back in laughter, Tianming proceeded to slap Qin Feng, making him whimper.

"But before that happens, I can at least give you a lesson you'll never forget," Tianming sneered.

Eyes brimming with fear, Li Mulin didn't dare speak. All of her arrogance had turned into blood, which she was forced to swallow.

"Are you a couple?" asked Tianming.

Li Mulin was too afraid to speak, but Qin Feng glared at Tianming.

"Nice figure, mind letting my chicken appreciate her?"

"Hehe." Perched on Tianming's shoulder, Ying Huo smiled wickedly. "Not bad, a fine ride indeed."

"Mmmph!" Qin Feng raged. However, as soon as he tried to curse, Meow Meow, who was lying on his head, immediately stabbed his mouth with its tail, electrocuting him.

"If you knew you'd end up so miserable, why seek abuse? Next up, I'll ask questions, and you'll answer. Otherwise, you'll learn just how cruel my methods can be." Tianming turned to Li Mulin, who bowed to the humiliation.

"What's the Decimo Dao Palace?" Within Tianming's gaze was a terrifying intimidation.

"It's a school that's existed for a long time, and the cradle of many Theocracy geniuses. With countless powerhouses, they remain one of the top authorities of the Divine City," said Li Mulin.

"To what extent?"

"They're superior to the Ancient Qilin Clan."

"Comparable to the Ancient Theocrats?"

"Of course not, but they have the qualifications to speak."

"What's the origin of the Decimo Dao Palace?" asked Tianming.

"Apparently, the Theocracy of the Ancients used to belong to the Decimo Dao Palace. At the time, the Demimo Dao Palace was the sect that everyone yearned for. Later on, the Ancient Theocrats rose and defeated the Decimo Dao Palace, established a nation, and governed the realm. The remaining forces of the Decimo Dao Palace were pardoned by the imperial family and turned the sect into a school to cultivate talents for the Theocracy." Afraid that Tianming already knew the answer and was testing her, Li Mulin made sure to answer in detail.

"Is there a relationship between the Decimo Dao Palace, the Grand-Orient Sword, and the Prime Tower of the Grand-Orient Realm?" Tianming narrowed his eyes.

"Yes, the tournament rules for the Grand-Orient Sword were set by the Decimo Dao Palace," said Li Mulin.

"Why don't any of the powerhouses seize the Grand-Orient Sword? Why haven't the three Exalted Ones taken it from me?" asked Tianming.

Li Mulin had asked her elders this exact question, because everyone was just as puzzled.

"My father said it's because Li Shenxiao, the first ancestor of the Li Saint Clan, is a meritorious figure in the Decimo Dao Palace. He made exceptional battle contributions to the Decimo Dao Palace. It is based on their ancestors' rule that the Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower remain in the Grand-Orient Realm. Except for the Li Saint Clan, no one can really control those two divine artifacts anyway, so seizing them is useless."

"Li Shenxiao?" Tianming came to a realization.

His father originated from the Ancient Qilin Clan, while his mother was from the Li Saint Clan. So the Decimo Dao Palace's protection is a result of his relationship with the Li Saint Clan. Exceptional battle contributions? What did Li Shenxiao do for such a great, long-standing school to remember it to this day?

"That means the Decimo Dao Palace may be a turning point for me. Perhaps with my identity, I'll live."

That explained why the three Exalted Ones merely sentenced him to the Infernal Soul Purgatory, instead of threatening him with death. At that point, a huge ruckus sounded at the foot of the mountain. Tianming stood up. Under the moonlight, he noticed many people heading in their direction.

"Sinner's son, you're dead meat! Our brothers, sisters, and friends will avenge us!" Having waited for this moment, Li Mulin's eyes filled with tears.

Tianming rewarded her with another slap, knocking out the rest of her teeth.

"What's wrong with you? How can you be so cruel to a woman?" Ying Huo interjected.

"You didn't show mercy earlier, either," said Tianming.

"Who says? I'm a gentlechicken."

While Ying Huo was still making excuses, the noise grew louder and louder. At least thousands had made their way over here. Perhaps the huge commotion caused by Lan Huang had alerted them.

These thousands of people were mostly youths, though their elders might be hidden in the dark. At least six hundred of them, all under the age of thirty, had marched here when they heard fighting. But the first thing they saw was how miserable Qin Feng and Li Mulin looked.

"Who's this badly beaten up person?"

"They look like Qin Feng and Li Mulin!"

"Weren't we told not to do anything tonight? Why're they here?"

"They probably thought of beating him, but ended up being beaten instead."

"How strong is the sinner's son? He actually defeated them?!"

"Strength isn't the issue, it's his arrogance! What does he mean? Is he looking down on us?"

"Yes, how dare he fight back?"

Countless eyes stared at Tianming, Qin Feng and Li Mulin's elders included. Their strength was comparable to Ye Shaoqing. Tianming took a step back and allowed them to pick up their children.

"Father, avenge me and kill this beast!" shouted Qin Feng.

"There's plenty of people who want to kill him. It's not your turn, or even mine!" Qin Feng received another slap to the face.

What his father said was true. He shouldn't have come out here tonight. Being beaten like this was even more humiliating. Although they desperately wanted to retaliate against Tianming, hundreds of thousands were also waiting for revenge.

Meanwhile, Tianming laid his eyes on the youths. There were many Ancient Qilin Clan geniuses similar to Qin Feng. He never imagined that the average standard here would be so high. The Ancient Qilin Clan had different branches. For example, within the Mo clan were several great families, each of them living in a huge mansion of their own, and each of them on par with the others. There seemed to be many

youths with Qin Feng's level of cultivation in the Mo clan, and more in the entire Ancient Qilin Clan as a whole. And at this moment, all of those youths were staring at him with resentment.

Tianming couldn't help laughing. "If a person hates me, I need to restrain myself so as not to offend him. If ten people hate me, all the more so. But, now hundreds of thousands hate me and can't wait to kill me. Why restrain myself?"

Tianming firmly believed that even if he knelt, begged for mercy, and wept bitterly, these people wouldn't change. They will be too angry, angry at Tianming.

"There's nothing to say. I'm his son, so this is what I should bear. It's fair for a son to pay his father's debts. But I won't just accept my fate."

He couldn't just give up and allow these people to take it out on him. Besides, the truth was yet to be discovered. Having figured that much out, Tianming wouldn't bow his head before them. Since begging for mercy on his knees was no use, why humiliate himself? Thus, he stared at them with equally fiery eyes.

"What are you looking at? Come on then, cowards!"

Tianming was also upset by the fact that as soon as he got here, he became the target of public criticism. When that sentence was spoken, everyone boiled with fury. How dare a man wanted by hundreds of thousands call them cowards?

"Kill him!!"

All at once, hundreds of young people roared, then charged at him desperately.

"Stop!"

At that point, the elders had to step in. Otherwise, if Tianming died here, the loss would be great. As Tianming expected, none of them could hurt him. This was an unbelievable phenomenon—so many wanted to attack him, yet none of them could act, because they were afraid they might kill him in a momentary loss of control.

"Haha!"

In the face of hundreds of outraged people, Tianming actually laughed.

"What gives you the right to laugh? Your father harmed our entire clan. Dying ten thousand times isn't enough punishment for such a sinner!"

"Who'll kill him?!"

"That'd be too easy for him; let him cry for a lifetime, instead!"

Their fierce, ruthless gazes were a huge wakeup call. Although they each had their own reasons and emotions, their irrational anger had impacted Tianming. Who would be willing to bear such injustice and beg for forgiveness on their knees? At least, not Tianming. At that moment, he didn't want to bow—he wanted to find out the truth and answers.

"Go back to where you came from!"

Just then, Exalted Mo Yu appeared beside Tianming.

The anger of the crowd gradually subsided, but there were volcanoes hidden in their hearts, ready to erupt sooner or later.

"Exalted one, he injured Qin Feng and Li Mulin. The arrogant bastard clearly doesn't think much of us!" shouted many of them.

"The two are at eighth level Heavenly Will, yet failed to defeat him. What's there to be angry about?" said Mo Yu.

The crowd was bereft of speech.

"Go back. In three hours, the entire clan will gather at the Qilin altar!" shouted Mo Yu.

"Yes, give him the lifetime curse!"

"Let him suffer as we suffer!"

"Throw him into the Infernal Soul Purgatory and never let him out!"

Their hatred and resentment was so strong that Tianming was left dumbfounded. Stunned by the sudden, unprovoked hatred, he had yet to recover. But this was only the Mo clan. Three hours later, it would be the monstrous anger of hundreds of thousands from the entire Ancient Qilin Clan.

"This world is really wonderful, hahaha...."

He was laughing at himself. However, Exalted Mo Yu seemed to think he was being smug after his victory.

In a cold tone, she chided, "What're you proud of? The two you defeated were ordinary juniors. There's many geniuses in the Ancient Qilin clan that you can't even touch. You should gain more knowledge and experience. Don't be a frog at the bottom of the well." After speaking, she turned to leave.

"Yes, I'm looking forward to it." Tianming's eyes burned with passion.

In the blink of an eye, time was up and the clan assembly officially began.

Chapter 407: Grand Assembly

The Qilin Altar was a wide sacrificial altar that was half the size of Heaven's Elysium, located at the very center of the city. It was three meters tall, and in its middle was a deep, round hole, within which the hottest of fires burned, considerably warming the surroundings. The hole was none other than the entrance to the Infernal Soul Purgatory.

There was also another large space in front of the altar where the packed crowds consisting of members from the Ancient Qilin Clan were gathered. They easily numbered over a hundred thousand people. Even with the Ancient Qilin Clan having fallen from grace, their size and prestige still far outclassed those of the Li Saint Clan.

Most elders above fifty years of age of average talent were already saints. In the whole of the Grand-Orient Realm, there were only two sky saints, but there was a considerable number of them in the Ancient Qilin Clan.

The large crowd didn't curse, or even so much as chatter. They all looked in the direction of the altar with a burning, angry gaze. They saw Mo Yu of the Mo Clan descending from the sky with a white-haired youth dressed in black.

Almost immediately, countless glares of anger shot toward Tianming. He could immediately hear angry voices muttering like the low growl of a wildbeast. What kind of pressure was this? Anyone without sufficient mental fortitude would no doubt be so terrified by the situation they wouldn't be able to move. These gazes came from many sky saints as well. Though they didn't say a single word, Tianming knew how much they hated Li Muyang, and now, he was going to pay the price for his father. Their hate and rage swept over him like a storm and weighed down on his soul.

"What a life. I didn't think I'd be capable of inciting so much hate. Guess I underestimated myself once again," Tianming said, standing straight and upright on the altar without looking away from the crowd even once.

"Your mental state seems to be good. However, you'll be able to do nothing but cry later," said a tall, bearded, middle-aged man that was walking toward him. He wore a dark smile and looked down imposingly on Tianming.

"Who are you?" Tianming asked.

"The one who'll apply the lifetime curse on you. I'm the Qilin King of the Ink Qilin Clan, Qin Dingtian!"

Tianming figured that the Qilin King was definitely stronger than Li Wudi. The Ink Branch of the Ancient Qilin Clan had ten Qilin Kings, which was about on par with the other branches. They were among the top branches in the clan.

Qin Dingtian stood beside Tianming and turned to the rest of his clansfolk. "Everyone, this is the son of the sinner, Li Muyang. Come, tell everyone what your name is."

Qin Dingtian intentionally used his voice to pressure Tianming into telling them what he was called. Tianming simply answered, "I will not change anything about my name. I am Li Tianming."

The moment he said that, everyone felt silent.

"Good. Now that you've angered the imperial family of the Theocracy, you're definitely doomed." Qin Dingtian smirked at seeing Tianming invite trouble for himself. The mere mention of his name had shaken the entire clan.

"Tianming? As in the fate of the sky? Isn't that just like the princess' sobriquet, Skyfate?"

"Li Muyang, that madman, naming his son that way!"

"He really doesn't know what's good for himself!"

"And the kid here thinks he's really brave or something."

"I think he's already accepted it. He knows his days are numbered, so he might as well put up a strong front to make himself feel better."

"How laughable...."

Though many of the crowd chattered nonstop, one thing was for sure: they all hated him, and none of them would stand out to defend him.

"Silence!" Qin Dingtian yelled, quieting the crowd down. Turning to Tianming, he announced, "Li Muyang's sins are horrendous and unforgivable. Now that you've returned to the Ancient Qilin Clan, you'll suffer punishment on your father's behalf. Based on a unanimous decision from the exalted ones and Qilin Kings, you're to be given a lifetime curse and banished to the Infernal Soul Purgatory for eternity. Everyone, is this satisfactory?"

"It's too light on him. You should cripple his cultivation and kill his lifebound beasts first!"

"That's right! It's too light! I think we should throw him into the Infernal Soul Barrier and let him burn as punishment!"

"Cut off his limbs and tongue! Blind him! Remove his nose and ears and hang him up at the altar! I want to hear him cry in agony!"

The crowd was completely fueled by rage. They had to vent to feel some semblance of relief. It was one thing for all of them to have to enter the Infernal Soul Purgatory for half a year, every year, to suffer. But even for them, they wouldn't be satisfied even if he was thrown into it for life. Though, they were completely unaware of the tricky nuances of the situation that the exalted ones had to face.

"What's the rush? We have more than enough time to mess with him," Qin Dingtian said.

"That's right."

"We'll force Li Muyang out first, then kill the father and son together!"

"That's right. Li Muyang is the true sinner! We have to prepare a great show for him to watch!"

"There's no way for us to vent our hate otherwise!"

The rage all of them felt was far worse than Tianming could've imagined, but it still made him feel quite displeased.

"I'll find out the truth myself. I'll also make sure to remember every single word you said," Tianming said.

"Stop dreaming. I'll let you have a taste of the curse first," Qin Dingtian said. He took out a large black branding implement that emanated a kind of miasma. There were seventy saintly heavenly patterns on the branding iron; it appeared that it was a peak-grade bestial weapon.

The mystical shimmering of the saintly heavenly patterns could actually be used to give someone the curse. It was yet another wondrous aspect of heavenly patterns that Tianming discovered. It appeared that the path of a patternscribe was almost as complicated as that of a beastmaster. This very branding iron was the one the Primeval Autarch had 'bequeathed' the Ancient Qilin Clan.

"Brand him with the cursed seal!" the crowd chanted fervently.

Qin Dingtian stepped forward and pressed a hand onto Tianming's shoulder. With his saint ki, he was able to stop Tianming from resisting even the slightest bit. Then, he snickered and branded the curse onto his forehead.

Tianming shot a dangerous glare at Qin Dingtian; the same one he had shot Sikong Jiansheng before the Realm War. It was one thing for him to administer the curse, but another for him to use his saint ki to harm him like that and cause his internal organs to bleed. There was no other explanation for his action but venting a personal grudge.

The moment the branding iron marked his forehead, he felt thousands of venomous bugs burrowing their way into his head.

"Qin Feng is a member of your household, right?" Tianming asked.

"You guessed right. You're quite capable, after all. It's a shame that with the curse, half of your talent as a pentabane will be suppressed," Qin Dingtian said smugly.

"Phew...." Tianming exhaled and furrowed his brow. Like Qin Dingtian had said the Lifetime Curse was truly unbearable. The stream of energy that penetrated him felt like countless bugs gnawing away at his body.

At that moment, the Prime Tower in his lifebound space released a white glow that turned into liquid and permeated his innards. The moment the black miasma from the curse touched the liquid from the Prime Tower, it was vaporized into nothing. That stimulation caused the tower to shake once more, sending even more white liquid throughout Tianming's body.

The energy from the Lifetime Curse was immediately reduced to nothing by Prime Tower. All of a sudden, the tower manifested on his body and immediately shattered the curse.

Qin Dingtian cried out from the backlash and took a few steps back. The branding iron in his hand was sent flying off from Qilin Altar. The whole crowd also managed to catch sight of the white tower's projection, and the well-informed ones immediately recognized it.

"What's going on?"

"How could this be?"

Everyone's eyes widened as they witnessed an unbelievable sight. Qin Dingtian felt so much rage at the sight of Tianming's blank forehead—the Lifetime Curse had failed to take hold!

"This is the first time in four decades that this happened, right?" many people murmured. Just then, they had been cheering for this event, but now they felt a little troubled.

"It's Li Shenxiao's Prime Tower! It's actually inside his body!"

"He seems to wield the Grand-Orient Sword, too...."

"It truly is a waste for him to be holding those divine artifacts! If not for the Decimo Dao Palace's edict, and the fact that others aren't able to truly utilize those artifacts, there's no way someone like him would've come into possession of them!"

The crowd's gaze grew even more savage as the discussion raged on.

"Is there a way to temporarily take those divine artifacts from him?"

"The sword can be taken, but the Prime Tower seems to be inside his body."

"Dig it out!"

Tianming chuckled when he heard that. "What's with this trash of a branding iron? It wasn't able to leave a mark on me at all. I'm sorry to see you fail. How embarrassing."

The crowd was shocked at the audacity of the sinner's son to say such things, and their rage skyrocketed.

"Die!"

Many of them couldn't control themselves and were about to charge up to kill him. If all of them really acted, not a single trace of Tianming would be left.

"Stop!" some among them cried.

"Don't stop! Come if you dare! It's not like you're ashamed of ganging up on me, after all," Tianming mocked once more.

The crowd stirred from the insult, all of their eyes bloodshot, and the vessels in their temples about to burst.

Chapter 408: Decimo Hall Kings' Descen

"Everyone, stop!"

It was too bad that the ten Qilin Kings and a few exalted ones came to stop the enraged crowd. Now, Tianming had a rough idea about the situation. He guessed that the reason they couldn't kill him outright was due to the Li Saint clan and Decimo Dao Palace. Though, it was also possible that they wanted to use him to bait Li Muyang into coming, so killing him would be a waste.

"Do you really not fear death?" Qin Dingtian said.

"Well, that's not quite the right question to ask. I know that you all hate me to the bone, so what difference does it make even if I were to kneel and beg for mercy?" he replied with a smile.

Qin Dingtian had to admit that Tianming really did have a point. By now, the experts of the clan had managed to stop the crowd.

"Come!" The exalted ones Chong Yang, Jing Yue, and Ling Xing picked up the branding iron and walked toward Tianming.

"We have to brand this curse on him no matter what! Let's do it together."

Immediately, they appeared before Tianming and froze him in place. Once more, the branding iron was pressed against his head so hard that he felt a little concussed. Once more, the Lifetime Curse surged and tore into his flesh, the black bugs from before now taking the form of black beasts.

But this time, Prime Tower reacted even quicker and manifested on his head. The might the tower radiated caused them to be taken aback, but they persisted. It seemed that the entire Qilin Altar was shaking.

"How could it react that hard just from attempting to apply the curse on him?"

The crowd couldn't figure out why at all. He was just a spunky brat from the Grand-Orient Realm; what was so special about him?

Finally, a loud boom was heard as the exalted ones were pushed back.

"Did it work?"

The furious crowd turned to look and saw a black mark on Tianming's head.

"It did!"

"Now he belongs to the Ancient Qilin Clan for real!"

"Don't even think about leaving the Infernal Soul Purgatory!"

"The pentabane is ruined! Once he goes into the purgatory, his cultivation will cease there forever!"

"Yeah! At least we get to come out for six months at a time!"

The crowd laughed and cheered.

"Let him cry to the day of his death!"

It was as if it was all over for them. The exalted ones took quite a while to recover. They looked closer and saw that the branding had succeeded, then breathed a sigh of relief.

"The branding is complete!" Chong Yang declared.

"Complete?" Tianming wondered why he didn't feel any different. With the Prime Tower in him, he didn't feel the energy of the curse eating away at him at all. The most he felt was a slight numbness on his forehead.

"Well, they know about the curse better, so I guess it worked if they say so." He didn't really think it was a big deal. At the very least, he figured that the curse wouldn't do much to his cultivation talent.

Chong Yang continued, "We'll now banish the son of the sinner into the Infernal Soul Purgatory for eternity! Any sympathizers of his shall suffer the same fate!"

The crowd burst into laughter once more.

"Exalted one, you worry too much!"

"We hate him to the bone! Why would he sympathize with him?"

"Who cares about him? I'll be the first to kill him! Dammit! If it weren't for his dad, I'd be cultivating and picking up girls at the Decimo Dao Palace! I would've been at least three levels higher than I am now!"

"Toss him in!"

Qin Dingtian came over and was about to grab Tianming.

"Don't touch me. I'll walk there myself," Tianming said.

"Haha...." Qin Dingtian still stretched his hand out to grab Tianming's white hair. "This hair color's pretty good. I wonder if it'll drag your body along if I pull it."

Was he going to pull Tianming into the Infernal Soul Purgatory by his hair?

"Only village girls pull hair when they fight. I didn't think that you, sir, would be such an uncultured swine," Tianming snapped.

"Why would I treat a wretch like you well?" Qin Dingtian laughed and was about to act once more. Right at that moment....

"Exalted ones! Someone from the Decimo Dao Palace demands an audience!" said a guard wearing Qilin-scale armor.

"They came rather quickly! But it's too late!" The exalted ones merely laughed.

"Tell them that we're having a clan assembly, and will meet with them some other time," Chong Yang said.

"Exalted One, among the visitors are the South Hall King and Future Hall King of the Decimo Hall Kings!"

"Even they came? Then have them wait at the courtyard for now," Chong Yang said. He shot Qin Dingtian a look. Once Tianming was tossed into the purgatory, all they had to do was to wait for Li Muyang to come knocking.

"Halt!" A group of eight people descended upon Qilin Altar. The crowd turned their heads to them and Tianming. They were definitely from the Decimo Dao Palace. However, two of them seemed to be bursting with joy at the sight of Tianming. One of them had red hair, and the other had white hair.

"Godfather, Qingyu, why are you here?!" Tianming asked agitatedly.

The two that had come were in fact Li Qingyu and Li Wudi. They had rushed their way to the Divine Capital, but were a day slower than Tianming. In other words, Li Wudi had set out the moment he heard about Tianming's capture, completely ignoring what happened at Heaven's Elysium.

"How could I sit still after hearing that my son was taken? Tianming, you have to thank your Uncle Voidy. It's been flying so quickly for the past few days it's going mad," Li Wudi said as he swept a gaze at the Ancient Qilin Clan. 'Uncle Voidy' referred to his Ancient Infernalblood Kunpeng that used to be a Void Kunpeng. Li Wudi's gaze settled on Qin Dingtian.

"What in the world are you guys playing at? Did your mother go bald? I can't imagine why else you'd want to pull my son's hair out!" Li Wudi snapped. Tianming already knew that his godfather had a short temper. It was no surprise, considering he'd had to keep it suppressed for fourteen years.

"Nonsense! Where are you from, bumpkin? How could someone like you have come from the Decimo Dao Palace?" Qin Dingtian roared, though he loosened his grip on Tianming's hair. It would've been awkward had he not.

"Shut up! Now leave," Exalted Mo Yu said with a glare. Qin Dingtian had no choice but to swallow his rage. When she spoke, the eight exalted ones of the Ancient Qilin Clan all stepped onto the altar, seemingly wanting to greet the envoys from the Decimo Dao Palace. It was obvious that Li Wudi was the one who brought them here; he definitely knew them beforehand.

"Future Hall King, South Hall King, for what reason did the two of you trespass on our altar?" Chong Yang asked solemnly.

The group from Decimo Dao Palace was led by two people. The first was clad in white and had long, white hair that was tied up. Even though he was no doubt quite aged, he still looked rather young. His eyes were so ethereal it was hard to tell what they looked like. He was none other than the Future Hall King, one of the Decimo Hall Kings. The other, called the South Hall King, had short, needle-sharp hair and two blazing eyes. His breathing was heavy and powerful, and he had the aura of a top figure in the Divine Capital.

"Everyone, Li Shengxiao was the palace lord of Decimo Hall Palace for a hundred years. You should know what he means to us. The Li Saint Clan is under our protection, as Li Shengxiao requested we nurture any pentabane descendant of his with our full force. This is our ancestral mission, and we shall stop at nothing to execute it!

"We've already had our eyes on Li Tianming for quite some time, and were waiting to fetch him once the sect war was over. We didn't think you'd dare to take him. Now, we'll bring him away," the Future Hall King resolutely declared. He hadn't come to negotiate.

"What kind of sick joke is this? He's the son of Li Muyang, so he belongs to the Ancient Qilin Clan! There's no way we'll let you take him away," Jing Yue said.

"However, he's also a member of the Li Saint Clan. Li Shengxiao is the benefactor of the Decimo Dao Palace, and we finally have a chance to repay him after thousands of years. We will not allow you to hold him. You're just trying to lure Li Muyang back to torture him and ruin his prospects! The Decimo Dao Palace will not allow this to happen!"

The exalted ones didn't seem too pleased to hear that.

"Exalted ones, if you stop us from taking him back, the Decimo Dao Palace will no longer take in any member of the Ancient Qilin Clan. We'll also exile every member of your clan who's currently cultivating with us!"

That finally shut up the Ancient Qilin Clan. Now that they had fallen from grace, talented people were what they lacked the most. They would easily fall into obscurity, if they couldn't continue developing their younger generation. The members of the Ancient Qilin Clan could only cultivate half of each year at the Decimo Dao Palace, but that was a good chance for them to form strong connections and network in the Divine Capital. The benefits of that were immeasurable, and if they lost the chance to cultivate there, it would be even harder for their youths to prosper.

"Future Hall King, let's talk in private," said the representative of the exalted ones after they had a brief discussion. It seemed that they were going to make concessions, something that Chong Yang absolutely didn't want to happen at all. But the strong reaction of the Decimo Dao Palace, threats included, was far beyond his imagination.

"Let him go, first," the Future Hall King said with a gentler tone this time.

Tianming was finally allowed to reunite with Li Wudi and the rest.

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On the Qilin Altar, the Hall Kings and the exalted ones spoke within the privacy of a barrier.

"Hall Kings, we still don't understand why you're so insistent on this matter. Li MUYANG is a fugitive of the Ancient Theocrats, and his son is definitely taboo as well. Wouldn't protecting him be an act of treason against the Ancient Theocrats? Aren't you bringing trouble to yourselves?" Chong Yang asked.

"This isn't your matter to worry about. All you need to know is our stance on the matter," the South Hall King said.

"In other words, there's no room for negotiation at all?"

"We will not compromise. Now, it's your turn to make a choice!" the Future Hall King said.

The exalted ones exchanged glances once more.

"Let me remind you again that you're going against the Ancient Theocrats!" Ling Xing growled.

"We know," the Future Hall King said.

"The Decimo Dao Palace is bold indeed. Too bad you came too late. The Lifetime Curse has set in! In the future, he'll have to remain in the Infernal Soul Purgatory for six months every year! That's why he can't leave either way," Chong Yang calmly said. This had been his plan from the very beginning.

Chapter 409: Ultimate Mount Bai Zijin

"Hall Kings, if you don't fear his curse acting up, you're free to leave with him. However, we won't be held responsible for anything that happens," Jing Yue said with a chuckle.

"That's right. He's much older than five years old, so he'll definitely have to enter the Infernal Soul Purgatory for half a year within the next three days. Only then will he stand a chance of survival," Ling Xing said.

"If only the two of you had come earlier. it's too bad that now, we no longer have a choice. It's the Primeval Autarch's edict that every member of the Ancient Qilin Clan be afflicted with the lifetime curse," Chong Yang said insidiously.

They were too late. Even with Li Wudi's fast thinking, he hadn't been able to catch up. The Hall Kings saw the curse's stigma on his forehead, but they had already been prepared for that eventuality.

"Since that's the case, we'll take him away half a year from now. After that, we'll have more than enough time to dispel the curse," the Future Hall King said. It was apparent that three days was too little time for the curse to be dispelled.

"Would the Decimo Dao Palace dare to remove the curse mandated by the Primeval Autarch himself?" Chong Yang asked. He didn't doubt that their palace lord would be able to do it, for that person was an expert in this field. If there was anyone in the Theocracy that could do it, it would be that person.

"This is none of your concern. Also, we'll be sending someone to protect him in the Infernal Soul Purgatory. No one shall be allowed to touch him," the Future Hall King said.

That caused the exalted ones to furrow their brows.

"In other words, we can only hold Li Tianming for half a year! Otherwise, they'll reject our disciples!"

"How dare they do that? Do they think the Ancient Theocrats are pushovers?"

"I suggest we agree to it for now. Li Tianming will have to remain in the purgatory for six months, so we can report to the Primeval Autarch about this. Let's see if they dare come in six months to take him away."

"Alright, that's agreeable."

"As for them sending someone to protect him—"

"That's no matter. Even if they didn't, we'd protect him of our own accord. Otherwise, Li Tianming wouldn't survive two hours in the purgatory. Last night, the hundreds of youths from the Ink Branch almost killed him," Mo Yu said.

After their discussion, they came to a decision.

"Since this is what you've decided, we can only abide by it. You're acting in the palace's capacity, so if the Primeval Autarch is displeased about it, please deal with it yourselves. The Ancient Qilin Clan is powerless to do anything about it," Chong Yang said.

"It's not a matter you should concern yourself with," the Future Hall King said.

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Li Wudi and Tianming were discussing the matter as well.

"So I only need to stay there for six months?" Tianming asked.

"Of course. If I had been faster, you would've been able to leave immediately."

Tianming touched his stigma and wanted to tell him that there was a good chance he wasn't afflicted by the curse, but he didn't dare risk it. If he was wrong, he would die in three days.

"Godfather, with the Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower, I might be able to cultivate within the next half year after all. I heard the Infernal Soul Purgatory is hot beyond imagination, and barely has any spiritual energy, but that isn't really a concern for me."

"All the better, then. Just focus on cultivating. I still have a mess in the Grand-Orient Realm to take care of. Heaven's Elysium isn't completely crushed yet. If the Earthorigin Sect knows I'm gone, they'll definitely attack."

"Godfather, what in the world did you do to make the Decimo Dao Palace protect me?" Tianming asked curiously.

"I showed them my bane-rings and told them that if they don't save you, our whole family of three won't serve them."

"Serve?"

"That's right. The three of us are pentabanes and above. I'm also quite powerful myself. Coupled with the contributions our founding ancestor made, they agreed. After all, your daddy here might become one of their pivotal figures in a thousand years," Li Wudi confidently said.

"Now you're just boasting." Tianming was used to this habit of his by now.

"Big Brother, I'll wait for you at the Decimo Dao Palace," Li Qingyu said worriedly.

"Don't worry. He'll be protected, so it's nothing more than being grounded for a while. He'll be fine," Li Wudi said. When he heard about what had happened while he was at Aquamarine, he decided to take Qingyu along when he passed by the sect. Having another pentabane with him would make negotiating easier, after all.

"Qingyu will be training at the Decimo Dao Palace from now on. The Sky Hall King has agreed to take her as a disciple."

"Will she be safe there?"

"Not only will she be safe, she'll be taught by the Hall King himself. She'll definitely be able to proudly march through the palace."

"Ling'er, come out," Tianming said after hearing about it.

Feiling pouted, already guessing what Tianming would say to her.

"Qingyu, your mission is to protect her while I'm away," Tianming said.

"Okay."

"I want to be with you," Feiling said, still pouting.

"Ling'er, it'll be really hot inside. You won't be able to take it. You'd have to be in spirit form the entire time, and it would feel horrible. Back then, we didn't have a choice, but now, the Decimo Dao Palace is safe. You'll also have Qingyu there with you. Not to mention, I'll be protected. So it's nothing but a short detention. I won't be fighting anyone here," he advised.

"But I don't want to be away from you for so long." She seemed like she was about to cry.

"I don't either, but I don't want you to suffer. As a man, that's something I can't allow myself to do, alright?" He cupped her cheek and wiped her tears.

"My son is right. It'll be a short parting, but you better get at making me a grandson once he's released," Li Wudi said sneakily.

"Go away, you shameless—" Tianming said anxiously. However, Feiling merely chuckled and blushed.

"Alright, don't go getting into fights."

Okay."

"No cheating, either."

"Nonsense! I'm not that kind of person!"

"Hmph!"

She finally agreed, much to his relief. While he didn't want to leave her either, he couldn't make her maintain spiritual form for that long if there was another choice. It would be suffocating for sure. Though Feiling thought she could tough it out, Tianming wouldn't let it slide.

"I guess there won't be anyone to boss me around for half a year," Tianming said with realization.

"That's right. You must be glad that I won't be around."

"Shut up. You're doubting my character, aren't you?"

Though parting was unpleasant, their reunion would be all the more wonderful.

"Big Brother, don't worry. I promise I'll feed her well till she gets nice and pudgy," Qingyu said.

"Good. She'll feel much better to squish."

Qingyu glared at him in response.

By then, the discussions have ended. It seemed that things would go roughly as Li Wudi had said.

"Done briefing them about it?" the Future Hall King asked Li Wudi.

"Yeah."

"Good." He patted Tianming on the shoulder and said, "After six months of isolation, come to the Decimo Dao Palace. I'll guide you in your cultivation then."

"Thank you, Hall King!" While it didn't seem to be an invitation to become his disciple, having the honor of receiving his guidance was already a sign of his favor. "I won't forget this kindness. One day, I'll definitely repay it."

"He's a good kid," the South Hall King said.

"Like his father," the Future Hall King added.

"Which father?" Li Wudi proudly asked.

"Not you of course."

"Damn...."

When they were done, the Future Hall King turned to the rest from the palace. "Zijin, come here." He then turned to Tianming and said, "Tianming, I'll have my most trusted daughter, Bai Zijin, protect you for this half year. She'll be accompanying you into the Infernal Soul Purgatory. She's a sky saint."

"A sky saint?" Tianming smiled. He wondered if anyone in the Ancient Qilin Clan would still dare challenge him now.

As they spoke, a girl came forward. She was his senior, but there was no doubt she was beautiful. Her white dress accentuated her luscious curves, her beautiful face was both gentle and stunning, and her skin was as flawless and fair as the best of ivory. Her beauty gave her an air of elegance and nobility fit for a goddess. Any doubt of her beauty would be tantamount to blasphemy! She had a cold and lofty gaze, though it didn't inspire any hate. Instead, her elegance made others subconsciously feel inferior.

"Holy crap! An ultimate-grade mount!" Ying Huo said as it leaped out of Tianming's lifebound space.

"Cut the crap! She's old enough to be your grandma!" Tianming said through their mental link.

At that moment, Bai Zijin turned to look at him with her cold eyes.

"Nice to meet you, Grandmother Bai!" Tianming said respectfully. He had carefully considered what to call her. It was said that sky saints could live for three centuries, so if she looked around twenty, she should be in her fifties at least, right?

"Grandmother?" Her voice seemed shaken. "I'm only thirty-eight!"

"Ah... so you're at the age where you love to gossip... I was mistaken," Tianming awkwardly said without much thought.

"Say that again!"

"Sister Bai!" Tianming corrected himself quickly.

"That's better. You'd better be careful next time, brat." He was a brat, as far as she was concerned, so she didn't pay it much mind.

"See you in six months." It was finally time for them to part.

"Ling'er, don't get too chubby, alright?" Tianming said.

"Stay safe." She tidied his clothes up, then left. The two longingly looked at each other until they were out of each other's sight.

Meanwhile, within the lifebound space...

"Finally, with Ling'er gone, we can enjoy our ultimate-class mount, Sister Bai! Hurrah!" Ying Huo cheered.

"I love ultimate-class mounts!" the black cat said, swinging its tail around with excitement like a dog.

"I'll dedicate a song to this joyous occasion!" Lan Huang said excitedly.

"No—"

"Damn!"

Tianming felt like his lifebound space had exploded.

"Quick, shut its mouth! Your unhatched siblings' eggs will crack from the sound!"

Chapter 410 - Three Layers of the Infernal Soul Barrier

After everyone from the Decimo Dao Palace left, Tianming and Bai Zijin jumped into the Infernal Soul Purgatory under the witness of the entire Ancient Qilin Clan. On the Qilin Altar, the eight exalted ones were watching as the two of them disappeared into the purgatory.

"With the lifetime curse imposed on him and throwing him into the Infernal Soul Purgatory, his pentabane will be useless for the next six months," Ling Xing said with a smile.

"Not only that. Even if it's only for six months, the lifetime curse will destroy his talent."

"This brat's cultivation isn't high. It might be decent in the Grand-Orient Realm, but it's nothing in the Theocracy. After six months, he won't be able to catch up with his peers. So let's see how the Decimo Dao Palace is going to groom him then," Jing Yue sneered.

"Now, there's two matters at hand. First is to see Li Muyang's reaction to this matter. We should still carry on with our pursuit, and while we're at it, we should advertise his son's situation. Second, we should inform the Ancient Theocrats about the Decimo Dao Palace's actions," said Chong Yang.

"That's right. Who knows if they can bring this brat away six months from now and remove the lifetime curse. They're poking their nose too far into this matter. Don't forget about the Infernal Soul Race's outcome."

"The Decimo Dao Palace's heritage goes way back. Right now, they've long forgotten that they were defeated by the Ancient Theocrats and changed from a sect to a school. If they take it too far, they'll even lose their school."

"Putting it bluntly, they're just interested in Li Wudi being an octabane."

"This person who changed his fate is nothing but trouble. If this continues, he'll definitely become the strongest person in the Theocracy. His potential is even higher than Li Muyang's from forty years ago!" Jing Yue locked his brows together.

"Don't think too much about it. Having more bane-rings might not necessarily be a good thing. It's easy for him to suffer a loss if he shows off too much. With the Ancient Theocrats and Divine Capital's power, they won't allow him to peacefully cultivate."

"That's right. How many geniuses have fallen before they even have the time to grow?"

"The Ancient Theocrats won't allow anyone stronger than them to exist."

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On the Qilin Altar, many people of the Ancient Qilin Clan followed after Tianming went down the Infernal Soul Purgatory, and Qin Feng was one of them. Everyone naturally knew what they wanted to

do. Although his injuries had been treated, his face still looked terrible. As for Li Mulin, her face was still terribly swollen.

So far, there were thousands of people preparing to enter the purgatory.

“Qin Feng.” A towering man suddenly appeared before Qin Feng.

“Great grandfather!” Qin Feng immediately bowed.

“Are your three cousins still in purgatory?” Qin Dingtian asked.

“Yes!” Their Qin Clan had a Qilin King, and they were one of the biggest factions in the Ink Qilin Branch. Although Qin Feng had many cousins, he knew which three Qin Dingtian was talking about. They were direct descendants of Qin Dingtian, and they were all younger than the age of twenty. They were the most talented batch of the Ink Qilin Branch.

“Then listen to me,” Qin Dingtian said.

“Please speak!” Qin Feng became excited when he heard that his great grandfather had an idea.

“It’s impossible for you guys to kill him with a sky saint protecting him, not to mention that he cannot die. But if you can force him to make a move first, such as by insulting his parents, he definitely won’t be able to hold back. He’s an impulsive person, and you can easily provoke him into attacking first. So as long as he starts the fight, you can beat him up until he’s afraid, although you cannot kill him. Putting it in a nutshell, make him taste hell for the next six months,” Qin Dingtian whispered.

“Please be reassured. I’ll definitely convey your message to them!” Qin Feng’s eyes lit up.

“Good. If Tianming makes the first move, Bai Zijin won’t be able to say a word even if you guys torture him. You can even try crushing his will. In this way, he will be a cripple even if he has talent. After all, there’s many similar examples of that. But if he doesn’t make the first move, you guys can just get creative about insulting him.” Qin Dingtian patted Qin Feng’s shoulder.

“Great grandfather, to what extent can we take it?” asked Qin Feng.

“It won’t be a problem breaking his arms and legs, or killing his lifebound beasts. Isn’t he a triple beastmaster? Just leave him with one. Remember, the key is to make him start the fight and you guys will have no choice but to fight back. Do you understand?”

“Understood.” Qin Feng nodded.

“Honestly speaking, it might not even be your turn. After all, thousands of people went in as well.” Qin Dingtian laughed.

“The competition is fierce.” Qin Feng’s eyes turned cold.

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The entrance to the Infernal Soul Purgatory wasn’t a bottomless pit. It was an underground world sandwiched between the Flameyellow continent and the Abyssal Battlefield. It was rumored that there was a huge underground volcano—the Infernal Soul Volcano—where the Infernal Soul Race was held imprisoned and suffering the torturing of lava for generations.

Moreover, it was said that the Infernal Soul Barrier could burn souls, allowing creatures within the barrier to suffer the burning pain for eternity. The Ancient Qilin Clan's task was to maintain the barrier keeping the Infernal Soul Race suffering. It was an order from the Ancient Theocrats for the Ancient Qilin Clan to atone for themselves. So that meant the Ancient Qilin Clan was just right above the barrier.

"It's a little hot." Tianming could sense the heat the moment he entered the purgatory. Just from the heat alone, it wasn't something that someone without beast ki could bear. In this place, there was no way Jiang Feiling could live her life normally.

About thirty meters further down, Tianming saw paths on both sides of a cave, passing around an underground palace. The underground palace was huge, and it could probably house thousands of people.

"Big Sister Bai, what's this place?" Tianming asked curiously.

"The place for Ancient Qilin Clan's kids from five to ten years old," said Bai Zijin coldly.

Tianming immediately understood. It was said that kids had to spend six months per year in the Infernal Soul Purgatory, starting from age five. Those kids naturally couldn't go deep into the purgatory and provide energy for the barrier, so the Ancient Qilin Clan dug an underground palace to allow the kids to live there. This place was probably just barely within the Infernal Soul Purgatory's scope, preventing their lifetime curses from breaking out. After all, there was no way the beast veins of those kids could bear the temperature.

"It's fortunate that I can't feel anything." With the Aeternal Infernal Body, Tianming would probably be unaffected even if he was dropped into the lava. He might even be able to bathe in it.

When he walked through the passage, Tianming saw a vast underground space. So it turned out that the Infernal Soul Purgatory was this huge! The walls had long turned red from the high temperature, and the place was like a boiling pot; you could even see the space distorting from the high temperature.

But when Bai Zijin came in, she immediately started to sweat and knitted her brows. She wasn't fond of this place, and complained, "You bastard. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have to suffer here. Not only does it hinder my cultivation, but it also feels terrible."

"I'm sorry, it's all my fault," Tianming replied.

Bai Zijin turned and looked at Tianming, then replied, "At least you're still polite and sensible. You're better than that scumbag father of yours. If it weren't for that, I would've left immediately."

"Big Sister Bai, you know Li Wudi?" Tianming was pondering what Li Wudi did to Bai Zijin for her to call him a scumbag.

"What're you saying? I'm talking about Li Muyang." Bai Zijin snorted.

"Him?"

"That's right. I heard he used to be the lover of the princess, but used her to steal the Cyclic Mirror and even killed her afterward. But that wasn't all. While he was on the run for the past twenty years, he even got together with your mother, and that resulted in you. So what is he if he's not a scumbag?" Bai Zijin said furiously.

Well, that did sound like a scumbag indeed.

“Big Sister Bai thinks so too?”

“That’s what everyone thinks.”

“I see.” Tianming nodded and didn’t think too much about the matter. Looking down, the Infernal Soul Purgatory was huge. There was some darkness in the surroundings that might lead elsewhere, but the volcano crater was directly below. The crater was burning red, and just above the caldera, there seemed to be a transparent black barrier that completely sealed it, suppressing the lava and steam from the volcano. That was the Infernal Soul Barrier, and Tianming had to admit that it looked spectacular.

“The Infernal Soul Barrier used to be the Infernal Soul Race’s greatest creation. They probably never imagined it’d be used to imprison them.” Bai Zijin sighed.

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing that you need to know.”

Tianming could only say that Bai Zijin was a little cold, but Ying Huo did mention that he wanted to conquer an aloof mount. As they walked down the passage, Tianming saw people moving in the black barrier as he got closer.

“That’s the Infernal Soul Race?” Tianming asked, pointing at those people.

“Those are the earth saints of the Ancient Qilin Clan,” Bai Zijin answered.

“They’re also imprisoned by the barrier?” Tianming was baffled.

“No. There’s three layers to the Infernal Soul Barrier: the upper, middle, and lower layers. What you see right now is the upper layer, while the middle and lower layers are both in the volcano. Only earth saints can move about freely in the middle level, while the lower layer requires sky saints. But as long as you’re not in the Saint stage, you just have to remain in the upper layer,” Bai Zijin explained patiently.

“I see....”

“Putting it bluntly, the Infernal Soul Barrier is mainly maintained by the sky and earth saints of the Ancient Qilin Clan. As long as the two lower layers remain stable, it satisfies the Ancient Theocrats’ requirement of torturing the Infernal Soul Race. That means those who aren’t in the Saint stage basically don’t have anything to do. Out of the next six months, you only have to be in the barrier for three of them,” said Bai Zijin.

“So I’ll need to stay in the upper layer of the Infernal Soul Barrier and go into seclusion?” Tianming’s eyes lit up.