

## The Ages 411

### Chapter 411 - The Black Arm's Awakening

"You want to cultivate here?" Bai Zijin asked.

"Yeah."

"With the lifetime curse on your forehead and the blazing temperature here, along with the lack of spiritual energy, you can only replenish your beast ki here. Don't even think about increasing your beast ki or saint origin. Without beast ki, you won't even have the foundation to temper your heavenly will. So the six months will just be a waste of time," Bai Zijin said honestly.

Everyone shared the same thoughts, but not many knew that the Prime Tower had an endless supply of spiritual energy it was providing to Tianming and his lifebound beasts. The heat in the Infernal Soul Purgatory was terrible, and not even someone in the Heavenly Will stage could bear it; however, Tianming felt comfortable there.

The Infernal Soul Barrier seemed like a thin, translucent layer. But despite how thin the barrier looked, it was still tough. The upper layer was decorated with countless barrier nuclei, with threads connected to them that provided energy for the barrier.

Tianming found a barrier nucleus located in a corner and planned to go into seclusion there for the next six months. On the other hand, Bai Zijin felt that the next six months would be dull and boring.

"Big Sister Bai, can you tell me more about the Infernal Soul Race?" Tianming asked curiously.

"Why do you talk so much?" Bai Zijin was just about to close her eyes and rest.

"I can't help it. I don't know anything here, so I can't help feeling a little nervous if I don't ask about it." Tianming smiled.

Bai Zijin explained with a cold expression, "The Infernal Soul Race is a strange race. It was rumored that their ancestor used a secret technique to fuse newborns with their lifebound beasts, which led to a transformation in their bodies. Most of them had a human body and beast head, but they also came in other forms."

"They practice battle arts, but can also utilize spiritsource abilities. After merging with their beasts, they have the spiritsource of a beastmaster and lifebound beast combined. So much so that they could even fuse their souls, devouring the souls of their lifebound beasts to empower their own. After that transformation, their descendants didn't have to undergo the same process again. Their newborns were already fused. I heard that all of them look pretty disgusting." Bai Zijin was a little unhappy; she clearly wasn't fond of them.

"Disgusting?" Tianming was stunned.

"That was what the seniors told me. I've never seen a member of the Infernal Soul Race, myself. They've been suppressed by the Ancient Theocrats and thrown into the Infernal Soul Volcano, punished with the Infernal Soul Barrier since twenty thousand years ago. I have no idea how many generations it's been since then," said Bai Zijin.

“Isn’t that a little too cruel? Twenty thousand years in the Infernal Soul Purgatory? How many generations of hatred have been accumulated? Why didn’t the Ancient Theocrats just kill them, instead of torturing them?” Tianming asked, taking in a deep breath.

There were many methods crueler than killing in this world, and Tianming had experienced it for himself now by seeing how the Theocrats treated the Infernal Soul Race. For the past four decades, even the Ancient Qilin Clan had been the Theocrats’ tool.

“They must be making an example out of someone to prevent revolts. In this regard, the Ancient Theocrats have never been merciful. No one can shake their rule over the Theocracy of the Ancients, not in the slightest,” Bai Zijin said unhappily.

Tianming could tell that she didn’t like the Infernal Soul Race, but at the same time, she also had her objections about how the Ancient Theocrats had dealt with this matter. As Bai Zijin looked at the barrier beneath her feet, she continued, “Tianming, do you know why the Ancient Theocrats used the Infernal Soul Barrier to suppress the Infernal Soul Race?”

Tianming responded by shaking his head.

“That’s because after undergoing the merging of human and lifebeast souls, the Infernal Soul Race became very powerful. They’re more complete in that form. This granted them immense talent as patternscribes, and every single one of them was powerful. They created all kinds of heavenly pattern barriers and tomes. Eventually, they became the strongest clan of patternscribes in history. So any surviving clansmen suffer the pain of having their souls burned. That way, it’s impossible for them to give birth to new patternscribes, let alone destroy the Infernal Soul Barrier,” said Bai Zijin.

“Patternscribe clan?” Tianming had always longed for this unique profession. The power of the Spiritburn Tome and Bloodbane Barrier had shown him how powerful a patternscribe was. He then asked, “Big Sister Bai, are there any patternscribes in the Decimo Dao Palace?”

“Of course. Although there aren’t many that possess the talent to become a patternscribe, the Decimo Dao Palace is, after all, the cradle of geniuses in Theocracy of the Ancients.”

“Then is there any powerful patternscribe existence in the dao palace?”

“My father. You can give it a try, if you’re interested. Then again, that’s only if you manage to make it out after six months. If you learn from my father, it won’t be an issue for you to create ordinary heavenly pattern barriers, even if you can’t become a patternscribe,” said Bai Zijin. After all, his father was a future Decimo Dao King.

“Then what does the ‘Decimo’ in the Decimo Dao Palace mean?” Tianming asked.

“They represent directions. They’re the east, south, west, north, sky, earth, life, death, past, and future,” Bai Zijin explained. Li Qingyu was a disciple of the Sky Hall King.

Tianming had only asked because he wanted to know if the ‘Decimo’ in the Decimo Dao Palace was related to his Aeonian Grandbane. Through their conversation, he had learned more about the Infernal Soul Barrier and Infernal Soul Race. Now, it was time for him to go into seclusion.

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The black patterns on the Infernal Soul Barrier formed a black lotus platform, which was the barrier nucleus. There were at least tens of thousands of barrier cores in the barrier's upper layer, putting it on the same level as the Bloodbane Barrier.

"I can't imagine what the Infernal Soul Race has to suffer since they're born. Compared to them, what the Ancient Qilin Clan suffered is nothing." Tianming sat down on the platform, while Bai Zijin was bored and closed her eyes to rest.

"Boss, I want to sleep beside that top-grade mount!" Meow Meow suddenly spoke out.

"Dream on. All of you start cultivating. As for Lan Huang, start with the Olympos Imperius and Oceanos Imperius," Tianming ordered.

What Tianming planned to work on was the third sword of the Shenxiao Sword Art. He placed the Grand-Orient Sword on his lap and, with the aid of the Prime Tower in his lifebound space, tried circulating the three cultivation techniques, which went smoothly. As long as he had the Prime Tower, he would be able to cultivate, although it was slightly inferior to Li Shenxiao's tomb.

Tianming had no worries about staying here at all. He even started doubting the lifetime curse's effectiveness, and wondered if there was nothing to it except a mark. If it weren't for the fact that he didn't dare to gamble with his life, he would've already left with Li Wudi.

"The Infernal Soul Barrier..." As Tianming cultivated, his interest in the Infernal Soul Barrier was piqued. After all, what made this thin barrier so terrifying? When he placed his hand on the barrier, he could sense it fluctuating, seemingly welcoming him.

"Mhm?" Tianming was dumbfounded when he sensed the sudden changes. His left arm, which was given the name of Ancient Devil Arm by Chong Yang, actually entered the barrier.

"Holy shit!" Tianming was stunned, and his scalp went numb. The Ancient Devil Arm could penetrate the Infernal Soul Barrier? The Infernal Soul Barrier was the greatest masterpiece of the Infernal Soul Race, but it was useless against Tianming.

He immediately withdrew his fingers to avoid anyone seeing what he had done. Discreetly, he gave it several attempts, and each time, his fingers could penetrate the barrier without any difficulty. But there wasn't any reaction when he tried with his right hand. When his Ancient Devil Arm entered the Infernal Soul Barrier, the black patterns started gathering toward his arm.

Then won't I be able to tear it apart if I use a little more strength? If that's the case, wouldn't I be able to release the Infernal Soul Race? Holy Shit! What the hell's going on? Tianming wouldn't be so shocked if Bai Zijin hadn't told him how powerful the Infernal Soul Barrier was. After several attempts, Tianming was certain that he could easily tear it apart. With a gentle pull of his crimson claws, the thin layer easily broke. Although the hole quickly repaired itself, it also showed that Tianming had the ability to tear the barrier apart if he made a bigger move.

Furthermore, Tianming also had a strange feeling. It was as if his left arm had an inexplicable connection with the heavenly patterns on the barrier, like his arm had control over it by nature. When he tried touching the patterns, they would wriggle around his hand, allowing him to absorb the secrets of the barrier.

Why didn't I discover this function of the black arm in the past? Through the hexagon scales, it seemed that he could swiftly absorb the profundities contained in the heavenly patterns. It felt like the Infernal Soul Barrier's secrets are within my reach, which is the same way I feel with the Grand-Orient Sword.

Tianming then tried using his left arm to grab at the heavenly patterns on the golden gate. He discovered that he could easily crush those heavenly patterns, which then turned into golden particles and gathered above his Imperial Will.

Why didn't I discover this in the past? Or did the black arm only recently start changing? Tianming couldn't figure it out, but then again, it wasn't important. What was important was that it felt terrific!

### **Chapter 412 - I Love You Guys, Goodbye!**

After Tianming's first attempt, he started getting familiar with the barrier. The secrets of the black arm lay in the claws and hexagon scales, which allowed him to pierce through the barrier. The scales could even attract the heavenly patterns on the barrier, much the same as it could for the heavenly patterns on the Grand-Orient Sword. He could crush, dissolve, and converge them into his body. With that, he would gradually gain an insight into the profundities of those heavenly patterns.

Is this the reason why my father was able to cultivate so quickly? This arm should be the mystery on my body, and it probably has nothing to do with the Ancient Qilin Clan, right? However, Tianming soon gave up thinking about it, as it felt terrific.

Tianming soon came to several conclusions. First, his claws could pierce through the barrier, but he had no idea if it would work for other barriers as well. After all, some barriers weren't like the Infernal Soul Barrier, such as the Bloodbane Barrier, which he had no idea how to break. Second, his arm could quicken his pace of comprehending his Heavenly Will. Third, the profundities of the heavenly patterns on the barrier seemed to be useful to his Imperial Will. And finally, Tianming noticed that the barrier could convert beast ki into spiritual energy, and when he held onto the threads with his Ancient Devil Arm, he noticed he could extract the energy provided by the Ancient Qilin Clan's disciples to use in his cultivation like the Prime Tower!

Why didn't I discover the black arm's control over heavenly patterns and barriers sooner? That means it's probably an ability that only recently awakened after I came to the Theocracy of the Ancients. It was just that I hadn't discovered it yet. After all, he had already tried using his black arm to touch the golden heavenly patterns on the Grand-Orient Sword's fifth gate before, but he wasn't able to crush and absorb it like he had today. So that means that I only have to use my black arm to come in contact with the barrier and the Grand-Orient Sword's heavenly patterns to increase the speed of my Imperial Will's growth! Since I can absorb spiritual energy from the Prime Tower and the barrier, I can also enhance my spiritsources, not to mention that the effects here might be better than the tombstones in the Li Mausoleum! Holy shit, I'm going to be rich!

There were tens of thousands of disciples in the upper layer of the Infernal Soul Barrier, pouring their beast ki into the barrier to maintain its operation. As there were so many people around, no one would notice if Tianming extracted some energy for himself. He smiled bitterly. I should be here to suffer, but it looks like it's a huge opportunity for me instead. If it wasn't for the fact that I can't see Ling'er, I wouldn't even want to leave this place....

He bet that everyone in the Ancient Qilin Clan must think he was depressed after coming in, and no one had thought that it would make him happy instead. But what was with this black arm of his? The arm itself was Tianming's greatest secret. He was already feeling impatient trying to use his newly discovered ability to enhance his cultivation speed; he could sense that his Imperial Will was growing at a visible rate, and it was the same for his three spirit sources as well.

"Can you guys catch up to the growth of my Imperial Will?" Tianming asked.

"What nonsense are you talking about? My Infernal Will doesn't require me to comprehend it at all; it's too simple. The growth of our Heavenly Will is being limited by you. So as long as your cultivation increases, it won't be a problem for us," Ying Huo said arrogantly. After all, it used to be an existence that ate suns! It just needed to unlock its bloodline shackles to regain its power.

If the three primordial chaos beasts hadn't been turned into lifebound beasts and restricted by the symbiotic cultivation system, they could swiftly recover their power without any bottlenecks. Then again, they had also benefited from being in the symbiotic cultivation system, and there might be a solution to resolving it in the future.

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Tianming decisively went into seclusion and isolated himself from any disturbances, devoted to his cultivation. Gradually, he even forgot the flow of time. With Bai Zijin looking after him, he wouldn't have to worry about anyone interfering with him. As time passed, he would occasionally place his left hand on the Infernal Soul Barrier.

All of a sudden, the third eye on his palm opened. With it, he could use his Insightful Eye to study the changes in the heavenly patterns in more detail. So he had been constantly using the Insightful Eye for the past few days.

"Mhm?" On this day, Tianming could sense his third eye trembling, then his vision was dyed crimson.

"What's going on?" Tianming closed his eyes and focused entirely on his third eye. As it could be due to the Infernal Soul Barrier, the vision he was seeing started changing. He suddenly saw a howling sea of flames before him. As he looked down, when his vision got through the last layer of the barrier, he saw that the boiling magma was actually black!

There was magma as far as Tianming could see in this strange world, formed into a sea. Bubbles were popping in the magma. There were only a handful of places where you could land, but those black, metallic rocks were as hot as the magma as well.

"Where is this place? Is this where the Infernal Soul Race is imprisoned?" Tianming was shocked as his vision constantly changed. His surroundings were covered in a thick layer of fog, and even with his Insightful Eye, there was a limit to what Tianming could see.

When his vision suddenly shifted once more, he seemed to have arrived on a small island. There was a crimson altar on the island, and Tianming felt even more shocked when he saw tens of thousands of people sitting beneath the altar with their legs crossed. All of them looked weird, seeming to be a combination of humans and beasts. There were some with humanoid bodies and a beast head, and others with a human head and the body of a beast. They came in all forms, and most of them were ugly.

However, they were tightly packed together. Tianming was right behind them, and even though he couldn't see the expression on their faces, he could hear their cries. They were crying, but they also regarded death as peace. All of them were holding hands, and black flames blazed on their bodies. The flames were strange, as they weren't damaging their bodies, but it was also them that caused the people to scream out in pain.

Those were the flames of infernal souls. Suddenly, tens of thousands of crimson threads extended out from the altar and bound themselves to every single person there. As Tianming's vision followed the altar, he saw a black-haired youth. The youth had a lean figure, without much flesh. His skin was terribly pale, but at the very least, he didn't have any visible beast traits. His black hair was fanned out on the altar, and countless crimson threads enveloped his body. Most of the threads were gathered on his head, blocking Tianming from seeing how the youth looked.

On the other hand, the tens of thousands of other people were still screaming out in pain as they hugged each other. Suddenly, the black flames converged together, forming an ocean of flames and surging toward the youth on the altar through the threads.

"Arghhhh!!" Tianming could hear the screams coming from within the black flames. The screams were vague at first, but they eventually became clear.

"The souls of myriads gathered into one!"

That was what Tianming could hear the most.

"Feng, you have to live! You have to go out!"

"We're not able to see the outside world, but you definitely can!"

"Bring us out and let us see the outside world through your eyes...."

"Is there really a sun in the outside world and starry skies, like in books? Are there really flowers, trees, and birds...?"

"Big Brother Feng, we won't die. We'll live together with you in your soul."

"Don't despise us. All of us love you, and we'll love you with everything."

Tianming could now hear their voices clearly. Those people were crying as they talked.

"It's already been twenty thousand years, and there will be no tomorrow."

"We can't carry on living like this. In the future, there won't be any more descendants of the Infernal Soul Race living in this purgatory!"

"No more!"

The flames were still burning on their bodies as they grabbed their heads, struggling with the pain as they cried. As they were burned by the black flames, white mist traveled through the crimson threads toward the black-haired youth. If Tianming had guessed correctly, that white mist should be their souls. Even as a bystander, this was the first time he had been so shocked in his entire life.

Up on the altar, the youth was struggling in pain, letting out roars with veins bulging out on his skin. "NO! NOOO! PLEASE! I BEG YOU! NO!" His voice sounded hoarse, filled with despair.

"Feng, you're our hope, and the reason we persevered for twenty thousand years. You're our only hope. Only you can bear the souls of the entire clan, and only your soul can endure that kind of pain. Child, don't worry. Mother won't die, and we'll be together with you. Feng, mother loves you, and I'm sorry for letting you bear so much. I'm sorry that you were born in the Infernal Soul Race. I'm sorry!" A woman knelt at the front of the crowd. Her eyes were filled with love, and seeing her son, she smiled for the last time in her life.

"In the future, you'll be together with everyone, fused with the souls of eighty thousand people. Twenty thousand years of struggle, thousands of generations of perseverance, and the most painful Soul Sacrifice. Feng, you, who have inherited the souls of eighty thousand, will definitely be a miracle that's never been seen in this world. You'll have the strongest soul in the world. Remember to take revenge for everyone!"

The Soul Sacrifice had already reached its final juncture, and clouds of white mist gathered onto the black-haired body. The youth tried to struggle, albeit powerlessly, as he cried, "Mother! Mother! Where are you!"

"I'm in your soul," the woman said as her body was completely burned.

At the same time, the voices of more people sounded out within the youth, "Feng, if there's a day when you go out, smell the flowers on my behalf...."

"Feng, you're a man, so you have to be strong! Don't be afraid!"

"Child, I only want the Ancient Theocrats dead! I'm sorry about this. This life has been too painful for me, and I no longer have any hope. Today is the best relief for me. Thank you."

"We'll always be with you."

"We love you, Feng."

"Goodbye, Big Brother Feng."

"Goodbye."

When the black flames reached their highest point, they suddenly went out as eighty thousand people took their last breaths. But even to their last breath, they embraced each other with smiles and yearning in their eyes.

Up on the altar, the white mist gathered on the black-haired youth's head along the crimson threads. Shortly after, Tianming heard a bitter cry, and a trace of ferocity gradually awakened in it.

"I love you guys!"

"Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!"

The black-haired youth knelt on the altar, kowtowing to the eighty thousand people. He kowtowed eighty thousand times and said eighty thousand goodbyes.

### Chapter 413: Scolded for an Entire Month

The vision suddenly vanished as Tianming's Insightful Eye blinked. He could now see that he was still standing on the top level of Infernal Soul Barrier, and hadn't fallen into it at all.

"That vision must've come from the barrier itself," Tianming guessed. He looked at the barrier a few more times and noticed that nothing about it had changed. He lowered his head and saw the barrier beneath his feet, but couldn't see the volcano from before.

"The eighty thousand people I saw just now are definitely the Infernal Soul Race that the Theocracy is suppressing. They've been surviving at the bottom of Infernal Soul Volcano for twenty thousand years; it's a little too cruel. The most terrifying thing in the world is not having the slightest bit of hope and living in a cage for eternity."

How could someone doomed to be caged for life not lose all hope to despair? Tianming found it hard to even imagine being in that position.

"Why were the Theocrats so cruel? Did they need to go so far just to make an example out of them?" He recalled what he had just seen. "The sacrificial ritual fused all eighty thousand souls into one person. It's truly remarkable. I wonder if that youth named Feng is still alive down there. At least, I can be sure that the rest of the Infernal Soul Race are all dead. In other words, he's the only one remaining."

It was truly depressing. This was a grudge so deep that it would even cause a sea to overflow.

"The fusing of all those souls, their hates and hopes... I wonder if the weight of all that will cause that person to crumble..."

Tianming was still unable to calm down. But just as he slowly snapped out of it and opened his eyes, he found himself surrounded by thousands of people. They were all youths from the Ancient Qilin Clan who were glaring at him with hostility, their gazes almost boring holes into him.

The closest one stood only ten meters away from him. The crowd had filled the area to the brim. It seemed that they had managed to locate him easily, despite how large the area was. Tianming saw Bai Zijin in the distance, closely watching the crowd. That was the only reason they hadn't gotten any closer to him.

"He's awake!"

"Nonsense, he was just pretending to cultivate just now."

"He's probably terrified!"

Everyone there was filled with rage, and some couldn't help but take a few steps forward. However, those ahead of them stood their ground and didn't dare approach.

"You vile beast!"

"If it weren't for his animal of a father, how could my cultivation stage be so low? I'd be four levels higher at least! It's all his dad's fault!"

"It's the same for every one of us."



"Tianming's my bitch! Everyone, beat him as you please!"

There were thousands of insults being thrown his way, but as long as they maintained their distance from Tianming, Bai Zijin wouldn't do anything.

"Li Tianming, fight me if you're a man! Don't cower behind the protection of a woman!"

"Useless coward who sucks up to women. Haha, what a dolt!"

"This retard's only pretending to cultivate because he's afraid! Everyone knows that the spiritual energy within the Infernal Soul Barrier is really sparse. The seniors use it all to keep the barrier operational."

Tianming could tell what they were doing. So they don't dare to touch me and are trying to make me attack them first, he thought. Even though it was troublesome, he could shut them up if he wanted to.

"Just do your own thing," Bai Zijin said as she came to him. She coldly stared at the rest and drew her sword. "Stay a hundred meters away, or I'll give you a harsh lesson."

"On what grounds? This is the territory of the Ancient Qilin—"

Before that person could finish, Bai Zijin delivered a slap to her face, sending her flying off in pain.

"I don't care if you annoy Li Tianming, but I can't stand it when you annoy me! Go away now!" she snapped.

"Fine, a hundred meters it is."

"Yeah! We can still scold the bastard!"

"Softy trying to pretend he's a badass."

They dispersed and left a wider circle of space, but they didn't leave. Instead, they continued throwing insults, though at a much lower volume this time. Bai Zijin turned back and saw that Tianming was completely unaffected. In fact, he seemed to be immersed in cultivation.

"Is he cultivating his Heavenly Will with the Grand-Orient Sword?" She saw the sword laid on Tianming's legs. He was touching it with his black arm, but oddly enough, the heavenly patterns of the Infernal Soul Barrier were gathering on the sword. Then, they transferred to his left arm and swirled about.

"This fellow really does have some secrets, if he's able to cultivate here. Then again, the spiritual energy here is too sparse—is there a point to it at all?" she wondered with her hand on her chin. "He's really shut himself off completely, even though he's being scolded nonstop. What an impressive and patient young man, a rarity in this day and age, for sure."

Little did she know that Tianming had long forced himself to isolate his sense of hearing. Given his temper, he definitely would've fought back after hearing a word or two more.

"It's working far better than before. This arm has exceptional control over the mysteries of all sorts of heavenly patterns, and I can clearly feel their essence. The light gold gate and the Infernal Soul Barrier's arcane mysteries have been gathered up!"

Once he crushed the heavenly patterns and infused them into the Grand-Orient Sword in his sea of consciousness, the sword grew. His Imperial Will was also being further solidified and sharpened as the black and gold sword underwent all sorts of changes in his sea of consciousness.

In a flash, eleven days passed and Tianming's Imperial Will was at the fifth level. Through symbiotic cultivation, the Prime Tower gathered the spiritual energy contained within the spirit threads of the barrier, allowing his three spirit sources to once more improve. His fourth energy reserve, the Grand-Orient Vortex, was also given a boost. The vortex beyond the light gold gate seemed to grow the slightest bit weaker as Tianming's comprehension of his Imperial Will continued improving.

"The breakthrough to the fifth level was a success! However, since I have time left, let's continue. I need to train my way to the Saint stage as soon as possible to get another hundred years of lifespan, which is only about ten years to me. I only have five years of effective time to train! Given my current state, it should be possible to reach the Sky Saint stage in five years, right? That way, I'll have five more years of effective lifespan."

The thought of his Aeon Grandbane dispelled any apathy that remained in his mind, especially as he was close to reaching the Saint stage after his recent breakthrough, giving him hope of an increased lifespan.

"Next, let's go for the sixth level." His mind was calm and his goal was clear. Now that he had paused his cultivation, he heard the thousands of people insulting him again.

"Coward, do you have any dignity?"

"I really admire you for pretending to cultivate there. I've never seen someone so weak and shameless."

"Why don't you just sleep instead of pretending?"

"I really wonder how someone like Li Muyang managed to give birth to this joke."

One of the voices sounded familiar. He turned and saw Qin Feng there, though his teeth were all gone and his words were a little muffled as a result. Beside him were three youths that looked more or less the same. They were probably triplets, and their insults were even harsher. After ten days straight, half of the hecklers had left, leaving only around a thousand remaining.

"This is really pointless."

Tianming shut them out again and returned to his cultivation. Ying Huo and the others really did grow incredibly fast. That was why Tianming had assigned the task of mastering Olympos Imperius to Lan Huang. Lately, he would find some time every day to figure it out with his newest lifebound beast. Once Lan Huang mastered the strike, Tianming could finally get a feel for the third strike of the Shenxiao Sword Art.

His current training circumstances were definitely the most unique ever. He could see a thousand youths cursing at him every time he opened his eyes.

Ten days passed yet again, and it had been almost a month since Tianming had arrived in the Infernal Soul Purgatory. He was now at the sixth level of Heavenly Will, and it was just as smooth sailing as before. That was mainly thanks to his black arm helping him overcome most of his obstacles. Thanks to

the barrier spirit threads and the spiritual energy the youths of the Ancient Qilin Clan provided, Tianming's three spirit sources grew once more.

"I broke through twice within a month." He smiled at the thought of his rate of improvement. "I'll need two more months at most, at this rate. In other words, I'll have completed the Heavenly Will stage in three months, total. I bet even the geniuses in the Divine Capital would take at least four to five years for this."

Those people had been training since the age of three, many reaching Spirit Source at five, and Unity at eight. Most reached Heavenly Will at the age of twelve.

"If all goes well, the latter half of my six months' stay here should be enough for me to break through and become a saint!"

Tianming knew that once he reached that stage, his combat power would definitely be equivalent to that of a third- or fourth-level Earth Saint.

"Ling'er's not here, though. If she were here, I'd be able to take on Jun Nianchang without relying on the Spiritburn Tome, as I am now. Even so, I still have to master the third strike of the Shenxiao Sword Art. Lan Huang successfully grasped Olympos Imperius and is now working on Oceanos Imperius. It's up to me now."

The third strike was Tianming's alone; his lifebound beasts wouldn't be able to use it. Tianming's understanding of heavenly will was rapidly growing lately, and he now had a rather deep comprehension of the way of mountains and waters. He had a feeling that the effort he would need to put in to train the third strike would be easier than it was when he trained the second.

"I have to fuse Olympos Imperius with Pyros Imperius and Fulguros Imperius."

It was a shame that the area was a little limiting. It would be a little hard for him to train, as he needed to be standing to practice his swordplay. So, he halted his cultivation for now. It had been almost a month, and he still saw around two hundred people when he stood up.

"Damn, they've been cursing me for a whole month! Just how much do they hate me?" Tianming was a little speechless. The ones that remained were definitely those that hated him the most.

"Oh, he's standing up. He's putting up quite a convincing act. Does he really think he trained for a whole month?"

That comment elicited a round of laughter. Tianming merely shot them a glance.

"Wow, what a fierce glare. I'm afraid he'll come to beat me up. Oof...."

"What's there to be afraid of? I bet he'll have his ass kicked before he even tries."

The mockery came from the three youths standing near Qin Feng. The three of them were indeed triplets, called Qin Ding, Qin Yuan, and Qin Ming. Qin Feng was their cousin, and their father was the Qilin King of Ink Manor, Qin Dingtian. Their status in the Ink Branch was on the higher end—much higher than the middle-class Qin Feng. It was said that they had lots of backers.

#### **Chapter 414: Say That Again**

"Let's train the sword!"

Though Tianming had tried going through every idea he had, he still had no clue where to start with the third Shenxiao Sword Art strike. He decided to muster his spirits and go through the basics again.

"The power of blazing fire and lightning both rely on explosiveness, while the power of mountains relies on stability. Having a stabilizing power working in tandem with two explosive ones should make it tougher. With the mountains as a base, supporting fire and lightning, the power of the third strike should be even greater!"

He began performing sword strikes on the Infernal Soul Barrier with the Grand-Orient Sword.

"Li Tianming, are you still playing pretend?" said Qin Ding, the eldest of the Qin triplets, with a mocking smile.

"I'm really stumped. Did this guy grow up in a trash heap? Why doesn't he have a spine?" Qin Yuan said, sighing.

"Brothers, someone as shameless as him doesn't have any dignity. Watch and learn," said Qin Ming, the most handsome of the three. He turned to Tianming and let out a clear laugh. "Li Tianming, stop putting up an act. Let me tell you about the night I spent fucking your mother! She really was sensual and energetic, I'll give her that. She didn't even let me catch any rest!"

The hundreds of Qilin Clan members that remained burst into laughter so loud that many were shocked by it.

"Third Brother really has a way with words. Tell us more details! I bet it's good!" Qin Ding said, struggling to suppress his laughter.

"Everyone, listen up!" Qin Ming said, ecstatic at how well-received his comments were.

All of a sudden, Tianming suddenly accelerated into a blur and rushed in front of Qin Ming.

"He's moving!"

"Stop him!"

The Qilin Clan members were elated. They had been cursing and insulting him for an entire month, and their effort was about to bear fruit at last! The Qin triplets were even more overjoyed. As Qin Ming summoned his lifebound beast, he continued, "Well, I started by drinking some wine with his mom. The mood was getting rather toasty, if you get what I mean...."

As he spoke, his Blackgold Saint Qilin manifested in front of him to block Tianming's way. Even though he was from the Ink Branch, his lifebound beast was considered a metal-type. It had evolved to become a fifth-order saint beast, and was at the ninth level of Heavenly Will.

The Blackgold Saint Qilin, like most metal-type lifebound beasts, was covered in black and gold metal scales. Its body was huge and immeasurably tough, and most weapons wouldn't be able to pierce its hide. Its fangs and teeth were natural weapons, but even they paled in comparison to its spiked black tail. It looked like a spiked club, and it was sure to deal horrendous damage in close quarters.

"Hold him down and let me finish my story!" Qin Ming said with a chuckle, despite his savage expression. The hate he'd had to endure for years finally had an outlet. Even so, Tianming was so fast that he was taken aback.

The moment the qilin had manifested, Tianming had already made his way to his direct front. Qin Ming saw the cold, deathly gaze on Tianming's face, fit for a reaper. He wasn't aware at all that his new method of insult had poked a hornet's nest.

There was a loud rumble and a gigantic twin-headed dragon with mountains on its back charged out from Tianming. The next moment, the two dragon heads roared at the qilin, using its ability, Primordial Soundwave. The sound waves formed a bundle that looked like a blinding light as it rammed against the qilin that was attempting to intercept Tianming.

The Blackgold Saint Qilin was struck with a force that its tough hide couldn't defend against, causing it to cry out in agony. The next moment, the Primordial Terraqua Dragon rammed into the qilin with a body three times its size, sending it flying off.

Before the qilin could struggle back to its feet, it was bitten by two dragon heads and pressed flat to the ground. Then, two tails swung straight into its head. With a loud metallic clang, the head of the qilin burst open.

The shocking collision caused many to back off in a hurry. Qin Ming had run off immediately, otherwise he would have been crushed beneath the bodies of the two gigantic beasts.

"What kind of lifebound beast is that?!" Qin Ming cried in shock. However, that was when his life was truly in danger. As he turned back, he saw a white-haired youth charging toward him.

Tianming executed Olympos Imperius, the heaviest of the five basic strikes. But as the Infernal Soul Barrier didn't have any earth or mountains, the force of his strike was somewhat weakened.

"Who do you think you are?!" Qin Ming drew his weapon, a black and gold halberd, and used a heavenly-ranked battle art to counter.

The two clashed magnificently. The terrifying force behind Olympos Imperius caused Qin Ming to kneel on the barrier, the halberd in his hand having been split into two by the Grand-Orient Sword.

"Huh?" Qin Ming was completely flabbergasted. Qin Feng had said that Tianming's power was akin to an eighth-level Heavenly Will's, but his lifebound beast had done quite a lot of work for him. Given that Qin Ming was a ninth-level Heavenly Will at the age of eighteen, he was six levels above Yueling Long, who was also about his age.

If he had gone to the Grand-Orient Realm, he would definitely be able to cause more chaos than Yun Zhenzhen ever could, and gain far more status than her. Yet, now, he had been overcome by a single sword strike and had his weapon broken. What was more terrifying was Tianming's second strike.

"Save me, brothers!" Qin Ming cried as his scalp tingled in horror from Tianming's gaze. He had spent an entire month insulting Tianming for being a coward who didn't know how to fight back. How could he actually be so powerful? In fact, Tianming hadn't listened to anything they had said, or he would have long exploded from the rage.

Currently, he had fought his way to Qin Ming, with Qin Ding and Qin Yuan rapidly catching up. However, a fiery chick and black cat blocked their way, attacking just as furiously as the two-headed dragon had. Ying Huo used Infernal Haze and all four strikes of the Voidgod Sword Intent, easily driving Qin Ding back. By the time he summoned his lifebound beast, it was already too late.

Qin Ding and Qin Yuan watched as Tianming smashed Qin Ming to the ground with his sword, causing him to crack open bloodily.

"Save me, quick!" Qin Ming said, his face pale. Right as he said that, the Grand-Orient Sword was pierced into his mouth. "Mmmmmwwwwffff!" He let out a shrill cry from the pain.

"Now, where were you? Continue telling me about that night," Tianming said as he clutched Qin Ming's neck and punched his chest with his left arm, driving it completely through.

Qin Ming's face contorted and reddened like cooked seafood. He slumped in Tianming's grasp and cried out, "Save... save..."

Wham!

"Come on! Go on talking!" Tianming's slap sent Qin Ming groaning in agony once more. He couldn't speak a word now, even if he wanted to.

"Now, you'd better watch it when you open that mouth of yours." Tianming smashed him to the ground and separated Qin Ming from one of his arms with a stroke of his sword.

Yet another cry of utter torment rang through the area.

"I don't care who you are, nor do I care what kind of status you have. Today, I'll give you all a chance. If I ever hear something like this again, I'll take your head instead of your arm."

Tianming drew the sword out and sent the wailing Qin Ming flying into the crowd with a kick. He then turned back and faced the angered Qin Ding and Qin Yuan.

"You're courting death!" They had seen how horridly Qin Ming had been treated, yet they were too late to stop it. Their rage simply couldn't be contained. The two of them, one with a blade in hand and the other armed with a sword, prepared to fight. One had a Five-Peak Divine Qilin that sported five divine mountains on its back. It was entangled in a fight with Ying Huo. Meanwhile, the Chaos Regalfiend Meow Meow was taking on a Sea Tempest Qilin.

Tianming had long been sickened by the presence of mindless fools like these. Beating up Qin Ming hadn't been enough to vent his anger. He knew that the other two were also ninth-level Heavenly Will, and would be considered ultimate geniuses in the Grand-Orient Realm. However, all he could see before him were pathetic cockroaches. Before the two were able to curse him another time, Tianming was already charging up to them.

"Kill him!"

"The others don't need to interfere! Let the Qin Clan handle this!"

It seemed they were so confident they even worried others would take their prey from them, depriving them of a chance for revenge. Qin Ding executed the Five-Peak Blade Mantra, while Qin Yuan came

charging in from Tianming's flank with his newly-mastered saint-ranked battle art, Eighteen Maritime Swords.

Eighteen consecutive strikes came furiously one after another, all of them bearing the power of the sea. Tianming clashed with the two of them at once. Though the others had wanted to join in, they refrained from doing so after Qin Ding's proclamation. They also saw Bai Zijin nearby, and figured she would attack them if they ganged up on Tianming.

"End it quickly!" they cheered.

The moment they said that, a loud ringing could be heard as Tianming broke Qin Yuan's sword with his crude technique and power at the sixth level of Heavenly Will.

"What?!" Qin Yuan was stunned. Tianming attacked with Fulgueros Imperius, so Qin Yuan had no choice but to block with his arms, losing one of them in the process. "Aaaaaaagh!"

"You shut up, too!" Tianming stomped him in the face, leaving a mark on it and causing Qin Yuan to shut up as he tumbled into the crowd. He was so busy groaning in pain he couldn't even get up.

Then, Tianming turned back and blocked Qin Ding's killing move with his left arm. Sparks flew from the friction, accompanied by an ear-piercing, metallic clashing sound.

"What?!" Qin Ding was shocked. Tianming's hand should've been cut off!

"It's nothing much. You're just too weak!" Tianming took ten steps back, then charged again, executing the second strike of the Shenxiao Sword Art. Lightning and fire sword ki intertwined, generating explosive force. Qin Ding forced himself to resist, but he wasn't able to at all. Not only was his blade knocked flying, he also lost one arm.

"You'd better remember that the next thing I'll cut off will be your head." Then, Tianming grabbed his head and smashed it against the Infernal Soul Barrier, causing it to bounce back up. Qin Ding's eyes rolled as he passed out.

The battle had only taken ten breaths of time. Many people were still stuck wondering if they should give the three Qin brothers a hand, but little did they know, the battle was already over.

The triplets had all lost an arm, and Qin Ming's mouth was bleeding so profusely he could barely speak. As for their lifebound beasts, they had been taken out one after another and were at the brink of death.

Ying Huo's opponent was so terrified it ran away, and kept on running, Meow Meow's was electrocuted so badly it was foaming at its mouth, and Lan Huang's foe, the Blackgold Saint Qilin, had almost been crushed flat.

There wasn't a sound to be heard in the Infernal Soul Purgatory.

### **Chapter 415: Thunderfiend Chains**

The youths from the Ancient Qilin Clan watched silently, then burst into a clamor.

"Didn't Li Tianming grow up in the Grand-Orient Realm?"

"That's right. Qin Feng said he was only at the eighth level of Heavenly Will, but how could he be so strong?"

"Where's Qin Feng?"

"Qin Feng! Qin Feng!"

Everyone began looking for him, but he was nowhere to be found. He had probably left ages ago. Among the remaining hundred or so people, the Qin brothers were probably the strongest among them. The saints wouldn't have bothered wasting a whole month insulting a Heavenly Will brat, after all. As such, after the three brothers were defeated, nobody else dared to step out.

As they were still standing there, dazed, Tianming looked around and said, "Curse all you want. I'll make sure to remember you. As long as I can recognize you, you'll end up like this sooner or later. I'll beat up all of you youths from the Ancient Qilin Clan in half a year. Make sure to line up for it. I won't kill you, but you must pay for the profanities your mouths utter. That's all. Keep cursing if you're dissatisfied."

He didn't care if they continued or not. He would simply vent on them if they were those he could defeat, or wait until he was stronger for those he couldn't. Li Wudi could take the kind of abuse he had taken for fourteen whole years, so there was no way Tianming couldn't withstand the five months he had to remain in purgatory.

Without Feiling around, his fierceness was unrestrained. Usually, he would hold back while the beautiful angel was with him, as he didn't like showing her this side of him, but now he had nothing holding him back.

After he warned the rest, none of them dared to speak.

"Let's swarm him!" somebody cried.

Tianming immediately charged through the crowd and punched him in the stomach.

"Agh!" The youth collapsed, clutching his stomach, his face contorted by pain.

"Still want to give it a go?"

"No.... Enough...."

"Still think I'm a pushover?"

"No... you're not...."

"You learned your lesson, I see." Tianming walked back out of the crowd. Just like that, only two ninth-level Heavenly Will beastmasters remained in the crowd. The rest had run away, likely to call for reinforcements.

"They really wasted time I could've used on training my third strike!" He was still rather pissed about it. He didn't really know much about Li Muyang, so he didn't care too much about them insulting him. However, Wei Jing was the most important person in his life, and he couldn't let those who insulted her slide.



Had he not held back this time around, he would have killed Qin Ming outright. The twenty years Wei Jing had spent bringing Tianming up, teaching him everything from the basics of speaking to cultivation, all the while suffering from Lifesbane, was nothing to be understated. She had done so alone, and still prevailed. Had the Ancient Qilin Clan not gone so far, he really wouldn't have cared to bother with them at all. After all, it was a fact that Li MUYANG had horribly wronged them.

"But what he did shouldn't be attributed to me! I refuse to bear his sins!" He had finally calmed down once more. "Let's get back to training!"

If he didn't continue growing stronger, the members of the clan wouldn't respect him in the slightest. While he could still fight back today, thanks to the small number of people around, more people would come provoking him later.

It was laughable, when he thought about it. They had insulted him and Li MUYANG thousands of times, yet he didn't give a damn. But all it took for him to fight was a slight to Wei Jing's honor. This was something that overrode his rational mind completely.

It was clear that those who'd left had gone to look for more help. Tianming returned to the cold-looking woman, Bai Zijin. Her expression was one of surprise.

"He really did grow stronger. The sparsity of the spiritual energy here makes it impossible for normal people to cultivate, but he can do it, thanks to the Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower."

For a single youth from the Grand-Orient Realm to be able to take care of three ninth-level Heavenly Will beastmasters to the point they knelt and begged for mercy was nothing to scoff at. At the very least, her impression of Tianming had completely changed. She now seemed to notice a quality in him she hadn't before.

She had thought that he was the reserved, obedient type that would just let those insults slide, but he had seemed to blow up when he was fighting just now. At the thought of that, she said, "Li Tianming, don't cause too much trouble. It's best if you don't kill anyone. If you do, I doubt I'll be able to hold out against them."

Tianming nodded. "Don't worry, Sister Bai. There won't be a next time."

"Good."

Right at that moment, Tianming saw a familiar face in the crowd. It was Yun Zhenzhen. She also happened to be looking at him, but immediately turned and ran. Tianming immediately gave chase.

"Hey, what's going on?" Bai Zijin didn't know what to do. Didn't he say he would hold back from now on?

She watched as Tianming charged into the crowd alone to capture Yun Zhenzhen.

"Don't touch me!" she said, turning back furiously. She immediately summoned her lifebound beast, a lightning-type qilin. Bolts of electricity arced across its violet body, making it look rather pleasing, especially with the curved, lightning-bolt-shaped horn on its head. It was called a Thunderhorn Qilin.

The horn on its head sparked and sent a bolt of lightning toward Tianming, who immediately charged through it. The ability didn't do him much harm, and before long, he appeared directly in front of the qilin.

"Buzz off!" He executed Olympos Imperius, sending the qilin flying. It was bleeding profusely as it scampered off in fear.

Seeing what happened, Yun Zhenzhen took out a lightning-infused chain. Tianming saw that there were around thirty saintly heavenly patterns on them. However, Yun Zhenzhen shouldn't have a high enough status to obtain such a good weapon. Back in Ignispolis, Tianming had seen her wield a similar lightning chain, but it definitely wasn't this one.

"You got this weapon thanks to me, right?" Tianming said with a smirk.

"No way!" Using her ninth-level Heavenly Will strength, she whipped the bluish chain toward Tianming. At the same time, the escaped qilin roared and used an ability that covered the skies in lightning.

At that moment, Tianming's three terrifying lifebound beasts were summoned. They had already recovered, and pounced on the qilin.

"Beat him up!" Ying Huo cried.

It didn't take more than a few moments until the qilin was foaming at the mouth. Fighting a triple beastmaster always meant being ganged up upon. Yun Zhenzhen watched with a look of disbelief.

"It's your turn next!" Tianming used the second strike of the Shenxiao Sword Art, fusing lightning and fire together and bringing the Grand-Orient Sword slashing down. Yun Zhenzhen, having seen his ability, couldn't do much about it. Her weapon was sent flying away and the spot Tianming cut immediately began bleeding, causing her to collapse with a pale look. However, Tianming pulled her up before she fell to the ground.

"If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have had to come to such a place. It's all thanks to you, so it's not overboard for me to give you a beating, right?"

"No, it isn't," she said with a lowered head.

Wham!

Tianming slapped her squarely in the face, causing her to howl in pain and slump to the ground in a daze.

"What's this weapon called? I kinda like it," he said, holding the blue lightning chain. It felt really powerful in his hands.

"It's called the Thunderfiend Chains. It has thirty saintly heavenly patterns and is crafted from thunderfiend ore and the spirit hazard, ninebane thunder...." She was already tearing up.

"You seem to be unwilling to part with it. You wouldn't have gotten it if it wasn't for me anyway, so it's mine!" He gave her another angry slap. She landed on the ground this time, and began crying. Tianming called Ying Huo back, finally feeling much better now that he had managed to get back at her, even getting something useful out of it.

"How could you be so strong? You're actually cultivating in the Infernal Soul Purgatory! Even then, you shouldn't be improving so fast, right?" Yun Zhenzhen said with a shaky voice. A month ago, Tianming had relied on a Spiritburn Tome to defeat Jun Niancang. His power was only on par with hers, back then, yet now she had been completely dominated. The only explanation for this was that Tianming was making rapid progress.

"You're right. I've been cultivating, but it's no use. Only you truly believe I'm cultivating, but the others don't. Now, my time is really precious, so make sure to stay far away. I feel like I'll get mad every time I see you, so you'd better not come near me if you don't want to get beaten up. Scram."

Yun Zhenzhen got up and fearfully scampered off.

"With Tianming's cultivation speed, let alone the young geniuses here, not even the descendants of the exalted ones would be able to mess with him..." Yun Zhenzhen mused.

The upper level of the Infernal Soul Barrier was where the younger members of the clan would be. In other words, Tianming would soon dominate the entire area. The thought of that caused her to grimace even more. She had just lost the weapon she had been rewarded with—it felt like she had lost her very life itself.

"Yun Zhenzhen!" someone called out from afar.

"Huh?" She turned back and looked.

"Someone from the Moon Branch is looking for you."

"Who is it?"

"Someone who can help you get revenge and retrieve the Thunderfiend Chains."

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"Did that feel good?" Bai Zijin said with her arms crossed, coldly staring at Tianming.

Tianming looked up and felt his heart skip a beat. The sight of Bai Zijin was truly one to behold.

No, Ling'er's not here, so I must think pure thoughts. He hurriedly turned to her and said, "Sister Bai, that was the person who reported me to the Ancient Qilin Clan and caused me to end up here. I wouldn't feel relieved unless I beat her up first."

"Fine. Just remember to lay low and spend the next five months quietly. Don't cause trouble." Her tense expression relaxed.

"No worries. I've always tried keeping a low profile, but trouble still manages to find me."

"You slimy little fellow...." Bai Zijin wasn't normally one who liked to laugh, but she couldn't help curving her mouth into a charming smile.

"My fellow isn't slimy at all," Tianming said with a serious look.

"Just put some spit on it," Ying Huo said.

"Shut up. I'm a cultivator! Don't put this nonsense in my head!" Tianming snapped at Ying Huo.

His next goal was to master the third strike of the Shenxiao Sword Art. Now that he had used Olympos Imperius a few times, he felt like he had gained some insights into it.

"Tianming, is your mother really important to you?" Bai Zijin asked out of nowhere. She recalled that he had immediately ushered in a slaughter the moment she was mocked.

"That's right."

"Aren't you a filial child? It seems your mother has treated you well." Though she had initially looked down on Wei Jing for being a 'mistress', her views had changed.

"Of course! She's the most amazing person in the universe."

"How about this, I'll make a heavenly pattern barrier for you. You can train inside so you won't be able to hear their insults. You won't even have to look at them."

"Thank you, Sister Bai."

It was rather annoying, having so many people constantly shouting at him. The next moment, a black heavenly pattern barrier surrounded Tianming, cutting off all sound and sight.

"Aren't you going to stay outside, Sister Bai?"

"Of course not. I'm sick of them, too. Let me watch you train the Shenxiao Sword Art instead."

"Alright."

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Meanwhile, in the lifebound space...

"Tianming you vile swine! Let me out now! I want to ride the ultimate mount! It's an ideal time for me to get cuddly with her!" Meow Meow cried out in rage.

"Cat Bro, why can't I be your mount? I have nine peaks on my back, you know, much more than this woman has on her front," Lan Huang said.

"They're too sharp, they ride up into my balls!"

"Your balls aren't that big, so I doubt you'll have any problem," Lan Huang said with a troubled look.

Meow Meow looked at Lan Huang's giant balls, then back at his own, before lowering his head in shame.

### **Chapter 416 - Poor Thing**

The black heavenly pattern barrier Bai Zijin had brought out provided Tianming with a most stable cultivation environment. He began contemplating the third stage of Shenxiao Sword Art. It was now time for Meow Meow's nap, and due to its constant coaxing and cajoling, Tianming let it out.

With innocent, wide open blue eyes, Meow Meow raised its pink paws as it bounced up and down and walked toward Bai Zijin curiously. It cocked its head to the side and blinked its cute eyes. Such means of "capturing" mounts was a tried and tested method.

Bai Zijian merely glanced at it.

"Meow." Meow Meow opened its tiny mouth. Its pink nose looked extremely adorable.

"Go away," glared Bai Zijin.

"Meow?" Surprisingly, Meow Meow's cute act missed the mark today.

"Go away." Bai Zijin turned to Tianming and said, "Where's your little chick? Let it out so I can play with it."

Meow Meow felt like it had been struck by lightning.

In the midst of cultivating the sword, such a sentence almost shocked Tianming into being possessed by his demons. It took him a considerable amount of time to respond to the fact she was referring to Ying Huo.

"You have quite a unique taste!" remarked Tianming.

He tossed Ying Huo to Bai Zijin. In that instant, Ying Huo thought he was dreaming.

"Dammit, the tables have turned," cried Meow Meow.

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"Olympos Imperius. Pyros Imperius. Fulguros Imperius."

Tianming repeatedly practiced the three moves within the black heavenly pattern barrier.

"Rather than integrating the first and second stage of Shenxiao Sword Art, I think it's better to reintegrate the three moves. Like three legs of a tripod, I must find a balance point. Olympos Imperius is the bottom, while Pyros and Fulguros Imperius are on top, forming an inverted triangle."

The stability of the earth, the eternal burning of flame, and the explosion of lightning was combined into one move. From Lan Huang's Mountainstream Will, Tianming grasped the meaning of Olympos Imperius.

Three moves in one!

At that moment, three different kinds of Heavenly Will, on top of Tianming's Imperial Will, converged in the Grand-Orient Sword and he unleashed an attack. The flames, lightning and Olympos Imperius formed a chaotic sword ki that resulted in a lethal wave. He had finally mastered the third stage of Shenxiao Sword Art.

"Well done." Bai Zijin raised both of Ying Huo's wings in applause.

Ying Huo looked weak and dreary. After Bai Zijin had played with him for three days, it was truly drained. It had gone from the excitement on the first day, to numbness, and now exhaustion. Every time it would try to escape, Bai Zijin would catch it and continue playing with it. Now, what Ying Huo wanted to say most was, "Meow Meow, you can have this superb mount."

"Tianming, you're still in Heavenly Will, yet you're able to cultivate a saintly battle art; the Shenxiao Sword Art at that. Your talent is better than I imagined. From my observation, you would've been Divine Capital's top genius if you'd grown up here!" Bai Zijin had received yet another surprise.

"Top genius?"

Just three days ago, he had defeated the Qin brothers. Eighteen- or nineteen-year-olds at ninth-level Heavenly Will far exceeded the standards of the Grand-Orient and Earthorigin Realms.

"What cultivation level were those at my age?" asked Tianming.

"How old are you?"

"I'm fourteen this year," Tianming shamelessly replied.

"Bullshit. You look at least eighteen!"

"Haha," laughed Tianming. Despite that, he thought to himself, That means I look young!

"When you arrive at the Decimo Dao Palace five months from now, you'll be able to see what level a true genius is on. It's definitely beyond your imagination. In the past forty years, the Ancient Qilin Clan has given birth to many highly talented children, but unfortunately, they've been affected by the Lifetime Curse, which has inhibited their cultivation. But in any case, they're stronger than you are now."

This was Bai Zijin's conclusion upon seeing him defeat the three Qin brothers. In the Ancient Qilin Clan, there were quite a few youths of seventeen or eighteen who had reached the Saint stage. This was something people of the Grand-Orient Realm could never imagine. Back in the Realm Wars, one would be considered an elysian child at ninth-level Unity.

"I can't remain a frog in a well."

Upon recalling Exalted Mo Yu's words, Tianming felt annoyed.

"Within the Infernal Soul Purgatory are many peers who are stronger than you. Try to catch up, young man," said Bai Zijin.

"No problem."

"By the way, Big Sister Bai, you said the Infernal Soul Purgatory is huge, and there's wildbeasts around the volcano. Are there any demon beasts?" asked Tianming.

"Yes. There's quite a few underground regions around the Infernal Soul volcano that are within the Infernal Soul Purgatory. These underground areas have bottomless pits leading to the Abyssal Battlefield, and their numbers are in the hundreds. Therefore, many wildbeasts live in the Infernal Soul Purgatory. It's impossible to stop them, or kill them all," replied Bai Zijin.

"I see." Tianming nodded.

"In the past, the Infernal Soul Race used a method of making special sounds that could lure wildbeasts to attack the Infernal Soul Barrier. At the time, the Ancient Qilin Clan had to send a large number of troops to stop the beast wave. However, the situation's been much better in recent years, and the Infernal Soul Race hasn't made a sound," added Bai Zijin.

"There's been no movement over the past few years?" Tianming recalled the images he had seen two days ago. He thought to himself, Can it have something to do with the Soul Sacrifice?

"Yes, why do you ask about wildbeasts?" Bai Zijin wondered.

"I'd like to take three or four days to look for wildbeasts so that I can practice my swordsmanship. At the same time, perhaps I can add spirit-source abilities to my lifebound beasts," said Tianming.

"As you wish. It's boring here, anyway. Let's go."

"Big Sister Bai." Tianming looked straight at her.

"What is it?"

"Return the little chick to me. It's suffering." Tianming pointed to Ying Huo.

"Useless thing." Glancing at the little chick, Bai Zijin tossed it back to Tianming.

Ying Huo was finally relieved.

"I'm never touching another mount again." Back in the lifebound space, Ying Huo collapsed.

"Chicken Bro, summon up your courage. Start all over again and make a comeback." Meow Meow patted it on the shoulder, laughing mischievously.

With the black heavenly pattern barrier temporarily put away, Tianming realized that those who were cursing at him had finally left.

"Let's go."

Bai Zijin led the way as they traveled across the Infernal Soul Barrier, attracting the attention of many.

"Where are they going?"

"I don't know."

"Let's catch up!"

"Aren't you afraid of being beaten?"

"I can't beat them, but others can. If it weren't for our previous lack of numbers, how would he have the chance to be this arrogant? If he wasn't a coward, why would he choose to hide himself?"

In a short time, a group of Ancient Qilin Clan youths followed them.

"They just won't stop. It's so annoying."

Irritated, Bai Zijin pulled Tianming close and sped up. At the time, their clothes rustled in the howling wind. Bai Zijin's long dress fluttered in the sky, her sweet-smelling, long hair waving in Tianming's face. At the speed of the Saint stage, they soon lost the Ancient Qilin Clan disciples.

In front of them was a barren underground mountain. It was very dark, so they couldn't see far. The complicated terrain was made up of red-hot rocks on the ground, piled up into mountains.

"Most that come from the Abyssal Battlefield are ordinary wildbeasts, there aren't many first-order demon beasts. I'll help you look for them." Bai Zijin scanned the vast, complex underground space ahead.

"Thank you."

"It's no trouble."

Tianming followed the white figure at full speed. Bai Zijian acted so efficiently that it was a comfort to him.

"First-order demon beasts will be a little easier to deal with than a first-level Earth Saint."

Bai Zijin was right—there weren't many demon beasts in the Infernal Soul Purgatory. Half an hour later, they arrived at an area far away from the Infernal Soul Volcano.

"If we keep walking farther in this direction, we'll have left the Infernal Soul Purgatory. However, there's more wildbeasts in this area."

In such a desolate place, he could attack at will.

"Look, there's a first-order demon beast, an Electric Hellwolf."

In the serene valley ahead, where Bai Zijin was pointing, were countless blue-colored electric snakes twisted around the subterranean trees. A gigantic wolf was hunting amidst the surging lightning; however, the vast valley provided many hiding spots for the wolf.

"You're only at ninth-level Heavenly Will. Do you really wish to fight this demon beast?" asked Bai Zijin.

"I'm at sixth-level Heavenly Will," confessed Tianming, though he was well aware she would never believe him.

"You little bastard, are you trying to fool me? You've got quite some courage!" Bai Zijin rolled her eyes.

She believed that no one could overcome a gap of so many levels to defeat their opponent. However, as a triple Primordial Chaos Beastmaster with the help of the Grand-Orient Sword and a Sky Saint battle art, Tianming could achieve such feats.

"The beast soul of a demon beast is a Saintbeast War-Soul! A war-soul that's refined on the spot is better than one that's been inherited after thousands of years."

He stared at the first-order demon beast, moving forward quietly. With their tiny bodies, Ying Huo and Meow Meow approached their prey, one on the left and the other on the right. As for the noisy Lan Huang, its contribution would be left until the last moment.

As Tianming gradually closed in, he noticed that the wolf was hunting several eight-star wildbeasts, Tricolor Elks. Covered in steely fur, the Electric Hellwolf was fierce and powerful, wrapped in electric rays, and its blood-red eyes were filled with ferocity. The demon beast seemed to lack intelligence and appeared no different from ordinary beasts.

"The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind." Tianming drew the Grand-Orient Sword in pursuit of the wolf.

While Ying Huo advanced from the left, Meow Meow flashed into the dark forest. Amidst black electric snakes, the black cat with its blood-red claws quietly approached its prey.



"Now!"

Using spiritual communication, Tianming and the two lifebound beasts acted the moment the wolf began its hunt.

### **Chapter 417 - Soulchasing Hellthunder**

As the Electric Hellwolf lunged, its fur burst with a surge of lightning. The sudden dense blue lightning rays converged into a huge ball of lightning and shot out at high speed, then exploded.

This was its ability—Electric Helldome. Like a river, endless blue lightning concentrated ahead of it, quickly turning into a lightning vortex that rotated at a high speed. As soon as it hit the Tricolor Elk, the lightning enveloped the beast in something resembling a blue dome.

The electric snakes constantly tore at the Tricolor Elk, twisting around and dragging them into the lightning vortex. Like drowning in water, escape would be hard once they entered. Its ability was similar to the Chaos Voltball, but with more variations. The Electric Hellwolf growled; after successfully attacking its prey, it transformed into a flicker of lightning and darted toward the Tricolor Elk, ready to feast.

At that time, the three went on the offensive. On the left was the most inconspicuous little chick. But the moment it split into tens of thousands of flames and demonstrated a Sky Saint battle art, it was frightening. Hiding in the black fog on the right was a beast wrapped in black lightning, with blood-red eyes and claws.

This beast possessed the power of a lion, the balance of a tiger, and the speed of a cheetah. Fast and fierce, it charged toward the wolf. But the wolf instinctually felt a more terrible threat coming from behind and was forced to flee.

Behind it was Lan Huang, who Tianming had released. The Primordial Terraqua Dragon crashed to the ground, putting its ability to use at once. The entire area instantly resembled a swamp, and several mud hands emerged, blocking the wolf's path.

With a roar, the wolf tore at the mud hands and plunged into its own Electric Helldome. In an instant, Chaos Disaster rained down as a black, lightning-wrapped beast broke into the blue dome, knocking the wolf out of its lightning vortex.

Then a blazing figure flickered past, swooping underneath the wolf's belly. The fire sword ki penetrated the wolf's flesh and opened a wound in its belly. The wolf was weak against Ying Huo's attack, and as soon as its abdomen was injured, it was immediately pinned to the ground under Meow Meow's Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape. The thunder-type demon beast was of little threat to Meow Meow, aside from its tough body.

However, there was the even stronger and tougher Lan Huang. With each step the dragon took, the valley shook. Dozens of trees were broken, and rocks were crushed. It immediately joined Meow Meow in its attack, its two heads biting down on the wolf's neck.

The Electric Hellwolf struggled desperately, displaying the full strength of a demon beast. The exploding lightning almost drove Meow Meow and Lan Huang to their limit. Fortunately, Ying Huo came from behind, unleashing a fatal attack that had the wolf's four limbs stretching rigidly in the air.

At that moment, Tianming leaped into the air and struck down with his sword. Shenxiao Sword Art, third stage! Thunder roared, flames boiled, and the ground shook as three different kinds of Heavenly Will converged. The Grand-Orient Sword swept across, enveloped in snakes of electricity. Flames stretched into the sky and the earth raged.

The sword sliced into the wolf's neck, decapitating it. When its huge head hit the ground, it was the end of their first battle. Although the victory had seemed effortless, it had still taken their wholehearted effort.

"Refine the war-soul and give it a go."

This demon beast was a thunder-type. Needless to say, its abilities were most suitable for Meow Meow.

"A few years ago, I stumbled into a desperate situation just for a Saintbeast War-Soul. But now, I can slay a demon beast myself and refine its war-soul. After reaching this level, I won't have to ask for a Saintbeast War-Soul in the future."

With the demon beast slain, all that was left was refining its war-soul. The process was less complicated than evolving with manna. After Tianming had extracted it, Meow Meow swallowed the war-soul and returned to the lifebound space to refine it.

"I'm not quite sure how high the chances of success are. Their spiritsource abilities are rather strong now, but aren't varied enough. This can increase their abilities."

With the improvement in their strength, the power of their abilities had also been enhanced. Many of Tianming's opponents wouldn't be able to bear the most basic Infernal Blaze.

"But it's getting harder and harder for Saintbeast War-Souls to stimulate the spiritsource abilities in their blood. After all, most of their abilities come from themselves, not wildbeasts."

The spiritsource abilities of others usually depended on the strength of the wildbeasts from which their war-souls were refined. The Saintbeast War-Soul of a fifth-order demon beast was certainly better than a first-order war-soul. Therefore, they had to constantly update their spiritsource abilities. However, that was completely unnecessary for Tianming's lifebound beasts, since their abilities could be continuously promoted on their own and depended only on their beast ki.

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While Meow Meow refined the war-soul, Tianming continued on their journey. After a time, Meow Meow had finished its refinement.

"Was it successful?" asked Tianming.

"Of course. The moment I saw its ability, I almost felt a sense of deja vu. It stimulated my blood bindings and awakened a spiritsource ability."

At that moment, a lightning vortex appeared within Meow Meow's Ninefold Chaos Realm alongside Chaos Voltball, Regal Chaosfiend, Chaos Disaster, and Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape.

"What's it called?"

"Misty Hellthunder!"

"What kind of power does it have?"

"I'll try it later," said Meow Meow.

This slacker wouldn't learn battle arts like Ying Huo, and wasn't bloody and ferocious like Lan Huang, but its abilities were rather stable. Its various ability combinations were good, and it possessed strong individual combat capability. Ying Huo wasn't good at confronting its opponents head-on, but once hidden, it was deadly. As for Lan Huang, its tough physique was its strength.

With that, Tianming continued hunting. In the next hunt, Meow Meow attacked with Misty Hellthunder. Like a millstone made of lightning, it possessed a strong slicing power that could tear into its opponents and inject countless lightning rays into its body. In truth, the ability appeared very much like a lightning hell—it was a powerful offensive ability indeed.

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The hunt lasted for three days, during which Tianming hunted a total of nineteen first-order demon beasts, basically cleaning up all of the demon beasts in the area.

Finding another demon beast would be difficult. Moreover, Tianming discovered that after awakening one or two abilities, breaking their blood bindings seemed to be more of a challenge, and it was increasingly difficult for his beasts to be successful in refining the war-souls.

Out of nineteen demon beasts, the three were basically successful in the earlier part, but essentially wasted the three or four Saintbeast War-Souls after that. Tianming was well aware they had to take one bite at a time, instead of swallowing in a hurry. But this time, they had still made substantial gains.

Meow Meow awakened Misty Hellthunder, while Ying Huo and Lan Huang awakened Sixpath Infernal Lotus and Mountainsea World, respectively. The Sixpath Infernal Lotus was an attack ability that was no less powerful than Meow Meow's Misty Hellthunder.

As for Lan Huang's Mountainsea World, it was a defensive ability based on its mighty physique, and could crush the enemy. The nine kui mountains on its back and nine kui seas under its belly were the foundation of its defense. The kui mountains were hard and sharp, while the kui seas resembled whirlpools, both of which could disperse and offset many attacks.

The three spirit-source abilities had greatly increased their means.

After wasting thirteen Saintbeast War-Souls, Tianming assumed it would be difficult for them to awaken new abilities in a short time. To his surprise, the last demon beast—a Hellblood Electric Eagle—managed to help Meow Meow unlock a new ability, Soulchasing Hellthunder.

Tianming had yet to witness the power of the new ability. However, Meow Meow admitted that its lethality was stronger than the newly-awakened Misty Hellthunder. Meow Meow had obtained two spirit-source abilities in succession. One minute the black cat was full of mettle, and the next, it had fallen asleep.

"Let's go back!"

These past five days, they had gained many combat abilities, so Tianming was very satisfied.

"Your three lifebound beasts have a high success rate in refining Saintbeast War-Souls." Bai Zijin seemed surprised. She couldn't help but feel like there were more mysteries to this young man.

"So-so. We're probably third in the Divine Capital," said Tianming.

Bai Zijin rolled her eyes at him, her quiet demeanor appearing rather enticing.

"After returning, I'll continue cultivating!"

Having decided he couldn't leave for six months, he was planning on using this period of time to cultivate with all his might. He strove to be on par with the geniuses of the Divine Capital on the day he arrived at the Decimo Dao Palace. Soon, they were close to the Infernal Soul Volcano.

Right then, a young man on a star-studded qilin appeared up ahead, as if he was waiting for Tianming's return. Nine rivers of stars were wound around this qilin. It was noble, elegant, and stunning. Its blue scales resembled a starry sky, and its gigantic size made it all the more conspicuous.

Upon further inspection, Tianming noticed sixty-four stars in the qilin's eyes. A sixth-order saint beast had the potential to mature into a sky saint beast. To own a sixth-order saint beast meant that this young man had a prominent position in the Ancient Qilin Clan.

The sixth-order saint beast that Jun Niancang owned had been upgraded with celestial manna gifted from Jun Shengxiao, who had searched the entire Grand-Orient Realm.

The young man riding the qilin had eyes as luminous as stars, long hair that draped over his shoulders, and wore star-studded robes. That handsome smile made him stand out among the Ancient Qilin Clan.

"Nine Starry Qilin? Not bad. He must be from the Star Qilin Clan," said Bai Zijin.

The Star Qilin Clan was one of the largest branches of the Ancient Qilin Clan. Exalted Ling Xing was one of their important figures.

"Very dazzling indeed," smiled Tianming. He and Bai Zijin quickly flew past.

"Tianming."

A hand on the Nine Starry Qilin, the young man looked up in a provocative smile. Tianming couldn't be bothered to deal with him.

"Don't go yet. Listen. Last night, your mother said I was good in bed. Women her age are so kinky." The young man narrowed his eyes and calmly stared at Tianming.

Unexpectedly, the white-haired boy immediately stopped in his tracks.

### **Chapter 418 - Nine Starry Qilin**

Obviously, the incident of Tianming beating the three Qin brothers had completely spread through the clan. The cause of the conflict was well known, and Tianming knew these people would continue provoking him with such derogatory words. And it wasn't difficult for them to succeed.

This was a dead end with no solution.

Aware of that, Bai Zijin had erected a heavenly pattern barrier to isolate him from such disturbances. But today, Tianming wasn't within a barrier. Bai Zijin was just about to say that the young man's deliberate provocation was both childish and meaningless, but before the words could be spoken, Tianming had left her side.

She sighed, "Be careful, this young man isn't easy to deal with. He's at the Saint stage!"

Tianming could clearly see that. After all, the Saint stage was an entirely different stage from Heavenly Will, hence a wide gap in strength lay between them. This young man was at least seven or eight years younger than Jun Niancang, but already on the same cultivation level.

But so what? All Tianming wanted to do now was to tear his mouth apart!

"Tianming, remember clearly. The person who's going to beat you today is I, Baili Zhuixing. This is the punishment you bear on your father's behalf. Today's the first payment, and I promise you a good time. Are you going to hide like a turtle your whole life? If so, the entire Ancient Qilin Clan will spend a romantic evening with your mother! Haha!"

Baili Zhuixing smiled maliciously, immediately clashing with Tianming's murderous gaze.

"I was only going to rip your mouth off, but I changed my mind. I want your life!"

Drawing out the Grand-Orient Sword, all three of Tianming's lifebound beasts appeared. The ferocity of the Primordial Chaos Beasts exploded, their momentum monstrous.

"Hahaha...." Upon hearing Tianming's 'shameless boasting', Baili Zhuixing threw his head back in laughter. "What the hell! Defeating three at the ninth-level Heavenly Will has made you this cocky? Even if you're a gifted triple beastmaster, Heavenly Will is just so. Are you thinking of defying destiny?"

Tianming's response was to attack.

One man and three beasts, with Lan Huang as the main body, instantly clashed with Baili Zhuixing on his Nine Starry Qilin.

Weapons collided and sparks flew. The weapon in Baili Zhuixing's hand had thirty saintly heavenly patterns and was called the Starry Swordbreaker. Weapon in hand, Baili Zhuixing cast a contemptuous gaze upon Tianming. A chance to beat Tianming up was something he yearned for.

Upon Tianming's command, the Primordial Terraqua Dragon attacked the Nine Starry Qilin, driving it away from Baili Zhuixing. As the earth beneath their feet shook violently, the qilin was washed away by mud.

Ying Huo immediately swooped in for the kill, pinning the qilin to the ground. In the past, Ying Huo and Meow Meow had formed a strong team, but now, Lan Huang and Ying Huo were a better combination.

Lan Huang was tough, domineering, and much larger than the Nine Starry Qilin. With the quaking of the earth, the qilin was hit several times. Outraged, it demonstrated several abilities at once.

However, Ying Huo and Lan Huang possessed even more powerful abilities.

"Big Bro, kill this bastard for me. Tortoise Bro and I will handle this!" Ying Huo fumed.

Among the three lifebound beasts, its feelings for Wei Jing were the most profound. Even its name was given by her. Naturally, Ying Huo would be the most furious.

Climbing Tianming's shoulder, Meow Meow didn't transform into its Regal Chaosfiend form. Instead, it was enveloped in lightning and surged with devilish ki. Its blue eyes had turned bloody.

This was the advantage of a triple beastmaster—fighting two on one.

"Kill!"

As soon as Tianming struck, Meow Meow dashed across, wrapped in Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape. Attracted by its Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape, huge snakes of electricity descended from the sky, forcing Baili Zhuixing to dodge.

Then, Tianming attacked from the front. Shenxiao Sword Art, second stage! Thunder and fire alternated, aggressive and fierce. Working with Meow Meow's lightning, Tianming's attack found its target.

"Useless!" sneered Baili Zhuixing. Starry Swordbreaker in hand, he unleashed an Earth Saint battle art known as the Starlight Art.

This was a mid-tier Earth Saint battle art that was in fact inferior to the Voidgod Sword Intent. However, he possessed the Saint Palace Spring, saint ki that could protect his body. The suppression of his stage was really strong.

Starlight Art—Meteor Flash!

Baili Zhuixing's weapon burst into blazing starlight and collided with Tianming's Shenxiao Sword Art.

The Grand-Orient Sword and Starry Swordbreaker clashed in a domineering contest of sword intent. Sparks flew as the two crisscrossed.

What shocked Baili Zhuixing was his lack of an advantage.

"How can a ninth-level Heavenly Will beastmaster have such strength? His battle art seems incomprehensible!"

However, he didn't have time to dwell on that. Eyes cold, Tianming turned around again. In that instant, a black figure appeared beside Baili Zhuixing.

Meow Meow's black thunder broke out. Despite its tiny body, the lightning ball that erupted was heaven-defying. Like a torrent sweeping through, it instantly formed a high-speed rotating lightning vortex that fell from the sky and crashed down onto Baili Zhuixing.

At the critical moment, a ball of starlight converged within Baili Zhuixing, most likely an ability of the Nine Starry Qilin. Then, Misty Hellthunder completely engulfed Baili Zhuixing and endless lightning crazily tore at the ball of starlight. This time, Baili Zhuixing's expression cracked. He was anxious to escape from the bombardment of Meow Meow's ability.

"Do you think you can escape?"

With a sneer, Tianming struck with the Grand-Orient Sword. Shenxiao Sword Art, third stage! The combination of three heavenly wills had been used to kill nineteen demon beasts, and was something Tianming had completely mastered.

Gritting his teeth, Baili Zhuixing waved his weapon in a burst of Starlight Art—Star Blaze. Dazzling starlight exploded from the Starry Swordbreaker, making it difficult to judge its position.

But would that matter? Tianming's sword was directed at Baili Zhuixing's head. Enveloped in three Heavenly Wills, the Grand-Orient Sword swept across. Flames roared and thunder burst; this one move was as heavy as a mountain.

Baili Zhuixing was forced to use his weapon to block the attack as, unfortunately, Misty Hellthunder had broken his shield. Thousands of electric snakes struck, scorching his flesh. Vomiting blood, he almost couldn't hold on to his weapon to block Tianming's attack.

This was a moment of life and death! Baili Zhuixing screamed and withdrew as fast as possible. The tip of the Grand-Orient Sword was just about to sink into his neck and behead him, but he managed to escape the fatal attack.

The tip of the sword swept across his lips, causing a bloody wound that enlarged his bleeding lips threefold. The stabbing pain on his face made Baili Zhuixing break out in tears. As he screamed, he pulled at the injury and worsened the pain.

"Ahh!!" Baili Zhuixing's gaze had undergone a drastic change. Within it was now a trace of fear.

Being a Saint stage beastmaster, he was very confident of victory—even though his opponent was a gifted triple beastmaster. But facing reality, his confidence had been crushed. He knew that Tianming would kill him. If he had been slower by even a second, he would have lost his head by now. Eyes wide open, he was covered in cold sweat.

"You—" He wanted to speak, but the pain of his torn mouth prevented him from doing so.

At the moment between life and death, he suddenly threw a book in Tianming's direction. This was definitely a heavenly pattern book. Unsure, Tianming retreated with Meow Meow.

The heavenly pattern book exploded right before his eyes, giving off a brilliant light that completely obscured his vision. This blazing starlight resembled a sword that could pierce through its target's flesh, and Tianming was forced to retreat several steps.

When he finally caught up again, Baili Zhuixing was gone. The next moment, he appeared beside Ying Huo, placed his qilin back into his lifebound space, and threw out another book with the same heavenly pattern.

"Li— Ahh!"

He was about to curse again as he fled, but the attempt tore at his wound, causing him to twist in pain. After the burst of starlight faded, Tianming and Meow Meow chased after him at their fastest speed.

However, Baili Zhuixing was determined to escape, even going so far as to use extremely valuable heavenly pattern books. By the time Tianming arrived at Ying Huo's side, the young Saint had disappeared. However, Tianming still proceeded to chase after him.

"Why do you want to kill him so badly?" It took Bai Zijin a lot of effort to pull Tianming back.

"Even if he escapes this time, I must kill him the next time I see him." Tianming's eyes dimmed.

"That young man is a direct descendant of Exalted Ling Xing," said Bai Zijin.

"He still has to die." A murderous look surged in Tianming's eyes.

"Can't you take a little swearing when it comes to your mum?"

It might be great to be this young man's mother, but as the person responsible for him, naturally, it was a headache.

"Yes." Despite having slowly calmed down, Tianming had committed Baili Zhuixing to memory.

"Now that everyone knows what your weakness is, anyone can provoke you, force you to attack, and even set a trap for you," Bai Zijin explained.

"Does it matter? Don't worry, I only attacked him after making sure I could kill him. If I wasn't sure, I wouldn't mind keeping him alive for a few more days. You may think that I'm impulsive and can't stand provocation, but this is how I am," replied Tianming.

No one was allowed to insult Wei Jing like this. If that was a weakness, he didn't care.

"Alright," sighed Bai Zijin as she stared at the fiery-eyed young man. "But you're amazing to be able to defeat a Saint stage opponent at ninth-level Heavenly Will." His performance had impressed her yet again.

"If I was at ninth-level Heavenly Will, he would be a corpse now."

Tianming's anger had yet to dissipate. Slicing his mouth wasn't enough.

Failing to hear his words, Bai Zijin said, "Your character is so explosive that you can't handle the slightest loss. When we get back, I'll have to have a good talk with you. For example, to get back at someone, you don't have to kill them. In fact, there's all kinds of ways to make a person pay the price, such as beating the three brothers last time. After all, this is someone else's territory, understand?"

Along the way, she shared a lot, much like a real older sister would. In fact, Bai Zijin's advice was for his own good. If it were anyone else, silence was her default.

"Well, for Big Sister Bai's sake, if I bump into him again, I won't take his life."

Bai Zijin would have to answer to the Decimo Dao Palace if something happened to Tianming. He didn't want to cause so much trouble for her.

"But I'll still give him an unforgettable lesson," Tianming added.

## **Chapter 419 - Wushuang**

It took three days for Baili Zhuixing's mouth to fully heal. Sitting on a barren mountain, he thought back to his defeat with a grim look on his face. But the more he thought about it, the more terrible he felt. He had wasted two Starry Tomes, which made him feel even more terrible. Suddenly, a young lady dressed in white appeared before him. The lady was cold, and one could sense a chill just by standing beside her.



When Baili Zhuixing saw her, he asked, “Ning Wushuang, has Yun Zhenzhen left?”

“She has.”

“How is it?”

“There’s no problem. But she’s looking down on you now because you didn’t manage to take back the Thunderfiend Chains with your cultivation in the Earth Saint stage, not to mention that you even got trashed,” Ning Wushuang said coldly.

“Do you really have to mock me? I tried my best, and I can only say that Li Tianming has some ability,” Baili Zhuixing said with gloomy eyes.

“Yun Zhenzhen said Li Tianming could cultivate in the Infernal Soul Barrier. Moreover, he just stepped into the Heavenly Will stage a few months ago, and he’s already reached the ninth level of Heavenly Will. Can you believe that?” Ning Wushuang asked.

“No way. Yun Zhenzhen must be lying. That person must’ve hidden his strength; he probably didn’t use his best to defeat the three Qin brothers,” said Baili Zhuixing.

“It’s possible to practice battle arts in the Infernal Soul Purgatory, but you can’t increase your cultivation, let alone make rapid progress, as Yun Zhenzhen described. But I have a feeling that he’s indeed making progress in his cultivation. The Infernal Soul Purgatory seems to be ineffective against him.” Ning Wushuang lowered her head.

“It doesn’t matter anymore. I was defeated by him, but our plan succeeded,” said Baili Zhuixing.

“Let me have a look at the scale,” said Ning Wushuang.

Baili Zhuixing took out a blue dragon scale and placed it in her hand. As Ning Wushuang fiddled with it, she continued, “His dragon lifebound beast is unique. The shape of this scale is one of a kind. There’s no way you can find such a unique scale in the Ancient Qilin Clan, and we can use it as hard evidence.”

“What about the Thunderfiend Chains?” Baili Zhuixing asked.

“It’s with me,” said Ning Wushuang.

“You got your Thunderfiend Chains by coincidence, and no one knows about it. With this scale and your Thunderfiend Chains, we’ll be able to mess with him,” said Baili Zhuixing.

“Yeah.” Ning Wushuang returned the dragon scale to Baili Zhuixing.

“Have you decided when?” Baili Zhuixing asked.

“Yun Zhenzhen said that her father would be entering the middle layer of the Infernal Soul Barrier in about a month to replace her grandfather. So we can make our move when the father and son are both in the Infernal Soul Purgatory,” said Ning Wushuang.

“Two sky saints. One of them will hold back Bai Zijin while the other kills Li Tianming. It’s more than enough,” Baili Zhuixing sneered.

“Yeah.” Ning Wushuang nodded as her eyes grew colder.

A long while later, Baili Zhuixing said, “Wushuang, why do you not have any confidence in the elders? You think they’ll hand over Li Tianming in six months and let him get away with it?”

“That’s right. I can see through them. They’re too overcautious, and it’s impossible for them to take revenge.” Ning Wushuang lowered her head. She was seated on a scarlet rock, playing with a pebble in her hand.

“Actually, you can learn from me and try provoking him into attacking you. With your strength, it’ll be easy for you to trash him. I don’t think there’s a need for you to take it so far,” said Baili Zhuixing.

“I’m a woman, so do you think it’s appropriate for me to insult his mother?” Ning Wushuang asked.

“Well, I guess that makes sense.”

“Baili Zhuixing, you’re not me. You have no idea how much I hate his father!” Ning Wushuang’s eyes become bloodshot.

“I know. There aren’t many among the younger generation of the clan that can be compared to you. If it weren’t for the lifetime curse, you’d probably be famous by now, and your cultivation would be at least three levels higher. The lifetime curse destroyed you—Li Muyang destroyed you. But you’re not the only one here,” said Baili Zhuixing.

“It’s not the same.” Ning Wushuang gnashed her teeth.

“Is it because of your father?”

“That’s right!” Ning Wushuang’s eyes narrowed into slits. “Back then, my father’s talent could be ranked among the top five in the Divine Capital when he was in his teens. But he was the first to be branded with the lifetime curse after that incident. As time passed, the gap between him and his rivals grew bigger. Everyone that he had once defeated started to surpass, then humiliate him! He fell from being a genius and lived a depressing life, then committed suicide when I was three. I can’t even remember what he looked like anymore!” Ning Wushuang took a deep breath and crushed the pebble in her hand. “I don’t care about the Cyclic Mirror. But no matter what the elders think, I want his son dead!”

“But the elders are trying to force Li Muyang to return. So won’t this ruin their plans?” Baili Zhuixing asked.

“I don’t think so.” Ning Wushuang stood up and continued, “It’s already been more than a month, and Li Muyang still isn’t back. There isn’t any response from him either. Moreover, the elders have already reported Li Tianming’s existence to the Ancient Theocrats, but they don’t seem to care about Li Muyang’s son. If this goes on, his son will get away with it, sooner or later. Since that’s the case, I’ll give Li Tianming another month. When Yun Zhenzhen’s father comes, and Li Muyang still hasn’t shown up, I’ll make my move. I’ve already had enough of the Ancient Qilin Clan being so cowardly for the past forty years!”

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“The seventh level of Heavenly Will!” Tianming’s progress had been smooth over the past ten days. His spiritsources were constantly growing, and Bai Zijin even thought that he was trying to reach the Saint stage.

“It’s not easy to enter the Saint stage. Why don’t you rest for a while?” asked Bai Zijin. This was the first time she had seen such a desperate young man. But she had no idea that Tianming still had the Aeonian Grandbane to deal with.

“No need.” After Tianming made his breakthrough, he immediately went back into cultivation, sprinting towards the eighth level of the Heavenly Will stage. On the other hand, Lan Huang had something new to do—comprehend Oceanos Imperius. That was the key for Tianming to practice the fourth sword of the Shenxiao Sword Art.

This fellow hasn’t reached the ninth-level of Heavenly Will yet? But his beast ki seems to be growing stronger. He’s really amazing, defeating a first-level Earth Saint while he’s in the seventh level of Heavenly Will. Is a pentabane so powerful? The more Bai Zijin looked at Tianming, the more puzzled she was.

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“Ning Wushuang!” Yun Zhenzhen called out to the white-dressed lady walking in front of her.

“What’s the matter?” Ning Wushuang turned around.

“My father is coming to the Infernal Soul Purgatory today, so why bring me here? There’s wildbeasts up ahead, and I have to return,” Yun Zhenzhen said.

“Alright, you can get going then,” said Ning Wushuang.

“And here I thought you had a way of dealing with Li Tianming,” Yun Zhenzhen said. Now that Tianming was hiding in the black heavenly pattern barrier, the younger generation of the Ancient Qilin Clan could only gnash their teeth with reluctance.

“Actually, I do have a way.” Ning Wushuang raised her head as her cold pupils glowed.

“What is it?”

“Come here and I’ll tell you.”

“Why are you being so mysterious?” Yun Zhenzhen rolled her eyes and walked toward Ning Wushuang. But all of a sudden, a blue chain shot out from Ning Wushuang’s hand and wrapped around Yun Zhenzhen, who was caught unprepared.

“What are you doing!” Yun Zhenzhen was dumbfounded.

“Nothing much.” Ning Wushuang immediately tightened the chain, piercing into Yun Zhenzhen’s body. The part that was wrapped around her neck nearly snapped it.

“The Thunderfien—” Yun Zhenzhen’s eyes were widened as she took her last breath. Even in her death, she was looking at Ning Wushuang with disbelief. She had no idea what was happening.

Ning Wushuang recalled the Thunderfiend Chain, then cleaned the bloodstains from her body. On the other side, Baili Zhuixing caught up and dealt with the Thunderhorn Qilin, who was trying to escape.

“Have you left traces of fire and thunder on the Thunderhorn Qilin?” Ning Wushuang asked.

"It's already done," Baili Zhuixing said in a hoarse voice. Looking at the corpse of his fellow clansman, he grew a little nervous and said, "We have no way out now."

"Don't think too much about it. Leave the dragon scale in her hand," said Ning Wushuang.

"Okay." Baili Zhuixing immediately did as he was instructed.

"Also, take her clothes off and make it look like she was defiled before being killed," said Ning Wushuang.

"What?" Baili Zhuixing asked with a headache.

"A father will naturally lose his mind if he thinks his daughter was defiled and killed," said Ning Wushuang.

"Fine. You're really ruthless." Baili Zhuixing tore Yun Zhenzhen's clothes apart, leaving some faint handprints on her body.

"Do you know what I meant by 'defile'?" Ning Wushuang glared at Baili Zhuixing.

"B-but she's already dead!" Baili Zhuixing said in a depressed tone.

"I'm not asking you to do it personally. Just make it seem like it," said Ning Wushuang.

"Alright...." In the end, they didn't leave until Ning Wushuang was satisfied.

"What's next?"

"We wait for her corpse to be discovered."

.....

Tianming had already been in the Infernal Soul Purgatory for two months. Not only was his cultivation not being delayed, but he even made faster progress than he had in the Grand-Orient Realm, which came as an unexpected surprise to him. On the seventy-fifth day, he made another breakthrough.

"Eighth-level of Heavenly Will!" Tianming was pleased with his progress. He could clearly sense the transformation in both him and his three lifebound beasts.

"How did your beast ki grow stronger?" Bai Zijin asked in shock.

"I already told you that I'm not in the ninth level of Heavenly Will."

"But you're there now, right?"

"Nope, one step away from it."

"What the...." Bai Zijin held onto her forehead.

"Big Sister Bai, how can you speak vulgarities?"

"Did I? I don't remember saying it." Bai Zijin looked at Tianming as though she was looking at a monster.

"If it's possible, I'd really like to dissect you and see what kind of monster is hidden inside your body."

"Pesh. What a lecherous middle-aged woman."

“Me? Middle-aged?” Bai Zijin wanted to knock Tianming on the head. What made her depressed was that Tianming hadn’t only made a breakthrough in his cultivation, but he had also started practicing the Shenxiao Sword Art. Moreover, he was already at the fourth move!

“If I remember correctly, the first ancestor only managed to learn the third sword, right?”

“That’s right.”

“Then what’re you doing now?”

“Something the ancestor failed to do.”

Bai Zijin held her forehead again. “Your cultivation may be low, but you’ll definitely surprise many people when you go to the Decimo Dao Palace.”

“Yeah, there’s still four months left in my seclusion. By that time, I should be able to extend my lifespan,” said Tianming.

“You’re still a kid, so why do you want to extend your lifespan? You’ll have no issue becoming a sky saint or even an empyrean saint by the time you fully grow up,” said Bai Zijin.

“Big Sister Bai, I’ve already grown up.”

“Where have you grown up?”

Tianming couldn’t find the words to reply.

“Being so irritable and impulsive, you’re clearly still a brat,” Bai Zijin smiled.

Tianming had thought she was talking about his body, but it turned out that she was talking about his mentality, instead.

## **Chapter 420 - Hide No More!**

After reaching the eighth level of Heavenly Will, Tianming was now much closer to the Saint stage. As a result, the pressure that the Aeonic Grandbane placed on him had decreased.

The first gate of the Grand-Orient Sword and the heavenly patterns of the Infernal Soul Barrier can allow me to make at least one more breakthrough. My next goal is to complete my Heavenly Will and the fourth sword of the Shenxiao Sword Art. Tianming’s cultivation was on the right track. Within the black heavenly pattern barrier, Tianming narrowed his eyes into slits. I’ve already caught up with my peers in the Ancient Qilin Sect now, right?

Exalted Mo Yu had once said that Tianming was a frog in the well, since there were many people out there who could defeat him. What Tianming was wondering right now was how many of such people there were.

I wonder if I can discover any new spirit-source abilities for Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang if I sacrifice some beast souls? Honestly speaking, meditating for over a month had left him somewhat exhausted, so he wanted to relax by going to hunt. Knowing how powerful the spirit-source abilities of Primordial Chaos Beasts were, Tianming wanted to give it a try. After all, a Saintbeast War-Soul didn’t cost any money now.

“Big Sister Bai, why don’t we go hunting again?”

“Let’s go. I’m bored watching you cultivate every day. You won’t let me play with your yellow chick,” said Bai Zijin.

“The chick won’t be able to take it. What do you think of the cat?”

“No, it’s too ugly.”

When Meow Meow heard that in the lifebound space, it felt the urge to vomit blood. Opening the heavenly pattern barrier, Bai Zijin appeared before everyone’s eyes together with Tianming.

“Li Tianming finally came out of his turtle shell again!”

“Everyone, let’s scold and attack together. I don’t believe that he can beat all of us at once!”

There were at least a few hundred people outside Bai Zijin’s heavenly pattern barrier, and when Tianming saw them, he immediately grew enraged because the people hadn’t given up. These people had been pestering him for the past few months.

“All together!” Right now, they had a new way of playing; that was for hundreds of them to scold at once. “All of you know what to do, right? Insult his mother, the more vulgar, the better!”

Shortly after, foul language started coming from their mouths. “Tianming, aren’t you very capable? Come and beat me then! I’ll take your surname if you can safely walk out of the Infernal Soul Purgatory!”

“Hiding in your turtle shell after beating someone up. What a coward. And here I thought that you’d hide in that shell of yours for six months!”

“Li MUYANG must’ve given birth to you with a female turtle!”

Most importantly, it wasn’t just one person doing the insulting, but hundreds of them together. They were all looking at him ferociously. When Bai Zijin heard the insults, her face turned dark. If she knew that this would happen, she definitely wouldn’t have opened her heavenly pattern barrier. But then again, she felt assured, since Tianming had gotten stronger compared to when he’d first come in.

“Tianming, you have to learn—” But before she could even finish speaking, Tianming was already standing before the crowd, and all of them took several steps back.

“What are you guys afraid of! Go at him together!” Someone tried instigating the crowd from behind. Everyone immediately stepped forth, riding their Qilin lifebound beasts.

“Turtle Li, do you dare to even touch us?” The crowd laughed. But suddenly, Tianming turned sideways and charged to the left, passing by the crowd.

“What’s wrong with him? He’s terrified now?”

“Hahaha!”

Their laughter grew louder. But among the crowd, there was someone whose face had changed. It was Baili Zhuixing. He had been waiting an entire day for an opportunity, and Tianming had coincidentally

come out right at this time. He was standing far away from Tianming, hidden in the dark; he had no idea how Tianming had discovered him. When the two pairs of eyes locked on to each other, Baili Zhuixing could feel a fire blazing in Tianming's gaze.

"What can he do to me with so many people around?" The rage of having his mouth slashed grew in his heart. Riding on his Nine Starry Qilin, he could feel his anger raging.

However, he had no idea that his cultivation was only two levels higher than Tianming after a month of cultivation, not to mention that the quality of his saint ki might not even be comparable to Tianming's three types of beast ki. Under everyone's attention, Tianming appeared before Baili Zhuixing as the crowd gathered over.

"Why is he looking for Baili Zhuixing?"

"Baili Zhuixing is a saint. He's not going to beg for forgiveness, right?"

"Baili Zhuixing, you managed to escape last time. Although I promised Big Sister Bai to spare your life, you should still take the beating that you deserve." Tianming had only discovered Baili Zhuixing when he used his Insightful Eye.

"What a joke," Baili Zhuixing snorted. He still felt that, although he was defeated, the gap between them wasn't too big, not to mention that he even had a crowd on his side, so he wasn't afraid of Tianming. But in a flash, Tianming had suddenly appeared before him and was throwing out the Trivita Fiendfist. It was also a high-grade earth saint battle art. At the very least, it was better than Baili Zhuixing's Starlight Art.

Tianming threw three punches out, all of them executed with his black arm. His fist flashed like a bolt of lightning, but Baili Zhuixing had reacted swiftly and retaliated immediately. The collision between their battle arts caused an ear-piercing explosion. Baili Zhuixing immediately lost control of his weapon, the Starry Swordbreaker, which flew from his hand as he took a punch from Tianming in the head.

The power behind that punch completely suppressed Baili Zhuixing, and he immediately became flabbergasted. He could clearly feel it. If Tianming was like a wolf a month ago, then he was a lion right now! Tianming threw the second punch, Godringer, on Baili Zhuixing's abdomen, causing his stomach to cave in as he spat out blood, along with fragments of his internal organs.

"Arggggh!!" Baili Zhuixing yelled out in pain with his eyes bulging out. His face had utterly turned pale. Lastly, the third punch from Tianming, Cataclysm, went flying toward the head of the Nine Starry Qilin. The starlight coming from the beast was blown away with just a punch from Tianming. As Tianming's punch landed on the Qilin's head, it caused blood to spatter everywhere and it crashed against the Infernal Soul Barrier, then passed out on the spot.

That was definitely a most brutal suppression, which left many in disbelief. After three consecutive punches, Baili Zhuixing, who was in the Saint stage, couldn't even put up any resistance as he was defeated. When Tianming grabbed hold of his neck, Baili Zhuixing could only exhale, but couldn't inhale.

The brief battle left the entire upper layer of the Infernal Soul Barrier in a dead silence. Everyone who had been calling Tianming names a second ago were all dumbfounded. Even the mocking looks that they had on their faces were frozen.

"W-what is his cultivation...."

“I-isn’t he in the ninth level of Heavenly Will?”

“Isn’t he in the eighth level of Heavenly Will instead?”

“Is Baili Zhuixing putting up an act? This is a little too outrageous!”

“B-b-but Baili Zhuixing doesn’t seem to be acting....”

“But at least it’s certain that tur... Li Tianming still hasn’t reached the Saint stage. He doesn’t have any saint ki.”

“He doesn’t seem to want to let Baili Zhuixing off. Did Baili Zhuixing provoke him somehow?”

Speaking of which, they had all been provoking Tianming just before this! But right now, all of them had shut their mouths as they watched Tianming step on Baili Zhuixing.

“Mhm? Has your mouth recovered?” Tianming’s cold voice rang out.

“H-how did you become so powerful in just a month?!” Baili Zhuixing had disbelief and pain in his eyes.

“That was a year for me,” Tianming sneered. He knew that his cultivation wasn’t easy, and a month for others would be a year for Tianming.

“What do you mean?”

“It has nothing to do with you. Let me ask you this: do you still remember what you said previously? Why don’t you repeat it again?” Tianming smiled, but his smile sent chills down Baili Zhuixing’s spine.

“No, I don’t dare. I don’t dare!”

“If you don’t say it now, you won’t have an opportunity to say it anymore.” Tianming then threw a punch at Baili Zhuixing’s mouth, causing his head to smash against the Infernal Soul Barrier and bounce back. When Baili Zhuixing’s head bounced back, Tianming gave a kick between the legs and sent him flying. Even without looking closely, everyone could see Baili Zhuixing’s pants were covered in blood. After Baili Zhuixing hit the ground, he immediately curled up like a cooked shrimp; he couldn’t even express his pain by screaming.

Everyone held their tongues. When they saw what Tianming had done to Baili Zhuixing, they instantly knew that the Earth Saint must have badly insulted Tianming’s mother. Otherwise, Tianming wouldn’t have taken it so far. After all, Baili Zhuixing could be considered a genius among the Ancient Qilin Clan’s younger generation.

All of them could feel their scalps going numb as Tianming turned to the crowd. Wherever his gaze swept past, the crowd would take a step back. All of them were breaking out in a cold sweat after witnessing Baili Zhuixing’s state.

“Who was it that insulted me earlier and called me a turtle? Those who admit what you said stay where you are, and those who won’t admit it leave this place crawling out.” Tianming’s gaze was ferocious. He walked toward the crowd with a yellow chick and black cat on his shoulders.

“Tianming, why don’t we forget about it...” Bai Zijin managed to say.



“Nope. From today onward, I want their mouths tightly shut. I will no longer hide from anyone. They’ve been insulting me, and I could do naught but hide for the past two months. But now, I will hide no more!”