

The Ages 421

Chapter 421 - One Man Against A Thousand

Secluding himself in the black barrier didn't mean that Tianming wasn't furious when he was inside, he was just bearing it internally. It didn't matter what insults they used to provoke him; he knew that they were trying to force him to start a fight. However, they were going too far by insulting his mother, which Bai Zijin knew that Tianming had never forgotten about it, even though he was in her heavenly pattern barrier.

In the end, Bai Zijin could only allow Tianming to do what he wanted. It wouldn't be easy for Tianming to beat a few hundred, but she was confident that she could protect Tianming from death. Among the younger generation of the Ancient Qilin Clan, there were also tough nuts to crack.

"Why are you guys afraid? This sinner is riding on our heads, and you guys are intimidated by him? If you guys won't go up, then I will!"

"We have a few hundred right now, and there'll be thousands in a while. So why are you guys afraid of him? Aren't you ashamed?"

"Aren't you ashamed to be part of the Ancient Qilin Clan?!"

"Go up and screw him up! Since he said he wouldn't hold it back anymore, force him to suck it up!"

"His father is the source of our calamity, and this bastard isn't feeling bad about it. His dignity? Just crush his pitiful dignity and strike fear in him!"

"Let's go together and beat him up!" With someone taking the lead, everyone immediately felt encouraged.

"Kill him!"

Tianming was facing a hundred people on the Infernal Soul Barrier. Although all of them were only in the Heavenly Will stage, it was still a formidable force to behold. Just hundreds of Qilins alone had caused a huge commotion.

"Are you guys afraid?" Tianming turned to Ying Huo and Meow Meow. It was exciting for them. This was the first time that they would be facing hundreds.

"Why would I be afraid? Today, I'll tear their mouths apart!" Ying Huo said with flames gushing out from its eyes. It had also had enough. The reason it had been cultivating so desperately for the past two months was to beat the people up.

"Don't go too far away from me."

"Okay, meow!"

"Fight around Lan Huang and use your abilities well!" Tianming wasn't irrational. He knew well if they could fight, and how they should fight. He had to get everyone to shut their mouths after this fight today. Otherwise, who could tolerate it if they had to be insulted every time they come out?

Lan Huang was the first to throw out an ability—Primordial Soundwave. It was even larger than the largest lifebound beast on the other side; it was a giant. The roar from Lan Huang dashed forth like a beam, supported by its cultivation of eighth-level Heavenly Will, which greatly enhanced the ability's lethality. The spirit source ability had created an empty path, dividing the hundreds of people into two smaller groups before they even got close.

Then it executed the Mountainsea World, using the Kui mountains as the foundation and the Kui seas as an outer layer to form a shield that seemed to have isolated Tianming, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang in another world. As a result, most of the attacks directed at them were kept out of the isolated world. On the other hand, Tianming and his lifebound beasts could freely enter and exit as they pleased. To them, Lan Huang was like a mobile fortress. With the Mountainsea World, Tianming and his lifebound beasts had the confidence to fight against hundreds. In the next moment, countless abilities and battle arts were thrown around.

“Kill!”

The battlefield was chaotic, so there was no need for Tianming to be polite. Wielding the Grand-Orient Sword with his right hand and the Thunderfiend Chain in his left, he left screams and shrieks in his path. The moment he couldn't hold on anymore, he would retreat into the Mountainsea World, entering Lan Huang's protection.

“Arggggh!!” Yells and cries could be heard everywhere. At the very least, Tianming and his lifebound beasts were unharmed, while many disciples of the Ancient Qilin Clan were injured. Some of them were even hit by their own allies' attacks. Wherever the Thunderfiend Chains went, it would leave behind a wave of lightning. There were several people who had been grabbed by the whip, leaving lightning running all over their bodies.

One by one, the Ancient Qilin Clan disciples had foam coming from their mouths from being electrocuted. The Primordial Terraqua Dragon slammed down with its body, and at least a tenth of the people fell onto the ground, crying out in pain. Tianming had held back; he didn't kill or cripple anyone. He would only make them scream out in pain. Honestly speaking, just this scene alone was terrifying. During the fight, some joined in, and some ran away.

“Again!” Another human wave rushed over at Tianming and his lifebound beasts. Most of them were only in the fifth or sixth level of Heavenly Will, so how could they withstand Tianming's attacks? Most of the saints were in the middle layer, and there were only a few like Baili Zhuxing that stayed in this layer.

The impact of their rush nearly shattered the Mountainsea World, but Lan Huang ultimately held on. It let out a roar of anger, sweeping its tails over like meteors and sending many Qilins flying out. Meanwhile, Ying Huo and Meow Meow would launch sneak attacks while Lan Huang served as the tank. Both of them had fallen in love with assassinations, especially Ying Huo, who dashed around with the Infernal Haze, creating chaos in its path.

“We can't beat him! Run!”

“Don't run! Hold your ground!”

“His lifebound beasts are too powerful! How is he not in the Saint stage yet? He's at least in the second-level of Saint stage!”

“Wait, he’s still using beast ki!”

Screams and all sorts of voices echoed out. Some were screaming in pain, and some were still attacking. But none of them dared come close to Tianming. They had to admit that Tianming’s fighting spirit, courage, and strength had left their hearts trembling. Many of them had pale faces and looked a little terrified. Unless they had thousands of people here, it would be difficult for them to muster their courage anymore. At the same time, many of them felt that Tianming was a monster.

“Where are our saints?”

“I saw Ning Wushuang around two days ago. Why isn’t she coming up to help? Why are we the ones here instead?”

“Ning Wushuang, where are you! Come beat him up! Only you can defeat him! Stop hiding!”

“Our Ancient Qilin Clan is being bullied, so why aren’t you helping?!”

Many people were looking for her, and even Tianming had heard of it. That meant that Ning Wushuang was probably powerful, and was probably the leader among the younger generation of the Ancient Qilin Clan, right?

“He’s still using beast ki! He’s only relying on his powerful lifebound beasts. He’ll surely die if Ning Wushuang faces him!” As that name was mentioned, many people started withdrawing from the battlefield; they no longer wanted to fight.

“Ning Wushuang is here!” someone suddenly yelled, attracting everyone’s attention. All of them were looking at a young lady dressed in white, who was indifferently watching the battle. Even Tianming had directed his attention over, allowing their gazes to collide.

“Ning Wushuang, make your move! This bastard hid his strength and pretended to be weak!”

“If you don’t help out, the Ancient Qilin Clan will be thoroughly humiliated!”

“Right now, in the upper layer, only you are capable of defeating him!”

Tianming started to feel curious, since so many people were confident that she could defeat him. He had almost won the fight, as half of the crowd had run away. Then, this Ning Wushuang appeared out of nowhere. The young lady looked cold, as if none of this bothered her.

“Ning Wushuang, defeat him!” many people started to yell.

Ning Wushuang was a woman, so she didn’t insult his mother. But if she didn’t make a move first, Tianming wouldn’t start the fight on his own.

“It’s a pity for Ning Wushuang. If it wasn’t for the lifetime curse, she’d definitely be ranked among the top ten in the Divine Capital.”

“That’s right. She’s only seventeen!”

“In terms of talent, she’s the strongest in the Moon Qilin Branch.”

Judging from what everyone was saying, Ning Wushuang seemed to be one of the strongest geniuses in the Ancient Qilin Clan. She was definitely more talented than Baili Zhuixing, reaching the Saint stage at the age of seventeen. Tianming might have been fearful of her two months ago, but right now, he had already caught up to them.

Looking at Ning Wushuang, Tianming asked, "They're all bragging about you. So? Are you coming at me?"

Ning Wushuang's eyes surged violently. Honestly speaking, she had nearly made her move when Baili Zhuixing was being beaten up. It was just that Tianming had taken a step to face the crowd, instead. Now, everyone came over, and all of them were looking at her. If she did nothing, the entire Ancient Qilin Clan would be humiliated.

Tianming, I already prepared the main dish for you. But since you want some appetizers, I'll satisfy your wish! Ning Wushuang thought to herself. She stepped forth with her clothes fluttering in the wind. She had a domineering personality; if she grew up a little more, she would definitely become someone formidable. At the very least, her gaze, temperament, and courage were stronger than others.

Although she didn't speak, her actions had already spoken for her. Others might think it was too fast for Tianming to challenge one of the strongest geniuses in the Ancient Qilin Clan, but he well knew that he had spent nearly two years in cultivation, recently.

Just like that, the two of them faced each other while everyone else from the Ancient Qilin Clan cheered for Ning Wushuang. It seemed that this young lady must've done something amazing, for everyone to have so much confidence in her.

"Did you do something amazing in the past?" Tianming asked curiously.

But what replied to him was the cold and bloodlust-filled gaze from the young lady.

"Wushuang has been hunting wildbeasts in the Abyssal Battlefield since the age of three, and she's experienced countless trials of life and death! She even defeated an elder in the third level of the Earth Saint stage!" someone yelled out.

"What a ruthless person." Tianming naturally saw her ruthlessness. But she defeated an elder in the third-level Earth Saint stage? If the lifebound beast of her opponent was relatively weak, then it shouldn't be tough. Then again, it still wasn't easy for her to accomplish what she did.

"Ning Wushuang is also a triple beastmaster, just like you!" another person yelled out proudly. He was trying to say that Tianming no longer had his advantage as a triple beastmaster. "Moreover, her lifebound beasts are on a whole other level than your silly chick, cat, and tortoise!"

Ying Huo immediately became furious upon hearing that. Even Meow Meow was unhappy, and said, "How can you call me silly when I'm so smart!"

"Maybe Brother Tortoise lowered the average of our intelligence?" asked Ying Huo.

Patting its head, Tianming said, "Don't demoralize yourselves. Lan Huang is very smart."

"Boss is right!" Lan Huang roared as it looked at Tianming, feeling as though it had met a friend. Due to the fact that it was too excited, it nearly sent Tianming flying out.

Everyone was speechless as they saw that. Were Tianming and his beasts trying to become comedians? But no one laughed, because Ning Wushuang had summoned her three lifebound beasts, drawing everyone's attention. Her lifebound beasts were simply too gorgeous. They were three white Qilins, all shrouded in moonlight with their eyes shining. But all three were different from each other. The first one had faint green on its body, and was clearly a wind-type. The second one had many crimson flowery patterns on its scales that looked illusory. And the third one was faintly blue, and had frost gathering around it.

All three of them were sixth-order saint beasts, and it was a formation more luxurious than Jun Shengxiao. The first one was a Hurricanemoon Sacred Qilin, possessing the wind and moon attributes. The second was a Flowerymoon Sacred Qilin, having the illusion and moon attributes. Lastly, the third was a Snowmoon Sacred Qilin, with the snow and moon attributes. All three of them were female, and looked absolutely gorgeous.

"Wow!" Ying Huo's eyes glowed upon seeing the three Qilins.

Chapter 422 - Hurricanesnow Saber

Ning Wushuang would be the one to teach Tianming a lesson.

There were also two elders among the crowd. One of them was a middle-aged man, with several strands of white hair, while the other looked slightly younger.

"Father, this brat clearly hasn't reached the Saint stage, and yet, he could trounce Baili Zhuixing. He does have some capabilities," Yun Feiyao said.

"Didn't you say he's a pentabane?" Yun Yuanfeng asked.

"Li Muyang made a mistake. Our children are suffering from the Lifetime Curse, yet his son managed to grow up smoothly. It's really unfair!" Yun Feiyao frowned.

"Then is it fair now?"

"That's not it. You didn't know because you weren't there. The Decimo Dao Palace came wanting to bring him away, and even remove the lifetime curse! Right now, neither Li Muyang nor the Theocrats have made their moves. So, sooner or later, this brat will get away with it in the Decimo Dao Palace." Yun Feiyao came from outside, so he naturally knew what happened.

"Is it because someone told Li Muyang that his son is having an easy time in the Infernal Soul Purgatory?" Yun Yuanfeng asked coldly.

"Maybe. At the very least, Li Muyang has no intention of coming back."

"Why can't we show a thing or two to the sinner's son?"

"Isn't Ning Wushuang going to beat him up?"

"It doesn't count since it's a battle between the younger generation. Why don't we cripple him?" Yun Yuanfeng said.

“Father, you have no idea how committed the Decimo Dao Palace is. Now that he has Bai Zijin’s protection, we don’t dare to do anything without the Theocrats’ orders,” said Yun Feiyao.

“I wonder why the Theocrats didn’t say anything about it? It was their princess that was killed, and their Cyclic Mirror that was stolen. Shouldn’t they take this boy back to the palace and torture him to force Li Muyang’s return?” Yun Yuanfeng sounded everyone’s doubts.

“Who knows. I was expecting them to suppress the Decimo Dao Palace. The exalted ones have already been asking them about it for the past two months, but no one’s paid any attention to us,” said Yun Feiyao.

“How strange. In the end, is the sinner’s son going to thrash all of our disciples and openly leave this place?!” Yun Yuanfeng raged.

“We’ll have to depend on Ning Wushuang today. This lass is pretty reliable and resentful. You can tell that she won’t be showing any mercy by the look in her eyes,” said Yun Feiyao.

“At least cripple an arm of his.” Yun Yuanfeng narrowed his eyes.

“Patriarchs, there’s something the two of you need to see.” Several youths suddenly came up to the two men. Patriarch Yun had a high status in the Ancient Qilin Clan, just beneath the Qilin Kings.

“Are you talking to us?” Yun Feiyao asked.

“T-that’s right.”

“What’s the matter? We’re watching the fight,” Yun Yuanfeng said unhappily.

“I-it has something to do with Yun Zhenzhen. The two of you will know after taking a look. W-w-we have no idea how to say it,” said a youth, nervously.

“Zhenzhen? Where is that lass? We’ve been looking for her.”

“Please come with me.” Yun Feiyao and Yun Yuanfeng could tell that these youths were trembling as they spoke, which immediately told the two that something had happened.

“Where is it?”

“This way.”

After a long while, many people had gathered over in the bushes at the foot of the mountain. All of their faces looked ugly.

“Here.”

Yun Feiyao and Yun Yuanfeng both looked ugly as they immediately rushed over. “Move aside!”

“What’s going on? Is Zhenzhen injured?” Yun Yuanfeng asked in a hoarse voice. As everyone dispersed to let the two take a closer look at the situation, they saw a person lying on the ground with clothes covering her body and face.

“What?!” Yun Feiyao’s eyes widened as he appeared beside the corpse with his fingers trembling. Yun Feiyao could no longer sense any vitality coming from the corpse, which meant that Yun Zhenzhen had died. “Zhenzhen....”

Right now, he only hoped that it wouldn’t be Yun Zhenzhen as he lifted the clothes. But when he lifted them, he saw a woman in disheveled clothes, her eyes wide, with a look of fear on her face. There were many crude scars and marks on her body, which showed what had happened here.

“Zhenzhen!” Yun Feiyao stayed where he was, his eyes bloodshot. He was breathing heavily and tried blinking several times, but nothing changed the scene before him. At that moment, scenes started to flash before his eyes.

“Congratulations, Feiyao. The madam gave birth to a gorgeous lass....”

“Zhenzhen, calm down. Don’t fall.... Didn’t I tell you to calm down? See? You scraped your knees.”

“What weapon do you want to learn? Come, dad will teach you.”

From her birth until she became a disciple in the Decimo Dao Palace, all of it had left deep marks in Yun Feiyao’s heart. But now she had been humiliated to death! Yun Feiyao suddenly felt the sky collapsing as he staggered, taking several steps back and sitting on the ground.

“Patriarchs, we only just found the corpse. But we didn’t touch her, because we’re afraid that the evidence will be erased. All we did was cover her up with some clothes.

“My condolences....”

“Zhenzhen really died a terrible death. Just which bastard humiliated her?”

Yun Feiyao held onto his chest, having difficulty breathing. He felt as if a knife was stabbing into his chest. Yun Feiyao recalled what his daughter had said as she massaged his shoulders.

“Dad, I want to make a trip to the Grand-Orient Realm. There’s a nice person there, and I like him a lot!”

“I’m happy as long as you like him. Dad supports you!” Yun Feiyao smiled.

“But he seems to have someone he likes...” Yun Zhenzhen said with regret.

“It doesn’t matter. You’re still young, and there’s still many people out there waiting for you to meet.”

“Dad, why didn’t you remarry?”

“There’s no need for that. Although your mother’s gone, I believe she won’t leave me. Besides, it’s enough since daddy has you around.” Yun Feiyao smiled.

“But I’ll leave you one day, sooner or later.”

“What nonsense are you talking about?”

Scenes started flashing before his eyes as Yun Feiyao suddenly spat out a mouthful of black blood. Looking at his father in despair, he asked, “F-father, this isn’t Zhenzhen, right?”

“Who did this!?” Yun Yuanfeng growled, causing many people to take several steps back from fright.

“Patriarchs, we have a suspicion, but we’re not sure if it’s right—”

“Speak! Speak!!” Yun Yuanfeng grabbed the person that spoke.

The young man was trembling with fright as he said, “There seem to be traces of Thunderfiend Chains on Zhenzhen.”

“I heard she was rewarded with Thunderfiend Chains for finding Li Tianming, which contains the spirit hazard, the ninebane thunder, right?”

“You’re saying that my granddaughter committed suicide?” Yun Yuanfeng’s eyes gushed with flames.

“N-no. A few days ago, Tianming publicly took her Thunderfiend Chains. Moreover, there were also traces of fire and thunder on the Thunderhorn Qilin. As far as I know, Li Tianming is a triple beastmaster, and he has thunder- and fire-type lifebound beasts. Also, there’s something in Zhenzhen’s hand that we don’t dare to take out....” When the youth finished speaking, a dragon scale appeared in Yun Feiyao’s hand as the youth immediately added, “Li Tianming also has a dragon lifebound beast. There’s currently no dragon lifebound beasts in the Ancient Qilin Clan, and the shape of this scale perfectly fits that beast. So we think this is the ironclad evidence that Zhenzhen grabbed when she died.”

“Most importantly, Zhenzhen has a grudge with Tianming. After all, it was because of Zhenzhen that he was brought here.”

“It must be that Li Tianming vented his anger on Zhenzhen by humiliating and killing her!”

“Zhenzhen is really pitiful!” The youths were all feeling indignant for Yun Zhenzhen, weeping with hatred in their eyes.

“Patriarchs, you must avenge Zhenzhen!”

“That Li Tianming is arrogant and overbearing, relying on the fact that someone is protecting him to bully us! The three Qin brothers had their arms chopped for just a few words!”

“Just what kind of humiliation did Zhenzhen suffer before dying? That Li Tianming is simply inhumane!”

“He’s a bastard, just like his father!”

“If he’s not killed, Zhenzhen will die with a grievance!”

All those words were just induction. When they looked at Yun Feiyao, they could see that he was tightly wrapping Yun Zhenzhen as he picked her up. He had raised her for over two decades, and today, she had become a cold corpse. When he raised his head, a drop of blood streamed down from his eyes. At this moment, he had already lost his rationale.

“Father, I beg you to do me a favor....”

“Feiyao....” Yun Yuanfeng also couldn’t help tearing up when he saw his son in this state.

“Help me hold back Bai Zijin. I want to avenge Zhenzhen personally! Father, I’m begging you. Zhenzhen was really pitiful, losing her mother at a young age.... I want her to go with some dignity.”

.....

Ning Wushuang was the only triple beastmaster that Tianming had come across, aside from himself. There was even an instant where he felt that this young lady was similar to Yueling Long. She was cold, and along with her cold gaze, it sent a chill to his heart.

Ning Wushuang had a high reputation among the younger generation of the Ancient Qilin Clan, and they had blind belief in her. When she summoned her lifebound beasts, she stood before the three gorgeous Qilins holding a slender saber. This weapon was similar to Li Qingyu's—it was as thin as a cicada's wing and meant for swift attacks. On the saber were thirty-three saint heavenly patterns.

It was called the Hurricanesnow Saber, and was shrouded with wind and snow. Her gaze was cold and she seemed like a dignified deity, looking at Tianming as she charged over along with her three sixth-order saint beasts. The eight figures clashed together; it was a rare chaotic battle with three lifebound beasts on each side. Ning Wushuang and her lifebound beasts were all in the second level of the Earth Saint stage.

The Hurricanemoon Sacred Qilin was the first to attack; it turned into a bright moon, enveloped with a powerful wind. As the wind and moon combined, it charged right over. It was the Qilin's ability—Brightmoon Storm. Even before the two sides collided, the lifebound beasts on both sides had already unleashed their spiritsource abilities.

Chapter 423 - Cross Chop, Flower Burial Dance

"It just so happens that both sides have the same number of lifebound beasts. We'll pick our opponent and see who wins first!" Ying Huo said excitedly. When Meow Meow heard that there would be another competition, its eyes brightly lit up. After all, having a competition would completely ignite their fighting spirit.

"I choose this one!" Ying Huo had already decided on its opponent. Its small body charged toward the Hurricanemoon Sacred Qilin and faced its spiritsource ability head-on. In the next moment, Ying Huo turned into flames that seemed to have enlarged its size. When it charged forth, the flaming bird separated into six, forming six enormous flaming lotuses. Each lotus formed a closed-loop as it clashed with the Hurricanemoon Sacred Qilin. It was Ying Huo's new ability—Sixpath Infernal Lotus.

Their collision caused wind and fire to flash out into the surroundings. Team fights usually involved single or gang fights, as well as coordination. With four against four, there would be more variables in this battle, and anyone could even hurt one of their own by accident. But the moment the balance was broken, it would usually turn into a situation where one side would overwhelm the other with numbers.

So it was basically a one-on-one battle, but everyone had to be wary about any sudden changes in the fight. As triple beastmasters had three lifebound beasts' power, they were strongest when they were together. Tianming had to hold back Ning Wushuang, or she might cause harm to his three brothers.

Judging from the current situation, Ying Huo and Lan Huang could cooperate together and watch each others' back. On the other hand, Tianming was more familiar with teaming up with Meow Meow. After all, the support of Meow Meow's ability, and its high-speed attacks, were a great help to Tianming. On the other hand, the lifebound beast that was fighting together with Ning Wushuang was the Flowerymoon Sacred Qilin. It was a rare illusion-type lifebound beast, and the moment they clashed together, the Flowerymoon Illusion had enveloped the entire battlefield.

Tianming suddenly found himself in a sea of flowers. It was a gorgeous place, and felt comfortable at the same time. Being in the sea of flowers was distracting, but Tianming had his Insightful Eye, so he wasn't affected by this ability at all.

"Deal with it using the Soulchasing Hellthunder!"

"Meow!" Meow Meow was affected by the illusion and couldn't find its opponents. Suddenly, crimson lightning started brewing up in its eyes and they seemingly turned into two lightning pools. In the next moment, the lightning in Meow Meow's eyes clashed together and a bolt of crimson lightning shot out. That was Meow Meow's new ability—Soulchasing Hellthunder. It was powerful, and had a homing function that tracked blood as long as there were enemies within the range. So it wasn't affected by the Flowerymoon Illusion.

That bolt of lightning attracted Ning Wushuang's attention when she slashed forth, but she had been caught by surprise. A crimson bolt flashed by and landed on the Flowerymoon Sacred Qilin that was standing behind her. It was something she hadn't expected. When the bolt stabbed into the Qilin, it started traveling through its Qilin's bloodstream. The more powerful the Qilin's vigor, the more powerful the lightning would grow. It was like a poison. It wouldn't kill its victim immediately, but slowly spread through its body like the bloodfiend venom, dealing damage over time. When the Flowerymoon Sacred Qilin roared out in pain, the illusion collapsed on itself.

"The combination of your lifebound beasts aren't bad," Tianming exclaimed. It was a powerful combination, offense and illusion together.

However, Ning Wushuang didn't seem interested in talking and responded to Tianming by swinging her saber. She executed the Cherry Illusory Saber, an earth saint battle art. The technique emphasized speed, and at the same time, unpredictability, like an illusion. In the saber's path, afterimages would be left behind, along with cherry petals filling the surroundings. It was a gorgeous scene, and danger arrived before Tianming.

Tianming held on to his sword with both hands and executed the Shenxiao Sword Art's fourth strike, Oceanos Imperius. This strike seemed to contain the entire ocean, massive and vast. When Tianming executed his technique, Ning Wushuang felt as if she was slashing into the ocean; she couldn't bring out the full power of her sword at all.

Oceanos Imperius was an attack that first defended before launching a counterattack. Out of the Shenxiao Sword Art, it was a unique move. It wasn't ferocious, but it could dissolve an attack, and even launch a counterattack. The counterattack seemed slow, but knocked Ning Wushuang into the air from the impact. This was only his first move, yet Ning Wushuang's arms were already trembling.

"Not bad. You're an ordinary second-level Earth Saint, but now you've lost," said Tianming. He didn't mock his opponent. On the contrary, he treated this opponent as someone worthy of respect.

"Again!" Ning Wushuang sneered. She clearly wasn't convinced of her loss to Tianming as she executed the Cherry Illusory Saber—Cross Chop! She made use of her descending momentum and slashed down. This time, her saber was faster than before and she launched two consecutive slashes, which looked like two saber slashes that formed a cross.

Facing such a well-matched opponent, Tianming's fighting spirit raged as he unleashed his second sword strike. Thunder and fire collided as two elements enveloped the Grand-Orient Sword, and Ning Wushuang was knocked into the air once more as the violent sword ki caused several cuts on her body.

All of this had proven that Tianming was suppressing her. The scene looked hilarious, almost like Tianming was like a spring. Every time Ning Wushuang descended, she would be knocked higher into the air. However, Ning Wushuang didn't find it amusing. She wanted to give Tianming an appetizer before his main dish, but in the end, she was being suppressed by him instead. She now represented the dignity of the Ancient Qilin Clan's younger generation, and everyone expected her to defeat Tianming. Otherwise, she would only embarrass the clan.

"Die!" Ning Wushuang executed another move of the Cherry Illusory Saber—Flower Burial Dance. It could form two layers of illusion, if it was paired with the Flowerymoon Sacred Qilin's ability. But unfortunately, the Flowerymoon Sacred Qilin was currently running away from Meow Meow. It was still being tormented by the Soulchasing Hellthunder, not to mention that Meow Meow could still take on its Regal Chaosfiend form. In terms of close combat, it was even stronger than the Qilin!

Meow Meow was also in the eighth level of Heavenly Will, three levels below the Qilin. But for a Primordial Chaos Beast, the gap wasn't that big. At the very least, it was close to the Qilin, who was using saint ki, in terms of strength. Without the Flowerymoon Sacred Qilin, Ning Wushuang's Flower Burial Dance was completely revealed before Tianming's Insightful Eye.

Tianming was like an immovable mountain in this battle, while Ning Wushuang's movements were more exaggerated. It was especially so for the Flower Burial Dance. With a beauty dancing, it amazed the audience. When the saber descended and reached Tianming's head, he unleashed another sword strike. This time, he directly found Ning Wushuang's location with his sword intent.

He executed the third move of the Shenxiao Sword Art. As his sword intent integrated with this move, it shattered all the illusions with a strike; the Hurricanesnow Sabre was utterly no match for it. The moment the location of the Hurricanesnow Saber was found in the Flower Burial Dance, Ning Wushuang had already lost the fight. When the Hurricanesnow Saber flew out, Tianming smacked the flat of the Grand-Orient Sword on Ning Wushuang's forehead. But the sword was heavy, which forced Ning Wushuang to her knees, bleeding from her knees and forehead at the same time.

"Urghhh..." Ning Wushuang felt a splitting headache, and the entire world was spinning. She felt as if her brain had been entirely torn apart, which made her scream. What was more humiliating was the fact that not only was she kneeling down, but her knees had almost been shattered as well. Moreover, she even had the Grand-Orient Sword's patterns imprinted on her forehead, which added to the humiliation.

As Ning Wushuang threw up a mouthful of black blood, her knees were still trembling. Honestly speaking, she really thought that the sharp edge of the sword would hit her. And if that were the case, she would've been split in half. For a moment, she was terrified by the vision of her death. In other words, if it weren't for Tianming's mercy, she would have already lost her life by now.

"Ning Wushuang, you're like a fly buzzing in front of me. But in the end, all it takes for me to kill you is a slap," Tianming laughed as he used a metaphor to describe her Cherry Illusory Saber, which caused her to gnash her teeth and look at Tianming with a pair of ferocious eyes.

“However, I have no grievances with you, and you’ve never insulted me. What happened today was just an ordinary spar between us,” said Tianming. He withdrew the Grand-Orient Sword and waved his hand at Ying Huo and the rest, who were having fun fighting. But when they saw Tianming beckoning them, they immediately felt depressed.

“It’s over, Tianming won.” They could handle their opponents, but Tianming didn’t feel that there was any point for them to continue the fight. Defeating Ning Wushuang would surely be more than enough to scare these people so that they wouldn’t provoke him again, right? When Tianming swept his gaze over the crowd, everyone who met his eyes subconsciously took a step back.

“They’re finally behaving. It looks like Ning Wushuang is pretty strong in their eyes.” It was a pity that Tianming, who was in the eighth level of Heavenly Will, couldn’t be judged with common sense. Seeing the younger generation of the Ancient Qilin Clan looking at him with resentful and helpless gazes, Tianming knew that he had already achieved his goal. After all, no one wanted to be insulted all day long, not to mention that they even included his mother in those insults.

“Everyone, honestly speaking, I have no intention of being your enemy. I’ll be leaving in four months, and there are many unnecessary hatreds towards me. I can’t stand insults, and I’ll beat whoever does it again. But I’m not a tyrant. If everyone makes it easy for me, I’ll make it easy for everyone else. But if you want to keep pestering me, then Baili Zhuixing can be your example. Do think carefully,” Tianming said, and this time, everyone kept their silence with no one daring to rebuke him.

But Tianming naturally knew that they wouldn’t let him off. He could even guess that many of them must be cursing him in their hearts. But right now, Tianming had already defeated Ning Wushuang, deeply imprinting his strength in the hearts of everyone.

Sure enough, you can only reason with people with strength. If you’re weak, you’ll only be bullied. Only the strong will be respected, and that’s the harsh reality of this world. Don’t expect the kindness of others, but rely on yourself. Tianming had even defeated Ning Wushuang, so the next four months would be peaceful ones, right? He got Ying Huo and the rest to return to the lifebound space and wanted to leave the volcano to try his luck with a hunt.

“Li Tianming!” Suddenly, Ning Wushuang called out to him.

Chapter 424 - Framed

When Tianming turned back, Ning Wushuang had already risen on her feet with blood still flowing from her forehead into her eyes. But she didn’t wipe the blood away, making her seem more vicious.

“What’s the matter?” Tianming asked.

“It’s nothing,” Ning Wushuang sneered. Picking up her Hurrricanesnow Saber, she staggered and returned to the crowd. Although everyone had opened a path for her, she didn’t seem so impressive in their eyes anymore. After all, her defeat was hard for the younger generation of the Ancient Qilin Clan to accept, and they felt terrible at this moment. Most importantly, there wasn’t anyone who could defeat Tianming!

Ning Wushuang wasn’t old, and the Ancient Qilin Clan still had other geniuses. But some of them were in the middle layer of the Infernal Soul Barrier, and the stronger ones among them were in the Decimo Dao

Palace. So, as a result, they could only bear their frustrations. Right now, if anyone dared to insult Tianming, then they would become the next Baili Zhuixing.

“Big Sister Bai.” Tianming walked back.

“Tianming, you’re only an obedient child when you’re in front of me.” Bai Zijin smiled. She realized there were many cute things about this young man.

“Really? Maybe that’s because only someone who’s kindhearted and beautiful can influence me,” said Tianming.

“Not bad. You still know how to praise me. No wonder you’re able to get so many beautiful ladies on your good side. You must not be an honest lad normally,” Bai Zijin looked at Tianming with disdain. After all, she had met Jiang Feiling the other day.

“Haha...” Tianming laughed. But just when he was about to leave the volcano with Bai Zijin, a commotion suddenly broke out in the crowd. Tianming was startled as he looked in that direction. He could see a senior carrying a lady with blood in his eyes, walking in his direction like a ferocious beast. As for the lady, her lengthy hair dragged on the ground and she seemed dead.

“Who’s that?”

“I don’t know. Let him pass,” said Bai Zijin. But just when they were about to give way, Bai Zijin suddenly became alert and stood before Tianming, protecting him behind her.

“Yun Feiyao, what’s the meaning of this?” Bai Zijin asked in a deep voice.

“Yun Zhenzhen?” Tianming also recognized the girl in Yun Feiyao’s arms.

“She’s dead!” Many people exclaimed out. “Who killed her?!”

Amidst the commotion, Yun Feiyao gently placed Yun Zhenzhen on the ground and tidied her hair. Looking at the girl, he wiped the tears from his eyes and muttered, “Zhenzhen, dad will avenge you. Watch and see how I tear him to pieces!” There was also a furious senior standing beside Yun Feiyao—his father, Yun Yuanfeng.

“What do you mean? What has this girl’s death got to do with us? We’ve always been in the heavenly pattern barrier,” said Bai Zijin. She probably recognized Yun Zhenzhen and knew that Tianming had even snatched her Thunderfiend Chain.

“Have you guys never gone out to hunt?” Yun Yuanfeng said as he threw a dragon scale over.

“Lan Huang’s scale?” Tianming had no idea when Lan Huang had dropped this dragon scale. When he tried asking, not even Lan Huang could tell him. After all, it was just a scale, and Lan Huang wouldn’t pay attention to all of them.

“We’ve never left for the past month, and everyone here can be witness to it. This lady had just died recently, so it has nothing to do with us!” Bai Zijin explained.

“You’re a sky saint. Is it that hard to sneak someone out after using a heavenly pattern barrier as a deception?” Yun Yuanfeng smiled. His smile looked distorted from the anger.

“Tianming, I know that you had grudges with Zhenzhen, but you already taught her a lesson. So was there a need for you to defile her before killing her? Or is it just that everyone in your family is a sinner, born to be insane and thirst for blood?!” a young man yelled out. When he yelled out, everyone instantly knew what had happened to Yun Zhenzhen.

“Why are we still standing here? Are we going to let him get away with it and head to the Decimo Dao Palace in four months?” someone said in a trembling voice.

“Defile?”

“Isn’t Bai Zijin watching over him?”

“Who knows what they’re doing in the heavenly pattern barrier? Maybe the two of them snuck out to seek excitement and killed Yun Zhenzhen!”

“This is too much!”

“Well, it’s not surprising. That fellow is arrogant and overbearing. Didn’t you guys see how he bullied us?”

“He must hate Zhenzhen so much that he threw her corpse into the wilderness!”

“Silence!” Yun Yuanfeng roared and charged toward Bai Zijin.

“Bullshit! Someone’s definitely setting us up! Calm down and talk peacefully!” Bai Zijin yelled. But before she could even finish speaking, Yun Yuanfeng had already arrived before her. Moreover, Yun Feiyao was more deadly, as he had lost his rationality, and Tianming could sense the murderous aura coming from him. At this moment, Yun Feiyao was like a beast who only believed what he saw.

“Is that the scale of your lifebound beast?” Yun Yuanfeng stared at Tianming.

“It is, but—” Before Tianming could even finish, Yun Yuanfeng had already charged over with an enormous Qilin to suppress Bai Zijin.

“Fool!” Bai Zijin knitted her brows tightly. What was more troublesome was the fact that they weren’t given a chance to explain at all.

“Leave this place!” Bai Zijin wanted to pull Tianming away, but Yun Yuanfeng was too ferocious and his Qilin was smashing down from the sky. In the next moment, Yun Feiyao swung a terrifying chain toward Tianming. But Bai Zijin wasn’t able to hold back Yun Feiyao, and allowed him to get past her. That chain was a saint bestial weapon with forty saintly heavenly patterns!

“Tianming!” Bai Zijin’s face turned pale and she immediately yelled, “Yun Feiyao, give us time to prove our innocence! Otherwise, you’ll definitely provoke the Decimo Dao Palace’s rage!”

But it was a pity that Yun Feiyao only wanted Tianming’s death at the moment. This was a dangerous moment, and Tianming knew that he had been framed. He could tell that Yun Feiyao deeply loved his daughter, and the person who framed him must know it as well. It must be someone from the Ancient Qilin Clan! Tianming could prove his innocence, as long as he was given a chance. But Yun Feiyao had lost his reason and had no intention of giving him the time to explain himself.

He was standing on the Infernal Soul Barrier, and Yun Feiyao was chasing him. In a split second, Tianming no longer hoped that Yun Feiyao could calm himself down. Using his black claw, he stabbed into the Infernal Soul Barrier. In the next moment, something unbelievable occurred as a rip was opened on the barrier. Just like that, Tianming fell into it, but he was stuck. Yun Feiyao was briefly stunned when he saw that, but he still quickly tried pulling Tianming out of the barrier.

However, it immediately closed up, snapping Yun Feiyao's chains. When the crowd saw that, a commotion broke out among them as they saw Tianming land on the middle layer. There weren't many people in the middle layer of the Infernal Soul Barrier, but when someone suddenly fell into it, it attracted everyone's attention.

"Father, give me the barrier key!" Yun Feiyao called out. There was a key to enable someone to freely enter the middle layer of the Infernal Soul Barrier. Yun Yuanfeng had just returned from the lower layer, and he was supposed to hand it to his son, so he threw it out.

Just as Bai Zijin felt relieved, Yun Feiyao suddenly opened a passage to the middle layer and charged down. But when Bai Zijin wanted to chase him, she was stopped by Yun Yuanfeng, who was at least seventy years older than her. "Stay where you are!"

As a result, the passage swiftly closed, and she was separated from Tianming. Bai Zijin roared, "You two fools! Both of you are being manipulated! If you kill Tianming today, your daughter will definitely have died a wronged death!"

However, the barrier had cut off all sounds, and Yun Feiyao couldn't hear what she said. She could only see Yun Feiyao chasing after Tianming, and the Ancient Qilin Clan in the middle layer did nothing to stop them. But as a result, Tianming could only tear apart the middle layer. This time, everyone had clearly seen how Tianming used his black arm to tear the barrier apart.

In that instant, everyone was dumbfounded. When Tianming disappeared from the middle layer, he could no longer be seen unless Yun Feiyao followed him down. Yun Feiyao could only return with bloodshot eyes. At the same time, there were many elders of the Ancient Qilin Clan coming out with him.

"Yun Feiyao, Yun Yuanfeng, are the two of you insane?! What's going on?!" many people questioned.

"Is he dead?" Yun Yuanfeng turned to look at his son.

"He tore apart the lower layer and jumped into the volcano," Yun Feiyao said in a hoarse voice. When everyone heard that, all of them fell into silence. Bai Zijin took three steps back and heaved a deep breath. She was so anxious at this moment that she even had tears rolling down her cheeks. But she knew that she had to stay calm right now.

Tianming didn't necessarily die by entering the volcano. As long as the Infernal Soul Race doesn't kill him, he might be able to hold on. Unexpectedly, he's able to tear the Infernal Soul Barrier apart. But luckily, his life has been saved for now. Bai Zijin immediately took out a heavenly pattern tome and ignited it, which turned into a firebird and flew into the distance.

"Bai Zijin, you dare to call for backup?!" Yun Yuanfeng raged.

“Am I going to see you guys doing what you want and being manipulated by someone else? Open the Infernal Soul Barrier! I want to go down!” Bai Zijin raged.

By now, the elders of the Ancient Qilin Clan already knew what happened and an old man stepped out. “Stop messing around. Watch over Yun Feiyao and Yun Yuanfeng!”

However, Yun Feiyao and Yun Yuanfeng were obviously filled with indignance. Yun Feiyao roared out, “He killed someone, and he has to pay with his life!”

“Where’s the evidence? And what about the bigger picture?” the old man snapped.

“We have ironclad evidence!”

“What about the bigger picture then?”

In the end, Yun Feiyao could only bite his lip and look at the corpse of his daughter with tears streaming down his cheeks.

“What ironclad evidence? You guys are definitely being manipulated! Why don’t you tell us about your so-called evidence?” Bai Zijin said as she waited for backup.

As Yun Yuanfeng spoke about all the evidence, Bai Zijin raged, “That’s it? You guys are blinded by hatred! Is there only one Thunderfiend Chain in the world? Is it hard for anyone to take a scale off Tianming’s lifebound beast in battle? Furthermore, does only Tianming have a grudge with your daughter?”

“But no one else has the motive to kill her!” Yun Feiyao said with tears of blood.

“You’re wrong. The mastermind wants you to do the dirty work, and that’s the motive,” said the elder of the Ancient Qilin Clan, which left Yun Feiyao briefly stunned when he heard that.

“Tianming fought with someone by the name of Baili Zhuixing a month ago, and there’s a high possibility that he took a dragon scale then. You can investigate this person. I’m speechless! How can the two of you be so easily manipulated!?” Bai Zijin glared at the two of them ferociously, then turned to the old man. “Open the barrier. I’ll go down and bring Tianming back up!”

Chapter 425 - A Life for a Life

The lower layer of the Infernal Soul Barrier was scorching, and it was practically impossible for earth saints to stay here for long. This showed that the Infernal Soul Race had only managed to survive by either changing their constitution or using heavenly pattern barriers to decrease the temperature. Although the Infernal Soul Barrier had burned their souls for the past twenty thousand years, they still had the foundation of patternscribes.

Bai Zijin could only see black smoke and flames in the lower layer, making the volcano look like a cauldron, and her scalp went numb. She couldn’t imagine how the Infernal Soul Race managed to survive under this environment. Moreover, she had been calling out to Tianming for a long time, but there wasn’t any response. There was no way her voice could transmit to the lower layer.

“Can the lower layer be opened?” Bai Zijin asked with a cold face. Upon hearing that something happened to Tianming, several exalted ones came over, along with more than twenty Qilin Kings. The one who suppressed Yun Feiyao earlier was one of them.

“That’s impossible. Only the Primeval Autarch can unlock this layer,” said Chong Yang with an uncertain expression.

“Then how did Tianming go down?” Bai Zijin said with a headache.

“We also find it unbelievable. From what I heard, Tianming used his Ancient Devil Arm to tear apart the Infernal Soul Barrier,” said Chong Yang. He then turned to look at Yun Feiyao. After all, Yun Feiyao had personally witnessed everything.

“Can Li Muyang’s black arm also tear apart the barrier?”

“Our Manor City wasn’t here at that time. We were previously living in the heart of the Divine Capital, so he shouldn’t have come here,” said Chong Yang.

“Then what are we supposed to do now?” Bai Zijin grew anxious. She had no idea if Tianming could withstand the volcano, and she was also worried that he would come across the Infernal Soul Race. She was so anxious that tears were welling up in her eyes.

“There’s nothing we can do about it, even if your father comes here. We can only wait and see if Tianming can come up by himself. Since he’s able to go down, he should be able to come back up as well,” Mo Yu sighed.

“It’s all because of these two fools!” Bai Zijin was trembling with anger.

“What the hell are you talking about! He killed my daughter, and even death cannot erase his crime! It’s best to let him taste the suffering of the Infernal Soul Race for a lifetime!” Yun Feiyao said with bloodshot eyes.

“Silence! Someone is already looking into this matter, and Baili Zhuixing has been found. The truth will come out sooner or later,” rebuked an exalted one of the Thunder Qilin Branch, Lei Xun. As bystanders, they could maintain their reason. Tianming might be the son of a sinner, but it made no sense for him to take revenge against Yun Zhenzhen by killing her, not to mention that Bai Zijin was also around. So how could Tianming kill Yun Zhenzhen?

“There’s clearly something fishy about this matter. Someone must be trying to get Yun Feiyao and Yun Yuanfeng to do the dirty work. After all, the two of them were Yun Zhenzhen’s grandfather and father. But you two are really humiliating, losing your reason like this,” Lei Xun reprimanded.

Yun Feiyao’s face was pale. He wasn’t afraid of being scolded, but he was still depressed about his daughter’s death. When he calmed down, he finally realized that there was indeed something fishy about this matter. “No matter who it is, I’ll make them pay the price for killing my daughter!”

Right at this moment, someone reported, “Exalted ones and Qilin Kings, three Hall Kings came from the Decimo Dao Palace.”

“Let’s go out together,” Chong Yang spoke out.

“We can’t stop them. They’re already coming in!” The upper and middle layers had already been unlocked, and the three Hall Kings came down and stood beside Bai Zijin. They were the South Hall King, Future Hall King, and a woman dressed in plain clothes with an ethereal temperament. She might already be middle-aged, but she still looked elegant. With just a glance, anyone could tell that she wasn’t someone simple. But even someone like her had rage on her face at this moment. She was the Decimo Dao Palace’s Sky Hall King.

“Zijin!” The Future Hall King turned to look at Bai Zijin.

“Father, listen to me!” Bai Zijin was growing anxious and immediately explained what just happened.

“He can tear apart the Infernal Soul Barrier?” The three Hall Kings had a shock on their faces when they heard about it from Bai Zijin. The South Hall King asked, “How is that possible? Does that mean that Li Muyang was also able to do the same?”

“I don’t know. I never heard about him coming here,” said the Sky Hall King.

“The Infernal Soul Barrier is the Infernal Soul Race’s strongest heavenly pattern barrier, and no one can create a second one in the Theocracy of the Ancients. It seems that there’s really something special about his arm.” The Future Hall King narrowed his eyes into slits.

“What’s the use of talking about that? Find a way to save him!” Bai Zijin said.

“Hall Kings, can you try to attack the barrier and attract Tianming’s attention to call him up here?” Chong Yang said without any confidence.

“We can’t do that. It’s more likely that we’ll alert the Infernal Soul Race instead,” said the Future Hall King.

“Then we can only wait. Honestly speaking, there’s not much hope,” said Chong Yang.

“And you still have the cheek to say that? I suspect that you Qilin Kings are the ones behind it,” the Future Hall King said coldly.

“You’ve misunderstood us. There’s no benefit for us to kill Tianming. The Theocrats still haven’t given us their reply, nor have we found Li Muyang. So why would we kill the bait?” Chong Yang explained. For the past two months, they had been doing their best to advertise Tianming’s miserable state and the fact that he was currently in the Infernal Soul Barrier. But judging from the Cyclic Barrier, Li Muyang had gone even further away instead.

Right at this moment, someone spoke out, “Exalted ones, the real culprit has been found.”

“Let’s go and take a look. The rest of you, continue waiting here,” said Chong Yang. He then immediately left with everyone from the Ancient Qilin Clan.

“I want to see who the real culprit is!” Bai Zijin followed right behind. When they arrived at the Infernal Soul Barrier’s upper layer, they saw Ning Wushuang and Baili Zhuixing.

“Wushuang?” The exalted one of the Moon Qilin Branch, Jing Yue, was stunned when he saw Ning Wushuang. After all, she was his great-granddaughter! Even her name was given by him. Ning Wushuang’s face was pale and she was clutching her clothes. Her eyes were red and she didn’t dare to

look at the exalted ones. As for Baili Zhuixing, he could only sit on the ground; he was still in pain from the beating.

“Ning Wushuang?” Yun Feiyao and Yun Yuanfeng were both dumbfounded when they came out.

“They’re the real culprits? What about the evidence?” Chong Yang asked.

“According to the clues from Bai Zijin, we first found Baili Zhuixing, who refused to admit it in the beginning. But when we questioned a few clansmen, they said that Yun Zhenzhen had recently been close to Ning Wushuang. With the difference in their identities, it made no sense for them to be together. So we captured Ning Wushuang and found this in her spatial ring with everyone here as witnesses.” The one who reported then took out a Thunderfiend Chain.

This person was also from the Thunder Qilin Clan, and was a good friend of Yue Yuanfeng’s. That was the reason why Yun Feiyao and Yun Yuanfeng could leave this matter to him. Sure enough, he pulled Ning Wushuang out without any hesitation. The Moon Qilin Branch was the second biggest branch in the Ancient Qilin Clan, while the Thunder Qilin Branch was only ranked fourth.

Just the Thunderfiend Chain alone was enough to prove everything. In addition to the fact that Tianming had previously fought with Baili Zhuixing, thus it made sense that Baili Zhuixing would have a dragon scale. Right now, the truth was out.

“Wushuang, it’s all your fault! I already told you to get rid of the Thunderfiend Chain, but you said that no one would suspect you as long as Li Tianming died!” Baili Zhuixing yelled. Putting it bluntly, Ning Wushuang couldn’t bear to throw the Thunderfiend Chain away because it had thirty saint heavenly patterns.

“Shut up!” Ning Wushuang looked at Baili Zhuixing coldly.

“Elders, it was Ning Wushuang who forced me to do it! This has nothing to do with me, and I’m only responsible for taking the dragon scale! She’s the culprit that killed Yun Zhenzhen! She hated Li MUYANG because her father—” Baili Zhuixing immediately started fearfully explaining.

“Shut up!” Ling Xing roared, leaving Baili Zhuixing trembling in fear. Ning Wushuang’s father was Jing Yue’s grandson, and based on his relationship with Jing Yue, it would only make the whole thing more awkward if Baili Zhuixing pushed the blame solely onto Ning Wushuang.

“What a coward, trying to push the blame immediately. Didn’t you kill Yun Zhenzhen’s lifebound beast? Moreover, are you not the culprit for the wounds on her body?” Ning Wushuang sneered.

“You’re the one who forced me to do it!” When Baili Zhuixing spoke, it affected his injuries and left him in deep pain. Ning Wushuang’s injuries from her fight with Tianming weren’t serious, but he had been beaten up twice in a row. By now, the truth was clear—clansmen of the Ancient Qilin Clan were murdering each other, trying to get Yun Feiyao and Yun Yuanfeng to do their dirty work. This was simply a scandal for the entire Ancient Qilin Clan! Throughout this incident, Yun Feiyao was the one who felt the worst.

“Ning Wushuang, how can you be so ruthless at such a young age! Zhenzhen never offended you, yet you took her life! You’re worse than a dog!” Yun Feiyao’s intention to kill Tianming shifted to Ning Wushuang, and he was even more furious now.

“Zhenzhen might be sacrificed, but I’m not in the wrong! The wrong is with Li Muyang, with you cowards! You guys don’t even have the guts to kill his son! All of you are cowards! Why bother calling yourselves the Ancient Qilin Clan?!” Ning Wushuang yelled out hysterically.

“What do you know?!” Jing Yue suddenly appeared before her and slapped her on her forehead. Ning Wushuang still wanted to speak, but she was instantly knocked out.

“I’ll bring them back first, so we won’t be embarrassing ourselves before outsiders,” said Jing Yue.

“Wait! A life for a life, not to mention that Ning Wushuang killed a fellow clansman!” Yun Yuanfeng locked his brows together. Everyone in the Infernal Soul Purgatory was here looking at this awkward scene.

“Ning Wushuang might be in the wrong for killing Yun Zhenzhen, but she wasn’t wrong for wanting to kill Li Tianming.”

“That’s right. Now that the Decimo Dao Palace came, the elders are going to cower again.” The entire younger generation of the clan had reluctance on their faces. There weren’t many who sympathized with Yun Zhenzhen.

“Be lenient with her! The Ancient Qilin Clan has already declined, and she only did this for everyone!”

“Yeah, that’s right....”

“How can you say that? Have you ever put yourself in Yun Zhenzhen’s position and thought about what she felt before she died?!”

Suddenly, Yun Feiyao rushed toward Ning Wushuang, but sadly for him, Lei Xun stopped him. As Yun Feiyao struggled like a beast, he yelled, “Exalted one, a life for a life!”

“Let’s just calm down for now. We’ll discuss how to deal with Ning Wushuang when the Decimo Dao Palace is gone. Don’t take the matter into your own hands. Yun Yuanfeng, bring your son back first. Zhao Kongyuan, keep watch over them,” Lei Xun said. Zhao Kongyuan was the Qilin King who first made an appearance, and he was tasked with watching over Yun Yuanfeng and Yun Feiyao.

“Yes, exalted one!” Zhao Kongyuan stood up. Lei Xun patted Yun Feiyao, who was kneeling on the ground weeping. He briefly hesitated, then sighed.

Chapter 426 - Ye Lingfeng

Jing Yue left with Ning Wushuang. Ling Xing was placed in an awkward position before he brought Baili Zhuixing away. It was clear that the two exalted ones wanted to cover up for the culprits, and it would now be difficult for Yun Feiyao to avenge his daughter’s death.

“What an embarrassment!” Chong Yang snorted. The most troublesome thing was that Tianming had entered the Infernal Soul Volcano, and no one knew if he was still alive. “Disperse!”

With an order from the exalted one, the surrounding crowd immediately started to leave. Suddenly, Bai Zijin’s cold voice sounded out, “The Ancient Qilin Clan is pretty interesting. The criminal who murdered a fellow clansman in cold blood is so easily let off? It’s not exaggerating to say that she deserves to be put to death on the spot. What a maniac.”

The exalted ones all wore unsightly faces, but none of them responded. Bai Zijin added, "No wonder all of you immediately bowed to the Theocrats the moment something happened with Li Muyang. Bunch of spineless cowards."

"You!"

Bai Zijin could no longer be bothered with them and she returned to the lower layer of the Infernal Soul Barrier and told the three Hall Kings about what had happened. Honestly speaking, Bai Zijin hadn't had enough of humiliating the Ancient Qilin Clan. The exalted ones returned, and both groups were now silently waiting outside the lower layer.

"I heard that Tianming defeated Ning Wushuang?" Mo Yu turned to a sky saint of the Ancient Qilin Clan.

"That's right."

"Are you sure about that? He was only in the seventh level of Heavenly Will at best when I first saw him. Isn't Ning Wushuang in the second level of the Earth Saint stage?" Mo Yu's expression was dark.

"That was the case, and she really was defeated."

"You're saying that Tianming made a breakthrough into the Saint stage in the Infernal Soul Barrier?"

"No, I heard he was still using beast ki."

"So you're saying that he defeated Ning Wushuang while he was in the ninth level of Heavenly Will? Even if he's in the ninth level of Heavenly Will, that means he managed to cultivate over the past two months!" The exalted ones exchanged a look, and all of them felt depressed. It seemed that Tianming wasn't affected by the Infernal Soul Purgatory. On the other hand, he had made huge improvements to his cultivation instead. It had only been two months, and he had already become one of the strongest among his peers.

"This lad is surprising, but it's a pity that he's probably dead in the Infernal Soul Volcano," Chong Yang sighed.

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"Shit!" Tianming was free falling after he tore the final layer of the barrier. He couldn't fly without Feiling around. He took out Archfiend from his spatial ring and tried plunging it into the wall at the crucial moment. But it was a pity that Archfiend was still too short. Seeing that Tianming was falling straight down and was about to plunge into the black lava, Ying Huo showed up and lifted Tianming by the collar.

"Why are other birds so huge and mine is so small...." Tianming had finally managed to escape death. Although Ying Huo saved him, he grew depressed when he thought about how others could ride their lifebound beasts in the sky while he could only be carried in the air.

"Mhm? What'd you say? I didn't hear clearly, so repeat it." Ying Huo laughed, grabbing its belly. When its grip on Tianming was loosened, Tianming started falling from the sky again.

"Holy!" Ying Huo immediately dove down and caught Tianming, then threw him toward the wall. After Tianming was safe, Ying Huo flapped its wings and grinned at Tianming. "So, what did you just say?"

“Get lost!” Tianming glared at Ying Huo. He finally calmed down when he was leaning against the wall. The wall was hot, but fortunately, he had the Aeternal Infernal Body, so he wasn’t affected by it too much.

“That person said I killed Yun Zhenzhen?” Tianming raised his head, and he could see many silhouettes through the thick smoke.

“You’re being framed. So what’re you going to do?”

“I’m naturally going up so that I don’t alarm the Infernal Soul Race. If Big Sister Bai is at the lower layer, I’ll ask if I’m safe now. I’ll only go out when it’s safe.” There was no way the barrier could keep him out, as Tianming could enter and leave as he wished.

“Just what the hell was going on? If it wasn’t for the Infernal Soul Barrier, you’d probably be dead by now,” Ying Huo explained.

“How the hell do I know? There’s too many psychos in the world,” said Tianming. He then climbed up the wall. In this position, he could see through the barrier with the Insightful Eye, and he seemed to see Bai Zijin.

“Big Sister Bai is down here, so that means those two are under control now.” Tianming was relieved. That meant the problem had been resolved, but the only trouble was that he had revealed his ability to tear apart the Infernal Soul Barrier with his black arm. As he was pondering how he could resolve this matter, danger suddenly befell him. Tianming sensed a stinging pain in his head, coming from the depths of his soul. A crimson thread suddenly entered his consciousness. It was like a poisonous snake biting his soul, and gave Tianming a headache. Suddenly, a crimson ray stabbed at his throat.

“Who is it?!” Tianming released his grip on the wall and fell just to avoid this fatal move. As he fell, he grabbed on to the wall again with his right hand before using the Insightful Eye with his left to look at the person who attacked him. The first thing he saw was a pair of crimson eyes. They left a deep impression in Tianming, looking like a ferocious beast without any thoughts except bloodlust.

But the weird thing was that he could see thirty-six stars in the right eye of this person. This person’s eyes were crimson, but at the same time, one looked like a starry sky like the stars of lifebound beasts. Tianming even had a misperception that this person was a lifebound beast. Then again, this person had no stars in his left eye.

Apart from the pair of crimson eyes that had left such a deep impression on Tianming, this person’s pale skin looked somewhat scary. His long black hair was unkempt, reaching his waist. He was probably around Tianming’s age. The youth had a violent, beastly aura, and no emotions in his eyes. The weapons that he was holding were two crimson daggers, shorter than half a meter. The daggers each had fifty saint heavenly patterns; they were saint beast weapons that only sky saints could wield!

The youth held onto the daggers, one with an ordinary grip and the other in a reverse grip. They seemed like two ominous weapons in his hands as he charged at Tianming in the next instant. When the youth came over, Tianming discovered a few more crimson threads in his consciousness, accompanied by a piercing pain to his soul. The volcano seemed to change into a sea of blood with countless corpses floating on it. There were eighty thousand corpses, and all of them were staring at Tianming.

Their limbs were mutilated, and some even had their eyes fallen from the sockets. And all of them were crawling into Tianming's mind. When Tianming saw this, he was shocked. "Illusion?" He could only say that compared to the illusion created by the Flowerymoon Sacred Qilin, this young man's grasp of illusion was on a whole other level.

But the youth wasn't only limited to illusions, as he also knew soul attacks and suppression. It was somewhat similar to the Godsoul Canon's Bewildering Eye. Tianming immediately used his Insightful Eye, allowing him to see through the illusion and determine the youth's location.

The two of them clashed on the wall, and every attack from the youth was aimed to kill. Tianming discovered that this youth was roughly in the second-level Earth Saint stage and was slightly stronger than him. However, he believed that Ning Wushuang would definitely not be this youth's opponent, even if this youth had not summoned his lifebound beast. If it weren't for his Insightful Eye, Tianming would've already lost the fight due to the soul suppression he felt.

As the two clashed together once more, they fell from the sky. Tianming had initially wanted to go out, but now he was being dragged down into the volcano. When he looked down, he could see the black magma bubbling like a ferocious mouth, waiting for him to fall into it. Tianming discovered a relatively large island in the magma and quickly kicked off from the wall, trying to gain a footing using his falling momentum.

When he finally gained his bearings, he looked around briefly and was shocked. He was standing on an altar with eighty thousand tombstones erected before it, all of which were created from the rocks on the wall. The tombstones were directly erected on the island, and there was a possibility that there wasn't anyone buried beneath them. After all, the rocks on this island were tough. Each tombstone had a name carved on it, and everything told Tianming that this was the place that he previously saw in the Infernal Soul Barrier, where eighty thousand people had conducted their soul sacrifice. After twenty thousand years and thousands of generations, the eighty thousand souls of the Infernal Soul Race had merged into one.

Suddenly, danger came from his back once more, and Tianming felt a piercing pain in his mind. The crimson threads were moving toward Tianming's Imperial Will. But the instant those threads came in contact with his Imperial Will, the Prime Tower in his lifebound space trembled, releasing a white light that wiped out the threads. Only then did Tianming feel that the headache had gotten better, and his mind clearer. Turning around, he briefly clashed with the youth's crimson daggers before they moved away from each other.

"Feng?" Tianming widened his eyes when he looked at the youth with crimson eyes and pale skin. When Tianming called out to the youth, the youth was stunned. With a hoarse voice—perhaps, it had been a long time since he had spoken—the youth asked, "Y-you know me?"

"I've seen you." Tianming's mood eased. He knew about this scene, and Feng was currently the only member of the Infernal Soul Race left. That meant that the Infernal Soul Volcano was no longer dangerous for Tianming.

"Who am I?" Feng was excited as he approached Tianming.

"You don't know who you are? Isn't your name Feng?" Tianming asked in perplexion.

“Do you know anything else aside from my name?” Feng seemed to have a headache and started shaking his head.

Looking at this youth, Tianming wondered if something had happened during the fusion of souls and caused the youth to lose some of his memories. Taking a few steps forth, Tianming lowered his head and saw the name engraved on the altar over and over again—Ye Lingfeng.

Chapter 427 - Myriad Souldevouring Canon

“Is Ye Lingfeng your name, and Feng your nickname?” Tianming asked.

“Yeah.”

“So, why’d you engrave your name here?”

“Because I’d forget my name otherwise.”

Tianming’s thoughts were a little jumbled, because this youth didn’t seem too smart. Pointing at the tombstones, Tianming asked, “Did you carve those names?”

“Yeah, so that I don’t forget their names,” said Ye Lingfeng.

“Do you know who they were?” Tianming asked.

“My people? Me?” Ye Lingfeng frowned. His eyes suddenly trembled. He gnashed his teeth and grabbed his head, rolling on the ground in pain.

“Are you alright?” Tianming quickly hurried over and helped him up.

“It’s okay. I’m already used to it,” said Ye Lingfeng. Unless he was in his ferocious mode, he looked blank most of the time, his mind befuddled.

“Have you forgotten about the Infernal Soul Race?” Tianming probed. He knew what the Infernal Soul Race had gone through. The soul sacrifice they had done had resulted in the death of eighty thousand, just to contribute to this youth. Ye Lingfeng must hate the Theocrats for it, and it just so happened that Tianming had a lot of dissatisfaction with the ruler of the Theocracy of the Ancients as well.

“The Infernal Soul Race?” Ye Lingfeng stared at Tianming, biting his lips.

“That’s right.”

“I’m someone of the Infernal Soul Race?”

“Yeah.”

“What is the Infernal Soul Race?”

It seemed that Ye Lingfeng had lost a lot of his memories. The Infernal Soul Race has been suppressed for the past twenty thousand years, suffering the pain of having their souls burned for generations. It’s definitely inhumane, and at the very least, I can’t accept this kind of practice. The Infernal Soul Race struggled to live for so many years, and they fused their lives into Ye Lingfeng to seek survival. But something seems to have gone wrong, based on how confused he looks... Tianming pondered.

Tianming was a straightforward person, and decided to tell Ye Lingfeng about the details. He wasn't trying to scheme anything, he just felt that this young man had suffered too much by himself. As someone whose entire race had planted their hopes on, Ye Lingfeng needed to remember their hatred, at the very least. Otherwise, wouldn't his people be sad? It was easy to forget hatred. Tianming was someone who had hated, and to him, it would be shameful to forget about it. It would be letting down those who had passed away, such as Jin Yu and the rest of the Infernal Soul Race.

"You seem to know a lot. Tell me more!" Even before Tianming took the initiative, Ye Lingfeng's gaze was fixed on Tianming.

"Sure, let's sit down and talk about it," said Tianming.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

As the surrounding lava churned, two youths were sitting on the edge of the altar. Ye Lingfeng was staring at Tianming with his crimson eyes. Tianming had also explained what he'd seen a few days before in his vision of the Infernal Soul Race. He could then infer that the scene he saw then was something that had taken place a few years ago. After all, Ye Lingfeng now looked a lot older, compared to the youth from his vision.

"Do you understand? That means that you contain the souls of eighty thousand people," said Tianming.

"I got it. No wonder I can hear so many people whispering to me every day." Ye Lingfeng lowered his head.

"Don't you hate Theocrats?" Tianming asked.

"I don't know. I can't remember anything," said Ye Lingfeng.

Tianming could understand what Ye Lingfeng was saying. When Ye Lingfeng heard of the Infernal Soul Race's suffering from Tianming, it felt as if he was listening to someone's story, because he had already forgotten about the past.

"Perhaps I'll feel the hatred when I recall the past." Ye Lingfeng looked up ahead blankly.

"Take your time. Don't worry about it. You're still young, and revenge is still a long time away." Tianming patted Ye Lingfeng's shoulder, which made him tense up; he was unfamiliar with physical contact.

"Why are you so nervous? Don't worry, I have no interest in men," Tianming laughed.

"What does that mean?" Ye Lingfeng frowned.

Tianming was speechless, caught between laughter and tears.

"Thank you for telling me so much, but I might forget it again," Ye Lingfeng said gloomily.

"It's okay. It doesn't matter if I repeat it a few more times. If there's no other way, you can write it down in a notebook and recite it a hundred times a day," Tianming chuckled.

"What should I call you?"

“How old are you?”

“I don’t know.”

“If you don’t know how old you are, then don’t blame me for being impolite. My family name is Tianming, and my given name is Big Brother. You can just call me Big Brother Tianming.”

“Big Brother Tianming.”

While they were talking, Ying Huo was flying around them out of boredom. “I’m in the mood for some poetry, so listen well! When Feng’s hair reaches his waist, he’ll definitely be more coquettish than Ling’er. What do you think about that? It rhymes, right?”

“Screw you!” Tianming threw a pebble in Ying Huo’s direction. Ye Lingfeng blankly looked at the two of them, as he had no idea what they were talking about. Honestly speaking, Tianming was very curious about Ye Lingfeng’s body and cultivation methods, such as his soul mutation and the lifebound beast stars in his right eye.

“Feng, where’s your lifebound beast?”

“What lifebound beast?”

Tianming had already hit a wall with his first question. But if this fellow didn’t have a lifebound beast, how did he cultivate? Tianming grew curious, as it was said that the Infernal Soul Race had undergone a mutation in their bloodline; they were merged with their lifebound beasts from birth. Apart from the stars in Ye Lingfeng’s right eye, there were no traces of the lifebound beast in Ye Lingfeng. He didn’t look like any of the eighty thousand people who had been sacrificed.

“How do you cultivate?” Tianming asked.

“According to the Infernal Soul Sutra and battle art from the Myriad Souldevouring Canon,” Ye Lingfeng answered.

The battle art was something that had passed down from the ancestors of the Infernal Soul Race, and Tianming could tell that it was a decent one, judging from the name. However, this involved the Infernal Soul Race’s secrets, and Tianming couldn’t possibly ask to take a look out of curiosity. He had his own speculations; the Infernal Soul Race should have a cultivation system similar to symbiotic cultivation. He might not be able to tell anything from just looking at Ye Lingfeng, but Ye Lingfeng was someone who had fused with his lifebound beast. Or, in other words, their cultivation method was developed from symbiotic cultivation.

“Big Brother Tianming.” Ye Lingfeng turned and looked at Tianming. Whenever he looked at someone, he wouldn’t blink, which made him seem terrifying. If Tianming didn’t know about it, he would’ve thought that Ye Lingfeng wanted to kill someone.

“What’s the matter?”

“I often see people walking above, but I don’t dare to approach them. When I heard what you said about the Infernal Soul Race earlier, I’d like to ask you something. Is the outside world big? And how big is it?” Ye Lingfeng’s eyes were blazing with curiosity. The question sounded ridiculous, but coming from Ye Lingfeng, it was just sad.

Pursing his lips, Tianming explained, "The vastness of the world is beyond your imagination. It's millions of times bigger than this place here. But if you want to know about its actual size, you will have to take a look at it personally with your own eyes."

"The books mentioned that there are white clouds, the sun, stars, and even bright colors in the outside world. Is that real?" Ye Lingfeng asked.

"Yes, it's all real," said Tianming.

"Then can you take me out?" Ye Lingfeng looked at Tianming with anticipation, so much so that he nearly started crying. Going to the outside world had always been what he dreamt about. So even if he had lost his memory, going to the outside world was something that had been deeply imprinted down to his bones.

"I can bring you out, but your identity is a little sensitive in the Divine Capital. The people above are known as the Ancient Qilin Clan, and they're keeping me imprisoned. If I bring you out, you will be killed immediately." Honestly speaking, Tianming had already considered this issue, but it was too unrealistic. If the Ancient Qilin Clan saw Ye Lingfeng, Tianming had no doubt that they would immediately kill him.

"So you're saying that as long as I'm not seen I'll be okay?" Ye Lingfeng asked.

Tianming briefly pondered about it. If no one could see Ye Lingfeng, then it was worth a shot. At the worst, he could just get Ye Lingfeng to run for his life upon going out.

"Big Brother Tianming, my soul can leave my body and hide in your consciousness. So as long as you can bring my body away, no one will be able to see me," Ye Lingfeng said. His breathing also started growing heavy.

"What's that?" Tianming had never heard of such a thing.

The soul was located in the consciousness, but how could it be separated from the body? Suddenly, Tianming thought of the soul sacrifice, where eighty thousand souls left their bodies and merged into Ye Lingfeng's consciousness. Ye Lingfeng fell straight to the ground, and a white mist condensed above his head. When Tianming saw the size of the mist, he was instantly stunned. "Holy shit! It's eighty thousand times as big as mine!"

Tianming knew the white mist's size in his consciousness well, and the mist before him almost looked solid, and had taken Ye Lingfeng's form. When Tianming looked closely at the white mist, it was a little horrifying to see that it was comprised of countless tiny souls, and every tiny soul represented a person. It was a soul formed by combining the souls of eighty thousand people.

"This is probably an unprecedented soul mutation, right?" Tianming was dazed. He had never expected that, one day, he would be able to see someone's soul staring at him. When he looked down at Ye Lingfeng's body, it seemed dead and had no signs of vitality at all. Feeling a headache, he said, "Go back quickly. Don't let your body grow cold."

Ye Lingfeng was briefly stunned, then merged back into his body. A long while later, he sat up and started rolling around on the floor from the head-splitting agony.

"Are you alright now?" Tianming asked.

“Yeah.”

“How long can you maintain that state?”

“Half an hour. Any longer, and my body will really be dead,” said Ye Lingfeng.

“Half an hour....” Tianming locked his brows together and started pondering the possibility.

“The problem is I can’t leave the Ancient Qilin Clan. If I could leave, it wouldn’t be a problem for me to take you with me.”

“Why?”

“Because of the damned lifetime curse on my forehead,” said Tianming.

“Holy shit, Tianming!” Ying Huo suddenly looked at Tianming with its eyes wide open.

“What’s the matter?”

“Your lifetime curse is gone.”

“Are you serious? If you dare lie to me, I’ll stab your butt with the Grand-Orient Sword!” Tianming said, taking a mirror out to look at himself.

“What the hell? Why are you carrying a mirror around when you’re a man?” Ying Huo mocked.

“Screw you! It’s for Ling’er!” Tianming looked at his reflection in the mirror and started laughing. “Screw that lifetime curse! It actually faded! And here I was starting to grow feelings for it!”

That meant he would be able to leave as soon as someone came from the Decimo Dao Palace. It was clear that the marking of the lifetime curse hadn’t been successful, and what was left on his forehead was probably just some residue. Tianming remembered how the Prime Tower had moved when Ye Lingfeng attacked him earlier, and it was perhaps at that time that the Lifetime Curse had fully disappeared.

“Big Brother Tianming, can you bring me out?” Ye Lingfeng asked.

“Let me go up and see if I have any backup. If so, I’ll be able to take you out,” said Tianming.

“Alright.” Ye Lingfeng balled his fists together nervously.

“Ying Huo, go up and take a look at the situation.”

“Hehe!” The little chick flew up, and in less than twenty breaths, it returned. “There’s three Hall Kings outside, so we can finally leave this damned place!”

“Big Brother Tianming....” Ye Lingfeng stood up and looked at Tianming with a trembling gaze.

“Let’s go!” Tianming smiled, patting Ye Lingfeng’s shoulder.

“Since your ‘corpse’ is dead, I’ll try and put it in my spatial ring. I have no idea how long it’ll be, so you’ll just have to hold on,” said Tianming.

“Okay!” Ye Lingfeng’s crimson eyes glowed with anticipation for the very first time.

1. This obviously doesn't rhyme in English, but it does in Chinese.

Chapter 428 - Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon

After everything was ready, Ye Lingfeng's emotions fluctuated violently as he prepared to go out. He stared at Tianming with his fists clenched.

"What's the matter?"

"A headache."

"Oh." Taking a deep breath, Tianming said, "Let me hold your spatial ring first." After all, he could only keep Ye Lingfeng's 'corpse' in his spatial ring for now.

"Oh, right." Ye Lingfeng took out a black book from his spatial ring and handed it over to Tianming.

"What is this?" Tianming asked as he received the book.

"It's a gift for you," said Ye Lingfeng.

The book looked like it was made from ordinary paper, but it wouldn't burn in the volcano. Tianming could tell that this book was pretty old, judging from how it looked. Clearing the dust off the cover, Tianming saw this book's name: Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon. Looking at the book, Tianming remembered that Ye Lingfeng mentioned that he learned his battle art from the Myriad Souldevouring Canon, and there was a similarity between the two names. This book was clearly an inheritance of the Infernal Soul Race. Since the other book was a battle art, then what was this canon?

"Do you know what this is?" Tianming asked.

"The practice method for heavenly patterns and barriers," said Ye Lingfeng.

Indeed, it was just as Tianming had guessed. This could be the patternscribe inheritance of the Infernal Soul Clan, with their achievements in heavenly patterns recorded in it. But how much could be recorded in this book? Tianming was feeling skeptical about it as he flipped open the first page.

"Heavenly patterns are broad and profound, and this book contains the insight of the ancestors and every talented member of the race. In this book, there are three thousand different heavenly pattern tomes and six thousand heavenly pattern barriers. This is the fruit of the ancestors, and there's only one copy in this world. Moreover, all the heavenly pattern tomes and heavenly pattern barriers recorded in it have been further refined throughout the generations. There's no need to worry if the later generations can't find a master, the ancestors will be your masters. Heavenly pattern tomes can be used in battle to launch sneak attacks, while heavenly pattern barriers can create eternal barriers with both offensive and defensive functions to benefit later generations. Comprehend this book fully, and you can become a powerful patternscribe in the Flameyellow continent." Tianming was stunned as he read.

He didn't think this book would contain so much content, and he never could have expected that it would contain the essence of the entire Infernal Soul Race. Every heavenly pattern tome and heavenly pattern barrier came with countless ancestors' experience and skills, which was equivalent to god only knows how many masters. This was definitely better than taking someone as his master.

Tianming didn't read any further and immediately said, "Feng, this is the treasure of your race, the inheritance of the Infernal Soul Race's patternscribes. I can't possibly take this. You should study it yourself."

Ye Lingfeng was too innocent right now and had no idea what this book meant. Tianming felt that he couldn't take advantage of Ye Lingfeng.

"I don't need it. I don't like what's in it. I prefer the Myriad Souldevouring Canon." Ye Lingfeng shook his head. As he still couldn't lie, he was honest when he said that he didn't like it. At the very least, no one could force him to learn the ways of a patternscribe. Compared to that, the Myriad Souldevouring Canon contained killing methods, which was more in line with his desire to take revenge.

"Your Infernal Soul Race will lose the patternscribe inheritance if you don't learn it."

"I'm not learning it," said Ye Lingfeng.

"Alright, then. I'll keep it for you right now, and hand it down to your children in the future. Of course, I'll probably study it until then," Tianming smiled. He was really interested in it, and he wanted to see if he had a talent for patternscribing. After all, the Spiritburn Tome and Bloodbane Barrier had left a deep impression on him. Now that his black arm had a natural control over heavenly patterns, he wanted to give it a try and see if he could create heavenly pattern tomes and barriers.

"You can have it. I don't need it back," Ye Lingfeng said seriously. He probably wanted to repay Tianming for bringing him out of this hellhole with the book. Without Tianming, he had no idea how long he would need to cultivate before he could leave this place.

After Ye Lingfeng finished speaking, he fell on the altar and his soul left his body. Looking at Tianming, he said, "Big Brother Tianming, I'll be entering your consciousness now. The process might be a little painful, but it'll feel better once I'm in."

"Get in quickly!" Tianming blushed, as Ye Lingfeng's words sounded wrong.

"Alright." The white mist started shrinking into a one-inch-tall human and shot into the center of Tianming's brows. At that moment, Tianming felt a stinging in his head, but the pain quickly passed. A small human suddenly appeared in his consciousness, hiding in the corner for fear of hurting Tianming.

"You can hide in someone's consciousness? Doesn't that mean that you can take over the bodies of others?" Tianming suddenly thought of a question.

"I can, but the price is a little on the high side—the stronger the person, the stronger the soul. I have to forcefully devour their soul before I can leave my mark and control their body. But because I'm an outsider, I'll be destroyed if I'm unsuccessful," said Ye Lingfeng.

"How do you know about this ability of yours?" At the very least, Tianming knew that no one in history could separate their soul and body, let alone take over the body of someone else.

"Instinct."

"You won't try devouring me, right?" Tianming asked.

"I can't. Your Heavenly Will is too powerful, and you also have something terrifying on you. My soul might seem big, but it's very chaotic, so its level isn't very high," said Ye Lingfeng.

Tianming instantly understood what Ye Lingfeng meant. Putting it in a nutshell, he had great talent with his soul. While others were born as ants, he was born as a lion. But he still had lots of room for growth, transforming from a cub into an adult lion. Anyway, Tianming couldn't understand this kind of soul mutation.

"In short, you're a monster." Tianming smiled.

"Yeah."

Tianming was dumbfounded by how Ye Lingfeng had straightforwardly acknowledged it.

"Let's go. I'll take you to the outside world!" Tianming packed up the 'corpse' and walked over to the wall. He suddenly called out, "Feng."

"Yeah?"

"Rise to the heavens after leaving this place!"

"Okay."

.....

Both parties were in dead silence as they waited in the lower layer of the barrier. The three Hall Kings still hadn't left, and the exalted ones from the Ancient Qilin Clan were also there. As time continued passing, the atmosphere became colder.

"There's not much hope," said the South Hall King.

"We won't be able to explain to Li Wudi now," the Sky Hall King added.

"Let's wait a little longer," the Future Hall King said with a cold, sharp gaze. He looked at his daughter, wanting to reprimand her, but he saw that her eyes were red. There was no need for him to reprimand his daughter, because she already blamed herself. Then again, this was just an accident. No one thought that Ning Wushuang would be so bold and try to manipulate her elders.

"Father, Tianming is a good kid. I don't want him dead. Is there really no other way?" Bai Zijin's voice trembled.

"There isn't...." The Future Hall King shook his head.

"My condolences. We're really sorry, but there's nothing we can do about this situation. I'm sorry about that," said Chong Yang.

"That means that Ning Wushuang has killed two people now. How are you going to deal with her?" Bai Zijin threw her temper. However, none of the exalted ones answered, as they had to discuss the matter with Jing Yue.

"What kind of shit is the Ancient Qilin Clan," Bai Zijin cursed.

"Watch your tone. Otherwise, we'll ask you to leave this place," said Chong Yang.

“Do you think I want to be in this shabby place?” Bai Zijin rebuked.

“Cut it out.” The Future Hall King glared at Bai Zijin.

“Hall Kings, he must’ve been killed by the Infernal Soul Race, so there’s no need for the three of you to wait here. But we’ll notify you if anything happens,” Chong Yang said.

“That’s right. This is the Infernal Soul Purgatory that we’re tasked to guard. It’s truly inappropriate for the three of you to be here,” Mo Yu added, asking the outsiders to leave.

But just when the Future Hall King was about to speak, Bai Zijin suddenly cried out and grabbed his clothes. “Dad! Dad! Someone’s coming!”

In that instant, everyone directed their attention over. “Is it the Infernal Soul Race?”

Right before everyone, that silhouette swiftly climbed up the wall. When he appeared beneath the barrier, his white hair was spotless, even in the smoke. Tianming waved at Bai Zijin with a smile and tore apart the barrier with his black arm, easily coming out.

“How lively! Were you waiting for me?” Tianming smiled. When he came out, the barrier swiftly closed up. He wasn’t followed by any of the Infernal Soul Race.

“Tianming!” An intoxicating fragrance suddenly blew in his direction, and shortly after, Tianming fell into a soft embrace.

“...Holy shit!” Tianming widened his eyes, suffocating in the patch of white skin before his eyes.

“Why didn’t you come up earlier if you were fine? You scared us all!” Bai Zijin released Tianming and glared at him, biting her lips.

“How could I have tasted a beauty’s embrace if I’d come up directly?” Tianming replied.

“Glib tongued. You’re asking for a beating!” Although the two of them had only spent two months together, Bai Zijin had come to like this young man. It wasn’t the love between the opposite sexes, but between a brother and sister instead. Bai Zijin was finally relieved when she saw that Tianming was fine. She quickly wiped her tears and smiled.

“Greetings to the three Hall Kings,” Tianming immediately greeted. He was clear that these three were his backing.

Chapter 429 - Earthquake in the Divine Capital

“It’s great that you’re fine, Li Tianming. You’re bound to have some good fortune after surviving such a disaster,” the Sky Hall King said with a warm smile. Although she might be a hundred years old, she still looked like a gentle mother.

“Thank you, Sky Hall King,” Tianming immediately replied. Tianming had asked Bai Zijin about the Sky Hall King previously, so he could instantly guess this woman’s identity.

“Not bad. Your temperament is as likable as Qingyu’s,” said the Sky Hall King.

Right at that moment, the Future Hall King reached out and grabbed Tianming. Staring at Tianming with his eyes wide open, he asked, "Where's the lifetime curse?"

"That? I washed it away. It turned out that its quality was actually so bad that I could just wash it off," Tianming replied.

Everyone knew that the lifetime curse wasn't something that could just be washed off. But since it had disappeared in just two months, it meant that the marking wasn't successful. The three Hall Kings exchanged a look and smiled. It must be the Prime Tower!

"Great!" Bai Zijin's eyes lit up.

Right at that moment, the exalted ones standing by the side asked, "What do you mean?"

"Take a look for yourself. The lifetime curse is gone." Tianming brushed his hair away and revealed his forehead. When the exalted ones saw that the lifetime curse was indeed gone, their faces were unsightly. For them, Tianming's death would be better than him being taken away by the Decimo Dao Palace.

Without uttering a word, the Future Hall King pulled Tianming behind him. The three Hall Kings practically surrounded Tianming. "It's impossible for Li Tianming to stay in the Ancient Qilin Clan anymore after this incident. As a descendant of the Li Saint Clan and a pentabane, we'll be taking him away with us. Do you have any objections?"

"That's right. We're taking him with us today," said the Sky Hall King. Their words left the faces of the exalted ones unsightly.

"Have you ever thought of what'll happen when the Theocrats find out about this?" Chong Yang locked his brows together.

"That's our business," said the Sky Hall King.

"Since that's the case, I can only hope that you can be careful about it. You jolly well know about the Theocrats' practice. Be careful, or you might lose the foundation and inheritance of the Decimo Dao Palace by going against them," Chong Yang replied with a fake smile.

"We know. Thank you for your reminder."

"Is an octabane really worthy of you taking such risks?" Chong Yang gnashed his teeth.

"Who knows? It's getting late, so we'll be taking our leave first. Goodbye, everyone," the Future Hall King brushed it off. He clearly didn't want to answer Chong Yang's question. Protecting Tianming in the middle, they openly left.

As for the Ancient Qilin Clan's exalted ones, they could only suck it up and vent their anger after the Decimo Dao Palace left. Chong Yang said, "Did you see how Li Tianming used his left arm to tear apart the barrier? That means that he's capable of releasing the Infernal Soul Race, so he's a huge threat to the Theocrats. We must immediately head to Divine Capital and report this matter to the Primeval Autarch. At the same time, we can complain about the Decimo Dao Palace's tyranny. We weren't able to see the Primeval Autarch before, but this time he'll definitely see us, right?" said Chong Yang.

“I’ll come with you,” said Mo Yu.

“Chong Yang is right. Now that Li Tianming has become a hidden threat, there’s no way the Decimo Dao Palace can protect him. As long as the Theocrats are willing to take action, Li Muyang can see what becomes of his son.” There was nothing they could do to Tianming with the Decimo Dao Palace’s protection, but the Theocrats weren’t afraid of the Decimo Dao Palace.

Just as Chong Yang was leaving for the Divine Capital, Tianming also arrived at the barrier’s upper layer. There were thousands of Ancient Qilin Clan disciples in the surroundings. All of them watched Tianming being taken away by the Decimo Dao Palace. Over the past two months, Tianming hadn’t suffered anything, and he had even beat up many of their fellow disciples. All of them were depressed, and they started throwing out insults. They would probably cry out if Tianming left like this.

“I heard that you were pretty ruthless when you beat them up. You don’t feel guilty about the Ancient Qilin Clan at all?” the Future Hall King asked.

“Nope, not at all.” Tianming waved his hand.

“Haha!!” The Hall Kings laughed.

“Oh, right. Who was it that framed me? I still have no idea who Yun Zhenzhen’s murderer was.” Tianming turned to look at Bai Zijin.

“You’ll never guess!”

“Don’t tell me you’re the culprit? Just because I won’t let you play with the yellow chick?”

“Nonsense! It was Ning Wushuang!” Bai Zijin said.

“Her?” Tianming narrowed his eyes into slits.

“Yeah. That lady was ruthless, killing Yun Zhenzhen with a Thunderfiend Chain and framing you for it. Moreover, she probably won’t suffer any punishment for it,” said Bai Zijin.

“Oh, then she got off lightly. If I’d known about it, I would’ve killed her,” Tianming sneered. He had no idea that he was being framed during their fight. The group had already left the Ancient Qilin Clan’s Manor City and was heading toward the heart of the Divine Capital.

“Wait a minute!” Tianming suddenly called out when they arrived at a remote mountain. There were mountains, the sun, fluffy white clouds, flowers, and birds in the surrounding. It was time for Ye Lingfeng to experience the outside world.

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The Imperial City was the Theocracy of the Ancients’ foundation in the Divine Capital. It was located in the heart of the Divine Capital, and it made up about a fifth of the entire capital. Compared to the majestic capital, the Imperial City was gorgeous and flourishing, with countless magnificent buildings lined up in rows. The Imperial City was where spiritual energy converged. If anyone stood on a high mountain, they would see nine spiritual fountains there. As the fountains released dense spiritual energy into the sky, it would drift down and cover the entire Divine Capital in a white fog that made it look like a celestial realm.

Nine veins of spiritual energy ran through the entire Theocracy of the Ancients and converged in the Imperial City. This majestic city proved that the Divine Capital was the land of destiny that had the qualification to rule the whole dynasty. Throughout the ages, the Ancient Theocrats had been nourished by the spiritual energy, which allowed them to produce geniuses in large numbers. There had been countless challengers to their position throughout history, such as the Infernal Soul Race, but none of them could shake the Ancient Theocrats' position.

Today, Chong Yang and Mo Yu had come to the Imperial City to seek a meeting with the Primeval Autarch. As they walked through the majestic city, they were brought into the depths of the palace by a eunuch.

"Exalted ones, please wait here for further instructions." The eunuch who spoke had white hair and a cold gaze; anyone could tell that he was a master.

"Eunuch Wei, you must bring this news to the Primeval Autarch. The Infernal Soul Barrier is a huge matter, and it involves the stability of the Ancient Theocrats' rule," Chong Yang immediately said.

"I got it, so don't be so longwinded. If it weren't for your urgent matter, I wouldn't have brought you here. But the Primeval Autarch went into seclusion three months ago, and I was specially ordered not to allow anyone to disturb him, even if the sky were to collapse. I can only let Lord Virtuous know about it. He's the one who will decide if you can meet with His Majesty," said Eunuch Wei.

"Thank you, Eunuch Wei." Chong Yang said, taking out a box and giving it to Eunuch Wei. "Please, have this."

"You're too polite." Eunuch Wei finally smiled. Taking the box, he opened it and looked satisfied. "I'll go look for Lord Virtuous now."

Chong Yang and Mo Yu exchanged a look. They clearly felt that the traces of Li MUYANG and the matter of the Infernal Soul Barrier were enough to grant them a meeting with the Primeval Autarch. Chong Yang said, "We're not very lucky that his majesty is currently in seclusion. If he wasn't, how could the Decimo Dao Palace take away such an important person?"

"Will we be blamed for not keeping Li Tianming if His Majesty knows about it?"

"Probably not. After all, if he personally wanted Li Tianming, the Decimo Dao Palace can only follow his orders," Chong Yang said, stroking his long beard.

Suddenly, a loud cry echoed out and instantly swept across the entire Divine Capital. The cry was loud and shocking. For a moment, the entire Divine Capital seemed to tremble. In the Imperial Capital, the entire range of the Divine Capital—the Ancient Qilin Clan included—could hear this mournful cry.

"What's going on?" Chong Yang and Mo Yu were shocked. They immediately rushed out from the hall and looked at the palace.

"It's the cry of the autarch beast!" Eunuch Wei wasn't far away. When he heard the loud cry, he immediately froze in position. The autarch beast was the lifebound beast of the Primeval Autarch.

"What?" Chong Yang and Mo Yu stood in their position, staring blankly. "The autarch beast is so powerful, and it's unrivaled in the Theocracy of the Ancients. So why does it sound so sad?"

The Heavenly Trigram Palace was the forbidden zone in the Imperial City. But at that moment, everyone was alarmed by the cry and started heading in that direction. Even Chong Yang and Mo Yu only exchanged a glance before they followed the crowd.

During this time, the autarch beast wailed three more times, each cry more heartbreaking than the last. The cries had instantly submerged the entire Divine Capital in a grieving atmosphere, and almost everyone had come out of their houses.

“What’s going on?” Everyone had the same question. Even though Chong Yang asked around, no one knew what was going on. But a quarter-hour later, a hunched old man came out from the Heavenly Trigram Palace with tears on his face. With his body shaking all over, he turned around and threw himself to the ground, kowtowing in the direction of the Heavenly Trigram Palace.

“What’s the matter with Lord Virtuous?” Everyone was dumbfounded while they watched this scene.

After Lord Virtuous kowtowed nine times, he turned around and announced, “His Majesty has passed away! Prepare for the national funeral!”

The sky was falling over the Divine Capital.

Chapter 430 - Feng’s My Friend

“Huff... huff...” Chong Yang was gasping for breath when he came out of the palace. His face was pale, and covered in cold sweat. He and Mo Yu both collapsed to the ground in a corner of the Imperial City, looking like two beggars on the side of the road.

“N-national funeral...” Chong Yang had a difficult time speaking, as if there was something stuck in his throat.

“How is that possible? His Majesty’s only three hundred years old. With his cultivation, the limit of his lifespan should be five hundred years. So how did he die all of a sudden...?” Mo Yu was dazed.

“I don’t know what happened. Anyway, there weren’t any traces of battle. The members of the Ancient Theocrats will soon return, and we’ll know what happened then.” Even Chong Yang still couldn’t believe that all of this was true.

“The sky is changing.” Mo Yu closed her eyes.

“Yeah... the Theocracy of the Ancients no longer has a pillar....”

“I wonder if His Majesty assigned a new successor before passing away?”

“If not, the two princes, Dongyang Ling and Dongyang Yun, will definitely start fighting.” Chong Yang panicked a little.

“His Majesty was on the throne for two centuries, and during his reign, eight crown princes died. But he suddenly left without raising a new crown prince!”

“I heard that His Majesty initially planned to make the ninth prince, Dongyang Ling, the crown prince next month,” said Chong Yang.

“So the ninth prince will succeed the throne?”

"I don't know. It'll be troublesome if the ninth and thirteenth prince start fighting. In recent years, the clans have supported the ninth prince, Dongyang Ling. On the other hand, those brutes of the Saint Martial Manor support the thirteenth prince, Dongyang Yun. There's also the Decimo Dao Palace, and other forces. It'll be troublesome if everything becomes a mess," said Chong Yang.

"That's right. I thought His Majesty would abdicate the throne and support an heir for the new Primeval Autarch, just like how the throne was inherited in the past. But his sudden death left this mess, and even if there's a decree for the new autarch, I'm afraid that it'll be impossible to convince the masses."

"The autarch beast won't last long with His Majesty's death."

The two of them exchanged a look, and their faces were unsightly. Suddenly, Mo Yu said, "There's another problem here!"

"What is it?"

"The Ancient Theocrats' legacy goes a long way back, and they would always have an empyrean saint around. But ever since the Cyclic Mirror was stolen by Li MUYANG four decades ago, the Ancient Theocrats have never given birth to a new empyrean saint. Even the thirteenth prince is somewhat lacking, and it'll be dangerous without an empyrean saint around to hold the situation," said Mo Yu.

"They relied on the Cyclic Mirror to obtain the fate souls of the people to reach the Empyrean Saint stage. Although the people were free from suffering for the past four decades, the dynasty is probably in trouble. They might still be powerful, but there's still internal and external troubles around," said Chong Yang.

"Don't be too pessimistic. Maybe His Majesty already made preparations for it. For the time being, the foreign threat isn't too big of an issue. After all, the dynasty doesn't have any rivals in the territory. But the troublesome thing right now is the internal friction between the two princes..." Mo Yu said; she could feel a headache coming on.

"Furthermore, this is also related to our Ancient Qilin Clan!" said Chong Yang.

"That's right."

"If the clans and officials of the dynasty are forced to make a stand.... We might be punished by His Majesty, but our clan is still strong. At the very least, there won't be an issue for us to be ranked within the top three among the clans. And if we don't take a stand, we'll surely be wiped out by them first thing. Return immediately and hold an emergency meeting!" said Chong Yang.

"What about Tianming's ability to tear the Infernal Soul Barrier?"

"The question is, who are you going to inform about that? Who can make decisions right now? Regardless of Dongyang Yun and Dongyang Ling, do you think that they dare to oppress the Decimo Dao Palace without an empyrean saint around? With His Majesty's death, who can deal with the Decimo Dao Palace?"

"Then what about Li MUYANG's matter?"

"They won't give a damn about it. The Cyclic Mirror might be important, but they only have the throne in their eyes right now. At the very least, it's no longer possible for us to get the Cyclic Mirror back

through Tianming.” Chong Yang took a deep breath. The youth had completely slipped away from him now.

“Without His Majesty, the Decimo Dao Palace has suddenly become the toughest rock around....”

“The only way forward for us right now is to try and chase after Li Muyang through the Cyclic Barrier. As for the Theocrats, let’s give it a few more days for the storm to settle down.”

“We can only do that....”

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The scenery was gorgeous on the hillside, with grass growing wildly. Tianming, the three Hall Kings, and Bai Zijin were all dumbfounded as they looked at the black-haired youth rolling around in the grass. He would climb the mountains, pick grass, swim, and run around like a newborn monkey. Everyone could tell that he was pleased, and even an ant could catch his attention.

“He doesn’t seem too smart,” Bai Zijin said with a headache.

“Yeah....”

“This is the effect of eighty thousand souls fused into one?” Bai Zijin couldn’t help laughing. As Ye Lingfeng had to be released within half an hour, Tianming had no choice but to confess Ye Lingfeng’s identity and origins.

“The Infernal Soul Clan is truly admirable. They’ve created one of their greatest works, and I greatly admire their courage!” the Future Hall King suddenly said.

“Sacrificing eighty thousand lives just to create... him. Just listening to the story was sad. This child has too many burdens, and he should come out to take a look at the world so that the eighty thousand souls in him can feel it together,” said the Sky Hall King with reddened eyes. It was surprising that none of them had reprimanded Tianming for bringing Ye Lingfeng out. On the contrary, they were all moved by the Infernal Soul Race’s story.

“The Infernal Soul Race is great and admirable. This child will definitely become a miracle,” said the South Hall King. When Tianming heard what they said, he felt relieved. At the very least, Ye Lingfeng’s safety would be guaranteed.

“Tianming, you can’t let anyone know about Ye Lingfeng’s origins, aside from us. You can’t even mention the Infernal Soul Race at all. We’ll deal with his identity, and in the future, he can cultivate with you. Never let him be alone; he’s a blank piece of paper right now. Do you know what I mean?” said the Future Hall King.

“Please be reassured, Hall King. Feng is my friend.” Tianming smiled.

“Alright.” It took a long time for the three of them to calm down, and they even examined Ye Lingfeng’s body. At first, Ye Lingfeng was a little reluctant, but he gradually relaxed when Tianming told him that they were all friends.

“Are you guys done?” Ye Lingfeng asked, feeling a little uneasy.

"It's done." The three Hall Kings nodded. The moment the three Hall Kings said they were done, Ye Lingfeng immediately dashed out and started rolling on the ground, picking flowers to decorate his pants, and jumping into the lake.

He didn't say a word. By relaxing his mind, he captured everything in the surroundings with his senses and wore a smile on his face. Lying on the surface of the water, he looked at the blue sky and fluffy clouds. Looking at the scenery, his soul trembled. He knew that the eighty thousand people were all sensing it together with him. Many people cried, and a tear rolled down Feng's cheeks.

"So this is the outside world...." He thought of the vague face as a woman gently looked at him.

"Feng, feel it," her gentle voice sounded out.

"Mother..." Ye Lingfeng couldn't hold back his tears and started crying. He now remembered who she was; she was in his own soul, and Ye Lingfeng had finally found her. He wanted to hug her, but he could no longer do it anymore.

"Feng, we can see everything that you see. Don't be sad. We're all with you."

"Big Brother Feng, can I smell the flowers?" many voices sounded out in his head.

"Of course you can," Ye Lingfeng said with excitement. He moved over to the flowers and smelled them. "Can you smell it? It smells great!"

"Feng!" a heavy voice suddenly rang out in his mind. "Remember to take revenge for us!"

That voice made Ye Lingfeng's crimson eyes turn even more frightening as lots of scenes flashed in his mind. Crushing the stone in his hand, he declared, "I am one of the Infernal Soul Race!" This time, his voice no longer sounded empty like it did before.

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"Hall King, won't people suspect anything if Feng joins the Decimo Dao Palace without a lifebound beast?" Tianming asked on their way back.

"It's fine. We already have an idea to resolve it," said the Future Hall King.

"What is it?"

"We'll just say that his lifebound beast died."

"Then wouldn't he be a cripple? What if he progresses in his cultivation?" Tianming asked.

"Have you heard of the Lifespirit Barrier?" the Future Hall King asked. After Tianming shook his head, the Future Hall King continued, "It's a unique heavenly pattern barrier. Within an hour of death of the lifebound beast, a patternscribe can draw a Lifespirit Barrier, turning the deceased lifebound beast into a lifebound spirit. The lifebound spirit is a symbiotic energy source that can stay in the lifebound space and cultivate with the beastmaster. Although the lifebound spirit will become stronger, there's no way for them to come out and fight. That way, a beastmaster can still carry on cultivating even after the death of their lifebound beast."

“But there are a few issues with it. Firstly, all cultivation will solely depend on the beastmaster, and the lifebound spirit is just a remnant energy medium. So the cultivation speed will be greatly reduced. Secondly, the beastmaster won’t be able to summon a lifebound beast in battle, nor can they use its spiritsource abilities.”

That also means that if a lifebound beast dies, it’s essentially dead, but the Lifespirit Barrier can turn it into an energy medium to carry on the cultivation system. This method couldn’t be used to save the lives of the lifebound beasts, however.

“The Lifespirit Barrier is difficult, and it’s not something that anyone can succeed in using. There aren’t many people who know how to use the Lifespirit Barrier in the entire Divine Capital. But in the Decimo Dao Palace, the Life Hall Master knows how to use it, and the Life Hall Master is one of us,” the Future Hall King smiled.

“So we just claim that Feng’s lifebound beast died, and been converted into a lifebound spirit?” Tianming asked.

“That’s right.”

“What about the stars in his eye?”

“It doesn’t matter. No one will think about the lifebound beasts. Speaking of which, since he has thirty-six stars, that means that he’s a part of the lifebound beast, and he can also undergo spiritsource evolution, allowing him to evolve as a whole,” said the Future Hall King.

He had already examined Ye Lingfeng, and his body was a fusion between man and beast. While he was a beastmaster, he was a lifebound beast at the same time. So could even execute spiritsource abilities.

However, the three Hall Kings had forbidden Ye Lingfeng from executing any spiritsource abilities, or it would reveal the fact that he was from the Infernal Soul Race. Now that Tianming had sorted out Ye Lingfeng’s matters, he was filled with anticipation toward his future life in the Decimo Dao Palace. Moreover, he was starting to miss Feiling. It had been two months since they had parted.