

The Ages 431

Chapter 431 - Tomorrow's Ascension, A Brilliant First Reign

"By the way, the Hall King mentioned that the Life Hall King happens to be one of his people. Are there Hall Kings who aren't?" Tianming had keenly captured the strangeness in the Future Hall King's words.

"You're quite clever. And you're right, the Decimo Dao Palace is divided into Decimo Halls. Among them are four halls that we control—the Future Hall, Sky Hall, Life Hall, and South Hall."

"Why so few?"

Tianming had assumed the Decimo Dao Palace was united.

"The Decimo Dao Palace is now a school, so there's inevitably been infiltration by different powers. After countless years of inheritance, all major forces in Divine Capital have placed youths who gradually climb to high positions. After tens of thousands of years of intricate changes, it evolved to its present state. Although the Decimo Dao Palace is one on the surface, some halls are actually secretly controlled by other forces who inserted their own people. So, today's Decimo Dao Palace is actually made up of Divine Capital youths, major sects, ancient clans, Saint Marshall Manor, and so on. They're all competing here, even the Theocrats."

"Could you be more specific?"

"For example, the East Hall, Earth Hall, and Dead Hall Kings are all Ancient Theocrats so those three halls basically belong to their faction. Most of their disciples are descendants of the imperial clan. On the other hand, the West Hall belongs to the ancient clans, which are a group. The Ancient Qilin Clan was once the first among them. They followed the Ancient Theocrats long ago, expanding their territory and conquering their way here. At present, the West Hall King is the patriarch of the Ancient Greedwolf Clan. Descendants of the ancient clans under the age of thirty basically cultivate in the West Hall. The North Hall belongs to the Saint Martial Manor. They're a force formed by the martial officials of the Theocracy and have existed since ancient times. Most of them are commanders in the Theocracy. Their status may not be high, but they have strong combat abilities. Their descendants don't share the same status as the ancient clans, so they work harder to get ahead of their peers. The Past Hall belongs to the Linglong Pavilion; their background is very complicated. Women account for ninety percent of the Linglong Pavilion, so most of the Past Hall are women."

The Future Hall King briefly introduced the Decimo Dao Palace and main forces of Divine Capital to Tianming. In short, the Decimo Dao Palace was a battleground for young geniuses under the age of thirty. Every hall was influenced and controlled by one of the top forces of the Divine Capital.

Only four halls truly belonged to Decimo Dao Palace. The struggle within the Decimo Dao Palace was a microcosm of the contention of the entire kingdom.

"Hall King, what happens after the age of thirty?" asked Tianming.

"After that, most return to their own clans, and a few undergo the screening to enter the Dark Hall, becoming the real pillar of the Decimo Dao Palace."

Tianming understood. For the Decimo Dao Palace, the Decimo Halls were a place of academia, the largest institution of higher learning for beastmasters throughout the nation. And their forces were intertwined. The Dark Hall held the Decimo Dao Palace's real forces.

He thought to himself, No wonder! If the Decimo Dao Palace is only in control of four halls, why would the Ancient Qilin Clan fear them so?

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A long time later...

"We're almost there!" said Bai Zijin.

The four Sky Saints dragged the two juniors through the sky at lightning speed, so Tianming couldn't see the vast Divine Capital below.

"Father, I heard the autarch beast is grieving. Did something happen?" asked Bai Zijin.

Tianming was just explaining Ye Fengling's origins, but the Hall Kings didn't seem to care. They stared in the direction of the Imperial City instead.

"We don't know, but we will when we return," said the Future Hall King.

His gaze was dignified, a sign that he was certain of the changes within the Theocracy. When they descended to the ground, Tianming set his eyes on an ancient stone gate in front of him.

There were five stone gates in total, each with two pillars. Each post was a hundred meters tall and more than five meters wide. Having weathered countless years, they stood tall and majestic, covered in saintly heavenly patterns. They were obviously made of saintly spirit ores.

Such treasures were used as gates, as if the Ancient Theocrats were unafraid they would be stolen away. Perhaps there was a heavenly pattern barrier on the pillars, preventing ordinary folk from stealing them. Upon closer inspection, the two pillars of the first gate were engraved with the words "East" and "West" respectively.

The second gate was also carved with similar words, that is, "South" and "North", the third gate had the words "Sky" and "Earth", while the fourth gate was "Life" and "Death".

Past those five gates was the battlefield of the Divine Capital geniuses, the Decimo Halls. The ten pillars, known as the Decimo Gate Pillars, had stood for tens of thousands of years. Perhaps an even longer time ago, they stood at the Imperial City, on the former site of the Decimo Dao Palace.

Tianming looked up and saw the brilliant Decimo Dao Palace, with its countless geniuses. This was certainly a hot location, since the young were the most impulsive and violent. They didn't understand what tolerance was. Only through competition could the strong stand out and rise.

"Bai Mo, over here!"

As soon as the Future Hall King returned, there was someone looking for him. Upon entering the Decimo Dao Palace, they saw an old man with green hair, standing in the corner. Despite his age, he was full of vigor and vitality, and his hair thrived like emerald green grass.

"Tianming, Xiao Feng, this is the Life Hall King," introduced the Future Hall King.

"Tianming greets the Life Hall King." Glancing at the man's green hair, Tianming held back a smile and composed himself.

"Green grass...." Ye Lingfeng stretched out his hand, as if to pull the grass.

"This is Li Wudi's adopted godson and Li Muyang's son?" The Life Hall King looked Tianming up and down, smiling and nodding. "Although his cultivation level is a bit low and he has yet to reach Saint stage, he has good potential."

"What's going on?" asked the Future Hall King.

When he turned around, he found many young people running out of the Decimo Dao Palace, most of which were Theocrats. They were in a hurry, with tears in their eyes and a sorrowful expression.

"It's a major national event—a national mourning!"

The Life Hall King, who was usually a funny old man, was now very serious.

"National mourning?"

"Just a while ago, the autarch beast was grieving. The Primeval Autarch is dead," said the Life Hall King.

"What?! That's impossible! Autarch Qian has at least two hundred more years. By the time we die, he should still be alive!" The Future Hall King, Bai Mo, shook his head.

"You have to believe it. The imperial family just announced it. The Ancient Theocrats are all returning for the funeral, so how can it be fake? It's not a game."

"Was he killed?" asked the Future Hall King.

"No, there aren't any competing empyrean saints. Apparently, he died while cultivating. God knows what he was doing. Anyway, our informant says he's dead. Lord Virtuous led the princes into the Heavenly Trigram Palace to pay their respects. I'm afraid he's really dead."

"Sudden death?" The three Hall Kings frowned at each other. Obviously, this matter had a great impact on them.

"What did the palace lord say?"

"He said to wait and see."

"I understand."

"Autarch Qian's death is a most important event, and it'll cause a sensation all over the nation. Who would've thought...." The Future Hall King looked uncertain.

"Why are you frowning? It's a good thing for us," said the Life Hall King.

"The current situation is very delicate. In the event of war, the common people will suffer. The nation can't go without a ruler for even a day. Did Autarch Qian leave behind an imperial decree?"

"Yes, as dictated by the autarch beast, the thirteenth prince, Dongyang Yun, will be autarch. He'll be enthroned tomorrow, marking the beginning of the Reign of Yun. This year is exactly the two hundredth year of the Reign of Qian, but now it's the first year of the Reign of Yun."

"Dongyang Yun? What about the ninth prince, Dongyang Ling? "

"Make a guess."

"Just spit it out," urged the South Hall King.

"From the latest news, after seeing the Autarch's body and listening to the imperial edict, Dongyang Ling left and disappeared with the nucleus of the nine imperial pulse," replied the Life Hall King.

"Disappeared? What does that mean?"

"Disappeared into thin air. Perhaps he hid in a heavenly pattern barrier and fled. Or maybe he's hiding in one of the ancient clans."

"He's smart and decisive. If he didn't leave, Dongyang Yun would've killed him," said the Future Hall King.

"Dongyang Yun has yet to ascend to the throne, but immediately used the autarch beast to issue an imperial decree convicting the ninth prince for the crime of treason, setting the entire nation on the hunt for him."

"One's in a hurry to escape, while the other's in a rush to hunt and kill the former. It seems neither prince anticipated Autarch Qian's death. However, with Dongyang Ling gone, the nation will descend into chaos," remarked the Future Hall King.

"That's true. After all, a few months ago, I heard that Autarch Qian revealed he was going to make Dongyang Ling crown prince. How did it become the thirteenth prince who's going to ascend to the throne?"

"Who knows? They're all lunatics!"

"Dongyang Ling obviously refused to accept it. In the past, in order to avoid killing among the imperial siblings during ascension, the Autarch would abdicate the throne. With the Autarch's sudden death, and both princes eligible for the throne having yet to reach Empyrean Saint, even if there's an imperial edict, one must die."

"Can you guess what reason Dongyang Ling will use to fight against Dongyang Yun?"

"Accuse Dongyang Yun of murdering the Autarch and tampering with the imperial edict, therefore angering both gods and men?"

"Yes, it's the only legitimate reason. After all, Autarch Qian happened to die in such a suspicious manner. Dongyang Yun certainly lacks the strength to kill the Autarch, but with the help of unorthodox means, he could."

"Leave them be. The more intense their fight, the better it is for us," said the South Hall King.

"It's the innocent who'll suffer. God knows how many will die in the imperial family's fight for the throne."

"Throughout the history of the Theocracy, every time the throne was vacant and candidates refused to accept the situation, the result was always a bloodbath," sighed the Sky Hall King.

"We're headed for troubled times. Perhaps we'll have a chance to make a comeback," said the Life Hall King.

"Since the palace lord has yet to mention anything, we mustn't speak of it," warned the Future Hall King.

"You're right. We'll wait and see."

"Mhmm." The four nodded in unison.

Chapter 432 - The Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking

The Future Hall King watched the disciples leave in a hurry, then turned and glanced at Tianming.

"Tianming, you're lucky the Autarch is dead, so no one cares about your father or the Ancient Qilin Clan. The Theocrats are currently divided. Looks like they won't be able to take you away," laughed the Future Hall King.

"Really?" Tianming felt as if the pleasant surprise came so suddenly.

The Primeval Autarch who forced his father Li Muyang to flee for forty years was gone just like that. And the Theocrats were likely to be divided, and even kill each other?

"Their infighting is an opportunity to strengthen ourselves. You young ones shouldn't worry about what happens outside the palace, just concentrate on cultivating. Even if the sky falls outside, no one can run wild in the Decimo Dao Palace," said the Future Hall King.

"Nice!"

"By the way, you and Little Feng will both enter the Future Hall and become disciples together," said Bai Mo.

"Alright, thank you." Tianming nodded.

As for Ye Fengling, he squatted on the ground and watched the ants. The funny thing was, instead of being naive and curious, he was staring at them rather seriously.

"Bai Mo, let me have one of them," laughed the South Hall King.

"Yeah, me too," echoed the Life Hall King.

"Dream on, they're both mine." The Future Hall King glared at them. Then, turning to Bai Zijin, he said, "You settle them. We're going to see the palace lord."

"No problem, leave it to me," said Bai Zijin.

After the four Hall Kings had left, she said, "Tianming, Little Feng, come with me. You can cultivate with peace of mind."

"Great!"

"Tianming, during this period of national mourning, the Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking Contention will likely also be suspended for a few days. You can take this time to familiarize yourself with your surroundings. When the time comes, I'll take you to participate in the Contention. The effect of the Contention is much better than cultivating and hunting in the Infernal Soul Purgatory," added Bai Zijin.

"The Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking? What's that?" asked Tianming.

"It's the ranking of all Decimo Dao Palace disciples. It's held every three years, and lasts for an entire year. There's a little over three months before the end of this year's ranking. The ranking on the last day will be the disciples' ranking for the next three years. Those who rank at the top will be rewarded; the cultivation resources over the next three years will be allocated according to the list. So it's very fair and equitable—after all, if it's unfair, the other halls might take advantage of the loopholes."

Tianming was well aware that there were six halls that weren't under the control of the Decimo Dao Palace, yet they all shared common cultivation resources. If rewards and punishments weren't clearly listed, someone would certainly use the Decimo Dao Palace's resources to reward their descendants or relatives.

"Big Sister Bai, what are the rewards if one makes it to the top of the list?" asked Tianming.

"Empyrean manna," she replied.

"How generous!" Tianming was taken aback.

Above terrestrial manna was celestial manna, and above top-tier celestial manna was empyrean manna. Allowing lifebound beasts to evolve into seventh-order saint beasts, Empyrean manna was the basic requirement for beastmasters to reach the Empyrean Saint realm.

Of course, even with empyrean beasts, it was still very difficult for beastmasters to reach Empyrean Saint, as that was the beginning of the path to becoming a god. There were quite a few empyrean beasts in the Divine Capital, but empyrean saints were almost unheard of.

"Isn't empyrean manna extremely valuable?" asked Tianming.

"Yes. Because of this, the Contention is held fairly, so the strongest disciples get the best treasures. No matter who you are, strength is what determines your ranking, not connections," said Bai Zijin.

"Oh no, I relied heavily on connections in the Grand-Orient Sect," Tianming teased. "Besides, I have three lifebound beasts, so one empyrean manna won't be enough."

"Don't worry. For the top place on the ranking, the rule of the Decimo Dao Palace's reward is to evolve all of the beastmaster's lifebound beasts into empyrean beasts. It's certainly a bargain for twin beastmasters, what more a triple beastmaster such as yourself."

"That is to say, if I get first place, I'll receive three empyrean manna?"

"Yes. Having witnessed your progress speed in the Infernal Soul Purgatory, I hope you'll participate in the Contention. With your current strength, you can rank around the top hundred or so. But I'd like to

see if you have any hope of making it to the top over the next three months. This determines your cultivation resources for the next three years. "

"Alright, then I'll reluctantly participate," laughed Tianming.

"You little bastard." Bai Zijian glared at him, "Do you think empyrean manna is cheap? I don't even have one yet. Moreover, the empyrean manna to be rewarded this time is the best in thirty years. Such a reward was chosen at the palace lord's stipulation. Now, the entire Decimo Dao Palace has gone crazy about the Contention. I just thought I should mention it!"

"I see, Big Sister Bai. I'll try my best not to embarrass you."

"It's got nothing to do with me. If you do get it, you're the one who's struck gold."

"That's not true. Everyone knows that I have your protection. If I shine brilliantly, you can walk around with your head held high."

"Yeah, yeah. You're good with words." Bai Zijin was tempted to pinch his lips. "Don't be complacent. This time, the young talents from the entire kingdom have gathered for the Contention, all of them desperate for the empyrean manna. The ranking changes drastically every day and challenges take place at every instant. In particular, the disciples of the three halls controlled by the Theocrats are extremely strong, and many put their lives on the line. My hope for you is to enter the top ten and bring glory to the Future Hall. I don't expect you to take first place."

"I see. You mentioned top ten? Do you mean there's two rankings, and I'm to participate in the Earth Ranking?"

"Yes, the Heaven Ranking is populated by disciples aged twenty-three to thirty. Naturally, you'll participate in the Earth Ranking. The Contention for the Heaven Ranking will be held next year. But there may not be empyrean manna next year," said Bai Zijin.

"I understand."

"Tianming, your foundation isn't high, and the top thousand are at Saint stage while you're still at Heavenly Will. I doubt there'll be anyone willing to fight you. So don't get your hopes up," she added.

"I won't."

"But why do you look as if you're about to get your hands on empyrean manna?"

"You misunderstand—I'm very low-key."

In truth, he was eager to make a name for himself in the Decimo Dao Palace. He wanted to show the Ancient Qilin Clan just how far he, the son of Li Muyang, could go.

Staring out at the vast Decimo Dao Palace, he thought to himself, Divine Capital geniuses, I'm coming!

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Half an hour later, Tianming had settled down in the Future Hall. The place where he and Ye Fengling lived was called the First Pavilion. It was said that this was the residence of disciples with the best conditions. Everyone owned a large courtyard that could even accommodate riding horses. However,

Tianming chose to live with Ye Fengling, because he was worried that without his supervision, the latter would peek on the female disciples bathing next door.

"Fortunately, I arrived at the Decimo Dao Palace four months ahead of schedule. Otherwise, I would've forgone the opportunity to fight for the empyrean manna."

Tianming knew how precious empyrean manna was. There weren't many youths with empyrean beasts throughout the entire Divine Capital. With the fair and strict rules of the Decimo Dao Palace, unless several Hall Kings privately gave away their treasures, Tianming would have to fight for many resources on his own. This was the fundamental difference from his treatment as the junior sect master in the Grand-Orient Sect.

The main reason the Decimo Dao Palace accepted the siblings was due to Li Shexiao and Li Wudi. The Future Hall King had yet to present his own daughter with treasures like empyrean manna, so how could he just casually give it to Tianming? In fact, he might not even have any on hand.

The Future Hall, where Tianming now resided, was one of the largest halls, and had a long heritage and a grand history. Many powerhouses from the Future Hall were pillars of the Decimo Dao Palace. For example, the Future Hall King, Bai Mo, was once a disciple of the Future Hall.

Tianming heard that the Sky Hall was just next to the Future Hall. As soon as he settled down in the First Pavilion, he wanted to go out.

"Can't wait to go to Sky Hall and meet your friends?" asked Bai Zijin.

"No, I just miss my sister," said Tianming.

"If your sister knew that she was more important than Ling'er, she'd be moved to tears."

"You know her name?"

"Of course. Don't you know the power of women's gossip?"

"Yes. Big Sister Bai, can you take me to Sky Hall? I don't know the way."

"I'm busy. I just spent two months in the Infernal Soul Purgatory, so I need at least a day-long bath. So don't bother me. "

Just then, a big fatty walked by the door.

"Zhou Yuanyuan!"

"Ah! Bai... Bai... Bai...." Jumping in shock, the fatty rolled on the ground.

"Bai what?"

"Supernal Mentor Bai!" the fatty finally managed a whole sentence.

Although the title of "Supernal Mentor" was the same as Heaven's Division, they were essentially different.

Because, this "heaven" meant the sacred land of heaven.

"Zhou Yuanyuan, I heard that you're the beauty of the Decimo Dao Palace?"

"Supernal Mentor Bai, you're an exceptional beauty, one of a kind, capable of causing the downfall of a kingdom, a true femme fatale...."

"Do you know Li Qingyu?" Bai Zijin asked.

"Well, I know her, but she doesn't know me."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"...I do." Afraid of being beaten, the fatty spoke cautiously. After all, it wasn't a gentleman's behavior to remember the residence of a female disciple.

"Very good, bring these two over." With that, Bai Zijin walked off.

The fatty breathed a sigh of relief, then stared at Tianming and Ye Fengling.

"Is your lifebound beast a pig?" Tianming asked.

"How did you know?" The fatty was shocked.

"I guessed from how handsome you are," Tianming said.

With tears in his eyes, the fatty excitedly cried, "Heroes think alike."

Chapter 433 - Painting Fanatic

Among the ten halls, the Past Hall reigned on the subject of beauty. In the past, the temple was controlled by the Linglong Pavilion, which was ninety percent women. Because of that, women also accounted for ninety percent of the Past Hall. The Sky Hall, where Qingyu resided, ranked second, which probably had something to do with the Sky Hall King being a woman. The rest of the halls were mostly male.

The Decimo Dao Palace was a battleground for young people, not only for fame and glory, but also for beauty. At the age of youth and the first awakening of love, many young men fought over the affections of young women. There were countless beauties who were well-known within the Decimo Dao Palace. Who were lovers, who was pursuing who, and who was marrying which family were always hot topics for gossip.

Here, the young geniuses from the entire Theocracy had gathered, all of whom were dragons among men, from powerful clans in the Divine Capital, or other bigwigs. Where countless talents gathered, naturally only those who were superior would stand out and win over these beauties.

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The First Sky Pavilion was marked by its many white courtyards, beautiful mountains, and breathtaking scenery. Under a towering old tree stood a boy in grey robes. His eyes glimmered a faint grey, his face was slightly pointed, and two canines were faintly visible at the corners of his mouth, seemingly sharpening his temperament.

"Wei Wushang."

Just then, a handsome, white-clad young man with an outstanding temperament approached from the distance. The white scarf on his head and jade pendant at his waist, as well as deep, clear eyes, made him appear gentle and elegant.

"Dongyang Yu, I've been waiting for you for a long time," said Wei Wushang. When those sharp canines appeared, he seemed almost wicked.

"What is it?" asked Dongyang Yu.

"What've you been up to recently?" Wei Wushang walked up to Dongyang Yu, hooking his arm around his shoulder. Although Dongyang Yu frowned, he didn't push him away.

"Cultivating and painting."

"Is it still like this, you painting fanatic? But then again, your paintings contain the dao of divine patterns, and are incomparable throughout the Divine Capital. Out of all the descendants of the Autarch, none can compare to you in this aspect," praised Wei Wushang.

"Hmm." Dongyang Yu nodded, a little absentmindedly.

"Still shocked by the Autarch's death?" asked Wei Wushang.

"Yes. It's been hard to regain my composure." Dongyang Yu frowned.

"The Ancient Theocrats have all left, but why didn't you return to the Imperial City? After all, you're a descendant of the seventh prince, and you have power. Despite not making it to the coronation as Autarch, your grandfather was once crown prince."

"Because the Imperial City is in chaos, my father asked me to stay here instead of involving myself," said Dongyang Yu.

"He's right. That's what the West Hall King said as well," replied Wei Wushang.

"Wei Wushang, most of the clans consider the ninth prince the proper heir. The Ancient Greedwolf Clan isn't hiding the ninth prince, are they? Tomorrow, the thirteenth prince will be enthroned as the Autarch, while the ninth prince has been convicted of treason. If you don't give up, the new Autarch is sure to eradicate dissidents," added Dongyang Yu.

"That's for sure. Everyone knows that. But the patriarchs told me not to worry about what's going on outside. No matter how chaotic things get, the Decimo Dao Palace won't be affected. In the struggle for power, the seventh prince will definitely be pulled into the whirlpool, but as long as you don't go out of the Decimo Dao Palace, it won't affect your painting."

"With the changes outside, perhaps the Ancient Greedwolf Clan and the seventh prince's descendants will stand on opposite sides one day. When the time comes, things between you and I won't be so simple," said Dongyang Yu.

"Us juniors can do nothing about world matters. However, if that day truly comes, we'll be brothers within the Dao Palace, but enemies outside," laughed Wei Wushang.

"That's a decent way to think. So you called me out today just to say this?" Dongyang Yu grinned.

"Of course not. I want a painting from you, something elegant and profound. How many beautiful girls in the Dao Palace collect your paintings just for you? Just give me your best work."

"Do you have a new target?"

"Yes, she's top quality," said Wei Wushang.

"Let's hear it."

"She's the disciple of Sky Hall King, Wang Xin, named Li Qingyu. I heard she's a descendant of Li Shenxiao, the ancestor of the Decimo Dao Palace. Like Li Shenxiao, she's a pentabane with a boundless future. Most importantly, she's deliciously pure, clean, and elegant. Lately, all I've seen are the noble descendants of the Divine Capital. Compared to women who wear heavy makeup and play up to those in power, she's a breath of fresh air," Wei Wushang said excitedly.

"Any girl who receives such a high evaluation from you must be good. With five bane-rings, she's definitely strong. Why haven't I seen her name in the ranking?" asked Dongyang Yu.

"She awakened rather late, and only became a pentabane at the age of sixteen. She's been cultivating for less than a year. But in the past two months alone, with the help of the Sky Hall King, her cultivation has soared to fifth-level Heavenly Will. In a few years, even you may not be her opponent. Now, while she's still new to everything, her naivete means she'll be easy to trick. It's the perfect time for me to act. In a few years, once she gets used to the abundance of the Divine Capital, it won't be so easy to trick her." At the thought of the young lady, Wei Wushang smiled confidently.

"It's rare for you to be so serious. Fine, I'll give you the 'Moonlight Sword Dance' painting." Dongyang Yu pulled out a scroll from his spatial ring. The spiritual energy that assailed their senses indicated that the scroll was made of ground spirit herbs.

"No, I want your most famous work, 'Impeccable Beauty.' You've painted all the beauties of Divine Capital. It must be a gorgeous painting," said Wei Wushang. "You might look like a cold gentleman, but you burn with passion on the inside."

"What do you know? Beautiful women are a breathtaking scene to behold. I just appreciate them, and have no intention to blaspheme. I'm certainly not as superficial as you," he argued.

"So will you give me 'Impeccable Beauty'?" asked Wei Wushang.

"No, I've not finished painting it. It's still short of a leading lady that can wow the audience. Only a celestial beauty is worthy. I won't finish this painting without this person."

"In fact, I don't really want 'Impeccable Beauty.' Li Qingyu is a moon-type beastmaster, she'll like your 'Moonlight Sword Dance'." Wei Wushang laughed mysteriously.

"Then why are you talking about 'Impeccable Beauty'?"

"That's because I've found the girl who'll complete your painting."

"What did you say?!" shouted Dongyang Yu.

"Look at how anxious you are. I'll take you to see her right away," laughed Wei Wushang.

"What do you mean?"

"A girl beside Li Qingyu, whom I came across last time. I was so amazed I wrote this the moment I laid eyes on her: this lady could only exist in heaven. How often can the mundane world glimpse her?"

"Don't be shameless. That wasn't written by you."

"The point is she's extremely beautiful, indescribably so. In short, she's no mortal beauty," Wei Wushang praised.

"Let's have a look, I don't believe you. No such woman exists."

"Haha, open your eyes and see clearly. But first, I must warn you that this girl has a fatal flaw."

"What?"

"She doesn't possess any beast ki. That is to say, she's nothing but beautiful."

"It doesn't matter. As long as she's beautiful, she's heaven to me," replied Dongyang Yu.

"Ah, you're such a fool." Putting away the 'Moonlight Sword Dance,' Wei Wushang led the way with a nervous Dongyang Yu behind him.

Some time later, they stood in front of an elegant courtyard. At the entrance, Dongyang Yu tidied himself.

As Wei Wushang knocked at the door, Dongyang Yu found himself a little nervous. Soon after, the door opened and a girl with long white hair appeared. Like the bright moon, her eyes flickered toward Wei Wushang and she immediately closed the door.

"Junior Sister Li, I just want to gift you a painting today."

"Get lost," said Qingyu.

As she spoke, a young woman rose from where she was sitting in a pavilion in the courtyard. But upon realizing the visitor wasn't the one she was waiting for, she sat down once more. Wei Wushang and Dongyang Yu merely caught a glimpse of her before the door was shut in their faces.

"She won't even show us any courtesy!" Wei Wushang never imagined he would be treated like this. His gaze cooled in an instant. Turning around, he saw Dongyang Yu transfixed.

"What do you think? Isn't she beautiful? My taste isn't bad, eh?"

"Who are you referring to?" Dongyang Yu sounded hoarse.

"Let's talk about Li Qingyu first."

"She's exactly as you described, a first class beauty."

"What about the one in the back?"

"I want to paint her, put her right in the middle of 'Impeccable Beauty'!" Regaining his senses, Dongyang Yu's eyes burned with a trace of madness.

"Then what?"

"I want to paint her all my life!" he said resolutely.

"Even if she's beautiful, she'll only live for seventy or eighty years, at most. By the time she's thirty, she'll be old. You'll be lucky if you can paint her for ten years," said Wei Wushang.

"No...." Dongyang Yu pointed to the courtyard, fingers trembling slightly.

"This is her best age, so she should end her life now and sleep in an ice coffin. That way I can paint her for hundreds of years, even a lifetime!" The obsession in his voice indicated he wasn't joking.

"Pervert."

"What did you say?" Dongyang Yu glared at him angrily.

"Nothing. Don't get excited, Brother. It doesn't matter what you want to do, I'll help you. I might as well handle Li Qingyu, too, so she knows who the Divine Capital belongs to. How dare she humiliate me like this! Hehe..." Holding up the scroll in his hand, Wei Wushang said, "I'll make this ignorant woman kneel naked under me as we appreciate this painting."

Over the years, he had pursued many people, but this was the first time he had received such a reply.

Chapter 434 - Courtyard 99

"Let's go," said Dongyang Yu. There was no point for them to feel anxious. He just wanted to use the safest way to make this beauty, who made his heart tremble, belong to him for eternity. But just when they were about to leave, a plump man with a height of over two meters walked over with two teenagers, laughing. It was mainly the white-haired youth chatting with the plump man, while the other youth watched from the side.

"There's all sorts of weird delicacies in the Divine Capital. Take wine, for example. There was one made with the feces of a saint beast, and many nobles in the Divine Capital liked eating it...." The plump man was laughing so hard that the fat on his body shook.

"Well, I can't seem to understand the upper society," said the white-haired youth.

"Brother Tianming, delicacies are just one of the attractions in the Divine Capital. What we're famous for here are beauties. People gather here from all around the Theocracy of the Ancients, and that goes the same for beauties. We have many Romance Pavilions in the streets and alleys. To the north of the Divine Capital, there's also the Romance River. There's lots of choices there, and you can take a walk there. I guarantee that you'll lose weight after your visit," the plump man smiled lecherously.

"Have you been there?" The white-haired youth smiled.

"That...no...." The plump man was ashamed.

"Then why are you advertising it?"

"It doesn't matter. I have lots of theoretical knowledge, and I can bring you there next time and pretend to be a frequent visitor. Just make sure that you don't back out." The plump man slapped his thigh with confidence. Moving his head over to the white-haired youth's ear, the plump man whispered, "Besides,

not only can we relax in those places, but our lifebound beasts can as well. You know what I mean? Those beauties have their lifebound beasts....”

“What the hell?” Tianming was amazed upon hearing that. He was surprised by the extravagance of the Divine Capital. Right at that moment, the two of them passed by two youths. When Tianming saw Dongyang Yu and Wei Wushang, he was shocked.

“Just two passersby from the Decimo Dao Palace are so strong?” Tianming asked.

“They’re not random passersby. Brother Tianming, those two are top existences in the Earth Ranking, especially Dongyang Yu. He’s someone from the Ancient Theocrats, and he’s one of the strongest around. Even if he grew up in the Theocracy, he’d still be ranked at the forefront,” the plump man said with excitement. Earlier, he was trembling when he saw them and even shrunk his neck.

“The Ancient Theocrats?” Ye Lingfeng trembled when he heard that. Turning around abruptly, he had already drawn out his weapons, the Infernal Bloodsoul Daggers. The Infernal Bloodsoul Daggers were an ancient inheritance from the Infernal Soul Race, and they had more saintly heavenly patterns than Li Wudi’s Crimsonblood Saber. They were godly weapons meant for assassination!

When Ye Lingfeng was about to make his move, Tianming reached out and grabbed the daggers. He said, “Don’t move!”

“I can’t hold back!” Ye Lingfeng gnashed his teeth.

“Hold it in no matter what!”

Letting out a long breath, Ye Lingfeng calmed down. Tianming knew that Ye Lingfeng’s mind was relatively empty, and he would only get worked up over vengeance. He asked, “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine now. Thank you, Big Brother Tianming.”

“Don’t worry about it. Since I brought you out, I naturally have to be responsible for you. The Decimo Dao Place is a place of rules, and everything you do has to be within those rules. If you’re not able to judge the timing, then leave it to me,” said Tianming.

“Alright.” Ye Lingfeng nodded.

“Brother Tianming, this is Courtyard 99,” Zhou Yuanyuan turned around and said with excitement. When Ye Lingfeng flared up earlier, he had taken a few steps forth and didn’t notice the number plate. They had finally reached their destination. But just when Tianming was about to enter, someone suddenly called out to them, “Stop!”

When Tianming turned around, he saw that a grey-clothed youth, Wei Wushang, had called them out. Looking at how domineering the other party’s gaze was, Tianming naturally became unhappy and asked, “What’s the matter?”

“Are you looking for Li Qingyu? Get lost then!” Wei Wushang looked at Tianming ferociously, his tone filled with oppression.

“Just where did this idiot come from? Who the hell are you to tell me to get lost? You can get lost, idiot,” Tianming sneered. Tianming didn’t want to let Ye Lingfeng kill without reason, but he wouldn’t be afraid of some verbal fight if they were being provoked.

“Wei Wushang, don’t! He’s Li Qingyu’s brother!” Just as Wei Wushang’s gaze turned cold and his murderous aura surged, the plump man, Zhou Yuanyuan, immediately stood in front of him, sweating profusely.

Listening to what Zhou Yuanyuan said, Wei Wushang was briefly shocked before he asked, “You’re Qingyu’s big brother?” His murderous aura dissipated and he put a smile on his face.

“I don’t look like it? Didn’t you see my hair?” Tianming asked. His white hair did share a resemblance to Li Qingyu’s.

“This is a misunderstanding. I thought you wanted to harass Qingyu. What’s your name?”

“Li Tianming.”

“Tian...ming?” Dongyang Yu frowned his brows. This was a bold and unfriendly name. However, Wei Wushang didn’t seem to realize it and smiled. “So it’s Brother Tianming. May I know which hall you belong to?”

“The Future Hall.”

“Alright, I’ll come and find you in the future with Brother Yangyu when we’re free. Judging from your tone, you just arrived in the Divine Capital?” Wei Wushang asked.

“That’s right,” Tianming replied. He wanted to see what Wei Wushang would do.

“So it’s Brother Tianming’s first time here. Since you know nothing about the Divine Capital, we’ll come and visit you in a few days and bring you around the city,” said Wei Wushang.

“I might not be free.”

“Oh, haha....”

“Let’s go,” said Dongyang Yu.

“Goodbye,” Tianming replied.

Right at that moment, the people in the courtyard seemed to have heard the commotion outside. The gates of the courtyard opened with a creak and two girls ran out. “Big Brother!” Hugging one in each of his arms, Tianming was on cloud nine right now. On the other hand, Dongyang Yu’s eyes had turned red from watching them.

“Damn it! Damn it!” he muttered and turned around with his face distorted. Veins crawled up on his face like poisonous worms. Hearing the chuckles coming from behind, he didn’t need to look to know that Tianming had entered the courtyard while hugging them.

“Look into him!” Dongyang Yu said.

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Entering the courtyard, Li Qingyu asked, "Big brother, can't you be more reserved with everyone watching?"

"What?" Tianming let go of Feiling, who had a bright red blush on her face.

"What are you guys looking at?" Tianming condemned righteously. Wasn't it just a reunion? Was there a need for everyone to stare at him?

"You were immoral...." Feiling smiled wryly. Honestly speaking, it had only been two months since she had seen him last. But when she saw Tianming, she was so happy that tears rolled down her cheeks. But fortunately, Tianming had plenty of ways to make her laugh again, such as tickling her.

"Ahem, come. Let me introduce you guys to two new friends," said Tianming.

Zhou Yuanyuan immediately took a step forward and tidied his clothes to present himself in the best light possible. But suddenly, Tianming said, "This is just a passerby. Next!"

"Brother Tianming, what the hell...?" Zhou Yuanyuan was frozen right on the spot. Both Feiling and Li Qingyu had also ignored Zhou Yuanyuan and focused on Ye Lingfeng. They could feel that there was something different about the young man. Not only his temperament, but he also radiated an oppression they felt deep in their souls. At the same time, his actions were weird. For example, he was lying on the edge of the pond staring at the goldfish swimming with his eyes wide open.

"His name is Ye Lingfeng. You guys can just call him Feng. Slowly get acquainted among yourselves and treat him as my younger brother," said Tianming.

"Okay." The two ladies nodded.

"Feng, come here and greet your big sister and sister-in-law," Tianming said.

"Hello, big sister, sister-in-law," Ye Lingfeng greeted seriously.

"Nice to meet you, Feng."

"Big Brother Tianming, can I move now?" Ye Lingfeng said while standing straight.

"Sure."

The moment he received Tianming's reply, he immediately disappeared. He had no concept for beauties. Instead, he climbed up the tree and looked at the leaves.

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As Zhou Yuanyuan was also a friend, Tianming ultimately introduced him as well. Now that Zhou Yuanyuan had brought Tianming over, he was tactful and left, not wanting to disturb Tianming's reunion with the two ladies.

"Brother Tianming, come and look for me when you have time. I'll show you the best way to lose weight in the Divine Capital."

"Get lost," Tianming said with a headache, and Zhou Yuanyuan immediately ran off.

"What does he mean?" Feiling asked with her brows raised.

“Nothing, it’s just a misunderstanding.”

“So, did you get along well with Big Sister Bai over the past two months?” Feiling asked again.

“We’re still okay....”

“Okay?”

“Nope.”

“Ling’er, don’t be jealous. Big brother loves you the most. When he was staring at you, you could see that he’s been behaving for the past two months,” Li Qingyu was sensible as she spoke up for Tianming.

“I’m just messing around with him. After all, he likes teasing others all day long!” Feiling laughed.

Now that his days had calmed down, Tianming felt more relaxed. He didn’t tell Feiling what had happened in the Infernal Soul Purgatory, but only said that he had beaten up the younger generation of the Ancient Qilin Clan.

“Qingyu, well done,” said Tianming.

“What do you mean?” Li Qingyu was baffled.

“In making Ling’er gain some weight. I just tested, and the touch feels better.”

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Half a day of catching up later, Li Qingyu asked, “Big brother, the Future Hall isn’t far away. Is your residence big? I want to live with you. I won’t have any friends if you take Ling’er away.”

“Sure. My place is big, and there’s no issue even if we have a dozen people living there,” said Tianming.

Upon receiving Tianming’s approval, Li Qingyu immediately started packing up. She was the disciple of the Sky Hall King, and she had to report to the Sky Hall every few days. Very quickly, they arrived at the Future Hall’s First Pavilion.

“Has Feng always been like this?” Li Qingyu asked when she saw Ye Lingfeng digging for earthworms on the ground. Most importantly, he was seriously doing research, looking at it for a long time before he tossed the earthworm into his mouth.

“Holy shit!” Everyone immediately closed their eyes. Tianming felt a headache as he said, “Qingyu, teach him some common sense when you have the time.”

“Alright....”

The next moment, Ye Lingfeng spat out the earthworm and muttered to himself, “It’s inedible! Who told me that it’s delicious earlier? Come out and taste it yourself!”

Tianming knew he was conversing with the souls within him.

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In the evening, Tianming decided to stroll around and take a look at the Decimo Dao Palace.

Chapter 435 - Evil Suppression Pillar

The Decimo Dao Palace was huge. At the very least, it was a lot bigger than the Grand-Orient Sect. He heard that they could only walk around in the academy section of the Decimo Dao Palace, which meant most of it was closed to disciples. The architecture was relatively simple and elegant. It was clearly different from the majestic and solemn Imperial City. Compared to the Ancient Qilin Clan's Manor City, most people walking around were youngsters.

Then again, Tianming, Feiling, Li Qingyu, and Ye Lingfeng had attracted the most attention. Out of the four of them, only the Sky Hall King's disciple, Ye Qingyu, was well-known by everyone. As for the other three, including Feiling, this was the first time the other disciples had seen them. All four of them had different temperaments, which made a strange combination. But at the same time, they had also attracted much attention, especially Feiling, who was holding onto Tianming's arm.

"Who's that girl? Why have I never seen her before?"

"She's attached?"

"Who's that white-haired brat? What a waste!"

"I don't recognize him."

"White hair, what a poor taste!"

Wherever they went, they would attract jealous gazes. Tianming had no intention of hiding Feiling in the Decimo Dao Palace; she deserved to live under the sun. Tianming was already feeling guilty about hiding her existence in the Grand-Orient Sect. When he saw how happy she looked running around, Tianming was satisfied. They eventually walked to Treasure Street.

"Big brother, I want this!"

"Buy it then!"

"What about this?"

"Buy! Buy it all." Tianming was someone who had made a fortune in the Grand-Orient Sect through war, so he wasn't stingy.

Li Qingyu was familiar with the street. As they walked, she explained some important rules of the Decimo Dao Palace, including the Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking. Perhaps it might be related to the national funeral, but today's atmosphere in the Decimo Dao Palace was rather solemn.

"Let's take a look at the Evil Suppression Dao Plaza," Tianming said after shopping around with Ling'er and filling his spatial ring.

"Alright, let's go." The Evil Suppression Dao Plaza was where the 'ranking battles' of the Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking were held.

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Before Tianming was an enormous pillar. He had seen the Decimo Gate Pillars during the day, but this pillar was truly towering compared to those. It was directly plugged into the clouds. When he tried

looking up to see the top, he almost broke his neck, but he still couldn't see it. The enormous pillar was entirely black, and the surface looked like it was covered in countless black scales. If he didn't look at it carefully, he would've mistaken it for a giant snake. The scales seemed somewhat similar to Tianming's black arm, but their shape was different.

"What's this?"

"The Evil Suppression Pillar. It has a long history and has existed since the establishment of the Decimo Dao Palace. It's rumored to be a saint beastial weapon, but there doesn't seem to be any saintly heavenly patterns on it," Li Qingyu explained.

"Saint beastial weapon?" Tianming didn't think it looked like a weapon. After all, who in the world could lift such an enormous saint beastial weapon?

The Evil Suppression Pillar is the symbol of the Decimo Dao Palace," said Li Qingyu.

"Got it. So putting it bluntly, it's useless."

"Maybe."

Seeing that Tianming was looking at the thousand golden names arranged on the pillar from top to bottom, Li Qingyu explained, "This is the Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking's Earth Ranking."

Raising his head, Tianming asked, "So is the highest one ranked number one in the Earth Ranking?"

"Yeah. I heard that empyrean manna is rewarded for this year's first place," said Li Qingyu.

Tianming looked at the names and saw Dongyang Yu's name ranked at the top. "Why does this name look so familiar?"

"Didn't you see him this morning?"

"It's him? I see...."

"Big brother, you also want to participate and fight for first place?" Li Qingyu asked.

"Don't you have any confidence in me?"

"Of course. With my big brother around, nothing's impossible. The empyrean manna is just at your fingertips," said Li Qingyu.

"Haha...." Although Li Qingyu put it like that, he couldn't afford to be sloppy. There were many geniuses in the Divine Capital, and none of them were pushovers.

"Why are there so many people with the surname 'Dongyang' ranked at the top then? The Dongyang Clan is from the Theocracy?" Tianming asked.

"Yes, but not all of them."

"What do you mean?"

"The title of Ancient Theocrat is only passed down to men, and only males can establish the royal bloodlines. On the other hand, even if the women get married, their children's status is lower than the

princes. Hence, only males with the closest bloodline to the current Primeval Autarch and the three generations can use the surname of Dongyang. As for females or distant lineages, they can only use the surname Jiang. So if you encounter someone with the surname Dongyang, they're mostly all within the core of the clan. As for those with the surname Jiang, they either have an ordinary bloodline, or they're women.

"For example, Autarch Yun, who had just ascended the throne. Aside from those in the thirteenth bloodline, everyone had to change their surname to Jiang. For example, Dongyang Yu will probably have to change his surname soon. Furthermore, even among the thirteenth bloodline, the daughter of Autarch Yun can't use the surname Dongyang."

For women to suffer from such strict traditions made Li Qingyu unhappy. This tradition kept the status of women low right from their birth. When the previous Primeval Autarch, Autarch Qian was still alive, the males of three generations of his bloodline could use the surname Dongyang. But when it came to Autarch Yun, everyone other than the thirteenth bloodline had to change their surname to Jiang. It was complicated, but that was the reality.

Oh. No wonder the princess was named Jiang Lingjing, while her brothers were named Dongyang Ling and Dongyang Yu. Tianming understood the relationship within the Ancient Theocrats. Li Qingyu hadn't said anything, as she still hadn't realized it. When Tianming raised his head, three people among the top ten had the surname Dongyang, while the other two were surnamed Jiang. He could tell that the two with the surname Jiang were female, judging from their names, with just a glance.

"The Theocrats occupy five out of the top ten?" Tianming asked with a depressed mood. This showed how domineering the Theocracy was.

"Well, they're really powerful, and there are only two from the four halls," said Li Qingyu.

"Four halls? So weak?"

"Yeah. There's nothing we can do about it. Most of the geniuses on the ranking are basically from the Divine Capital, and they all have backgrounds. On the other hand, the disciples of the four halls were basically born commoners, and normally, we can't compete with them," said Li Qingyu.

"That makes sense. It looks like your brother will have to make a move and turn the situation around," said Tianming.

"Not bad. I'm optimistic about you," Li Qingyu smiled. If others heard their conversation, they would probably cramp up from laughing so hard. After all, Tianming wasn't even a saint. When Tianming was done boasting, he noticed that Feiling was a little depressed.

"Ling'er? What's the matter? Who made you upset?" Tianming asked.

"Big brother, the Theocrats are too much! Why does being surnamed Jiang mean having low status?" Jiang Feiling said unhappily.

Only then did Tianming realize that Jiang Feiling also shared the same name. He comforted, "Ling'er, don't be angry about that. No matter how low the Jiang surname is, you're still above the Li surname."

Feiling was dumbfounded.

“Big brother, I suspect you’re trying to be a rogue.” Li Qingyu smiled wryly.

“Calm down. It’s normal.”

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Bai Zijin told him that everyone in the Earth Ranking was in the Saint stage, and they were all pretty young. Clearly, Jun Nianchang would be nothing if he was in the Decimo Dao Palace. On the other hand, Ning Wushuang, the triplet beastmaster, was in the second level of the Earth Saint stage. Eventually, Tianming found her name ranked at 180!

No wonder Bai Zijin said that he would only be ranked among a hundred at best. The Evil Suppression Plaza was relatively empty today, as most people had probably gone to the funeral. However, that didn’t mean that the ranking battles had stopped—there were still some people fighting on the stages.

“The rules for ranking battles are for one side to issue a challenge, and the other side accepts. If the challenge succeeds, you’ll replace your opponent on the ranking. If you fail, then no more challenges are allowed within five days. Any disciples on the ranking have a fixed number of times they can refuse challenges. Once you use all of your refusals, you must accept a challenge within three days.

“Due to the top ten ranking reward, the challenging rules are more detailed and complicated. So let’s talk about it when you enter the top ten,” said Li Qingyu.

“You’re saying that we just have to defeat our opponent, and we’ll replace them in the ranking?” Tianming said with a heated gaze.

“That’s right.”

After understanding the rules, Tianming was about to leave. But when he turned around, he suddenly noticed a furious gaze directed at him. What a coincidence, it’s Ning Wushuang!

“You’re pretty bold not to hide in the Ancient Qilin Clan. Are you here to seek death?” Tianming’s expression instantly darkened.

“Haha!” Ning Wushuang tugged her arms with flames gushing from her eyes. “I never expected that you’d be able to come out of the Infernal Soul Volcano. I’m here to find you! You want to leave the Ancient Qilin Clan without paying a price? Dream on!”

“And who gave someone like you, who I’ve already defeated, your confidence?” Tianming smiled. If this weren’t the Decimo Dao Palace, he would’ve killed her the moment she showed up before him.

“I have to thank you for that. You forced me to make a breakthrough, and now I’m in the third-level of Earth Saint stage. I’m now fully capable of entering into the top fifty in the ranking!” Ning Wushuang sneered.

“Ranking?” Tianming turned around and said, “Ning Wushuang, I’ll give you a chance to kneel and beg for mercy. Get up on the stage.”

“You’re saying you want to challenge me?” Ning Wushuang smiled.

“That’s right.”

Bai Zijin wasn't wrong. He was only in the Heavenly Will stage, and it wouldn't be easy for him to find a saint to challenge. But it was a lucky coincidence that he met Ning Wushuang here.

"Li Tianming, if it wasn't for the lifetime curse, the first in the Earth Ranking would be mine! I'll fulfill your wish. Did you think that you could underestimate me just because you defeated me once? I'll make you understand the price of underestimating your enemy!" Ning Wushuang sneered and stepped onto the stage.

"Ling'er?" It has been a long time since Tianming had fought together with Feiling, and he missed the sensation a little.

"Okay."

Right before everyone, Feiling glowed and merged into Tianming.

Chapter 436 - Revenge

The crowd erupted. "What's going on?"

"That beauty entered his body?"

"What the hell is going on?"

"Who is this person?"

"I think the Sky Hall King's disciple, Li Qingyu, brought him here. Looking at their conversation, he seems to be Li Qingyu's big brother."

"He's challenging Ning Wushuang!"

"He's going to challenge Ning Wushuang while in the Heavenly Will stage? Is he courting death?!" Many people gathered around due to the weird matchup, whispering among themselves.

"Junior Sister Li, is this person your big brother?" a lady asked.

"Yeah."

"What's his name?"

"Li Tianming."

"Oh, you're not worried for him? Ning Wushuang clearly wants to teach him a lesson by accepting the challenge. How did he provoke her?"

"Let's just watch," said Li Qingyu.

"Alright. But I suggest you find an elder...." The lady rolled her eyes. She was clearly unhappy with Li Qingyu's reply.

"Qingyu, how did that lady fuse into your brother's body?" a man asked. The topic had also attracted many people's attention.

"That's because they're a natural pair to begin with," Li Qingyu explained.

“Well, your brother is really fortunate. Your sister-in-law is really gorgeous. But the downside is that she doesn’t have any cultivation, which is a little weird.”

“What’s it got to do with you?” Li Qingyu rolled her eyes.

“Watch how you speak. Do you think that you can be so arrogant just because you’re the Sky Hall King’s disciple?” The man frowned.

“It has nothing to do with my master. It’s because my brother is here,” Li Qingyu replied.

“Haha!”

Li Qingyu was suddenly startled as she noticed that Feng had disappeared. She immediately called out to him, “Feng!”

“Big sister, I’m here.” A voice came from her feet. When Li Qingyu looked down, she immediately smacked herself on the forehead. Because Ye Lingfeng had no interest in Tianming’s fight, he was pulling the weeds on the ground.

At the same time, the battle finally broke out on the stage. Tianming couldn’t be bothered to waste time and made a pact with Ning Wushuang to settle this in a fight between beastmasters. Otherwise, it would be too chaotic if both sides summoned their lifebound beasts for the fight, and Tianming didn’t want to waste any time on her.

As it was a ranking battle, killing one’s opponent was forbidden, but severely injuring them was fine. There were elders watching from the Dao Pagoda behind the Evil Suppression Pillar to enforce that rule. Ning Wushuang held onto her Hurrricanesnow Saber and immediately charged over, executing the Cherry Illusory Saber. After making a breakthrough, she had gotten faster and stronger.

“Li Tianming, I’ll let you see if I’m still a fly!” Ning Wushuang couldn’t forget the humiliation she had suffered in their previous fight, and today was her chance to cleanse her humiliation. Right at the start of the battle, she unleashed the Cross Chop. Her technique was faster and more ferocious, and at the same time, her saint ki was also stronger than before.

“She made a breakthrough!”

“She’s in the third level of the Earth Saint stage now!”

“She’s truly terrifying, being able to achieve this even with the lifetime curse. If she didn’t have the curse, she’d probably be ranked in the top three!” many people exclaimed. All of them felt that Tianming, who was only in the Heavenly Will stage, would die under Ning Wushuang’s Flower Burial Dance. To prevent death in the ranking battle, the elder in the Dao Pagoda was even prepared to rescue Tianming. But Tianming remained where he was and swung out his sword, unleashing the Shenxiao Sword Art’s third sword. The three Heavenly Wills began converging toward the Grand-Orient Sword.

“That sword!” Many people could tell that there was something unusual about Tianming.

Tianming’s sword intent burst out in the next moment, along with Jiang Feiling’s Temporal Field, Spatial Wall, and Celestial Wings. This time, Tianming was much stronger than before. With the Insightful Eye, Tianming saw through Ning Wushuang’s illusions and appeared before her.

The Grand-Orient Sword and Hurricanesnow Saber clashed. In the next second, the Hurricanesnow Saber was sent flying away. At the same time, one of her arms flew out, and she screamed out with a pale face, "Arggggh!!"

It was a complete, one-sided suppression. Compared to their previous battle, Ning Wushuang couldn't put up any fight at all. Tianming slammed his palm down on Ning Wushuang's head, causing her knees to hit the ground. This time, her bones were shattered, and she couldn't stand up.

"Urgggh...." Ning Wushuang knelt on the ground with blood tears streaming down her cheeks, completely dumbfounded. "You and your venomous heart!"

Just when she wanted to raise her head, Tianming kicked her forehead. The momentum behind the kick made her spin a few times in the air. Lying in a puddle of blood, she could only tremble.

Standing before her, Tianming asked, "I heard that the saint origin is located in the dantian?"

"Y-y-you!" Ning Wushuang struggled to raise her head, but what met her was Tianming's sword stabbing into her Dantian.

"Urggghhh...." Ning Wushuang widened her eyes with fear. She could sense that her saint origin had been crippled, and her saint ki would slowly dissipate into spiritual energy. With that, her cultivation had been crippled.

"Wuuuu...." Ning Wushuang could only cry out in pain, lying on the ground. All of her ambitions had been ruined.

"Big brother, what did this girl do?" Feiling was in a daze. She thought that Tianming had only wanted to teach her a lesson, but his mercilessness caught her by surprise.

"I was almost killed by her in the Infernal Soul Purgatory.

"Do you remember Yun Zhenzhen? She killed Yun Zhenzhen and framed me for it, causing Yun Zhenzhen's father to nearly kill me," Tianming said, putting his sword away. He said it lightly, but only he knew what danger he was in at that time.

"What a ruthless person to kill someone of her own!" said Feiling.

She would obviously stand firmly together with Tianming. The world was ruthless, and being magnanimous would only get them killed sooner or later. But fortunately, Feiling wasn't such a person.

"So she deserves it," said Tianming. He didn't even look at Ning Wushuang, who was trembling in a pool of blood, and jumped off the stage. When he raised his head, he noticed hundreds of gazes directed at him. Honestly speaking, the ranking battle between beastmasters and lifebound beasts would usually take a long time. Everyone in the surroundings knew that Tianming was Li Qingyu's brother, and they had just been saying that Tianming was courting death to challenge Ning Wushuang. But in an instant, the battle was over.

The battle lasted less than three breaths and ended with Ning Wushuang lying on the ground. She couldn't even get up on her feet, which made it clear that she had been crippled. For a moment, everyone was dumbfounded, looking at Tianming with reverence.

“A Heavenly Will defeated a third-level Earth Saint?”

“It’s been barely three breaths!”

“He’s called Li Tianming?”

When Tianming hopped down the stage, the crowd opened a path for him. They couldn’t hide their mood, and they even developed fear toward Tianming. Tianming knew that if the matter of today spread out, everyone in the Decimo Dao Palace, or even the Divine Capital as a whole, would come to know his name. That was great, as he wouldn’t have to introduce himself again and again.

“Hold it right there!” A woman in red suddenly appeared on the stage. She looked bewitching, but she was cold and severe at the moment. It seemed that she was one of the elders supervising the ranking battle between Tianming and Ning Wushuang.

“What’s the matter?” Tianming asked. This woman was a Supernal Mentor in the Saint stage.

“How dare you be so ruthless as to cripple someone here when the two of you have no grudges!” the woman reprimanded.

“Mentor, no one said that we’re not allowed to cripple our opponent in the ranking battle.” Tianming raised his head. When everyone saw how unyielding Tianming was as he spoke to the Supernal Mentor, all of them could feel their scalps going numb. Tianming was this daring?

“Outrageous! Come with me to the Ancient Qilin Clan!” The woman in red said coldly. Ning Wushuang might be from a clan of sinners, but they were still famous. So the woman in red couldn’t explain to them that a genius from their clan had been crippled under her watch.

“No need for that. I just came back from the Infernal Soul Purgatory. If you don’t believe me, you can ask the Future Hall King about it. The three Hall Kings were the ones that brought me back today,” said Tianming. He was a straightforward person, and since he had someone backing him up, he wouldn’t hide it. Sooner or later, everyone in the Decimo Dao Palace would come to know his name and identity. So Tianming made his backing clear, since he didn’t want to repeat it again and again.

“You’re using the Future Hall King as your backer?” The woman in red wanted to laugh. But all of a sudden, an old, rough voice came from the Dao Pagoda.

“Su Hongyin, come back.”

The woman in red was briefly stunned when she heard that, and she couldn’t help taking another look at Tianming. It was clear that she had been called back because that existence didn’t want her making trouble for Tianming. She could only stare at Tianming briefly, then turn back to the Dao Pagoda. Everyone was depressed. They thought that Tianming would be severely punished for his deeds, but in the end, nothing happened to him.

“Who is he?”

“He seems to be related to the Ancient Qilin Clan?”

“Get someone to look into him!”

“Not even Mentor Su could do anything to him, not to mention that he’s also Li Qingyu’s big brother. That means he’s a descendant of the legend, Li Shenxiao!”

“Li Qingyu is a pentabane and enjoys such a high status. So how many bane-rings does he have?”

There were all kinds of discussions about him. Moreover, everyone could see a new name at 180th on the ranking: Li Tianming. Ning Wushuang would drop a rank, according to the rules, but her name had been directly erased. It was all done by Tianming, which made the onlookers curious, and some of them even maliciously speculated.

“Qingyu, Feng, let’s return home.”

“Alright!” Li Qingyu knew that her brother would be fierce. Together, they left the Evil Suppression Plaza. But suddenly, Tianming saw someone familiar standing in the corner looking at him—Jun Niancang. Tianming looked at him from afar, and he could see the sorrow in Jun Niancang’s eyes. This time, Tianming had defeated someone in the third level of the Earth Saint stage all by himself, without relying on a Spiritburn Tome.

The gap between them had grown wider, so could Jun Niancang still take his revenge? Right now, he could only lean against the wall and look at the white-haired youth, who had risen like a sun. There was nothing Jun Niancang could do to stop him.

He initially thought that Tianming would die in the Ancient Qilin Clan, but reality showed that not only could the Ancient Qilin Clan not kill him, they even allowed him to rise into the sky. Tianming was now ranked on the Earth Ranking, and Jun Niancang wondered how high Tianming’s rank would reach after a hundred days.

Chapter 437 - Wei Wushang’s Birthday

From the highest level of the Dao Pagoda, the thousands of stages on the Evil Suppression Plaza could be seen, and all the battles on them. There was a throne by the window, upon which sat an azure-eyed elder. The elder wore grey clothes and a thin figure. There wasn’t much flesh on his face, and his eyes were piercing like a vulture’s. Beside him stood an alluring woman. She was Su Hongyin.

“Hall King, who is that brat for you to call me back?” Su Hongyin unhappily asked. Looking at Tianming down below, Su Hongyin was unhappy. After all, she was a Supernal Mentor, yet she was stumped by a disciple, which made her feel humiliated.

“His identity will soon be revealed. He’s the son of Li Muyang from the Ancient Qilin Clan. Today, Bai Mo and four others came to snatch him away from the Ancient Qilin Clan,” said the azure-eyed elder.

“Snatch? What does Li Muyang’s son have to do with the Decimo Dao Palace?”

“That’s because this brat is the foster son of Li Wudi, and he’s also a pentabane at the same time,” said the elder.

“Pentabane? A physique equivalent to Li Shenxiao’s? Is it so cheap that it can be found everywhere?” Su Hongyin was dumbfounded.

“Who knows what the descendants of the Li Saint Clan underwent. But those two youngsters are nothing. They still need a long time to grow. On the other hand, Li Wudi will gain a prestigious position

in the Decimo Dao Palace, sooner or later. The palace lord relied on Li Shenxiao's relationship to reach an agreement with Li Wudi. If all goes according to plan, Li Wudi will become the next palace lord sooner or later, gaining control of the Dark Hall. With Li Wudi, no one can say for sure about his potential. At that time, the Decimo Dao Clan will belong to the Li Saint Clan. Our Ancient Greedwolf Clan has been managing the West Hall for so many years, and we might be slowly uprooted from the Decimo Dao Palace!" said the azure-eyed elder.

"Hall King, I have a question. Why didn't the Primeval Autarch immediately take Li Muyang's son to force Li Muyang to return the Cyclic Mirror?" Su Hongyin asked.

"Because everything happened at the same time. The Primeval Autarch is dead, so no one cares about it right now," said the azure-eyed elder.

"Then which prince is our Ancient Greedwolf Clan supporting?" Su Hongyin probed.

"Don't ask. You'll lose your life if you ask too many questions. You only need to know that Dongyang Yun will be ascending the throne tomorrow." The azure-eyed elder glanced at Su Hongyin coldly, but his hands kept wandering around her body.

"Mhmmm!" Su Hongyin broke out in a cold sweat and quickly shut her mouth. The whereabouts of the ninth prince, Dongyang Ling, was causing a big storm in the Divine Capital.

"It's fine for the Theocrats to fight among themselves, but we'll be in a difficult position if we don't get rid of Li Wudi in a decade. Let's hope the Theocrats' turmoil will end soon, so we can kill him," the azure-eyed elder said eerily.

"Why don't you head to the Grand-Orient Realm and get rid of him right now? Is an octabane that terrifying?"

"You're overthinking it. The Decimo Dao Palace has a few masters in the Grand-Orient Realm."

"From the Dark Hall?"

"Yeah," said the elder, leaving Su Hongyin in deep contemplation.

"Go and call Wei Wushang."

"You want him to suppress Li Tianming and find an opportunity to cripple this brat? Or find an opportunity to kill the two of them?" asked Su Hongyin.

"Stop guessing randomly. You have nothing aside from your body," said the elder.

"...alright." The elder was overbearing, but Su Hongyin really liked it.

"Suppress them first. Wear down their courage and willpower. Let them taste the pain of failure and strike fear in them. Moreover, the other halls also won't allow someone who can topple the Decimo Dao Palace's current situation to appear. We have to strangle the enemy's geniuses before they can grow up," the azure-eyed elder sneered.

It didn't matter if the outside was in chaos. He was the patriarch of the Ancient Greedwolf Clan, and at the same time, he was the West Hall King. His duty among the Ancient Clans was to manage the West Hall.

"By the way, Hall King, what's the deal with the woman attached to that brat?" Su Hongyin asked.

"I don't know. It's bizarre that there's someone so strange in the world. I can only tell that Tianming loves her a lot."

"So?"

"I'm preparing to get someone to kill her. After all, she's a nameless person, and if she dies, that brat would be more or less crippled."

"Oh, you make sense. I hate youngsters being so lovey-dovey the most. Why don't I personally kill her? I can do it quietly without causing any commotion."

"Are you sure about that?" the azure-eyed elder asked seriously.

"I'm sure. That'll be a huge credit, and I want to give it a try."

"You can. Come back for your reward when you're done, then."

"The reward won't be your favor, right?"

"Why don't you guess? I'm messing with you. I will give you what you asked for the other time."

"Thank you, Hall King! I—"

"Don't come over now. This old man can't take it."

.....

The nightscape was decorated with stars. The four youngsters were cultivating under the moonlight. When Bai Zijin came after finally finishing her shower—which practically took an entire day—Tianming said, "Hello, Big Sister Bai."

"I heard about you along the way here. Everyone now knows that you have two fathers," said Bai Zijin.

"Is that good or bad?" Tianming asked.

"It's nothing. It would be known sooner or later. A pentabane is too conspicuous, and you can't hide it. Then again, no matter how arrogant you are, you're still lacking compared to your foster father."

"How arrogant was he?"

"He was summoned by the palace lord when he came that day and flashed his octabane," Bai Zijin said with disdain.

"And?"

"The palace lord came out."

Indeed, it was befitting of Li Wudi's style—straightforward.

“Now that everyone knows you have Li Wudi backing you, along with four Hall Lords, no one will dare to touch you, not even from the other halls. But you have to be careful when fighting other disciples. After all, you started something unprecedented today, and if someone does the same to you, others will only say that you deserve it.” Bai Zijin was feeling a headache. Anyway, she had never seen Tianming bearing with it since the first day she had met him. If he had grudges with someone, he would vent them on the spot.

She had no idea that Tianming was sensitive toward hatred. Back then, when he bore it in for three years, he had already used up all his patience. And now that he could resolve it, he wouldn't bear it in silence.

“Don't worry about it, Big Sister Bai. I know,” said Tianming.

“You're Ling'er?” Bai Zijin couldn't be bothered with Tianming anymore and turned to Feiling.

“Hello, Big Sister Bai,” she obediently greeted. Looking at Bai Zijin's heavenly pattern barrier, she couldn't help sticking her tongue out.

“You're really pretty, Ling'er. Even I've been captivated by you. That brat Tianming is really fortunate to have you.” After being praised, Feiling would surely praise Bai Zijin in return. The two of them ended up exchanging flattery. This was the world of women—hypocritical, yet cute.

Tianming looked outside. The entire Divine Capital was shrouded in an undercurrent, and the Decimo Dao Palace was caught in it. The turmoil might even break into the Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking, making the battles even more intense. Cultivation was a race against time, but Tianming had taken a break today and planned on continuing his race tomorrow.

Under the moonlight in the courtyard, Li Qingyu's lifebound beast had already evolved into a fifth-order saint beast, transforming from a Grandwhite Kunpeng into a Lunar Kunpeng. In the soft, silver light, the Kunpeng's snow-white feathers looked elegant and noble.

“Yueyue, do you want some fish?” Ying Huo grabbed a fat golden fish and handed it over to Shuo Yue.

“Yueyue, don't ignore me. Do you like earthworms?” Ying Huo persisted.

“I want to eat you!” Shuo Yue glanced at Ying Huo.

“Don't be so straightforward. Don't you know that I'll feel shy?” Ying Huo's feathers turned red.

Meow Meow and Lan Huang were watching by the side.

“Brother Meow, what's Brother Chick doing?”

“Picking up girls.”

“Is it fun?”

“It's fun. You can give it a try.”

“Brother Meow, I'm afraid of that white bird. Why don't I pick you up instead?”

“Meow?” Meow Meow became alert.

“Brother Meow, where do I begin?” Lan Huang looked at Meow Meow with both of its heads.

“Get lost!” Meow Meow only felt that it was safe after climbing to the top of the pavilion. It collapsed on the pavilion’s roof and settled in to sleep. “Sleep, meow!”

Suddenly, Meow Meow felt a chill and opened its eyes. Meow Meow saw a youth with crimson pupils studying its eggs.

“Holy cow! Tianming, take your brother away!” Meow Meow cried. Why were these people so terrifying?

.....

After two weeks passed, Tianming had relied on the black arm to analyze the Grand-Orient Sword’s golden gate and formally stepped into ninth-level Heavenly Will. He had finally reached the final level in the Heavenly Will stage, and what came next was the most crucial step in his cultivation.

“I started as a mortal, and now I’m stepping into the Saint stage.” Tianming wanted to continue pondering. Anyway, he still had time for the ranking battle. Meanwhile, the situation outside was continuing to change.

“Autarch Yun has ascended the throne, and he’s currently chasing down Dongyang Ling, who committed treason. Autarch Qian has already been buried, but the cause of his death hasn’t been announced so far. Some people started spreading the news that Autarch Yun schemed against his father to usurp the throne. I heard Autarch Qian was the strongest in the last ten generations of Primeval Autarchs. He was in power for two hundred years, and experienced all kinds of storms. So why did he suddenly die?”

“Furthermore, there’s been many assassinations in the Divine Capital. Many members of the Ancient Theocrats, Ancient Clans, and Saint Martial Manor died suddenly with no culprit found. This means it won’t be easy for Autarch Yun to sit on his throne firmly until he becomes an Empyrean Saint. The situation might seem calm now, but it’s just the calm before the storm... Big Sister Bai told me to ignore everyone in the outside world and focus on the Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking. She even said that if I can’t find an opponent, she’ll arrange one for me...” Life was great for Tianming with a backer.

“Feng can also try challenging the Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking....” Tianming had been studying Ye Lingfeng recently. During this period, Ye Lingfeng had also been making breakthroughs in his cultivation, and had reached third-level Earth Saint. Tianming discovered that Ye Lingfeng’s cultivation speed was as fast as his.

Ye Lingfeng said that he only spent two years recultivating after the soul sacrifice to reach the third level of the Earth Saint stage today. That kind of monstrous cultivation speed was nearly similar to Tianming.

The Future Hall King and the other Hall Kings also looked into this matter, and they said that when Ye Lingfeng cultivated the Infernal Soul Art, his powerful soul played a huge role. Whether it was comprehending Heavenly Will or converting beast ki into saint ki, it was equivalent to having eighty thousand people cultivating at the same time.

Those eighty thousand people all had their own experiences, and they gathered their thoughts together. It was easy for Ye Lingfeng’s Soul Will to advance by leaps and bounds. His was a Heavenly Will closest to

the origin of the soul. In other words, his Heavenly Will was his soul. If it weren't for the lack of spiritual energy in the Infernal Soul Volcano, his cultivation would definitely be much higher.

Moreover, they even said that as Ye Lingfeng continued fusing with the eighty thousand souls, his talent would only increase. The four Hall Kings all felt that Ye Lingfeng's birth was a miracle, and they were further certain about that today. Even Tianming was happy for Ye Lingfeng.

"Let's hope that Feng can catch up to my speed. This way, he can walk further with me." Tianming had never been worried about his future, because the Primordial Chaos Beasts were in his body. However, the Aeonian Grandbane was still active. Once it was broken, who in the world would be able to catch up to him?

.....

This day, Zhou Yuanyuan, who was living next door, came knocking on his door. When Tianming opened the door, the fatty said, "Brother Tianming, I just saw Wei Wushang outside earlier asking where you live."

"What is he trying to do?"

"He's probably trying to invite you to his birthday."

"It's a gathering for nobles in the Divine Capital. There's beauties, wine, and delicacies everywhere! It's a debauchery!" Fatty Zhou said with envy.

"It'll be boring. The national funeral was just the other day, so how can we play?" Tianming said with disdain on his face, as Feiling was right next to him. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door, and a voice called out, "Brother Tianming, I'm Wei Wushang. Can I come in?"

Chapter 438 - The Weasel and Ying Huo

When Wei Wushang knocked on the door, Zhou Yuanyuan, who was standing by the door, opened it. There was a large group standing outside, with Wei Wushang in the lead. He was a member of the Ancient Greedwolf Clan. With a smile on his face that revealed his canine teeth, he looked like a harmless puppy. He was happy about the occasion.

Six people were standing behind him, all of whom had noble statuses. Tianming had no idea if they were all younger generations of the Ancient Clans or the Theocracy. Dongyang Yu, who Tianming had previously seen together with Wei Wushang, was nowhere to be seen. Aside from the nobles, there were also disciples of the Decimo Dao Palace standing in the distance. They were all curious if the infamous pentabane, Tianming, had a conflict with Wei Wushang.

"Brother Tianming, it's been some time since we last met, and I've missed you!" Wei Wushang came up together with the nobles and introduced each of them to Tianming. He even emphasized their backgrounds. Most of them were from the clans, and one of them even had the surname Jiang, someone from the Theocracy, just that her lineage was rather distant. In the Divine Capital, those with a distant lineage of the Ancient Theocrats weren't comparable to those direct descendants. It was a youth by the name of Jiang Nancheng, and he was probably pretty talented if he could be together with these youths.

“Am I really the one that you’re thinking about?” Tianming sat on the stone stool with a profound smile on his face. From their first meeting, he could tell that this genius from the Ancient Greedwolf Clan was after Li Qingyu.

“Brother Tianming, you really know how to joke around,” Wei Wushang smiled.

“What’s up?”

“Haha, didn’t I say that I’d bring you around since you’re new here? It just so happens that my birthday is soon, and I wanted to invite you and Junior Sister Li to participate in my birthday banquet. At that time, everyone there will be geniuses with the highest statuses in the Divine Capital, and at least ranked in the top twenty of the Earth Ranking. Brother Tianming can take the opportunity to make some friends, and also let everyone take a look at a pentabane for themselves.” Wei Wushang smiled.

“Isn’t that improper? The national mourning still hasn’t ended. Won’t the elders blame you for holding a banquet?” Tianming asked with a smile.

He had met many people in his life, and could tell if someone was a friend or enemy with just a glance. Wei Wushang represented the Ancient Greedwolf Clan from the West Hall, and wasn’t on the side of the Decimo Dao Palace. On the other hand, Tianming was a true disciple of the Decimo Dao Palace.

“Brother Tianming, you’re very considerate. The national mourning lasts a month, and my birthday is next month. By then, the mourning will be over. Furthermore, my birthday banquet is just a gathering between friends, chatting about our lives. It won’t be extravagant at all,” Wei Wushang laughed.

“Oh, then I’ll ask Qingyu.” Tianming turned to look at Li Qingyu, who had come out of her room, and asked, “Do you want to go to Brother Wei’s birthday banquet?”

“Nope.” Qingyu immediately returned to her room upon seeing Wei Wushang, which placed him in an awkward position. However, in the depths of his eyes, there was a trace of flickering ferocity.

“I’m sorry, Brother Wei. My sister has an introverted personality and isn’t good with words and crowds. So I’m afraid that we might not be able to go,” said Tianming.

“Since Junior Sister Li is shy, why don’t you bring her along? After all, the Grand-Orient Realm is nothing, compared to the Divine Capital. Since the two of you are now in the upper society, it’s best if the two of you integrate with the Divine Capital,” Wei Wushang smiled. There was some irony hidden in his words, and after he spoke, everyone else laughed softly.

“Upper society?” Tianming looked at the group, and the superiority they felt was even stronger than Heaven’s Elysium’s disciples. Evidently, they were prideful, since they were born noble. They might be here to invite Tianming, but deep in their bones, they looked down on him.

“That’s right, the upper society, the Divine Capital!” Wei Wushang smiled and nodded his head.

“Ying Huo, come here,” Tianming called out. Ying Huo, swimming in the pond in backstroke, suddenly jumped and shook its feathers while asking, “What is it?”

“Wei Wushang, see that? It’s a chick,” Tianming said, pointing at Ying Huo.

“So? What are you trying to say here?” Wei Wushang asked, perplexed.

“That’s what I’m depressed about. It’s the national mourning right now, so why is a weasel like you coming to visit my chick?” Tianming asked, which left Wei Wushang dumbfounded. That phrase also meant coming to visit with ill intentions.

Tianming was mocking Wei Wushang. He first exposed that Wei Wushang had ill intentions for inviting him to the birthday banquet, and who knew what he was trying to do. Secondly, he was mocking Wei Wushang for being a weasel.

Weasels were utterly different from wolves, and to describe someone from the Ancient Greedwolf Clan as a weasel was an insult to them. But Tianming didn’t insult Wei Wushang directly, instead beating around the bush to do it.

“You!” Wei Wushang’s face instantly turned cold.

“Brother Wei, it’s too early for you to visit. Besides, you’d better go back and take a look at yourself in the mirror. You’re just a toad, so don’t go after the swan. Behave yourself.” Tianming stood up and pointed at the mirror. His intention was clear; he wanted Wei Wushang to leave. Even if a genius from the Ancient Clans was standing before him wanting to woo Li Qingyu, Tianming would also tell them to leave.

Wei Wushang had just said that Tianming was a frog in the well, and he was insulted as a toad by Tianming in return. This was a humiliation for him, someone with some reputation in the Divine Capital. Even the faces of the youths around him had changed.

“Tianming, aren’t you a little too full of yourself? I’m here with the kind intention to make friends with you, and this is how you repay me? With sarcasm? Do you really think that no one can touch you with someone protecting you in the Dao Pagoda?” Wei Wushang became furious.

“You’re actually right about that. I’m full of myself. Also, Wei Wushang, listen carefully. I’m not interested in your hypocrisy by beating around the bush. Don’t think that you’re almighty. If you still don’t understand what I’m saying, then let me summarize it for you: get lost,” Tianming replied.

Birthday banquet? Tianming would be stupid if he went there to be pushed around. Did Wei Wushang think Tianming would give him face since he came to deliver the invitation personally? And even bring Li Qingyu along as well? Wei Wushang hadn’t expected that not only would Tianming deny him to his face, but also trample on his dignity.

Disciples of the Ancient Clans valued their faces, and they liked to network among each other. But it was a pity that Tianming wasn’t buying it. By telling Wei Wushang to get lost, there was no way they could reconcile. But Tianming didn’t think that Wei Wushang would let him off even if he gave him face today.

“You want to woo my Little Sister Qingyu with that look of yours? Do you have a screw loose somewhere?” Ying Huo joined in and mocked Wei Wushang.

“You’re courting death!” The youths beside Wei Wushang immediately became furious.

“Teach him a lesson!”

“If I don’t kill this bastard today, I’ll....” These people might seem to be angry, but they weren’t the ones being humiliated. Although they appeared furious, none of them dared to do anything.

“Try me. Otherwise, get lost. I’ve remembered all your names, and when I’m free, I’ll challenge all of you to ranking battles. I’ll beat all of you up until you immediately make a detour whenever you see Qingyu,” said Tianming.

“Li Tianming, do you think the Divine Capital is as simple as you think? And here I thought that you were a smart person. But it turns out that you’re just arrogant. I overestimated you.” Wei Wushang wasn’t furious; on the contrary, he laughed. When he finished speaking, he turned around and left.

“Just admit that you’re furious. I guess the birthday banquet will be filled with traps for my sister and me. But it’s a pity that I’m not mentally retarded, like you.” Tianming rolled his eyes. His words were like swords stabbing into Wei Wushang’s heart. Honestly speaking, he did achieve the task given to him by the Ancient Greedwolf Clan’s patriarch. He’d pondered over the past ten days before they came up with this trap, including drugging Tianming and his sister.

He had wanted to strike a fatal blow at Tianming and his sister, ultimately destroying them. However, he never expected that his plan would be over before it even began. His plan had been entirely seen through by Tianming, leaving him in an awkward position. Regarding this, Tianming could only say that Wei Wushang was an idiot.

When Wei Wushang and his group turned around, Zhou Yuanyuan and the other disciples who were watching could see the gloomy expression on Wei Wushang’s group’s faces. They instantly figured out that Wei Wushang and his group had been humiliated, so they immediately opened a path for them and didn’t dare to utter a single word.

Suddenly, Wei Wushang raised his head and looked at Zhou Yuanyuan. He remembered that this fatty was chatting with Tianming happily the other time. Wei Wushang smiled. “Fatty, I’m inviting you to my birthday banquet. If you don’t come, then you’re finished!”

“I...” The fatty paled.

“Don’t care about him. What can he do to you if you don’t go?” Tianming’s voice sounded out, which instantly made Zhou Yuanyuan feel relieved.

“Wei Wushang, don’t direct your anger at me. I’m just a nobody, so please let me off,” Zhou Yuanyuan pleaded.

“So, are you going?” Wei Wushang asked.

Zhou Yuanyuan could only shake his head. He knew that Wei Wushang wanted to vent his anger on him, and at the same time, take revenge on Tianming.

“Fatty, you’re ranked 250th on the Earth Ranking. You’ve already used up your refusals for this month, and you’ll have to face challenges as long as someone challenges you, right?” Wei Wushang suddenly grinned.

“I...” Zhou Yuanyuan’s face turned pale.

“Wait for the challenge three days from now. I have many brothers around, and I’ll let you have some fun with them!” Wei Wushang glared at Zhou Yuanyuan, then left with his crowd. Everyone knew that

Zhou Yuanyuan was doomed for being too close to Tianming. Zhou Yuanyuan came from another realm, and his background wasn't comparable to clan disciples. After they left, Zhou Yuanyuan was in a daze.

"Fatty, I'm sorry you got dragged into this." Tianming came up to him.

"I-it's fine." Zhou Yuanyuan patted his chest. "I can just admit defeat in the ranking battles. It's fine."

"You're afraid?"

"They're ruthless. We don't have any power, so we can't beat them. Many of their elders have positions in the Decimo Dao Palace," Zhou Yuanyuan smiled bitterly.

"Understood, but you can rest assured. Since I got you involved in this matter, I'll be responsible for you," Tianming said.

"Why does it sound weird? It sounds like you're trying to brush me off." Zhou Yuanyuan smiled, rubbing his head.

"Haha..." Tianming patted his shoulder. "You're overthinking it. I wouldn't be interested in you even if my only other option is making love to a pig."

"Woah... your taste is a little too... abnormal..."

Tianming immediately pulled Zhou Yuanyuan up.

"Tianming, you can actually ease your relationship with Wei Wushang. Even if you're not going, you can at least give him some face. Was there a need to make things so tense?" Zhou Yuanyuan asked.

"Give him face?" Tianming sneered, "It's not that complicated. My will is to use my sword and hack apart anyone that dares to stand in my path. Since he's courting death, there's no need for me to give him any face."

In Zhou Yuanyuan's impression, this was the first time he had seen such a ferocious side of Tianming. He didn't know that Tianming had killed Lin Xiaoting, Yuwen Shendu, and Yueling Long. The life and death battles he experienced during the sect war also far surpassed his peers. But at this moment, those same experiences were his precious wealth.

"I see it now. You're a wolf." Zhou Yuanyuan exclaimed.

"What do you mean?"

"You're someone more ruthless than a ruthless person."

"Screw you."

Standing by the side, Qingyu was listening to their conversation. She now knew why Tianming was so irritable today. The second day that Tianming had been in the Decimo Dao Palace, he had already asked about Wei Wushang. Tianming was furious when he heard that Wei Wushang had constantly been pestering her. And today, Tianming had already crossed out Wei Wushang's name in his heart.

"Hey, fatty."

"What's up?"

“Call me when you receive the challenge. I’ll go with you,” said Tianming.

“Well, duh! There’s no way I’d dare go by myself.”

Chapter 439 - Nine Star Patternscribe

That afternoon, Tianming closed all the windows in the training room. The room was dark, and when he looked back, Feiling was sitting on the edge of the desk, reading a book. She had her chin propped up with one hand, and her legs swaying beneath the desk. She looked adorable.

“What is it? I’m just reaching the best part. The male protagonist was humiliated by his father- and mother-in-law before finding out that his long lost grandfather was a tycoon!” Feiling looked at Tianming unhappily.

“Ling’er, you’ve fallen. You’re actually reading novels instead of real books!” Tianming said with disdain.

“I do need to relax occasionally. What are you closing the windows for?” She stared at Tianming with her watery eyes like a helpless little rabbit. While she was nervous, there was also a trace of anticipation in her eyes.

“Hehe,” Tianming laughed.

“Don’t mess around! O-or I’ll scream for help!” Feiling said.

“What are you thinking about! Dirty!” Tianming took out a book and placed it on the desk. “I intend to read the Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon with you.”

“Oh, is this the Infernal Soul Race’s patternscribe inheritance you mentioned?” Feiling was a bookworm, and she would keep any book she saw, regardless if she could understand it. She had two spatial rings, one for her clothes and the other for books.

“That’s right. Take good care of it.” Tianming was stuck in the ninth level of Heavenly Will, and he wouldn’t be able to make a breakthrough anytime soon. So he was thinking of becoming a patternscribe. It was something that he had dreamed of for a long time.

Tianming and Feiling sat on the chair as they read the book together. In the process, Feiling’s hair would brush against Tianming’s face, which felt ticklish.

Turning to look at Feiling, Tianming noticed that she was seriously reading the book with her hair combed behind her ears. There was a gentle glow on her cheeks in the darkness, and when she blinked her eyes, her pupils were filled with spirituality.

“What are you looking at? Open the book!” Feiling turned and saw Tianming looking at her. In that moment, she felt her heart violently throbbing. When Tianming looked at her, she could sense the love and passion in his eyes.

“You’re beautiful,” said Tianming.

“I know. Read the book!” Feiling lowered her head.

“Your hair smells nice. Why don’t we read more books together in the future?” Tianming leaned his head on her shoulder and looked at her face.

“Okay, but shouldn’t we read with light?” she smiled.

“You have to read this book in the darkness. You don’t believe me? Let me show you.” Tianming stretched out a finger and flipped open the Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon. When the book was flipped open, the training room suddenly lit up.

The darkness was replaced with a colorful shine. Lowering her head, Feiling noticed that it was the heavenly patterns on the book that lit up. The shine reflected on the wall, which was covered with patterns. It felt like they were in the starry sky, surrounded by colorful stars.

“It’s gorgeous,” she exclaimed.

“Yeah. Every page is a starry sky, containing the insights of countless ancestors. Can you see the words?” Tianming asked.

“Yup.” Aside from the starry lights, words filled the walls. Just this page alone contained ten different kinds of writing styles for heavenly pattern tomes, along with the notes from countless ancestors.

“How magical. I seem to understand what they’ve written,” said Feiling. Tianming had long discovered that she had an unusual comprehension ability for heavenly patterns, which might be related to her bloodline.

“Yeah. I’ll start comprehending this book while you take a look at it for me. If I have any questions, I’ll ask you.”

“Okay.” As a result, Tianming and Feiling leaned against each other as they pondered over the profundities of the patternscribes together.

“Big brother, the grades of patternscribes, tomes, and barriers are recorded here.”

“How are they differentiated?” Tianming had just gone into this path, and he didn’t even have any foundational knowledge about it.

“It’s graded from one to nine stars. One star heavenly pattern tomes and barriers are the basics. With that as the basis, the nine star heavenly pattern tomes and barriers are the strongest. If you can inscribe a one star heavenly pattern tome or barrier, you can be considered a one star patternscribe,” Feiling explained.

“The grades are simple. I wonder what the grade of the strongest patternscribe in the Divine Capital is?” Tianming started feeling curious and planned on asking Bai Zijin about it.

“It mentions that you can check the grade of heavenly pattern tomes and barriers here,” said Jiang Feiling.

When Tianming looked at it, it was just as she had said. It was written that by using the cover of the Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon, he could swiftly search for the creation method of the tomes or barriers. Following this method, Tianming started pouring his beast ki in.

“Let’s first look at the Spiritburn Tome.” The book soon flipped to the Spiritburn Tome’s page. Reading through the description of the Spiritburn Tome, Tianming was shocked. “A Spiritburn Tome is a common, gradeless heavenly pattern tome. That means there were nine grades to it, based on its power

and how complicated it is. The one I used was probably a one star Spiritburn Tome, only effective for those below the Saint stage. If it'd been a nine star Spiritburn Tomes, even an empyrean saint could use it!"

"Let's look at the Bloodbane Barrier next?"

"Sure." Tianming continued searching, and finally found a recording of the Bloodbane Barrier. The Bloodbane Barrier was a five star heavenly pattern barrier. This meant that Li Shenxiao was at least a five star patternscribe! He then searched for the Southsky Barrier and Grand-Orient Barrier. The Southsky Barrier was a two star barrier, while the Grand-Orient Barrier was a three star barrier.

"What about the Infernal Soul Barrier?" When Tianming searched, he found the Infernal Soul Barrier's creation method on the last page of the book. Tianming could feel a headache when he saw how complex it was. It was recorded there that if you wanted to create an Infernal Soul Barrier, you would have to be an empyrean saint.

"The Infernal Soul Barrier is a seven star barrier, which also means that the strongest patternscribe in the Infernal Soul Race's history was only a seven star patternscribe. The eight and nine star patternscribes are probably rare. I wonder if they existed in the history of the dynasty?" Tianming said with longing in his eyes.

"Big brother, do you prefer heavenly pattern tomes or barriers? It's mentioned here that the tomes are ten times harder to create than barriers because it requires talent. A one star patternscribe might not be able to inscribe a heavenly pattern tome, but they can easily create a one star heavenly pattern barrier," said Feiling.

"That means creating a heavenly pattern tome is harder than creating a heavenly pattern barrier. So if you can learn how to create a heavenly pattern tome, it won't be an issue for you to create a heavenly pattern barrier. Since that's the case, I'd rather learn how to inscribe heavenly pattern tomes," said Tianming.

"But it's written here that you should start out with heavenly pattern barriers."

"The Heavenly Will beastmasters we met in the past were too weak, and the heavenly pattern barriers created by them can't even be graded," said Feiling.

"I don't think it'll be an issue. I have a feeling that I'm a genius in this field," Tianming said, brimming with confidence.

"But you'll have to spend a lot on materials if you want to inscribe heavenly pattern tomes."

"Why does that matter? If I succeed, I can sell it for ten times the cost. Ling'er, we're going to be rich! Moreover, heavenly pattern tomes can be used in battle to empower ourselves. So much so that even you can use it," Tianming said with excitement.

"Aren't you a little too confident? That's how everyone starts losing their fortunes."

"You dare belittle me? Do you want me to smack your butt?"

"Ahhh!"

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Only one place sold materials for inscribing heavenly pattern tomes in the Decimo Dao Palace—the Divine Pattern Hall. It was a mysterious place, and Tianming had to ask around for a long time before finally reaching it. A small path led to the unpopular Divine Pattern Hall, which meant there weren't many patternscribes in the Decimo Dao Palace.

Tianming weighed the fortune that he had made from the sect war. He heard materials for heavenly pattern tomes were costly, which made him hesitate. Standing before the gate, he knocked on the door.

"Come in," a woman's voice sounded out.

But the moment Tianming entered, he couldn't help smiling and asked, "Big Sister Bai? What're you doing here?"

"Why can't I be here? Why are you here in the Divine Pattern Hall?" Bai Zijin stretched her body by the window, outlining her impressive curves.

"I'm here to look at your heavenly pattern barrier... just kidding! I'm here to buy materials for inscribing heavenly pattern tomes," said Tianming.

"Wait a moment." Bai Zijin quickly entered the back room. After a while, she walked out barefooted, wearing a large robe. Looking at Tianming with suspicion, she asked, "Has my father started teaching you the ways of a patternscribe? Did he test your talent to become a patternscribe? How many stars do you have?"

"The talent can be tested?"

"Well, duh. Judging from your tone, you must not have tested your talent. So why are you here to buy materials?"

"To be prepared," said Tianming.

"Then there's no need for you to buy the materials. You can start with small heavenly pattern barriers," said Bai Zijin.

"No, I insist on buying the materials."

"...Whatever, just pay the money for them," said Bai Zijin.

"Pay? Why should I pay with our relationship?" Tianming was shocked.

"How are you going to buy it without paying? This is the heirloom my father left for me. I'll be broke if I lose my money. The materials for heavenly pattern tomes are very expensive, and I can only give you a twenty percent discount at most. I'm just selling it to you at cost," Bai Zijin said furiously.

"Twenty percent? Isn't that a little too stingy? Why don't you give me a better discount?"

"Why don't I break your legs instead?"

"Fine, we'll just go with fifty percent," said Tianming.

“Just this once! You little bastard, I’m selling the materials to you at a loss by giving you this discount.” Bai Zijin smiled wryly, then patiently started packing up the materials for Tianming. There were three necessities to inscribe a heavenly pattern tome, and Tianming was looking at them right now.

Chapter 440 - Heavenly Unity

The first ingredient in a heavenly pattern tome was saintly spirit herbs, to create the ‘Blank Book.’ That was an empty heavenly pattern book, and the materials were further divided into nine levels; they were the foundation for inscribing a heavenly pattern tome. The second was a saint beastial weapon, the Divine Pattern Brush. It was a unique saint beastial weapon, forged with spirit hazards, spirit ores, demon beast’s blood, and demon beast’s fur. The third was the Divine Pattern Ink that was at the level of saint spirit ores.

The Divine Pattern Ink was a unique type of saint spirit ore, and it was also divided into different levels. It could only be used by a patternscribe to inscribe heavenly pattern tomes, fusing heaven and earth’s mysterious power into a Blank Book. And once the heavenly pattern tome was used, it would release boundless power that was often used as a trump card.

In the Divine Capital, patternscribes were an extremely wealthy group of people, and many nobles wouldn’t hesitate to buy a heavenly pattern tome to protect their descendants. As for top-grade patternscribes, they were even more welcomed. It was a headache to fight with a patternscribe, because there were too many uncertainties. Who knew how many trump cards a patternscribe has in his spatial ring?

Tianming bought a one star Divine Pattern Brush, ink, and ten Blank Books. That meant it wouldn’t be a loss if Tianming could succeed with one. The materials weren’t too costly, and Tianming was lucky that he made a fortune in the sect war—not to mention his fifty percent discount! When he saw the pain on Bai Zijin’s face, he knew that top grade heavenly pattern tomes were more expensive than manna.

“Your things are too messy. Did you bring them from the Grand-Orient Realm? The Divine Capital has a standard currency, saint crystals, that contains ten saintly heavenly patterns. Saint crystals hold a variety of elemental energy, and saint crystal veins are important resources for the Theocracy of the Ancients. If you’re able to make money in the future, try and request for payments to be made in saint crystals. Moreover, the spiritual energy in saint crystals is easy to absorb, and they’re important for empyrean saints’ cultivation,” said Bai Zijin.

“Got it. Thank you, Big Sister Bai.”

“No need to thank me. Don’t come back after wasting these materials. These things are expensive, and if it weren’t for that, I wouldn’t be wasting my time here,” said Bai Zijin.

Tianming could tell that the materials were expensive, but it would all be worth it if he could turn them into heavenly pattern tomes. Right now, his pockets were empty, and he couldn’t even afford a single strand of hair. How shameful would it be if Feiling cast her eye on a piece of jewelry and he couldn’t afford it? In the end, men still had to earn money.

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There was a Blank Book on the table in the training room. Holding the Divine Pattern Brush, Tianming dipped it in the Divine Pattern Ink and started drawing.

Lying on the desk, Feiling asked, "Big brother, why did you choose to learn the Mountshield Tome?"

The Mountshield Tome creates a barrier to protect the user. Although it's a one star heavenly pattern tome, it can take three attacks from an earth saint. A defensive heavenly pattern tome like this is easy to sell," said Tianming. The effects of the Mountshield Tome was stronger than Ling'er's Love.

"Big brother, are you trying to sell it, or are you trying to protect me?" Feiling asked. A heavenly pattern tome could be used by dripping blood on it, and only in special cases would they require the blood of a lifebound beast. But Feiling could use this Mountshield Tome.

"Of course it's for money," said Tianming.

Feiling pursed her lips and smiled. She knew that Tianming chose the Mountshield Tome to protect her. This was also part of the reason he was so anxious to become a patternscribe.

"Heavenly patterns are really profound. They're like fairies dancing in the world, attracting the profundities of heaven and earth. Sometimes I even feel like they're dancing between my fingers."

Under the starry sky, Feiling stood before Tianming. She leaned on the table and watched Tianming practicing inscriptions. Looking at her, Tianming smiled. "Ling'er, your heavenly pattern barrier is also pretty good as well."

"Don't speak nonsense!"

"That's because you showed it to me on purpose."

"No, I did not!"

"Yes, you did."

"Hmph!"

"Hahaha!"

"Why are you always thinking about those things? Can you focus here?"

"I can. Your presence is constantly reminding me to earn money."

As time passed, the sky turned dark; an entire day had passed. Suddenly, Feiling said, "I'm tired."

"I'll hug you to sleep."

"Okay."

"Don't be cheeky!"

"Okay."

But just when they entered the bedroom, Feiling suddenly jumped.

"What's the matter?" Tianming asked.

With a sly smile, she flicked the middle finger on her right hand before Tianming.

“Ling’er, your hint is a little too obvious. I’m not prepared at all. I-I-I... forget it, come!” Tianming closed his eyes.

“What are you saying!” Feiling looked at Tianming oddly.

“There’s no need to be polite with me. Come!” Tianming said.

“What the hell are you talking about? Look at my middle finger!” Feiling replied.

“Holy shit!” Tianming saw a faint glow on her nail that seemed like the heavenly pattern seal was gradually dissolving. In the next second, she was shrouded in white light. Her feet started to lift off the ground, and she hovered in the air like a goddess. Looking at her, Tianming was shocked. He even felt reverence towards her. Was that a misperception?

“Heavenly Unity.” Feiling said as she was enveloped in white light.

“What?”

“The ability of this finger—Heavenly Unity,” said Feiling.

“What do you mean?”

“It means unity with heaven.” The dazzling radiance suddenly disappeared from Feiling. In the darkness, only her glowing middle finger could be seen, close to Tianming’s nose.

“Ling’er, can you shift it away? I have a feeling of being violated,” said Tianming.

“Come quickly!” Feiling called out happily and pulled Tianming over to the desk. Putting him in the chair, she opened the Blank Book for him and shoved the Divine Pattern Brush in his hand.

“Big brother, how should I start grinding the Divine Pattern Ink?” Feiling anxiously asked. Writing normally required a brush, ink, and inkstone. But there was only a brush, ink, and paper here.

“Take the Divine Pattern Ink and smash it against your head,” said Tianming.

“Okay.”

When Tianming saw that she was really going to smash the Divine Pattern Ink against her head, he immediately grabbed it and said, “Are you silly? Use your brain.”

Tianming then converted a portion of the Divine Pattern Ink into liquid and dipped the Divine Pattern Brush into it. He asked, “Ling’er, what are you trying to do? The Blank Book and Divine Pattern Ink are expensive.”

“Go ahead and inscribe the Mountshield Tome according to what you’ve learned, and gather your beast ki on the Divine Pattern Brush,” said Feiling.

Although Tianming had no idea what she was trying to do, he still did as she said out of trust for her. Honestly speaking, he had been learning for an entire day, and he wanted to give it a try to see how he would fare. For the first time, Tianming’s Divine Pattern Brush came in contact with the Blank Book.

In that instant, he felt like the Divine Pattern Brush was a wild stallion that was galloping out of his control. The heavenly patterns and his beast ki clashed together violently, and the heavenly patterns for the Mountshield Tome were thrown into a mess in his mind. The Mountshield Tome had ten pages, but Tianming couldn't even inscribe the first heavenly pattern on the first page.

All of a sudden, something unbelievable occurred. Feiling grabbed Tianming's hand, and her middle finger tapped on the back of it. Tianming was shocked when he realized that the Divine Pattern Brush, that was behaving like a wild stallion, actually calmed down. Then, and the Divine Pattern Brush no longer went wild.

"Big brother, don't supply all your beast ki at one go. Make it into circulation. You supply the beast ki, and I'll do it." Feiling's finger was glowing. The serious look on her face made her even more breathtaking.

"Okay," Tianming called out happily. He understood now. He wasn't a genius in the ways of a patternscribe. His black arm could contact heavenly patterns and analyze them, but there was no way he could do something as detailed as a heavenly pattern tome.

On the other hand, the real genius was Feiling. She wasn't using any strength, but relied on one finger to suppress the Divine Pattern Brush and heavenly patterns that were going wild. So much so that she was guiding Tianming's hand as she finished inscribing the first page of the Mountshield Tome.

"Next page," Feiling said seriously. She looked absolutely stunning when she was focused. Tianming completely relaxed. As a man, he looked at his beloved girl inscribing the Mountshield Tome while holding his hand. At this moment, Feiling looked like a master of calligraphy. "Ling'er, is this what Heavenly Unity means? One with heaven?"

Feiling raised her head and looked at him, "That's right. I'm heaven." The way she said it was domineering.

"Oh... and here I thought that it was 'that' aspect of unity," Tianming smiled.

As Feiling's thoughts messed up, the brush went wrong, and the Blank Book instantly turned into fragments. Feiling immediately ran over and started hammering him on his chest, shouting, "Li Tianming!! Give back my money!!"

"Relax, relax. Ling'er, you're a moneymaking machine. I'll be relying on you for my future cultivation resources now. Come on, let's try again. You've really given me the shock of my life," Tianming smiled. He knew that he had found a treasure. Feiling's sixth ability, Heavenly Unity, was actually a talent in patternscribing.

However, she couldn't be a patternscribe herself. But she could use Tianming's hand to write the heavenly patterns. Today was Tianming's happiest day, because he saw Feiling more happy than usual. She really was a hardworking girl, always wanting to do her part to help out more. That was the reason why she would read the encyclopedias, so Tianming could concentrate on his cultivation. Even if she wasn't familiar with heavenly patterns, she would ponder about them. And today, the heavens didn't let her down. Tianming would still love her no matter what. But when he saw how happy she was, he was happy for her from the bottom of his heart.

“Again!”

The first time wasn't perfect, and it was all Tianming's fault for ruining her line of thought. This time, Tianming was fully absorbed in looking at her as she held his hand and inscribed the Blank Book in the darkness. He didn't expect that Ling'er would have such a domineering side to her. Tianming was intoxicated just by looking at her. The entire process took half an hour. That was right, just half an hour for her to inscribe a one star heavenly pattern tome. But in reality, this was a speed that would be impossible for a beginner. At this time, a complete Mountshield Tome was lying on the desk. However, Tianming didn't bother looking at the tome and instead gently hugged Feiling.

“Are you tired?”

“A little.”

“Your eyelids were struggling to stay open toward the end,” said Tianming. “Let's sleep. I'll hug you.”

“Don't move about. I'm still young, and I don't want to have a child yet.”

“It's all good.” There was a Mountshield Tome lying on the desk, letting out a faint glow in the darkness.

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Two days later, Zhou Yuanyuan's voice cried out from next door, “Tianming! Come and save me! They're forcing me to the Evil Suppression Plaza!”

When Tianming stepped out of the door, he was refreshed.