

The Ages 441

Chapter 441 - That's the Grand-Orient Sword?

Before they departed, Tianming turned back and said, "Qingyu, help me inform Big Sister Bai about the challenge."

"Okay." Li Qingyu knew the location of the Divine Pattern Hall, and Bai Zijin could be found there.

Zhou Yuanyuan looked nervous, and he only felt relieved when he heard that Tianming was going to call Bai Zijin over.

"Don't worry about it." Tianming patted his shoulder.

"Tianming, I'll rely on you for the rest of my life if I become a cripple. When that happens, you'll have to take care of me for the rest of my life," Zhou Yuanyuan cried out.

"Okay. Why don't I find a lady to serve you?"

"Aren't you too cruel?! Why can't I have a dozen beauties?" Zhou Yuanyuan wailed. They left the First Pavilion and headed toward the Evil Suppression Plaza. Other than Li Qingyu, Feiling and Ye Lingfeng went along as well.

"Big brother, can you give him a Mountshield Tome? It might come in handy during the challenge," Feiling asked.

"He can't use it even if I give it to him. According to the rules, only patternscribes can use heavenly pattern tomes in ranking battles, on the grounds that the heavenly pattern tome was personally inscribed by them." The rules mainly prevented wealthy disciples from spending money on heavenly pattern tomes, which was obviously unfair. However, if the disciple was a patternscribe himself, then the heavenly pattern tome would be part of his ability, and he could naturally use it in battle.

But there came the problem. How could they judge the origin of the heavenly pattern tome and distinguish if it was bought? In the process of inscribing the heavenly pattern tome, every patternscribe was required to leave a blood pattern imprint in it. The blood pattern imprint was made with blood, and only the tome's creator could leave it. With the blood pattern imprint, the patternscribe only needed a thought to use his heavenly pattern tome, and it was more efficient that way.

However, if the disciple participating in the ranking battle used a heavenly pattern tome that belonged to someone else, they would need to drip their blood on it to replace the blood pattern imprint. As the creator, Tianming didn't have to use his blood to activate the Mountshield Tome.

The Mountshield Tome he had created with Feiling was unique, so much so that adding the blood pattern imprint in the final process required the two of them. The advantage of that was that Ling'er could also activate the heavenly pattern tome, since they were both considered its owners.

For the ranking battle, the activation of the blood pattern imprint was used to determine the origin of the heavenly pattern tome. Therefore, Zhou Yuanyuan couldn't use Tianming's Mountshield Tome, according to the rules.

“Fatty, what happens if you use a heavenly pattern tome you bought in the ranking battle?” Tianming asked.

“It’ll be deemed a loss,” said Zhou Yuanyuan.

“Here, I’ll give you a Mountshield Tome. If you admit defeat and they still try to do anything against you, use it immediately.” Tianming gave out a Mountshield Tome with heartache. After all, a loss was still better than being beaten up.

“Holy shit!” Zhou Yuanyuan was stunned. “Aren’t you from the Grand-Orient Realm? Why are you so generous? This Mountshield Tome is worth over a thousand saint crystals; it’s more expensive than manna! You can’t treat me so well!” Zhou Yuanyuan was crying. Although he had verbally refused, his hands snatched the Mountshield Tome.

“It’s that expensive?! Holy shit, return it to me! Your life isn’t even worth so much money!” Tianming wanted to grab the Mountshield Tome back.

“No way!” Zhou Yuanyuan immediately placed the Mountshield Tome into his spatial ring.

Looking at the two of them from the side, Feiling smiled bitterly. Tianming turned to look at her and held her finger. “Does it still hurt?” The Mountshield Tome needed a drop of her blood, and even a needle prick made Tianming feel heartache for her.

“Don’t be so dramatic. I’m fine now, with the Jadeite Liquid that you borrowed from Big Sister Bai,” said Feiling.

“Let’s take it easy in the future. I can’t let you tire yourself out,” said Tianming. Over the past few days, the two of them had inscribed a total of five Mountshield Tomes, taking half an hour to inscribe each book. It caused considerable exhaustion for Feiling. The blood needed wasn’t much, but the physical and mental fatigue was inevitable.

Thus, Tianming set a rule that their monthly output shouldn’t exceed ten tomes. But even so, one book could be sold for thousands of saint crystals, and that was an enormous amount of wealth. With no more than ten books a month, it should be easy for Feiling.

If it weren’t for Tianming’s strict rules, Feiling didn’t think it would be a problem for her to inscribe twenty Mountshield Tomes. Then again, she could use her free time to study the Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon. She even told him that she would take care of heavenly pattern tomes and barriers so that Tianming could focus on his cultivation.

After all, she was in control when inscribing, while Tianming’s task was only to provide beast ki. She had a lot of time, and with her Heavenly Unity ability, she could create more powerful heavenly pattern tomes and barriers in the future. As for Tianming, he just had to sit back and ride on her coattails.

The two of them had perfectly divided their work, each performing their own duties. Tianming could protect her, and she could empower Tianming. Who knew if Feiling could learn another heavenly pattern tome after his seclusion and breakthrough?

“Big brother, you’re just responsible for staying beautiful. Ling’er will be responsible for making money to support you.” That’s what she had said when she woke up that morning, and after sleeping, she’d

already recovered from her exhaustion and immediately started reading. She felt great being hugged by Tianming. The only downside was that Tianming would bring the Grand-Orient Sword along to the bed, which made Ling'er feel uncomfortable from the hilt. However, she was still too innocent. Was that really the Grand-Orient Sword?

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Now that the national mourning was halfway through, the Decimo Dao Palace was more lively, and people could be seen everywhere. In the Divine Capital, those under the age of thirty were considered the younger generation, and the upper limit for age in the Decimo Dao Palace was also thirty. So as a result, Tianming could see many youths who had reached the Saint stage.

After all, this was the gathering of geniuses from the entire Theocracy of the Ancients. Except for some core members of the Theocrats, the strongest among the younger generation were all here. When Tianming's group walked, their presence attracted the attention of many disciples.

"See that person? That one, with the white hair. He's the son of Li Muyang. He initially came to the Divine Capital as a captive, but he survived under the protection of the Decimo Dao Palace."

"It's said that he's arrogant and domineering, an uncultured person."

"I heard that a few days ago, Wei Wushang of the Ancient Greedwolf Clan personally paid him a visit to invite him to his birthday banquet. But in the end, Wei Wushang was completely humiliated."

"There's no good outcome for being too arrogant. He's backed by a powerhouse in the Grand-Orient Realm, someone by the name of Li Wudi. Besides, he also has the pentabane of the Li Saint Clan. I heard that his talent was superb."

"How is he talented? Isn't he only in the Heavenly Will stage? The ability to fight someone stronger? The only talent that I recognize is high cultivation."

"Who knows. Arrogant people will suffer sooner or later. Anyway, there's no point paying attention to him. He'll be gone, sooner or later. Compared to him, his sister, Li Qingyu, is more tame and low profile."

"Haha. Her cultivation is even worse. I wonder if the elders are being deceived? Are their bane-rings drawn on?"

"Haha, don't talk nonsense."

Today, six out of ten halls in the Decimo Dao Palace were occupied by others, not to mention that there were also spies in the other four halls. Only less than thirty percent of the Decimo Dao Palace disciples were descendants of the Dark Hall's elders. Coupled with the status of Tianming's father, Li Muyang, it was difficult for Tianming to keep a low profile, not to mention that Feiling was a beauty. She was as famous as Tianming, and many people would ridicule them out of jealousy.

There was no helping it. Jealousy was a woman's nature, and as for men, most of them disdained the fact that Feiling was a mortal. There wasn't anyone in the Divine Capital that didn't have a trace of beast ki. Even if there were such people in history, they were all ridiculed as pests, and their status was even lower than pets.

“It looks like the Divine Capital isn’t too friendly.” Tianming was furious when he heard everyone distorting right and wrong, especially what they said about Feiling.

“Big brother, we don’t have to care about these people. They just like to mock others to make themselves feel superior. There’s also many neutral people supporting us. It was just that they don’t know us, so they don’t say a word. Sometimes, you might see it as everyone hates you, but that’s not entirely the case. You just feel that they’re arousing your disgust,” Feiling said softly.

“What you said makes sense.” Tianming relaxed. He swept his gaze around the surroundings, but didn’t say a word. Most of them were strangers, and there were no grudges between them. So who would be so bored to ridicule others?

“Are they heading to the Evil Suppression Plaza?”

“Look at where they’re going.”

“Let’s go and take a look.”

“Wei Wushang must’ve asked someone to teach Tianming’s friend a lesson to get Tianming to apologize to him.”

“His mouth is cheap, and he deserved it.”

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When Tianming’s party arrived at the Evil Suppression Plaza, there were thousands of disciples gathered there. Most of them were disciples of the West Hall, looking at Tianming with scorching gazes. They were there to show Tianming their strength.

“Big brother!” Qingyu came over from the crowd.

“So fast?” Tianming had deliberately slowed down on purpose, but he didn’t expect that Li Qingyu would arrive first.

“Big Sister Bai brought me here,” said Li Qingyu.

“Where’s she at then?”

“I don’t know. Maybe she’s too lazy to show up?”

“Alright, this is good.” With Bai Zijin around, Tianming was relieved. If Zhou Yuanyuan ended miserably, it wasn’t just a question about humiliating him, but also challenging his principles. Since he was the one who dragged Zhou Yuanyuan into this mess, he naturally had to be responsible for it. That was Tianming’s attitude, and he even gave Zhou Yuanyuan an expensive Mountshield Tome for it.

He had called Bai Zijin over because he was worried that the other party had bribed the supervisor, and just as Tianming had expected, he could see a black-robed middle-aged man standing on the Dao Pagoda looking coldly at Tianming. There was even a trace of enmity in his eyes. The elder in charge of this stage was one of theirs.

“That’s Jiang Shanjing, Mentor Jiang. He’s a member of the Ancient Theocrats and a Supernal Mentor of the Death Hall. He also has another identity—the grandfather of Jiang Nancheng, the youth standing beside Wei Wushang,” Zhou Yuanyuan said nervously.

Chapter 442 - Fatty, Your Life Isn’t Good

Jiang Nancheng? Tianming had seen this person before. He had some impression of this person, a cold person who had kept quiet the entire time in their last meeting.

“The Ancient Theocrats?” Ye Lingfeng knitted his brows when he heard it. He was feeling uncomfortable in his heart.

“Feng, what’s the matter?” Li Qingyu asked in a concerned tone.

“I’m fine.” Ye Lingfeng shook his head, but there was a ferocious glow in his eyes.

At that moment, a black-clad youth, Jiang Nancheng, jumped on the stage as the challenger. “Zhou Yuanyuan, come up. I issued you a challenge three days ago, and you’re required to participate in this ranking battle no matter what.” He was pretty strong and rumored to be at the fourth level of the Earth Saint stage, surpassing many members from the Theocracy. Otherwise, how would he be qualified to be in the same faction as Wei Wushang and Dongyang Yu?

“Get up there, fatty!” Behind Jiang Nancheng, there were more than thirty youths gathered around Wei Wushang. All of them were earth saints, and most of them were descendants of the Ancient Clans. Those were the clans who founded the dynasty together with the Theocrats, and many of them still retained their might.

More than four decades ago, the Ancient Qilin Clan was the strongest clan. At that time, the West Hall King was someone from the Ancient Qilin Clan. Standing among the crowd, Wei Wushang glanced at Tianming and sneered. They were a group that valued face and connections. So if Wei Wushang couldn’t get back at Tianming for the humiliation he had suffered, he wouldn’t be able to raise his head in the Divine Capital.

“Get up there, fat pig!”

“What a disgusting fatty. You still dare to stand out? Don’t you know shame?” Many youths mocked beside Wei Wushang.

“Shut up! If I slimmed down, I’d be ten thousand times more handsome than you!” Zhou Yuanyuan snapped.

“Cut the crap,” Jiang Nancheng’s cold voice echoed out on the battlefield. When he spoke, he had already summoned his lifebound beast, a sixth-order saint beast with a total of sixty-two stars. It might not have a high ranking among sixth-order saint beasts, but it was strong.

After reaching the sixth order, even a difference of a single star was enormous. The difference between sixty and sixty-nine stars was on a whole different level. At sixty-nine stars, it meant the lifebound beast was approaching the level of an empyrean saint beast.

Jiang Nancheng’s lifebound beast was an Eight-eyed Kunwu. A kunwu could be considered a tiger-like beast, just slightly different. The kunwu before Zhou Yuanyuan was enormous, similar to the

combination of ninety-nine mortal tigers. It had nine tails that looked like nine long whips spreading out in the sky. However, it had a human-like head, which seemed horrifying, and eight eyes scattered on its face. The eyes emitted a black smoke that swiftly spread out over the stage and enveloped Jiang Nancheng.

Jiang Nancheng took out a slender black sword with thirty-two saintly heavenly patterns on it. The name of the sword was the Devilkun Sword. It was valued at more than 1,800 saint crystals on Treasure Street, making it as valuable as the Mountshield Tome.

This showed how wealthy a patternscribe could be. Things became rare when there was no supply. There were many blacksmiths for saint beastial weapons, but patternscribes were rare, and those who had achievements in heavenly pattern tomes were rarer. Most three star patternscribes might not even be able to inscribe a one star heavenly pattern tome.

The meaning behind heavenly pattern tomes was to exchange wealth for trump cards, either for yourself or as gifts to someone else. This made defensive heavenly pattern tomes extremely valuable, and Zhou Yuanyuan was probably confident because he had one.

Although he was only in the second level of the Earth Saint stage, he still jumped onto the stage and faced his opponent. Jiang Nancheng was ranked below the seven hundreds in the Earth Ranking. That was because he had withdrawn from the ranking and only recently returned. That made Zhou Yuanyuan, who was in 250th place, a springboard for him to rise in the rankings.

When the two of them stood on the stage, that meant the ranking battle had begun. Jiang Nancheng sneered and immediately attacked before Zhou Yuanyuan could summon his lifebound beast. An enormous golden pig appeared beneath Zhou Yuanyuan. It was called the Gold Devouring Sacred Beast. As its name implied, it loved eating gold. The pig looked bigger than the Eight-eyed Kunwu, and it was also a sixth-order saint beast. But it only had sixty stars, which meant it was slightly inferior to the kunwu.

The Gold Devouring Sacred Beast was still stunned when it was summoned. But when Zhou Yuanyuan slapped its ears, it immediately executed its ability—Gold Stonewall. Suddenly, a huge golden shield rose from the ground, protecting Zhou Yuanyuan and the Gold Devouring Sacred Beast behind it. At the same time, Zhou Yuanyuan's body started brightly shining and transforming, until he turned into a muscular, three-meter-tall man.

Looking at Zhou Yuanyuan's explosive muscles that were made of gold, Tianming was shocked. In everyone's eyes, the golden muscle man wasn't inferior to the other party. But just when the two sides were about to clash, the golden muscular man suddenly raised his voice and shouted, "I'm not Jiang Nancheng's opponent! I surrender! You can have my ranking!"

The abrupt turn of events made everyone start cursing Zhou Yuanyuan. Zhou Yuanyuan could've just surrendered, but he chose to flex his muscles first, instead. But just as Zhou Yuanyuan had expected, Jiang Nancheng pretended not to hear his words and charged over, arriving before him in an instant. When Jiang Nancheng swung his sword down, the golden shield exploded.

"Let's go!" Zhou Yuanyuan, riding the golden pig, turned around and left. The pig protected Zhou Yuanyuan with its body and started rolling toward Tianming's party.

“Mentor Jiang, I have already surrendered! Your grandson is violating the rules!” Zhou Yuanyuan yelled.

“Die!” The golden pig was quick, but Jiang Nancheng still charged over. The stage wasn’t huge, and Zhou Yuanyuan was already about to roll off of it. But right at that moment, Tianming could see a sinister smile hung on Wei Wushang’s lips.

When the golden pig was about to roll off the stage, it knocked against an invisible barrier and was stopped. Tianming was familiar with that; it was a heavenly pattern barrier. So who created this barrier to stop Zhou Yuanyuan from leaving? Without even needing to think, it was naturally someone in Wei Wushang’s party. Or, in other words, the elder who was supervising the ranking battle right now, Jiang Shangjing, had one eye closed in this battle. Now that Zhou Yuanyuan couldn’t leave, Jiang Nancheng had more than enough time to do whatever he wanted.

“Fatty, your life isn’t good. I’ll first cripple you before chopping off your hands,” Jiang Nancheng smiled eerily and charged over together with his Eight-eyed Kunwu. The kunwu spewed out black smoke, enveloping Jiang Nancheng within. As for the audience, they were shocked. Some of them were gloating, while some were terrified.

“It was obviously a trap today, and Tianming still came out. He’s really stupid,” many people mocked. But in the next moment, two incidents happened. Tianming and Ye Lingfeng charged over, and Tianming used his black arm to tear apart the heavenly pattern barrier. After coming to the Decimo Dao Palace, Tianming had experimented, and discovered his black arm was the nemesis of all heavenly pattern barriers. He could even tear open the Infernal Soul Barrier, not to mention this.

After Tianming tore apart the heavenly pattern barrier, Ye Lingfeng charged forth. The second was Zhou Yuanyuan, who brought out a heavenly pattern tome and dropped his blood on it. In the next second, an enormous mountain was summoned. It was like a huge wall that stood before him. When Jiang Nancheng and the Eight-eyed Kunwu ran into the mountain, they felt dizzy from the impact.

“What a waste!” Tianming was feeling heartache as he saw Zhou Yuanyuan use the Mountshield Tome. He and Ye Lingfeng had already come up, and they had more than enough time to deal with Jiang Nancheng. But Zhou Yuanyuan was so timid that he instantly used the heavenly pattern tome, costing more than a thousand saint crystals.

“Holy shit!” The appearance of the Mountshield Tome instantly caused a wave of wonder. No one had expected that Zhou Yuanyuan would be so wealthy. Even his weapons weren’t half of the price of the Mountshield Tome. Now that the heavenly pattern barrier was torn apart, Zhou Yuanyuan rolled off the stage on his golden pig and hid behind Li Qingyu.

“Are you guys insane?!” a woman’s voice suddenly sounded out. When Tianming turned around, he saw Bai Zijin where Zhou Yuanyuan had previously stood. That meant that even if Tianming hadn’t torn apart the heavenly pattern barrier, and Zhou Yuanyuan hadn’t used the Mountshield Tome, she could still have saved him.

At this moment, Zhou Yuanyuan was at the pinnacle of his life. The Mountshield Tome, Tianming, Ye Lingfeng, and Bai Zijin were protecting him.

The surroundings were dead silent. Tianming was worried that he would drag the fatty down, and the protective measures were all in place. There was no way Wei Wushang’s schemes could succeed.

Looking at this scene, Zhou Yuanyuan was touched. He started crying and howled, "Why didn't you say it earlier?! If you did, I wouldn't have used the Mountshield Tome! If I sold it, I could have spent half a year fooling around with girls at the Romance River!"

He had suffered a huge loss. But what others saw was the failure of Wei Wushang's scheme. Despite putting so many measures in place, they had still failed to deal with Zhou Yuanyuan, which meant that he had lost today.

"Who set up the heavenly pattern barrier? Stand out!" Before Bai Zijin could even speak, Jiang Shangjing descended on the stage and questioned.

"What a brilliant way of shoving the blame away. You're afraid that others won't know that you're behind it?" Bai Zijin sneered.

"Brat, what are you talking about? Don't you know that I can report you to the Disciplinary Hall for your accusation?" Jiang Shangjing raged.

"Retard." Bai Zijin rolled her eyes. She couldn't be bothered talking. Everyone knew that they were the ones behind it, trying to mess with Zhou Yuanyuan. But Zhou Yuanyuan wasn't the key here—they were trying to infuriate Tianming. Although they had lost today, they'd already achieved their main objective, because Tianming was really furious.

"Let's go. Don't waste time with them." Bai Zijin walked over.

"Okay." Tianming nodded.

But right at that moment, Wei Wushang's sneer sounded out, "Li Tianming, leave if you want. I can immediately get someone to issue a challenge once every three days. I'll see how you're going to cultivate! If you have the guts, protect this pig for the rest of your life. Otherwise, kneel and apologize to me right now, and I'll let him go!"

Chapter 443 - Soul Crushing Ar

All of this took place before Bai Zijin, and such provocation was indeed arrogant.

"In the end, Tianming is too arrogant, to even humiliate Wei Wushang."

"It's not much for Wei Wushang to demand for an apology."

"Kneel to apologize? You call that an apology? That's taking revenge! Can't you tell right from wrong?"

"What's right and wrong? None of them are good, otherwise they wouldn't have fought. They're all fighting for the sake of face and bravery."

"Poor Zhou Yuanyuan, he was dragged into this mess. He's just a nobody, but his life and death are now being used in a battle for dignity between two people."

There was a disturbance in the surroundings. Tianming, who was going to leave, suddenly stopped. But before he could even say a word, Ye Lingfeng suddenly disappeared. When he looked up, Ye Lingfeng was already standing on the stage, facing Jiang Nancheng.

"Feng!" Li Qingyu was startled and wanted to go up.

“Let him go,” said Tianming.

On the stage, all eyes were on Ye Lingfeng. Jiang Nancheng asked, “Who are you? And what are you doing here?”

“My name is Ye Lingfeng, and I’m here to kill you.” Ye Lingfeng’s crimson eyes grew more sinister. He didn’t want to let Jiang Nancheng, an Ancient Theocrat, go. Perhaps he had also regarded Zhou Yuanyuan as a friend. After all, he didn’t know many people.

As Ye Lingfeng spoke, he took out his weapons from the spatial ring, the Infernal Soul Daggers, each with fifty saintly heavenly patterns. One was slightly longer, at about forty-five centimeters. It was long enough to plunge into the body. The other one was slightly shorter, and Ye Lingfeng held it in a reverse grip. It could be used to slice throats at will.

Among the younger generations, saint beastial weapons with fifty saintly heavenly patterns were not only rare and precious, but they were also difficult to control. When Ye Lingfeng wielded the two Infernal Soul Daggers, it was enough to prove that he wasn’t someone ordinary.

“What’s your cultivation?” Jiang Nancheng asked, narrowing his eyes into slits. He knew that this person was close to Tianming, and his significance should be at least a hundred times that of Zhou Yuanyuan. If he could get this person, it would surely be a fatal blow to Tianming.

“Don’t ask! Just promise him and let him challenge you!” Wei Wushang’s excited voice came from behind. Wei Wushang was delighted right now. This was a surprise to him. He had looked into Ye Lingfeng overnight. Ye Lingfeng was rumored to be Li Wudi’s disciple, who grew up together with Tianming. They were like siblings. Moreover, Ye Lingfeng’s lifebound beast had died, leaving him with a lifebound spirit. His cultivation was reported to be in the second level of the Earth Saint stage, and his future was very limited. After all, even with the Lifespirit Barrier, Ye Lingfeng would only manage one-fifth of his normal cultivation speed.

But Wei Wushang didn’t know that the Future Hall King was the one who released this information, and Ye Lingfeng was already in the third-level of Earth Saint stage.

If Jiang Nancheng could cripple Ye Lingfeng, it would surely be a fatal blow to Tianming and Li Qingyu, completing the task given to him by the Greedwolf Clan’s patriarch. Most importantly, Wei Wushang could take his revenge!

“Good!” Jiang Nancheng nodded. He knew that he had to be more ruthless and not give Ye Lingfeng any chance to escape. I don’t believe that you have a Mountshield Tome as well!

After he finished speaking, he and the Eight-eyed Kunwu charged over. The Eight-eyed Kunwu’s ability was the Devil Fogsmoke, causing black smoke to constantly gush out of its eyes. The smoke was obviously poisonous, and it could confuse the opponent as well. When it was executed, a thick black smoke swept the entire stage in a flash. Ye Lingfeng wasn’t the same as Zhou Yuanyuan; Zhou Yuanyuan had no fighting spirit, but Ye Lingfeng’s eyes were cold as he was clearly going to fight.

“You’re a piece of trash with a dead lifebound beast, yet you dare to challenge me? You must be sick of living!” Jiang Nancheng split up with his lifebound beast to seal off Ye Lingfeng’s escape route. The Eight-

eyed Kunwu threw out another ability, Eight Dimensional Flames. It merged with the black smoke, increasing the poison and illusion's lethality.

It also made it difficult for outsiders to see the battle, making it more convenient for Jiang Nancheng to be ruthless with his attacks. Under such circumstances, Jiang Nancheng held onto the Devilkun Sword and charged over. But suddenly, Ye Lingfeng, who was in front of him, turned around and glared with his crimson pupils.

"Argggh!" Jiang Nancheng felt a sting in his brain and illusions formed before him. He felt as if he had been swallowed up by a bloody sea with at least eighty thousand mutilated corpses around him, tearing him into pieces like zombies.

"The head! The head! The head is mine!"

"I want his heart!"

"I want his spleen and stomach! It's delicious!"

Cries that could only be described as nightmarish sounded out by Jiang Nancheng's ears. He had never encountered such a terrifying opponent in his life. Ye Lingfeng was truly a monster, and even if he was one level lower than Jiang Nancheng in cultivation, the lethality of his soul couldn't be stopped. Tianming had personally gotten a taste of Ye Lingfeng's soul, but he had the Prime Tower guarding him back then. Otherwise, he would probably be in the same position as Jiang Nancheng.

The soul of Jiang Nancheng's lifebound beast was weaker. So while Jiang Nancheng was enduring the nightmare, he was shocked to see his lifebound beast rolling and screaming on the ground. The scream coming from his lifebound beast even made the surrounding disciples back off. Ye Lingfeng was using a sky saint battle art.

Ye Lingfeng's comprehension ability came from the eighty thousand souls in him, allowing him to reach Tianming's level with his battle art. After all, he had many souls in him, and all eighty thousand of them could comprehend the battle art together. This sky saint battle art was known as the Soul Crushing Art, a soul attack from the Myriad Souldevouring Canon.

With a crimson flash, Ye Lingfeng quietly approached the howling Eight-eyed Kunwu. The lifebound beast could block the first few attacks—after all, physical strength was Ye Lingfeng's weakness. In the end, Ye Lingfeng could only use the Infernal Soul Daggers and drill them into the lifebound beast's eyelids.

When the dagger stabbed in, Ye Lingfeng pulled it out, along with an eyeball. At that time, Jiang Nancheng had already charged over with his sword furiously. But he never expected that before the Devilkun Sword could reach Ye Lingfeng, he suffered another outburst of pain in his mind, causing his sword to miss and stab into the Eight-eyed Kunwu. In the next moment, Ye Lingfeng disappeared before his eyes. Ye Lingfeng was smart. He knew that he couldn't beat Jiang Nancheng face-to-face, so he chose to avoid the attack altogether.

His daggers plunged into the Eight-eyed Kunwu's abdomen, tearing it apart. All of this happened while the Eight-eyed Kunwu was rolling on the ground in pain.

“Die!” Jiang Nancheng’s eyes turned red. His sword was shrouded with a black firestorm, but the scenes before him kept changing and he couldn’t find Ye Lingfeng at all. When he looked around, he saw eighty thousand Ye Lingfengs standing before him.

“The Ancient Theocrats,” the eighty thousand souls in Ye Lingfeng spoke together.

“What the hell?!” Jiang Nancheng yelled. He went insane and started slashing everywhere. The stage was only so big, and he refused to believe that he couldn’t hit Ye Lingfeng.

Right at that moment, Ye Lingfeng executed the Soul Crushing Art—Heartless. Jiang Nancheng lowered his head to see a crimson dagger plunged into his Dantian, coming out from his back. At the same time, Ye Lingfeng finally appeared before him. When Ye Lingfeng pulled out the Infernal Soul Dagger, Jiang Nancheng’s saint palace was pierced. His saint ki started to gush out and dissipate into the air in the form of spiritual energy.

“Arggghh!!” Jiang Nancheng’s head hurt even more, and he didn’t even realize that he was crippled. He had been through many battles, but this was the first time he felt fear. Even if he was killed, he would wonder if he was really dead.

The crimson-eyed youth came at him. One dagger pierced through his saint palace while the other aimed for his throat. Jiang Nancheng felt that he could dodge the attack, but his head started to hurt again for some reason.

“What am I going to do...?” Jiang Nancheng trembled. He felt as though he had been struck by lightning and his mind and body were collapsing together. If he were defeated normally, he wouldn’t be scared to this extent. In his eyes, this youth with crimson eyes was no longer a person, but the devil.

“Urgghhh...” But just when he was about to see his head fly, Ye Lingfeng suddenly disappeared. To be precise, he appeared under the stage; Bai Zijin had pulled him away at the last moment. Jiang Nancheng would never have thought that Bai Zijin would be the one saving his life, and even his grandfather was one step later.

He began spewing blood from his mouth and fell onto the ground. At that moment, he finally recovered his calm and was freed from the bloody sea. He saw with his own eyes that his lifebound beast had died in battle. And with his saint palace destroyed, he was now truly a cripple. Dropping to his knees, blood and tears streamed down Jiang Nancheng’s cheeks. His face was pale, and foam came out of his mouth while his shoulders trembled.

“Nancheng!” Jiang Shangjing quickly ran up with a pale face. He was still laughing with others just a moment ago, due to his confidence in his grandson. But he didn’t expect that Jiang Nancheng would end up in this state. When he came up on the stage, he discovered that his grandson had been crippled.

“You’re courting death!” Jiang Shangjing roared and charged over.

“Get lost.” Bai Zijin pulled everyone back and stood before Jiang Shangjing, yelling, “You’re a Supernal Mentor, so abide by the rules. Otherwise, you’ll be kicked out of the Decimo Dao Palace.”

Her words finally jolted Jiang Shangjing awake. He was furious as he stared at Ye Lingfeng, trembling all over.

"I was going to kill him, so why did you pull me away?" Ye Lingfeng asked, puzzled.

"That's enough. The ranking battles prohibit murder. So don't let someone have something against you." Tianming grabbed onto Ye Lingfeng.

"Okay." Ye Lingfeng finally calmed down.

"Not bad. Your saint ki is a little inferior, but your other aspects are strong." Tianming patted his shoulder. Ye Lingfeng was very suitable to be an assassin. His only weakness would be frontal confrontations, and in that regard, Tianming was strong.

Tianming had been talking with him for the past few days, and Ye Lingfeng's performance was just as Tianming had expected. Unlike everyone else, Tianming had the Prime Tower. So Ye Lingfeng's lethality toward others would only be stronger, and it wouldn't be a problem for him to fight someone one level above him.

Turning his gaze in Wei Wushang's direction, it was just as he had expected. Wei Wushang and the other descendants of the Ancient Clans were all dumbfounded as they looked at the scene before them. They could accept it, if Tianming were fighting, but how was a cripple without a lifebound beast so terrifying?

Chapter 444 - Spiritual Energy Fountain

"Wei Wushang, how does it feel to hit yourself with a rock?" Tianming smiled.

Wei Wushang's eyes were filled with a murderous aura, and the anger in his chest threatened to rip him apart, which made him feel very uncomfortable.

Tianming continued with an indifferent smile, "Listen well. I'm an easygoing person, and I usually don't take the initiative to offend anyone. But if you dare to make a move on my friends or brothers, then I'm sorry. If you touch one of their hairs, I'll take one of your arms. Remember this well: you can feel free to challenge me. But if you do, it'll be your turn to wear Jiang Nancheng's shoes."

This domineering attitude left many Decimo Dao Palace disciples excited. They even looked at Tianming in a new, admiring light. Many of them knew well that Tianming was a person like the rumors had said. Although he hadn't made a move personally this time, at the very least, the importance he held his brothers and friends in proved his character. On the other hand, Wei Wushang looked at Tianming and didn't even spare a glance for Jiang Nanchang.

"Hahaha!" Wei Wushang laughed, holding his forehead. "Tianming, you said it would be my turn next? I'm ranked 10th. Come and challenge me, if you've got the guts. Let me see for myself." He acted indifferently, but inside, he was gnashing his teeth in anger. He had been ridiculed, and now he was utterly humiliated.

"What's the hurry? We have to pick a good time for that. There are too few watching today. I want to show everyone your fate, and the outcome of provoking me. How long until your birthday? Let me celebrate your birthday for you," Tianming said coldly.

"Very well. It's twenty days from now. I also want to let everyone see how the sinner's son begs me for mercy! Your name itself is a provocation against the Theocracy of the Ancients, and I'll fight until you change your name!" Wei Wushang laughed. He could tell that Tianming was only in the Heavenly Will

stage. Although Tianming had defeated Ning Wushuang, who was in the third level of Earth Saint stage, Wei Wushang wasn't Ning Wushuang. He was ranked in the top ten of the Earth Ranking! No one could cross the gap between cultivation and fight someone five to six levels higher.

"Tianming, let's make an agreement. When that time comes, whoever loses will cripple their cultivation and leave this place crawling. Do you dare to do it?" Wei Wushang said grimly.

"Sure," Tianming replied. He looked at Wei Wushang deeply. This person wanted to pursue Li Qingyu, but at the same time, he had also provoked him again and again. Wei Wushang had thoroughly disgusted him, just like Ning Wushuang, and Tianming had no patience for people like him. Wei Wushang was just a dog standing in his path, and it would be over after killing him.

As everyone looked at him, he left with his friends. But shortly after their conversation, the agreement between Tianming and Wei Wushang about the loser crippling their own cultivation spread throughout the Decimo Dao Palace in just half an hour. This news even lightly shook the Divine Capital.

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Back in the courtyard, Li Qingyu and Ye Lingfeng returned to their respective training rooms. Feiling stayed in the room, lying on the bed kicking her legs and looking at the Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon.

Ying Huo was courteous in the front yard before Shuo Yue, while Meow Meow was napping on the roof. As for Lang Huang, he turned over and laid on his back, spinning around like a spinning top with his thunderous laughter echoing out. The scene was peaceful. In the pavilion, Tianming and Bai Zijin sat opposite each other.

"Tianming, you're now in the ninth level of Heavenly Will, and you're about to reach the Saint stage, right?"

"You guessed it," Tianming smiled.

"Unbelievable! The quality of your beast ki is higher than others. How do you cultivate?"

"Maybe it's because of my outstanding morals?"

"You're messing with me again! Are you asking for a beating?" Bai Zijin glared at him. "My dad said that this is the special trait of a pentabane, but why doesn't Qingyu show this ability as well?"

"Qingyu is different from me. My Lifesbane focuses on the quality of my beast ki," Tianming lied without batting an eye.

"I can't be bothered with your nonsense anymore. By the way, if you want to reach the Saint stage, perhaps you should visit the Spiritual Convergence," Bai Zijin suggested.

"Spiritual Convergence? I heard there's a spiritual energy fountain there."

"That's right. It's the source of spiritual energy in the Decimo Dao Palace. There are nine of them in the Imperial City. Although we only have one, ours is the strongest in the entire Theocracy of the Ancients," said Bai Zijin.

“Spiritual energy fountain? Isn’t it just spiritual energy? How can it help me reach the Saint stage?” Tianming asked.

“The Saint stage is a metamorphosis of the body and beast ki. No matter how many spirit sources you have, they’ll all converge and build a ‘saint palace’ in your dantian. The saint palace will then give birth to a saint spring, which produces saint ki. The saint ki can form a connection with spiritual energy and stabilize your cultivation, transforming you to a higher lifeform with a longer lifespan. Of all this, the saint spring is very similar to the spiritual energy fountain. The key to the transformation of the Saint stage is compressing your beast ki into a saint spring. Since ancient times, many people have visited the spiritual energy fountain to comprehend the saint spring, hoping to reach the Saint stage swiftly. You’re talented, and I believe going there will be beneficial to you,” Bai Zijin explained patiently.

“I got it. Thank you, Big Sister Bai. I’ll go over there in a while,” said Tianming.

“Don’t be in such a hurry. Let me ask you—do you know what ‘ranking determines resources’ means?” Bai Zijin asked.

Tianming shook his head. He had only heard something about it.

“There are many cultivation resources, such as saint crystals, that are distributed regularly. But there are also some saint spirit herbs, and many other resources. Take the spiritual energy fountain, for example. The closer you get to the spring, the denser the spiritual energy. If you’re close enough, the spiritual energy is even in liquid form, and can be easily absorbed. So the spiritual energy fountain is divided into ten regions. The first region is located at the center, while the tenth region is the furthest. Your rank on the Decimo Sky and Earth Ranking is your qualification to enter the regions.

“If you’re in the top ten, you can practice in the first region. Within a hundred, you can only be in the second region. Using this analogy, you can’t enter any regions if you’re not in the ranking. As you’re ranked 150th, you can go to the third region, while Feng can only go to the fourth region, as he’s in 250th place.” Bai Zijin’s explanation was simple and precise, and Tianming instantly understood.

“That harsh?” Tianming asked.

“Why do you think everyone tries to climb up in the ranking? The higher they go, the faster they’ll improve. This is how the gap between disciples is created. Furthermore, once the ranking battle comes to an end in a few months, the rankings will be determined, and there won’t be another ranking battle for two years. So disciples just have to reach a good ranking before the battles end, and they can relax for the next two years. This is the reason the ranking battle becomes more intense as it reaches the deadline. At that time, even if you don’t challenge anyone, you’ll be dragged down if someone ranked higher than you is defeated,” said Bai Zijin.

Tianming knew that if someone ranked higher than him was defeated, his ranking would be replaced and he would fall one rank; it was the same for everyone.

“There are many people cultivating in the Spiritual Convergence who’ve had their ranking dragged down. As a result, they have to leave for the outer regions,” Bai Zijin smiled.

Well, that would be embarrassing. Simultaneously, this rule allowed everyone to climb up, especially the reward for being ranked number one—the empyrean manna.

“In that case, Feng and I will get into the top hundred first, and take a look at the second region,” Tianming decided. With their strength, it would be easy for them to enter the top thirty. But they were still somewhat lacking if they wanted to enter the top ten.

“Yeah. That’s what I wanted to tell you. Spend some time and get into the second region, first. That way, you’ll be able to see more,” said Bai Zijin. She was indeed a responsible big sister who loved the group a lot, and helped them in many ways.

“Okay. Feng and I will get going now. One hour should be enough.” Tianming stood up.

“Wait! Why’re you in such a hurry? I’m not done yet!” Bai Zijin looked at Tianming furiously.

“Well, I’m in a hurry to beat people up.” Tianming sat back down and asked, “Big Sister Bai, is there anything else?”

“It’s a little chaotic outside right now, so my dad’s been busy. He has to arrange guards for your foster father. He said that he’d bring you to the Divine Pattern Hall to learn the ways of a patternscribe, and told me to ask you to be patient for now.”

“The Divine Pattern Hall?”

“Yeah. The Divine Pattern Hall doesn’t belong to any of the ten halls. It’s an independent hall for patternscribes. There’s also many seniors of the Dark Hall there, and my father is the deputy hall master. He’ll bring you over to familiarize yourself and test your talent, and at the same time, get acquainted with patternscribes. The most important thing for patternscribes is to exchange your experiences,” said Bai Zijin.

“Okay.” Tianming started sweating. He probably had to bring Feiling along, or he would be exposed.

“By the way, where did you get that fatty’s Mountshield Tome from? You have the money to buy a Mountshield Tome, and you still asked me for a discount?” Bai Zijin looked at Tianming ferociously.

“Hush! I’ll be honest with you. I inscribed it myself. Didn’t I buy some Blank Books from you some time ago? Let me tell you a secret. I’m actually a genius in the ways of a patternscribe,” said Tianming. He had already discussed the matter with Feiling. There were too many mysteries with her, and it would be easy for her to attract people’s attention. Tianming just wanted her to be safe from the storm in the outside world.

“Pfffft,” Bai Zijin laughed.

“You don’t believe me?”

“No, I believe you. I like hearing you brag the most,” Bai Zijin smiled.

Tianming waved his hand and slammed four Mountshield Tomes on the desk, startling the napping Meow Meow into jumping.

“Big Sister Bai, open your eyes and see for yourself,” said Tianming.

Bai Zijin was dumbfounded when she saw the four books. If her eyes could turn into words, they would be written as money right now.

Chapter 445 - Transcending into a Saint, Snatching Life from Heavens

"H-how did you do it without anyone teaching you?" Bai Zijin was dumbfounded.

"It's because I'd already been pondering over it for years when I was in the Grand-Orient Realm. I only started trying it out recently and smoothly became a one star patternscribe," said Tianming.

"You created so many tomes in just three days? Aren't you exhausted?" Bai Zijin already believed what Tianming said. This guy was a monster, and she had already gotten used to it.

"I was too excited and exhausted myself to inscribe five tomes. I won't be able to do it anymore in the future. At most, five books a month," said Tianming.

"You? Exhausted? You deserve it. Who asked you to stay in the room together with Ling'er while leaving us outside!" Ying Huo's laughter echoed. After listening to his words, Tianming broke out in cold sweat and threw a pebble over, hitting Shuo Yue.

"Tianming, you're still young, and you have to be more restrained. Don't always bully her," Bai Zijin glared at Tianming.

"Okay." Tianming lowered his head. He knew he wouldn't be able to get himself clean even if he jumped into the river.

"Speaking of which, even if it's only a one star heavenly pattern tome, it's scary that you can produce five in a month. Because even an expert has a high rate of failure, Tianming, you should hide it a little. If others ask you about it, just say you can only produce three books a month," said Bai Zijin.

"They're so weak?" Tianming was shocked. He was shocked by how formidable Feiling was.

"Don't get too full of yourself."

"Okay."

"When my father comes back, I'll get him to take a look at your talent. As long as you can continue improving as a patterscribe, you'll have more means in the future. Patternscribes are all rich!" Bai Zijin said with an envious tone. When she spoke, she took two of the Mountshield Tomes and handed them to Tianming.

"What are you doing?"

"It's enough for you to keep two for yourself. I'll sell the remaining two for you. I have a friend in this line of business. The Divine Capital is in a mess now, and you can definitely sell it for a high price. Her shop prices them at two thousand saint crystals each. I know that you don't have any money left, so I'll pay you first so you can buy more materials. Just to let you know, I won't give you any more discounts in the future," said Bai Zijin.

"Thank you, Big Sister Bai!" With Bai Zijin helping, Tianming now had a sales channel, making it more convenient for him. When Bai Zijin took the two tomes, she gave him the money right on the spot.

"You're welcome. What I like is your potential to make money for me," said Bai Zijin.

"Haha."

Bai Zijin took out four thousand saint crystals from her spatial ring. Each saint crystal was only the size of a grain, but there were ten saintly heavenly patterns in them. The spiritual energy in those saint crystals was staggering. Normally in his cultivation, the Prime Tower's spiritual energy was usually meant for his lifebound beasts. If he had saint spirit ores like the one in Li Shenxiao's tomb, his cultivation would be much faster.

Feng lacked spiritual energy when he was in the Infernal Soul Purgatory. Now that he has saint crystals to bolster his spiritual energy foundation, he's officially stepped onto the path of cultivation. Tianming pondered inwardly.

Bai Zijin stood up and said, "Go to the Spiritual Convergence. Moreover, I'm free lately, so I will help you watch over fatty. After all, I was the one who told him to lead you the other day, so I'm partly responsible for his matter as well."

After sitting for too long, Bai Zijin's white skirt stuck to her body when she stood up, making her seem more amorous.

"Okay." Tianming nodded. He was now at ease.

"Little bastard, you have to work hard to be the head of the family." Bai Zijin encouraged with her eyes narrowed into slits. Tianming knew what she was saying. His lover was here, and now he also had a little brother and sister, not to mention Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang. He could now be considered the head of his family, so he had to support them.

"Okay." Tianming smiled, pursing his lips together.

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After Bai Zijin left, Tianming went with Ye Lingfeng to the Evil Suppression Plaza to challenge the rankings. Just a few hours ago, he was standing here confronting Wei Wushang. So when they came back, they instantly became the focus of attention.

Tianming started looking for those in the top fifty and sent out challenges. His behavior attracted the dissatisfaction of many people, and someone accepted the challenge. He and Ye Lingfeng both defeated their opponents and got into the top thirty.

"That's enough. We won't be kicked out of the second region this way. Furthermore, we still can still refuse a few challenges. Let's go."

"Okay."

They immediately left. Returning home, they told Feiling and Li Qingyu where they would be, then headed to the Spiritual Convergence. They didn't need anyone to lead the way, they could see the tornado by raising their head. It was the Spiritual Energy Fountain, gushing out spiritual energy for the entire Decimo Dao Palace.

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This was the Spiritual Convergence.

“Big Sister Bai was right. The Spiritual Energy Fountain is breathtaking.” Tianming stood before a huge cave, and the ceiling was decorated with cracks. It looked like a gigantic beast had charged out of the cave, causing it to crack.

The gushing spiritual energy had turned into a fountain, gathering together and rushing out of the cave toward the sky, where it dissolved into white mist. Tianming was in the second region, and there were still cracks in the surrounding ground, which allowed the majestic spiritual energy to seep out from the cracks. Standing at his spot, Tianming could sense that the environment was better than the rest of the Flameyellow continent.

However, it was slightly inferior compared to Li Shenxiao’s tomb. After all, the spiritual energy fountain here was divided, and most of it had dissolved into the region so not much of it could be used by Tianming. It was even lower than the spiritual energy he could obtain from the Infernal Soul Barrier’s threads. Tianming knew that he would need saint crystals, if he wanted to maintain his cultivation at the highest speed.

Feeling generous, Tianming took out a thousand saint crystals and handed them over to Ye Lingfeng. He was used to bitter days with sparse spiritual energy, and he was happy when he saw the spiritual energy fountain and saint crystals. Then again, these crystals had come from the Infernal Soul Race’s patternscribe inheritance.

As someone who knew how to repay his debts, Tianming turned to Ye Lingfeng, “Since I’ve taken up the inheritance of your ancestors, I’ll provide everything you need for your future cultivation.”

“Thank you, Big Brother Tianming.” Ye Lingfeng held the saint crystals that were as small as grains. He looked at them happily for a long time.

“Go cultivate.”

“Okay.”

Tianming sat down. The greatest benefit of cultivating in the Spiritual Convergence was the fountain’s shape, which would benefit the creation of his saint spring.

The saint spring is the foundation for saints. When spiritsource is cultivated to the limit, it will transform and compress into the saint spring, achieving a gushing effect. After forming, it’ll be similar to this spiritual energy fountain. Before reaching the Saint stage, no one has a saint spring. Tianming sat down, leaving his lifebound beasts in their lifebound space, enveloped in the Prime Tower.

“Go play elsewhere. I’m going to become a saint!” Ying Huo kicked a colorful egg away. As a result, the little egg came forth again, persevering. In the end, Ying Huo had no choice but to hold it and start meditating together with Tianming. Ying Huo was responsible for cultivating the Aeternal Infernal Codex, Meow Meow for the Genesis Chaos Codex, and Lan Huang for the Primordial Terraqua Codex. Their beast ki was stronger than the saint ki of others, and when they stepped into the Saint stage, how powerful would their saint ki then become?

The most important thing is the Aeonian Grandbane. If I succeed in breaking through, it’s equivalent to snatching back five years of my lifespan from heaven. As long as I keep this up, the day will come when I break my bonds. Tianming had waited a long time for this day ever since being afflicted by the Aeonian

Grandbane. But honestly speaking, it had only been one year, and it was unbelievable that he could reach this height in that short a time.

“Let’s start!” His Imperial Will was complete, and after reaching the Saint stage, his Imperial Will would continue growing again. The Saint stage was mainly for him to undergo an evolution in his beast ki and lifeform. Transcending into a saint meant going beyond mortality into the Saint stage. From there on, he would walk on the path of becoming a god. It was easy to say, but not so easy to achieve.

The first step is to break and reform, breaking the spiritsource and gathering it together.

His lifebound beasts only had to focus on one spiritsource, while he had to deal with three. Therefore, the pressure he felt while making a breakthrough to the Saint stage was greater than the three of them.

“The Saint stage is the second journey of my cultivation. Here I come!” Tianming’s eyes blazed. He had already mustered the courage to put himself through death before coming back to life. Although there was no way he could use the Grand-Orient Sword, Tianming still took it out and placed it on his lap. If something went wrong, who knew if the Grand-Orient Sword would be able to help him.

Reversing his cultivation technique, Tianming shattered the infernalsource, lightningsource, and primordialsources. Then, he watched the spiritual energy fountain for a while before closing his eyes, recalling how the fountain looked until he imagined his three spiritsources turning into a saint spring.

“I’m almost there...” When Tianming circulated the three cultivation techniques within his body, he felt like he was about to explode. “To ascend into sainthood, I need the courage to face death so that I can grab control of my own fate from the skies! I, AM, TIANMING!”

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In the West Hall, Su Hongyin stretched her body. “It’s been so quiet lately, and Wei Wushang’s birthday is coming soon. I have to prepare something for him. After all, he’s the grandson of the Hall King.

“And in the future, he might become my grandson, too.” Su Hongyin chuckled. “So what present should I prepare for him?”

Su Hongyin pondered for a while, then her eyes suddenly lit up. “How did I forget about it? That crippled lady beside Li Tianming—isn’t she the best present?”

Chapter 446 - Three Saint Springs

In the Future Hall, wherever Su Hongyin went, the disciples would call out to her, “Greetings, Mentor Su.”

It looks like it’s better to come directly rather than disguising myself. Su Hongyin smiled. There were too many masters in the Decimo Dao Palace, and she would definitely be found if she tried to sneak around. “Killing a mortal with no beast ki is too easy; it’s like taking a breath. But I have to make it foolproof and not leave any evidence.”

She came for the First Pavilion, and for that, she wandered around briefly before she fixed her gaze on a tall building in the distance. That’s it.

It was a tall, vacant building, one that no one had come to in a long time. It was the perfect hiding spot.

It's a little far from here, but that lass is fragile. She'll easily die with just a touch. Su Hongyin stood by the window and narrowed her eyes into slits. She could see the First Pavilion a thousand meters away. At the moment, the courtyard was empty without a single soul. However, Su Hongyin wasn't in a hurry. She took out a saint crystal and held it in her hand. The saint crystal was only grain size, insignificant and tiny.

To take her life, I even have to use up a saint crystal. Su Hongyin was a money grubber, and she felt that she had suffered a loss by using a saint crystal. But a thousand meters away, it would be safer for her to kill with a saint crystal rather than sneaking into the courtyard.

The only downside is that I have to wait for her to appear in the courtyard. Su Hongyin pouted unhappily. She squeezed the saint crystal in her hand, kneading it. The saint crystal was a spirit ore, and it had never been used as a murder weapon. As time slowly passed, Su Hongyin waited for her prey. But two days later, she was starting to be impatient.

Why don't I just sneak into the courtyard and kill her? Tianming and the rest aren't around, and Li Qingyu is also going out today. Who will care about a cripple? Su Hongyin smiled.

But right at that moment, a breathtakingly beautiful lady came out from the room to stretch in the courtyard under the sun. As sunlight shone on her face, there was a gleam of radiance reflected from it. Her bright eyes and white skin made Su Hongyin jealous.

You're just a cripple, and you're blessed with such looks. What a waste! How good would it be if I had your looks? Even if you don't die now, your lifespan will come to an end in the blink of an eye. At that time, you'll just be a pile of bones. How can you continue walking the road with Li Tianming? Your life is just a flash, so why bother blooming? It's a blessing for you to die in your prime rather than growing old. He can remember you how you are now, instead of waiting for you to become an old woman and still forcing him to love you. The saint crystal was clamped between her index and thumb, aimed at Feiling's heart. "Hehe," she chuckled.

It's so touching that even I have to exclaim about it. But you don't have to be too disappointed, since Tianming will follow you shortly. And now, goodbye. You can leave the world with a smile. Su Hongyin flicked her finger and the grain-sized white saint crystal cut through the air and quickly hit the girl.

Watching it, Su Hongyin smiled. She imagined the puddle of blood left after the assassination. This lady is like fireworks for the death of the autarch, flashing brightly then coming to an end.

But suddenly, a man appeared before the girl and reached out for the saint crystal. The man had black hair and white brows. He was close to middle age, and looked elegant and gentle. Raising his head, his eyes locked on to Su Hongyin, who was a thousand meters away.

Su Hongyin trembled as she looked at the man, dumbfounded. Her eyes were filled with disbelief. She immediately turned and started running. Bai Zifeng! What is he doing here!

Even without needing to look, she knew that the man in white was just a kilometer away and catching up to her at a terrifying speed. "Su Hongyin, I've already seen you. It's useless for you to run. If I allow you to escape under my nose, would I still be worthy of being the Future Hall Lord?" The white-clothed man approached and appeared beside her in a blink of an eye.

“Y-y-you’re a dignified lord, so why are you protecting a cripple?!” Su Hongyin felt her entire world falling apart. This man was the Hall Lord with the highest status in the halls aside from Hall Kings. They were usually responsible for the normal operation. This was the reason why she had chosen this time to act when Li Qingyu wasn’t around.

“Caught you.” A hand grabbed her shoulder while she was trying to escape.

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Tianming had already forgotten how many days it had been. He had shattered his infernalsource, lightningsource, and primordialsource when he started reversing his cultivation technique. Torturous pain exploded within his body. His breakthrough was ten times more difficult than ordinary beastmasters; after all, his three powers were completely different, and if it wasn’t for the fact that he practiced the Shenxiao Sword Art, which gave him some experience, he would definitely suffer greatly.

He spent a few days in torment before finally gaining control of the three shattered spiritsources. During this period, the Prime Tower had also helped him out greatly. Otherwise, he would have already been killed by the chaotic energy in his body. This was the trial that he had to go through with so many types of high-quality beast ki. Tianming had relied on his willpower to persevere through it.

The next step would be to forge his saint palace. The saint palace was an evolution for the dantian, stepping into the Saint stage and transforming his bloodline and life. But fortunately, the creation of his saint palace went smoothly. Under his three cultivation techniques, Tianming’s dantian started transforming into saint palaces. The transformation began from his bloodline, gradually uncovering the bloodline of a Primordial Chaos Beast.

The saint palace was like a palace in the body. Compared to dantians, a saint palace could contain more ki. At the very least, the quality was a hundred or thousand times higher. The three cultivation techniques, paired with a Primordial Chaos Beast’s bloodline, allowed Tianming’s dantian to transform.

His spiritsources were located in his dantian, and he only had three of them. Unlike others, who had at least a dozen, this step was easier for him. Within the saint palace, the power of fire, thunder, and primordium appeared, each linked to one of the three gates of his saint palace.

The gate on the left had a carving of an Aeternal Infernal Phoenix, devouring suns. The middle gate had a Genesis Chaos Thunderfiend, enveloped in lightning carved on it. And on the right was a carving of a Primordial Terraqua Dragon, wandering in the void. With his saint palace empowered by three bloodlines, Tianming’s foundation was firm. He felt that the saint palace had already become the core of his body, which had also started undergoing a transformation. His saint palace, which had inherited the bloodlines of three Primordial Chaos Beasts, was incredibly powerful.

My saint palace is stronger than others’, and it can also contain more energy. But if my body is pierced by a saint bestial weapon, it won’t be hard to shatter it. But I inherited the bloodline of three Primordial Chaos Beasts, and I doubt that ordinary saint bestial weapons will be able to penetrate my flesh. That was what Tianming felt. He had crippled others’ saint palaces, but his saint palace was different, compared to Ning Wushuang. His saint palace was firm and sturdy, not to mention that it was further empowered by his three beasts.

When the bloodline of Primordial Chaos Beasts coursed through his body, he could sense the metamorphosis of his flesh and blood. His bones were crackling, and his internal organs were pulsing like those of a beast. His heart became even more powerful, his muscles toughened, and even his senses got sharper. Black impurities were constantly forced out of his flesh and blood and discharged from his body. These were probably the residue of things that he had eaten when he was younger. Now that his bloodline was stronger, his body's toxins were being discharged and burned up.

He could hear his own flesh and blood growing more powerful. During this process, he could see the black words on his left and right wrists gradually dissipating, as if they were being suppressed by the bloodline of the Primordial Chaos Beasts. The age of his body was already approaching thirty, under the Aeonic Grandbane. But after this transformation, he could feel himself growing younger. So much so that there were even some slight changes to his appearance.

My body will undergo another transformation in each of the Saint stages; this is only my first transformation. After becoming a sky saint, my body will transform once more and I'll have the physique of a sky saint that can fly in the sky. Lastly, the empyrean saint stage will grant me the empyrean saint physique. That's the final transformation, and the empyrean saint physique is also the beginning of becoming a god.

Tianming's body and saint palace had reached a whole new level, but the energy within his body was still beast ki, compressed in his beast veins. In the next moment, Tianming guided the three beast kis into his saint palace. With his current strength, his saint palace stood firmly, even after gathering all the beast ki into it.

Evidently, this was nothing to the saint palace. Next up would be compressing his beast ki and giving birth to a saint spring. For Tianming, who possessed a powerful saint palace, it was nothing. His saint palace had a strong suppressive effect, and under that, the three energies started separating.

Tianming started circulating his cultivation techniques, and under the saint palace's suppression, his beast ki transformed into saint energy. As time passed, three saint springs were born when the three different beast kis were compressed to a certain point. At this moment, his beast ki had been entirely converted into saint ki. In terms of quality, his energy had been upgraded; in terms of quantity, it was ten times higher than before. His energy had been transformed from the foundation up.

Tianming didn't have any spirit-source abilities, so when his lifebound beasts formed their saint springs, the abilities of their spirit-source converged above the saint springs, accepting their baptisms. As their abilities were nurtured by the saint springs, they would continue growing ever stronger.

Chapter 447 - Second Gate of the Grand-Orient Sword

My saint springs are too small. I've already entered the Earth Saint stage, but my saint ki is still insufficient for me to reach first-level Earth Saint. But luckily, this is the spiritual energy fountain, not to mention that I also have saint crystals and the Prime Tower, Tianming thought to himself. The next step would be to circulate his cultivation techniques to strengthen his saint ki. The process of transcending to a saint is complicated, but the transformation coming with it is huge. With the same amount of energy, my saint ki is stronger than others. Even my physique can give me a bonus in battle.

Although there weren't any changes to his Imperial Will, the transformation of his body and ki had made him look younger. And when Tianming glanced down, he saw that his bloodline had transformed the three Primordial Chaos Beasts' bloodlines in his body. His vitality was surging and powerful, and he had also become stronger.

I'm done. The Grand-Orient Sword will be stronger now... Tianming smiled when he thought about Ling'er and continued his cultivation. Strengthening his saint ki was a simple process. Tianming took out a thousand saint crystals and placed them around him, then gathered the surrounding spiritual energy for the highest possible efficiency.

As he circulated his cultivation technique, he could see his saint springs growing at a visible speed. He could even divide his attention and focus on the Grand-Orient Sword to comprehend the changes to his Imperial Will.

When he held the Grand-Orient Sword, the Grand-Orient Vortex appeared again. But this time, even the Grand-Orient Vortex had changed its shape into a saint spring. The black and gold energy tumbled and started growing stronger until it was on the same level as his other three saint springs.

That was the fortune that Tianming had received from the first gate of the Grand-Orient Sword. No matter how powerful Tianming's saint springs grew, it would also rise to the same level. Under the Insightful Eye, Tianming looked over at the fifth gate.

"Mhm?" Tianming saw that the black door on the far right had opened. Before he had made his breakthrough into the Saint stage, he clearly remembered that the door was still closed. "Did it just open?"

"And here I thought that the dark gold gate would be opened next. I never expected that this door would open first!" Tianming hurried over. The gate's opening meant that Tianming's control over the Grand-Orient Sword had reached the second level. There were three gates left, including the colorless one in the middle, but Tianming had no idea what was in there.

But right now, Tianming was more curious about the newly-unlocked gate. There were many black heavenly patterns on this gate, and when he touched it, he sensed a boundless Imperial Will coming from it.

The previous light gold gate had been about the path of a righteous and benevolent monarch. But the heavenly patterns on this black gate were filled with murderous aura and suppression. It was also a kind of Imperial Will. When conquering more territories, killing was necessary. Both benevolence and slaughter were indispensable ways of an emperor, and a combination between them would only make it more perfect.

Clearly, the black heavenly patterns on this gate would enrich Tianming's Imperial Will, allowing the Grand-Orient Sword in his consciousness to continue growing. But what was behind this gate?

Tianming pushed it open and entered. But what he saw left him stunned. He saw another him, just that this doppelganger was black-haired—it was similar to the black-haired doppelganger in the Prime Tower!

Tianming was shocked, but started to calm down when the black-haired Tianming smiled and took no other action. When Tianming saw this doppelganger, he sensed a bizarre change coming from his soul. Within his soul, the Imperial Will that was in the form of the Grand-Orient Sword suddenly separated into two. The Grand-Orient Sword used to be black and gold, but now it had separated into two swords—one black, and the other gold.

The most incredible thing was that everything had happened by itself, and Tianming hadn't expected it at all. Then, even his soul started splitting in two. Half of it went to the black Grand-Orient Sword, while the other half went toward the gold sword. At that moment, Tianming felt something new; it felt like he could divide his mind in two. This wasn't a form of split personality, nor was it like having two thoughts, but gaining the ability to process two things at once in his mind. This change was brought to him by the Grand-Orient Sword. It felt as if he could use his left and right hand to do two different things.

"Could it be..." Tianming suddenly opened his eyes and realized that the Grand-Orient Sword in his hand had started changing after he unlocked the second gate. The Grand-Orient Sword produced a harsh metal grating sound as the Grand-Orient Sword separated into two swords right before Tianming's eyes!

One was black, and the other was gold. The two swords still retained the appearance of the singular Grand-Orient Sword, but they had changed from a two-handed sword into two three-foot swords. The two swords were slender, and felt natural in his hands, and their shapes were almost similar to the Onyx Dragon.

"Dividing into two, with the golden representing righteousness, and suppression for the black?" Tianming held both swords and found that he could use them naturally. He could even divide his mind in two, swinging the swords like two completely different people.

"Yueling Long also used two swords, but her swords could only complement each other, not be used simultaneously. But for me, dividing my mind in two is more advanced!" Tianming immediately gave it a try. When he released the swords, they automatically merged into one and returned to their original form. The entire process only took a single moment. He then grabbed the Grand-Orient Sword again, and with a thought, the sword separated into two again.

"So, this is the second level of the Grand-Orient Sword? Dividing my mind into two?" There were some obvious differences compared to Ye Lingfeng's daggers, or rather, short swords.

"How magical..." In this way, he could have more varieties in his fighting style.

"I wonder what's waiting for me in the remaining gates?" The first two gates left Tianming marveling. Moreover, the black heavenly patterns on the black gate could be used by Tianming to improve his Imperial Will.

"It feels different in the Saint stage, almost as if I've taken a step to heaven. Moreover, I've already successfully learned the Shenxiao Sword Art's fourth sword. Right now, my body, Heavenly Will, saint ki, and the Grand-Orient Sword have undergone complete transformations." After reaching first-level Earth Saint, Tianming was much stronger than before.

"I'm catching up to my peers in my cultivation, and now, I've surpassed the geniuses in the Grand-Orient Realm, catching up to the geniuses in the Divine Capital." That was especially so with the Grand-Orient Sword split into two. He now had lots of room for variations in his attacks. It had been a long time since

he used fast swords, but he was confident that he could master it. In short, the combined form was more ferocious, while the separated form could add more variety to his attacks.

With that, Tianming had completed his transformation to the Saint stage. He took a deep breath to calm down. At the same time, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang had also stepped into the first level of the Earth Saint stage, establishing their saint palaces and saint springs. Their bloodlines had also transformed, and their shackles had loosened up.

“Tianming, I’ve changed! It’s time for me to slap your face! Hahahaha!” Ying Huo’s arrogant voice could be heard coming from the lifebound space. Flames flashed as Ying Huo appeared before Tianming’s eyes.

In the past, Ying Huo was only the size of an ordinary eagle. But now, it had shed its fur and replaced it with fiery red feathers and dazzling tail feathers. Right now, Ying Huo could finally be seen as a phoenix. People said that the phoenix has six orientations: the head is oriented to the sky, the eyes to the sun, back to the moon, wings to the winds, feet to the earth, and tail to the latitude. The five tail feather colors also represented benevolence, righteousness, etiquette, wisdom, and faith. A phoenix was also considered an auspicious beast.

Ying Huo’s body was still small, and could still perch on his shoulder, so Tianming couldn’t mount it. But at the very least, it no longer looked like a yellow chick.

“Hahaha!” Ying Huo laughed and started drooling. “I’m finally a handsome man now! Hens, behold and tremble with your legs clamped! Yueyue, didn’t you ignore me yesterday? The me today isn’t someone you can climb up to!”

Tianming was looking at Ying Huo. Wasn’t it still a chicken?

“Brother Chick, stop drooling all over the floor,” said Meow Meow.

“Meow Meow, don’t call me Brother Chick anymore.”

“Then what am I going to call you? Brother Birdy?”

“Nevermind, just continue calling me Brother Chick.” Ying Huo wasn’t the only one that had changed, as Meow Meow had also grown. It was three times its old size, and was no longer a palm-sized cat. But when Tianming looked at Meow Meow, it still looked as cute as usual, with its big blue eyes, small pink paws and nose, curiously tilted head, and a continually-flicking tail. As long as it didn’t reveal its blood-colored paws, it still looked harmless.

It seemed like Meow Meow was continuing on the path of being cute. At most, it had grown from a baby kitten to a juvenile cat, increasing its lethality against girls. But after this transformation, its bloodline had grown stronger, along with its combat powers, and it would probably have an easier time fighting a stronger opponent.

As for Lan Huang, it was still in the lifebound space. After all, it was simply too large. After this transformation, Lan Huang had gotten bigger and now looked like a moving mountain; there probably wasn’t any other sixth-order saint beast this big.

This time, the increase in their strength was pretty rewarding. The only downside was the thousand saint crystals—the spiritual energy contained in them had already disappeared, which meant Tianming also had a higher consumption compared to others when making a breakthrough.

In comparison, Ye Lingfeng had only used five hundred saint crystals to promote from the third- to the fourth level of the Earth Saint stage. And his cultivation consisted of eighty thousand people simultaneously cultivating! So as long as he had enough spiritual energy, his cultivation speed was on the same level as Tianming. Tianming waited for another three days as Ye Lingfeng made another breakthrough.

“Big Brother Tianming, why do I feel that you’re a lot stronger than before?” Ye Lingfeng’s senses were keen and he could feel a threat coming from Tianming.

“I can’t help it. Since someone wants to die, then I can only help him.” Tianming turned and looked at the Evil Suppression Plaza. As he counted the time, Wei Wushang’s birthday would be tomorrow.

“Let’s go.”

“Okay!”

“The next time we’re here, we’ll be in the first region,” said Tianming.

“Okay!”

They were aiming for the top ten on the rankings!

Chapter 448 - Bad News

When Tianming and Ye Lingfeng came out from the Spiritual Convergence, they saw Bai Zijin standing under a maple tree. When the maple leaves fell, it created a dream-like scenery with her white dress gently fluttering.

“Come here.” Bai Zijin beckoned.

“Big Sister Bai, did something happen?” Tianming suddenly had a bad feeling.

“It’s already been resolved, so there’s no need to worry about it. So, was your breakthrough successful?” Bai Zijin looked at Tianming with shock, then pursed her lips. “You’re finally in the Saint stage. The spiritual energy fountain was useful to your breakthrough, wasn’t it?”

“This breakthrough wasn’t easy, but it’s fine now. Big Sister Bai, what happened while I was gone?” Tianming looked at her.

“Let’s talk while we walk.” Bai Zijin signaled for Tianming to follow her.

“Do you remember that Supernal Mentor from the Ancient Greedwolf Clan, Su Hongyin?”

“Yeah.” Tianming nodded.

“She tried to kill Ling’er, but my big brother was around and ruined her assassination attempt. She’s currently being held in captivity,” Bai Zijin explained.

Tianming stopped walking. His eyes turned cold, and he asked, “Where is she right now?”

“At your home. I also just learned about it and came looking for you. But you don’t have to worry, Ling’er is fine. I already told you that there’s masters in the Decimo Dao Palace who’ve been assigned to protect the two of you. So you don’t have to worry about assassinations, at least. My big brother will be staying right beside you guys for the time being. Su Hongyin thought that Ling’er wasn’t someone important....” Bai Zijin was still walking, but she felt a breeze beside her and turned around to see that Tianming had already disappeared.

“That brat....” Bai Zijin still wanted to explain it slowly because she was afraid that he would lose control. But in the end, she had still underestimated Tianming’s reaction to this incident. The assassin failed, but this guy looked crazy. If Feiling was hurt somehow, wouldn’t he go mad? Palming her forehead, Bai Zijin could only chase after Tianming and call out, “Wait for me!”

This speed.... It looks like he’s gotten a lot stronger by breaking through. Bai Zijin was inwardly shocked.

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Back in the First Pavilion, Tianming immediately barged in with a darkened face. When he looked around, he saw that there were four Hall Kings there. Standing before the Future Hall King, Bai Mo, was a man with white brows. He was Bai Zijin’s big brother, Bai Zifeng. He was also a Hall Lord of the Future Hall.

Tianming instantly recognized him as the person who had protected Feiling. On the other side was a woman in red, tied to a pole. But what tied her to the pillar wasn’t rope, but a small heavenly pattern barrier. Heavenly patterns were wandering around her limbs, binding her mobility. Not far away, there was a wolf lifebound beast trapped in a heavenly pattern barrier. It was also bound, and looked like it was dying.

“Ling’er!” Tianming yelled. The next moment, the door suddenly opened and a young girl ran out. Before she could stabilize herself, Tianming rushed up to her and took her into his embrace. His hug was so tight that Feiling felt breathless.

“Big brother, I’m fine. You don’t have to worry about me. I even had no idea what happened, and the culprit was already captured. I’m really fine, look!” she said.

“Yeah.” Tianming checked her from head to toe, making sure she hadn’t been hurt. However, he knew that if anyone in the Divine Capital tried to make a move against Ling’er, she only had two outcomes. She would either die or survive; it was impossible for her to just be injured. That also meant that Su Hongyin had nearly killed her!

“Ling’er, go in.” Tianming gently pushed her and smiled at her, signaling for her to relax before closing the door.

“Thank you, Hall Kings and Hall Lord.” Tianming came forth and gave a deep bow to Bai Zifeng and the others.

“Don’t worry about it. Nothing will go wrong with me around.” Bai Zifeng smiled, patting Tianming’s shoulder. He was just next door these days, listening to the laughter of these youngsters. He was pretty fond of Tianming, he just didn’t make an appearance.

“Yeah.” Tianming nodded, then turned and looked at Su Hongyin coldly. “Was she the mastermind? Or is the mastermind someone else?”

“She refuses to say anything, but the truth isn’t difficult to guess. I can tell you about it, but I hope you’ll keep it to yourself,” said the Future Hall King.

“Okay.”

“She’s from the Ancient Greedwolf Clan, and she was probably under the orders of the Ancient Greedwolf Clan’s Patriarch, Wei Ji. They all belong to the other halls, so they naturally don’t wish for you, a pentabane of the Li Saint Clan, to grow up. After all, they’ll lose their foothold if you reach the height of your ancestor, Li Shenxiao. So they must be trying to suppress you and destroy your will. If they killed Ling’er, it would surely be a great blow to you,” said the Future Hall King, Bai Mo.

“I got it. I’ll take a look at Su Hongyin. She won’t be able to hurt me, right?” Tianming asked.

“She won’t, don’t worry,” said Bai Zifeng.

While the Hall Kings talked among themselves about the Theocrats, Tianming came over to Su Hongyin by himself. Bai Zijin and Ye Lingfeng had both returned, but they stood far away.

“Long time no see, Tianming. It seems like you’ve become more handsome and charming.” Su Hongyin might not be able to move, but she could still speak. With a frivolous smile on her face, she fearlessly looked at Tianming.

“You wanted to kill her?” Tianming asked.

“That’s right. She’s blessed with looks, but it’s a pity that she’s a cripple. She’ll grow old, and, sooner or later, she’ll become a pile of bones. She’s not comparable to me, who’ll always be young,” Su Hongyin chuckled.

“You’ll be young forever?” Tianming asked, staring at Su Hongyin’s neck.

“That’s right. I’m over forty years old, but I still look young. In another ten years, your little girlfriend will look older than me,” Su Hongyin laughed.

“That won’t happen,” Tianming said.

“Why?” Su Hongyin asked curiously.

“Because you’re going to die now!” Tianming went from silence to violence in a matter of seconds. He took out the Grand-Orient Sword and swung it at Su Hongyin’s neck.

Su Hongyin was briefly stunned, then let out a yelp, drawing everyone’s attention. Tianming’s eyes were red; he didn’t expect that a Sky Saint’s physique would be so powerful, and failed to behead her. But his sword had gone a third of the way through her neck.

“You!” Before Su Hongyin could finish, Tianming swung his sword again like a madman. It was like he was chopping a tree with an ax as he slashed at Su Hongyin’s neck two more times.

Even though Su Hongyin was a sky saint, she was still beheaded after taking three slashes from Tianming's sword while she couldn't move. Her eyes were wide open—even in death, she had no idea how she died.

She saw the Grand-Orient Sword stab into the ground, and in despair, she took a last glance at the white-haired youth before completely losing her consciousness. Although the four Hall Kings had enough time to stop Tianming's sword, they were dumbfounded when they saw this scene. And while they hesitated, Su Hongyin was beheaded.

"Ah!" Bai Zijin screamed out and looked at Tianming blankly. She understood this youth the best, and when she saw him slash out three times at Su Hongyin, she knew what he was doing. Feiling was too important to him, and no one had thought that Tianming would be so furious dealing with an assassin who failed to do her job.

To Tianming, both Wei Jing and Ling'er were his soft spots, and he would lose his rationality if anyone tried touching them. But right at that moment, the gates were opened. Many people walked in, and when Tianming looked up, he saw the West Hall King, Wei Ji, who had immediately rushed in when he heard a familiar scream.

When they came in, they saw Su Hongyin's head falling. Tianming had even plunged the Grand-Orient Sword onto the ground before their eyes and tossed Su Hongyin's head over to the West Hall King, saying, "Hold it well and take it away."

Just like that, a vulnerable youth with crimson eyes looked at the dumbfounded West Hall King. In that instant, the entire courtyard was enveloped in dead silence. The West Hall King grabbed onto the head that was still bleeding. After a brief silence, he exploded.

Four Hall Kings, along with Bai Zifeng, stood before Tianming. They had never expected that Tianming would be so impulsive, but they could only deal with it since things had already happened.

"Haha..." Wei Ji smiled and threw the head onto the ground. Staring at Tianming, he asked, "May I ask why you killed the Supernal Mentor of my clan? If you don't give me an explanation, I won't let this matter rest so easily!"

"Explanation? Then let me ask you: why did you send her to assassinate a disciple of my Future Hall?" Bai Mo sneered.

"Future Hall disciple?" Wei Ji narrowed his eyes.

"That's right. The descendant of the Li Saint Clan, foster son of Li Wudi, and the bearer of a pentabane." As Bai Mo spoke, he placed his hand on Tianming's shoulder. They had silently changed Su Hongyin's assassination target, and Tianming understood what they were trying to do.

Assassinating him was more serious than trying to assassinate Ling'er. After all, she wasn't one of the Decimo Dao Palace's disciples. It looked like they had no thoughts of letting Su Hongyin go to begin with, just that they had never expected Tianming would be so ruthless.

"What rubbish! What evidence do you have?" Wei Ji raged.

“My son is here to protect them, and when Su Hongyin came to assassinate Tianming, she was caught red-handed. What more evidence do you need? If it wasn’t for my son, Li Shenxiao’s descendant would’ve been killed by her. Wei Ji, Su Hongyin is just a Supernal Mentor, so why are you getting so emotional? Or was she acting under your orders?” Bai Mo questioned.

Everyone outside could clearly see what had happened in the courtyard. Wei Ji fell into a long silence. He naturally couldn’t admit that Su Hongyin was here to kill Feiling, and not Tianming. If he did, then wouldn’t it be the same as confessing that he was the mastermind?

Bai Mo’s change in the story made Wei Ji deeply furrow his brows. Honestly speaking, a supernal mentor’s worth was naturally incomparable to a pentabane, but that was his woman! Even until now, he had no idea that Tianming had just returned from the Spiritual Convergence. In the end, he could only suck it up and rebuke, “Bai Mo, don’t spout nonsense. The pentabane of the Li Saint Clan will only benefit the Decimo Dao Palace. I have no idea why Su Hongyin tried to assassinate him, but it had nothing to do with me.”

He came in furiously to question, but could only leave in depression. Although he had already been prepared for the worst when he came, he’d never expected that Su Hongyin would be directly killed.

“Then we won’t send you off. Have a safe trip.” Bai Mo waved his hand. “Furthermore, let everyone know that if anyone tries to assassinate either of the pentabanes from the Li Saint Clan again, Su Hongyin will be their example!”

Wei Ji’s blood was tumbling in his body, but he could only suck it up. After all, Su Hongyin had failed in her assassination attempt. He couldn’t even figure out why she would try assassinating Tianming. He failed to find out about Tianming’s tracks immediately, and no longer had any more chances.

“Don’t be so happy, the four of you. The Decimo Dao Palace is still not a place where the four of you make the decisions.” Wei Ji smiled as he left. He was clearly trying to say that he had other Hall Kings standing by his side, and even the Ancient Theocrats.

“You’re right. The palace lord is the one who makes the decisions here,” replied Bai Mo.

“Haha!” Wei Ji turned around and left.

“West Hall King!” Tianming suddenly shouted out. When Wei Ji turned around, he met with Tianming’s ferocious gaze. Tianming said, “Tomorrow is your grandson’s birthday, and I want to give him an unforgettable present. Please tell him to wait for me in the Evil Suppression Plaza tomorrow.”

“Okay.” Wei Ji sneered and left. With that, the storm left quicker than it had arrived.

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After the West Hall’s party left, the courtyard became quiet. As Tianming gradually calmed down, the scarlet flare in his eyes slowly dissipated and he said, “I’m sorry. I couldn’t control myself earlier.”

“It’s okay. It was mainly up to you, anyway. Su Hongyin is nothing, and if you can vent your anger by killing her, it doesn’t matter to us. The reason we didn’t kill her is that she’s only the executor, not the mastermind,” said Bao Mo. Wei Ji was indeed the mastermind, and Tianming wouldn’t forget about him.

"You and your sister will have to fight with these people if you guys want to grow, and they'll definitely use underhanded methods to deal with you, and those methods will only become crueler over time. So it doesn't matter if you kill Su Hongyin; the key conflict is between them and us. Su Hongyin's death only placed our conflict on the table, and it doesn't matter much," said Bai Mo.

"Thank you, Hall King." Tianming was sincerely grateful to them. Their thoughts were similar to his.

"Actually, you and your sister's matters are trivial. It's mainly on Li Wudi. He's the person these people are afraid of. The day your foster father comes, they'll definitely take it even further. After all, your foster father is an octabane monster." Bai Mo and the others laughed. But what would they think if they knew that Tianming was a decabane.

"Tianming, you're different from your sister. Qingyu is a gentle lady, while you're someone with passion and drive. That's another reason we supported you in killing today. Your will is strong, and you're someone worth forging. We're all optimistic about you. Are you confident in suppressing all of the geniuses in the Divine Capital for our Decimo Dao Palace?" asked the South Hall King, Qin Jiufu.

That meant that Tianming only had to beat people up, while these Hall Masters would clean up the mess for him. So what did he have to be afraid of?

"I'll thrash them!" Tianming gnashed his teeth. When he saw Feiling standing by the door looking touched, he vented out all his emotions.

"Wei Wushang, it's your turn tomorrow!"

Chapter 449: Galeflare

The next day, at the top level of the Dao Pagoda at the Evil Suppression Dao Plaza, Wei Ji, the West Hall King from the Ancient Greedwolf Clan, sat tall in his throne. Behind him stood four Hall Lords from the West Hall. Wei Ji's gaze was colder than ever. He probably didn't get much sleep thanks to the events that transpired yesterday.

"There's at least two hundred thousand people here, right?" said a voice. Wei Ji knew who it was without even looking. She was the Earth Hall King, Jiang Jianying, the ruler of the seventh bloodline of the Ancient Theocrats.

After Autarch Yun's ascension to the throne, the seventh imperial bloodline lost the Dongyang name and were forced to change their surnames to Jiang. As such, they had also been forced to drop the 'imperial' in their name.

Currently, in the Decimo Dao Palace, the Ancient Theocrats controlled the East Hall, Earth Hall, and Death Hall, which amounted to a third of the Decimo Dao Palace's power. Most of the Jiang 'imperials' cultivated there.

Jiang Jianying had a figure reminiscent of Yueling Long, and the looks to match. She seemed to be in her thirties, though her actual age was closer to a hundred.

She wasn't Autarch Qian's daughter, but rather the concubine of his seventh son. The seventh imperial prince used to be the crown prince, but he hadn't managed to outlast Autarch Qian. Even though he wasn't dead, he had already reached the end of his prime and had to step off the stage in the Divine

Capital for good. After he disappeared from the public eye, his eighth concubine, Jiang Jianying, stood out to support the seventh bloodline and even became the Earth Hall King. She was the most famous female cultivator in the Divine Capital.

In fact, Jiang Jianying was the seventh prince's maternal cousin, so her bloodline was definitely of pure imperial stock. The Ancient Theocrats valued bloodline purity, so marriages within the clan were commonplace. It was also thanks to her bloodline that she had garnered support from the experts and seniors of the seventh bloodline.

Currently, she was here with the other Earth Hall Lords and seated by Wei Ji's side. Despite her age, she still seemed young and vigorous. People who took so much care of their youth and health were indeed rare.

Beside her was a youth who stood by her side to serve her with his gaze fixed on the plaza. He was none other than Dongyang Yu. Though, after Autarch Yun had ascended to the throne, his name was changed to Jiang Yu instead, clearly delineating his place.

After Jiang Jianying sat down, Wei Ji continued, "This duel will be witnessed by at least half of the palace's disciples. Li Tianming is a boisterous figure and doesn't have the awareness of his place as a sinner's son at all. Not only that, he has the backing of powerful figures, which has made him arrogant beyond belief. I'm sure there are many who want to see how capable he truly is."

"Who's the strongest person he's defeated?" Jiang Jianying asked.

"A lass from the Ancient Qilin Clan. She was a third-level earth saint at most."

"That's nowhere near Wushang, who should be at the sixth level by now, right?"

"He's been messing around a little too much lately and neglecting his cultivation, unlike the hardworking Jiang Yu here. It's no wonder Wushang's only tenth in the rankings," Wei Ji said with dissatisfaction.

"Yu'er's also been drawing all day and neglecting his training," Jiang Jianying said.

"It's not the same. Jiang Yu is a patternscribe, so drawing is beneficial to him. Wushang, on the other hand, is all too caught up in the debauchery of alcohol and lust."

"He just likes to make friends and expand his social circle, that's all. His network will come in handy when he serves the Theocracy in the future. He'll definitely be able to honor the name of his ancestors."

"Well, let's not look too far ahead yet. We'll push this so-called pentabane back down the hole he burrowed out of first."

"Looks like you're quite confident of Wushang's chances."

"He's made some preparations, so he won't lose at least. You should know that the eleventh and tenth ranks aren't that much different. But as long as he can give Li Tianming a lifetime lesson, it'll have been worth it."

"Won't Bai Mo and the rest prepare some trump card for the sinner's son, too?"

"They won't."

"Why?"

"Because the four of them are softies. Their greatest weakness is that they aren't ruthless enough," Wei Ji said with a savage glare. In other words, he was the ruthless one.

"Then I guess Li MUYANG's son is finished. Back then, Li MUYANG was so in love with the princess, yet he even had her killed and had a son with somebody else. What a wretch. It's no wonder people are angry at this bastard son of his," Jiang Jianying commented.

"I don't know about others, but you Theocrats are pretty mad about it at any rate."

"Yeah. If Dongyang Ling wasn't missing, Autarch Yun could've solved this issue in an instant.

"Haha...."

"Do you know where Dongyang Ling is?"

"Stop trying to trick me into saying things. I don't know anything."

"Fine."

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The plaza was packed so densely with people that their shoulders were rubbing together. They numbered even more than the crowd that watched the Realm War. Most of them were disciples of the palace, and some of them were even outsiders who came to watch.

Thanks to Tianming's unique identity, many people from the Divine Capital had come to watch. It was indeed rather rare for a junior like him to draw so much attention. At that moment, he was standing in the eye of the storm. Countless people focused their gazes at him and talked about Li MUYANG at the same time.

"Li Tianming's father is a crook. He killed the princess and stole the Cyclic Mirror. Even though it has nothing to do with his son, it wouldn't hurt for him to be a little more low profile. Why did he ruffle so many people's feathers? He definitely deserves what's coming to him!"

"Didn't Wei Wushang try courting his little sister and got rejected? I heard he's holding a grudge from the humiliation."

"She's not his biological sister. They're not related by blood."

"I see. As long as he was a little polite and gave Wei Wushang some face by attending his birthday party, he wouldn't have incurred his rage."

"I heard Li Tianming even had Su Hongyin killed."

"Supernal Mentor Su Hongyin was a good person. It's a shame. I heard she was framed."

"This is far too shameless! He truly is the worst of the worst!"

"I really don't get it. What's the point of protecting someone like him? He just has a little potential, that's all. Is he really that powerful?"

"We'll know when we see it. I heard someone say that he was still at Heavenly Will until recently. Being a pentabane allows him to fight people above his level, but his cultivation speed seems average at best."

"Hey, Wei Wushang is here!"

The crowd cheered as the grey-robed Wei Wushang got onto the platform. He scanned the crowd with a passionate gaze. "Li Tianming, get your ass out here! I'm short on time, you see! I have a party to go to with my pals later tonight!"

Quite a few people cheered for him. It seemed like he was rather popular among the juniors in the Divine Capital.

"The party tonight will be glorious after he defeats a pentabane of the Li Saint Clan!"

"What Li Saint Clan? Li Shenxiao was the only impressive one. I doubt being a pentabane means much!"

"You have a point. The lousy bloodline of the Grand-Orient Realm isn't much, compared to those of us from the Divine Capital."

The youths from the Jiang Clan, Ancient Clans and Saint Martial Manor laughed out loud. They seemed to be in a rather cheery and carefree mood. They were under the impression that Tianming's ranking was only due to him defeating Ning Wushang, and Jiang Nancheng was defeated by Ye Lingfeng instead.

Just as they were laughing, a black-robed, white-haired youth stepped onto the plaza. He stood at a high spot, letting everyone get a clear look of him. After reaching the Saint stage, he seemed a little younger at around eighteen. He now seemed just as youthful as Wei Wushang.

"Li Tianming, I just noticed you look rather decent. If you're short on cash, let me introduce you to a place. The noble and powerful in the Divine Capital happen to value goods like you. Work hard and serve a few old men and you might just make it big," Wei Wushang mocked.

About a hundred thousand youths laughed in response.

"Yeah, the old men and women would definitely crave attention from a hot-blooded young man like you. You've hit the jackpot."

The laughter droned on endlessly, but Tianming seemed completely calm, as calm as he was when he cut off Su Hongyin's head with three strikes.

Soon, a small phoenix appeared on his shoulder. Its wings were like flaming swords. It was perched on top of a black cat through which lightning coursed. A demonic aura radiated from its body as its blue eyes gradually turned red. Its crimson claws stretched out of its meaty paws and glowed menacingly. Behind them stood a gigantic, two-headed dragon. The moment they showed up, they shook the whole crowd.

Most of them had heard that Tianming was a triple beastmaster, but it was their first time seeing it in person. While Ying Huo and Meow Meow were on the small side, Lan Huang was huge and domineering. Its dragon heads growled threateningly, then sent out an explosive roar that roused their fighting spirits.

With a loud whoosh, Tianming acted. He didn't say a single word, just went in for the kill with his three beasts as he unsheathed the legendary Grand-Orient Sword before his audience. Just as their eyes were

focusing on it, the sword began changing. The black and gold colors on the sword separated and let out an ear-piercing sound of steel grating on steel as the sword split into two. The gold sword represented heavenly benevolence, while the black represented ultimate suppression, bearing the grudges of the millions of lives it had taken.

"How could the sword change like this?"

"This is unheard of!"

As the crowd reeled from the shock, Tianming and his beasts had shown up right in front of Wei Wushang. The foundation of the plaza was firm and strong, so Lan Huang's Terra Swamp was slightly limited. Even so, it managed to sweep lots of mud across the battlefield. With a flash, the little phoenix split into tens of thousands of hazy afterimages and the cat charged behind Wei Wushang at lightning speed.

"You're courting death!" Though he had wanted to throw in a few more insults, he didn't think that Tianming would be so fierce. He had no choice but to defend himself.

In an instant, his lifebound beasts appeared. They were two fiendwolves of different types. One of them was a Flare Fiendwolf, while the other was a Gale Fiendwolf; both of them had sixty-four stars. The Flare Fiendwolf was black all over and had black flames burning around its body, whereas the Gale Fiendwolf sported razor-sharp talons and teeth and was surrounded by rapid winds.

Between the two of them, Wei Wushang stood there wielding his forty-heavenly-pattern blade, Galeflare. It was a large blade that could easily usher in windstorms and embers with a casual swing.

"Hehe..." Wei Wushang laughed sinisterly as he utilized his fifth-level earth saint ki to meet the blow. He had two types of saint ki, fire and wind respectively, making him both fast and powerful.

By then, Ying Huo was at Wei Wushang's flank. He used his ability, Sixpath Infernal Lotus. Tianming could obviously feel how much stronger the ability had become as the six giant lotuses of fire came crashing down.

Wei Wushang laughed when he saw what was happening. "Playing with fire before my Flare Fiendwolf? It can swallow all flames without exception!"

As he said that, his wolf stood in front of him and spat out a black flame twister. The twister increased in speed and swallowed the six lotuses, completely extinguishing the infernal flames. Wei Wushang laughed out loud and the crowd joined him.

Chapter 450: Happy Birthday

"I've never met anyone so dimwitted before."

"Shouldn't he at least have done some research on Wei Wushang's abilities before the fight?"

The audience believed that Tianming was a fool, yet there was nothing dumber than swallowing infernal flames. The next instant, things unfolded as Tianming had predicted. The Flare Fiendwolf let out a painful howl and its expression changed. It collapsed to the ground and twitched, as if it had eaten something that didn't agree with its stomach.

"Buddy, before you try swallowing my spit next time, you'd better make sure your stomach can take it. It can be extra spicy, you know," Ying Huo said gleefully in a voice that rang clear throughout the plaza, silencing everyone.

However, that was only the beginning. At the same time, a black cat swept past and turned into a Regal Chaosfiend. Now, its body shape resembled that of the Flare Fiendwolf. It came pouncing down like a lightning bolt and latched on to the wolf's neck with its fangs.

The blood-colored Soulchasing Hellthunder shot out from Meow Meow's eyes and tore through the hide of the wolf, sending electricity running through its bloodstream. Though the wolf tried spitting out the infernal flames, it had been completely paralyzed by the shock to its body.

Meanwhile, Lan Huang and Ying Huo worked together to intercept the Gale Fiendwolf and Wei Wushang. The Wei scion executed an earth saint battle art, Tornado Blades, but it was completely blocked by Lan Huang's ability, the Mountainsea World.

In addition, Lan Huang used Primordial Soundwave and targeted the other wolf, shaking it to its core. The wolf took a few hurried steps back, and the beastmasters in the audience couldn't help but wince at the loud sound as they wondered what Tianming's plan was.

Soon, they saw Tianming appear in front of the Flare Fiendwolf, executing the Voidgod Sword Intent—Myriad's Only. The two swords struck at once and dug into the wolf's eyes, causing it to howl in pain again. At that moment, the two Grand-Orient Swords fused into one and Tianming used the third strike of Shenxiao Sword Art. By the time Tianming had descended to the ground, the gigantic wolf's head had parted from its body and fallen audibly to the ground.

As the audience reeled from the shock, Tianming joined Meow Meow and immediately charged toward the other fiendwolf. Such was the terror triple beastmasters were capable of inflicting; not even twin beastmasters would be able to hold off against their sheer numbers. Not only that, each member of Tianming's group was strong in their own right, being Primordial Chaos Beasts.

Upon reaching the Saint stage, the three's physical abilities had been further enhanced. Though Ying Huo still looked small, it was far stronger than before.

Ying Huo, seeing that the Flare Fiendwolf had been killed, went straight to Wei Wushang and crossed swords with him. Tianming and Meow Meow, on the other hand, were blocking the angered Gale Fiendwolf.

It all happened within a blinding flash. The raging wolf used Myriad Sandstorm Gusts, blanketing the battlefield with numerous sandstorm twisters. Little did it know that its ability would be weakened by the Temporal Field that covered the whole battlefield.

Tianming flew into the skies even faster than before, charging through the storms and appearing before the wolf. At that moment, Meow Meow's ability, Misty Hellthunder, came crashing down on the wolf's head like a millstone from the skies. A loud crackle sounded out as the spinning lightning vortex sealed the wolf within it and continuously sent black lightning bolts into its body, tearing its hide apart. Right as the wolf was terrorized and about to crumble, a silhouette pierced through everything to reach its weakest point: its abdomen.

The figure was none other than Tianming. he raised his two swords and stabbed them into the wolf's abdomen as he shot past the beleaguered beast. The crowd watched as the wolf's innards spilled out of the two gigantic gashes. With another pained howl, it collapsed dead on the ground.

"You!" Wei Wushang snapped, watching blankly. He had lost all the vain pride and mocking smiles from before. No longer did he seem like a classy disciple, training in the Divine Capital. Now, he was just a broken wretch. He faced Tianming like a powerless bunny, unable to fight back in the slightest.

With his two lifebound beasts dead, even if he could convert them into lifebound spirits, he was as good as half-crippled. There was no chance he could match up to peers his age any longer, and that fact alone made him feel unimaginable pain and dread. He saw that Tianming's white hair had been stained red with blood. Tianming glared back at him with a deathly gaze, causing him to feel the true meaning of terror.

As he blanked out, Ying Huo knocked his weapon flying while Lan Huang sent its tail crashing into his body. The heavy blow caused him to vomit out almost all of his innards and flop to the ground like a kite with a broken string. The horrific sight completely silenced the audience, and every one of them widened their eyes in disbelief. While some might have expected an exciting fight, none of them had imagined it would end with Tianming dominating so heavily.

"Aaargh!" Before they could snap out of their stupor, Wei Wushang climbed back up, despite being all bloodied. Nothing was left in his eyes but savagery. He took out a tome from his spatial ring and cried like a madman, "Die!"

"Buzz off." Tianming lashed out with the Thunderfiend Chains, wrapping the heavenly pattern tome with it. Though he had reacted with lightning speed, he was still a step too late. Wei Wushang was bleeding too profusely and his blood had contacted the tome the moment he took it out, activating it. That was also a sign that the tome wasn't truly his, but he no longer cared about anything other than killing Tianming.

The tome tore apart in an instant, unleashing a terrible torrent of power in the form of a blinding, golden light that turned into a golden lance and shot toward Tianming with awesome might. Based on the power displayed, the tome had to be at least two stars. It could be worth tens of thousands of saint crystals, and even then, it was probably unbelievably hard to find in the market. It seemed that Tianming's death was set in stone.

All of a sudden, three consecutive clangs were heard. Three mountains stood tall in front of Tianming before crumbling from the golden light. Even so, they had managed to significantly decrease its speed. It only took an instant for Tianming to fly off with Celestial Wings, barely dodging the golden light as it swooped past. The blinding lance didn't have too much reach and Tianming was easily able to evade it in mid-air.

"Holy crap!" he exclaimed, cold sweat forming on his forehead. Had he not flown away quickly enough, he would've lost his legs.

"Ling'er, you almost suffered a tragic loss!" Tianming said.

"Huh?"

"If the lance had shot out a little higher, you would've lost our family jewels!"

The joke earned him a resounding silence. That aside, Tianming hadn't stopped for a moment, and appeared right before Wei Wushang in a flash.

"You... How are you not dead?!" It was only now that Wei Wushang was truly afraid. He had wanted to take something else out of his spatial ring, but Tianming's black Grand-Orient Sword was faster and came slashing toward Wei Wushang's hand. It was so painful when the hand was lopped off that Wei Wushang shook in agony.

"Wait! I'll cripple my own cultivation!" Wei Wushang yelled with a broken voice.

"Like hell I'll believe you!" Tianming probably only had this one chance to act. If Wei Wushang would really cripple himself after breaking the rules and using a heavenly pattern tome he didn't make himself, Tianming would change his surname to Wei!

Right as the black sword cut off Wei Wushang's hand, Tianming thrust the gold sword into his saint palace. The saint spring exploded and tore open a huge, gaping wound, out of which saint ki flowed before dispersing into spiritual energy.

Wei Wushang stood his ground, dumbfounded, as he looked at the golden sword in his abdomen before turning to Tianming with a look of despair. "You—"

Right as he was about to curse him, Tianming pierced the black sword into his mouth, cutting out his tongue.

"I don't want to hear you speak."

Wei Wushang's face contorted from the pain. His eyes were bulging so hard they were about to fall out along with the tears that flowed.

Tianming drew both swords out and kicked him in the chest, sending him crashing into the ground of the plaza with an audible thump. Silence followed.

Everyone turned to look at Tianming, casually putting his sword away like nothing serious happened. He took out one of his Mountshield Tomes and said, "Everyone, look. Wei Wushang illegally used a heavenly pattern tome, but I didn't. This Mountshield Tome was made by me, and I'm selling each for two thousand saint crystals. Feel free to come buy them. It might be able to save your life at a crucial moment, and I only have a limited number of them."

As he said so, the flaming phoenix landed on his head and spread its wings, gloriously posing while the black cat nestled in his embrace and stretched comfortably before falling asleep. Behind him, Lan Huang stood with its heads looking over his two shoulders. It seemed to be trying to mount Tianming like the other two.

Though Tianming was relaxed, the crowd in the plaza was still as pindrop-silent as before. He looked toward the Dao Pagoda and saw the West Hall King, Wei Ji, along with the Future Hall King, Bai Mo, the Life Hall King, Situ Qinghe, and some others he didn't recognize.

Tianming figured that since he could defeat Wei Wushang without those from the West Hall interfering, Bai Mo had definitely helped him in some capacity. He smiled at him as a show of respect.

By now, some people had come to take Wei Wushang away. Though his face was pale and he shook from the pain, he couldn't curse even if he wanted to. Everyone saw how his expression had changed. With his lifebound beasts dead and saint palace destroyed, he was a cripple through and through. He no longer had any power or say in anything, being resigned to an existence worse than death. He would be living a nightmare from now on.

"Wei Wushang," Tianming yelled, causing others to turn to him.

"Happy birthday."

His words caused the poor boy to spit out another mouthful of blood and faint in the hands of his seniors, blood pouring from all of his orifices.