

The Ages 481

Chapter 481 - Footsteps

The words on the door probably weren't about Dongyang Fengchen's age, but rather the number of spots remaining. As each one of them entered, the number counted down. Only after the twenty-five Theocrats entered did Tianming and the remaining ones go in.

Ye Lingfeng was walking ahead of him. When Tianming reached the door, the number on it read '1'. It felt as if the number was staring straight at him. Upon closer inspection, it seemed to be formed from blood, blood that was still freshly red, as if it had spurting out from a person who died not long ago.

"How scary," Feiling said.

"Don't worry, I'm here."

Looking into the endless darkness, Tianming stepped into it. The moment he did, the wooden door creaked like a jittery old person trying their best to walk, then closed shut.

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Tianming felt a little pain in his head. He was surrounded by darkness and couldn't see a thing. Ever since he had entered, he couldn't move at all and felt like he was floating through an empty void. Around fifteen minutes later, his feet finally found firm ground and the world opened up brightly before his eyes. He quickly put up his guard and held the Grand-Orient Sword in his hand.

He saw that he was in a cramped little room built from green bricks. It looked ancient and really damaged, and was covered in a thick layer of dust. Each step he took left a dusty imprint on the surface. It looked just like the building he had entered from the inside. There was a wooden door in the room that looked just like the tomb's entrance. He wondered if he would return to the Second Divine Capital after exiting the tomb, but he thought otherwise, for the world beyond the door seemed incredibly quiet and desolate. The sound of thunder within the Abyssal Battlefield couldn't be heard beyond that door.

"We are now inside the tomb!"

What he saw was truly too different from what he had imagined. He stepped toward the door and prodded it with his Invincible Sword Ki, attempting to pierce it through, but it was completely undamaged, despite seeming like it would crumble with a single push. In fact, Tianming found it hard to even move. He couldn't shut it even if he wanted to.

"I don't believe it." He swung the Grand-Orient Sword at the door and managed to leave a mark, though it didn't break the door down. At least, it was proof that divine artifacts like his sword could affect it somewhat.

"So this is the tomb after all." There was no explaining how a mere wooden door wouldn't break from being attacked with Invincible Sword Ki. "Ling'er, is that existence here?"

"I can't feel its presence for now. It's too quiet here, in fact."

"Then we should go out and look for Feng. Let's see if we're able to meet up."

Tianming figured that all thirty of them had been brought to different corners of the tomb. He exited the small room and saw a wide passageway. The walls he saw would no doubt be impenetrable for him. All he could do was advance or retreat, though there were many crossroads and deviations up ahead.

"So this is a labyrinth of sorts, where we can't see the start or end point."

Thankfully, it was wide and empty enough for fights to happen without a problem. Countless green stone buildings were across the passageway, making it look like a defensive wall. Apart from the one he had just left, the doors to the other buildings were all closed.

He advanced with the Grand-Orient Sword in hand and used his Insightful Eye to survey his surroundings. One thing he couldn't avoid, however, was leaving a trail of footprints on the thick layer of dust as he walked. Ying Huo came out from his lifebound space and perched on Tianming's shoulder out of curiosity.

"Darn, what kind of ancient tomb is this? This is practically a catacomb. It pales in comparison to the Li Mausoleum," Ying Huo said.

"Don't speak," Tianming said with a furrowed brow.

They were now at the entrance of another stone building. It was tightly shut, so he placed his ear against the door to listen. He had a feeling he heard something inside. All of a sudden, the door began shaking.

"Darn it, it's a ghost!" Ying Huo cried before darting off without Tianming. Even Tianming's heart was pumping from the shock, and Feiling couldn't help but cry out. Tianming immediately took a few steps back until he was up against the wall.

"Wabababbabababa..." Ying Huo flew even further away, only to notice that it felt even more afraid without Tianming around, then hurriedly turned back and dove into the lifebound space into Lan Huang's embrace.

"I didn't think you'd be such a chicken, Chicken Bro," Lan Huang said. It had wanted to use that line for as long as it could remember.

"Nonsense! I was afraid you'd be scared without me so I came back to stoke our morale!"

"Then why are you shivering?"

"I'm grooming my feathers, dammit!"

While his beasts could relax in the lifebound space, Tianming didn't feel the least bit relieved as he leaned against the wall.

"The door just shook a few times. Something must be inside, yet there's no sign of a living being anywhere...."

What else could it be? All he could see were green stone buildings like the ones he had come out of. But now, he couldn't even find it, since all the doors were shut tight.

"What do you think is inside?" Feiling asked.

"No idea. Let's just ignore the buildings and continue ahead."

After taking a few steps, he turned back and looked at a dark corner behind him. He had a feeling something was tailing him.

"Didn't you ask me to bring Ling'er to the tomb? We're here now, so where are you?" he mumbled. However, there was no reply. "If you won't come to me, I'll come to you."

Tianming continued walking. When he quickened his pace, he heard footsteps from behind matching his pace. However, he saw nothing when he turned back. Even his Insightful Eye saw nothing. If it weren't for the closed wooden doors, he would have thought something had come out of one of the buildings.

He continued forward for more than ten thousand meters and passed close to a thousand of such stone buildings. On the way, he went through a few junctions, though he always picked the straight path. This time around, he picked left and noticed there were buildings down that path too.

"These buildings are everywhere!"

He continued ahead and eventually came to a three-way junction, but one of the paths was inaccessible. It seemed to be blocked off by a heavenly pattern formation, a transparent one that pushed back at him when he approached.

"So I shouldn't go down this path? Is there some logic to it?"

Tianming thought hard about it as he stood right in front of the formation. While the other two paths were accessible to him, he wasn't in a rush.

This black arm of mine was able to tear through the Infernal Soul Formation, so I wonder if it'll work for this one, too.

He stretched his left hand out toward the formation and felt a resisting force. However, it seemed to be working. His arm was still moving forward with all his fingers outstretched. Using his Insightful Eye, he saw an ink-green heavenly pattern, which he took hold of, turned, and tore apart. Something seemed to have been unlocked by that action.

"So entering it is possible!"

Tianming took one step after another and opened the path with his left hand, tearing away one heavenly pattern after another. Eventually, he was able to see what lay beyond the formation with his Insightful Eye.

Beyond it, he saw Ye Lingfeng, who was cautiously advancing with his back against the wall while wielding his daggers. However, there was someone tailing him from tens of meters behind.

That person had a half-darkened face. From where Tianming was, he could only see the right side of his face. The eye seemed insidious and filled with hate. Slowly, that person approached Ye Lingfeng.

"Feng, be careful!" Tianming roared, though it didn't seem to reach his ears. However, Ye Lingfeng turned back, though oddly he didn't seem to have noticed Dongyang Fengchen. Shaking his head doubtfully, he turned back and continued advancing.

What was worse was that Dongyang Fengchen quickened his steps to the point that Tianming could hear his footsteps. They sounded hastier than before.

"Wait, why's the sound coming from behind me?"

Tianming's hairs were standing on end. He turned back suddenly and saw a figure come charging at him from a dark corner. His Insightful Eye was still focused on aiding him in tearing through the tomb's formation, so he wasn't able to see who—or what—that figure was.

Fortunately, he managed to tear through the formation in time and passed through it. As he hurriedly got up and prepared to strike, he noticed there was nobody behind him. Instead, he had appeared on another path whose dusty floor had no footstep trails at all. The formation had disappeared, along with the dark figure. He seemed to have been transported somewhere else entirely.

"But it looked like Dongyang Fengchen was about to catch up to Feng." That thought caused him to grow more anxious. He could tell from Dongyang Fengchen's gaze that he was definitely going in for the kill. He had thought he would be able to get to Ye Lingfeng after breaking the formation, but it ended up not being the case.

"What's going on?" Feiling was confused too.

"Shh... this place must be haunted," Ying Huo whispered from under Lan Huang. "If what you saw just now was real, Feng must be in trouble."

Tianming had no choice but to choose a direction and charge forward. All of a sudden, he heard footsteps from behind him. His left hand was pointed behind him, but he couldn't see anyone at all. How could he see the black figure from before, then?

Even after a long time, he couldn't see anybody behind him, despite the footsteps. He decided he would no longer bother and instead use Insightful Eye to seek out other formations in the tomb.

At that moment, the atmosphere behind him felt really eerie all of a sudden. He even felt a chill run down his spine as he heard heavy footsteps coming from behind him.

Chapter 482 - Don't Look Back

Li Tianming abruptly turned his head around. The Grand-Orient Sword flickered, forcing the figure back. Tianming took a look, only to narrow his eyes. "Dongyang Fengxiao?"

It was indeed Dongyang Fengxiao, along with his lifebound beast.

"Your lifebound beast recovers quite fast. It's only been half a month." It must have cost quite a bit. After all, his Azurebat Winged Hydra had had its intestines nearly ripped out.

There was a clear scar on its abdomen, showing that it wasn't fully recovered yet.

"Li Tianming, I'm going to kill you! Your life will be payment for violating the Ancient Theocrats' dignity!" When he finished speaking, he began playing the Nine Soul Funeral.

"Your lifebound beast isn't healed yet, and I don't like kicking people when they're down," Tianming said. To Tianming, this opponent wasn't a challenge.

Tianming had just turned around to leave when, unexpectedly, he discovered that his opponent really lacked all regard for his life. He increased the power of the Nine Soul Funeral, and the hydra flapped its

wings and launched itself at Tianming. It unleashed a spirit-source ability, Azure Windblades, that tore through the air.

“You actually think I don’t dare to kill you?” Tianming turned his head back. What greeted him was a barrage of attacks. “Don’t blame me for this then!”

A mountain-like two-headed dragon suddenly popped up in front of Tianming and unleashed Mountainsea World, blocking the blades of wind.

Tianming and Lan Huang charged forward together. Lan Huang’s huge body allowed it to block many dangerous attacks for Tianming, allowing him to get close to Dongyang Fengxiao.

Fourth strike of the Shenxiao Sword Art!

Tianming slashed down with a two-handed strike, backed by two hundred strands of Invincible Sword Ki of four different types.

There was no way Dongyang Fengxiao could stand up to this. The soundwaves from his Nine Souls Funeral turned into a solid giant hand, but it broke in a moment.

As the Invincible Sword Ki swept past, Dongyang Fengxiao’s head flew up and hundreds of holes appeared on his body. His corpse crumpled to the floor.

“Seriously? You actually attacked me after I let you off?” Tianming frowned. By then, Lan Huang, Ying Huo, and Meow Meow had already slain the hydra.

“Let’s go,” Tianming called out. Lan Huang unwillingly returned to his lifebound space. It was just too huge and unsuitable for normal travel. As for Meow Meow, it very willingly returned to where it could nap.

Only Ying Huo remained perched on Tianming’s shoulder.

Tianming was just leaving when he suddenly halted. “Ying Huo, look behind.”

“Eh?” Ying Huo’s feather stood on end, as it turned around and let out a shriek. “What the hell?”

The two watched as Dongyang Fengxiao and his hydra were roughly put back together by an unseen force. However, Dongyang Fengxiao’s head joined the hydra’s body and his arms attached themselves to the beast’s abdomen....

Flesh and blood mingled as bones put themselves back together and a new monster was created. Like a wildbeast, its bloodshot eyes glared at Tianming.

“I’m going to kill you!” The head that was once Dongyang Fengxiao grinned.

Ying Huo nearly pissed itself.

“My... why look, it’s raining! I need to go home and take in the laundry. Meow Meow’s underwear is still hanging outside. If we don’t bring it in, Brother Turtle will eat it—”

“Could you be anymore incoherent?”

“No good, I’m pregnant! The water broke and the kid’s coming out!” It was like Ying Huo had met its natural enemy.

“That’s... just your piss, isn’t it?”

Ying Huo could no longer be counted on. Tianming could only resummon Meow Meow, who had just fallen asleep, rousing its grouchy ire. Meow Meow furiously launched itself at the monster, attacking with its claws and lightning.

“Fun! How does this head go here?” Lan Huang rammed the monster into the wall, causing blood to fly.

Seeing its courageous younger brothers, Ying Huo shed tears of shame. “Right, I was the big brother! I need to set a good example as a leader! Tianming, go get it!”

Ying Huo instantly felt much better as it found an excuse to comfort itself.

Invincible Sword Ki swept out again, causing blood to splash.

Is it dead this time? Tianming wondered.

“I’m going to kill you!” Dongyang Fengxiao’s head rolled over. It continued furiously screaming the same words over and over again. More disturbingly, his and the hydra’s flesh began to put itself back together again.

“Ying Huo, burn it!” Tianming felt his scalp tingle. He refused to believe it could still revive once it was turned to ashes.

“Yes, that’s my expertise, cleaning up after you all!” Ying Huo felt its confidence swelling again. Its Infernal Blaze quickly swallowed up the flesh, and finally, only ashes remained.

However, Tianming noticed a puddle of blood still remained. The puddle of blood reshaped itself into a ‘9’. Then, it shrank down and turned solid, becoming a ruby.

“You think we can make duck blood and vermicelli soup with this?” Ying Huo wondered.

“That’s human blood, meow!”

Tianming picked up the ruby. It was translucent, and he couldn’t tell it used to be blood. And upon closer inspection, he could see a face inside, which belonged to Dongyang Fengxiao.

“I’m going to kill you!”

Tianming hurriedly tossed it away. “Lan Huang, for you!”

Like a dog, Lan Huang leapt up. Just as it was about to fetch, its two heads hit each other and it crashed onto the ground. However, it excitedly jumped up, exclaiming, “How fun!”

It picked up the ruby and began playing with it.

“You’re going to crush me here!”

As the three of them clowned around, Tianming sunk into deeper confusion. “What just happened to Dongyang Fengxiao? What does the ‘9’ mean? And what use is the ruby?”

The tomb had become a strange place....

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Tianming then coincidentally bumped into Jiang Fengyue. She turned pale and asked, "Did you kill my Fourteenth Brother?"

"How did you know?" Tianming was annoyed.

"He's right above you."

Tianming looked up, and a face was right in his face, its eyes wide and saliva leaking from its mouth."

"I'm going to kill you!"

"What the fuck!"

Tianming hurriedly dodged to the side. He now noticed that the face was formed from the ruby, which Ying Huo had been playing with on his shoulder.

"Running?" Ying Huo's confidence had grown. It kneaded the face, which turned back into a ruby. Sighing, it said, "Young people these days really have no guts. Aiiii, how are you gonna find a wife next time?"

"You killed a Theocrat, you're dead meat!" Jiang Fengyue was furious.

"So?"

"I'm going to kill you!" It was that exact same line.

"Can I just run?" Tianming asked. However, the answer was no, because Jiang Fengyue immediately charged at him!

Her three Dark Nethervenom Sydras quickly surrounded Tianming and went in for the kill.

Tianming hadn't originally planned to tangle with her. However, the murderous actions she took set him off, so he counterattacked.

After a battle, he heavily injured her and killed one of her sydras.

"Goodbye!" Tianming turned to leave.

However, before he took three steps, he saw that the still not dead Jiang Fengyue began to fuse with her three sydras, becoming a twenty-five-headed monstrosity.

"Ahhhh!!" Ying Huo shuddered again, dropping the ruby on the floor.

Tianming helplessly cut the monster up into several pieces, then had Ying Huo incinerate it.

As expected, a puddle of blood was left on the ground that reformed into an '8'. It then became Tianming's second ruby. Just like before, it had Jiang Fengyue's face inside, looking at him maliciously and repeating, "I'm going to kill you!"

Tianming kept it.

“Nine and eight. Is it a countdown?” Feiling asked.

“Right, it’ll become three, two, and one in the end.” Tianming frowned. “Does it want me to kill nine people?”

Tianming’s response to all of this was a tingling scalp.

Chapter 483 - People Without Dignity

By the time three days had passed, Li Tianming had developed a complete headache. The path had forked again and again, and he’d already come across over a thousand of them without an end.

“How big is this tomb?” The ground was covered in a few centimeters of dust. Anyone passing through would leave traces, even if it was a sky saint flying past. However, in the three days Tianming had spent there, all the dust he had seen was undisturbed.

“This must be an endless maze.” Going through an enclosed place like this would drive one crazy sooner or later.

As for the occasional footsteps he heard, Tianming was very wary of them and kept his attention both in front of and behind him. Nothing had happened yet.

Then, Tianming felt a huge disturbance up ahead. The sounds of combat and beasts roaring echoed. The roars seemed to be overlapping, and it was clearly from several different heads making the same roars. This meant a hydra or sydra was up ahead.

Tianming didn’t say a word. Spreading his Celestial Wings, he soared forward. He passed by several forks, making his choice each time by listening to the roars. When he passed the third fork, he saw several people fighting up ahead.

One was a young man with black hair and red eyes who immediately drew Tianming’s attention. He was in the midst of dodging what would have been a mortal blow.

It was none other than Ye Lingfeng!

“This way, Feng!” Tianming shouted anxiously as he shot toward him, Feiling increasing his speed through temporal boost at the same time.

Ye Lingfeng turned when he heard the voice, his eyes meeting Tianming’s. This time he wasn’t an image, but the real flesh and blood Ye Lingfeng.

For a moment, Tianming thought it was Dongyang Fengchen chasing him. The figure had a golden robe too, and the same stature. However, when Tianming looked closer, he noticed the man didn’t have the same half-black face.

“He’s the tenth prince, Dongyang Yunyi. First level of Sky Saint stage, with two Golden Hellthunder Hydras,” Feiling said hurriedly.

After the Fireworks Festival Feast, while Tianming had been hard at work on the Invincible Sword Body, Feiling had been busy reading up on the thirty people going into the tomb. Dongyang Yunyi was a son of Autarch Yun. He was less than three months younger than Dongyang Fengchen, and had become a sky

saint before thirty. If he were in the Decimo Dao Palace, reaching the top ten of the Decimo Sky Ranking wouldn't have been a problem.

Dongyang Yuyi's two seven-headed hydras continuously spewed out lightning at the fleeing Ye Lingfeng. Several bolts landed on Ye Lingfeng, making him grimace. They could easily tear apart flesh, enter the body, and wreak havoc inside.

Most problematic of all was the golden bow in Dongyang Yunyi's hands that was aimed at Ye Lingfeng. He loosed an arrow, which turned into a fierce streak of lightning.

Seeing that Ye Lingfeng was about to be struck, Tianming used the Grand-Orient Sword to knock away the arrow. An ear-splitting screech rang out as the arrow was deflected. It struck a wall before falling to the ground.

The arrow didn't leave a mark on the wall.

"Buy one get one free?" Dongyang Yunyi grinned after seeing Tianming. He made a grabbing motion and the arrow flew back to his hand, whereupon he nocked it again. Exerting force, he pulled the bow to full draw once again.

"Li Tianming, Ye Lingfeng, neither of you should think about escaping today. Taking your heads will be a great accomplishment, enough to change my destiny." Dongyang Yunyi's expression was cold. He had already found both Tianming and Ye Lingfeng, and his two hydras split up to lock them down.

"Are you okay?" Tianming asked.

"Just some minor injuries." Ye Lingfeng's face was pale. He was only a seventh-level Earth Saint, so facing off against a Sky Saint was too difficult.

Tianming gave him a quick inspection. When he finally confirmed it was Ye Lingfeng, he sighed in relief. It seemed that the image of Dongyang Fengchen chasing him down was a fake. The tomb's illusions must have reached an incredibly high level for the Insightful Eye to be unable to pierce through it.

"Ignoring me?" Pointing the bow at Ye Lingfeng's head, he let it fly. Simultaneously, a total of fourteen heads from the two hydras unleashed a spirit-source ability, Lightning Calamity.

Tianming hurriedly pulled Ye Lingfeng out of the way and used his sword to slash out. Invincible Sword Ki burst out as Tianming used the Insightful Eye to track the arrow.

When they clashed, Tianming was blown away and his sword was nearly wrenched out of his grasp. "I didn't expect it to be so strong. Becoming a sky saint is another fundamental change as a living thing."

The arrow returned to Dongyang Yunyi's hand.

"Li Tianming, you're just too weak. You can block one arrow, but can you block a thousand?" Dongyang Yunyi gathered his power, and the arrow flew once more as Lightning Calamity filled the air.

"Let's go." Tianming made a snap decision. He was clear that his win during the Fireworks Festival Feast was due to the opponent not being a sky saint. The gap between earth and sky saints was just too huge. There was no benefit to staying here anyways.

Tianming immediately took out a heavenly pattern tome, the Hallucination Tome. Despite its incredible monetary value, Tianming didn't hesitate to use it. A fog quickly spread out and Dongyang Yunyi lost sight of his opponents.

"Li Tianming, the only reason you dare to be arrogant is because the Decimo Dao Palace protects you. Without them, you're just a rat! You can run now, but you only have three Hallucination Tomes!" Dongyang Yunyi's voice passed through the white fog. There had been an inspection before entering the tomb, so everyone knew what the others had.

As a patternscribe, special attention had been paid to Tianming.

"If you knew you would be so cowardly, then why did you act so cocky before? If you didn't, you may have had a path of survival. Alas!" Dongyang Yunyi laughed mockingly.

Dongyang Yunyi sighed helplessly. "People without dignity really are...."

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Tianming finally came to a stop after fifteen minutes when he didn't see anyone behind him.

The tomb was so quiet they could hear their breathing.

"Here, one for you." Tianming tossed Ye Lingfeng a Hallucination Tome. "It can save your life."

"Don't you only have two left?" Ye Lingfeng was hesitant.

"What, you want the other one too?" Tianming smiled.

"Of course not." Ye Lingfeng kept the book.

"I didn't expect to run into you here with so many people inside. Tell me what's happened as we walk."

Tianming soon found out that Ye Lingfeng had arrived in a similar cramped little room built from green bricks.

In these three days, other than occasionally hearing footsteps, nothing had happened.

"Then you ran into Dongyang Yunyi?" Tianming asked.

"Right, he attacked immediately. I've been running for a while. Unfortunately, I can't fight sky saints, else I'd kill him. I haven't killed a Theocrat yet, especially the son of an autarch. Many people are anxiously waiting for me to take revenge." Ye Lingfeng's eyes were filled with killing intent. Even with his hazy memories, many people were still reminding him.

"Don't worry, there'll be opportunities."

The two continued on.

"Big Brother Tianming. It's like we can't do anything as we are now. We rank bottom in this tomb, especially me," Ye Lingfeng said bitterly.

"The tomb will be open for a while. We still have chances. The main thing now is that it's too strange here. There's nothing good for cultivation."

“Yeah.”

If they wanted to accomplish something here, they needed to grow stronger. Tianming had heard every word of Dongyang Yunyi’s.

“Dongyang Fengchen and the rest think of us as meat on a chopping board.” Tianming had a gloomy expression.

As the two progressed, they came across several cramped little rooms built from green bricks, but they didn’t approach them.

After a while, Tianming paused. “This route has a formation blocking it.”

The formation was slightly concealed, and it was unnoticeable if you didn’t get close.

Chapter 484 - Ants

It was the second formation Li Tianming had encountered.

“Feng, follow me.” Tianming used his black arm to open a path while Ye Lingfeng watched his back. He remembered the last time he’d done this, he had seen Ye Lingfeng being attacked by Dongyang Fengchen. Furthermore, a figure had appeared behind Tianming.

Time passed. This time, what Tianming saw was Bai Xiaozhu and Situ Yiyi getting touchy with each other. However, over a dozen Theocrats were creeping up on them, including Dongyang Fengcheng.

It was at that moment the formation finally ripped apart. Grabbing hold of Ye Lingfeng’s collar, he pulled him through.

The world changed around him. When they crossed, Tianming found that he was in a sealed palace. It was huge, and didn’t have doors or windows, just a rippling heavenly pattern formation on the floor. This was the formation Tianming had just passed.

Ye Lingfeng suddenly let out a startled gasp.

“What?” Tianming scanned the surroundings. He found that the floor was covered in a luminous powder that was under the omnipresent layer of dust. When he stepped on the dust, the power unexpectedly lit up and released thick spiritual energy.

Outside, the spiritual energy in the tomb was too thin. Cultivation was impossible; the spiritual energy in the tomb was only enough to sustain battling.

Tianming used Lang Huang’s water to wash away the dust, cleaning the floor.

Hidden beneath the dust were countless grain-sized gems!

“Saint crystals!” Ye Lingfeng said emotionally.

“There’s at least a few hundred thousand. We’ve struck it rich!” Tianming smiled.

He continued looking around. Apart from the exit, there was also a big building built of green bricks. It was ten times the size of the others he had come across, with a much bigger wooden door. However, it was heavily damaged, and it looked like a light touch would destroy it.

“Let’s keep the crystals first. Fifty-fifty.” Tianming decided. He was certain that in the tomb’s entire existence, no one had ever come here before. Else, these crystals would be long gone.

These crystals would be enough for him and Ye Lingfeng for a long, long time.

“I’ll take a look.” Tianming went to the building built from green bricks and gave the door a light prod. However, it was utterly sturdy, and he found he couldn’t budge it.

Tianming finally relaxed.

“Feng, there’s no rush to leave here.”

“Why?”

“Our purpose in the tomb is to survive. Since probably no one else can get in here, it’s safe and I don’t need to worry about you getting killed. So, let’s just stay here until the end.

“Alright.” Ye Lingfeng’s expression flickered.

Tianming was aware that since that existence had lured him here, it wouldn’t just let him go when the tomb opened. However, since it wasn’t rushing, neither would Tianming. He was patient enough to wait here.

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For Ye Lingfeng, all he needed for cultivation was saint crystals. With eighty thousand souls working together, any comprehension was quickly mastered, giving him an incredible speed of improvement.

As for Tianming, his path was more messy. He needed to slowly master the Grand-Orient Sword and Imperial Will to enrich his heavenly will. That was the only way for him to grow as a saint.

Within the Grand-Orient Sword, the light gold and black gates were open, and the heavenly patterns on them were gathering. The black arm’s awakening was allowing Tianming to grasp them, giving him access to better Imperial Will.

“When Autarch Qian perished, infighting began among the princes. The people suffered, and misfortune reached even the sects of nine realms.” Tianming’s experiences of the last week were beneficial to his Imperial Will, and allowed him to examine his own path.

Next was his Invincible Sword Body. He took his voidspace stone, from which he began to absorb Invincible Sword Ki. Fortunately, he had Ying Huo to accompany him through the process, so it wasn’t too tedious.

Time progressed as they grew stronger, their cries of pain punctuating the air.

Ye Lingfeng screened them off, lest his mind blow up from the annoyance.

Fortunately, they were indoors here, or their cries would have drawn people over.

Twenty days passed like that.

Both of them rose a level, with Tianming reaching fifth-level Earth Saint, while Ye Lingfeng reached the eighth.

"I wonder if I can fight a sky saint now with Ling'er's help?" Tianming still had a deep impression of Dongyang Yunyi's suppression on him the previous time.

The number of Invincible Sword Ki Tianming had assimilated had risen to over six hundred, and Ying Huo now had three hundred and fifty.

Are we going out?" Ye Lingfeng asked.

"Not unless the tomb opens a door out," Tianming replied. However, he still felt unsettled, for that existence hadn't appeared yet.

That was when an ear-splitting sound of wood scraping against wood filled the air. Tianming turned around in surprise and saw the wooden door from the green-brick house was slowly opening!

A terrifying aura began leaking out from inside, as if some devil was behind the door.

"Let's go!" Tianming immediately reacted and tore apart the formation, and the two quickly scrambled out.

"I'm going to kill you." At the last moment, those words came from the door.

When they passed through the formation, the sensation finally stopped. However, they still had goosebumps.

"It was like seeing a ghost!" Tianming laughed awkwardly.

Tianming noticed they were back in the previous passageway. However, the tracks they had left in the dust were completely gone. This was a strange place that didn't follow any logic.

Tianming took out his sword and used all his strength to leave a mark on the wall.

"What are you doing?"

"Leaving a mark so we don't accidentally go back inside." Whatever was inside could have crawled out by now.

"Let's go."

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Five days later....

"Brother Tianming, ants."

Tianming waked forward, and noticed at the fork ahead, the left side had a dense mass of black ants crawling on the ground.

"There's living things here?" Tianming picked one up doubtfully. The ant wasn't a demon beast, and seemed ordinary, if a bit big.

However, when Tianming applied some pressure, the ant turned into a drop of blood. He proceeded to take a step forward, and the ants under his foot turned into a smear of blood.

"These aren't real ants. They're made of blood." Tianming scanned them using his Insightful Eye, but they still appeared as ants.

"Where are they crawling to?" Ye Lingfeng asked.

"Let's see."

They proceeded cautiously. However, they hadn't expected the trail to be so long—they hadn't reached the end even after an hour.

That was when they suddenly smelled blood.

The two exchanged a look and slowed down, arriving at an intersection where two people lay unmoving.

"Little Zhu, Sis Yiyi!" Tianming's expression changed and he hurried over.

When he got close, Feiling yelped—the two were now corpses!

Their flesh was already gone, and only their bones and skin were left. The only thing keeping their human shape was a mass of ants inside their body. There were at least tens of thousands of them inside, all visible through their eyes, nose, and mouth.

The scene was very miserable, and Tianming felt his gut churn. He sucked in a deep breath and his eyes turned slightly bloodshot.

Chapter 485 - The Infernal Soul Race Will Never Concede

Based on what happened to Dongyang Fengxiao and the others, Tianming reminded himself that what he saw wasn't necessarily true. But what if it was? Tianming was very uncomfortable.

Were Bai Xiaozhu and Situ Yiyi dead, and their bodies eaten clean? What about their lifebound beasts? Tianming didn't see them around.

"Are they really dead?" Ye Lingfeng asked, his voice hoarse.

"Not necessarily, don't believe everything you see." Tianming could only comfort himself and Ye Lingfeng. He couldn't bear seeing them end up like this. For a while, an irritable Tianming breathed heavily.

Just then, footsteps sounded ahead. Tianming and Ye Lingfeng looked up to see two figures appear.

"It's you again!" the man exclaimed, surprise and delight filled his voice.

It was Dongyang Yunyi.

By his side was a man in purple robes. He was similar in height and size to Dongyang Yunyi, with long dark purple hair that hung loose and eyes that burned with flames. An aloof man with excellent temperament, he was the twelfth son of Autarch Yun, Dongyang Zizhen, Dongyang Yunyi's half brother.

He was a year younger than Dongyang Yunyi, but had reached first-level Sky Saint and could fly. Both the twelfth and tenth princes were better than Dongyang Fengxiao. In that instant, the two instantly locked on to Tianming and Ye Lingfeng. When they noticed the bodies on the ground, they were obviously startled and drawn by the ants.

"How did they die?" asked Dongyang Yunyi.

"Perhaps our ninth brother killed them?" replied Dongyang Zizhen.

"Yes."

"Our ninth brother attacks swiftly, but his luck isn't as good as ours," added Dongyang Zizhen.

"Be careful, they may still have another Hallucination Tome in their hands. They used one to escape me," sneered Dongyang Yunyi.

"How ridiculous. A coward feigning courage. Now that no one's sheltering him, what else can he do besides abandon his dignity and flee?" As Dongyang Zizhen spoke, he approached Tianming step by step.

"Brother Tianming, should we run?" asked Ye Lingfeng.

After all, they were two first-level sky saints. Together, they were even more difficult to deal with.

"We won't run this time. We haven't tested the power of fighting together. Little Feng, when the time comes, listen to my commands." Tianming's eyes were grim. The two corpses on the ground, as well as their conversation agitated him. All that was left was the look of carnage in his eyes.

"Move aside and don't touch them," said Tianming, referring to Bai Xiaozhu and Situ Yiyi.

As they quickly turned into a passage, the two princes naturally assumed they were going to escape.

"Get them!"

"Tianming, show the same courage you had in the final battle of the Earth Ranking. Don't make us look down on you!"

"You and your father, Li Muyang, are dogs that can only run away with your tail between your legs. Haha!"

They would say anything just to keep the two from fleeing. After all, killing Tianming would be a great contribution.

Not long after Tianming fled, he suddenly stopped and turned around, eyes murderous. Bai Xiaozhu and Situ Yiyi lay behind Dongyang Yunyi and Dongyang Zizhen. Tianming continued retreating, leaving a distance of more than two kilometers between them and the corpses. Soon, Dongyang Yunyi and Dongyang Zizhen stood before them.

It turned out there was a dead end behind them, which was very rare and the first time Tianming had come across one. There was finally an end to this dense and complex labyrinth.

Dongyang Yunyi and Dongyang Zizhen both laughed. "Looks like you have terrible luck. Even if you have a Hallucination Tome, you can't escape. You're dead!"

As Dongyang Yunyi spoke, the two Golden Hellthunder Hydras unleashed their abilities, forming a golden net made of lightning that completely blocked the only escape path.

"Caught them like turtles in a jar. Perfect," said Dongyang Zizhen.

One end of the passage was a dead end while the other was sealed off by lightning nets. With the brothers standing there, how could Tianming and Ye Lingfeng escape this time?

"Have you ever considered that the turtles might be you?" Tianming retorted.

They laughed despite themselves. Meanwhile, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang had emerged from Tianming's lifebound space. Including Ye Lingfeng and Feiling, Tianming had quite a few on his team.

The two princes watched enviously as Tianming thrust the Grand-Orient Sword into the ground. This wasn't the dao palace. Who would find out if they slaughtered Tianming and stole his sword? Dongyang Yunyi and Dongyang Zizhen exchanged a meaningful glance.

"Last time, it was just me and the two were scared half to death. But now they want to fight?" Dongyang Yunyi shook his head.

"There's no way out but a dead end. So of course they have to fight. They need this meaningless struggle to convince themselves they died bravely," said Dongyang Zizhen.

Dongyang Zizhen was also a twin beastmaster. His two lifebound beasts were Purplesky Deathflame Hydras.

They were huge purple beasts that blazed with purple flames, just as terrifying as the two hydras enveloped in golden lightning beside them. Four lifebound beasts with seven heads each, all of them equally fierce and ferocious. That meant five against six, not including Feiling. Tianming had one fewer fighter on his team.

"Little Feng, are you afraid of water?" asked Tianming.

"A little, but it doesn't matter. I'm fast," replied Ye Lingfeng.

Generally speaking, only large lifebound beasts were greatly influenced by seawater.

"Alright." He threw Ye Lingfeng two Mountshield Tomes, which could save his life at a critical moment.

At the same time, Tianming pulled out three Oceanspirit Tomes. Although the passage was wide, it couldn't compare to the Decimo Dao Battlefield. Thus, three tomes would yield enough water. The passage was shaped like a cube, of which five sides were sealed. All Tianming had to do was close off the last side to prevent the water from flowing out. Then, he activated the Oceanspirit Tomes, which instantly turned into immense blue waters and engulfed the passage.

Tianming left a little space for Ying Huo, so it could fly above the water. This tiny space was too small for his opponents' lifebound beasts.

"You dare resist?!" Dongyang Yunyi was both angry and in disbelief. The Oceanspirit Tome reminded him of the day Tianming had defeated Dongyang Zhuo.

"Kill him!"

Together with Dongyang Zizhen and their four lifebound beasts, Dongyang Yunyi broke through the waves and attacked. With each movement of the Primordial Terraqua Dragon, the waters swirled, forming countless vortices, a violent power enough to sweep its six opponents away.

Feiling's Temporal Field covered the entire passage. With the improvement of her abilities, the effect of deceleration and acceleration had increased. Additionally, the sea would even be a headache for sky saints, if they couldn't adapt. Since their numbers and individual combat prowess were inferior to their opponents, then what should Tianming and Ye Lingfeng do? They had to find a breakthrough point.

"Ying Huo, you deal with Dongyang Zizhen and keep him occupied! Lan Huang, drag the two Purplesky Deathflame Hydras into the water! Meow Meow, with your thunder abilities, can you deal with the two Golden Hellthunder Hydras?"

This was a dangerous battle. Their opponents were stronger, so Tianming had to use his lifebound beasts to the best of their abilities. Thus, he left the most difficult tasks to them.

With an Invincible Sword Body, as well as its abilities and battle arts, Ying Huo could take on the fire-type beastmaster, Dongyang Zizhen, without an issue. The Oceanspirit Tomes had created a suitable battlefield for Lan Huang, so holding up against the two Purplesky Deathflame Hydras, which were afraid of water, should be easy. The Golden Hellthunder Hydras would do little damage to Meow Meow, who was the master of lightning. Additionally, Meow Meow possessed Soulchasing Hellthunder and Myriadfiend Venomfang to resist its opponents. As long as they could hang in there, Tianming and Ye Lingfeng were sure to form a demolition team.

"No problem!" the three replied in unison.

"Lan Huang, manipulate the water to control your opponent's position," said Tianming.

On the battlefield, their opponents couldn't fight whomever they wanted. When the battlefield was controlled by Lan Huang, it could roil the sea and impact its opponent's position, thus controlling the battlefield.

"Kill!"

Tianming surged with killing intent. Well aware of what Tianming had in mind, Ye Lingfeng followed.

"Ling'er, watch the battlefield. If any of us are having trouble, use Spatial Wall to support them first."

"Alright."

Tianming brought everyone's strengths into full play. It was actually quite rare for him to remain this rational and calm, despite his anger.

With Lan Huang's manipulation, the six opponents were pulled into the water. Among them, Dongyang Zizhen was most afraid of water and immediately crashed toward the surface, then flew up in the air. Out of nowhere, Ying Huo's Invincible Sword Ki came racing toward him.

"I declare your balls are gone!" Ying Huo's Infernal Haze covered the sky with flame phoenixes.

"I'll cut off your chicken head. See if you can still make any noise then! Stupid bird!!" Sneering, Dongyang Zizhen had never imagined Tianming would use his lifebound beast to deal with him.

Dongyang Zizhen's weapon was rather strange. It was a chakram known as the Allspike Skywheel, and had eight spikes that would rotate and cut through everything. Its surface could also be used as a shield to block Ying Huo's attacks.

Man and bird turned the world upside down with their battle. At the same time, Meow Meow, in its Regal Chaosfiend form, took on two opponents. The Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape, coupled with deliberate provocations, kept the two Golden Hellthunder Hydras occupied.

Although its opponent was stronger in terms of cultivation level, its golden lightning couldn't break through Meow Meow's Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape. The cat's Myriadfiend Venomfang posed an even greater threat. As the battle progressed, Soulchasing Hellthunder entered the hydras' bodies and targeted their vitality, giving Meow Meow more of an advantage.

Underwater, the two Purplesky Deathflame Hydras were entangled by Lan Huang. Each of Lan Huang's heads bit one hydra as it whirled wildly in the water, smashing the two beasts to the ground. At that point, all three of the beasts were trying to complete the tasks assigned by Tianming. And their opponents were most suited for them. This made Dongyang Yunyi gloomy.

He had assumed that with one more fighter on his side, all that was left to do was take a shot in the dark. Unexpectedly, as soon as he left the water, he was faced with Tianming and Ye Lingfeng. The two youths fought together for the very first time.

"Hahaha! Trying to corner me? You think I'm a weakling and easy to kill?" Dongyang Yunyi couldn't help bursting out in laughter. He was one of the strongest!

As his opponent charged toward him, the Aurora Arrow-Spear in his hand suddenly transformed from an arrow to a pike.

Thunder Disaster Spear Art!

Dongyang Yunyi was not only an expert archer, but also great at close-quarters combat. Covered in golden lightning, Dongyang Yunyi floated above the water, unleashing countless golden lightning rays upon Tianming. Amidst the rain of lightning, Dongyang Yunyi flashed, aiming for Tianming eyes. This was the sky saint battle art, Thunder Disaster Spear Art.

"Little Feng!" Tianming roared.

Suddenly, a bloody-eyed youth appeared beside Dongyang Yunyi.

"Ahh!!" When attacking Tianming, several bloody lines appeared in his sea of consciousness. This was the first time he had suffered such agony.

In that instant, Tianming gathered all six hundred Invincible Sword Ki on the Grand-Orient Sword and exploded with his full power. The Invincible Sword Ki converged on one point, releasing a shrill noise that had them breaking out in goosebumps.

"Die, Dongyang Yunyi!!"

Shenxiao Sword Art's fourth strike! Six-Hundred-Demise Sword! Two swords in one.

Having just reacted to the stabbing pain, Dongyang Yunyi was suddenly faced with Tianming's attack. In a panic, he jabbed his spear forward. The chaotic sword ki instantly penetrated the spear and the Grand-Orient Sword made a hole the size of a head in Dongyang Yunyi's chest.

"Uh... my contribution...."

Dongyang Yunyi had never expected the end would come so quickly, and was still fantasizing about taking credit for killing Tianming. Staring blankly at Tianming, his face twisted in an ugly grimace, eyes so wide they might fall out of their sockets. The moment before his death, he felt the most terrible despair in the world.

"Tian—" Tears streaming down his cheeks and face pale as a sheet, he received a dagger to the throat from the figure behind him.

The dagger sliced across and a headless corpse dropped into the water. Ye Lingfeng held the head in his hand, roaring as he smashed it on the ceiling. In an instant, all that was left was smithereens.

Eyes bloody, Ye Lingfeng grit his teeth, gloomily stared at the scene before him, and roared, "The first of the Theocrats!"

Chapter 486 - A Sword Through The Hear

Ye Lingfeng had gone mad, but Tianming understood him. He had seen the dying struggle of the Infernal Soul Race that spanned twenty thousand years, as well as the amalgamation of the blood and tears of eighty thousand souls. Killing any Theocrat would make his blood boil.

"Brother, there's another one." Tianming's cold gaze locked on to Dongyang Zizhen, who was entangled in battle with Ying Huo.

Ye Lingfeng didn't need a reminder. He swept across the water and two figures quickly drew closer to Dongyang Zizhen.

"Feng's strength lies in the suppressive power of his soul, while mine is the ability to finish. When we work together, we have a certain synergy."

Dongyang Yunyi had perished too quickly. Since Dongyang Zizhen's line of sight was obscured by the water, he wasn't aware of his brother's demise. All he heard was the miserable cries of the two Golden Hellthunder Hydras.

"What happened?" With the Allspike Skywheel in his hand, Dongyang Zizhen executed the Cyclic Sutra.

This sky saint battle art was a balance between offense and defense, and could block Ying Huo's Invincible Sword Ki and attack at the same time. The Allspike Skywheel rotated at lightning speed in the air, tearing apart Ying Huo's Infernal Haze.

"Big Brother, where are you?" Dongyang Zizhen had a bad feeling.

"He can no longer hear you." Cold laughter sounded.

Crossing the water, Tianming and Ye Lingfeng appeared before Dongyang Purple.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it's your turn to die," said Tianming.

Ying Huo went over to assist Meow Meow and Lan Huang, who were struggling. Tianming and Ye Lingfeng had to be quick.

Like a wildbeast, Ye Lingfeng's eyes shone with bloodlust.

Beside him, Tianming's Grand-Orient Sword had been split into two. He held one sword in each hand and spread his wings, which spanned a kilometer, white hair fluttering in the wind. The black and gold Grand-Orient Swords in his left and right hands respectively gleamed with cold light. Three hundred strands Invincible Sword Ki converged on the gold Grand-Orient Sword.

Lightning, fire, sea, and mountain—four types of Invincible Sword Ki merged, resulting in a deafening buzz.

"Die!!"

A cold glint flickered across Tianming's eyes as he swung the gold Grand-Orient Sword. Dongyang Zizhen possessed the power of a sky saint, which was far superior to an earth saint. Still composed, he spun the Allspike Skywheel in his hand.

Cyclic Sutra—Caustic Chaos!

"Merely an earth saint? You've overestimated your abilities."

Dongyang Zizhen flicked the spinning weapon toward Tianming, The gold Grand-Orient Sword clashed with the wheel, the force of both weapons evenly matched. Dongyang Zizhen managed to resist Tianming's attack.

However, Tianming swung out the black sword the moment the gold sword shook off the wheel. The sword contained three hundred Invincible Sword Ki and the power of the Shenxiao Sword Art's fourth strike.

The sword aimed for his heart.

"What?!"

Shocked, Dongyang Zizhen quickly tossed his weapon aside and dodged. Unfortunately, Ye Lingfeng was behind him. In an instant, the world before him became a sea of blood, and countless bodies fell from the sky.

"An illusion!"

He shook his head, trying to wake himself up, but the result was a sudden stabbing pain in his head, as if there were countless spikes boring in from the top of his skull through his chin. This kind of pain was simply a nightmare.

Soul Crushing Art—Lifeless!

Ye Lingfeng's Infernal Bloodsoul Daggers pierced Dongyang Zizhen's back. Dongyang Zizhen's pupils enlarged as he stared down at the two daggers that stuck out of his chest.

"You're courting death!"

Face twisting, he roared. Under his control, the Allspike Skywheel flew toward Ye Lingfeng from behind. Just then, three hundred Invincible Sword Ki gathered on the Grand-Orient Sword and pierced Dongyang Zizhen's saint palace.

The sword ki erupted, tearing a bloody hole in his abdomen. At that moment, Dongyang Zizhen was sandwiched between Tianming and Ye Lingfeng.

"Ugh..." He stared wide-eyed, voice hoarse, and unable to control his weapon, which crashed into the water.

Now that his saint palace was destroyed, he was completely crippled. The shadow of death hung over him. Dongyang Zizhen spat a mouthful black blood, staring blankly at Tianming.

"Sooner or later, you—.."

Before he could finish his sentence, he felt as if he was being choked and couldn't make a sound.

"You're number two!"

Ye Lingfeng pulled out the Infernal Bloodsoul Daggers and repeatedly stabbed Dongyang Zizhen until he was completely dead. Dongyang Zizhen's blood-stained corpse fell into the sea.

"Don't relax just yet. Their bodies are likely to change. Let's kill their lifebound beasts, first." Tianming said.

This was the experience they had gained by killing Dongyang Fengxiao and Jiang Fengyue.

"Alright."

The Oceanspirit Tome couldn't hold up for much longer. The sea waters gradually disappeared and the three lifebound beasts, who were under great pressure, lost their terrain advantage.

Tianming and Ye Lingfeng descended from the air. Their presence meant there would be no suspense to the outcome.

Even with the death of their beastmasters, the four hydras didn't escape. They were fiercer and more violent, instead, fighting desperately in hopes of taking an opponent with them.

Tianming and Ye Lingfeng first assisted Meow Meow. Together, they dealt with the two Golden Hellthunder Hydras. Three against two; no matter how ferocious the hydras were, they perished under Tianming's Grand-Orient Sword and Meow Meow's Myriadfiend Venomfang.

"Any injuries?" Tianming asked.

"Yes!" Meow Meow had several wounds on its hind legs, some of which even had bones visible. It sighed, "In order to protect you, I paid a heavy price. I'm applying for a month's vacation to recuperate!"

"Get out."

Together with the Ye Lingfeng, Tianming dealt with the two Purple-sky Deathflame Hydra. This was the case with mixed battles. Once the balance between the sides was broken, they could crush their opponents with numbers.

In this team battle, Tianming and Ye Lingfeng cooperated perfectly. Of course, it was rather remarkable that the three lifebound beasts could withstand the force of their opponents. Sky Saint Lifebound beasts were truly a challenge. Having received many injuries, Lan Huang's skin was almost completely charred.

"Be careful." Tianming pulled them away.

He was waiting for the bodies to fuse and form a monster. This wasn't considered victory yet—a fierce battle still awaited them.

Strangely enough, fifteen minutes passed in dead silence.

"Why isn't there any movement?" Ying Huo asked.

"I don't know." Tianming shook his head.

"Didn't the two people we killed last time become monsters and turn into blood spheres after we burned them to ash?" added Ying Huo.

"Yes."

The problem was, Dongyang Yunyi and Dongyang Zizhen hadn't changed, and they seemed to really be dead, including their lifebound beasts. There was no change at all.

"In that case, let's go." Tianming immediately made a decision.

He placed Meow Meow and Lan Huang back in his lifebound space, so the Prime Tower could heal them. With Ying Huo on his shoulder, Tianming looked like an old bird walker. This terrifying and bizarre tomb obviously frightened Ying Huo, yet it was eager to prove itself. Tianming could certainly understand the sentiment.

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Tianming quickly approached Bai Xiaozhu's body and soon found that the ants dispersed. With only skin and bones remaining, the two corpses instantly deflated, becoming mere skin and bones.

At the sight of such a frightening scene, Ying Huo quivered and looked up to the sky. "Don't be afraid, Ling'er. It's no big deal. You just have to get used to it. Don't worry, I'll protect you. "

The others ignored it.

In an instant, the skin and bones suddenly merged into blood and formed two numbers on the ground!

Seven and six!

After the two words appeared, they quickly condensed into blood spheres. Tianming picked them up, only to find a face on each of them, namely Bai Xiaozhu and Situ Yiyi. They stared blankly at Tianming, their faces frozen in a cold expression. This sent goosebumps prickling on his skin.

"What's going on? I can't figure it out," said Feiling.

"Yes." Tianming was also a little confused.

"Dongyang Fengxiao and Jiang Fengyue became monsters and eventually turned into blood spheres with the numbers nine and eight. These two princes haven't changed, but Sister Yiyi and Brother Xiaozhu have become blood spheres?"

Feiling couldn't help but sense a mystery in all of this.

"There's one difference that's particularly obvious," Tianming said.

"What?"

"Dongyang Fengxiao and Jiang Fengyue were very strange when they appeared, and they spoke abnormally, but the tenth and twelfth princes seemed normal. I think that the first two were either fakes, or had been transformed by the tomb, or perhaps they are dead and their bodies were being controlled by the tomb?" analyzed Tianming.

He wasn't sure if Bai Xiaozhu and Situ Yiyi were really dead. But everything pointed to disaster.

"Big Brother, as I recall, there wasn't anything this strange when they entered the tomb in the past. All they did was hunt for treasures. At most, the dangers they encountered were spirit hazard remnants," said Feiling.

"Yes, there's a difference this time."

"Could it have something to do with me?"

"It's possible."

"What should we do...?"

"There's nothing we can do. We're not strong enough, and we don't understand what's happening. For now, we can only take one step at a time," Tianming said.

He raised his head and looked around at the dark and gloomy tomb.

"Things will eventually come to light."

The tomb exerted much pressure and fear upon them. It was a place where people fell into madness. That hidden being was even more dangerous than Dongyang Fengchen, but he wasn't ready to give up.

"We'll survive as long as we're together!" Tianming said confidently.

"Calm yourself, young man. A truly powerful opponent won't resort to such tricks. Just leave it all to me." Ying Huo coughed.

"Ying Huo, you usually fool around, but that actually made sense." Tianming's eyes lit up.

These strange things added together seemed deliberately mystifying, didn't they? So, what was there to be afraid of?

"Whatever you are, I'll kill you if I get the chance!" His eyes turned ferocious.

Chapter 487 - The Top Saint Bestial Weapon

Three days later....

"Damn it, more ants!"

Overcome with boredom, Ying Huo stared at the creepy ants on the ground as he relaxed. Tianming picked up a few, stretched out his hand, and squeezed them. The ants turned into blood droplets once more. Looking up, Tianming noticed that the ant colony was marching deep into the dark passage.

"Is this another means of attracting people to move toward a key location? What will be at the end this time? Two more corpses?" Tianming narrowed his eyes.

"I don't know," said Ye Lingfeng.

Over the past three days, Tianming had chanced upon several other Divine Tomb Formations. Despite breaking through them, he failed to find a similar sealed area like before.

"Should we follow them?" asked Ye Lingfeng.

"What do you think?" Tianming replied.

"I want to kill the Theocrats."

The presence of the ant colony here meant that they might also appear in other places. Thus, it was entirely possible to bump into other Theocrats.

"Alright then, perhaps we'll meet others. We can ask what they've experienced in the Tomb of the Ancients," said Tianming.

With that decision made, they followed the ants.

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Two hours later, they seemed to see the end of the ant trail. There was light at the end of the passage. This was the first time Tianming had come across light in the tomb. The two exchanged a meaningful look, slowed down, and quietly approached.

From within the light came a noise that sounded like something was being struck. Without the slightest sound, the two leaned against the wall to avoid revealing their whereabouts. The light in front of them grew brighter and brighter. By the time they reached the end, before them was a huge underground palace.

The palace was spherical in shape with thousands of openings in the walls, which meant that thousands of passages converged here. Tianming's eyes swept across the room and noticed ants marching out of most passages, then climbing to the bottom of the underground palace and gathering in a sea of ants. Billions of ants piled up together, creating a hair-raising scene.

In the center of the ant heap was a pillar formed by ants. And above the pillar was a transparent, spherical heavenly pattern formation that was only about fifty centimeters in diameter. The contents of the formation were visible. Though they were too far away to see clearly, it looked like a dagger.

"Who is that?"

They saw a familiar person attacking the heavenly pattern formation, hoping to remove the contents. Upon closer look, it was Chen Jinghong, the number one disciple of the Decimo Dao Palace, with his lifebound beast, a Blood-Eyed Nightfiend Eagle nearby. It was a huge, black eagle surging with devilish ki. Cold and sharp, it was a fighting machine in the air. This was a seventh-order empyrean beast with a total of seventy-six stars in its eyes, quite a feat for someone their age.

Armed with a black pike, Chen Jinghong attacked the heavenly pattern formation alongside his Blood-Eyed Nightfiend Eagle. The pike constantly caused ripples in the formation, so it appeared their attempts might eventually be successful.

Using his Insightful Eye, Tianming could clearly see the dagger in the formation. It was blood-red, similar to the Infernal Bloodsoul Daggers, with a hilt that was ten centimeters long and a body twice that. The hilt was black, and the blade crimson.

As Tianming's gaze rested on the dagger that resembled a bloody star-filled sky, he was shocked to find ninety-nine crimson stars moving, forming strange blood-red heavenly patterns.

"Big Brother, I've read about this saint beastial weapon in the ancient books of the Decimo Dao Palace," Feiling said with some excitement.

"Tell me about it."

"It's called the Crimsonblood Galaxy, a saint beastial weapon with ninety-nine saintly heavenly patterns, also known as the most powerful saint beastial weapon."

"The blood-red heavenly patterns are saintly heavenly patterns?"

"Yes, most saintly heavenly patterns are white, but there are other colors. Beyond saintly heavenly patterns, you can no longer distinguish the level according to the color," Feiling explained.

No matter what color they were, the difference between saintly heavenly patterns and ordinary heavenly patterns would be clear at a glance.

"Ninety-nine, close to the limit of a hundred." Tianming was astonished.

"Yes, if you exclude divine artifacts, such as the Grand-Orient Sword, the best weapons throughout the Theocracy have about eighty saintly heavenly patterns at most. I doubt you'd find a weapon with more than ninety saintly heavenly patterns."

"The Crimsonblood Galaxy is quite precious."

"Yes, the materials used to forge this weapon—both saint spirit ores and spirit hazards—have ninety-nine saintly heavenly patterns. It's also forged with the blood of a ninth-order demon beast. Since there isn't one in the entire kingdom, it's clear this weapon originated elsewhere," added Feiling.

"Then why's there a record of it in the ancient books of the Decimo Dao Palace?"

"The Decimo Dao Palace has a long history. It existed long before the Theocracy, and slowly migrated here. There are a few records about the Flameyellow Continent in the ancient books left behind. After all, the Theocracy is only part of the Flameyellow Continent, which is a large territory," said Feiling.

"I see."

Although the Crimsonblood Galaxy wasn't a divine artifact like the Grand-Orient Sword, it was definitely the top beastial weapon in the Theocracy. For many, the Crimsonblood Galaxy would be more effective than the Grand-Orient Sword.

However, Chen Jinghong was currently fighting for the treasure, and he was a brother disciple of the dao palace, hence Tianming's hesitation. Should he seize it? While he was contemplating, a noise came from another passage.

"Chen Jinghong!"

From the passage left of Tianming appeared four people, three of whom were juniors of the Theocrats and the Saint Martial Manor. And the man in the middle with half a black face and overwhelming majesty was clearly the crown prince, Dongyang Fengchen. He had obviously been drawn by the ants as well.

"Chen Jinghong, the treasure belongs to me, and so does your life!" Dongyang Fengchen smiled sinisterly.

"How fearless! Now that your grandfather is dead and your father is fighting Jiang Ling, you still dare provoke the Dao Palace?" Chen Jinghong frowned. Success was in sight, but at this critical moment, the one he was most reluctant to face had suddenly appeared.

"So what if I provoke you?" Dongyang Fengchen sneered.

"In this tomb, you're the only one capable of killing me. If I die, they'll know it was you," said Chen Jinghong.

"You're wrong. This time, there's been strange changes in the tomb. What can they do if I insist you were killed by the tomb?" Dongyang Fengchen stood before him, face to face.

Chen Jinghong could already feel the tremendous pressure. Although they were peers, and the strongest talents of the Theocrats and Dao Palace respectively, it seemed Dongyang Fengchen was much stronger.

"Have you made more progress?" Chen Jinghong frowned.

"Yes, you'll never catch up."

"Let's go!" Chen Jinghong decisively summoned his lifebound beast and rushed out of their encirclement, exiting through the passage.

"Don't bother chasing him!" shouted Dongyang Fengchen. His gaze fell upon the Crimsonblood Galaxy.

"Let's get the treasure first. We have plenty of opportunities to kill him."

"Your Highness is wise."

"What treasure is this? It has ninety-nine saintly heavenly patterns!"

"Your Highness, you're very lucky. If we were any slower, Chen Jinghong would've left with the treasure."

"Who would've thought there'd still be such a precious treasure here, especially since the tomb has been opened so many times. Has no one been here before?"

"I've never heard of ants pointing the way. Obviously, this is a treasure specially given to Your Highness by the god."

"It makes sense."

They were in great delight; even Dongyang Fengchen smiled. After studying the heavenly pattern formation for a moment, he began attacking it like Chen Jinghong. Dongyang Fengchen was indeed much stronger. His fists alone sent the formation shaking.

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Tianming stood in the corner of the passage.

"Godfather is in his forties and at fourth-level Sky Saint. This prince is thirty, and probably at the same cultivation level as my godfather. As expected of the crown prince—he's perfect in terms of talent and combat power."

Dongyang Fengchen was close to breaking the formation.

"After all, it's easy to advance before the age of thirty, but after that, everyone slows down," said Feiling.

"It's enough for him to reach Empyrean Saint," replied Tianming.

Cultivation had its shackles. Even the top talents in the Theocracy were limited to Empyrean Saint. The closer one got to that lofty height, the more difficult it was to progress. One could only struggle as hard as they could. The progress from Heavenly Will would only get harder and harder.

"Little Feng, wait here for me. I'm going to snatch the Crimsonblood Galaxy," said Tianming.

"Isn't it too risky?" asked Ye Lingfeng.

"I'll give it a go. I've yet to return a gift for the Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon," Tianming laughed.

He sensed that the Crimsonblood Galaxy was suited to Ye Lingfeng.

"Alright, be careful," added Ye Lingfeng.

He knew what Tianming was about to use: a Hallucination Tome.

Predictably, a Hallucination Tome appeared in Tianming's hand as he spread his Celestial Wings. He immediately told Ye Lingfeng to retreat.

Dongyang Fengchen struck away at the formation while the other three remained on guard duty, watching the room with vigilance.

At this time, a burst of white fog swept across the underground palace. In a matter of seconds, the entire place was shrouded in fog. Various illusions emerged from the two star Hallucination Tome, creating remarkable changes.

"A Hallucination Tome. Damn it, it's Li Tianming!" one of the men gave a cry of alarm.

Dongyang Fengchen's fist sank into nothingness. In front of him, the heavenly pattern formation and Crimsonblood Galaxy had disappeared, replaced by endless fog.

A transformation occurred and the image before him continuously flashed. The sound of laughter drifted into his ears. Amid his trance, Dongyang Fengchen seemed to have returned to the Romance River, where the sweet sighs and laughter of fair ladies filled the air.

"Li Tianming?" His eyes blazed.

Chapter 488 - The Nineshades Clan Must Die

Tianming was the biggest goal of his trip.

"You dare steal the treasure from my hand? Do you have the ability?" Dongyang Fengchen smiled strangely.

Right then, Tianming sped up with his Celestial Wings and silently approached the heavenly pattern formation. Without so much as a word, he tore the formation with his dark arm, grabbed the dagger, and tossed it into his spatial ring. The entire process was seamless.

Since Dongyang Fengchen was nearby, he would be able to kill Tianming if the Hallucination Tome failed. In the face of this formidable opponent, Tianming was erring on the side of caution. As soon as he obtained the treasure, Tianming immediately fled toward the entrance where Ye Lingfeng was waiting.

"Tianming, you can't escape from me." A strange laughter echoed throughout the underground palace. Screams suddenly pierced the air.

"Ahh!!!"

"Your Highness!"

It was the voice of Dongyang Fengchen's three attendants. Their miserable cries sounded as if they had been stabbed.

"Argh...."

"Your Highness..."

Then, they breathed their last.

Tianming sped up. To get rid of Dongyang Fengcheng, he had to return to the passage before the effects of the Hallucination Tome dissipated. At this time, countless black spikes came for him.

The black spikes that were as fine as hair originated from Dongyang Fengchen's lifebound beast. This was similar to Ying Huo's Skyscorch Featherblast. However, the number of these spikes far exceeded Ying Huo's ability; they were dense, explosive, and flying in all directions.

"In order to kill me, Dongyang Fengchen used these spikes, regardless of his attendants' lives. Those three unlucky bastards were most likely to die first."

Tianming had to admit that Dongyang Fengchen was definitely the most cruel opponent he had ever met. Even Lin Xiaoting wasn't so cruel as to kill his own people, much less Yuwen Shendu, Yueling Long, and Jun Niancang.

More spikes shot toward Tianming; he urgently had to escape. Meanwhile, Feiling couldn't use Spatial Wall, for fear it would expose their position. However, there were so many spikes that they covered the entire room, basically forming a carpet of spikes that suppressed the Hallucination Tome.

Ultimately, Tianming failed to dodge one in time and received a spike to the leg. As soon as it entered his flesh, it instantly rushed into Tianming's body like a poisonous insect. Tens of thousands of black spikes flew toward him, as if locking on to his position.

"A little bug like you wants to escape? Tianming, I'm only playing with you because I think better of you. Otherwise, what qualification does a child like you have to be my opponent?" Dongyang Fengchen's eerie laughter gradually approached.

Tianming used a Mountshield Tome to block the spikes and managed to dart into the passage. Then, he turned around and threw out an Oceanspirit Tome, pouring out surging seawater. But soon, Tianming knew that Dongyang Fengchen broke through the waves and entered the passage.

"Little Feng still has a Hallucination Tome!"

As long as he joined up with Ye Lingfeng and used the Hallucination Tome, getting rid of Dongyang Fengchen wouldn't be a problem. After all, the passages were ever-changing; so long as there was a fork in the road, it might confuse Dongyang Fengchen.

"Little Feng!"

Tianming had finally returned to Ye Lingfeng's position, but the young man was gone!

"Did he run?"

He had previously given Ye Lingfeng a Hallucination Tome to save his life if he wasn't there. Now that he needed it to get rid of Dongyang Fengchen, Ye Lingfeng had actually escaped without him.

"No, Little Feng would never leave me alone!" Tianming was aware of this. But more importantly, Dongyang Fengchen was just behind him, and he had no way of escaping. There was no time to wonder why Ye Lingfeng had suddenly disappeared. All Tianming could do was run.

"That's not good." Noticing the physical discomfort, Tianming looked down and saw his skin turning black.

The black spike split into nine poisonmists that wrought havoc in Tianming's body.

"It looks like Nineshades Poison. It's the most poisonous toxin of the hydra," said Feiling.

"It's alright. The Prime Tower is suppressing and slowly removing it."

However, before the Nineshades Poison dissipated, it still had a great influence on Tianming. His flesh began rotting, his bones decaying, and his entire body was weak. He began slowing down.

"Tianming, you don't have to run. Now that you've been poisoned by the Nineshades poison, only death awaits. Additionally, the poison gives me your exact position. Even if you escape to the ends of the earth, you can't escape from me." Dongyang Fengchen's eerie voice sounded from the empty passage behind Tianming.

"I know you must be afraid. There's no need to hide. Anyone will react the same before death. Keep struggling, then. I'd like to see a so-called 'exceptional genius' fight against fate. It's dangerous when young people are so reckless and arrogant." There was a trace of calculation in his laughter.

This time, he was shooting fish in a barrel, and everything was under his control. As he got closer and closer to the Nineshades Poison, Tianming seemed to lose speed. Finally, Tianming came to a stop.

His flesh and blood were black, and each breath was laborious. It seemed the Prime Tower was having trouble with this poison, so it could only be slowly dispersed.

Fortunately, he persisted, making it to his goal. Before his eyes was a Divine Tomb Formation. When following the ant trail earlier, he had noticed the Divine Tomb Formation and remembered its location.

At the time, he thought he could flee there if he encountered any trouble. Ye Lingfeng's sudden disappearance with the Hallucination Tome had upset his plan, but fortunately, the Divine Tomb Formation was still there.

Leaning against the formation, Tianming began breaking into it with his left arm. Since the Nineshades Poison couldn't infect that arm, breaking the formation wasn't an issue, but it would take some time.

The footsteps behind him seemed to accelerate. Dongyang Fengchen rushed out of the darkness, the black half of his face appearing from the shadows. Upon noticing the motionless Tianming, he assumed the former had given up on escaping. Dongyang Fengchen threw his head back in laughter. Judging from the color of Tianming's skin, he was poisoned and would perish even without Dongyang Fengchen's intervention.

"Does fear taste good? Are you still going to shout the words 'Nineshades Clan'?" Lips curling in a smirk, Dongyang Fengchen approached Tianming.

"The Nineshades Clan must die." Tianming gritted his teeth, staring fixedly at Dongyang Fengchen.

"You're a brave one." Dongyang Fengchen was now standing ten meters away from him. Having assumed that Tianming's death was a sure thing, Dongyang Fengchen eased up. Looking him up and down, Dongyang Fengchen chuckled, "You're really interesting. I've killed many people, but never a genius more astonishing than I am. You've given me a wonderful experience and enriched my life."

"Are you hoping to see me beg for mercy?" Tianming asked. Eyes red, Tianming was filled with hatred for the crown prince.

"That's not it. I'm just worried I'll hurt my dear Ling'er if I attack you. I'll wait for her to leave your body once you die from the poison," smiled Dongyang Fengchen.

"Your dear?" Tianming wasn't aware Dongyang Fengchen had seen Feiling.

"Surprised?" he asked.

"A little," Tianming replied.

"It's nothing. This is how the Theocrats are. We like the most talented and beautiful girls. It runs in the clan. In fact, I don't even like women. I want them solely for birthing my offspring so my descendents flourish." Dongyang Fengchen grinned.

"Oh?"

Was there a clan more shameless and disgusting than this? Their philosophy and powerful means were beyond incorrigible; had this become the mark of their clan?

"I don't have to deliberately torture you. Just wait a while. If you can hold on, you'll be able to watch how I play with your girl and enjoy her many postures. You'll probably die entertained. Oh, I forgot to mention: I'm very gifted in that respect," Dongyang Fengchen laughed.

"Very well." Tianming's eyes were completely crimson. "Dongyang Fengchen, to be honest, I rarely ever hate someone to this extent. You're a special one to have opened my eyes and shown me just how low one can get." The murderous intent in Tianming's eyes was enough to kill this guy ten thousand times over.

"So?"

"So I'll share with you some wisdom," said Tianming.

"What wisdom?"

"The villain died of too many words."

Dongyang Fengchen stared blankly for a moment. The next moment, Tianming disappeared completely from before his eyes.

"You!" His expression turned ugly. Running after Tianming, Dongyang Fengchen slammed so hard into the heavenly pattern formation that even his nose was crooked. The power of the formation sent Dongyang Fengchen flying. He crashed into a wall, then smacked to the ground, his internal organs bleeding. At that moment, Dongyang Fengchen's face was dark. Like a beast, he let out a low roar.

"You tricked me? Very well then." He smiled sinisterly, cracking his fist.

In the dead silence, a cold voice sounded, "I'm going to kill you."

Dongyang Fengchen looked up in surprise, only to see a stunning girl dressed in blue emerge from the ripples on the formation where Tianming had disappeared.

"Jiang Feiling?" Dongyang Fengchen stared blankly.

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Tianming pounded the ground.

"Big Brother, are you all right?" asked Feiling.

"I'm fine. The poison has begun dissipating. There's some damage to my body, but I'll recover in two or three days," said Tianming.

This time, they had managed to escape. However, Tianming was furious. Dongyang Fengchen had become the person he most wanted to kill, besides Lin Xiaoting and Mu Qingqing. On top of that, he wanted to torture him to death.

"If I get the chance, you'll wish you were dead!"

Tianming was usually an easygoing young man, but when provoked, he was no different from a wildbeast. He rose to his feet.

"Big Brother, look ahead...." Feiling's voice trembled and sounded hoarse.

"Hmm?" Tianming raised his head.

Chapter 489 - Monster Out Of Its Cave

The reason for Feiling's fear was because they had been to this place before. Tianming and Ye Lingfing had cultivated for half a month here; it was the sealed palace with millions of saint crystals.

"I recall that the entrance I marked last time wasn't the Divine Tomb Formation we came through this time."

That meant the palace had more than one entrance.

In that instant, Tianming caught a glimpse of something even more terrifying. The wooden door to the huge brick house in the palace was wide open. Who knew if that monster was still in there? It appeared they had entered the tiger's mouth right after leaving the wolf's den.

At such a critical moment, Tianming couldn't care less. He immediately turned around and tore a hole in the formation, ready to rush out at any moment. However, he was in no hurry to leave, as there seemed to be sounds of a fight outside.

"Who is Dongyang Fengchen fighting?"

Tianming's eyes were glued to the door of the brick house, and the eye on his dark arm was focused outside. The battle was happening around a corner, so all Tianming could see was the shadow of the beastmaster and lifebound beast.

"What the hell are you!" There was a trace of fear in Dongyang Fengchen's roars.

"Don't go!"

Dongyang Fengchen seemed to chase after his opponent, leaving the space.

"Big Brother, now that the crown prince is gone, shall we leave?" Feiling asked.

"It's best not to. The poison is still in my body. If I go out now and Dongyang Fengchen has dealt with his opponent, he'll be able to locate me with it," Tianming said.

He needed two days for the Prime Tower to completely remove the Nineshades Poison. At present, the light from the tower was circulating through his body, expelling the poison.

"I wonder if the monster in this stone house is still there?" Feiling was concerned.

"I've been in for quite some time, but there's been no movement. It may be gone." Tianming was rather relieved.

Now that Dongyang Fengchen had left, and the monster in the palace was gone, the dangers were completely resolved.

"The question is, what was fighting with Dongyang Fengchen? Also, what's the thing that came out of this brick house?"

"Could our presence have been what released that thing?" Feiling wondered.

The last time they were here, the wooden door had opened all of a sudden. At the time, they ran in a hurry and failed to see what it was.

"There was a gust of wind when we entered earlier. Could this thing have taken the opportunity to escape and fight Dongyang Fengchen?" Tianming speculated.

"There was a gust of wind?"

"It probably wasn't wind. But I felt as if something escaped," Tianming said.

"That's perfect then. Let that thing kill the bad guy while we hide here, completely safe. After all, this thing obviously can't break the Divine Tomb Formation, so it won't return," added Feiling.

"That makes sense."

Only then did Tianming completely close the formation and checked the palace to confirm there was nothing else. He stood outside the wooden door and looked at the brick house—it was clean and empty. However, almost every brick was covered with numerous claw marks.

"Only the Grand-Orient Sword is capable of leaving traces on these bricks, yet the claws of this thing could leave so many marks. It's obviously something frightening. Does that mean Dongyang Fengchen is dead?" Feiling asked.

"What a pity for him to die so easily."

"Do you hate him so much?"

"Yes, what a bastard! I'm sick of the Theocrats. They're all aiming for you. You didn't sin against them, did you? Is it such a sin to be beautiful?" Tianming pouted.

"Hehe, I like hearing that," smiled Feiling.

"Of course! I'm an expert at coaxing beauties. I'll make sure my compliments leave you happy."

Having searched the palace, Tianming confirmed their safety.

"Big Brother, your dark arm is really powerful. You managed to break the Divine Tomb Formation. I'm curious about its origins," said Feiling.

"I was born this way. This arm of mine is the bane of all heavenly pattern formations. With my touch, all heavenly pattern formations will buckle."

"Really?" asked Feiling.

"Of course, including your heavenly patterns."

The Nineshades Poison took less time to dissipate than Tianming had expected. About half a day later, he had completely expelled the poison. Since he was still suffering from some injuries, it would take him some time to recuperate and recover. The injuries caused by Dongyang Fengchen were seared into Tianming's mind.

"Big Brother, since it's safe here, would you like to cultivate?" Feiling asked.

"God knows where Little Feng is. It's too dangerous outside, so I'm worried about him. Now that the poison's gone, let's go look for him. It'll be great if we can bring him in here," Tianming said.

"Alright."

Feiling knew that Tianming would worry as long as Ye Lingfeng's safety was uncertain. After opening the formation, Tianming waited for a moment to ensure it was safe outside before leaving.

"Let's return to that underground palace where Little Feng disappeared."

The passage to the underground palace wasn't complicated. Familiar with the path, Tianming soon reached his destination. The place was empty; even the sea of ants and light had disappeared.

"Where could he have gone?"

Tianming took a turn about the room and found nothing. After all, everything in the tomb was terribly powerful, so there was nothing left behind except for the dust on the ground.

"This maze is so complicated that it's hard to find people."

Tianming realized how lucky he was to have bumped into Ye Lingfeng last time. Just as he was planning to wander through the maze and give it a go, he was surprised to find words on the blue brick wall to his left. This was the exact spot where Ye Lingfeng stood before he disappeared.

"Who could engrave words on the wall of the tomb?"

Doubtful, Tianming examined the wall. Although the words were crooked, he could read them.

"Brother Tianming, don't worry about me, I'm fine. A voice called me somewhere. I couldn't help myself, so I left first. Later on, I came across a monster that listened to me. I told it to return to this place and carve these words."

The words were carved on the wall with claws, similar to the claw marks in the brick house. Although Ye Lingfeng's words were very mysterious, Tianming understood them.

"The monster he's talking about must be the one that escaped the brick house in the palace and fought Dongyang Fengchen? If it can engrave the walls, wouldn't that mean killing Dongyang Fengchen would be easy?"

However, it didn't seem as if the monsters had the upper hand that time.

"Little Feng said that the monster listens to him?"

Tianming's head was a jumbled mess. The Tomb of the Ancients seemed more and more mysterious.

"And where did the voice call him to?" Feiling was confused.

Tianming could only shake his head in reply. "There are too many mysteries in the tomb—the monster in the brick house, the blood droplets, the ants, and the person who called you here."

Putting together this complicated information made him all the more perplexed.

"The good news is that Little Feng is fine?"

"It looks like it."

"As long as he's okay. This place is so strange that 'fine' is the best news," Feiling remarked.

"Alright, let's go back then."

"To the palace?"

"Mhmm."

"Then what?"

"A man and woman in the same room.... What do you think we should do?" Tianming laughed wickedly.

"I...." Feiling sounded a little flustered.

"What are you thinking? I'm talking about cultivation."

In the sealed palace, Tianming sat at the edge of the formation with Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang beside him. Having searched the place and ascertained it was completely safe, Feiling came out for a breather. She sat next to Tianming, flipping through ancient books and studying the Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon.

Tianming had plenty of saint crystals at the moment. After laying them on the ground, the spiritual energy of heaven and earth from the saint crystals converged in his body. They were easily absorbed into his Saint Palace Spring, turning into saint ki.

Tianming placed the voidspace stone in front of him. When cultivating the Invincible Sword Body, he drew upon the strands of Invincible Sword Ki from within and continued the painful process of practicing the art.

The sound of screams echoed out from time to time in the palace. The pain was so overwhelming that Tianming and Ying Huo couldn't resist screaming. At first, Feiling had felt distressed, but now she was used to it.

"Ling'er, are you sure you won't come over and comfort my fragile heart with your gentleness?" asked Tianming.

"No, you won't keep your hands to yourself." Head lowered, Feiling was immersed in her book. The starlight on her face made her skin glow.

"It's all a misunderstanding. Breaking heavenly pattern formations is an instinct of my dark arm. I can't help it," said Tianming.

Feiling couldn't be bothered to answer him. Book in hand, she moved aside, her lips rising in a smile.

"Tsk, tsk." Ying Huo shook its head.

"What are you laughing at?" Tianming drew a flame spirit hazard and stuffed it into its mouth.

"Damn you!" When the Invincible Sword Ki entered its body, Ying Huo burned all over, instantly turning into a fiery chicken. It flew up in the air, screaming miserably.

"Tianming, Tortoise Bro is still a child. Why do you have to flirt in front of him?!" Meow Meow stretched, sounding sad.

"Say one more word and I'll give you a sword ki," threatened Tianming.

"Meow?" Trembling, Meow Meow yawned and lay on the ground, fast asleep as if nothing had happened.

With Ying Huo and Meow Meow around—one openly frivolous and the other inwardly so—laughter was inevitable. Coupled with the giant baby, Lan Huang, there was a constant ruckus in the sealed palace. In such an atmosphere, it was easy to forget the abnormalities and dangers of the tomb.

Of course, Tianming was well aware that there would be many tests ahead. Right now, he would seize the opportunity to improve himself.

Forty days later—

"Sixth-level Earth Saint!"

Chapter 490 - Thousand-Demise Sword

This time, it'd taken nearly a month and a half for Tianming to progress, which he had expected. Growth was a process of continuous enrichment, rather than simple superposition. Much like the Invincible Sword Ki, the more he accumulated, the harder it was to break through his limits.

Sixth-level Earth Saint was rather advanced. Even a top genius of the Divine Capital would take years to make such a breakthrough; Tianming's speed was amazing. It was also impossible for others to advance in the Tomb of the Ancients. Moreover, he had devoted a large part of his energy to cultivating his Invincible Sword Body.

There were no secrets or epiphanies to the Invincible Sword Body. Hardship and persistence were all that was required. Tianming relied on the Prime Tower and the physique of the Primordial Chaos Beasts to relieve the pain. Having condensed a thousand sword ki in his flesh and achieving the Thousand-Demise Sword level, the pain he'd had to endure was far beyond what ordinary people would experience.

"In such a short time, I've surpassed the first ancestor and accomplished the most in terms of the Invincible Sword Body!" And this wasn't the end. Tianming had put up with so much because, within the tomb, it was likely they would have many narrow escapes.

At present, the real crisis had yet to appear. Although he didn't explain himself, Tianming's plan was to be strong enough to confront the dangers when they come. Perhaps just a tiny, incremental increase in strength would make a world of difference.

Despite Ying Huo's laughter and jokes, Tianming didn't want to show his fighting spirit and ferocity because he hoped Feiling could relax.

If the Tomb of the Ancients was an inevitable trial for Feiling, then Tianming hoped to change her destiny.

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After consolidating his cultivation...

"Let's head out and see if Little Feng is back." Tianming quietly emerged from the Divine Tomb Formation

The entire tomb was still very quiet. Over the past ten days, he often visited the underground palace to have a look. He left several marks next to Little Feng's words. If Ye Lingfeng returned, he should be able to understand what he meant. As long as he waited there, Ye Lingfeng would meet Tianming, who often passed by. However, Tianming had yet to find new marks on the wall.

"It's been more than two months since we entered the tomb. I wonder where the others have gone, and if they're still alive."

The tomb was so empty and depressing. If it weren't for Feiling and his lifebound beasts, he would have found it stifling. Before Little Feng returned, Tianming would remain in the sealed palace.

"Tianming." Just then, Tianming heard someone call him from behind.

"Brother Chen?"

Chen Jinghong entered the underground palace from one of the passages and waved. "Come here."

"Brother Chen, you're not injured?" Tianming headed for the underground palace.

Despite his pale complexion, Chen Jinghong's aura was strong, so he was presumably still at his peak. Having finally met another living person, Tianming had so many questions he wanted to ask. For example, did he encounter anything mysterious?

"Tianming, you shouldn't have stolen my Crimsonblood Galaxy." Chen Jinghong pulled out a black spear and pointed it at Tianming.

Behind him, a jet-black eagle with huge wings swooped into the underground palace, and it was as if night had descended. Surging with devilish ki, the eagle's bloody eyes were cold and ferocious.

"Brother Chen, you've misunderstood. When Dongyang Fengchen was close to seizing the treasure, I competed for it. That doesn't count as stealing from you, does it?" Tianming sounded gloomy.

In his impression, Chen Jinghong wasn't such a man.

"Then will you give it back to me?" asked Chen Jinghong.

"No, I'm going to give it to Little Feng. Why don't I give you something else?" Tianming replied.

"No, I want the Crimsonblood Galaxy. Or else you have to die."

Chen Jinghong flew into the air with the power of a second-level Sky Saint. Screeching, the Blood-Eyed Nightfiend Eagle sped to the top of Tianming's head, fierce and domineering.

"You're not Chen Jinghong, are you? If I kill you, you'll turn into those blood droplets." Tianming narrowed his eyes.

"Cut the crap. Since you've made your choice, I'll kill you." As soon as the words left his lips, Chen Jinghong attacked.

'I'll kill you.' Those words convinced Tianming that this Chen Jinghong was the same as Dongyang Fengxiao, an unfathomable existence within the tomb.

"Get him!"

They had no choice but to act. The first strike was equivalent to Chen Jinghong's strength. As the first on the Sky Ranking, Chen Jinghong's abilities were known throughout the Dao Palace. Before Tianming had entered the tomb, he was merely ranked first on the Earth Ranking. There was a difference of ten years' cultivation between him and Chen Jinghong.

But now, Tianming wanted to give it a go. What was the result of all the suffering he had endured? One man and three beasts faced off with Chen Jinghong and the Blood-Eyed Nightfiend Eagle. Against ordinary beastmasters, Tianming usually went with the same routine; that is, Lan Huang and Ying Huo in a team, while he and Meow Meow worked together. That way, they were stronger and able to get ahead.

Ying Huo and Lan Huang coordinated perfectly, one in the front and the other in the back. Ying Huo had assimilated five hundred strands of Invincible Sword Ki and possessed tactics that were better than many beastmasters.

"The first on the Sky Ranking?"

In truth, no other genius in the Divine Capital could leap from first place on the Earth Ranking to first place on the Sky Ranking in such a short time.

They battled two-on-one. Tianming had the advantage in numbers, especially with Feiling on his side. Whether or not this was the real Chen Jinghong, there would be no difference in strength, judging from Tianming's encounter with Dongyang Fengxiao.

Chen Jinghong moved like a black phantom. As a sky saint, he could fly in the air; if Tianming didn't have the Celestial Wings, he would be at a disadvantage.

Their weapons collided and immediately, the immense power from the black spear enlightened Tianming to just how difficult it was to overcome five levels and defeat a second-level sky saint. Chen Jinghong unleashed a sky saint battle art, the Starry Night Phantom Spear. The spear in his hand resembled a phantom that could kill amid the shadows.

Fortunately, Tianming was accompanied by Meow Meow. With its small body, the black cat looked for opportunities to attack, all the while raining down Chaos Disaster on its opponent. Unfortunately, Chen Jinghong was quick to dodge.

Soulchasing Hellthunder!

Just then, crimson lightning shot from between Meow Meow's eyes. Chen Jinghong flashed left and right, but couldn't stop this ability that could track his vital ki. As long as it was a living creature, Meow Meow's Soulchasing Hellthunder couldn't be stopped. The bloody lightning entered its opponents body, wreaking havoc in his veins.

"Go!"

As Meow Meow sped along, black thunder erupted from its body, forming Misty Hellthunder that fell and suppressed Chang Jinghong. Under the pressure, Chen Jinghong had to focus his attacks on Tianming, since his own lifebound beast was preoccupied.

Starry Night Phantom Spear—Starfall! His moves were ever-changing, like tens of thousands of stars descending from the sky upon Tianming.

This was a powerful move that demonstrated the strength of the first place on the Sky Ranking. However, as a patternscribe, Tianming had plenty of means. As soon as Chen Jinghong fell into Feiling's Temporal Field and was blocked by the Spatial Wall, Tianming threw out a Mountshield Tome, which transformed into a mountain and shielded him from his opponent's attack.

The Mountshield Tome exploded, the mountain crumbling apart. At that moment, Tianming suddenly charged forth with the Grand-Orient Sword in both hands. Shenxiao Sword Art's fourth strike combined with at least seven hundred strands of Invincible Sword Ki and countered Chen Jinghong's spear.

Like a river overflowing its banks, the mighty sword ki came crashing, washing up the black spear and into Chen Jinghong as Misty Hellthunder enveloped Chen Jinghong's head. Invincible Sword Ki and black thunder tore through the shield formed by his saint ki.

Roaring, Chen Jinghong resisted, storming out from Meow Meow's Misty Hellthunder with a sudden counteroffensive.

Starry Night Phantom Spear—Blackriver Brightumbra! A river of stars came crashing down.

"Meow!"

Just as Chen Jinghong's attention was focused on Tianming, a small figure darted out, chomping down on his arm! Meow Meow's Myriadfiend Venomfang sank into his flesh.

With the successful attack, Meow Meow turned and left as a toxin far more terrifying than the Nineshades Poison poured into Chen Jinghong's body. At the same time, Tianming merged all the Invincible Sword Ki into the Grand-Orient Sword and swooped in with the fourth strike of the Shenxiao Sword Art once more.

Thousand-Demise Sword!

The Grand-Orient Sword swept across with an explosion of violent sword ki. A thousand sword ki fused with the power of the Shenxiao Sword Art, and Chen Jinghong's Blackriver Brightumbra shattered. After all, he was poisoned and in poor condition. The black spear fell from his hand. Even if Chen Jinghong dodged, dozens of strands of sword ki still shot toward him.

Because he was uncertain about the man's identity, Tianming didn't dare kill him and inflicted no critical injuries. But this was still enough to leave Chen Jinghong bloodied and covered in sword wounds. Chen Jinghong was defeated!

Being able to defeat a sky saint means that my strength is almost equal to Godfather's when he first overcame his tribulation. But now that it's been almost a year, how far has Godfather progressed? Tianming wondered.

"Hehe, I'm going to kill you."

As expected, the Blood-Eyed Nightfiend Eagle whizzed toward Chen Jinghong and merged with him. Having combined into a huge lump, the flesh and blood underwent restructuring—a frightening sight to behold. In an instant, a bloody monster was formed.

Tianming joined hands with his three lifebound beasts for another battle. This time, it took them half an hour before Tianming managed to smash his opponent into smithereens and burn the fragments with Ying Huo's Sixpath Infernal Lotus.

The battle left Tianming and the three beasts injured. In the second half of the battle, the monster couldn't be killed at all. It was a difficult task even with their joint effort.

Unsurprisingly, the blood transformed into the number "five" and turned into a blood sphere.