

The Ages 491

Chapter 491 - The Unknown

Tianming picked up the blood sphere with Chen Jinghong's face inside. Struck by a headache, Tianming muttered, "If this is really Senior Brother Chen, then it's equivalent to me killing him."

But there was nothing he could do about it. He didn't have a Hallucination Tome with him, and he couldn't shake off Chen Jinghong. Sending his three lifebound beasts back to the lifebound space to rest, Tianming came out of the underground palace. Taking the new blood sphere, he fell into deep thought.

"Ling'er, what do you think about the five blood spheres? I wonder if others have also encountered the same situation as me," asked Tianming.

However, there wasn't any reply from Feiling. Tianming was briefly stunned; she was still attached to him, so why wasn't she speaking? He immediately asked, "Ling'er, are you there?"

"You're still short four more," Feiling said in a cold voice.

At that moment, Tianming could feel a chill surging up from his feet. That wasn't Feiling's voice, it was the voice of the person who threatened her the other night!

"Who are you?! And what are you playing at?!" Tianming questioned.

"You'll know the answer after obtaining four more. I've given you enough time, and now that you have the sufficient strength to accomplish the task, get started collecting," said the other party.

Judging from what 'she' had said, she didn't appear at the beginning to allow Tianming to grow stronger? Just when Tianming was about to ask, Feiling's voice sounded out, "Huh? Big brother, I fell asleep on you earlier?"

"Ling'er, come out," Tianming instructed.

Lights started to appear before him, then converged into Feiling's appearance. Grabbing her shoulders, Tianming started examining her from head to toe to make sure that she was fine.

"What's wrong?" Feiling asked.

"That 'person' appeared again, asking me to collect four more blood spheres," replied Tianming.

"Why?"

Shaking his head, Tianming asked, "What do you think will happen if I don't collect the four spheres?"

"Then you can wait to collect her corpse!" a cold voice replied on behalf of Feiling. She suddenly looked at Tianming briefly before regaining her clarity.

"I lost consciousness a while ago. Big brother, what were you saying again?" Feiling asked.

There seemed to be another person residing in Feiling's body. With that person taking her hostage, there was nothing Tianming could do about it. Tianming's eyes turned bloodshot as he clenched his fists.

“Big brother, it’s fine. Ling’er is blessed by heaven. I believe they’ll help us.” She held Tianming’s hand with a bright smile on her face.

“Yeah.” Tianming nodded.

“Big brother, do you know that the greatest fears come from the unknown? ‘She’ can scare us because she’s shrouded in mystery. Ying Huo is right. There’s a possibility that she’s not strong enough, since she’s threatening us. It doesn’t mean that we have no chance of winning at all.” Feiling’s eyes shone with belief.

Her words left Tianming shocked. Feiling was never weak, and she had displayed impressive courage in times of danger. But when she spoke, her face changed. She suddenly grabbed her own neck, strangling herself. This showed that the other existence in her was furious. Or rather, nervous?

“Don’t you touch her!” Tianming immediately pulled Feiling’s hands from her neck.

“Then cut the crap and do as I say. Do you want to see me? Then get four more blood spheres,” Feiling said in a strange tone. It was as if she had two souls within her.

Tianming had never imagined that Feiling would have another existence in her body. Otherwise, he would have had Ye Lingfeng take a look at her. This meant there was a high possibility that the other existence was watching him and Feiling. She might even have been observing ever since Feiling was born.

That meant that Tianming didn’t have any secrets from the other existence sharing Feiling’s body. This put a whole new meaning to the Tomb of the Ancients. But things were now clear, at the very least.

Tianming held onto Feiling’s face. She rarely cried, but now there were two streams of tears rolling down her cheeks. Even so, she still maintained her smile and replied, “I’m fine, big brother.”

“Okay.” Tianming knew that he could no longer share anything with her, since the other existence might eavesdrop on their conversation.

Gently taking her into his embrace, Tianming patted her back. Their path ahead was destined to be a treacherous one, but even so, Tianming’s gaze was still firm.

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From that day on, Tianming never returned to the Sealed Palace. The other existence within Feiling wanted Tianming to gather four more blood spheres as soon as possible, and others probably had no such test. With that, Tianming began wandering around the Tomb of the Ancients, trying to figure out what the other existence within Feiling had to do with the Tomb of the Ancients.

“They say there’s a god buried in the Tomb of the Ancients, but that’s only speculation, since there were many divine artifacts found here. In the beginning, I thought the other existence was the god buried in the Tomb of the Ancients, making this place her territory. But that doesn’t seem to be the case. She isn’t powerful, otherwise, she would’ve done whatever she wanted the moment I came in. So that means she must have a weakness!”

From that day onward, he spent his time with taut nerves, pondering every word the other existence in Feiling said. There was a possibility that every doubt might turn out to be a weakness, and he even went so far as to lure the other existence out to talk.

However, the other party was very cautious, which proved that she didn't have as much control over their lives as Tianming had imagined. If I want to win, I can't treat her as an invincible existence, but someone I can kill....

Feiling also shared a rapport with him, and rarely talked anymore. But he could feel her warmth when she was attached to him. He could feel their hearts close together. Tianming would never forget his vow; if he had to choose, he would rather die than see Feiling come to harm.

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One day, a miserable scream was heard up ahead. It sounded as though someone was struggling with death. Tianming leaned against the wall and turned the corner, coming to a new passage. When he looked, he saw two people before him. It was a naked couple 'fighting' with each other.

When he heard the scream earlier, he was under the impression that someone was facing death. But it turned out that they were enjoying each other's company.

"Stop right there!" a female voice sounded out. She was the one who had screamed earlier.

She had already put her clothes on. Tianming instantly recognized her—she was a famous figure in the Decimo Dao Palace who originated from the Saint Martial Manor, and was fourth on the Sky Ranking.

Her grandfather was the Saint Martial Manor's manor lord, the leader of all the Theocracy's generals. He was also known as the Grand Divine Marshal.

Her name was Huang Ziting, and her cultivation was in the second level of the Sky Saint stage, comparable to Chen Jinghong and Meng Qingqing. She had a high position in the Divine Capital, even higher than many of the Theocrats with the surname Jiang.

Behind her, the man had also put on his clothes. He was dressed in blue and looked majestic, with a pair of deep eyes and a gentle face. There was a drastic difference in his appearance compared to the other Theocrats, who usually looked ferocious. He was Jiang Yanwu, third on the Sky Ranking and a member of the Jiang Theocrats.

His grandfather was the eldest son of Autarch Qian, but it was unfortunate that his grandfather had passed away a long time ago. Although Jiang Yanwu's lineage wasn't strong, he was very competitive. The fact that he could step into the second level of the Sky Saint stage alone proved his talent.

The Decimo Dao Palace only had four people in the second level of the Sky Saint stage. They were Chen Jinghong, Meng Qingqing, Jiang Yanwu, and Huang Ziting. Other than Chen Jinghong, they were all followers of Dongyang Fengchen.

Among them, Jiang Yanwu was Dongyang Fengchen's strongest aide. That was why he could be paired with Huang Ziting, who was gifted in her talent and appearance. Otherwise, she would already have been brought to the Sky Origin Palace by the crown prince.

Tianming had accidentally bumped into them doing the deed, so he immediately turned around and left; he didn't want to be entangled with them. But he never imagined that they would have no intention of letting him off.

"What is it?" Tianming asked.

"What did you see?" Huang Ziting stared at Tianming in shame.

"Tingting, don't care about it. He didn't do it on purpose. He's the crown prince's opponent, so just let the crown prince deal with him. Let's go," said Jiang Yanwu while reaching out to Huang Ziting.

Since Jiang Yanwu had already spoken, Tianming turned around and continued walking away.

"STOP RIGHT THERE!" Huang Ziting yelled.

This time, there was a ferocious glow in Tianming's eyes when he turned around.

"Gouge your eyes out and cut out your tongue. After that, I'll send you to the crown prince," said Huang Ziting.

Before Jiang Yanwu could even speak, Huang Ziting glared at him. "Are you stupid? He's a thorn in His Highness's eyes. Even if His Highness will deal with him, it's better to deliver him to His Highness. It'll be a merit if we do it."

"Then why do you have to gouge my eyes out?" Tianming interrupted.

"Because you've seen something you shouldn't," replied Huang Ziting.

"With that body of yours? I even felt the temptation to blind myself when I saw your body. Yet you're treating it like a treasure?" Tianming was speechless. Honestly speaking, he wasn't in a good mood.

Huang Ziting and Jiang Yanwu exchanged looks of disbelief when they heard Tianming's words. They both had the same question going through their mind: who gave Tianming the guts to speak such bold words before them?

Jiang Yanwu was speechless. He still wanted to carry on what they were doing, but Tianming had aroused Huang Ziting's anger. Even the mood was ruined.

"Li Tianming, are you courting death? Do you think that the Earth Ranking is the same as the Sky Ranking? Or are you treating the both of us as Dongyang Zhuo?" Huang Ziting sneered.

"That's enough, Tingting. Calm down for now. Let me handle it." Jiang Yanwu patted Huang Ziting's back.

"Remember, his eyes and tongue!" Huang Ziting glared.

"Roger. I assure you that I'll deliver them to you fresh." Jiang Yanwu smiled.

"Get lost. I don't need them." Huang Ziting rolled her eyes. They were just getting in the mood, and Tianming had ruined it all. How could they not be furious?

Chapter 492 - Golden Dragonthorn Whip

As the granddaughter of the Saint Martial Manor's manor lord, Huang Ziting had already gotten used to being domineering.

"It's too troublesome if you two come at me individually. Both of you come at me at the same time," said Tianming. He wasn't addicted to killing, but there was no way he could let his opponent go when he was being bullied.

His words made Huang Ziting and Jiang Yanwu exchange a confused look. But a short moment later, Jiang Yanwu couldn't help laughing out. With an exaggerated expression, Huang Ziting asked, "Li Tianming, do you have any idea about our cultivation?"

"Aren't the two of you just dogs lingering in the tomb? What has it got to do with me?" Tianming retrieved the Grand-Orient Sword.

"You!!" Huang Ziting's anger immediately shot through the roof. She pushed away Jiang Yanwu and irritably said, "I'll personally teach you a lesson. Since it's a waste for you to have a tongue, I'll cut it for you."

"Tingting, calm down. Don't get so emotional over someone like him. It's not worth it," Jiang Yanwu said.

"See? Aren't you a dog licking up to her?" Tianming sneered.

"What did you say?" Jiang Yanwu felt a blow to his self-esteem.

"Nothing. Let's hurry up and stop wasting time. There's no need for you guys to come up individually. I'll let the two of you die side by side." Huang Ziting was arrogant, while Jiang Yanwu was fawning over her. On the other hand, Tianming had his anger all pent up, not to mention that they were Dongyang Fengchen's henchmen. So it wasn't surprising for them to fight.

Before his opponents made their move, Tianming charged out. At the same time, he summoned his lifebound beasts. Lan Huang's enormous body came crashing down like a mountain, unleashing its Primordial Soundwave. As the soundwave was unleashed in a narrow passage, it further increased the lethality of the spirit source ability.

The violent shockwave caused Jiang Yanwu and Huang Ziting's clothes and hair to flutter in the wind, and they were both screaming out in pain. It was already too late for them to cover their ears.

"You're courting death!" Huang Ziting's anger was through the roof. She still had a high sense of superiority. She thought she could see fear on Tianming's face, but the latter had already thrown a punch at her.

"Tingting, take your time and vent your anger. I'll deal with his lifebound beasts for you. Remember not to kill him. He's the prey of His Highness. Let His Highness deal with him," Jiang Yanwu quickly reminded her.

"Cut the crap. Get lost!" Huang Ziting's anger had already reached the limit. Her lifebound beast was a golden lion with nine tails, a pair of enormous wings, and bronze needle-like hairs. Not only did its teeth and claws look like they were made of metal, but its flesh and skin were metallic as well. This was a seventh-order empyrean beast, a Vajra Winged Kunwu, with seventy-six stars.

Among the Saint Martial Manor's younger generation, only she had such a high-class lifebound beast. She was the strongest among the younger generation in Saint Martial Manor.

Staring at Tianming, she ordered the Vajra Winged Kunwu to deal with Tianming's lifebound beasts. As Tianming was a triple beastmaster, it was a four-on-four battle.

They might be weaker than Chen Jinghong, but they were two people. This made the battle more complicated than the previous one. However, Tianming was confident in himself, as well as his lifebound beasts.

A ferocious beast enveloped in black lightning dashed out from Tianming's side, with a size comparable to the Vajra Winged Kunwu. It was Meow Meow, in its Regal Chaosfiend form.

Compared to the golden behemoth, Meow Meow looked more balanced. Meow Meow was a combination of lion, tiger, and leopard. As a lifebound beast with eighty-five stars, it could suppress its opponent with its bloodline, despite its inferior cultivation.

The two ferocious beasts clashed together, unleashing golden flares and black lightning in the surroundings. Ying Huo, the omnipotent lifebound beast, charged forth and clashed with Jiang Yanwu. Ying Huo had eighty-seven stars and over five hundred strands of Invincible Sword Ki. Executing the Infernal Haze, Ying Huo's shadows filled the area.

Jiang Yanwu couldn't end the battle quickly; Ying Huo was the strongest opponent he'd ever faced. As for Lan Huang, it charged toward Jiang Yanwu's lifebound beast, the Eightocean Desolate Hydra.

The Eightocean Desolate Hydra had eight heads, and if it weren't for Dongyang Fengchen's existence, Jiang Yanwu would definitely have the strongest talent among the Theocrats' younger generation. Only he and Jiang Fengyue possessed the eight heads talent, but Jiang Fengyue was a woman. Furthermore, a sydra was also weaker than a hydra.

But Jiang Yanwu's position was much higher than Dongyang Fengchen's siblings in his heart. His position even far surpassed Dongyang Yunyi and Dongyang Zizhen. After all, Jiang Yanwu couldn't compete with him for the throne.

The Eightocean Desolate Hydra was a water-type lifebound beast. It had eight enormous heads, a sleek body, and huge limbs. It was suitable to fight in aquatic terrain. Although it was still smaller than Lan Huang, it was still considerably large.

Lan Huang had eighty-four stars. It wouldn't be easy to take down the two-headed dragon, who was famed for its defense, even with the Eightocean Desolate Hydra's advantage in cultivation base. None of Tianing's lifebound beasts were easy to deal with, especially after they underwent their second bloodline evolutions. The Primordial Terraqua Dragon's monstrous abilities had also started awakening.

Just their spirit-source ability alone was stronger than the other party. The battlefield had been separated into fourths. Tianming's gaze was locked onto the cold and arrogant Huang Ziting, who was standing before him.

She wore a layer of golden armor. It was a rare defensive saint beastial armor with sixty saintly heavenly patterns. As for her weapon, she was using a Golden Dragonthorn Whip, with sixty saintly heavenly patterns.

The long whip was like a spine that was over twenty meters long, covered in golden spikes that could easily tear flesh apart.

People who used whips usually liked whipping others. This proved that she was domineering, just like Tianming. Facing him, Huang Ziting snickered and made her move, lashing out the Golden Dragonthorn Whip in her hand. She was using the sky saint battle art, the Golden Shadowless Whip.

Her battle art left afterimages of whips in the sky, and every single one was fatal, completely exhibiting the saint beast weapon's prowess. This reminded Tianming that it had been a long time since he'd played with his favorite chain.

Under the Temporal Field, Huang Ziting's attacks had been slightly weakened. Tianming separated the Grand-Orient Sword into two for speed in his attacks.

"Li Muiyang is your father. And you're a pretty lively bastard to slip away so quickly," Huang Ziting smiled. The smugness on her face looked disgusting to Tianming's eyes. His only response was a cold gaze and the sudden outburst of his ultimate move, the Shenxiao Sword Art's fourth move and the Five Hundred-Demise Sword.

The Grand-Orient Sword stabbed forth, aiming at Huang Ziting's eyes. Tianming's attack unleashed countless outbursts of Invincible Sword Ki, forming a turbulent sword current and tearing the air apart.

Huang Ziting smiled contemptuously and spun the Golden Dragonthorn Whip in her hand. The golden whip in her hand had formed a dazzling vortex, creating a layer of defense.

"Die!" The Shenxiao Sword Art's fourth move pierced through the vortex and the Grand-Orient Sword came in contact with the Golden Dragonthorn Whip. No matter how Huang Ziting tried to defend, the Grand-Orient Sword stabbed through the golden vortex. Even the Invincible Sword Ki had pierced through the vortex and struck Huang Ziting's armor.

"Where did he get this power from?! He even managed to penetrate my vortex! If someone else were doing this, their weapon would've already broken!" Huang Ziting's expression immediately changed.

She was a little confused because, in her impression, Tianming's strength was about the same as Jiang Fengyue, while she was two times stronger than that! This scene had planted deep shock in her heart, but she didn't have a choice. She could only continue revolving the vortex.

At the very least, she wanted to use the Golden Dragonthorn Whip to stop Tianming's Grand-Orient Sword and disarm him using the rotation force. But under her disbelieving gaze, Huang Ziting watched the Grand-Orient Sword destroy the thorns on her whip.

"Impossible!" How could someone who wasn't in the Sky Saint stage manage to resist the tearing force of her vortex? She was stunned, and she never expected that Tianming had another sword. The other Grand-Orient Sword also started gathering the same Invincible Sword Ki and was thrust out, instantly penetrating Huang Ziting's vortex. It was a two-pronged approach with five hundred Invincible Sword Ki swarming in.

With her eyes wide open, the vortex was destroyed. The black Grand-Orient Sword instantly reached her, leaving cracks on her armor and wounds on her tendons and hamstrings. Huang Ziting was now covered in blood, heavily injured. The Golden Dragonthorn Whip fell from her hand. She had lost to

Tianming, and she no longer had the strength to fight. Huang Ziting was briefly dumbfounded before she started to cry from the stinging pain. Several strands of sword ki had pierced into her eyes, leaving behind a bloody mess.

“This is the outcome that you wanted. Are you satisfied with it?” Tianming sneered. The Grand-Orient Sword was against Huang Ziting’s throat, lifting her chin.

Chapter 493 - Are Eight Souls Enough For You?

“To be honest, you’re not bad looking. But right now, you look a little hideous. You wanted to gouge out my eyes for looking at you? May I ask where you got your confidence from?” Tianming asked. He knew that for someone like Huang Ziting, he just needed to teach her a lesson to make her convinced.

Huang Ziting was crying, shivering from the pain. The setback she was suffering was unprecedented. With a fierce expression, she roared, “So what? Do you dare to kill me?!”

“I’ve already left you in this state. Is it any different from killing you? Since there’s no difference, then why wouldn’t I dare to kill you?” Tianming asked.

But as soon as he finished speaking, a man suddenly knelt before Tianming. It was Jiang Yanwu, who had rushed over immediately when he saw Huang Ziting’s defeat. But it was a pity that he was too late. Ying Huo turned to help Meow Meow gang up on the Vajra Winged Kunwu.

Jiang Yanwu looked heartbroken. When he looked at Huang Ziting’s current state, he started trembling from the heartache he felt. Restraining all his anger and resentment, he begged, “We were wrong. Please, don’t kill her. We were blind to offend you. We didn’t know that you were so strong. I’ll apologize to you, so please forgive Tingting!”

“Kowtow,” Tianming requested.

Jiang Yanwu immediately did as he was told, smashing his head on the ground. Although he was bleeding from his forehead, he didn’t dare to stop. Huang Ziting’s life was at Tianming’s mercy. The Grand-Orient Sword was on her neck, and Tianming could kill her anytime.

“Tianming, please don’t kill Tingting. She’s my life!” Jiang Yanwu began tearing up.

“What a faithful lover. You’re a rare species among the Theocrats. Those I’ve seen are either someone like Jiang Yu or Dongyang Fengchen. Jiang Yanwu, you’re a rare species, with the characteristics of a bootlicker,” Tianming sneered.

“What bootlicker. I love her, and I’m willing to treat her well. This is love! What do you know?!” Jiang Yanwu replied with tears streaming down his cheeks.

His reply left Tianming speechless. He wanted to put an end to Huang Ziting, but Jiang Yanwu’s love for her reminded him of himself. Despite his status, Jiang Yanwu hadn’t hesitated to throw his dignity away and kowtow. That alone made him unique in the Theocracy.

Just as Tianming was hesitating, Huang Ziting blew her top. She roared, “Jiang Yanwu, get on your feet! Who asked you to kowtow? You’re a member of the Ancient Theocrats. The Theocracy of the Ancients is your territory. Why are you kowtowing to an outsider in your own territory? This is an act of cowardice, and you’re not worthy of being in the Ancient Theocrats!”

Looking at the fanatical expression on her face, anyone could tell that she had been brainwashed since she was young.

“Tingting, I’m trying to save you!” Jiang Yanwu replied.

“I don’t need your saving! You disappoint me. Not only are you inferior to His Highness in bed, but you’re also a coward!” Huang Ziting replied with disdain.

“What?!” Jiang Yanwu was dumbstruck, looking at Huang Ziting in disbelief.

Huang Ziting was stunned. She was too emotional, and had accidentally revealed the truth. Dongyang Fengchen hadn’t even let Jiang Yutong and Jiang Yufei off, so how could he let Huang Ziting off? It was just that Jiang Yanwu had been kept in the dark.

This time, Jiang Yanwu despaired. He had been faithful to his love, but it turned out that he was just a fool. Collapsing on the ground, Jiang Yanwu’s eyes turned red.

Huang Ziting pretended as if she hadn’t said anything and continued, “I don’t believe that you, Li Tianming, have the guts to kill me! If you dare to touch me, the Saint Martial Manor will destroy your Decimo Dao Palace!”

But what happened next was unexpected. Tianming plunged the Grand-Orient Sword into her chest and asked, “Do you believe it now?”

Huang Ziting spat out a mouthful of black blood. Taking her last breath, her head dropped. When Tianming withdrew his sword, her corpse fell to the ground.

“Two madmen. Merge quickly. I’m still waiting to collect more blood spheres,” said Tianming. Under Ying Huo and Meow Meow’s besiegement, the Vajra Winged Kunwu could no longer get up from the ground. On the other hand, the Eightocean Desolate Hydra returned to Jiang Yanwu after forcing Lan Huang back. With that, the battle was ended. But Tianming had already made preparations to fight again.

“You...” Jiang Yanwu looked at him blankly with despair.

“You guys are real?” Tianming asked, but there wasn’t any response to his question. There weren’t any changes to Huang Ziting’s corpse on the ground. “Traitors deserve to die. All I did was clean it up for you. There’s no need to thank me. Goodbye.”

Tianming called back his three lifebound beasts. He wasn’t going to waste his time anymore since there wasn’t any blood sphere to be had here. Walking past Jiang Yanwu, he continued into the darkness, Jiang Yanwu crying behind him.

In this world, not everyone was the same. Some were worthy, some weren’t. After meeting someone unworthy, Tianming knew Jiang Feiling’s worth. It wasn’t easy to find that one worthy person among trillions.

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Back in the spherical palace, there were eight people gathered. Among them, there was only one person from the Ancient Theocrats. The rest of them were younger generations of the Saint Martial Manor with the Jiang Surname.

The one from the Dongyang lineage was Dongyang Lie, eldest son of Dongyang Fen and brother to Dongyang Zhuo. He was one generation younger than Dongyang Fengchen and Jiang Fengyue. They might be the same age, but he had to address Dongyang Fengchen as uncle.

"It seems there's nothing here." Dongyang Lie said. "Keep walking and see if we can meet any others. There's really nothing here. The treasures have already been taken. It's already been two months, so we'll be leaving soon."

"Okay."

"Let's go."

Everyone nodded and followed him, walking into a passage. Suddenly, Dongyang Lie raised his head and exclaimed, "There's someone up ahead!"

"Chase them!"

The group rushed toward the dark palace up ahead, and they soon got close to that figure. However, it didn't move. It was leaning against the wall, looking as if they were waiting for someone or something.

"Who are you?"

"Who the hell are you? Report your name!" The eight of them stood thirty meters away, looking at the person in the darkness.

"Me?" That figure stepped forth, coming out from the darkness. When everyone took a closer look, it was a youth with his hair reaching his waist. His skin was pale, and he looked somewhat skinny with an innocent expression. The only thing that ruined his innocent appearance were his crimson eyes.

"Ye Lingfeng?!" Dongyang Lie laughed, drawing peals of laughter in his group as well. "Looks like we're pretty lucky, meeting you here. You might not be Tianming, but killing you is the same as taking revenge for my younger brother, Dongyang Zhuo." Dongyang Lie smiled.

He knew that Tianming was the crown prince's prey, so encountering Ye Lingfeng was the best outcome. Without saying anything, the group surrounded him. All of them were wearing eerie smiles.

"This fellow looks pretty tender."

"Dongyang Lie, don't you have a fetish for this? A tender looking boy, not to mention his hair even reaches his waist," someone laughed.

"Don't sprout nonsense. This is a leopard. He bites," said Dongyang Lie.

"What're you afraid of? We're all first-level Sky Saints. This person is only in the eighth level of the Earth Saint stage, at best. Why don't we pin him down and let you enjoy him?"

Ye Lingfeng frowned. He couldn't understand what they meant, but the crimson in his eyes became deeper. Just by looking at them, he could feel his soul and blood boiling. He asked, "Ancient Theocrats?"

"Let's go!" Dongyang Lie smiled.

Their encirclement started shrinking, like a pack of wolves surrounding a lamb. But right at this moment, Ye Lingfeng raised his head and looked at the shadow beside him, "Soulfiend, are eight souls enough for you to feast on?"

In the shadow, a monster grinned, revealing three mouths. Dongyang Lie and his group had seen it clearly. It was a humanoid monster, covered in heavy scales with bone spikes growing out from its limbs. Furthermore, it actually had three heads and six arms! The three heads were grown on the neck, looking in three different directions. The heads looked very similar to human heads, but their faces were blue and they had fangs. It was hideous, especially the eyes that looked like copper bells.

But there was something strange about it. All three of its heads had different expressions: joy, anger, and sadness. When Dongyang Lie and his group saw the monster, all of them gasped.

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Five days later, Tianming met Meng Qingqing. She was wandering alone in the secluded world. Coming before Tianming, she started undressing, but Tianming directly attacked. When she summoned her lifebound beast, her fighting prowess rose to a whole new level. It took Tianming great effort to kill her, leaving behind a puddle of blood that gradually formed into the number 'four.'

"Now, only one, two, and three are remaining. That existence has urged me several times during this period. But whenever I said that there's nothing I can do about it, since I can't find my opponents, they didn't refute my words. This shows that she doesn't control the blood spheres. So what will happen if I gather three more blood spheres?" Tianming wasn't just pondering about it on his own, he even conversed with his lifebound beasts about it.

He had many speculations, but they were unfounded. The Divine Tomb was simply too big for him. When he was blindly wandering around in the Divine Tomb, the existence didn't try stopping him. She only forbade him from returning to the sealed palace to cultivate.

Chapter 494 - Beauty Incarnate

A few days later, Tianming returned to the spherical underground palace from another passage.

"Which was the passage where I separated from Feng?"

Tianming wanted to see if Ye Lingfeng had returned. After all, it had been some time since he was back here. He wasn't holding out hope when he located the passage where Ye Lingfeng's message was engraved. However, one new thing was the bodies on the ground.

There were eight people and more than a dozen lifebound beasts. They had died very strangely. Despite the blood and stab wounds, these people and beasts had perished with their eyes wide open, as if they were terribly frightened at the moment of death.

"None of them are from the Decimo Dao Palace." Worried about Bai Xiaozhu and the others, Tianming was relieved to discover this.

He didn't know if they were alive or dead. At this point, he noticed more words on the wall.

"Brother Tianming, I'm back. I'll be waiting here for you."

Tianming smiled. "Feng says that the monster listens to him. Could they be the ones who killed these people? Is the monster the thing that escaped from the sealed palace?"

Perhaps at the time it escaped, it had fought Dongyang Fengchen for a while and met Ye Lingfeng?

That must be it. In that case, I'll wait here for Feng, Tianming thought to himself.

"Go!" Just then, Feiling's voice altered, strongly commanding Tianming.

The person had appeared again!

"Why?" asked Tianming.

In truth, he appreciated every opportunity to speak with this person, but she basically ignored him.

"I said go!" she ordered.

"I'm waiting for my brother here. It'll take a day or two at most. He's not far and won't delay us from collecting the blood spheres. There's only three left," said Tianming.

"I order you to go." Her tone grew even colder.

Tianming was just about to ask for a reason when footsteps sounded in the distance.

"Brother Tianming, is that you?" Before the visitor showed himself, the voice of Ye Lingfeng spread throughout the passage.

"Yes, Feng!" Tianming smiled, then turned to Feiling and said, "I told you there'd be no delay. My brother's here."

Hearing Tianming's voice, Ye Lingfeng headed his way. Tianming was just about to join him when Feiling left his body, her white eyes extremely cold, proving that she was now that person. Staring at Tianming, she said, "Take me away at once, or I'll kill her!"

Tianming was shocked. This was the first time she had seemed so agitated. Everyone had the tendency to speak without thinking while agitated. For example, Huang Ziting.

Take her away at once? Take? This could mean it wasn't convenient for her to move around in the tomb. Perhaps it was so inconvenient she could only be confined to Feiling.

Me? She now appears as Feiling but said 'me' instead of 'her'. What did she mean? At the moment, the gears in his head were turning. Most importantly, why was she in such a hurry to leave?

Obviously, she was afraid of something, or someone.

Ye Lingfeng was unlikely to be the object of her fear, since he had previously been with Tianming. So was it the monster?

This is the best opportunity! Tianming thought.

He knew there would be risks. However, if he missed this opportunity, he would probably continue being pushed around by this person. Who knows what would happen next? The unknown was the greatest threat.

After realizing that the mysterious person might be afraid of the monster, Tianming wanted to take a risk. The last time, when Dongyang Fengchen was there, she had certainly crossed paths with the monster, yet showed no fear because of the apparent safety. But now she was frightened.

At the moment, Tianming was staring blankly. Without so much as a word, she stretched out her hand and tried strangling Feiling once more, decisively threatening Tianming and exposing her fears.

"Go!" Traces of blood appeared on Feiling's twisted face.

Tianming immediately pulled away Feiling's hand, his movement smooth, having done this before. On that occasion, he realized that she used little strength despite threatening him with Feiling's life. As long as Tianming was around, her threats were basically ineffective. Although Tianming couldn't watch her all his life to stop her from 'committing suicide', what was so difficult about looking out for her in the tomb?

"You're looking to die!" She seemed angry.

This convinced Tianming that she had a weakness.

He calmly contemplated, First of all, she's afraid of the monster. Secondly, she can't just kill Feiling! And lastly, there's some sort of connection between her and Feiling.

Perhaps she couldn't just kill Feiling unless it was a life and death struggle. If they hadn't entered the tomb, perhaps she would have fought desperately. But now she was obviously close to achieving her goal. How could she just give up?

"Stop! I'll listen to you. I just want to take Feng with us. Do you have to go so far?" Feigning ignorance, Tianming pulled away Feiling's hand.

Just then, Ye Lingfeng appeared. Behind him, a ferocious and mighty monster covered in gray scales rushed out, eyeing Feiling.

"I'm going to kill you!!"

Its three heads let out a thunderous growl. Tianming finally realized that every time he heard these words, they weren't addressed to him, but Feiling. Or, more accurately, that person.

What is her connection to the tomb?

This time, they happened to meet Ye Lingfeng and the monster, so Tianming decided to play the fool and take a gamble. He wanted to see how she would react. There was a dangerous look in her eyes as the monster charged toward her.

Then, smiling coldly, she said, "I was going to wait till you gathered nine soul servants to see what kind of fortune the Demon City would bring you. But since you're trying to be smart, we'll get down to business!"

Her words were very informative! 'Soul servant' and 'Demon City' most likely referred to the blood spheres and tomb, respectively. Most importantly, collecting these soul servants wasn't real business. So what was it? Obviously, it was the reason she had called Feiling to the tomb.

Just then, something shocking happened. The Tomb of the Ancients shook and a big patch of blue bricks under Tianming's feet gave way. This demonstrated the strange relationship that person had with the tomb. Clearly, she could control the changes in the tomb. The moment the bricks fell away, she attached Feiling to Tianming. In that instant, a huge stone pillar emerged from the ceiling, directly above Tianming's head, pushing him into the abyss below his feet.

"Feng!" Tianming shouted.

The monster suddenly turned into a black storm that enveloped Ye Lingfeng and crashed into the abyss. The next thing they knew, they were pushed downward by the pillar above them.

"What's the thing beside you?" Tianming asked as they fell.

"It's called a Soulfriend!"

As soon as the words left his lips, the pair slammed to the ground. Tianming spat a mouthful blood and his bones felt like they were breaking apart. Enduring the pain, he stood up in the pitch-black space. The moment they entered, the room lit up. Upon scanning the area, Tianming found that it was a huge underground palace, which seemed to have been built at the bottom of the tomb. From where he was standing, he could see a tall and ancient blue altar.

"Brother Tianming, be careful!" Ye Lingfeng called out.

As soon as Tianming saw the altar, a huge shadow appeared behind him. It turned out the Soulfriend was eyeing him and came charging at once. Having dodged its attack, Tianming discovered that its claws had gouged deep marks into the ground.

The Soulfriend didn't seem terribly strong, but its claws could achieve the same effect as the Grand-Orient Sword.

"Don't touch him!" Ye Lingfeng jumped on its heads, holding it down. The irascible Soulfriend immediately settled down.

Then, a figure darted from Tianming's body and flew toward the blue altar! It appeared to be a pair of Celestial Wings created by Feiling.

"Don't go!"

Tianming chased after her, but felt as if he was trapped in mud. It was Feiling's Temporal Field. Then he hit a Spatial Wall. Although Feiling hadn't flown away quickly, her methods were uncomfortable.

"Let it go!" Using his quick wits, Tianming turned to Ye Lingfeng.

All of that had happened in an instant. Everything he did was related to Feiling's life and death.

"I'm going to kill you!"

The Soulfierd ran after Feiling, its hatred for her obvious. As it passed Tianming, he threw out the Thunderfierd Chains, catching one of its arms. With Tianming in tow, the Soulfierd smashed down several Spatial Walls, quickly approaching Feiling's Celestial Wings.

"Stop her!"

Tianming sensed the mysterious woman's anger. However, she seemed more afraid of the Soulfierd, hence her desperate dash toward the other side of the palace. Fortunately, the Soulfierd had gone after them.

Soon, they arrived before the altar. Having been tossed, Tianming glanced at the altar and received such a huge shock he could hardly breathe.

In the center of the altar was an ancient crystal coffin. And in that crystal coffin was a stunning woman whose beauty amazed all. She wore a white dress with her eyes closed and hands on her abdomen, lying quietly within. Although a hundred thousand years had passed, time had left no trace on her.

Like an orchid in a ravine, she was graceful and elegant. She had almond-eyes and vermillion lips, reminiscent of a ripe cherry. She was beauty incarnate, so gorgeous she could cause the downfall of a nation.

However, what truly astonished Tianming was the fact that he had spent all his time with this woman, even making a vow to live and die together. She was Feiling!

Chapter 495 - The Mortal Soul

"Why is Ling'er in this coffin?"

Tianming knew very well that there was no answer to that question. Moreover, in the instant between life and death, the answer was meaningless. He could only hope that the Soulfierd would stop the person in Feiling's body.

Tianming would still have a fighting chance if she was caught by the Soulfierd. However, he was certain that wouldn't be the case if she reached the altar. Because their information wasn't complete, the most dangerous thing would be being led by the nose.

The Soulfierd was close.

It suddenly opened its three mouths and inhaled sharply. The mysterious woman gradually slowed down and transformed back to Feiling's appearance.

As the Soulfierd charged toward her, Tianming seized the opportunity, flinging himself forward with the Thunderfierd Chains and slamming into Feiling before the Soulfierd. He held Feiling in his arms, but she looked at him with cold eyes.

"Stop messing around. If the Soulfierd catches us, she and I will both die!" she growled.

As the words fell from her lips, the Soulfierd came clawing at her.

While Tianming dodged its attack, Ye Lingfeng finally caught up and took control of the runaway Soulfierd.

"Go!" Ye Lingfeng shouted.

Obviously, he couldn't control it since the Soulfliend appeared enraged.

Without a word, Tianming carried Feiling in his arms and turned to flee. However, she wouldn't behave. The Soulfliend struggled out of Ye Lingfeng's control and charged toward Tianming.

"Stop the Soulfliend!"

Tianming's lifebound beasts darted out with Lan Huang in front. Unfortunately, its Mountainsea World was shattered by the Soulfliend. This meant the Soulfliend was actually stronger than them.

Lan Huang and Meow Meow were slammed aside, not to mention Ying Huo. The Invincible Sword Ki failed to penetrate the Soulfliend's flesh; it was obviously thick-skinned.

"I'm warning you. Take me to the altar at once, or she and I will die in the hands of the Soulfliend!"

"Shut up!" Tianming shouted.

"Haha."

Realizing that Tianming was taking her away, she transformed into Celestial Wings once more and struggled out of Tianming's control, heading toward the blue altar. In fact, she was farther away from the altar now. If it weren't for Tianming's lifebound beasts and Ye Lingfeng holding back the Soulfliend, she wouldn't be able to reach the altar.

"Stop!" Tianming obstructed her.

At that moment, the Celestial Wings suddenly crashed into Tianming, attaching the spirit to his body.

"Big Brother, take out the necklace!" It was Feiling's voice!

"Ling'er?!"

Although real men shouldn't cry, Tianming's eyes were red at the moment. For Feiling to speak at a time like this meant she had obviously experienced some kind of struggle. Tianming wasn't the only one desperately trying to fight; so was she.

Tianming immediately pulled out Ling'er's Love from his spatial ring. In an instant, Feiling, who was attached to his body, employed Soulburn.

The golden flames instantly burned Tianming's Saint Palace Spring, a terribly uncomfortable feeling. His Saint Palace Spring was being consumed at a frightening speed. However, Tianming knew exactly what Feiling was going to do. After Soulburn, she would enter a state of dormancy. And in that state, the mysterious entity could do nothing.

Since being aware of that person's presence in her body, Feiling never mentioned anything about Soulburn, all so it would come in handy at this time. Although they couldn't solve the root of the problem, they could indefinitely delay.

"Die! You're just the mortal spirit born from the acquired godchild. What gives you the right to occupy my body!" the strange woman screeched.

Just then, Tianming heard her monstrous rage.

"It doesn't matter what you say. I am me, so goodbye!" Feiling sounded very decisive. After her prolonged silence, this was the moment she exploded.

Who didn't want to live? She persisted, and so did Tianming.

From the moment Ye Lingfeng had appeared, every step had been thrilling. They had taken many risks, but hadn't lost yet.

The flames of Soulburn washed over Tianming, something he had never imagined would happen. But right now, he was most delighted. Who cared about the pain? As his saint ki was weakened, Feiling had finally exhausted her strength and turned into a golden ray of light that melted into Ling'er's Love.

From that point on, he would no longer hear the mysterious woman's voice. Additionally, the Soulfierd was now calm. Its three heads alternated between expressions of joy, anger, and sorrow, and its six arms slumped down.

It was over, at least for the time being. They fell to the ground in exhaustion. Tianming stood there, holding Ling'er's Love in his hand.

"She's not dead. This time, it'll take two months for her to awaken so that person won't appear again. Since the tomb is still closed, I still have time!"

Feiling's struggle had gained time for Tianming.

"Ling'er!" Tianming's eyes gleamed.

He knew this was the best possible outcome. At least they were no longer confused, controlled by that person and at her mercy. In fact, they were in an advantageous position.

"Brother Tianming, is Ling'er alright?" asked Ye Lingfeng.

"She's fine for the time being. We've got two months."

Tianming suddenly recalled that Feiling could hear their conversations when she was in the necklace. That person should be able to hear him, too. Hence, he immediately tossed the necklace into his spatial ring. Since the spatial ring was an isolated space, they wouldn't be able to hear anything, especially in their weakened state.

"We'll think of a way," said Ying Huo.

"Yes." Tianming nodded, his gaze fixed upon the altar.

He didn't dare go up, for fear that something unexpected would happen when he approached the crystal coffin with Ling'er's Love. The coffin was the only thing on the blue altar, and was clearly visible.

Lying within was Feiling. Although it might not be her, they looked identical.

"Brother Tianming, the Soulfierd has some chaotic memories which I'm guessing would be useful to you." Ye Lingfeng said after communicating with the Soulfierd.

"Alright, let's leave this place first."

Tianming noticed a passage leading out of the underground palace. Although there was only one passage, it should be possible to leave. Ye Lingfeng sat on the top of the Soulfend, his palm on its forehead, seemingly communicating with it. After Feiling's use of Soulburn, Tianming had plenty of time to think of what to do next.

"What is it?" Tianming pointed to the Soulfend.

"It's a Soulfend that's been imprisoned in the Demon City for too long. It's forgotten its origins. Due to starvation, it returned to its most primitive state. Now, only some broken memories remain," said Ye Lingfeng.

"So this isn't the Tomb of the Ancients, but the Demon City?" Tianming recalled that person mentioning the same words.

"Most likely." Ye Lingfeng paused, then added, "The Soulfend eats souls to grow stronger. It's a strange mutation of both the corporeal body and the soul and can simulate the appearance of others, as well as transform into various shapes."

As soon as the Ye Lingfeng finished, the Soulfend transformed into a second Ye Lingfeng. Although their appearance was the same, their temperaments were different.

"It really is strange."

Sure enough, the things in this Demon City couldn't be measured by common sense.

"Brother Tianming, in fact it's very grateful to you. Because you broke the heavenly pattern formation, it was able to open the door and escape. It says that it's sorry, because as long as it sees Ling'er, it can't control the hatred and murderous thoughts," said Ye Lingfeng.

"I let it out?" Tianming was somewhat surprised.

What a coincidence indeed. What he let out had inadvertently ended up helping him at a critical moment. If it weren't for Ye Lingfeng, Tianming would have been led by the nose by that woman.

Right now, they were standing near the altar.

"If I want to unlock the mysteries behind Feiling's death, the girl in the crystal coffin is obviously the key."

They sat down in the passage.

"Feng, does the Soulfend know what the relationship is between Ling'er, the woman in the coffin, and that person? She mentioned that Ling'er is the mortal spirit of the acquired godchild," said Tianming.

If he hoped to obtain information from the Soulfend, he had to know its origins. After learning more about the Soulfend, Tianming got straight to the point.

"The Soulfend isn't clear about the specifics. But in its chaotic and broken memories, there are some fragments. When the innate and acquired godchild are merged, we can try conquering and killing the former with the power of my soul, because at that time, she'll be very weak. This is the only chance for the acquired godchild to replace the innate godchild and live," Ye Lingfeng explained.

"That's what the Soulfieud said?" Tianming appeared shocked.

"Sort of. I found it in its mind. It doesn't actually understand anything. That's just what I gathered," he replied.

"Well, since that person is afraid of the Soulfieud, it should be just as powerful as she is. And since that memory fragment exists, it must be true."

Tianming was pleasantly surprised. The soul was a wonderful thing, the foundation of human beings. In that respect, Ye Lingfeng was much better than Tianming. It was incredible that he could connect to the Soulfieud, and even explore its memory.

At that moment, Tianming finally saw hope!

Chapter 496 - Primordial Demonlord

Although Tianming was happy, he was also calm and lost in thought.

"I assume the innate godchild is the person in the crystal coffin, and the soul of the innate godchild is the person in Ling'er's body. The acquired godchild is Ling'er, and her soul is the mortal soul. It sounds like the innate and acquired godchild have to fuse into a new body in order to produce some sort of change. For example, the resurrection of the dead. A new body can only have one soul, so that person wants to be the soul."

Tianming turned to Ye Lingfeng, eyes gleaming. "So what you're saying is, the only chance for Ling'er to live is for you to kill the soul of the innate godchild and completely destroy her when the two souls are combining?"

"That's my guess, but I don't quite understand what to do then. The Soulfieud didn't clarify, either. It can only eat the two souls," said Ye Lingfeng.

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Since the innate godchild will be at her moment of weakness, you can tear her to pieces," said Tianming.

"I will do my best," said Ye Lingfeng.

"Thank you, Feng," Tianming replied.

"Don't say that. You're the benefactor who took me out of the Infernal Formation. My life is yours. I'm willing to do anything," added Ye Lingfeng.

"What about becoming Tianming's concubine?" Ying Huo teased.

"Why don't you die instead!"

In such a serious moment, Ying Huo had made such a joke.

"Calm down. I was born to set the mood. Don't be so nervous. Now that we have this method, we can just kill that old witch. Don't frown. Give me a smile, won't you?" laughed Ying Huo.

"Smile, my ass! Go away!" Tianming glared. He was still contemplating other problems, such as—

"She'll try to find a way to fuse the two godchildren once she awakens. How can we ensure she follows the plan? On top of that, you have to control the Soulfierd."

"I'll be in my soul form and hide within your body, so she can't see me," said Ye Lingfeng.

"So we only have an hour?" Ye Lingfeng's body could only survive for an hour once his soul left it.

"Alright then. When the time comes, let the Soulfierd take my body," he added.

"I just don't know what control the innate godchild has over Demon City. She was able to send me straight to the altar and open the tomb. It'll be troublesome for us if she has complete control of the city," Tianming said.

"That should be impossible. Otherwise, she could've isolated the Soulfierd. To put it bluntly, she's now a powerful soul in a special state, so it's not at all surprising that she's called the soul of a god. However, she doesn't seem to be the real master of Demon City," said Ye Lingfeng.

"Are you sure of that?" Tianming asked.

"Yes, Brother Tianming. Do you remember the voice I mentioned was guiding me somewhere?"

"What happened?"

"A clear path opened in Demon City and sent me to an incredible place. The terrain was much more complicated than here. It felt like the entire city was paving the way for me."

"Then what?" Tianming asked.

"I received an inheritance. Look at my eyes." Ye Lingfeng's dark red eyes suddenly turned into two black vortices that were as deep as a bottomless pit, almost swallowing Tianming's soul in an instant.

The next moment, his eyes returned to normal.

"Awesome, what kind of inheritance is it?" asked Tianming.

"It's very mysterious. I didn't receive anything except for two eyeballs that suddenly melted into my eyes. I'm still pondering it. The only thing I know at present is that the inheritance came from someone known as the Primordial Demonlord," said Ye Lingfeng.

"Primordial Demonlord? What a fancy name. Could it be deceiving you? Perhaps he's just some third-rate master?" Tianming laughed.

"I don't think so. The Primordial Demonlord was the master of the Soulfierd," Ye Lingfeng replied.

Tianming was merely joking. Judging from the mysteries of Demon City, the strange Soulfierd, and everything that had happened, it was clear the Primordial Demonlord was no ordinary man. Perhaps he was a god.

"Brother Tianming, I have my suspicions," added Ye Lingfeng.

He had grown smarter with the enrichment of knowledge.

"Let's hear it," Tianming said.

"In the past, there wasn't anything strange in the tomb. There may be two reasons for the current change. First, you entered with Ling'er. So it could all have been caused by the innate godchild. Second, it's also possible that breaking the Divine Tomb Formation led to strange events. For example, didn't the soul servants and blood spheres only appear after you tore through the Divine Tomb Formation?" Ye Lingfeng asked.

"You're right!"

The first time he crossed the Divine Tomb Formation, a black shadow immediately darted across. However, Tianming had failed to see who it was. Then, strange things started happening one after the other. First, Dongyang Fengxiao and Jiang Fengyue; then, the ants feeding on the corpses. The second time he broke through the formation, he released the Soulfiend.

"The soul of the innate godchild previously said she was curious what good fortune the nine soul servants would bring you. This shows that the appearance of blood spheres has nothing to do with her. She can't come out for two months, so why don't we collect the rest of the soul servants and see what happens?"

Tianming pulled out the blood spheres and counted a total of six. He was short three.

"Since it's good fortune, I have to give it a go." Tianming stood up and stared at the endless underground maze. Demon City? Primordial Demonlord? What kind of secrets does this place have?"

Since Ye Lingfeng had received the Primordial Demonlord's inheritance, the previous one must be gone. Perhaps he was too weak to fully understand the inheritance right now.

"Remember this route. Let's take a look around."

Tianming walked beside Ye Lingfeng. The soul servant didn't require searching for; they showed up at the door.

A few days later, Tianming and Ye Lingfeng had just arrived at a crossroads when something appeared in the shadows in front and to the left and right of them. Up ahead was a blazing phoenix. Though small, it was as swift as the wind. Tianming also sensed the existence of Invincible Sword Ki within the beast.

"Ying Huo?" Tianming froze.

"That's a fake!" Ying Huo shouted, emerging from his lifebound space.

At the same time, in the passage on the left, black thunder surged, wrapping around the walls like tens of thousands of snakes. In the dark, a black beast shaped like a lion, tiger, and leopard charged toward them. In the right passage, a huge two-headed dragon with nine sharp mountains on its burly body burst out.

"These three soul servants arrived at the same time!"

As Tianming spoke, his three lifebound beasts appeared beside him, looking exactly the same as the soul servants. The soul servants weren't real people, but ever-changing. This time they had turned into Tianming's lifebound beasts. For now, Tianming wasn't sure how many blood spheres they would eventually become. However, he would find out after he killed them.

"These soul servants and my lifebound beasts can exist at the same time, indicating that Dongyang Fengxiao and Bai Xiaozhu aren't dead. In other words, I didn't kill Brother Jinghong."

That was good news. Tianming finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Tianming, you don't have to do anything. The three of us will fight them!" Burning with fighting spirit, Ying Huo darted out and met the phoenix soul servant head on. Perhaps they found it interesting to challenge themselves. Meow Meow and Lan Huang each also faced their clones, occupying the three passages.

Tianming glanced at them. Strangely enough, the soul servants had all of their means, but what depressed him was the fact that their opponent was obviously stronger. How else could they test Tianming?

Feigning defeat, Ying Huo turned around and yelled, "Come on, we need reinforcements. Are you just going to stand around and watch the show?!"

"Didn't you say we wouldn't have to do anything?" Tianming laughed.

"Damn it! Hurry up!" fumed Ying Huo.

Aside from the three lifebound beasts, Tianming had Ye Lingfeng and the Soulfier on his side. Although the Soulfier had degenerated into its most primitive state, it was still dangerous, and the strongest member of their team. Its lethality lay in its flesh and soul. For the time being, the three soul servants couldn't resist the Soulfier.

According to his arrangement, Tianming supported Ying Huo, Ye Lingfeng assisted Meow Meow, and the Soulfier cooperated with Lan Huang. Upon approaching, Tianming realized that the phoenix soul servant was at least a Sky Saint. They had trouble locking on to its position, despite employing Ying Huo's Infernal Haze and Tianming's Insightful Eye. Splitting the Grand-Orient Sword into two, Tianming and Ying Huo besieged the soul servant.

Invincible Sword Ki collided wildly in the passage. With over five hundred strands of Invincible Sword Ki, Tianming tore at the opponent's Infernal Armor. Fortunately, he was very familiar with the means of the phoenix soul servant. Although he couldn't defeat the beast, he managed to put up a fight.

This time, Ye Lingfeng was there to help them. Otherwise, it would have been a challenge to deal with the three soul servants that appeared at the same time.

A thunderous noise reverberated in the right passage. Lan Huang and the Soulfier tore apart the two-headed dragon soul servant. Unsurprisingly, it was indestructible and immediately reshaped itself.

The battle continued.

A long time later, when Tianming and Ying Huo were completely exhausted, he managed to chop off the soul servant's head with the Thousand-Demise Sword. Unfortunately, it immediately fused together and bounced back.

"I'm so pissed! How can an imposter be so fierce!"

Ying Huo jumped up in a rage but was chased and beaten by the soul servant. It was humiliated!

Chapter 497: Sovereign

It was another tough battle. Fifteen minutes later, Tianming finally found an opportunity to pierce his sword into the soul servant phoenix's chest and cut it apart with Ying Huo's help.

Ying Huo spat out Infernal Blaze from its stomach and completely melted down the phoenix into a bloody puddle that turned into the number three before forming into a blood sphere. These three foes were soul servants; it was no wonder they were so powerful.

Tianming picked up the blood sphere and came running to help Meow Meow and Ye Lingfeng out. He didn't care about taking a rest at all. There was no way he would let the soul servants escape after trying so hard to encounter them.

"I'm coming! Shiver in fear!" Ying Huo yelled right before it was electrocuted by the Meow Meow soul servant's Chaos Disaster.

"Watch out for the Myriadfiend Venomfang!"

The Meow Meow soul servant wasn't much different from the original, so a bite from its fang would be troublesome indeed. Thankfully, they were fighting four against one, so it was much easier. They basically only needed to gang up on it and it was torn apart.

Tianming obtained a second blood sphere, leaving only one more to collect. He couldn't wait to see what would happen.

This time around, they were fighting the Lan Huang soul servant six against one. Despite its tough hide, it eventually fell to the group's attacks, and its blood puddle formed the number one before turning into a blood sphere. Tianming picked it up and immediately had a feeling that something was about to happen.

As expected, the nine faces in the blood spheres emerged before him, turning into six people and three lifebound beasts. There was a bloody mist floating about them and their bodies were mangled, though they all wore eerie smiles. The nine soul servants encircled him and lifted him up all of a sudden, but Tianming didn't resist.

"What are you doing?" he asked anxiously. It was getting too odd for his sensibilities.

"We're bringing you to see the sovereign," the nine said in unison, after which they carried him onward. The shocking thing was that the layout of Demon City shifted as they moved. Countless walls moved and changed to form a path for the cohort. The change this time was more significant than when the entity in Feiling controlled it. In fact, it was more akin to the time when Ye Lingfeng had encountered the Primordial Demonlord.

Tianming wondered if the others could also hear the city shifting. Since he couldn't move, all he could do was be led onward. It felt just like what Ye Lingfeng had described when he inherited the legacy of the Primordial Demonlord. Now, Tianming couldn't help but wonder who this 'sovereign' was.

Primordial Demonlord, innate godchild's soul, and a sovereign... I thought only a single god was entombed here, he thought. Gods were untouchable existences that only appeared in myths. Did they really exist, and in such an abundant number, too?

As his mind blanked out, two beams of light came shining from ahead, one gold, one black. The golden light seemed really dignified, while the black was domineering. The two beams kept interfering with one another. Somehow, Tianming was reminded of the Grand-Orient Sword. The sword in his spatial ring began shuddering, then it charged out of the ring and appeared in front of him.

The moment he grabbed the sword, a powerful force caused him to accelerate into the black-gold light, along with the nine soul servants. The world he saw suddenly shifted, as if he had entered the world of gods. Looking ahead, he saw billions of people kneeling. Each of them was shrouded in a cloudy mist, powerful and domineering.

They weren't kneeling before Tianming, but rather the giant ahead of him standing a thousand meters tall. The giant had his back facing Tianming and was dressed in black and gold-colored regal robes. Like a mountain, he sat and allowed the rest to worship him.

This was Tianming's third time seeing him. The first was when he had manifested Imperial Will through the Grand-Orient Sword, the second was when he saw a white-robed person near him as he rescued the citizens of Aquamarine at Southsky Island, and this time, the figure looked clearer than ever.

"All hail the sovereign! May the sovereign reign eternal!"

The praise was deafeningly loud. The eternal emperor merely humphed and caused a storm that dispersed the clouds and shook the seas.

"Oh, fateful one...."

The words were sent straight into Tianming's ears. It was the Sovereign's voice.

"I am the Primordial God-Emperor. Since mine dynasty hath fallen, here have I slumbered. Thou art a much hard-sought contractor. From hereon shalt thou mine mantle overtake. Rule over mine Primordial God Race in the forthcoming time of crisis. Change the fates of life from now till forever!"

Each of his words resounded like an echo in Tianming's mind. It was as if they had engraved themselves in him.

All of a sudden, everything in front of him vanished. Tianming crashed into a three-meter-wide secret chamber. Though the chamber seemed pitch black from the outside, it was blindingly bright from within. Half of the room basked in golden light, the source of which was a thumb-sized gold bead. The other half was pitch black, but Tianming felt the presence of a black eyeball.

Still stunned, two eyeballs suddenly appeared before Tianming and assimilated themselves into his eye sockets, completely fusing in place. All of a sudden, the eyes vanished and he didn't feel any different. But as he took out a few saint crystals to light the room up and looked into Feiling's mirror...

"What the?!"

He saw that his left eye was now completely golden, and covered with dense text he couldn't read. It looked a little similar to the text of his Aeonian Grandbane. While his right eye still looked black, it seemed deeper and more domineering than ever, much like an emperor's rage. There was also black text on it, but he really didn't know what it meant.

"Isn't this too ridiculous? It's one thing for your hair to be all white... But now you have a gold eye? Are you still a human?" Ying Huo mocked.

"Shut up." Tianming couldn't cry about it even if he wanted to. That aside, he felt a prickling pain on his chest. When he checked, he saw nine red dots on his chest, seemingly arranged in a square pattern. It wasn't hard for him to guess that they were the nine soul servants that had hidden themselves in his body.

Everything he had seen and experienced thus far was beyond his wildest imagination, and he was feeling a little overwhelmed.

"So I inherited the legacy of some god called the Primordial God-Emperor? Apparently he also wants me to rule over the Primordial God Race. So he gave me an assignment, but what about the benefits?" So far, he didn't feel any different, apart from his eyes being different colors. "Maybe it's similar to Feng's case. I probably just can't utilize the true power of the legacy at my current level. So the 'mantle' is probably inside me and will appear sooner or later...."

That was the best guess Tianming could come up with. Either way, he could be certain that the Grand-Orient Sword had indeed belonged to this god. It could be that the Primordial God-Emperor had intentionally discarded the Grand-Orient Sword so that it may lead someone worthy to go see him.

"Does that mean the Prime Tower has an owner as well? It is the tower of life, after all, so it can't be that Primordial Demonlord Feng mentioned. Gosh... I wonder how many gods are entombed here..."

Tianming didn't know what their levels were, so all he could call them was gods. Given how domineering the giant from his visions was, there was no other way to describe him but as a mythological god.

Before he could think it through, the chamber shifted once more. A pathway opened, leading from whence he had come. Ye Lingfeng was still there. After that, the Demon City no longer moved, as if everything had come to an end. Tianming walked out through the pathway, still thinking about what had just transpired.

Even though there's no changes yet, the Primordial God-Emperor sounded like he gave me something. Guess I better not overthink it. One day, his true legacy will manifest. Perhaps it has something to do with my mastery over the Grand-Orient Sword, particularly the five gates within, he thought. Though, 'Primordial God Race' sounds really domineering. Do they have something to do with the Primordial Chaos Beasts? And he mentioned something about a fall and slumber. What could've killed them? What time of crisis is he referring too? Agghh!

His frustration only grew with his deliberations.

Then again, what does it have to do with the innate godchild's soul and Primordial Demonlord? Forget it. I'll just do what they want, since they've already paid. This way, I can take it without hurting my conscience. It's better if I think about what to do about the innate godchild's soul first.

Soon, he returned to Ye Lingfeng's side. He turned back to the pathway, but it had disappeared. The Demon City was quiet once more.

"Brother Tianming, that eye of yours...."

"Is it cool?"

"Damn cool," he said seriously.

Since Ye Lingfeng trusted him so much, and had told him about the Primordial Demonlord, he didn't hold anything back either. After he told him, he placed the Grand-Orient Sword on his palm.

"Ling'er still needs some time to awaken. Before we face off against the innate godchild's soul, we'd better make good use of the time to cultivate. Have the soulfiend keep watch for us," Tianming said.

"Alright."

Tianming's lifebound beasts also had to cultivate with him, but the soulfiend wasn't one with Ye Lingfeng and didn't share his cultivation. With it on the lookout, they would be rather safe.

I won't disappoint you, Primordial God-Emperor.

Tianming could feel the weight of his last words. It was almost like he had been given a mission. And now, he had obtained the legacy, as evidenced by the fresh feeling he got when he had just grabbed hold of the sword. It now felt like a weapon that was truly his—that was usually the effect of such legacies.

Now, he didn't need his Insightful Eye to be able to clearly feel the dark gold gate within the sword.

Chapter 498 - Sword Imperealm Formation

There were five gates in the Grand-Orient Sword, one colorless, one dark gold, one black, one light gold, and another grey. With the dark gold door opened, only the colorless door in the center and the black door were left closed.

Tianming was still relying on the heavenly patterns on the doors for his Earth Saint cultivation, so he hadn't been expecting such a welcome surprise after receiving the legacy. The heavenly patterns on the dark gold door were even more mystical and complicated, containing some Imperial Will from the Primordial God-Emperor. This was the 'most righteous path' as mentioned by the Primordial God-Emperor from before.

"Perhaps I won't be facing any problems in my Sky Saint cultivation either."

What he was now curious about was what lay beyond the dark gold door. He went to it with anxious anticipation and peeked inside. Within, he saw a gigantic, black and gold spheroid formed from black and gold sword ki, billions of strands of them densely packed together. It was enough to fill the whole world.

The mass of sword ki undulated according to a regular pattern. It seemed to be a heavenly pattern formation formed from black and gold sword ki. Thanks to the Grand-Orient Sword, Tianming knew this was called the Sword Imperealm Formation.

It reminded him of the Evil Suppression Formation. Those two were godly heavenly pattern formations that could be unleashed from divine artifacts and be activated without any preparation beforehand. While the Evil Suppression Formation seemed to be a defensive one, this Sword Imperealm Formation seemed like it would be wonderful for offense.

At that moment, a fifth type of energy appeared next to the three saint springs within his saint palace. It was a smaller version of the Sword Imperealm Formation. When Tianming wielded the Grand-Orient Sword, traces of black and gold sword ki would flow from the dark gold door into the spheroid, much like how it worked with the Grand-Orient Vortex.

It was apparent that Tianming's growth would also allow the Sword Imperealm Formation to draw even more sword ki for him to use. The golden sword ki was known as Imperial Sword Ki and the black was Realm Sword Ki, symbolizing the dignity and ruthlessness one would need to rule an empire.

"Let's give it a try."

Tianming gripped the sword and willed, causing a black and gold formation to immediately manifest, with the sword at its center. It was around ten meters in diameter, and the area it covered was rampant with those two types of sword ki. They ricocheted throughout the formation according to some predefined pattern, much like heavenly pattern formations that could attack foes. Naturally, if someone Tianming didn't want to kill approached, they would be fine.

"This means I have an offensive heavenly pattern formation that can automatically attack, and it'll also grow stronger as I do! Then again, the formation is powerful enough as it is now. It can even be used with the Invincible Sword Body. Simply amazing. Putting aside the other legacies of the Primordial God-Emperor, the Grand-Orient Sword alone is already a priceless treasure."

Even though it was powerful, Tianming didn't let it go to his head. If he wanted to survive the tomb, he would have to be on his utmost guard. After familiarizing himself with the Sword Imperealm Formation, he proceeded to improve himself according to the original plan. After that, he would wait for Feiling to wake up and fight the innate godchild's soul.

.....

A curious relationship had developed between Ye Lingfeng and the soulfierd, thanks to their spiritual connection and the Primordial Demonlord's legacy. Whenever he cultivated, he would sit on the rough belly of the soulfierd. It had three heads and six arms and would put one of its palms on Ye Lingfeng's body, another on his head, and used the remaining four to guard his sides, sealing him up within a separate space.

Of the three heads of the soulfierd, one cultivated with Ye Lingfeng, one looked to its left, and the other kept watch on its right. Tianming rather envied him for getting a soulfierd like that.

"I wonder what the nine soul servants I have are...." He looked at the nine red dots on his chest and thought they were a little embarrassing. The soul servants didn't appear to do much, so Tianming ignored them and continued refining his understanding of heavenly will.

Ever since accepting the legacy and seeing that vision, he had grown even more familiar with the most righteous path.

"If gods really exist, then my Imperial Will is only the start. There's still a long path ahead. I have to take it step by step and properly comprehend Imperial Will."

The Grand-Orient Sword in his sea of consciousness grew over time. Tianming noticed that he was rather sensitive to the heavenly patterns on the sword after receiving the eyes as part of the legacy.

Coupled with his black arm, his comprehension speed skyrocketed. It all piled above the innate talent granted him by having the physiques of the Primordial Chaos Beasts, as well as the Aeonic Grandbane.

Ten days later, he broke through to seventh-level Earth Saint, thanks to his abundance of saint crystals. A month after that, he reached the eighth level. The Sky Saint stage wasn't far away now. If this continued, Tianming felt that breaking Aeonic Grandbane's curse wouldn't be a problem.

It wasn't just him who had experienced a fundamental transformation. Ye Lingfeng now had the soulfriend helping him out, so his cultivation speed had also risen tremendously. Ye Lingfeng was at the eighth level of earth saint, but as Tianming made his own breakthroughs, he reached the full potential of the ninth level.

After that, he began reaching for the Sky Saint stage with the soulfriend's help. Tianming also paused his training to keep watch for him, as ascending to sky sainthood was a crucial process that ought not to be interrupted.

"Feng's eighty thousand kin are cultivating together with him, so breaking through shouldn't be too hard for him. Coupled with his legacy and the soulfriend, he's almost as fast as I am now."

When Ye Lingfeng became a sky saint, he would be even more powerful, especially with the soulfriend helping him.

After Tianming had broken through two levels, even without Feiling's help, he would be able to face off against third-level sky saints with his three lifebound beasts and Sword Imperealm Formation. However, he didn't know how far he could push himself, given that he didn't have any frame of reference for his current strength. Even so, he believed that he might be able to defeat Jun Shengxiao, the Elysian Emperor, by now, given that his lifebound beast was just a sixth-order saint beast and he was rather old already.

"Those in the Grand-Orient Realm would never expect that I'd reach this point in such a short time. Even if I return to the Divine Capital now, I wouldn't be lumped in with one of the younger generation, given my power. Even sister Bai, a second-level sky saint, is no longer my match."

Never would the elites in the Divine Capital have expected that the two would improve at such a monstrous speed within the tomb. They were just 'teenage' juniors, but they could easily fight the strongest elites. In fact, Tianming and Ye Lingfeng were stronger than Li Muyang back when he was twenty and had just become a sky saint.

"I have to leave this place alive. Only then can I show the Theocrats and their ilk what'll happen if they mess with me and Feng!"

.....

Three days later, Ye Lingfeng became a sky saint at the young age of eighteen. The arcane ritual prepared by the Infernal Soul Race was indeed a one-of-a-kind miracle. Ye Lingfeng's existence was akin to an accident in this world; there was no doubt that he was chosen by the Primordial Demonlord because of his unique soul. Now, even he would have no problem facing off against third-level sky saints.

The soulfierd also needed to improve, but could only do so by consuming souls. It was called a 'fierd' for good reason, after all. If not for this ruthless means of improvement, it never would have been locked up here. Had Ye Lingfeng been unable to control it, it would no doubt wreak havoc if it managed to escape, consuming all souls that crossed its path.

Upon becoming a sky saint, Ye Lingfeng gained a grandvoid body, allowing him to use saint ki to levitate. He had lots of fun during his first time flying, and didn't even bat an eye when he ran headfirst into the walls of the tomb.

"Feng, I managed to take the Crimsonblood Galaxy back then, and forgot to give it to you. Here you go!" Tianming said as he took out a crimson dagger from his spatial ring.

"Thank you, Brother Tianming!" His eyes glowed when he caught sight of the blade. It was truly terrifying, with ninety-nine saintly heavenly patterns. Its sharpness would threaten many saint beastial weapons, not to mention it contained lots of power that Ye Lingfeng could use to tear his foes apart. He tested out all sorts of moves with the dagger.

"Is it useful? It's not too powerful to control, is it?" Tianming asked.

"It's fine. In fact, it fits me great. I'm able to move it around fairly well."

"Wonderful."

Ye Lingfeng continued playing around for the better part of the day. "Brother Tianming, the soulfierd said it knows a place where there's another weapon with ninety-nine saintly heavenly patterns!" he suddenly said partway through his play session.

"Really?"

"It's true. It saw it before meeting me, but didn't seem too interested in it."

"Does it remember the way?"

While a weapon like that wasn't a divine artifact, like the Grand-Orient Sword, it would still be endlessly valuable in the Theocracy.

"It does. Let me take you there. By the way, is sister Ling'er going to wake up soon?"

"I feel something from her. This time around Soulburn didn't last too long, so the repercussions probably weren't as severe as last time. Let's go get the weapon and come back here."

"Okay."

Chapter 499 - Heaven-defying Revival

Tianming and Ye Lingfeng followed the soulfierd's lead to the weapon. Even though it seemed to have forgotten matters long past, its short term memory was rather impressive. It led them through the Demon City, taking hundreds of turns before reaching a glowing heavenly pattern formation.

The two charged forward and saw a sphere-shaped underground labyrinth, but it didn't look like the one they had found the Crimsonblood Galaxy within. This one was different.

There was no sea of ants here, and right in the middle of the labyrinth was a transparent heavenly pattern formation. Tianming could indeed see a blue weapon right in the center. As it didn't look dangerous, Tianming jumped into it without hesitation. He stretched out his black arm and easily tore apart the heavenly pattern formation. Before he even gave the weapon a good look, he took it and jumped back to Ye Lingfeng.

"Go, now!"

They had to hurry and return to the altar now that they had the weapon. Based on what Tianming felt from Ling'er's Love, he had a premonition that she would awaken soon, possibly due to the innate godchild soul's influence.

On the way back, he took a good look at the weapon and was delighted to find that it was a chain. It was blue all over and had ninety-nine rings, each one looking like a star field. It was heavily dotted with stars all over. Ninety-nine azure saintly heavenly patterns were inscribed on the rings, making the stars shimmer.

It was easily the most beautiful weapon Tianming had ever seen. It felt like he was holding a river of boundless stars. With a simple swing, he also noticed that the rings could be stretched really far apart.

"This chain's range is up to three thousand meters!" he said with shock. In other words, as long as he had enough space and a good vantage point, he would be able to attack up to three kilometers away. Normally, the ninety-nine rings were only some tens of meters long, so it was suited for close combat as well.

"Even though I can't use the fourth Shenxiao Sword Art strike with this, I can infuse Invincible Sword Ki into the chain to execute whip arts." Tianming excelled the best at whip arts. Currently, he was using the Life-Death Whip Art, but that was only an earth-ranked art, a little too simple.

"I'll be able to learn other whip arts that work well with the Invincible Sword Body once I leave." Invincible Sword Body's biggest benefit was that its foundation was Tianming's body itself. He could use the Invincible Sword Ki however he wanted with a single thought, even channeling them through his fist or fingertips, so they would naturally work with this weapon as well.

"What's this whip called?" Tianming didn't know the weapon's name, nor its origin. With Feiling out of commission, she wouldn't be able to help him out with her encyclopedic knowledge, either—if she even knew about it in the first place. "Forget it, I'll name you myself. Since each ring is like a star field and you can stretch three thousand meters long, I'll call you Three-Thousand Starfield."

"Sounds like it'll work great in tandem with Crimsonblood Galaxy, a match made in heaven!" Ying Huo said.

"That's right! We'll fight together!" Ye Lingfeng excitedly said.

"Why does that sound a little weird coming from you?" Tianming said.

"There's nothing weird about it. Feng is pretty decent. He's someone you can rely on for the rest of your life, you know." The fiery bird giggled.

"To hell with you." Tianming choked the fowl out of annoyance. First, it messed with Bai Zijin, and now it was messing with Ye Lingfeng. Those two were too innocent to know that they were being made fun of, though.

Since Three-Thousand Starfield was something the soulfier found, it could be said to be a gift from Ye Lingfeng to pay him back for the one he had given him.

"You've exchanged marital gifts, I see," Ying Huo said.

"Grraaaagh!"

.....

Not long after, they were back in the vicinity of the altar.

"Feng, let's stop cultivating for now and start making our final preparations. Ling'er will wake up in a few days, so we'll be counting on you."

"Alright. I've been analyzing lots of different methods in the past few days, so I'll do my best."

The atmosphere turned grim. The dead silence in the Demon City allowed Tianming to hear his own frantic heartbeat rather clearly. Time slowly ticked away, and soon, six days had passed.

"Feng!" The moment the necklace shook, Tianming signalled Ye Lingfeng to project his soul into his sea of consciousness so that he could hide there. His soul form shrunk infinitesimally small, making him really hard to discover. Next, the soulfier opened its mouth and swallowed Ye Lingfeng's 'corpse'. This was one of the methods he had come up with. As they only had a little time, whether they succeeded or failed, the soulfier would have to send his 'corpse' over. As for the details, they had discussed them countless times.

"Feng," Tianming said, taking a deep breath.

"Don't worry, Sister Ling'er will be fine, I promise. We won't lose!" Ye Lingfeng whispered.

"Alright."

Tianming didn't want to put too much pressure on Ye Lingfeng, but he didn't dare to imagine how he would react if he really did lose this one chance. Perhaps there would be no future for him anymore.

"If Ling'er is no longer in this world, I will no longer exist. Even though so many people placed their hopes in me... I'm sorry...." he said to himself.

When he finished, the necklace wildly shook in his spatial ring. If he didn't take it out, the ring itself might shatter. The moment the necklace appeared in his hand, Feiling came bursting out of it.

Her eyes shone a blinding white. When she set her sights on Tianming, a powerful spiritual will came pressing down on him. After that, she manifested Celestial Wings and flew toward the altar. Though she could use the wings on herself, she wasn't as fast and couldn't use them for too long.

However, the innate godchild's soul would never know why Tianming wasn't staying far away from the altar, and gave her this chance instead. There was no way she would suspect normal mortals like

Tianming and Ye Lingfeng would be in possession of a spiritual projection ability. The only time Ye Lingfeng had used it was when Feiling wasn't around.

In fact, if the innate godchild's soul only awakened from time to time, there was even less chance she would know about Ye Lingfeng. There was no way for her to know that the two had a method they could use to kill her soul when she was at her weakest.

"Last time, it was my carelessness that let her use Soulburn, but the same trick won't work twice. Not to mention, if I die, she dies! I'll just see what you can do about it!" the soul said as Tianming approached. Closing in toward her was the soulfierd, of which she was horribly terrified.

The soulfierd currently couldn't control itself. However, Tianming and Ye Lingfeng had broken through two levels each and were much stronger, so they could keep it under control, despite it rampaging around. Thus, they carried out their plan to use the soulfierd to put up a show.

Tianming used his three lifebound beasts to hold the soulfierd back for some sense of realism. He was trying to look like he was preventing the soulfierd from gobbling Feiling up. He, on the other hand, followed her closely from behind, shattering one Spatial Wall after another as he approached.

The innate godchild's soul could only do what Feiling could, despite having a vastly more powerful soul. Currently, she was flying at the very front, followed by Tianming giving chase and the soulfierd and his beasts behind him. Soon, they came to the underground labyrinth. Though Tianming was now much faster, he maintained his distance and chose to slowly approach Feiling until the moment she reached the altar, whereupon he boosted ahead.

"Don't run!" he yelled. It was a crucial moment and he felt sweat forming on his forehead. The slightest mistake could cost him everything. This was rather trying on his mental fortitude, and he felt like he was short of breath.

In a fraction of a second, the two of them reached the front of the crystal coffin. The soul smiled, thinking that she would succeed as long as she could send the acquired godchild into the coffin. In fact, if not for Tianming tearing open the formations in the tomb and the appearance of the soul servants, she would've gotten her way much sooner.

"I shall defy the heavens and revive, leaving only one me behind!" she said with a giggle. The next moment, the coffin opened and she immediately charged into it.

"Feng!" This was the moment! Tianming stretched his black arm out and stopped the coffin from closing. There was a loud wham and Tianming felt some pain coming from his black arm for the first time. It appeared that the crystal coffin was also a powerful item. Had it been his right hand, it would no doubt have been crushed to powder. Even so, that was already enough.

The instant the coffin door was jammed, Ye Lingfeng came out from his sea of consciousness and fused into the innate godchild with Feiling after traveling through Tianming's arm.

The moment the innate and acquired godchildren fused, the Feiling within the crystal coffin's lips shook, then shifted into a smile. With a loud wham, a powerful force came shooting out of the coffin, sending Tianming flying. Right after that, the coffin closed back up.

"Open it!" Tianming raved madly as he attacked the coffin. Though he knew it was all up to Ye Lingfeng, he still had to keep up the act. The angrier and more desperate he was, the more the innate godchild's soul would let down her guard and gleefully watch him suffer, thereby neglecting Ye Lingfeng's presence.

This was the method the soulfierd had suggested; the two hadn't just randomly come up with this idea. For the three of them to be able to fight the soul of a god to this extent was already a miracle in and of itself.

"Ling'er, survive! After this tribulation, you'll transform into a new you. You'll definitely be able to shake the world! You must win!"

Now, all that remained was to witness the unraveling of fate.

"Stop knocking. I have a gift for you, so make sure you enjoy it," said the 'Feiling' in the coffin.

"What?"

Chapter 500 - Die With Her

The next moment, the ceiling of the underground palace shook and several holes appeared. Several figures came crashing down from above, in the same way that Tianming had fallen last time.

A total of eight people—those that had entered the tomb with Tianming. There were originally thirty of them, but only ten remained, including Tianming and Ye Lingfeng.

Tianming swept his gaze across.

Chen Jinghong, Bai Xiaozhu and Situ Yiyi fell together, indicating that they had been together earlier. Additionally, there was Dongyang Fengxiao, Jiang Fengyue, Meng Qingqing, and Jiang Yanwu.

Of these seven people, six had been Tianming's soul servants. They were alive, while others were dead. Some were killed by Tianming, and some had died in the hands of the Soulfierd. As for the others, Tianming didn't know what had happened to them.

Most important of them all was Dongyang Fengchen!

Tianming had previously spoken to Ye Lingfeng, and knew that Dongyang Fengchen was still alive. On that occasion, the Soulfierd had just escaped, so it was still weak. At that point, there was no way it could defeat Dongyang Fengchen, who was a fourth-level Sky Saint.

For all of those people, falling from above was astonishing.

Then, they laid eyes upon the Soulfierd, Tianming, his three lifebound beasts, and even Feiling in the crystal coffin. Shock ensued.

"What happened?"

Chen Jinghong and the others quickly joined together, staring at Feiling in the crystal coffin with a puzzled look. Meanwhile, the others approached Dongyang Fengchen, making a total of five on their side. Dongyang Fengchen watched all of this with narrowed eyes.

"So it turns out the secret of the tomb is in Feiling's body," he grinned.

At his cue, Meng Qingqing immediately moved to the only exit in this underground palace, blocking the passage. This was equivalent to shooting fish in a barrel.

Although neither Dongyang Fengxiao nor Jiang Fengyue were a threat, Meng Qingqing and Jiang Yanwu were second-level Sky Saints. Amidst the cold atmosphere, a murderous aura surged in the underground palace.

The soul of the innate godchild had brought them to the underground palace to stop Tianming from kneeling and crying before the crystal coffin, an act that annoyed her. She was well aware that having this group of people in a closed environment would result in them killing each other. And Dongyang Fengchen was the only one who could deal with Tianming.

Deathly stillness filled the room.

"Step aside!" Dongyang Fengchen smiled as he walked toward Tianming.

He wanted to set foot on the altar and observe Feiling.

"Tianming." Situ Yiyi nervously pulled Tianming.

"There's no way out of here. The situation isn't good." Chen Jinghong frowned, blocking Tianming and the others. "Your Highness, we can talk about this. You don't have to resort to violence. We were suddenly brought here, so let's think about that first. Could there be other dangers around?"

"There's no need for that. Tianming has been here all along, so he knows everything. I'll just ask him. Anyway, he stole my treasure and has to pay for it with his life." Dongyang Fengchen's gaze was fiery.

"Then you'll have to ask if the monster agrees with that." Chen Jinghong pointed at the Soulfierd.

The moment they had entered the underground palace, they noticed the Soulfierd. Its head was turned so its angry face stared at Dongyang Fengchen.

This monster again! Dongyang Fengchen was all the more enraged.

"So what? It's but a defeated opponent. I almost killed it last time," sneered Dongyang Fengchen.

Laughing, he looked around and said, "I saw a lot of dead bodies, all of them Theocrats, including my nephew Dongyang Lie. That's thanks to you, no doubt. In this case, I won't waste my time babbling nonsense. In the past, there were very few deaths. But now so many of us are dead. This is unreasonable! So I hereby declare that only the five of us will leave the tomb alive. The rest of you must die."

He grinned as he scanned the crowd, finally laying his eyes upon the crystal coffin. Feiling's body was clearly visible.

"Of course, with my crown princess, Feiling," he added.

He meant that all of them had to die. Bai Xiaozhu's expression turned ugly.

"If only the people from the dao palace die, the elders may find trouble with the Theocrats. But since so many of them are dead, they can blame it on the tomb." Situ Yiyi looked ashen.

"Brother Jinghong, what should we do?" Bai Xiaozhu asked.

"What else can we do, fight till the end! Even if we die, we must take them with us!" said Chen Jinghong.

He knew very well that Jiang Yanwu and Meng Qingqing were on par with them, while Dongyang Fengchen was far superior to their strength. No one could contend with him.

"Take us with you? Haha, I'll kill all of you myself. You think you can even touch me? Well dream on!" Dongyang Fengchen sneered.

Right then, a dazzling blue starlight took their attention, and before they could react, they heard a dull swoosh.

"What?" They stared blankly.

A blue chain with ninety-nine heavenly patterns appeared in Tianming's hand. What was more shocking was the fact that the ends of the chain had pierced two people—Dongyang Fengxiao and Jiang Fengyue.

They instantly turned pale as blood poured out of the huge holes in their chests. Their lifebound beasts had just come out, but were immediately struck by the Three-Thousand Starfield, and all of them were strung on the blue chain.

As soon as Tianming recalled the chain, the bodies collapsed to the ground. All of that had happened in an instant.

Tianming was at least five hundred meters away from Jiang Fengyue, but he still managed to kill the latter with a single blow. After coiling the chain around him, the Grand-Orient Sword appeared in his hand.

Pointing the sword at Dongyang Fengchen, he said, "Brother Chen, kill Meng Qingqing. The Soulfierd will deal with Jiang Yanwu."

Finally, his golden eyes stared straight at Dongyang Fengchen and he enunciated each word, "As for this beast, leave him to me."

Who knew exactly how furious Tianming was? Most of his anger had been caused by the innate godchild, but now it would all be vented upon Dongyang Fengchen!

"Tianming, don't try to be brave." Bai Xiaozhu clearly remembered the gap between Tianming and the crown prince's cultivation.

A difference of an entire stage? It was equivalent to a child fighting an adult.

"Hehe." Dongyang Fengchen burst out in laughter. "It looks like I'll seize the beauty, obtain two great treasures with ninety-nine saintly heavenly patterns, and even take away the Grand-Orient Sword. This trip has been a real gain." He almost cramped with laughter.

At that moment, Tianming's Three-Thousand Starfield flew toward Dongyang Fengchen's head, with hundreds of Invincible Sword Ki contained in it. Tianming had completely absorbed the sword ki within the voidspace stone, otherwise he would have been even more powerful.

The blue chain moved so swiftly it left afterimages in its wake. It contained the power of stars, and together with the Invincible Sword Ki, its power was formidable even if it was only an earth-ranked battle art.

The crown prince blocked with his arm. A shrill noise filled the air and Dongyang Fengchen flew out, slamming into the altar. He rolled on the ground and hit his head so hard he was bleeding.

A deathly silence pervaded the underground palace. As the others watched on in shock, Tianming dragged the Grand-Orient Sword toward Dongyang Fengchen.

"I said I'm going to cut you into pieces today!"

His momentum soaring and a murderous look on his face, Tianming's sword left sparks as it dragged across the ground. None of them thought it was funny at this point.

"H-he must be a monster." Situ Yiyi said stiffly.

"Tianming, beat him. You have my support! Give it to him good!" Bai Xiaozhu stared with disbelief and joy, mouth agape.

Chen Jinghong patted his face. Upon confirming it wasn't a dream, he immediately pulled out his black spear, summoned his Blood-Eyed Nightfiend Eagle, and charged toward Meng Qingqing, who was blocking the passage.

Dongyang Fengchen spat a mouthful of blood. Lifting his bloodied arm, he rose to his feet. His entire face had turned black and his eyes were bloodshot as he seethed with anger.

Exhaling heavily, he realized that this was the first time anyone had provoked him so. He wasn't laughing any more; right now, he resembled a raging demon.

The so-called 'Theocrat' lacked the will of an emperor. He was merely a member of the Nineshades Clan. When upset, he was gloomy and ferocious; this was his true nature.

In front of him stood Tianming, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang.

Jiang Yanwu's expression changed drastically. There was resentment in his eyes, aimed at the crown prince. As the Soulfiend stared fixedly at him, Jiang Yanwu turned and ran out through the passage.

The escape of his subordinate humiliated Dongyang Fengchen. Out of five, only he and Meng Qingqing remained. The Soulfiend appeared behind him, its angry face turned toward him.

"Not bad, Tianming! I'll have to come up with every possible way to torture you. You'll find that death is the greatest luxury." Dongyang Fengchen trembled with each word, demonstrating just how angry he was.

"Are you trying to compare who can be more cruel? Did you think I was a good man? Come on then! Where were you when I tortured someone to death?" Tianming sneered.

He looked vicious at the moment. Dongyang Fengchen only accounted for part of the reason Tianming was this upset. The remaining provocation stemmed from the one behind Tianming, yet the full brunt of his anger was now being borne by Dongyang Fengchen.

Before they could begin battling, the sound of vibration came from the coffin.

"What the hell are you?! You're courting death!"

Tianming was familiar with this voice; it was that of the innate godchild.

"You're mad! All of you are mad! How dare a mere mortal like you fight a god!"

"Ahh!!"

She screamed miserably once more, which only proved that at the moment between life and death, the god had lost.

"No! I'm not willing! This is my divine body! The result of a hundred thousand years of hard work! Seize my godchild, destroy my fortune, and take my life in defiance of heaven's order, and you will be damned! This is a crime against heaven. Mortal spirit, you'll be annihilated by the heavenly law and come to a tragic end!!"

Her grief and indignation was apparent. It was gut-wrenching, heartrending agony.

"Stop. I don't know who you are and I don't know how I'm related to you. I just want to live, that's all. Goodbye." It was Feiling's voice.

Her goodbye said it all. At that moment, the stone in Tianming's heart finally found solid ground and he wept tears of joy.

Feiling had survived! So what if it was in defiance of destiny? Why should she deserve death?! In a battle, strength between both sides was never equal. In such adversity, didn't the survivor deserve to win?

"Ling'er! Ling'er!"

Blood boiling, Tianming felt as if he would explode. He wasn't aware just how earth-shattering and terrifying his feats were. For him, the fact that Feiling was immortal was the greatest joy of his life. Despite shedding tears, he was laughing wildly.

Others had no idea what had happened. All they saw was how frightening his fighting spirit had become. Like a monster crawling out from a sea of blood, he stared at Dongyang Fengchen.

His dark, shimmering eyes surged with the will of an emperor as his hoarse voice resounded on the altar. "Feng has won. Now, it's my turn to put an end to the crown prince of the Theocrats and offer your life as a sacrifice to the innate godchild. You shall die with her, and I'll gladly send you on your way."