

The Ages 501

Chapter 501 - Six Dao Cyclic Sword

Dongyang Fengchen wasn't even aware of what had happened inside the crystal coffin. All he heard was Tianming saying that he was going to send him on his way. What a ridiculous sentence. However, Dongyang Fengchen remained silent, his face as cold as frost, and he even said nothing.

Anyone familiar with him knew that this was him in his most enraged state. Although he wasn't the autarch, the crown prince's anger would result in the death of a hundred thousand, wouldn't it?

Bai Xiaozhu and the others watched in awe as a black sword appeared in Dongyang Fengchen's hands. It was embedded with nine dark green gems that almost resembled gloomy and ferocious eyes.

There were nine saintly heavenly patterns on every gem, giving it a total of eighty-one saintly heavenly patterns. Although it wasn't as powerful as the Crimsonblood Galaxy or the Three-Thousand Starfield, it was considered the top weapon in the Divine Capital. Most elders wouldn't even own such a weapon.

"The crown prince's grandfather, Autarch Qian, bestowed the Nineshades Imperial Sword to him when he broke through to third-level Sky Saint," Situ Yiyi's voice said in a cold voice.

Dongyang Fengchen held the one-and-a-half-meter-long Nineshades Imperial Sword that was as wide as his palm, his face matching the color of his pitch-black robes. Similar to the Grand-Orient Sword, Dongyang Fengchen's sword was an equally large, heavy sword. At the same time, a nine-headed hydra appeared beside him.

The giant beast had exactly the same temperament as Dongyang Fengchen, both of them like black devils trampling upon a sea of blood and a mountain of corpses. The hydra's nine heads roared in unison, shaking the entire underground palace. This beast was close to Lan Huang's size.

Tianming glanced at it. It was indeed the most complete hydra he had ever seen.

Each of its nine heads were different. Among them, the scales on the three heads on the left were dark red and burned with fire, the three heads on the right were dark purple and flashed with lightning, and the three heads on the top were covered in dark green scales, their mouths dripping with black venom—the Nineshades Poison. This meant the Nethersea Regalfiend Hydra was a triple-type lifebound beast.

This was the first eighth-order empyrean beast with eighty-two stars that Tianming had ever faced. It was almost as strong as his three lifebound beasts. Only the top powerhouse of the Divine Capital could possess such a weapon and lifebound beast. Not even Autarch Yun, Jiang Ling, or the others were as well-equipped.

Covered in dense spikes, the huge hydra resembled a hedgehog. It was simply a beast made for close combat.

This beast was the reason why Dongyang Fengchen could throw his weight around in the capital. With Autarch Qian's demise, he was the only Theocrat who possessed a nine-headed hydra.

Autarch Qian had personally trained and tempered Dongyang Fengchen, creating a successor of his martial dao in order to inherit the throne. To put it bluntly, although Autarch Yun was strict with the

crown prince, the new autarch was in fact a mere interim ruler of the Theocracy who relied on Dongyang Fengchen to oversee the nation.

The eldest prince, Dongyang Fen, had no chance at the throne. And now, Dongyang Fengchen was faced with a rival like Tianming. Although Tianming was younger, he was far superior in terms of cultivation speed, a fact that deeply frightened Dongyang Fengchen.

He must be killed. If he leaves this tomb alive, he'll unleash havoc upon the Theocrats! In all my thirty years, I've never met such an opponent. I'll fight to my heart's desire until his last breath, the prince thought.

With the Nineshades Imperial Sword in hand, Dongyang Fengchen bowed his head, smiling grimly. Step by step, he approached Tianming, the nine heads of the hydra behind him roaring in unison. An ominous glint flashed.

Just then, an even more violent roar sounded as a black figure flickered toward the hydra.

It was the Soulfierd, and it was furious. Obviously, it bore a grudge after suffering a loss against Dongyang Fengchen's lifebound beast.

The three-headed Soulfierd resembled a gorilla with scales, its six arms strong and wrapped in magnificent muscles. The beast slammed into the hydra. Under the fierce impact, the two rolled together and flew into the distance.

The Soulfierd possessed no spirit-source abilities but its soul was rather powerful. When it opened its mouth, it seemed to be swallowing the hydra's soul. Additionally, it wasn't intimidated by the Nineshades Poison.

"The Primordial Demonlord is the master of the Soulfierd and a god. The Soulfierd was only weakened because it was imprisoned for too long. Since it dares to take on the hydra alone, it must be certain of victory. Let's deal with Dongyang Fengchen together then," Tianming turned to his lifebound beasts.

Although he was filled with killing intent, he wasn't reckless. Dongyang Fengchen had powerful means. If Feiling's spirit were attached to him, Tianming's chances of winning would be much greater. But since there was an opportunity to besiege the crown prince with his lifebound beasts, why not take advantage of it?

Opportunities were always fleeting.

Almost at the same moment the Soulfierd hit the Nethersea Regalfierd Hydra, Tianming and his three lifebound beasts charged for Dongyang Fengchen at the same time. The Primordial Terraqua Dragon was in front, followed by the Aeternal Infernal Phoenix, and the Genesis Chaos Thunderfierd moved fast as lightning in its small form, so it would be more convenient to confront the beastmaster.

As for Tianming, he was atop Lan Huang. Tianming's greatest advantage was his many brothers.

This was just the beginning. Lan Huang's Primordial Soundwave, Meow Meow's Chaos Disaster, and Ying Huo's Sixpath Infernal Lotus surrounded Dongyang Fengchen and aimed for his head.

As a fourth-level Sky Saint, Dongyang Fengchen was one of the best in the Divine Capital in terms of talent and his saint ki was enough to suppress Tianming and his three beasts. In the face of these

abilities and attacks, he smiled coldly, readied the Nineshades Imperial Sword, and swooped in for the kill.

"How can mere hyenas compare with a lion?" Dongyang Fengchen laughed. He didn't know where Tianming's confidence came from.

"Don't brag. You're a mouse at best," Tianming retorted.

Dongyang Fengchen's speed was frightening, and his sword traveled on a dangerous trajectory in unpredictable moves.

The extraordinary sky saint battle art, Netherworld Sword Art, was perfectly executed. This was a battle art passed down by the Theocrats for tens of thousands of years. There were few who could master it.

Nethersky Break!

Dongyang Fengchen suddenly rose to the sky, his sword slicing down. Heaven and earth seemed to converge in his sword, creating a monstrous sword aura.

"Die!!"

The power of this move was earth-shattering.

Tianming raised his head, an undying will to fight surging in his eyes.

"You're clearly a rubbish race that grew by barbarously plundering, yet you claim to be Theocrats and call yourselves Autarchs."

Dongyang Fengchen's sword contained no imperial will at all, only the will to plunder and slaughter.

"What does a fool like you know about seizing fortune?!"

In that instant, Nethersky Sword Art met Tianming head on.

"I don't know about that, but I do know that there's a righteous way. Those without the dao must be empty inside and ceaselessly suffering. The more someone lacks something, the more they try to prove themselves. Your dao of plunder only proves that the Nineshades Clan is rotten from the bone and born with inherent weakness!"

Tianming had already gathered all of his Invincible Sword Ki in the Grand-Orient Sword. He moved like the rising sun.

Shenxiao Sword Art, fourth strike!

Fire, thunder, sea, mountain, momentum, and sword ki fused together, exploding in devastating power. A dazzling sword light surged toward the sky!

The sharp end of the Grand-Orient Sword and Nineshades Imperial Sword collided, creating a harsh sound. The terrifying power sent Tianming crashing to the ground. His insides trembled and black blood trickled from his mouth.

But was Dongyang Fengchen any better? Tianming wasn't fighting alone.

The moment he blocked the Nethersky Break, Ying Huo approached with Infernal Haze, the Invincible Sword Ki within its body breaking out with Pyros Imperius. Dongyang Fengchen's black robes managed to block most of the sword ki but there were still hundreds that pierced his body, tearing his flesh. He screamed from the pain of enduring the sword ki.

"Get out!!"

Dongyang Fengchen smacked Meow Meow off his back. Unfortunately, an instant was all it had taken for Meow Meow's Myriadfiend Venomfang to enter his body. Combined with Soulchasing Hellthunder, he was soon dizzy.

Expression turning ugly, Dongyang Fengchen quickly pulled out a pill that had been refined from countless saintly spirit herbs, hoping to detoxify himself. But at that point, Lan Huang's Primordial Soundwave shattered the antidote into powder. As Lan Huang's Annihilation Godsword came slashing down, all Dongyang Fengchen could do was block with his sword.

The power contained in Lan Huang's body sent him flying away and crashing into the wall, blood splattering all over.

Before he had a chance to catch his breath, Ying Huo unleashed Skyscorch Featherblast. The Wings of Agni pierced the prince's flesh, bursting into Infernal Haze.

"Ahh!!!" Dongyang Fengchen could only scream in pain. Having attacked Tianming once, he was hit by the latter's lifebound beasts four times in return.

Although he hoped his lifebound beast could lend him a hand, the Soulfliend was obviously stronger than last time and managed to hinder the hydra.

"How dare you? Don't you know the word death?!" Dongyang Fengchen smiled maliciously, shaking off the feathers. Sword in hand, he charged for the kill.

"I know, and I can teach you. Make sure you study well!" Tianming wiped the blood from the corners of his lips. Such minor injuries weren't of concern.

"Die!"

Amid the resounding roar, the furious Dongyang Fengchen gathered all the strength in his body, slicing down with the sword in both hands. The sheer power formed six vortices, which headed straight for Tianming. This was the Netherworld Sword Art—Six Dao Cyclic Sword!

Chapter 502 - Teaching the Dao on Heaven's Behalf

The six vortices around Dongyang Fengchen seemed to be six channels of rebirth, gloomy and deadly as they swept through.

"A mere rat like you thinks you can deal with the Theocrats? We've existed for tens of thousands of years—we're indestructible! We're the gods of all beings. How dare the weak provoke us!" Dongyang Fengchen laughed grimly, confidence bursting with his move.

"Once I kill you, won't your lifebound beasts die as well?"

He controlled Tianming's life and death! Smiling maliciously, Dongyang Fengchen was every bit the villain.

"You want my life? We'll talk about it after at least half of the Nineshades Clan is dead!"

Tianming gathered his Invincible Sword Ki on the Grand-Orient Sword once more. This time, he added the Sword Imperealm Formation.

There were thousands of Imperial Sword Ki in the formation, more than the Invincible Sword Ki he could personally control. The dark gold sword ki merged together, forming an attack type heavenly pattern formation.

Even if Tianming's saint ki was inferior to his opponent, his explosive power and lethality was no worse than Dongyang Fengchen's. The two instantly collided.

More explosions filled the underground palace. During their confrontation, Tianming was entangled by the saint ki within the Six Dao Cyclic Sword. Blood splattered everywhere as wounds appeared all over his body.

The Grand-Orient Sword containing Invincible Sword Ki sliced through the Nineshades Imperial Sword, stabbing into Dongyang Fengchen. At the same time, Ying Huo's Sixpath Infernal Lotus crashed into him, burning his flesh.

In that instant, Meow Meow bit off three of Dongyang Fengchen's fingers with its Myriadfiend Venomfang. Finally, Lan Huang attacked with its Annihilation Godsword. Dongyang Fengchen could only use his sword to block; however, he soon collapsed to the ground covered in blood.

Right then, a blood-stained Tianming suddenly appeared in front of him.

"Open your eyes and see clearly!"

Dizzy from the fall, Dongyang Fengchen opened his eyes, only to see the Grand-Orient Sword pierce his saint palace. The tip of the Grand-Orient Sword burrowed through his flesh and into the ground.

"What?" Dumbfounded, Dongyang Fengchen stared at the sword in his abdomen.

His saint palace was shattered. As soon as the saint spring of this sky saint was penetrated, the majestic spiritual energy of heaven and earth burst forth, throwing Tianming up in the air. Dongyang Fengchen resembled a punctured balloon as his spiritual energy erupted like a fountain.

"What a spectacular sight." Tianming smiled.

Splitting the Grand-Orient Sword into two, he stood beside Dongyang Fengchen.

"Ahh!!" Bleeding from his eyes, Dongyang Fengchen held out his hand and clutched at his abdomen. However, he couldn't stop the loss of saint ki at all.

His eyes were so wide his eyeballs could fall out. He bled from all seven orifices, a truly spectacular sight. He could only watch as thirty years of hard work vanished in an instant and an endless nightmare overwhelmed his being.

Dongyang Fengchen lay on the ground in shock, panting, chest undulating.

"Li Tianming!!" With all his strength, he growled and stared at Tianming. His eyes were fierce, but his shaking hands and feet deceived no one. The destruction of his Saint Palace had shattered his will. Everything had happened so fast; one moment he was confident, and the next he had descended into hell. His brain froze and the fear of death gradually spread through his heart. Perhaps even now, he couldn't accept the fact that he was defeated by Tianming in the tomb.

"How is it possible?!" He was in agony, at a loss and struggling.

"You're dead meat! The Theocrats will surely dismember you into ten thousand pieces!!" he yelled, but sadly found that his threat sounded so weak.

The smile on Tianming's face seemed reminiscent of a devil.

"You don't have to scare me. You won't be able to see me dismembered, because I'll dismember you first." Tianming roared with laughter.

Grabbing Dongyang Fengchen by his lapel, Tianming placed him against the coffin and smacked him in the face.

"Take a good look. I'll kill your lifebound beast first. It's not guilty and doesn't have to suffer with you, but Your Highness, I'm upset that you think I'm a good person. I can be a devil too—I'll prove it to you right away. Don't die yet!"

As Tianming looked up at Bai Xiaozhu and Situ Yiyi, the two turned pale, staring blankly back at him. Bai Xiaozhu pinched himself hard.

"Oh my God, I'm not dreaming!" He was dizzy.

Although he was still standing, he was already on his knees in his heart.

"Watch him. Don't let him commit suicide, alright?" said Tianming.

"Of course! No problem at all. I must give him a few slaps!" replied Bai Xiaozhu.

"Alright."

Tianming turned to join his lifebound beasts in support of the Soulfier. Behind him, Dongyang Fengchen's eyes widened as he bled from his orifices. He repeatedly hit his head, fear crawling up from under his feet, gradually filling his entire being.

"Dongyang Fengchen, you're a fool. If you sin, you'll have to pay eventually. You've harmed so many lives, killed so many girls. How many have you tortured to death just because they disobeyed you? Karma is a part of life. What you owe, you must pay. This is a fact you should recognize. I've told you to do less evil. Now that you've met a ruthless man, you'll get a taste of your own medicine," said Bai Xiaozhu.

"My husband is right. This really is retribution. The innumerable souls you've wronged have come to claim your life. If you don't die miserably, I dare say that heaven is unfair. Tianming is doing good for this world. The Theocrats have committed too many evils and now you've exhausted your fortune. You're just the first—the debts owed by the Nineshades Clan must be paid!" Situ Yiyi spat in anger.

Affected by Meow Meow's Myriadfiend Venomfang, Dongyang Fengchen vomited black blood.

"Don't play the fool! Aren't you usually arrogant? Why are you frightened now? It turns out that you fear death as well, just like everyone else. Crown prince? After tearing off your skin, aren't you just a mouse?" Bai Xiaozhu quipped, slapping Dongyang Fengchen in the face.

"What are you going to do about it, huh?" Bai Xiaozhu asked.

Yet another slap.

"What are you going to do about it, little mouse?"

Staring blankly at him, Dongyang Fengchen trembled violently, his expression turning vicious.

"You're courting death—"

Bai Xiaozhu landed a heavy slap on his face and told him to take the words back.

"I didn't catch what you said. Speak up! Don't be a coward, Your Highness. Aren't you very strong? Don't you like collecting beauties? Come then, and show it to me."

He trampled Dongyang Fengchen's crotch, crushing his genitals. Cold sweat straight dripping from his face, Dongyang Fengchen grit his teeth, and finally wailed miserably.

"I heard that you're very talented in this respect. But it doesn't look like it. That's just a rotten sausage," mocked Bai Xiaozhu.

Although Dongyang Fengchen wanted to commit suicide, his hands and feet were bound by Bai Xiaozhu. He was now a weak mortal.

"Your Highness, to be honest, I'm a coward. I'm merely taking advantage of Tianming's strength to torture you. Although it makes me seem like a villain, I can't help it. It feels damn good! Hahaha! Honey, don't just stare. Come here. This opportunity comes once in a blue moon," said Bai Xiaozhu.

"Well get out of the way!" Situ Yiyi replied.

"Okay!"

When Bai Xiaozhu stepped aside, Situ Yiyi's foot came crashing down.

"Go to hell, you beast! How many girls have you ruined?! Dying ten thousand times isn't enough punishment for a bastard like you!" Situ Yiyi spat on Dongyang Fengchen's face.

Dongyang Fengchen convulsed in pain.

"Does it feel good, honey?"

"Of course. I can't bear to let him die."

"Your Highness, we don't know how to play, but when Tianming returns, you'll have a good time," said Situ Yiyi.

Dongyang Fengchen hit the altar with the back of his head. Terrified, he whooped wretchedly, unable to speak a word.

"Honey, are we too cruel to scare the prince like this?"

"Cruel? Compared to his sins, what we're doing is child's play. It's too bad he only has one life."

"You're right. Shall we slap him a bit more while waiting for Tianming to return?"

"Yes, one person at a time."

"You go right, I go left."

"Let's go!"

"One two one, one two one."

"Damn it, don't hog him. It's my turn!"

"Bai Xiaozhu, are you a man? You're so petty!"

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After a fierce battle, the Nethersea Regalfiend Hydra finally fell to the ground with a miserable cry. It had only perished after all nine heads were chopped off, a testament to its tenacity.

After the battle, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang were injured and affected by the Nineshades Poison. They returned to the lifebound space and relied on the Prime Tower to detoxify.

Although the Soulfliend was immune to the poison, it was covered in bloody wounds. Right now, it lay on the ground, screaming miserably from the pain. Unfortunately, Tianming had no way to help it, so it could only heal in its own time. Tianming watched as the wounds on the Soulfliend healed at a speed that was visible to the naked eye.

He turned around; Feiling might need some time to fuse with the godchild.

On the other side, Chen Jinghong had defeated Meng Qingqing, but she was still alive.

Tianming walked up to them.

Having witnessed the crown prince's defeat and the death of his lifebound beast, her eyes were dull and grey like a dead woman's.

Chapter 503 - Life

"Senior Brother Chen, you can't do it?" Tianming asked.

"That's not it. I'm just seeking your opinion. Tianming, I'm not very good at talking, but I really admire you. Not only for your talent, but other aspects as well," Chen Jinghong said seriously. His gaze had changed when he looked at Tianming; there was deep admiration in his eyes.

"I'm just lucky, not to mention that I had everyone's help." Tianming smiled. He turned to look at Meng Qingqing, whose face was pale. She didn't dare to raise her head at all.

"Senior Brother Chen, what do you plan to do with her?" Tianming asked.

“The Dazzling Pavilion doesn’t belong to the Ancient Theocrats, at least on the surface. But in my opinion, they’re together with them. With something this big happening in the Divine Tomb, we can’t let anyone who knows the truth leave this place alive,” said Chen Jinghong.

“Okay. Then let’s do it.” Tianming looked at Meng Qingqing, but she didn’t have any response. Seeing that, Tianming asked, “You’re not afraid of death?”

“I am. But that’s also part of life.” Meng Qingqing looked at Dongyang Fengchen far away and asked, “What are you guys going to do with him?”

“Make sure that he cries for his life,” replied Tianming.

“Then kill me first. I don’t want to watch. Life is just a dream, and it will end one day. Death is the same, early or late. It’s meaningless to seek a few more years of life. This fate and this life, it’s fine giving it up,” replied Meng Qingqing.

“That’s because you were born in the vortex of evil. So there’s no meaning in your life. On the other hand, there’s meaning in my life,” said Tianming.

Listening to his words, Meng Qingqing was briefly stunned, then smiled bitterly.

“Let’s send her on her way,” Tianming said to Chen Jinghong. He turned around and threw out the Three-Thousand Starfield, binding Dongyang Fengchen. When he pulled back, he found out that Dongyang Fengchen’s face was swollen and his legs covered in blood. It seemed that Bai Xiaozhu and the rest had been ‘serving’ him well.

“Let’s go.” Tianming dragged Dongyang Fengchen behind him and walked to the only exit.

“You’re not going to let us see it?” Bai Xiaozhu asked.

“You can, but I’m just worried that you might be traumatized by meat for the rest of your life.” Tianming turned back and smiled. His words sent a chill down Bai Xiaozhu’s spine.

“Is it necessary? He’s already in this state.” Meng Qingqing collapsed in Chen Jinghong’s hands.

“Yes. Since I’ve said it, I will keep up to my own words. He might seem pitiful now, but who would pity me if I lost instead? He thinks he can do whatever he wants because he’s a villain? Is it that hard to be a devil?” Tianming said while dragging Dongyang Fengchen into the corner.

Shortly after, screams echoed out from that direction. When Tianming returned, Bai Xiaozhu asked in a speechless tone, “What did you do to him to make him scream so badly?”

“Well, since he said he doesn’t know how to write the word ‘death,’ I merely taught it to him. He’s pretty smart, and he finally learned it before dying,” replied Tianming.

When everyone heard what Tianming said, they took in a cold breath.

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Tianming then went to look for ‘Jiang Yanwu,’ which ended up in failure. That fellow clearly hates Dongyang Fengchen, since he ran. But given the Demon City’s massive size, how am I going to find him?

He didn't dare to be too far away from Feiling. If he couldn't see her around, he would start feeling uneasy. This battle was dangerous. Even now, he still had wounds left on his body from the Nineshades Poison.

Tianming stood on the altar, looking at the woman lying in the crystal coffin. Chen Jinghong and the other three were below the altar. They didn't dare to ask much when they saw the grave expression on Tianming's face.

"It's almost been an hour since Feng's soul left his body." Tianming was a little worried, but there weren't any dangers in the surroundings. The Soulfieid spat out Ye Lingfeng's body, allowing Tianming to move it beside the coffin. That way, Ye Lingfeng could return to it when he came out.

"Can the coffin be opened when Ling'er awakens? This crystal coffin seems to be part of the Demon City."

"It should be possible. If it succeeds, she'll be a fusion between an innate and acquired godchild. She should be able to do whatever 'that' existence can do," said Tianming.

"I wonder how she'll turn out. Who knows, she might even be too high up for you to reach." Ying Huo smiled.

There's a possibility that she might possess a divine physique. A god physique? Tianming pondered.

As time slowly passed, Tianming noticed that Ye Lingfeng's body had started turning purple. Upon seeing this, he couldn't help feeling nervous. He wanted Feiling to live, but at the same time, he didn't wish to see it at the expense of Ye Lingfeng's life.

Suddenly, the woman in the coffin opened her eyes. Judging from her gaze, she was still the Feiling he knew. But there were some changes to her temperament. She felt more ethereal, like a deity.

"Big brother!" She immediately started tearing up as she came out of the coffin.

Seeing Feiling standing before him alive and well, Tianming's eyes started turning red. Her tears contained passion, and the joy of having escaped death—she was still the same person Tianming knew.

"Feng, we're out!" Feiling called out. Shortly after, a white mist rose from her head, took on a humanoid form, and entered Ye Lingfeng's body.

When Ye Lingfeng opened his eyes, he started coughing and moved his limbs. The purple shade on his body also began receding. However, his expression was somewhat wilted and he was having a hard time opening his eyelids.

"Big brother Tianming, I'm fine. You don't have to worry about me. I just need to rest for a few days," he said in a weak voice.

"Okay." Tianming nodded heavily. At this moment, all the worries in his heart had finally dissipated.

After Ye Lingfeng came out, the Soulfieid climbed onto the altar and grabbed him. He managed to force a smile before he fainted. The Soulfieid whimpered softly and held on to him as if it was holding onto a rare treasure. The relationship it shared with Ye Lingfeng wasn't like Tianming's relationship with his lifebound beasts. They had the relationship of a master and servant.

At this moment, Tianming and Feiling were the only ones left on the altar. Feiling suddenly burst into tears and opened her arms. "Big brother!"

"It's fine. It's all good now!" Tianming hugged Feiling tightly. They could hear each other's heartbeat. Even Tianming's speech had become incoherent from the happiness he felt.

Now that Feiling was in Tianming's embrace, she finally couldn't hold back anymore and started crying. She was a mortal, regardless of the resilience she had shown when fighting with the innate godchild's soul. Now that everything had come to an end, her heart was fragile before her beloved one.

"It's fine now, don't cry." Tianming patted Feiling's back.

"It's fine. I'm just happy," Feiling choked on her tears.

Tianming wanted to give her another promise, such as protecting her from any danger. But nothing came out of his mouth. After all, who could have complete control over their lives? What Feiling needed was support and a hug.

When Feiling's tears wet his clothes, he could feel her soul. She was a living person, with flesh and blood. Her tenacity and strong love was the reason why she had survived.

As they hugged, they were also marking each other. The love between youngsters might be innocent, but there was nothing more beautiful than it. Tianming wasn't joking when he said that he was willing to die for her. He wasn't afraid of others calling him a fool; you only live once, and no one was perfect. He just wanted to do whatever he wants, and kill anyone who tries to take her away from him.

Who cared about that god's hundred years of hard work? Tianming only cared about this girl who was currently in his embrace.

After Feiling was done crying, she raised her head and bit her lips. "Big brother, are you going to cry too?"

"What nonsense are you talking about? I'm just showing you my new technique, the Golden Dazzle Eyes. What do you think of it? Isn't it cool?" Tianming coughed to hide his awkwardness.

"I saw it: one black and one golden. Big brother, you look coquettish," Feiling laughed. Her response made Tianming speechless. Ying Huo had taught Feiling all the wrong things.

"Say that again?" Tianming raged.

"You're...mmmmmmh!" Tianming interrupted Feiling with a kiss. Their tongues tangled together for a long time. It was a beautiful scene on the altar. At that moment, they were the manifestation of passion and youth.

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"Holy shit!" Bai Xiaozhu covered his eyes with one hand and covered Situ Yiyi's face with another.

"Get lost! They're so touching." Situ Yiyi started crying as well.

"Do you know what happened?" Bai Xiaozhu asked in shock.

"I don't," said Situ Yiyi.

"Then what the hell are you so touched about!" Bai Xiaozhu rebuked.

"Tianming is really romantic. I'm so touched! I can't stand it anymore, I want a divorce!" Situ Yiyi continued to cry

"What's it got to do with you?! You want a divorce again?!" Bai Xiaozhu was speechless at Situ Yiyi's impulsive decision.

"That's because you're not romantic at all! Do you remember what you gave me for our anniversary?!" Situ Yiyi rebuked.

"Didn't I give you a luminous comb? It's even engraved with 'Love from Zhu.' I personally engraved it myself! That's not romantic enough for you?" Bai Xiaozhu was puzzled.

"Get lost!" As a result, Bai Xiaozhu and Situ Yiyi started fighting.

"It's nice to be single!" Chen Jinghong immediately distanced himself from the squabbling pair.

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Suddenly, the Demon City started shrinking and all of them were thrown out of the city. They landed in a dark and spacious underground space. This place initially stood below the Demon City, but because the Demon City had shrunk in size, a large space was naturally opened up.

All of them were dumbfounded, watching the still-shrinking Demon City above their heads. In the end, the massive city had already shrunk down to palm size before falling into Feiling's hand. But that wasn't the end of it. The next second, the Demon City merged into her forehead, becoming a black dot between her brows.

When Tianming raised his head, he saw the Abyssal Battlefield above his head. Due to the disappearance of the Demon City, the second Divine Capital started collapsing.

Chapter 504 - Xuanyuan Chi

Tianming still knew nothing about the innate godchild and the Demon City. And now, the Demon City was gone. The Tomb of the Ancients, which had existed for hundreds of thousands of years, had disappeared into Feiling's body. But he still had no idea why this happened.

But he couldn't be bothered with it now with the second Divine Capital collapsing. He immediately carried Feiling and started avoiding the falling mud and bricks.

"Attach yourself to me," Tianming spoke softly by Feiling's ears.

"Big brother, I can't attach to you with the innate godchild around. I'll tell you more about it later. I know something about Xuanyuan Chi and the Demon City. I obtained a portion of her memories when we fused," replied Feiling.

"Xuanyuan Chi? That's the name of that person?"

"Yeah."

It was an emergency, and since Feiling couldn't attach herself to him, he could only avoid the falling objects while carrying her. Fortunately, the Tomb of the Ancients was ten times the size of the Second Divine Capital. So they had a lot of room for evasion when the Second Divine Capital collapsed.

Many Saints fell when the capital collapsed, causing chaos everywhere.

Tianming wrapped the Three-Thousand Starfield around Chen Jinghong and the other two. Just when he was still thinking of dealing with this situation, he could hear Bai Mo's voice coming from above, "Tianming, where are you?"

"Hall King, right here! I'm over here!" Tianming immediately felt at ease, knowing that Bai Mo and Ye Yi were still here. Thanks to the radiance emitted by the Three-Thousand Starfield, Bai Mo instantly saw them. In less than ten breaths' time, Bai Mo and Ye Yi followed the radiance and found them. When they came over, they saw the weapon with ninety-nine saintly heavenly patterns, along with the Soulfierd.

"What's that?" Bai Mo frowned.

"A mount that Feng subdued. Don't worry about it," said Tianming.

"It looks like you gained a lot this time. This kind of saint beastial weapon is a peerless treasure." Ye Yi smiled. He brought out the Decimo Ark, allowing Tianming and the others to get on it.

"Are all six of you here? It's good that you guys are fine. We'll talk later." Bai Mo examined the wounds on Tianming and Ye Lingfeng before controlling the Decimo Ark and flying out.

"It's a serious matter that the Tomb of the Ancients suddenly disappeared. Tell me what happened as soon as possible when we get out. We have to make preparations for it," said Ye Yi. Everyone was dumbfounded by the Second Divine Capital's collapse.

Even now, he and Bai Mo were baffled. After all, the Tomb of the Ancients had existed for a hundred thousand years, creating the Decimo Dao Palace and the Ancient Theocrats.

"Hall King, there's something that you should know immediately," Tianming said solemnly.

"Hurry up with it," replied Bai Mo.

"I killed Dongyang Fengchen. If we include those Feng killed, we have nearly twenty lives on our hands. I have no idea how the others died, but all of them were almost dead," said Tianming.

"What?!" Bai Mo and Ye Yi were shocked. The Decimo Ark nearly fell from the air.

"Are you serious?!" Ye Yi widened his eyes.

"Master, what he says is true. We were there when it happened. I even killed Meng Qingqing," Chen Jinghong immediately explained. He didn't dare to shirk his responsibility in this matter.

"Tianming, just what kind of monster are you? You only went in for a few months!" Ye Yi smiled bitterly.

"It's a grave matter that the crown prince is dead. Leave Tianming's improvements aside. Is there anyone who slipped through the net?" Bai Mo asked with a serious face. He was already numb to Tianming's growth rate. So even if he was shocked, he didn't forget the important matters.

“There’s one. His name is Jiang Yanwu. I spared his life the first time I saw him, and he ran when I was fighting the crown prince,” replied Tianming.

“Does he know that you killed the crown prince?”

“He didn’t see it. But if the crown prince is nowhere found, Jiang Yanwu might link it to me,” said Tianming. He didn’t kill Jiang Yanwu because the latter went as far as going down on his knees.

Huang Ziting was the one who forced Jiang Yanwu to act, and Tianming had chosen to spare his life. But right now, it seemed that he had brought troubles to himself.

“Then let’s return to the dao palace immediately!” Ye Yi and Bai Mo exchanged a look.

The Decimo Ark charged out of the underground space and arrived in the Abyssal Battlefield. The Grand Sky Marshal, Zhao Shenhong, appeared before them along with a few hundred people.

“Are the two of you leaving immediately after finding your people? Why don’t you guys stay here and find out what happened in the tomb? This is an important matter of the Theocracy, so shouldn’t we discuss it?” Zhao Shenhong said. He had the advantage of numbers with him.

“There’s no need for that. You can ask your juniors about it,” replied Bai Mo.

“We’ve not found anyone yet. It’s so dark here, and I’m surprised that you managed to find your juniors. Where’s the crown prince?” Zhao Shenhong frowned.

“Dongyang Fengchen? With his strength, does he need the disciples of my Decimo Dao Palace to care about him?” Bai Mo replied.

“There’s no need to waste any time with him. He won’t dare to stop us,” said Ye Yi, summoning his lifebound beast immediately. His lifebound beast was an enormous black eagle, three times bigger than Chen Jinghong’s. It was shrouded with a demonic aura, and it could cover the sun when it unfolded its wings. It was a mature eighth-order empyrean beast, the Evernight Eagle.

Abandoning the Decimo Ark, Ye Yi brought everyone to the Evernight Eagle. Looking at Zhao Shenhong’s group, he barked, “Out of the way!”

“Ye Yi, don’t take it too far!” Zhao Shenhong raged.

“The Theocrats are already half-crippled with their internal fights. Yet you still dare to provoke me? You want to try stopping me?” Ye Yi replied. Before Zhao Shenhong could even speak, the Evernight Eagle flapped its wings, blowing the crowd away. Its enormous body charged out and disappeared over the horizon.

“Decimo Dao Palace!!” Zhao Shenhong raged.

“Marshal, there’s nothing we can do about it. The fight between Autarch Yun and Jiang Ling is too intense. So many people died, and the Theocrats are at their weakest right now. It’ll be a surprise if the Decimo Dao Palace isn’t domineering right now. After all, no one can deal with them now,” Zhao Shenhong’s subordinates comforted.

“Go down and find them quickly!” Zhao Shenhong roared.

But after a long while of searching, only Jiang Yanwu could be found. His face was pale, seeming as if he'd lost his soul.

"Where's the crown prince and the rest?" Zhao Shenhong questioned.

"You can't find them?" Jiang Yanwu asked.

"What do you think? Do you think I'd ask you if I'd found them?"

"Why don't you search again?"

"No need. We've already searched, and there's no one," said Zhao Shenhong.

"Then he might've been killed by Li Tianming. Li Tianming is too terrifying. He killed everyone. When I escaped, only His Highness and Meng Qingqing were left fighting with them. Since Li Tianming's group managed to leave safely, that means His Highness has...." Jiang Yanwu's voice was trembling from the nervousness he felt.

"What the hell are you talking about?!" Zhao Shenhong took three steps back. Jiang Yanwu's words had dumbfounded everyone.

"His Highness might be dead...." Jiang Yanwu's eyes flashed with a trace of resentment. He didn't expect that he would survive by running away.

Zhao Shenhong suddenly slapped Jiang Yanwu and roared, "You escaped?! Why don't you die instead!"

"If I died, how would you know that His Highness is dead? Why are you still here instead of taking revenge for His Highness?" Jiang Yanwu roared hysterically.

"Chase them!" Zhao Shenhong shouted at the people around him. But when he thought of the Evernight Eagle, he sighed. "Forget about it. Return to the Divine Capital immediately. There's no need for us to stay here anymore, with the Second Divine Capital gone. The younger generation of the Theocracy is almost gone!"

"All of you die! Dongyang Fengchen is dead. Li Tianming, you'll die in the hands of the Theocrats!" Jiang Yanwu muttered to himself.

"Jiang Yanwu!" Zhao Shenhong grabbed him. "You'd better report everything that happened to Autarch Yun when we return. Otherwise, you'll die a horrible death!"

Upon hearing that, Jiang Yanwu trembled. He was too nervous earlier. If he knew, he wouldn't have said that he'd fled from the battle. He didn't know if Autarch Yun would spare him.

.....

The group rode on the Evernight Eagle and were finally safe. Ye Yi and Bai Mo were both standing before Tianming. Tianming pondered briefly to arrange his thoughts, because Chen Jinghong and the rest had witnessed the Demon City entering Feiling's body. Furthermore, before Tianming moved out, he told the elders that Feiling had had a reason to enter the tomb.

Therefore, since he couldn't silence Chen Jinghong and the others, he could only be honest about what had happened.

“S-snatched a god’s body?” Ye Yi slapped himself and reaffirmed, “Tianming, are you sure you’re not joking with me?”

“I also hope that it’s a joke,” Tianming replied.

“You’re saying that you guys have the Tomb of the Ancients?” Bai Mo asked.

“Yeah.”

The two of them were dumbfounded as they looked at Feiling.

“Can you take it out for us to look at?”

“I can’t,” said Feiling.

“Alright then. Let’s just keep it between us for now, especially the two of you, Xiaozhu and Yiyi. You guys aren’t allowed to speak about it, understood?” Bai Mo said with a stern tone.

“Yeah, I got it,” replied Situ Yiyi.

“Yiyi, I’ll tear your mouth if you can’t keep your blabbermouth shut,” Bai Mo added.

“Is that how you treat your granddaughter-in-law? I’ll complain to my grandfather!” Situ Yiyi replied indignantly.

“Grandpa, please give me some face,” said Bai Xiaozhu.

“You make sure that your mouth stays shut as well.” Bai Mo glared.

Tianming then proceeded to share more, like the inheritance he and Ye Lingfeng had gotten. His stories left the two elders confused. They could only conclude that Tianming’s group had seized a god’s body.

“Tianming, protect Ling’er well. I’ve never seen someone with a physique like hers. Even if she isn’t showing any abilities, it’s still the body of a god.” Bai Mo and Ye Yi exchanged a glance and sighed, “It’s good to be young.”

Bai Mo and Ye Yi did not further enquire about the god’s body. After all, Feiling was a woman, and it wasn’t appropriate. They made up their minds to ask the palace lord, Weisheng Yunxi, about it.

Tianming and Feiling then went to a corner. He finally had the time to ask about Xuanyuan Chi and the Demon City.

Chapter 505 - Perpetia Divine Realm

The Evernight Eagle was flying swiftly, shuttling through the Abyssal Battlefield. Feiling would have had trouble enduring the pressure in the past, but things seemed different now. Tianming’s back was against the wind, and he was embracing her. Their hair was fluttering, intertwining together.

“Big brother, it’s somewhat complicated. I have no idea where to start.” Feiling leaned against Tianming’s chest.

“Then let’s start from Xuanyuan Chi,” said Tianming.

“Okay. That’ll have to start from the Flameyellow continent. When we were back in Vermillion Bird, we knew it was within the Flameyellow continent’s territory. But do you know how big the Flameyellow continent is?” Feiling asked.

“I roughly know about it from some ancient books. The Theocracy of the Ancients could be regarded as the eastern part of Flameyellow continent, and it’s relatively powerful. After all, the Theocracy has thirty realms and tens of thousands of kingdoms under them. There were many dynasties and sects inferior to them, but they’re still lacking when compared to the Nine Divine Realms,” said Tianming.

“Not only are they inferior, there’s a considerable gap between them. After all, the Theocracy of the Ancients was developed by relying on the Tomb of the Ancients. Before the Tomb of the Ancients existed, this place was a barren land. To the Nine Divine Realms, every territory other than theirs is considered a barren land.

“Since ancient times, the Flameyellow continent’s history and glory have been gathered in the Nine Divine Realms. The Theocracy’s territory might be comparable to a small part of a divine realm, but their legacy and foundations aren’t even close to them. The divine realms are the core of the Flameyellow continent,” said Feiling.

“So you’re saying that Xuanyuan Chi came from the divine realms?” Tianming asked.

“That’s right. Big brother, do you know how the Nine Divine Realms came to exist in the Flameyellow continent?” Feiling asked.

Tianming shook his head; he had no idea. The books he had read only indicated the Theocracy of the Ancients’ size, which was comparable to half a divine realm. He even suspected that the book was boasting, and not particularly accurate. But there wasn’t any information about the Nine Divine Realms recorded in them.

He was still under the impression that the Nine Divine Realms were equivalent to nine Theocracies.

“The rumor that a god was once born in the Theocracy of the Ancients is complete bull. But it was true that there’ve been gods in the history of the Flameyellow continent. Since ancient times, the continent gave birth to a total of nine gods. Every one of them represented an era in the Flameyellow continent, and they and their descendants founded the Nine Divine Realms.

Even now, the Nine Divine Realms are still using their ancestors as faiths. The nine gods were known as the Nine Supreme gods by the continent. The Nine Divine Realms were mostly named by them,” Feiling said respectfully.

“So, is Xuanyuan Chi one of them?” Tianming asked. He felt that he’d guessed correctly, but he never expected Feiling would shake her head.

“Xuanyuan Chi doesn’t belong to any of them. She’s the tenth god in the Flameyellow Continent, born in the first god’s Archaion Divine Realm. The first god was born in ancient times and bore the surname Xuanyuan. So Xuanyuan Chi was considered his descendant,” she introduced.

“Xuanyuan Chi didn’t establish a tenth divine realm after becoming a god?” Tianming asked.

“No. She died as soon as she became a god. I’m not entirely sure of her cause of death, but something seems to have happened. Part of her memories were sealed, but I can be certain that it has something to do with the Demon City,” said Feiling.

“Gods can die?” Tianming was shocked.

“Of course,” Feiling paused briefly, then continued, “Big brother, you’ll never be able to guess the relationship between Xuanyuan Chi and the Demon City.”

“Carry on.”

“She’s the Archaion Divine Realm’s miracle. When she was born, she didn’t have a lifebound beast, but what accompanied her was a Demon City that descended on the Flameyellow continent. Not even she was aware of all the Demon City’s secrets,” Feiling shared.

“In other words, she doesn’t know the origin of the Demon City, and how someone like the Primordial Demonlord and Primordial God-Emperor died in the city? Do the Grand-Orient Sword, Prime Tower, Cyclic Mirror, and Evil Suppression Pillar have anything to do with her?” Tianming was shocked by Feiling’s revelation.

“That’s right. She might be connected to the Demon City, but it seems that her control over it was limited. There’s many places in Demon City forbidden to me. We can’t get rid of places protected by the Divine Tomb Formation. She doesn’t know the Soulfierd’s origin, nor what’s in the brick houses,” said Feiling.

“What?”

“That’s right. If not for the crystal coffin, she would’ve died entirely. There’s no way her soul could stay around for a hundred thousand years. Her rebirth method also came from the Demon City.”

“You’re saying that the Demon City’s origin is much higher than her status as a god? Is this the reason she was curious about what opportunity it would bestow upon me when the soul servants appeared?” Tianming asked.

“That’s right. She only knew that the Demon City would return to her body immediately upon her rebirth, and all of you would be thrown out. At that time, the soul servant’s process will also be disrupted. That’s the reason she was so patient in allowing you to uncover the Demon City’s secrets. Otherwise, she would’ve long found a way to fuse the two godchildren,” Feiling explained.

“I see...” Tianming was still confused as to why Xuanyuan Chi didn’t go to the altar right from the start and had only become nervous when she saw the Soulfierd. So it turned out she was afraid she wouldn’t be able to uncover more secrets of the Demon City after her rebirth.

“Ling’er, does that mean that the innate and acquired godchild rebirth method comes from the Demon City?” Tianming asked.

“That’s right. It’s called the Perpetia Rebirth. When she died and returned to the Perpetia Coffin, her body was separated in two by Perpetia Rebirth. The deceased part of her body was the innate godchild, and the part of her that was still alive was the acquired godchild. I’m the acquired godchild. I was

bestowed with life, and as long as I grow up to adulthood, the two godchildren will fuse together, perfecting the Perpetia Rebirth. At that time, she'd undergo rebirth and rise from the dead.

"During the acquired godchild's growth, a mortal soul would surely be born, and that's me. But I'm no threat to her. She was hiding within my immortal soul. So if she awakens, she'll be able to control the acquired godchild and erase my existence during the fusion. The reason I'm alive is thanks to Feng tearing her soul apart when she was most vulnerable," said Feiling.

"She's gone for good, right?" Tianming asked.

"Yeah. That's right."

"Do you pity her?"

"A little. After all, she was preparing for so many years. But there's nothing I can do about it." Feiling lowered her head.

"Yeah. There's nothing we could do about it."

"But I have an idea. I just don't know if you'll be scared by it," said Feiling.

"Carry on."

"We're both one person in a sense. She's dead, but at the same time, she's not completely dead. That's because I inherited her memories. Judging from those, I can tell she's not a bad person," said Feiling.

"Don't let your thoughts wander around. You are yourself. It's just memories, consider them a story that you heard."

"Okay." Feiling nodded.

"It looks like this god's ability comes from the Demon City, and the city must also be the reason why she could become a god. Just what was her origin, and why was she born together with the Demon City? Where did the Demon City come from? Are there any other gods slumbering in there?" Tianming asked.

"I don't know." Feiling smiled bitterly, shaking her head.

"By the way, why'd she send you somewhere as far away as Vermillion Bird?" Tianming asked.

"That's because the acquired godchild is mortal, and there's no way I'd be able to grow up in the Theocracy. The Theocrats are tyrants, and the acquired godchild is a beauty. Without any ability to survive, the acquired godchild would suffer a miserable fate. It'd be an almost sure thing that I wouldn't be able to live to adulthood.

"So she used the last of her remaining strength to send me to Vermillion Bird. It might seem to be a coincidence that I was picked up by my father, but he was someone she picked. In the end, everything went as she'd planned. Her appearance in the dao palace was her first awakening, and she was honestly happy because your presence made it easy for me to return to the Demon City," said Feiling.

"What about your abilities?"

“She was born with them, and she transferred them to me—the acquired godchild—to ensure that I’d survive to adulthood.”

“What? She was born with the Demon City and ten seals? She’s not the reincarnation of some almighty existence, is she?” Tianming asked.

“Reincarnation? Probably not. Reincarnation is just folklore. It doesn’t seem to exist in the world. It involves the heavenly law. Honestly speaking, reincarnation seems to go against that heavenly law, but I have no idea what’ll happen,” Feiling said worriedly.

“Aren’t you fine now? Don’t believe her. She was probably just trying to scare us before her death. Besides, you have the Demon City. You’re also her, so what has it got to do with heavenly law?” Tianming replied.

“Yeah.” Feiling nodded.

As something suddenly flashed in his mind, Tianming asked, “Ling’er, you previously said that you couldn’t use Spiritual Attachment anymore. What’d you mean by that?”

“That’s because my body has fused with the innate godchild. The innate godchild is a god physique, and god physiques can’t be transformed into the spiritual form. But I don’t need to possess you,” said Feiling.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Watch.” Feiling’s body glowed abruptly. A spiritual body suddenly floated out of her and went into Tianming. Spiritual Attachment’s effect came immediately, but Feiling was still in his embrace, but she collapsed and wasn’t breathing.

“Holy shit!” Tianming thought that she had died. She was attached to him, so why was there a ‘corpse’ here in his embrace?

“Is this the innate godchild? Can you separate after fusing with it?” Tianming asked.

“I can. Now that I’ve fused with the innate godchild, it’s the same as possessing two bodies. Look!” Feiling reappeared beside Tianming, taking the form of another Feiling.

This version was the one Tianming was familiar with before entering the Tomb of the Ancients, a mortal physique. The innate godchild was still lifeless in Tianming’s embrace, like a corpse.

“Isn’t it magical?” Feiling asked, merging her two bodies together.

“Yes, it is. Ling’er, I have something that I’d like to ask you.”

“Okay.”

“Does Xuanyuan Chi have any offspring? Does she have a boyfriend?”

“She doesn’t. With the Demon City, her cultivation was a miracle in the history of Flameyellow continent. She became a god at age twenty. How can there be someone worthy of her?”

This meant the Demon City wasn't simple, and Xuanyuan Chi seemed to have more secrets than he had imagined.

Chapter 506 - Perpetia City

"It's good that she's never touched a man before," Tianming said.

"How so?" Feiling asked.

"There's no pressure when I touch you then."

Feiling was almost speechless. "Could your thoughts be any more dirty?"

"I can't help it! She's been lying there for ten thousand years, and you're fused with her now...." Just thinking about it made Tianming think it was rather stimulating.

"Whatever. Anyway, there's no more Xuanyuan Chi, only Jiang Feiling," she said seriously.

"Understood!"

"So?"

"I was thinking, isn't this kind of the same as having a beauty in both arms?"

Feiling could only find appreciation for the way his mind worked.

"Right, so how are you now with your new god physique? The Hall King said you didn't have any power in you."

"Yes, the godly power of the god physique has run dry after so long." Feiling pouted, looking rather adorable.

"It looks like you can't escape your destiny of being bullied by me." Tianming sniggered.

"Says who! I can cultivate now!" Feiling laughed.

"Really? But don't you still lack a lifebound beast?"

"I don't need one. Xuanyuan Chi didn't either. She relied on Demon City to cultivate something called the Perpetia Sutra. It doesn't need symbiotic cultivation, and it helps you become a god faster. It was what let her become the continent's tenth god at age twenty."

"Wait, are you saying I'll have a god in the family in twenty years?"

"Nope. It's really so, so complex that I'm feeling dumb. I need to start from the Beast Vein stage, so who knows how long I'll need to catch up to you."

"Who cares! Now you don't need to fear growing old and dying." Tianming was happy.

"I can already live two thousand years with the god physique." Seeing Tianming react, Feiling asked, "Big Brother, what're you thinking?"

"I need to become a god, so you don't become a widow."

“Without you, I wouldn’t have this physique. Wherever you go, that’s where I go.” Feiling’s eyes fixed on him and she spoke with full seriousness.

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Since you said something so touching, does that mean I can bring my Grand-Orient Sword when I go to bed next time?” Tianming asked.

“But I’m shy....”

“So Ling’er, you did know what that meant! And here you kept saying it was my sword hilt.”

“Quiet!” Feiling blushed. Only an idiot wouldn’t know what that thing was.

.....

Regardless, Xuanyuan Chi was a true god. She had a god soul, too! For Feiling to survive her encounter was already a huge stroke of luck. She had originally been meant to be a mortal soul that was fated to live for less than two decades.

It had only been through these two’s struggle that the current laughter was called for.

When they passed through the Bottomless Pit, Feiling whispered to Tianming, “When we were fusing, I heard a voice saying something even Xuanyuan Chi didn’t.”

Tianming perked up his ears.

“The voice said that the Demon City wasn’t always the Demon City. It used to be known as Perpetia City.”

.....

When they returned to the Divine Capital, Tianming immediately noticed that the city was on fire. Many buildings had collapsed, and corpses littered the streets. The once bustling city had become a purgatory after a short four or five months.

As they neared, they started hearing the snarls of countless lifebound beasts, as well as intermittent screaming and crying.

“How could this have happened?” Bai Xiaozhu felt dazed.

“Nothing to be surprised about. It’s a conflict for the throne, and they’re always bloody affairs. In the past, the Autarch would make sure the succession went smoothly. But now that Autarch Qian’s gone, it’s regressed to such a state,” Bai Mo said indifferently.

“What’s the situation now?”

“Both sides are heavily injured. Autarch Yun has a slight advantage, but he just can’t take down Jiang Ling for good. Many have died. The nation’s power will probably take a hit after this. Those around the Theocracy will be itching to stick their noses in.”

“Is the dao palace good?”

“Of course. Our disciples still continue cultivating. We just won’t interfere. Now, the dao palace is perfectly united.” Bai Mo grinned.

“That’s good then.” Tianming didn’t care about the Theocrats. The more of them that died, the better.

“Tianming, you dealt them a heavy blow by killing the crown prince. Autarch Yun will probably demand an accounting from the dao palace over this,” Bai Mo said.

“Should I hide?”

“No need. He no longer has the power to challenge us. We can ignore him as long as the Evil Suppression Formation is up. You just need to focus on cultivating. If he doesn’t know what’s good for him, we’ll just take care of him and help put Jiang Ling on the throne.”

“Why not just help the dao palace ascend the throne?” Tianming frowned. Wasn’t this the best chance to exterminate the Theocrats?

“We’ll see how things go. Don’t worry, the Palace Lord and Dark Hall have their plans.”

“Alright!” Tianming was aware of the two powers’ relationship.

The Theocracy had once belonged to the dao palace. Now, the Theocrats had declined and the crown prince had fallen, ending their line.

“Perhaps it might be time for the dynasty to change.” Tianming smiled.

.....

They passed through the Evil Suppression Formation, finally returning to the safest place in the world. No matter how dangerous it was outside, it remained lively inside.

“Big Bro Tianming!” Ye Lingfeng was still weak. His eyes opened and he looked emotionally at Tianming.

“What is it?”

Ye Lingfeng pointed at the black pillar. “That belonged to the Primordial Demonlord.”

Tianming was surprised.

Did that mean the Prime Tower and Cyclic Mirror came from an even stronger god?

“At least four gods died inside Perpetia City,” Tianming mused.

“Can I take it away?”

“Not right now. I haven’t spoken to the seniors about the Primordial Demonlord and God-Emperor. That pillar is what’s guaranteeing the safety of the dao palace for now.”

“Alright.” Ye Lingfeng wasn’t anxious.

At this moment, a girl with white hair rushed out. “Big Brother, Ling’er, Little Feng!”

“My little sis got even prettier!” Tianming gave her a hug.

Qingyu began chatting with Feiling. "Why do I feel like you're different somehow?"

"That hand you're holding now belongs to a ten-thousand-year-old hag." Tianming sniggered.

"Nonsense!" Feiling glared at him.

As for Qingyu, she was simply confused.

"Hey, Big Sister Qingyu...." Ye Lingfeng lifted his head up weakly.

"Yes?"

"Can I give you a hug too?"

"No, guys and girls can't touch."

Ye Lingfeng was stunned and looked at Tianming.

"What is it?" Tianming asked.

"I, I didn't know you were a woman!" Ye Lingfeng's thought process was that Li Tianming and Li Qingyu had hugged, which made them the same gender. "Wait!" He tapped his head. He'd been with Tianming so much that he couldn't not know if Tianming was a girl. Which meant....

"Big Sister Qingyu, so you're a guy! Wait, so why can't I give you a hug?"

.....

There was a beautiful city to the north of the capital, called Dazzling City. It was the headquarters of Dazzling Pavillion, and controlled all of the trade and commerce. Meng Tingyu, their Pavilion Lord, spent most of her time there.

She was currently playing the zither inside a building. Her playing wasn't very smooth, due to the heavy downpour outside annoying her.

Suddenly there was a flash of lightning. A figure wearing a conical hat appeared by the window.

Meng Tingyu hurriedly knelt down, her forehead pressed onto the cold and wet floor.

"Greetings, Your—"

She hadn't finished speaking before she was interrupted.

"Little Yu, how are the little fish I wanted?" The voice was slightly aged, but it was gentle.

"Ready, there's seven hundred thousand."

"Where are they from?"

"The capital's been a mess recently. To fool people, I had the 'merchants' go by sea to the Earthorgin Realm and find some small fishes from a remote country there."

"And the quality?"

"Middling. However, I've been taking good care of them, so they're in good condition."

“Did you talk to the people in power there?”

“Yes. They’re all intelligent people. This is the third time they’ve contributed fish, so cooperation has been smooth.”

“Good. However, I’m going to need a lot more fish this time.”

“I’ll make the arrangements. How many?”

“Another three hundred thousand.”

“Yes!”

Chapter 507 - The Corpse Below Moonseeker Pavilion

The man outside the window turned around, prepared to leave.

“Your Majesty, wait a moment,” Meng Tingyu called out.

“What is it?” the old man asked.

“There’s something I must tell you.”

“Speak.”

Sucking in a deep breath, Meng Tingyu said, “The Tomb of the Ancients opened a few months back. The crown prince entered. I just received news that the tomb suddenly vanished and left a gaping hole. The Second Divine Capital nearly fell down.”

The door creaked open and an old man walked in. He removed his hat and shook off the rainwater on his body. He asked, “Is this information accurate?”

“Yes, Zhao Shenhong brought back the entire garrison from the city. There’s tens of thousands of witnesses, so it can’t be false.”

“That’s strange. The tomb has existed for ten thousand years. Suddenly vanishing means something huge must’ve happened inside. I’ll take a look,” the old man said.

“Yes.” Meng Tingyu didn’t dare to lift her head.

“What about Fengchen?” the old man asked.

“According to Zhao Shenhong, the Theocracy’s team was twenty-five in number, but the only one they could find was Jiang Yanwu. According to Jiang Yanwu, Fengchen was likely killed by Li Tianming of the Li Saint Clan.” Meng Tingyu’s voice was slightly hoarse. She clearly didn’t believe the news.

“Li Tianming? Tianming...” The old man shook his head. “Quite the fast improvement. Wasn’t he comparable to a peak earth saint before? He couldn’t kill Fengchen. Go and investigate. Perhaps Fengchen still lives.”

“Yes!”

“Rise.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty.” Meng Tingyu finally stood up.

“Brew some tea for me to quench my thirst.”

“Yes.” With deft movements, the aroma of tea quickly filled the air.

The old man took a sip, then put the tea down. “You seem to have something you wish to ask.”

“Your Majesty, I’m not sure if I should.”

“Ask.”

“The two princes are fighting like this because they aren’t aware you’re still alive. The Theocrats have taken so many casualties and are weakened so much. Is it worth it?” Meng Tingyu asked.

“Of course. We’ve almost hooked the big fish, doing what our ancestors failed to do. After this, the Theocracy will last the ages, and forever belong to the Theocrats. No one shall ever shake it.”

“Almost?”

“What do you think?”

“I feel the losses have been quite severe.”

“Sometimes a price must be paid. My sons are basically trash. If we don’t deal with this big fish, they’ll surely end the Theocrats one day.” The old man smiled slightly.

“Yes.”

“Try your best to find Fengchen. After everything is over, I’ll guide him in succeeding me.”

“I’ll make the arrangements.”

“You don’t need kindness when it comes to unifying the world. In this, Fengchen is much better than his father and my ninth son.” The old man smiled again.

Meng Tingyu felt emboldened when she saw the old man’s mood. “Your Majesty, supposedly the Cyclic Mirror was found, and Li Muyang has appeared. Don’t you find it strange?”

“It’s not strange. Saying the Cyclic Map could track the Cyclic Mirror was the ancestors’ joke. If it weren’t, why would I give it to the Ancient Qilin Clan? It was all to fool people. Li Muyang really helped me there.”

“That means those fellows in the Ancient Qilin Clan thinking the Cyclic Mirror has appeared is actually just problems with the Cyclic Map?”

“Yes. That map was always strange. Sometimes it would randomly track a position in the sky.”

“True. We all know where the real Cyclic Mirror is, after all.” Meng Tingyu smiled, pouring the old man another cup.

“Go and ascertain this Li Tianming’s origins. He can’t possibly be Li Muyang’s son. They just coincidentally share the same arm. Find out who the hell dared to give him the name Li Tianming!”

“Understood!”

“The man’s been dead and buried for over forty years, his corpse under Moonseeker Pavilion. But he can still go have a child somewhere? Ridiculous.” The old man snorted.

“True. If Li Muyang hadn’t courted death back then, Your Majesty wouldn’t have been able to leisurely fish these past forty years. Everyone believes the Theocrats lost the Cyclic Mirror. Who knows that he died to the mirror long ago and it’s still with Your Majesty? Your Majesty punished the Ancient Qilin Clan and gave them a useless Cyclic Map. Now, we no longer have as many fingers pointing at us as Your Highness fishes. Even the Decimo Dao Palace believes Li Muyang succeeded,” Meng Tingyu said with some admiration.

“Correct. Only the two of us know. Now, Little Yu, do you see how much I value you?”

“Little Yu will definitely serve Your Majesty to the fullest until her dying breath.” Meng Tingyu said emotionally.

“No need. I’m almost gone. I haven’t been happy since Jing’er passed. You’re the same age as her, and just as smart.” The old man’s eyes turned warm as he reminisced.

“The Skyfate Princess was indeed quite smart....”

“And in the end, she overthought things too much. How could my daughter I raised for forty years come for my life for someone else’s sake?” The old man teared up, suddenly seeming extremely lonely.

“Your Majesty, I can become your goddaughter and be filial to you forever.” Meng Tingyu mustered up all her courage.

“You? Forget it, I didn’t raise you since you were young. We don’t have that kind of emotional bond. You just need to chat with me.” The old man shook his head and sighed.

“Yes....” Meng Tingyu was slightly disappointed, but she didn’t dare to show it.

“Let’s go see Jing’er. I haven’t seen her for years.” The old man stood up. They walked down the stairs and entered into a dark cavern underground.

The old man entered with unsteady steps. Tears flowing, he looked around. “Jing’er, Jing’er, father is here to see you.”

“Your Majesty, she’s here,” Meng Tingyu said.

“My memory isn’t as good as it used to be. I haven’t been here for so long.” He walked forward, to a chunk of ice. It was transparent, and inside lay a woman, who looked very alive.

“Jing’er!” The old man caressed the surface of the ice.

“It’d be great if you understood me. Do you know how painful it’s been since I had to kill you?”

Meng Tingyu retreated to the door and shut her eyes.

The old man cried for a long time. Meng Tingyu could tell they were true tears.

After a while, she looked in and saw that the old man had already stood up. He walked to another chunk of ice; inside lay a man with a completely black left arm.

“Li MUYANG.” The old man grinned. His transition was completely natural.

“Ah, sorry you’ve been left here for forty years. Why did you have to act as some kind of saint? Still, even now, I let you stay here without being disturbed, together with Jing’er. Ahhh, you really made me mad then. And I used to look at you with such favor. Yet you nearly ended my Theocrats. You let me down. So, goodbye.”

His hand pressed against the ice. The ice crumbled apart and the man inside completely disintegrated, including his black arm.

“Little Yu.”

“Your Majesty.”

“Come and accompany Jing’er often. She’ll be lonely from now on.”

“Yes.”

.....

At the Dark Hall in Decimo Dao Palace, Weisheng Yunxi and Jiang Feiling walked out from a building.

“This is a god physique. She can still live a long time even without cultivating. It’d be amazing if she had a cultivation method without needing a lifebound beast,” Weisheng Yunxi said emotionally.

“I never expected the tomb would belong to the legendary tenth god of the continent. You all surviving was a true miracle.”

“Anyway, only those present here know about that. As for Chen Jinghong and the other two, I’ll handle it,” Bai Mo said.

Chen Jinghong and the other two had seen Demon City enter Feiling, so it couldn’t be hidden. Fortunately, Weisheng Yunxi and the other seniors here, Bai Mo and Ye Yi, were trustworthy.

“Tianming, the Archaion Divine Realm is the place where descendants of the first god gather. It’s very far from us. However, they probably still have legends of the tenth god there, so don’t let anything about Miss Ling’er leak out. It’ll be like you killed the tenth god, and they may find trouble with you,” Weisheng Yunxi warned.

“Understood!” Tianming nodded. Those present didn’t have any connections to the Archaion Divine Realm, so they wouldn’t harm Tianming.

As for Chen Jinghong, he didn’t know the exact details.

“Also, you killed Dongyang Fengchen?” Weisheng Yunxi became slightly emotional.

“Yes.”

“Well done.” Weisheng Yunxi gave him a pat on the shoulder. “Ending the Theocrats’ future is a good thing.”

“Are we going to act?”

“Yes, we just need an opportunity.”

Tianming’s eyes shone.

Chapter 508 - The Shenwu Legion Comes

At Courtyard One of the Future Hall, Feiling was testing out the Perpetia Sutra. It was her first attempt, and she was sweating. “Reading books really is easier. How do you find the focus to do this day after day?”

“Don’t be lazy. It’s a waste of your god physique if you don’t cultivate,” Tianming said.

“Alright.”

“Oh, I was wondering, when you split up, is the innate godchild unable to last alone after a while?”

“No, it’ll be fine even if two thousand years pass.”

That meant it wouldn’t be a problem if Tianming urgently needed Spiritual Attachment.

“Ling’er, I’ll teach you how to cultivate. Let’s at least get you to Spiritsource.”

“Alright.”

“Now, just follow the sutra.”

“Yes, yes.”

“The Perpetia Sutra and Perpetia City must be connected. It has to be the cultivation technique of a god.”

“Right, it’s way too complex.”

“Recite it, and I’ll help you go through it.”

With Tianming’s help and sufficient resources, Feiling’s progress was incredible. She broke through ninth-level Beast Vein within a day, then reached first-level Spiritsource.

Of course, it had to be said that the Beast Vein stage wasn’t difficult. With these conditions, including her god physique, Tianming could have done it in a day too.

“How does it feel?”

“I feel something now.” Feiling stretched her body, and she felt as if she was a whole new person.

“That’s great.” Tianming hoped she would gain the ability to protect herself.

“But I don’t really want to fight people.”

“Fight? No need, you just need to learn some self-defense,” Tianming replied grandly.

“I was waiting for you to say that.”

“Was there an effect on the ten sealed abilities?”

“I feel like Temporal Field, Spatial Wall, and Unity have gotten stronger.” Feiling had her own path to take, separate from Tianming.

As for Tianming, he continued absorbing Invincible Sword Ki. He now had two different goals in mind. First, he wanted to master the Myriad-Demise Sword. Secondly, he wanted to become a Sky Saint.

Fulfilling both would make him a powerhouse of the capital that could affect the grand scheme of things.

.....

On the second day after returning from the tomb, everyone was gathered in the courtyard. Ying Huo was busy swimming backstroke in the water, while Meow Meow was lying down sleeping. As for Lan Huang, it had found a new playmate, the Soulfriend, and was currently horsing around with it. They were making quite a racket.

Those present were Tianming, Li Qingyu, Feiling, and Ye Lingfeng.

“This is for you, Qingyu.” Tianming took out fifty thousand saint crystals.

“Thank you, big brother.” Li Qingyu was full of smiles.

“Me too,” Ye Lingfeng said.

“Thank you, Little Feng.” This time, she was a little more awkward.

“Work harder. Don’t embarrass us pentabanes and quickly become an Earth Saint. Otherwise, people will start wondering if I’m really a pentabane,” Tianming said softly.

“Could it be that you’re a decabane and even more amazing than dad?” Qingyu asked curiously.

“What do you think?”

“I think that if dad knew, it’d break his heart to be the second best genius in the Grand-Orient Sect.” Qingyu smiled.

Tianming’s eyes widened. “You actually believe me?”

“A freak like you? I’d believe it if you told me you were a centabane. Hey, I feel like five isn’t enough. Could you lend me a few?”

“Dream on.”

Suddenly, Bai Zijin entered from outside.

“Big sis Bai,” everyone called out.

This wasn’t their first time meeting since their return, so she got straight to the point. “Autarch Yun is outside making noise. Tianming, come with me.”

“Alright.”

“The rest of you, stay here.”

Qingyu was worried. “Will my big brother be fine?”

“Don’t worry, what can Autarch Yun do?”

They all finally relaxed.

On the way, Bai Zijin asked curiously, “Did you really kill Dongyang Fengchen?”

“Yes, he was just too weak. One hit and he was grovelling at my feet for mercy.”

“Don’t brag. Later on, don’t admit it when you’re questioned, no matter what.”

“Understood.”

Bai Zijin gave him a long look. “I feel like I’m dreaming. In the blink of an eye, you’ve become someone I can’t defeat. I don’t quite believe it, so let’s spar a bit some day.”

“Don’t cry when you lose, Big Sister Bai.”

“I won’t lose to a kid like you.”

“What if you do?” Tianming laughed.

“What do you want?”

“My cat wants to sleep on you.”

“That ugly cat? We’ll see when you actually win!”

.....

As Tianming passed through the Evil Suppression Formation, he was met with thousands of people. All of them were middle-aged sky saints. From their armor, they were elite troops. They were the Shenwu Legion, led by the Shenwu Marshall, Huang Chonghuan. Their legion was the greatest combat force under the autarch.

As soon as Tianming stepped out, all of their pressure focused on him. A normal junior would have scuttled back into the dao palace, but Tianming kept his head held high as he stepped forward to Bai Mo’s side.

All ten Hall Kings were present, as well as Dark Hall’s Hall Master, Ye Yi. The six new hall kings were all people suggested by the Dark Hall. Although they weren’t as strong as their predecessors, they weren’t far behind.

Tianming saw Autarch Yun at the head of the army, flanked by the Shenwu Marshall, Huang Chonghuan, and the Tianwu Marshall, Zhao Shenhong. There were also princes, and a few other generals.

In the few months since they had last met, Autarch Yun’s aura had become even more tyrannical. He looked coldly at Tianming.

Many experts were present, and there were many citizens looking on from afar.

“Tianming is here, so let’s start!” Bai Mo said indifferently.

Autarch Yun frowned. “Li Tianming, I hear you killed my son in the tomb.”

His pressure pressed down on Tianming in an attempt to frighten him.

“Your Majesty, you overestimate me. I’m just a puny Earth Saint, as you can see. The crown prince would have to be trash to lose to me, and we all know he wasn’t,” Tianming replied.

“Exactly. Autarch, please return,” Bai Mo said.

“Jiang Yanwu has already reported to me what happened inside,” Autarch Yun said.

“Did he witness it personally?” Tianming asked.

“Li Tianming!” A pale youth with shaggy hair walked out. He said, “I may not have seen it, and I know your strength isn’t enough to kill the crown prince. However, you can control the monster inside the tomb. It’s right there inside your dao palace. You must have besieged the crown prince with it! You’ve committed a capital offense!”

It was Jiang Yanwu. He turned to the Shenwu Marshall, Huang Chonghuan. “I also saw him kill Huang Ziting. Please, avenge her!”

“That so? If you saw it, you were there. Why would he only kill her, but not you? To leave behind evidence?” Bai Zijin sneered.

Jiang Yanwu was speechless. He couldn’t very well describe exactly what had happened, could he?

“Bai Mo!” Autarch Yun snorted. “We all know the truth. Hand over that monster and Li Tianming. They killed the crown prince, and the dao palace will share the same fate if you harbor those criminals!”

“Seriously? Are you just going on the word of some mad junior? And you even want to convict the dao palace?” Bai Mo laughed.

“You dare defy an imperial edict?” the Shenwu Marshall roared.

“What edict, what crown prince? The Ninth Prince, Jiang Ling, never said anything. So how can the Thirteenth Prince install some crown prince? How dare you falsify an imperial edict!” Ye Yi cut in, laughing.

“Presumptuous!” The entire legion was furious.

Autarch Yun’s expression darkened and he glared at Ye Yi. “Is this rebellion?”

“Nope. You’re overthinking things. We just think who’ll be the autarch is still uncertain. At least, whoever killed the previous autarch should be executed.” Ye Yi’s smile didn’t drop.

The place fell silent.

“Well, the dao palace has an important guest today. We can’t entertain the Thirteenth Prince any longer. Forgive us for not sending you off,” Ye Yi said.

“Go back.” Bai Mo spoke, before turning around and reentering the dao palace with the rest.

Obviously, even with his numbers, the autarch still couldn't breach the formation

"Who's the important guest?" Jiang Yanwu asked in a daze.

A sharp crunch sounded as Autarch Yun grabbed Jiang Yanwu's head and crushed it into mush. The headless corpse toppled to the ground.

No one answered the question, but they all knew the guest was Jiang Ling.

Chapter 509 - Ninesilver Astral Ar

Dazzling City, Moonseeker Pavilion.

There was no rain today.

In a large piece of land to the east of Moonseeker Pavilion, where the flora and fauna thrived and the air was thick with spiritual energy, were many treasures. A circular wall surrounded the fairyland-like location, which was sealed inside a heavenly pattern formation. The place seemed like an enclosed peach blossom garden.

Outsiders knew it as the headquarters of the Dazzling Pavilion. However, no one knew there were hundreds of thousands of common folk at Spiritsource and Beast Vein stages living there.

For those people, it was paradise. The unlimited supply of spirit herbs and treasures made them reluctant to leave. They were often visited by a beautiful woman they called Supreme God. And the servants around her were known as pavilion lords.

On the top floor of the Moonseeker Pavilion, one could see everything in the Siege City and hear the laughter of children. An old man leaned against a pillar, smiling down on the happy citizens of Siege City.

"They look very happy, and happy souls have unlimited possibilities, unlimited dao." The old man stroked his beard.

When he spoke, the woman they called "Supreme God" walked up to him, looking pale.

"Your Majesty returned from the tomb?"

"Yes."

"Did you find anything?"

"It's strange. It disappeared into thin air," said the old man.

"If Your Majesty hasn't got a clue, then no one in the world can solve the mystery," said Meng Tingyu.

"You returned to the Divine Capital. What's the situation over there?" the old man asked.

"Something important happened today."

"Speak."

Meng Tingyu described what had happened in front of the Decimo Dao Palace.

"So my grandson, Fengchen, is dead?!" The old man gritted his teeth, eyes turning bloodshot.

"My condolences, Your Majesty."

"Alas, yet another descendant's death. First came Li Muyang, who killed Jing'er, then Tianming, who murdered Fengchen! Why is my life so miserable? How many years must I persist before I can find another Fengchen?" sighed the old man.

"Your Majesty, the Theocrats are flourishing with countless talents. Your Majesty will bring glory to the Theocrats for hundreds of years more. As long as you live, the Theocrats are invincible. Why worry about a successor?"

"That may be so, but I'm exhausted. Forget it. Now that the big fish is hooked, as long as we do this well and eradicate them, no one can stop the rise of my descendants."

"I'll put an end to the Li Saint Clan as revenge for Fengchen. That poor child," the old man lamented.

He sighed and shook his head. Meng Tingyu couldn't tell if he was really sad; although he sounded sad, it was just a passing remark.

"Yu, tell me about the monster," said the old man.

Meng Tingyu reported what everyone else had mentioned.

"Your Majesty, Tianming may not have the strength to defeat Fengchen. My guess is the monster did it. After all, it comes from the Tomb of the Ancients." Meng Tingyu's thoughts were shared by the people of the Divine Capital.

"That's impossible. Even a Supreme God can't survive for a hundred thousand years, let alone a monster," the old man replied.

"It's just a guess. Perhaps their race managed to survive to this day?"

"It is possible. In any case, keep an eye on it for me. When the time is right, I have to study it."

"Yes, I'll make sure it won't escape Your Majesty's hands," said Meng Tingyu.

"When will the remaining three hundred thousand little fish arrive?" the old man asked.

"I'm doing my best to handle it. Transportation needs to be kept confidential, especially at this critical time. This matter must be well-concealed—"

"Give me a time," the old man interrupted.

"I'm striving for two months," she said nervously.

"Hurry up. I won't be happy if you fail."

"I will!"

The old man nodded and smiled. Staring down at the people in Siege City, he muttered, "As expected, they've begun helping the ninth prince deal with the thirteenth. For an effortless victory and the death of my clan, they'll certainly change the state of that thing. And once that happens, haha! I'll succeed in doing what generations of my ancestors failed to do!"

Like a child, the old man bounced happily, having completely forgotten Dongyang Fengchen's death.

.....

The Nature Arts Hall.

Tianming guided Weisheng Yunxi along the long hallway, his feet tapping on the slab with each step.

"Palace Lord, how is Jiang Ling?" Tianming asked.

"He's fine, emotionally stable, gentle, generous, and has his limits. He's completely different from Dongyang Yun. His gentleness makes him unlike the rest of the Theocrats," said Weisheng Yunxi.

"Is that why the Dao Palace is ready to support him as autarch?" asked Tianming.

"No."

"Then why?"

"Because he's weaker than Dongyang Yun."

"So the plan is to support the weak first, defeat the strong, then destroy the weak?"

"You're very clever."

"Jiang Ling has guessed it too, hasn't he?"

"Sure, but he must take the risk. He has no other choice. If he refuses, we'll support Dongyang Yun instead. The Dao Palace is now stronger than Dongyang Yun's party. Now that we've entered the game, Jiang Ling can only hope we won't have the courage to take the last step. Anyway, he's confident in his strength. After all, he doesn't know that we have other cards up our sleeves," said Weisheng Yunxi.

"What cards?" Tianming asked curiously.

"You'll know when the time comes." Weisheng Yunxi smiled.

"Palace Lord, I'd like to fight for the dao palace," said Tianming.

"Of course. You're strong, and a pillar for the younger generation of the Decimo Dao Palace. Naturally, you'll have to fight," laughed Weisheng Yunxi.

"I've long been displeased with them," he added.

Theocrats? They were nothing more than the vicious and greedy Nineshades Clan. The Divine City was a leech. While they grew ever more prosperous, the territories of the Theocracy continued declining. The Theocracy seized the resources of others for their own cultivation.

"We're here."

Weisheng Yunxi led him through a blue door. As soon as the door was closed, the world fell into darkness.

"This is the Night Reflection Room? It's so dark," said Tianming.

He couldn't even see with his third eye, and was completely blind upon entering the room.

"It's alright. My world has always been black," replied Weisheng Yunxi.

"Master, when did Autarch Qian ruin your eyes?"

"When I demonstrated the ability to break through to Empyrean Saint. I was in my thirties and my parents were still alive. Unfortunately, I was too young and threatened his dao. Autarch Qian will not allow anyone to threaten the rule of the Theocrats. There are too many in the Decimo Dao Palace who have been harmed by him, like Ye Yi's elder brother, who died in his hands," Weisheng Yunxi explained.

"He really deserved to die."

"Well, let's not talk about him. Now that you've entered the Night Reflection Room, pull out the Three-Thousand Starfield. I'll teach you the Ninesilver Astral Art," said Weisheng Yunxi.

"Palace Lord, this is one of the top empyrean battle arts in the Dao Palace and a secret of the Weisheng clan. I'm a little nervous to learn it," Tianming admitted.

"Are you afraid you won't be able to master it?"

"No, I'm afraid I'll master it so quickly I'll crush your self-esteem!"

"Hahaha."

It wasn't so often a gentle woman like Weisheng Yunxi burst out laughing.

"Don't be a smart aleck. You were able to cultivate the Invincible Sword Body due to your superior physique and ability to endure hardships. However, extraordinary comprehension is required for an Earth Saint to cultivate an empyrean battle art. The pitch-black environment allows you to see your weapon and the starry sky more clearly. The Weisheng clan's Ninesilver Astral Art is the supreme whip art throughout the entire Theocracy. You like the whip and possess a saint beastial weapon with ninety-nine saintly heavenly patterns. Its power is no worse than the Shenxiao Sword Art and the Invincible Sword Body put together.

"The Ninesilver Astral Art can also combine with the Invincible Sword Ki. Hence, your whip will be comparable to the Grand-Orient Sword and can even achieve a miraculous effect that the sword lacks. After all, different weapons have different strengths. Both you and Qingyu are smart to have chosen two types of weapons to cultivate," she praised.

"After hearing you speak about it, I can't wait to try," Tianming said excitedly.

"Having desires is a good thing. But if you're still as determined after learning the difficulties, then you're one with a fierce will," said Weisheng Yunxi.

"I understand!"

"Tianming, the Ninesilver Astral Art has three stances, namely Brilliant Stars, Chaos Galaxy, and Nine Stardust. The meanings of the three are completely different, each stance transcending the one before. This battle art can fully exert the power of the Three-Thousand Starfield. Even my Radiant Astral Chain only has ninety saintly heavenly patterns. You're a lucky one," she said.

"Apparently, good-looking people have good luck. I guess it's because of my looks," Tianming said.

"Stop fooling around. Soon, you'll have to suffer."

Right then, the dark room turned as bright as day. A chain with white stripes that shone like stars appeared in Weisheng Yunxi's hand. The darker the surroundings, the more the Radiant Astral Chain shone.

"Take a good look!" Weisheng Yunxi swung the chain.

Ninesilver Astral Art—Brilliant Stars!

At this point, Tianming mourned the fact that he had three eyes. Before he could glean anything, he was about to be blinded.

However, he was soon excited. Once he mastered the Ninesilver Astral Art, the Three-Thousand Starfield would be even more powerful. He stretched out a hand and the weapon appeared.

The blue bestial weapon resembled ninety-nine starfields, all connected together. The dazzling starlight completely surpassed the Radiant Astral Chain. From this day on, Tianming would cultivate the Invincible Sword Body and the Ninesilver Astral Art as the palace lord herself personally guided him in them.

The day the Decimo Dao Palace entered battle wasn't far away. Since the Three-Thousand Starfield could kill across three kilometers, it would be of great use in the battlefield.

Amidst the large armies, beheading his enemies would be child's play.

Chapter 510 - The Palace Lord's Dream Of A Golden Age

Over the next few days, Tianming had to stay in the Nature Arts Hall to cultivate the Ninesilver Astral Art. But was the witty young man willing to have a long-distance relationship with Feiling? Of course not!

He simply brought her to the Nature Arts Hall and called it supervising her cultivation for the purpose of using his hands.

In the Night Reflection Room...

"Ling'er, guide the power from Perpetia through here and here, and finally here. That's right, keep the energy here and maintain the fullness... Um, I mean maintain this state," said Tianming.

"Big Brother, have you had enough? If you keep doing this, I might be possessed by my demons." Feiling blushed.

Every time he mentioned a position, Tianming would touch it with his hand!

"Ahem, you must practice hard. Don't think about anything else. Let your heart be as calm as a lake. Fortune comes from one's own accord, got it?" said Tianming.

Pinching her cheek, he added, "Don't be lazy, young woman! You must be as diligent as I am!"

"Go away," Feiling fumed.

The cheeky bastard wouldn't stop teasing her.

"Remember that persistence leads to victory!"

After teasing her a little more, Tianming continued contemplating the Ninesilver Astral Art. In the pitch-black space, his weapon was especially bright, like a river of stars lighting up the night.

Over and over again, he flicked the Three-Thousand Starfield. As the starry blue chain uncoiled, a crisp sound filled the room.

"Brilliant Stars."

This was the first move of the Ninesilver Astral Art. Its meaning lay in the word 'brilliant.' When this whip strike was demonstrated, its gleam was earth-shattering. The gorgeous galaxy swept across the sky, forming a net of starfields, even absorbing the power of stars and starlight to strengthen itself.

With a whip, the galaxies roiled. The dazzling light zipped past as a starry chain danced across the sky at a frightening speed, creating a fathomless phantom. It appeared as if Tianming controlled a whole starry sky.

"I've finally achieved the goal set by the palace lord. It only took me about fifty thousand attempts ."

Over the past few days, Tianming had spent a third of his time contemplating Brilliant Stars. He repeatedly practiced the move with his dark arm, which made it easier. If he had used his right hand, he probably would have broken it.

It took a lot of power to control the Three-Thousand Starfield. The stars contained Astral Ki and an amalgamation of saintly spirit ores and saintly spirit hazards, which could be stacked on top of the Invincible Sword Ki. This was the core strength of the weapon. After fifty thousand attempts, Tianming's Ninesilver Astral Art had begun to take shape.

Just as he unleashed the final whip strike, Weisheng Yunxi opened the door and entered the room. Although she couldn't see, she seemed to be able to sense Tianming's achievements. After all, she was very familiar with her own battle art.

"Have you mastered it?" Weisheng Yunxi stood with a helpless smile on her face.

"Yes, it wasn't so hard," said Tianming.

"I'm now sure that you're better than your godfather. Your godfather has also been contemplating an empyrean battle art, but his results are far worse than yours. The Ninesilver Astral Art is just as good as the sword art he's cultivating. You've managed to achieve a little success after practicing it fifty thousand times. You'd be able to master it in a day if you were an empyrean saint! Tianming, tell me, do you have more than five bane-rings?" asked Weisheng Tianlan.

"Palace Lord, I don't mean to hide it from you anymore. I'm actually a decabane. But please, don't tell the others," Tianming said.

In truth, as more people came to suspect him, the truth couldn't be hidden. The difference between him and Li Qingyu was too big. The elders who knew about Tianming's progress, such as Weisheng Yunxi, would certainly have their doubts.

"Are you sure?" Although she had suspected, it was still hard to believe.

"The five bane-rings on the left are covered by the dark arm, so you can't see them clearly, but they do exist," said Tianming.

"I can't even fathom the concept of an octabane, much less a decabane.... Are bane-rings some cheap thing? Why are they constantly springing up like mushrooms?"

With that, she had answered the doubts in her heart. Sure enough, Tianming was stronger than Li Wudi in that respect. As such, many things were explicable.

"Tianming, this matter should be known by me alone. Your godfather's octabane physique has caused a sensation in the Theocracy, not to mention a decabane. The Theocracy isn't all there is to the Flameyellow Continent. It won't be good if news of your heaven-defying talent spreads. Both you and Li Wudi need enough time to grow. You must at least have the strength of an Empyrean Saint to control the Theocracy. Only then can you rise in the Flameyellow Continent," said Weisheng Yunxi.

It seemed she had plans to pass the Decimo Dao Palace—and even the realm—to Tianming and his godfather.

"Palace Lord, I know. I'll personally come clean to my godfather, so he doesn't suffer too heavy a blow. After all, the number two genius of the Grand-Orient Realm might weep if he's hit too hard," laughed Tianming.

"Not even he knows?"

"Yes," said Tianming.

"Alright. I'll try my best to help you keep your secrets. You have too many of them that can't be disclosed. We wouldn't want to attract the attention of the powerhouses of the Flameyellow Continent. Fortunately, we're far away from the heart of the continent and have little communication with them," said Weisheng Yunxi.

"Thank you, Palace Lord."

In fact, Feiling's god physique and Tianming's bane-rings were hard to conceal. Feiling's body was so conspicuous that even Weisheng Yunxi had detected it. There must be many powerhouses throughout the entire continent who surpassed her.

As for ten bane-rings, it wasn't as much of an issue. After all, there was only one Li Saint Clan. Not even the people of the Nine Divine Realms would know the significance of an octabane and decabane. Because of Li Shenxiao, an octabane might seem destiny-defying in the Theocracy. However, the people of the Nine Divine Realms would probably be dismissive of it. All he had to do was keep the secret of his Primordial Chaos Beasts.

"The Nine Divine Realms are far from where we are. Generally speaking, they don't have any interactions with us. Unless one of you becomes a god and the Eleventh Supreme God in the Flameyellow Continent, then develop the realm into the tenth divine realm," Weisheng Yunxi said hopefully.

"That's still a long way from now. I'd better aim for Sky Saint first," Tianming laughed.

Become a god? Although he had that dream, it was currently out of reach. Who knows what else he would have to experience on his path even before breaking through to Sky Saint! In the history of the entire Flameyellow Continent, there were a total of ten supreme gods. Out of the ten, Xuanyuan Chi had relied on the Demon City to become a god. Would it be his turn to achieve such a legendary feat?

"By the way, has there been any more progress with your Invincible Sword Body?" asked Weisheng Yunxi.

"I've managed to integrate two thousand strands of sword ki," he replied.

"That's unprecedented. It looks like I'll be able to witness the monumental occasion of you mastering the Myriad-Demise Sword.

"Don't worry, Palace Lord. That's no problem at all," said Tianming.

"Then again, what's the reason behind your increased speed in integrating the sword ki?"

"It may have something to do with my time spent in the tomb. Moreover, I've suffered so much I'm now numb to the pain. Instead, it makes me feel relaxed. I have to torture myself with Invincible Sword Ki to feel the rush."

"You weirdo," Weisheng Yunxi couldn't help but admit.

In fact, she knew that after the Thousand-Demise Sword, the sword ki grew more and more difficult to bear. Tianming made it sound easy; however, the sound of his screams whenever he entered the sword ki pool demonstrated how hard it was. After experiencing a struggle between life and death in the tomb, he knew to cherish life and protect his loved ones, which required strength above all else. Naturally, it demanded willpower that surpassed everyone as well.

"Tianming, your current strength isn't bad. You've caught up with most of your seniors. However, your secluded cultivation must be matched with actual combat drills for real transformation. The dao palace is almost at war with Autarch Yun. At present, we're already laying out our plans. I'd like to give you a position in the Dark Hall, so you have a certain military power. You should prepare for battle," said Weisheng Yunxi.

Although her eyes couldn't see, the expectations she had for Tianming were clear from her expression.

"Palace Lord, I've received the protection of the dao palace, and the grace of saving my life. You've also given me so much and treated me like your own child. Now that I've succeeded, I'll do my best to contribute to the Dao Palace!" Tianming's eyes burned with passion.

"That's all secondary. What's important is for you to grow up well and become a peerless master in the future. Together with your godfather, you'll bring peace and prosperity to the people of this realm, so all beings can share in a flourishing nation, not just the Divine Capital. I await the day our home becomes the domain of the gods and the core of the Flameyellow Continent!" Weisheng Yunxi smiled. Although it sounded as if her kindness toward Tianming and Li Wudi had ulterior motives, her actual reasons were selfless.

"Of course!" Tianming took her hand.

"Very good! Young man, when you stand above all, establish the true path of a sovereign and bring blessings to the people. When all are strong, the sovereign is strong. You mustn't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. The people have suffered for tens of thousands of years, and now it's time to bring an end to these troubled times. I'm an old woman, willing to clear a path for all beings and contribute my all. When the great cause comes to fruition, I'll retreat, return to the mountains, and enjoy my blessings. We'll have to rely on you and your godfather to lead the like-minded disciples of the dao palace to create a new Theocracy and bring about a golden age."

Weisheng Yunxi's smile was filled with a longing for the new era. It was obvious she had great compassion; Tianming truly respected her.