

## **Unfathomable 471**

### **Chapter 471**

‘Familiar existence detected, please give the familiar a name.’

“A familiar?”

Zhang Dong was now looking at something that reminded him of his old soul beast. But instead of the giant dragon that he could use to blast everyone to kingdom come there was a small baby dragon.

“You want me to give this guy a name Bob?... Well, it is a dragon... So how about Bahamut?”

His soul beast was a part of him, even when he gave it pet names then it was a bit silly. The creature was like a third hand that he could use without even talking but this one was different. While there was a connection between their souls he knew that this being was a separate entity. He could not tell what it was thinking as he could with the previous one.

**Name:**

**Bahamut [ Sealed ]**

**Type:**

**Heavenly Golden Dragon [ Legendary ]**

**Realm:**

**[email protected]\$DSF#%**

The first thing that he noticed was the legendary status of his familiar. It was as if he was some kind of monster tamer. This creature even had a spot for its power level but it was giving him the strange error text that was the same when he tried to examine his own realm.

“Perhaps it’s the same realm as me? But what is this sealed status?”

When looking at this small dragon that was strangely purring at him he frowned. His old soul beast felt a lot stronger than this child but perhaps it was because of this sealed status. Would it show him its true might when it became unsealed? Could he order it to do it right here or was there some special requirement.

“Is this a list of attacks? But why are they grayed out?”

**Golden Breath**

**Holy-based dragon breath known to burn through any evil creatures.**

**Golden Magma Burst**

**A massive surge of holy magma.**

**Divine Barrier**

**A barrier of holy light that can protect its user from attacks, can protect from many status alignments.**

He read through the first few before stopping as this list continued for a while. It didn't seem like a low leveled monster would possess this many attacks right after birth. Some of them sounded like the old attacks of his soul beast but there were some new ones. Most of them were grayed out which he could only attribute to the sealed status or to this dragon just being born.

'So instead of getting a power increase, I got this little guy?'

When looking at the cute creature he was not sure what he should feel. Would it be able to contend with tougher opponents or would it be one-shotted? There was also no way of knowing what would happen if it died. His old soul beast could be regenerated as long as he retained his own nascent soul. This dragon on the other hand had his own working soul that was very similar to his own.

'I guess I might have to find out soon...'

The people that were looking at him from afar didn't go unnoticed. While most of the cultivators were blasted into the distance after he was finished with absorbing the lightning energy there were ones that didn't. Even from his location, he could see that they belonged to the people he escaped from.

Now here came the problem, when he was absorbing his cores he had used up quite a large chunk of his system's spirit points. He had gone through most of his spirit point reserves as he hoped to reach a higher form of existence. Yet his plans didn't work out as instead of a large power-up he was given this dragon instead.

'If I flee will they leave these people alone, probably not...'

Then there was the problem with hundreds of cultivators coming to this place to watch him. Now they put themselves between ten powerful holy knights and one somewhat tired Zhang Dong. The knights had clearly waited for everyone to gather as he could feel all of them approaching from all sides, their intent probably to kill him along with everyone that was here.

'Hey Bob, is the system bugging out on me again?'

'Multiple system failures, please wait.'

He was not sure what was happening but ever since returning to this world his system was not working as well as it did. Even now if he gathered enough spirit points teleporting away would probably be impossible, which left him with either staying or bolting it towards another hiding place. Perhaps after some time passed Bob would be able to fix everything to allow him to port back to his sect where he could evaluate his cultivation in peace.

"GRRRRrrr"

"You can sense them too?"

Zhang Dong looked at his small dragon that started growling in the direction that the most powerful enemy was coming from. It was Lucius that after their little exchange he placed slightly above the horned tribe demons he had faced before. Yet together with the nine other golden nights, he was far more dangerous.

Even now he wasn't sure if he would come out victorious if he faced all of them. The only reason he managed to get away was thanks to his teleportation feature. His enemies did not show their true

strength either. He was lucky enough to be in their camp where they probably didn't want to be destroyed along with the many silver knights there. Now on the other hand in this desolate land that was devoid of life they could let loose.

"There you are, treacherous cur!"

They were like a blazing star, their speed was truly tremendous and they were coming right for him. A decision had to be made, would he run away in hopes of his system springing back to life or would he face these ten knights here. After the transformation, he felt slightly stronger but also drained.

Then there was the whole problem with him not having any more core formation cores. During his travels, he was absorbing energy left and right with them but now he felt full. The larger seed didn't seem like it would be able to take in more energy which required further examination.

'probably won't be able to absorb their holy attacks like before, I have to actually beat them the hard way now and then there is this guy..'

Bahamut that had been named was floating around him while looking towards Lucius that was on a collision course. If his new pet just died after being born then he would be a laughing stock to any cultivator. How could he have gone through all of this trouble to have this familiar of him get killed. The small dragon didn't look like it could take even one hit, its wings were small and its head was large.

"I guess running is the only option, unless I figure out how to make you bigger you'll just get in the way."

Zhang Dong commented while reaching out towards this small creature. Yet as he was about to grab it and make a run for it there was a change. For some reason, the familiar reacted to his words and started glowing. Its body started giving out a radiant glow that started expanding in all directions and finally created the shape of an egg.

The golden knights that were charging toward him like jet planes quickly evaded to the sides. This golden egg was clearly radiating massive amounts of spiritual energy that were not much lower than Zhang Dong's.

'Wait, is he evolving already?'

Without Zhang Dong's input, the egg started to hatch. First, a small crack formed at the top, it was followed by a loud cracking sound that caused the ground to shake. Soon a large four-digit lizard-like hand burst through the top of it. The shell of this giant egg started to crumble quickly yet the parts when touching the air burst into tiny energy bubbles.

From within the egg emerged an adult dragon that was practically identical to the old soul beast that Zhang Dong was using. The biggest difference was the amount of energy this monster was radiant that was even above a great circle nascent soul master.

"They should grow quickly... but he is a bit smaller than my old soul beast."

The previous golden dragon could reach truly tremendous sizes. This Behemoth on the other hand didn't go over fifty meters in length. While everyone else was stunned by the emergence of this golden dragon, his master floated onto his head.

"Well, I guess this equals things out..."

The mounts that the golden knights had were the most problematic part of their strength. Their speed was slightly above his and when they came from all sides he had no chance to counterattack. Now on the other hand he had gained his own mount and it seemed Bahamut was ready to eat some ponies.

While he could not directly control his new familiar there was a sort of connection between their souls. Bahamut could tell what Zhang Dong wanted him to do and without waiting for a spoken command it opened its large toothy mouth. Within a matter of seconds, a burst of golden flames showered the incoming knights that were forced to quickly dodge in various directions.

This large breath attack would normally open the dragon to a counterattack as its enemies were much smaller and quite agile. Regretfully for them, Bahamut was not the only one there, Zhang Dong was standing on its back and quickly followed up with his own finger arts that shot out many tiny beams of energy towards the knights that attempted to attack some of the blind zones.

“Everyone quickly flee!”

The huge dragon took off which produced a stormy wind. All the cultivators that were here quickly began to flee as they noticed that a battle between powerful beings was taking place. Some of them remained even when risking their own death. To them, the sight of the huge dragon battling away winged horses was something legendary. They could not pass up the chance of seeing this all play out.

Yet this would also cause their deaths as the parties that were fighting did not pull any punches with each other. The chaotic burst of various glowing projectiles rained down on these empty lands which the ones that weren’t able to escape would call their resting place.

“So even after consulting with Argus you still wish to kill me?”

“Shut up barbarian, I don’t know what you and that wizard talked about but you are too much of a threat to be left alive! Braves to me, together we will eradicate this monster from the face of this world!”

“Hah, you really want to paint me as the bad guy here, don’t you? Have it your way then!”

On one side was a man with his dragon on the other a small group of golden knights. Both of them started charging up for the next large attack and when they clashed everything would be turned to cinders.

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A clash of unprecedented proportions was taking place above this once desolate land of lightning. The once cloudy sky above was pushed back by the shockwaves that reached all up towards the earth below. With each wave of energy, the once mirror-like ground started to crack until it finally shattered into many smaller stones.

“We must escape!”

“Don’t get caught in the fight, flee!”

At first, the onlookers remained in place, for them, it was a chance to see two strong parties fight each other. Soon after the clash started they realized that a mistake was made. They didn’t know what was

worse, the huge golden dragon that could melt them with one breath or the mounted knights that could compete with it.

‘Some idiots have stayed behind but that’s not my problem anymore.’

Zhang Dong was riding on his new dragon companion that he named Bahamut. The experience was not the same as with his soul beast. This being was not a part of him as the soul beast before it. Bahamut was a sentient creature with its own thought pattern. Its soul was very similar to Zhang Dong’s but he could not control the familiar directly.

This made the battle a bit harder at the start but slowly he was getting used to his new companion. While there were cons to Bahamut not being his soul beast as he could not direct it personally, there were some pros as well. The main reason was that he didn’t need to concentrate on giving orders, it just reacted of its own accord.

The original soul beast was still a part of him and there was always a little pause before it carried out orders. This delay was minuscule but during combat could cost the cultivator dearly. The user always had to concentrate at least a bit to control their soul beast to do their biddings which could affect their own response times. Now without that problem, he could fully concentrate on the battle without spreading his mind thin.

It took the two a bit of time to click at first but the longer the battle continued the easier it was to foresee what their partner would do. Probably after a few more fights Zhang Dong and Bahamut could iron things out but for now, they would probably need to approach things a bit more independently.

“Hey partner, can you take care of those guys while I go for the leader?”

Bahamut roared out in anticipation while glowing in bright golden light. In a fraction of a second many bolts of energy appeared around his body that quickly rocketed towards the mounted knights. They were like heat-seeking missiles but much faster, their flight paths were erratic and seemingly random which caused the targets to spread apart.

Zhang Dong used this chance to push himself off his dragon. While occupying his back gave him free rein to fire of ranged techniques as well, it was not getting him anywhere. The opponents were far too fast if this battle continued like this his spiritual energy would be drained fast. Thus he needed to bring the knight commander down towards the ground where he could face him in a more direct battle.

With so many of them buzzing around like flies around them this was a hard task. It was clear that these knights had fought in a group for a long time. Whenever one was in a bad position there was another to help them out, only if he could block part of that teamwork would he be victorious.

Even now with so many golden projectiles flying around towards everyone they were keeping each other safe. If one was in danger of getting his then another swooped in with a glowing shield of light to repel the projectile. But there still remained some space to improve, these people were not without fault and some openings were there.

There was a difference in power between the knight commander Lucius and the rest. Which made them easier targets for Zhang Dong. Thus instead of doing the obvious thing and going for their leader, he propelled himself towards one that was defending a stray golden bolt from Bahamut.

“I have you...”

Zhang Dong shouted while holding a white sword above his head. The timing was calculated in his brain to hit the man from behind when the rest were busy with their own evasive maneuvers. None of the nine would be able to react in time but there was one that could and this was what he was aiming for.

On his steed, Lucius appeared from Zhang Dong's left flank. The knight commander had a long silver spear in his hand and a shield in the other. It was radiating massive amounts of energy and if it actually landed Zhang Dong would be pierced through. Even his body refining would not be able to take this attack without receiving any damage.

But he observed his enemies for a long time to plan this clash out. The position that Lucius would be forced to take was one of them. As the lance of light drilled towards him instead of attacking the other gold knight, he turned to face the charge.

With a quick shift of his body, he evaded a hit towards his torso. This made the attack graze his right side on which he was already clamping down with his arm. This arm quickly clamped down on this spear that was only able to slide in halfway before coming to an abrupt stop.

“Urgh...”

Pain was felt by him, this holy based attack was not something he could just shrug off. His whole right side was on fire as his robe was ripped apart and flesh was scraped. Without his core formation cores, he was unable to just absorb these energy attacks anymore but he did gain some strength in return.

Lucius clearly was not prepared for the abrupt stop in mid-air and neither was his mount. The arm he was holding the spear with was jolted back and almost instantly dislocated. While the knight on top of the horse was pushed back the horse he was sitting on flew further. Finally, after sacrificing some of his flesh he was successful in dismounting this man.

Yet even with a dislocated shoulder, the knight continued to hold onto his weapon. This allowed Zhang Dong to chuck it towards the ground along with the man holding onto it. Lucius shouted out some profanities while being forced off his horse but was unable to call it back. The moment the pegasus attempted to go back to its master it made contact with some dragon claws.

“That's it, keep them busy.”

Zhang Dong on the other hand had been assaulted by a few other knights but was quick to evade their now more obvious flight patterns. While they were fast there was a limit to what they could do while riding large flying horses and throwing spears of light at him.

“Protect the commander!”

“How about you worry about yourself first.”

While Lucius was recovering in mid-air his men panicked. They clearly never saw their strongest warrior ever being forcibly dismounted like this. Thanks to this they were open to some well-placed kicks and palm attacks that Zhang Dong unloaded on them while also descending toward his intended target.

“Don't worry about me, I am more than enough to defeat this savage.”

Lucius on the other hand was still confident in his victory. Even though his horse was unable to come back to him, this didn't mean that he was unable to fly. Just like the other golden knights, he was able to produce wings of light to allow him flight. There was a small change though as this man actually had double the number.

"Four wings huh? I guess you aren't the leader for nothing but maybe if you listened we could still resolve this without anyone getting hurt."

"Silence you swine, that Wizard might have believed your lies but I won't."

After popping his hand back into place Lucius' lance started shifting in shape. It was replaced by a legendary-looking sword that could only belong to a paladin. With the sword in his right hand and a glorious-looking kite shield in his left the man charged. The ensuing clash between the two holy energy users caused a resounding explosion.

They were finally embroiled in a proper one-on-one battle. On one side was Zhang Dong using a very attack-heavy twin sword stance. On the other side, Lucius with his shield was very hard to damage. Even when the flurry of fast attacks came his way, he could just turtle up to take them. Just as fast as the clash started it was over and the two enemies flew past each other to land on the ground below.

"Not bad for a posh little prince."

"Hmph."

Zhang Dong's landing was accompanied by a large crater that blew up some dust. Even though he taunted his opponent his words didn't seem to go through. While this man seemed to be a spoiled brat he knew how to fight. Any attempts to shake his concentration, make him rage out, and seize victory after he made more mistakes didn't bore any fruit.

"I guess trash-talking won't work on you but... I won't need something like that to win this fight. If you don't want to see reason then I can only answer you with violence."

For a moment he had believed that there might still be a chance to work together. Yet the man was proving himself to be very stern, he clearly did not believe that this savage could offer him anything of worth. Zhang Dong was holding himself back slightly but now was the time to let loose.

Thus he called upon his swordsmanship, his opponent was not someone he could defeat by large-scale attacks. Instead, he would only utilize his sword arm to outperform his opponent. His aim would be the left side that Lucius was protecting with his shield. He would slice it apart with all of his might before the counter came.

Zhang Dong dropped the sword that he was holding in his left hand. When the weapon was free it turned into a myriad of glowing lights that combined themselves with the sword in his right palm. This sword he held above his head in a cleaving position that was quite easy to read.

"I'm sorry but I can't afford to lose here, there are too many people at stake."

"..."

His opponent didn't reply, he was also a seasoned warrior and he knew that something big was coming. Time seemed like it stopped for the two warriors, they just looked into each other's eyes as if for an eternity.

Soon the sword started falling without making a sound. It was as if the air around them was being split apart as the attack took shape and the two clashed with each other for one last time. Would the sword split apart the shield along with the person behind it, or would it fail to give the knight a great chance to plunge their weapon into his opponent's chest? No one knew but the exchange would be decided in a fraction of a second...

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"I must give it to you, I didn't think you would still be standing after that one, but..."

Zhang Dong rubbed his neck where he was grazed by the enemy's longsword. The gash was quite deep but not something deadly for a cultivator like him that defied human physiology. While his wound was now healing at a rapid rate the one he delivered to the knight commander was not.

The man was surrounded by magic armor and various relics of power. He was not naturally resistant to damage, if the magic behind his items was broken he was at around the level of an early foundation establishment practitioner. This was already above the other golden knights but at a large disadvantage when going against Zhang Dong.

By how one achieved victory in the high leveled battles in this world was not really by causing injuries to the flesh. Instead, it was by inserting a large amount of spiritual energy or mana into that wound to not allow it to heal itself. Lucius' body was now being invaded by Zhang Dong's Qi that was ripping it apart. The difference between was too high for the man to be able to contend with it after it got past the armor, the battle was over.

"No, this is impossible, h-how could I lose to a barbarian..."

Lucius' shield had been slashed in half along with his upper chest that was behind it. The wound was radiating golden energy that did not belong to the knight but to his adversary Zhang Dong. It was slowly eating away at his vitality and soon the man would succumb to this wound.

"Perhaps if you listened to your Wizard friend you would have survived."

He started approaching his enemy that was trying to stand up. His legs were shaking, the body and magical energy the man was so proud of was not helping him out. Even when he tried to activate his damaged armor it was not able to dispel this spiritual energy that was of a higher caliber.

"N-no this can't end like this, I need to complete my mission... e-everyone is waiting for me..."

The man soon collapsed on the ground while speaking out loudly. At first, Zhang Dong thought that Lucius would just continue to lash out at him but instead, he started talking about his own kingdom. It seemed that he also had people that he wanted to protect and that were waiting for him back home.

"C-celestine..."

This name was unknown to him, perhaps it was his beloved or child. It did not bring joy to Zhang Dong to kill this man but it was a war that they decided to go through with. Perhaps if the times were different



he could afford to let this man go but as it stood he was too dangerous. If he recovered many more people would die, the only thing he could not do was to send this warrior off to the great beyond.

Thus he approached him with his sword raised in the air. The energies that he inserted into the wound would keep eating away at the man's vitality for a while. His death would be long and painful as his body fought to stay alive.

"Commander!"

"GUOHhhh!"

The cavalry in the background was shaken by what they had witnessed. Even when their commander was tossed from his horse no one expected him to lose so quickly. They expected him to at most be equally challenged with the savage he was fighting. Instead after one fast exchange, it was already over and he was slowly fading away.

All of them started panicking as they threw themselves toward the ground. Even with the large dragon in their way they wanted to risk being injured to help their leader. Bahamut wouldn't let them as he was adept at large-scaled energy attacks and was able to stall them long enough for his master to deliver the finishing blow.

Yet the master in question was hesitating, his sword arm was already raised. He only needed to quickly slice downward to finish what he started but he was hesitating. The shouts of the men behind him combined with the last words Lucius was spouting was making this difficult.

This was not the same as killing one of the evil cultivators that never showed any remorse. But he had no choice, just as he tried to shape this world into what he believed was right, so was this world doing the same to him. The man that didn't take lives was being drowned out the longer he continued to battle for his sect and family.

"I wish there was another way but you left me no choice..."

Finally, the decision was made, the time his familiar gave him was up and the other knights were getting closer. If he didn't deliver the final blow the difficult enemy that was standing in his way could escape. With how good these people were at long-range teleportation he would probably not be able to chase after them, he needed to act now.

With his mind made up, he went for the kill, at least he could give his enemy a swift death. However, as his sword was ready to go for the kill he noticed something.

"Please I beg you, stop!"

"Everyone stop, if you move a muscle your commander will die instantly..."

Instead of decapitating the man, his blade halted against his neck. Some of the other knights had managed to get past his dragon but when they saw the blade at Lucius' neck they instantly stopped. In front of him appeared an illusory image of the Wizard's head, it was clearly a long-ranged spell that was being performed.

"What do you want Argus, I gave this man a chance but he refused..."

"I am aware of that but if you kill him now there will never be a chance for a peaceful resolution. Unless we foster good relations now it will be too late to go back! I implore you, I can see that you are a good man, let this not be the beginning of the end."

Argus continued to shout while focusing on Zhang Dong's good-natured self. It was true that if he could then this type of act would be below him. Killing was not something that he enjoyed and he had tried to convince the other cultivators that there were other ways.

"Hm...Celestine was it, is that your wife? Fiance maybe?"

"Ugh...F-fiance..."

Zhang Dong asked Lucius' that was fading in and out of consciousness. The sword of his remained at the man's neck for a while before he finally pulled it back.

"Tell your fiance that she saved your life on this day."

This man had been through many things to arrive at this moment. He had others that he cherished and even people like this Argus here were willing to speak up for him. Would he be any different than the other power-hungry people if he killed him here? Perhaps he would regret this decision down the line, but what if there really was a way to go around this problem from another angle.

Lucius was taken aback by the sword being pulled back, even Argus that had come in the form of an illusion was surprised that Zhang Dong listened to his words. He did not know that the silver-haired cultivator was already on the fence here. With a little shove in the right direction, he was more than willing to spare the life of this man.

Thus after the sword was gone what only remained was to tap Lucius on the forehead to remove his Qi from the wound. Instead, he even caused it to heal up enough for the knight commander to stand up. Without knowing what was going on the golden knight quickly jumped back while examining his chest wound that was now being slowly healed up.

"Why did you..."

"What do you mean, didn't you hear the old man's monologue?"

Zhang Dong pointed towards Argus that was floating to the side.

"I told you that this man was not our enemy but an ally, I hope this is enough for you to understand Lord Lucius."

He nodded while the two continued to converse but as he expected a problem arose. Four of the nine knights had managed to appear around them and the other five weren't far behind. The technique he used took out a lot from him, the large chasm that was created behind them was the proof. He had put everything into the attack to finish the fight early and if this continued further he would probably not be able to recreate the clash.

"No, this must be some kind of trick..."

“What trick? Do you think I wasted my chance to kill you just for some grander con? Don’t flatter yourself, the only reason you are alive is that I do not wish this war to continue. Do you really want us to go at each other as mindless berserkers? Who is the savage here now?”

Lucius had taken the sword back into his hand but even he started thinking hard. Zhang Dong had won the exchange, there was no reason for him to be alive now. It made no sense to this knight commander to leave an enemy alive that is unless he really wanted a less bloody resolution. The possibility of this being a trick was there but it would be immensely hard to pull off.

“Lord Lucius!”

The knights jumped off their horses while switching from lances to longswords. They were clearly not thinking about ending this battle just yet. Probably if their leader decided to continue with the struggle they would.

“Put your swords away.”

“Commander?”

“I will not repeat myself, do as you were ordered.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Surprisingly Lucius decided to stop, he even put his holy sword away into its sheath while ordering everyone to stand down. The knights were confused at first but after hearing the stern words they were quick to back away.

“Behemoth you too, come back.”

It seemed that the situation was being resolved, without a need to battle the knights in the air the large dragon returned to its master. The large form turned into many tiny bubbles of holy energy as it transformed into the small cute baby version instead. Soon both parties were facing each other with the wizard’s illusion being in the middle.

“Do you trust this man Argus?”

“I do my lord, I’m sure you can feel it too.”

Holy energy was a measure of divinity in this world and also for righteousness. There was no one above Zhang Dong when it came to this type of energy. The proof was before him and his actions also showed them that he was willing to talk. Now it was up to his diplomatic skills again to see if he could convince this thickheaded knight that they could work together.

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“Well then, I will excuse myself please keep your promise and I will keep mine.”

Zhang Dong was looking at Lucius, who had somewhat changed his tune. After having a life and death experience where he recalled a loved one he finally understood that perhaps rushing towards his death might not have been the wisest option. The man seemed to have a superiority complex that was shattered by Zhang Dong’s might but luckily he was taking it well.

After the battle was over Zhang Dong along with Argus and Lucius had a little talk. With a ceasefire being agreed on they could discuss future actions. His biggest victory was that they agreed to cease their further invasion for a month. This would give him some time to gather information about this Lightbringer.

While it was good that he managed to even bargain up for a month, it didn't give him much time to search for it. This Empire was huge and if he traveled by flight it would take him days or weeks to travel between some locations. The month wasn't much but it was a start, it would probably save a few lives of the cultivators that valued their honor above their own wellbeing.

"I must thank you."

Argus bowed before him while his illusory figure started to vanish.

"It's fine, just keep your word."

"A knight always keeps their word!"

Lucius on the other hand didn't have a very pleased look on his face. Losing to someone in battle was probably not something he was used to. Zhang Dong would not be surprised if this was the first time he lost to his peer. Luckily the man wanted to live and seemed grateful that he didn't get his head chopped off.

'I'm sure that he still thinks that I'm screwing with them.'

The trust between these two parties was very shaky. The only thing they could go off is him sparing the life of an enemy. But sparking or helping your enemy was a basic tactic of subterfuge. In their eyes, he could have just been aiming for a better opportunity to get into their stronghold.

This was the more believable option. They might even be expecting him to try teleporting his forces inside of their side if he was ever able to visit it. Thus he would need to converse with them at a distance, how long he could keep them from attacking the empire sects was debatable but there was also another option.

'The Emerald Phoenix Empire should have their citadel north of where these guys are situated, perhaps they could aid us with them...'

The area was attacked from all sides but this didn't mean that all the people coming here were on the same side. The Emerald Phoenix Empire and the Kingdom of Avalon didn't have anything in common. If they met each other out in the open they would probably start battling which would help his cause immensely.

'Should I lie and tell them that the Emerald Phoenix Empire has the Lightbringer?'

If he went with this option then he would be risking future peace. If the magical kingdom actually discovered the true location of their legendary sword they would feel used. They would probably resume their invasion once more and any future diplomatic talks would be impossible.

'Would be nice if those guys actually had it, first I have to find it, and then I'll make the decision.'

"How about you Bahamut, got any ideas?"

“GAO!”

“Is that so?”

While the small baby dragon didn’t know how to speak, his master somewhat knew what it wanted to tell him. The cute little sound it gave out was a resounding ‘No’. The fight was now over but the war was still continuing. He had made some new acquaintances that he was not sure about. Argus seemed like someone willing to communicate but it could also be a ruse.

Perhaps he only did it to help out Lucius and get more information about the sword. Then when Zhang Dong delivered the item or information about it he would be disposed of. Probably the next clash between him and the Knight Commander would go differently. Now he knew that he could not use that shield to block everything so he would alter his battle tactics.

‘I furthered my cultivation and got them to back off, for the time being, this does seem like a victory but will this be enough.’

Zhang Dong poked the seed inside of him with his spiritual sense. The thing didn’t seem to want to open itself up. Without his core formation cores now he was not sure what this realm could be called.

‘The seed realm? What will this seed turn into, a tree? Perhaps a flower?’

He was missing something and his system could not identify what he was transforming into. Feeding the seed spiritual energy through it was still possible but it would probably be a tremendous amount. This seed was composed of three Dao’s that he specialized in now, perhaps this was the true method of getting it to sprout.

‘Do I need to reach a higher understanding in the Dao of Heavenly Lightning, Holy Divinity, and Soul energy for it to react? Or perhaps combine the three into something instead?’

There were a few possibilities floating around his mind which leaned towards those two answers. The seed was filled with a lot of energy that just needed to be released. It wasn’t opening up because he didn’t understand what it fully was.

Getting enlightened would probably be the way out but for someone like him who once heavily relied on the system, this was no easy matter. There was no spirit point counter that he could just farm away and press a button. Everything was more vague and the roads led in many directions. It was no wonder why people spent hundreds of years cultivating as the guidelines were nonexistent.

‘If I had time I would lock myself in my cultivation chamber but I need to find clues regarding this Holy sword’

With that in mind, Zhang Dong opened up his system window to contact Zhang Kuo. His retainer would be tasked to use their spy network and find if there were any mentions of any holy blades.

“Yeah, anything related to holy swords of divine power... they could be sealed away, check out old legends that could be hundreds of thousands of years old. This blade should be on the level of a half step immortal or pinnacle heaven grade.”

“Yes Patriarch, it shall be done!”

Was the usual reply that he got but to his surprise, there was a question posed.

“Patriarch... if I may...”

“Speak.”

Zhang Dong replied while wondering what this was about. Normally all cultivators shied away from asking him questions as the social hierarchy was still something very real.

“T-the Matriarch has been asking for you...”

“Oh, she did?...”

“Yes, will you be returning to the sect soon?”

“Uh, I don’t think I will, for now, I need to find this old relic within the month, I’m not sure how long this will take but I’ll probably visit the Long Clan to check for some clues.”

“The Long Clan? ... Could this Zhang Kuo make a proposal?”

Kuo asked the strange question that caught him from a leftfield. For some reason, the man was very chatty today. Was his wife causing trouble in the sect or something?

“Go ahead?”

“Then I would propose that you bring the Matriarch along, this will foster good relations with the Azure Emperor!”

“Good relations?”

Zhang Dong had to think, most of the time he just popped in and out of the Long Clan without talking to anyone. His standing there was quite shaky as the only person that he had a good relationship with was the Emperor himself. This was probably the only one he cared about besides the Queen that he might be inclined to get closer to as she did sway his brother’s decisions.

“Would she be willing to leave though, I’m not sure if...”

“She would be my lord and letting the young master and mistress meet the Emperor’s family would be a show of goodwill!”

“I see...”

Kou really seemed to want to get Liana out of the sect ground. But it would show that he trusted the Emperor if he actually brought along his kids for a visit. It would bring the two families together and perhaps the Emperor’s children whom he had ‘bonded’ with would like his own kids.

If they didn’t he could always give them a few smacks and with enough system points, he could always just teleport out of there if there was anything suspicious going on. Yet the capital city was probably the safest location in the entire Empire. It was protected from all sides and the Long Clan had many nascent soul masters patrolling the area.

Even the other empires would not be able to invade without sustaining many losses. The floating castle also could probably change locations at will. It was a safe zone that survived even through the previous

war. He believed that it was something that the system wanted to keep even if all the other lands were destroyed.

"But wouldn't the preparations take a few weeks? I'm not sure I have the time to wait..."

"Give me three... no two days Patriarch! With access to the Empire's teleportation gates, we can transport a small force!"

"Ah... sure, then I'll ask my wife if she agrees?"

"Don't worry Patriarch, I already had my people do it, she is already getting ready for the trip!"

"Oh..."

Finally, the call ended while he was left in the desolate lands alone. For some reason, he had a suspicion that this was not Kuo's plan and that someone was forcing him to ask about this visit. The only three people that would probably dare something like this were his grandfather and his wife. Huo Qiang was the last one but he didn't really care about these type of things so it was between those two.

'Big family get together huh?'

He could only recall things from his old life where he was dragged by his parents to visit. Most of the time he was left alone in the corner just hoping that he could leave after eating his share. Fostering relations with his new family would be beneficial to both sides. With how he dealt with the vampires and the golden knights he had some time to relax.

'I guess now I don't need to think about an excuse to meet my brother, I'll ask him about the Lightbringer when we get there.'

With that thought in his mind, he decided to visit the nearby sect. There he would ask for some information about the relic before going back towards another location. While everyone prepared he would use the time to gather more intel and perhaps with some luck he could get the magical knights on his side.

## **Chapter 475**

"Isn't this thing a bit too tight?"

"Have you gained some weight, it should fit you perfectly..."

"Well, I did get a bit stronger..."

Zhang Dong lifted up his arm to flex his biceps, the moment he did he could feel the ceremonial Patriarch robe he was wearing being strained. Soon enough the fabric not meant for battle gave out and ripped as it was not able to contain his well-built physique. After the seed had been formed his body had been reinforced and along with leveling up his body refinement he found himself being more of a beefcake.

"Haha, daddy is being silly."

"Who is being silly now?"

While he was looking at the torn biceps part of his robe his daughter jumped at his arm. She started hanging off it like a little monkey while he started to swing it around. While this was happening his son started posing just like his dad but pouted after seeing the lack of muscles on his own arms.

“Don’t worry Jun’er if you continue to train and eat your spirit vegetables you will be just like your daddy in no time.”

“Do I have to eat those... can’t I just eat the spirit fruit instead... it tastes better.”

“Hah.”

Zhang Dong laughed while his personal maids started panicking. Soon he had taken off the robe that he was wearing so that they could fix it up. His wife moved over to place her hands on his chest as she was the one that gave the tailor his measurements while he was out adventuring.

“If you get much bigger you’ll start looking like that red monkey.”

“You two need to start getting along...”

While his physique did progress slightly he wasn’t as large as Huo Qiang. It was more of an optimal look that took speed and physical strength into consideration, an all-around good body.

“and even when you say that...”

It did not go unnoticed that after he had disrobed and was now just standing around with a bare chest and his pants on, Liena was sticking close to him. The way her delicate fingers felt on his skin were making him feel all tingly inside. If his kids weren’t in his room he would have probably tackled her down to the ground already.

This was not the time for that as they were getting ready to visit their other part of the family at the Azure Empire capital. While he was not that bothered by the visit the people that were coming with him were on the edge. Just as Zhang Kuo proposed he would be taking his kids there as a show of faith but there were many other people coming with them too.

One of these people was Zhang Jin, his grandfather. Normally the old perverted man was always eager to visit new places where potential beauties were located. Now on the other hand he was nervous as they were going to the very top of the empire. Zhang Jin was an old cultivator that had the empire’s hierarchy drilled into his bones.

It was unfathomable that he could meet the emperor in his lifetime. At this very moment, he was pacing back and forth while mumbling something. His wives were also a problem with so many he couldn’t take them all and if one came then the rest would feel disgruntled.

“Should I perform a full bow or just clasp my hands? The emperor is my senior but he is also Dong’er older brother... Does that make me his grandfather?”

Zhang Dong was sure that his link to Long Qing the Azure Emperor was artificially produced by the system. Yet from the standpoint of the denizens of this world there had to be a bloodline connection. This was made by someone he was related to and Zhang Jin that spread his seed around the world was the most probable cause.



“Stop yapping you old fart just don’t cause any trouble, if you run into some old crush don’t cause any trouble.”

“Trouble, me? I never cause any trouble... but uh Dong’er.”

“What? Stop looking at me like that.”

“If perchance... only theoretically I do meet an old acquaintance... you will protect your lovable grandfather, won’t you?”

Zhang Jin looked at Zhang Dong with puppy dog eyes which made him recoil in disgust. There actually could be a woman that he had a fling with that might harbor some malice towards him. Her causing trouble was probably not something probable as Zhang Jin was still the Golden Dragon’s grandfather. He did not think the Long Clan would seek trouble with him after all this time.

“Well as long as that theoretical acquaintance doesn’t kill my lovable grandfather then it should be alright? I’m sure you’ll be able to handle yourself, I’ll jump in if it gets too rough.”

“How could you!”

While he would not allow anyone to kill his grandfather he would not go out of his way to protect him. If he made some influential women mad at the Long Clan he should be able to handle some punishment. If they beat on him a bit then maybe he would finally learn to change his ways.

“Hey get off me...”

“No.”

Apparently, he would not as Zhang Jin went for his grandson’s thigh and started hugging it. The man was a nascent soul master that was supposed to be in the 0.01% percentile or even lower. If people saw him shamelessly hugging the Patriarch’s leg while pleading for health they would surely reconsider their view of masters like him.

“Fine, just stay close to me and I’ll help you, just don’t go causing any trouble!”

Zhang Dong held himself from clobbering the old fart over the head but his wife wasn’t so restrained. The moment she saw the old man interfering in their bonding time she delivered a hit to his cheek with a closed fan.

“Oh no, the Matriarch is mad we must run! Come children we shall flee towards the kitchen where we have some ice cream!”

“Ice cream!”

Zhang Jin was quick to back away before any more hits came his way. Then he even managed to get the two kids to follow him towards the kitchen. Zhang Dong had to give it to him, while the man was a hornball he at least knew how to treat his family well. With the kids gone the robes could be fitted in peace.

“How do I look?”

“Like someone named the Golden Dragon, I still can’t believe that you are the younger brother of the Azure Emperor, my husband”

He stood tall wearing a mostly golden robe to fit his new image. There were many dragons embroidered into the cloth that cost a fortune. Various other jewels and gems glistened around to make him feel like he was trying too hard to look like some type of Christmas tree. But it had to be done, the wardrobe was handpicked by his wife and some consultants to fit the occasion.

They were taking this a lot more seriously than him. If he could put on sweatpants and a shirt he would be fine but that certainly would bring shame to the sect’s name. The Patriarch needed to be seen as some kind of godly creature, an unwavering rock in a sea of uncertainty. His people needed to look up to him and be proud to be part of the sect.

“I think no one could have known that but now here we are.”

He nodded while smiling at Liena who continued to play around with the tight collar around his neck.

“I need to get ready now, I will see you later.”

“Don’t take too long, we are on a schedule.”

“I know.”

The two separated as he left the room. Liena needed to get her own dress ready before leaving, his disciples and many others would also be coming to join the Long Clan’s best. However, this was not what was on his mind now, what he needed to find was the holy sword. His spies brought him various legendary tales of relics and locations of potential hidden tombs and secret grounds he could visit.

“There are just too many of them and as it stands I can’t task my people to search for them either...”

The war with the vampire tribesmen had calmed down but they were still out there. He could not order his martial masters to go search for treasures at this time. Within a month’s time, he would need to report to the magic knights and stall if he was unsuccessful.

“But if I go by the setting then it should not be in one of the obvious locations that anyone can discover...”

When he considered this world to be some kind of game on a timer then the sword should not be appearing any time soon. Considering that the other empires would be able to push themselves into the Empire’s outerlands with relative ease, the item would not be there. If he considered that it just left a few places that it could be at.

“Could it be somewhere in the Long Clan lands or in those two sects...”

In his opinion, the sword could be hidden away in the lands belonging to one of the big three. Now they had turned into the big two after the Soaring Dragon Sect was eliminated. He would probably be able to examine those lands with some pushback. The problem would be the Heavenly Crane Sect which would probably not let him snoop around in their backyard even though he was the golden dragon.

Those three territories were the prime suspects but they weren’t the only ones. There was also the region with the demonic cultivators where Wang Long was hiding away. At this moment the area was

cut off from the empire as it was taken over. Landmasses, where the other empires created their strongholds, could very well have the holy sword of legends.

"I guess I can only take things one at a time... maybe I should have researched some of those clone techniques and made an army of myself..."

After giving out a sigh he vanished towards his sect ground. Time began to pass and soon everyone was gathering in the Argonaut, their main flagship. With permission of the Long Clan, they would be able to directly teleport to a nearby city. From there they had the permission to fly towards the capital without being shot down by the Long Clan's defenses.

"Everyone, I expect all of you to show respect to the Azure Emperor. We are going to meet the most prestigious cultivators from these lands so don't start any fights, is that understood?"

"Yes, Patriarch!"

There were many people here that he only knew by name but they were now part of the sect's elite. The once small clan had grown to giant proportions and they could now hold their heads high.

## **Chapter 476**

"Is that it? I never thought I would be able to lay my eyes on such a magnificent city..."

"What do you mean you old crow, our Spirit Spring City is much grander..."

Zhang Jin along with Maling started shouting at each other while standing on the ship's deck. They were slowly being escorted towards the flying city which not many people in this empire could have the honor to see.

This was also the first time for Zhang Dong to go with the scenic route. It was much slower than going through the various teleportation gates but apparently, the large gates that could bring ships like the Argonaut over were only activated during war times. They were deactivated by default and even if someone captured an outside gate they would not be able to teleport inside.

"Quiet you two, you have been arguing for the entire trip. Aren't you already old enough to move past your past history? You will live for another five hundred years, learn to get along and yes this is an order from your Patriarch!"

While at first, it was funny to see the two old farts at each other's throats. After seeing it a hundred times it started to grate his ears. His words carried a lot of weight here, even people that were of the older generation had to listen to him. Even his grandfather had to and with everyone from the sect looking he could not act out as he always did.

"Yes, Patriarch."

Both of them clasped their hands and went on their way. Zhang Jin returned to his two wives that he brought along on the trip while Feng Maling returned to her granddaughter. When he raised his voice the entire place became deathly silent. This was his sect where he ruled supreme and with the exception of some family members, no one dared to go against him.

"Daddy, big bubble!"

“Yes, isn’t it big?”

Zhang Xiu pointed out at the ‘bubble’ which was in actuality a large protective barrier. From this side, it looked like a large soap bubble. There were also others like it surrounding small floating islands that looked like they were ripped out from the mountain ranges below.

First, the land that this Long Clan was occupying was truly lush. The concentration of spiritual energy was even higher here than back at his sect where he found the spirit vein. Large forests with many spirit beasts, fruits, and cultivators of high power. It seemed that reaching the foundation establishment level was even easy for the teenagers here.

This was the real difference between them and the other sects. With all these natural resources even without training their people had a higher floor and also a higher ceiling. Through the years their bodies were absorbing the bountiful Qi that was radiating from everywhere.

Its source was beyond that large wall that reached all up into the heavens. It segregated these lands into three parts but after one of the major sects was eradicated it could split up between the two instead. While the Long Clan had the smallest force they made up with the quality of their cultivators.

Even now he could feel the hundreds of nascent soul masters looking their way. They were everywhere, with this many they would have no problem in wiping out all of the medium-sized sects that mostly had about ten active nascent soul masters each and then a few hidden ones at their main bases.

‘Perhaps if all of the medium-sized sects banded together and made a push they could do something? But the quality also counts...’

The Long Clan clearly focused on pumping their resources towards the nascent soul masters. They were mostly above the early stage as well and had superior technique over the others in the lower regions. When comparing them to the demon-like tribes and the magical knights he could see the Long Clan being able to defend themselves.

‘Even with so many monsters on their side they don’t do anything, unless the enemy arrives at their doorstep they won’t see it as a threat?’

These people had ruled the lands for at least a hundred thousand years. They had clearly grown accustomed to being the best even the Heavenly Crane Sect was not seen as a proper opponent. If they had acted instantly then this war would have probably never happened.

The forces that were coming from outside were beatable by him and he was far from invincible. If the Azure Emperor rallied all of the sects and forced them to defend the bridges victory would have been assured. The invaders had limited space to maneuver and with defenses built up previously, they could just constantly barrage them with spirit bullets.

‘It’s a bit strange, Long Qing knew that this would happen. Did he not think that they could defend the bridges or was there another reason?’

In Zhang Dong’s eyes, the invaders were strong but they were not invincible. With years of preparations on their hands, the Long Clan could have made some preparations. They could have spread a prophecy that would make the other clans set up defenses beforehand but they did not.

‘Could they think the other sects are just too incompetent to do anything? I guess bunkering up in these lands seems like the safest plan if they can’t trust others...’

If he thought about the nature of the cultivators then it made some sense. The Long Clan would need to share their resources to bolster the outside troops and make preparations. Sharing cultivation resources was not something any cultivator would do with outsiders; only their own blood relatives or disciples would gain their trust.

‘That’s probably it... wish these idiots learned to get along with each other...’

“Xiu, Jun stop running around.”

Liena called out which forced the kids that were running around to quickly return to their mother’s side. While to the young ones this was an interesting adventure where they could see many wondrous things, everyone else was on edge.

The Long Clan was the strongest family in the entire empire. They could not offend anyone but they could also not tarnish their own good name. It would be a balancing act for anyone that wasn’t directly related to him. People bumping their heads was not something he would like to see, even though he was the emperor’s brother he had no pull in the city.

Sometimes people would approach his people out of bad faith to make them look bad. If it was not directly related to him it would be unwise to act out. While he didn’t follow the usual cultivator decorum others did. It would look bad if he had to baby the members and resolve each little fight.

‘Hope those guys aren’t feeling too vindictive after the last time...’

While thinking of a certain trio it was finally time to dock. The protective barrier started opening and their ship just had enough space to squeeze through. While they flew in, the ships that escorted them remained outside and would wait there until they returned. Not even a second passed and the large hole had closed itself behind them.

‘The defenses seem capable.’

Zhang Dong did not have the chance to observe the flying city fortress from this vantage point but from up here it looked like something out of a fantasy book. Vast amounts of green, springs filled with spirit water, and various oriental-styled buildings and some that he did not recognize.

This whole place had levels to itself with many smaller floating islands spinning around the main city like moons. While the city was stationary it seemed to be able to move by itself. It was something that supposedly survived the previous war; it could either move itself to evade being invaded or had vast amounts of defensive capabilities.

The floating islands that surrounded them weren’t all. Many cannons that were the size of the Argonaut’s main cannon were everywhere. If the Long Clan so wished they could probably atomize this whole ship without even firing off all those cannons. Even he couldn’t see himself being able to deflect all of them at once.

“Welcome uncle...”

After they arrived they were told to halt in advance. Soon a woman's voice entered his ear that sounded familiar. When he looked at this person that was floating in the air he recognized her as Long Yanyu, the Emperor's only daughter. The beauty drew in curious gazes, one of them being Zhang Jin that looked to be up to no good.

'That's the Emperor's daughter, don't even think about it...'

Zhang Jin twitched after receiving the secret message that only they could hear. Even he was not dumb enough to get involved with the Emperor's daughter. His life would be forfeit if he was caught going after her.

"Well isn't it my cute little niece?"

The girl's bright smile turned into a frown for but a moment after she was referred to so closely by Zhang Dong. For some reason, he felt compelled to tease these young masters that were brought up with a golden spoon.

"Please don't joke around uncle, my father and mother are awaiting you, they wish to see your side of the family but I'm afraid that every one that isn't related to the long clan will have to remain here..."

"I see..."

Zhang Dong turned to some of the elders that had come on this trip. They had hoped to be at least let into the city to examine it but it seemed they would have to remain on the ship instead. This didn't mean that he could wedge some of them in there, he was the Golden Dragon and his name was spreading through the lands.

"I do need a few servants, my disciples are like my own children so they will obviously be allowed to come in, right? Then there are a few people from my lovely wife's side, I'm sure my brother won't mind."

He shrugged while handpicking some people and beckoning them over towards his direction. Normally if he followed Long Yanyu's words only he, his kids, his wife, and perhaps Zhang Jin being his grandfather would be allowed to come in.

The group was now closer to twenty people and while Long Yanyu didn't seem happy about it she could not talk back to her uncle. After the face slapping, he delivered to the three children of the Emperor they were certainly unwilling to go against him. The oldest brother was even taking some lessons in swordplay and changed his tune afterward.

"This should be enough, shall we go then..."

"Very well then but some of them will have to remain outside the Palace."

"That's fine with me, I'm sure they will be glad to see the sights the city has to offer."

Soon the group of cultivators was flying up into the sky. While this was just a family get-together he was here for a different reason.

'Bob, make sure to scan for anything that could be a holy relic.'

‘Affirmative’

## Chapter 477

‘So how many potential hidden holy swords have you found.’

‘Currently, there are ... 0 ... matches for the specified criteria, do you wish to change the criteria?’

‘No we tried that already... just keep on searching.’

‘Affermitife’

Bob replied while Zhang Dong walked through the lush corridors of the castle that the Azure Dragon lived in. While he had been here before, his family was not. Thus the trip was a lot longer as everyone took their time to look around. At each corner, there was something fascinating and if they had cameras they would probably be taking all sorts of photos.

Long Yanyu was their guide along with a few other beauties that were sent over to greet them. While more than just his family members left the ship they had been divided into two groups. The one he was in only had his kids and his wife as the others were not allowed to enter the innermost palace where some secrets were hidden.

Zhang Jin was more than happy to be guided by some other beauties that were not related to the Azure Emperor. With his silver tongue, he hoped to have him foster some good relations with the Long Clan members. What Zhang Dong was interested in was his image with these people.

Being the golden dragon gave him a certain amount of power as he was in line for the throne. While normally the Azure Emperor’s children would only have that privilege his younger brother was a close second. If per chance the current Emperor died in battle he could take over depending on how the other clan members saw it.

If they only considered his combat prowess then he was more than qualified as the three royal offsprings were not his equals. Yet this was not a small clan or a sect with ten nascent soul masters, there were hundreds of them here. If they all banded together even his power would not be enough to get him the throne.

On the other hand, the clan members would probably not wish to antagonize him in such a way. If a battle broke out then the only ones that would be winning were their enemies. The more infighting in a clan the more it would be weakened. Outsiders such as the Heavenly Crane Sect could then use this as a chance to invade or take away some of the undefended lands.

His motivation didn’t align with the current Long Clan as well. If he was the Emperor now he would already be storming the border regions to take out the enemies and find Wang Long. He knew that the more they waited the more their enemies would build up their strategic advantage.

However they didn’t see those lands as worthwhile, they knew that the war would only take about a hundred years. For cultivators hundred years was nothing, if they could just wait here then it was fine.

‘Why risk your life if there is nothing to gain or lose huh? Would be nice if I could just tell everyone about the system and the other worlds but not like they would believe me... at most they would think that I’ve gone crazy or that someone altered my memories.’

There were techniques to make others spill all sorts of information. Thus there were also ones developed to counter them. One of them was altering the memories of the person after they were captured. If someone tried prodding their brain for knowledge the hidden technique would trigger to alter their memories. The person would not even know that they were changed and give wrong information.

Of course, there were other arts that allowed people to counter these altered memories before they were triggered. It was a delicate procedure that could turn the interrogation target's brain into mush. Thus he believed that even if he was put under such a technique they would believe that his memories were probably altered instead.

'I guess I can only slowly build up my trust with these people. I just hope that it isn't too late by that point...'

"Welcome my precious brother!"

"I have arrived, my older brother."

While he was thinking about getting his so-called brother on his side they arrived at the dining area. It was still strange to call this man his sibling as he knew well that they were not really related. Even if this body had the same blood as the Azure Emperor, the person controlling it came from a modern earth with no relations to anyone in this world.

The dining area had large doors through which someone that was ten meters tall would not have trouble stepping through. To the sides were many veiled beauties similar to the women he met when he teleported to the Emperor's hidden villa. They were to the sides just standing there with their hands behind their back.

Long Qing and all of his children were already sitting next to their father and mother. The dining table was really long and reminded him of the over-exaggerated tables nobles used in the other world he was in. In his opinion, these types of furniture were not very intimate as they placed his side of the family on one end while the Emperor's on the other.

All of the people here were ones that he knew, Long Shen the oldest brother that was looking a bit strangely in his direction. Probably after showing his swordsmanship the youth was eager to show off or ask for some pointers. Long Fengge the youngest was too afraid to meet his gaze after the previous encounter and the sister that escorted them here.

They all sat around their parents while his side did the same. Liena was to his left while his son was to his right. His little rascal of a daughter was next to her mother and already looking over the various dishes that were on the table. Zhang Dong was not much of a cook so whatever the chef made would be served at their home. The Long Clan had a long history so the food would probably be made with the best ingredients and taste accordingly.

"I'm glad that you have decided to bring your family along, I'm sure my children will get along with yours, isn't that right?"

"Yes, father."



All three replied in an instant as if they were afraid to go against their father's wishes. He did notice that there was a little bit of tension in the Long family. The children respected their father a lot but there was also a hint of fear in there. When he looked at his own kids, this was not present. At least not in his daughter as she quickly abandoned her seat to sit in his lap. His son on the other hand was much more reserved.

"Xiu'er, you can't be doing that in front of the Azure Emperor..."

Liena's brows furrowed as she tried to wrestle her daughter away from Zhang Dong's lap. The young girl wanted to have none of that as she clung to his lap. Jun on the other hand was just looking at the plate of food before him that he wanted to dig in.

"Yanyu used to sit in my lap just like that..."

Instead of being mad, the Azure Emperor seemed to be brought to the past when his kids were younger. For a moment he looked at this daughter that turned her head down while blushing. It was as if he was trying to tell her to sit on his lap as she did in the good old days.

All of them looked kind of awkwardly at their father who started laughing out loud once more. Each time Zhang Dong was here the Emperor seemed to get livelier. Perhaps after many years of being the top cultivator in the world had caused him to be bored of life but now with his brother around he had something to focus on once more.

"I see that your youngest is interested in the roasted seven-star duck, why don't we have a chat after we are done eating?"

"I agree."

Zhang Dong replied while nodding his head at Jun who could finally get some food into his body after the long trip. Before arriving here he had already used his spirit sense and system to see if there was any poison or drugs in the food and discovered no foul play.

Soon everyone was eating and he had to give it to the Long Clan, their food was superior to the one he used at his sect. He was not surprised that Long Qing's children were so strong at their age as this food has just the right amount of spiritual energy to make everyone progress through their realms fast.

"Brother, you must give my regards to the chef, this food is just too good."

"Hah, did you hear that, he likes it."

To his surprise, Long Qing turned to his wife who started smiling.

"Oh, did sister-in-law make this?"

"It was nothing."

She replied while they were finishing up with their meal.

"Finally, let us withdraw. There is something I wish to show you, my brother."

"Oh?"

“How about we leave our wives to tend to the children, I’m sure they could exchange some wife pointers!”

“Wife pointers?”

He was not sure what he meant but he could not refuse. This was Long Qing’s city and even he as his brother couldn’t refuse him without having a good reason. Just like before no secret relics were found in this place but he did not give up.

“Yes, Liena take care of the little ones while I talk with my elder brother.”

They have already discussed some safety measures before arriving here. With the system, he could instantly teleport his Liena and his children to his own location or do the reverse. She just needed to insert some spiritual energy into her ring to signal if there was something wrong. Even if she was not able he had his faction mode that could monitor her status and alert him to any foul play.

“Come, come then!”

After the two parties split he was left going through more wide corridors through the palace.

“You left before I could show you the rest of your ancestral heritage.”

“There was more?”

“Of course there was! Do you think he would only leave you with one crummy casket?”

He had bolted to chase after Wang Long previously and Long Qing didn’t mention anything else. Thus he assumed that there was nothing else that was worthwhile for him here. Perhaps there he would find something useful for the current problem he was facing.

“Yes, you are the Golden Dragon, and just as the Azure Dragon your birthright is deep!”

Finally, after going around the corner he got a good view of that heritage that had remained hidden from him, a large palace made of mostly glistering gold that stood next to the Azure Palace...

## **Chapter 478**

“How does it look, magnificent isn’t it? Before you received our ancestors’ inheritance this place was nothing more than a ruin but now it has regained its old luster!”

“It’s... quite shiny isn’t it?”

Zhang Dong was now looking at a glistering palace that looked a bit tacky. It looked like something out of a fairytale. First off it was separately floating up in the air right behind the Azure Palace which was the bigger of the two. There must have been some kind of barrier placed on it as he did not feel the divine energies coming from it that he was feeling now.

“It was nothing more than a relic from the past floating behind the Azure Palace behind a mirage formation. Only I, the Azure Emperor, was allowed to know about it.”

Long Qing commented while they slowly floated towards the glistering structure. Even now the mirage formation was keeping anyone from being able to see it. Zhang Dong realized that this was only keeping

people that were further away from peeking inside. Only when someone was really close to it would they be able to see anything. Without anyone besides the royal family able to venture to these parts the citizens were unaware of its existence.

The first thing that he noticed when he stood on the small floating island was that this palace was a bit different than the Azure one. The architecture here was composed of tall columns, intricate details, symmetry, harmony, and balance. It looked more that he would find in an old pantheon from Greek culture than the more eastern themes this world was composed of.

Yet the height of the palace was much greater than what the Greek architects of old were capable of. It looked like a mix of an old fantasy castle that was surrounded by many columns and arches of various shades of gold. To the sides, there were aqueducts that continuously shoved water out to the sides. The water did not go down all the way to the ground as it vanished after traveling for about a kilometer downwards.

‘Did someone really put an intricate teleportation formation beneath it just so they could have a fountain?’

It was clear that this flowing water was going back into the source it came from. It was a very pricey fountain system that recycled the used water by sending it back via a teleportation gate. The usage of spiritual energy must have been quite high to keep this thing running. Then there was the problem of it mostly being made of some sort of golden alloy.

After landing he approached one of the columns that looked to be made from this shiny yellow metal. From the outside, it did look like gold but after touching it he realized that it was something a lot rarer.

“Spirit Dragon Gold?”

“I see that you have a keen eye, yes this whole place is made from that precious metal, and to think that it was falling apart recently, not soon after we visited the old tomb that this palace started revitalizing itself!”

“Spirit dragon gold can retain its past luster if it absorbs a large quantity of divine energy, is there something inside that caused it to be restored?”

“Well that I would have to leave up to you, this ruined place has been closed off to anyone for millennia, not even I the Azure Dragon could enter it.”

“Not even you?”

“I could have of course forced my way in but that would be like spitting on our great ancestors!”

Long Qing laughed while looking at the large radiant gate that was before them. There was a giant golden eastern style dragon etched into it that looked like a variant of the more prevalent Azure Dragon. Zhang Dong could feel that there was some type of connection with this place and it was quickly confirmed by his Ai companion.

‘New domain discovered, do you wish to add it to your faction?’

The robotic text to speech like voice echoed through his head while a prompt appeared before his face.

Accept the ancient golden palace as part of your domain? Yes/No?

'I see, so this is really something that was left for me the original system owner. Perhaps Wang Long could have also accessed it or he had something similar waiting for him at the Soaring Dragon Sect?'

There was no reason to refuse this large floating castle. After losing his previous home during the skirmish at his sect he had hoped to rebuild. This was a very high-quality estate made from precious metal that could easily take a hit from a nascent soul master without sustaining any damage. Perhaps he could move it at will after interfacing with it further, this he quickly pressed yes.

Long Qing was a bit confused at Zhang Dong who was pointing toward the large gate. To someone that couldn't see the system prompts it was quite the oddity. Yet the moment the finger pointed out the whole floating island started rumbling and the gate had been closed for multiple millennia.

The moment a tiny crack opened up the two were greeted by a large gust of wind. This was no simple wind as it pushed these two powerhouse cultivators back and forced them to use their spiritual energy to stabilize themselves.

"Hoh, I think that this place is rejecting me..."

Long Qing called out as the initial hit from the wind had stopped when colliding with Zhang Dong's body but continued to push the Azure Emperor back. The new owner of the palace was unsure how this place worked but it was probably rejecting anyone that was not him.

"Don't worry my brother, I will retreat for now, perhaps after you have managed to acquaint yourself with this relic of time past, you will be able to invite me in."

The man blasted off into the distance after surrounding himself with a deep blue aura of might. It was probably possible for him to force his way inside but he did not. Zhang Dong had to give it to his older brother for not taking it as a hit to the face. Some other cultivators would have probably seen this as some kind of hit to their prestige but this Azure Emperor did not.

"I will."

He just nodded while turning towards the gate, the cold wind that surrounded his body quickly evaporated into tiny sparkles of gold and he was allowed to step forward. The large gate soon slammed behind him and the inside of the ruin laid bare.

"Hmm... So is this supposed to help the system holder to win the war or something? The outside looks grand and all but the inside is kind of..."

While before entering this place he had his hopes up when he saw the actual inside of it his mind quickly changed. There was nothing in here the spirit dragon gold had managed to regenerate itself but the rest was in tatters. The floors were covered in dust and dirt, and crumbled furniture and decorative pieces were on the floor everywhere.

It looked like a tornado went through this place about fifty thousand years ago and destroyed everything. Only the walls that were composed of this fantasy metal looked to be in good shape, the rest would need to be cleaned out and replaced.

On the other side of the palace gate, there was a wide staircase that went up. To the sides were many golden columns that helped up a very high ceiling. The stairs led up to a higher floor and to a corridor that was the size of a tennis court. It felt like many people gathered here before venturing forward into the rest of this palace.

As he continued he also managed to find the source of water along with the large golden statue in the middle. It was a large fountain depicting a man who was probably the previous Golden Dragon before him. Around his body, he could see a large dragon that was probably his soul beast. The water was shooting out from the dragon's mouth and then flowing to the sides and out through some kind of drain.

"I guess this guy really liked gold, almost everything is made from it..."

He continued with his exploration while also checking his faction tab in his system window. It was listed under the Ancient Dragon Palace and had a percentage number floating above it.

'Thirty-four percent? I guess this place really needs some renovating but will my dear brother allow me to bring people from my sect to tidy up? Hm, but do I really need to ask him for permission?'

Considering that the Azure Emperor was not allowed to step into this place without his approval he might be able to just teleport his faction members inside now.

'If that tacky fountain uses a teleportation formation for the water then perhaps there is a room fitted with the proper equipment.'

While the throne room was in an obvious direction he decided to check out the smaller ones before moving to it. Just as he had theorized he found many interesting locations, one was a treasury that was mostly filled with precious metals and another one was an armory. While most of the weapons had degraded by a lot, some of the higher quality items could still be used or reforged into something close to the original.

"These flying swords aren't too bad... and there are a lot of them..."

It seemed that his predecessor was a sword fanatic as he found large quantities of heaven grade swords made from the same metal the palace was composed of. Thanks to this he just needed to feed them some of his own holy energy and he would have a large swarm of them aiding him in combat.

Regretfully while the spirit dragon gold was bountiful he did not find any spirit stones that he could use for more spirit points. Now after being unable to harness the elemental energies to increase his cultivation level he needed them to hatch this seed of his.

'Can't have it all I guess... the library is also nothing more than dust and the palace seems to be powered by that thing...'

At the end of his walk, he ended up in the 'engine room' of this flying castle. There he found a large spirit artifact that was radiating massive amounts of divine energy. There was a lot of juice left in it as it had probably been on energy saving more through the years of no Golden Dragon being around. It took the form of a large golden egg with various patterns, for a moment he thought it resembled an oversized Easter egg when he saw it.

‘Was this an egg from some kind of immortal beast? I can’t imagine it being from a nascent soul being, the holy energy would have not lasted this long...’

While he could not feel any life from within the egg, the immense holy energy it was giving off was somewhat constant. Without him being able to absorb it anymore it would probably remain here to power the castle at least until he found a better use for it.

‘I guess I should go to that throne room now, that’s probably the focal point of this palace...’

## **Chapter 479**

“The carpet seems to have survived at least...”

The throne room was quite large, there was a large red carpet going towards a large throne made of more golden metal. It was a lot more radiant than the columns on the sides that spread out into more empty space.

“There is a spatial formation at work here, the castle didn’t look as big from the outside...”

After wandering for half an hour through the entire place he figured out that something was amiss. The corridors stretched for many hundreds of meters and the courtyard was larger than several football fields. The palace was large and all but it after coming inside it was the size of a whole village.

The throne that belonged to him looked to be missing some gems. There were sockets on the sides that were emptied out. Gray dust was everywhere but some of the fabric that was dangling from the chandeliers and ceiling was still there.

“Maybe I could give it to the weave masters to make some good robes? If this material has survived a hundred thousand years then it has to be special.”

Behind the large golden throne, there was a large stained glass window. The color was a bit faded but it was depicting several scenes involving warriors and dragons. It was the only light source for now but he could see similar windows frames on the upper floor but they were not letting any sunlight in.

“I guess this is the focal point of this palace?”

Finally, after walking down a small flight of stairs he arrived at the throne. The armrests looked like two golden dragons that were immortalized in this costly chair. It was not the same as the Azure Dragon throne, it seemed that the two brothers had different tastes. For once the Azure Palace was much larger from the outside while this one with the spatial formation was just as big on the inside.

‘Establishing direct connection with the new domain...’

After placing both his hands on the sizeable sparkly throne his system window instantly popped up. Bob started informing him about various modifications to the new ‘domain’ he had established here. Previously it was nothing more than a few words on the screen with some basic stats but now it was transforming into a detailed holographic image.

“So this is the whole palace? I could probably fit every core disciple into this thing if I wanted to...”

As with everything in this world, there was enough space to fit around five thousand people without experiencing any problems in housing them. There was a larger barracks and many luxurious rooms spread through the entire palace hidden away by various formations that constricted it.

Then he also had the dimensional regalia which was a small pocket dimension of its own. If he combined the two he would have a mobile flying fortress that was a lot sturdier than the one he created himself. Almost instantly he wanted to have his sect members come here to start with the renovating process. This palace was on a higher level than what he could create himself but it needed repairing.

In the treasury, there were some relics that had managed to survive along with more spirit dragon gold to go around. With him in the castle and with that golden egg to power everything this flying island could become an important asset in beating the other empires. If he managed to restore the defensive systems and bring over some powerful cannons then perhaps he could use them to take back some of the lost lands.

“Will the Azure Emperor complain if I take it outside his lands?”

That was one of the main problems, Long Qing accepted Zhang Dong as part of his family yet he still wished to confine himself to his own lands. This golden palace was an old precious relic that he and the long clan might want to keep inside their territory.

“Do they have the right to stop the Golden Dragon though? I bet some of the people from the Azure faction would love it if I just took this thing and just went away never to return.”

On the other hand, he had no support in the Long Clan. Probably if Long Qing wasn't supporting him as his long-lost brother the rest of the Long Clan would have turned their swords toward his neck. He was nothing more than an eyesore as he could contend for the throne, he had a whole heritage of the Golden Dragon, someone equal to the Azure Dragon lineage.

“Getting ahead of myself, first I need to get this rust bucket operational. Bob, I assume that all this red and orange isn't anything good right?”

“Affirmative, discovered multiple failures and errors in the new domain, immediate repair required, do you wish to use spirit points to repair the damaged structures?”

“So I can repair it just like that?”

Zhang Dong leaned back in the uncomfortable throne room and started clicking at the holographic picture representing the golden palace. After fiddling around for a moment he started getting the hang of it. Firstly he zoomed in on the room that he was in now, even this room was mostly destroyed and showed up in yellow.

“These shouldn't cost that much...”

With his finger, he pointed at the destroyed chandeliers that were dangling from above the ceiling. While the usage of spirit points to raise his cultivation was tremendous it wasn't the same for the subsystems like this. The chandelier's repair wouldn't cost him that much and he could even alter their looks. He had various options available as it allowed him to pick from designs he had at his main sect.

“Let's go with the default one for now...”

After clicking the confirmation prompt the closest chandelier started shining brightly before regaining its former luster. Various colorful gems appeared around the previously empty golden frame and started giving out light. This light could be changed at will to fit any color and brightness he desired.

“Isn’t there another way to do this? I still need those spirit points...”

There were never enough spirit points to go around. While his evil counterpart could slaughter living beings for them he could only absorb spirit stones or other unconverted sources of spiritual energy like spirit veins. There was one under his sect that he could devour but it would destroy his sect that relied on spiritual power.

He also knew about the much larger one that was here, as the Golden Dragon he might have even been able to visit it. The Long Clan would certainly go after him if they realized that he was draining them of their most precious resource.

“What is this though...”

Yet there was something new after he received this base, his passive spirit point income had more than doubled after gaining this relic of old. This palace was granting him a large number of points just for its base version, if he repaired it and then perhaps upgraded it further could it triple or quadruple his passive income?

“Hey Bob, will my spirit point intake increase if I repair this fortress.”

“Affirmative, the new domain will generate more resources after being repaired, user can also create structures to further increase resource acquisition.”

“Oh, really?”

He almost jumped up in glee when he realized this. Soon he began scrolling through the whole palace and looking for such options. This thing was like a little mobile game, he just needed to wait for a while until the structure was created and it would start to generate him spirit points. The more he mends the place the more he would get in return. The best part about it was that he could do it remotely and his sect members could also hasten the process by cleaning everything up first.

“This is great... if my calculations are okay, this will outpace slaughtering multiple nascent soul beings every day with just its passive income...”

It seemed that this was really an end-game item that was meant to be received when the war was well underway. The faster he got this place in order the faster he could focus on feeding the spirit points into his seed. This place was also connected to his system so he would actually be able to spend spirit points on armaments for his people. It was truly a fortress made to grow his faction and profit from it.

“Hah, can I give this thing a name? Calling it ‘new domain’ every time will be annoying. If I still had my old naming sense I would call it something ridiculous like ‘Golden Dong Palace’ but luckily I have also matured past that, now I bet there is a naming option somewhere here...”

Before he could access that function though he heard his AI assistant call out to him in that robotic voice.

“Domain name has been updated to Golden Dong Palace.”



“... Abort! Cancel!”

He shouted loudly while watching a few characters appear above the stained glass window. It was the exact thing that he just said and a large banner with the words ‘Golden Dong Palace’ appeared.

“Bob, stop it, I want to update the name again!”

After a short pause, he started shouting at this AI companion. The name apparently was now being etched into some key locations; he could even see it appearing on the main gate where everyone could see it.

“Can’t change the domain’s name at the moment, the user has to wait twenty-four hours before attempting again, changing the name will require spirit points from now on.”

“Hey... what is this pay-to-win model?”

The number of spirit points that he would need to spend was also not low. He compared it to the number he spent when repairing the chandelier and it was more than a hundred times above it.

“Screw it then... Golden Dong Palace it shall be... not like anyone will care...”

Zhang Dong slumped his shoulder forward in defeat. He was unwilling to spend such a ridiculous amount of spirit points to just change a few words on the wall.

“I guess it could have been worse...”

He had other creative names floating around in his head that would have made him look even worse. Luckily in this world, the word dong that stood for his name didn’t mean what he was thinking. The people that lived in this world would not find it strange that his name was there, they would probably expect it to be there.

“I should probably return to my dear old brother, he will probably be surprised that my name appeared above the gate...”

With the golden palace now safely stored in his faction window and a teleportation point setup he was free to come back here without many spirit points wasted. Yet before he could step outside his AI reacted again, now informing him of another spicy find.

“Item fitting description has been found...”

## **Chapter 480**

“It should be in here... was this his bed chamber?”

Zhang Dong was about to leave this place to go check on his family but was pulled away by his Ai’s prompt. Bob had discovered an item that fit the description of the sacred blade. Yet on the domain window, he could not really see anything of worth nor could he feel any strong holy energy from this place.

Behind the throne room, there was another set of corridors that led to some private quarters. It seemed to have been connected to the Golden Dragon’s private rooms. There was a mostly destroyed study with

no books, a private washing chamber with still working water, and then this last area with a large golden bed in the middle.

“Could old Bob have become senile?”

He was not sure what from here could be the secret relic that the magical knights were willing to go to war for. It was also strange that Bob had only now detected the item and not instantly when he arrived in the now named Golden Dong Palace.

“Perhaps all of this golden metal is making his sensors go haywire? Where is that item anyway, you just said that it’s in this room can you be more specific?”

“Negative, the signal is faint and distorted, the system has managed to reduce the search area to this chamber.”

“Fine then... I’ll just quickly go through everything, at least I won’t need to smile at those old farts from the Long Clan.”

While his position in the new clan was shaky that didn’t keep some of the cultivators from sucking up to him. All sorts of people appeared before him, some even offered their daughters up to him to garner good relations. He on the other hand did not want his wife to see any of this or he might have some explaining to do.

“I should get a move on, there is much work to be done...”

When stepping forward he could hear the pieces of dust crunching under his feet. The ceiling had crumbled and there was rocky dirt everywhere. Mostly anything that was not made from that special metal had mostly deteriorated. The floor was certainly made from some sort of panel that had broken apart in many places. Without the framework of the gold the whole structure might have already collapsed.

The first thing that he noticed was the golden bed in the middle. The fabric that covered the mattress was somewhat intact but it looked really dusty. The golden dragon patterns were everywhere here but whatever he tried to pick up almost instantly crumbled.

“I can’t even tell what this was...”

The fabrics crumbled and even some of the golden items started disintegrating before his eyes. The wooden furniture that from afar just looked dusty evaporated before his eyes whenever a little gust flew their way, soon enough there was nothing left for him to look through besides the large golden frame of the bed.

“I guess this was the most important part of this room?”

Thus he decided to touch the bed but as he had thought there was no holy sword here. Bob was not reacting but even then reminded him constantly that the item was in this very room.

“It’s not the bed then what? Do I need to dig underground or could it be on the ceiling?”

He started looking around but there was nothing on the walls, ceiling, or ground that looked promising. After circling around the room he decided to take a little break by sitting on the golden bed frame. Yet

when he did that, the whole bed quickly collapsed. Luckily thanks to his quick reflexes he did not tumble down to the ground along with it.

“Damn it... hm? Wait, what’s that?”

After the little accident, he noticed something. The four legs holding up the bed had snapped quickly after he tried sitting down but one of them remained intact. When going closer to that part he attempted a small test by pushing the bed down with some force. To his surprise the bed wasn’t budging and when he increased the pressure even when the bedframe started bending the leg did not.

“Did the golden dragon turn the relic into a leg of his bed?”

With the help of his spiritual energy, he levitated the whole golden frame up and flipped it over. When checking all the other corners and this one he could see that this one remaining leg was a bit different. When straining his eyes he could tell that it had been attached later and did not originally belong to this furniture piece.

After identifying which was the added part to the frame Zhang Dong pointed out with his finger toward the bed frame. From his finger, a tiny beam of light escaped that was used to slice this golden egg from the rest that now fell down to the ground.

“So this is it?”

“Affirmative, item matching specifications identified.”

The item that he was holding looked like a peg leg that he could stick on a pirate. There was nothing special about it but it did seem to have been coated with some of that spirit dragon gold that the palace was filled with. Thus carefully he started to slowly remove the layer of the strong metal. At first, he was worried that he could have destroyed the item inside but quickly he noticed that the thing inside was incredibly hard.

“Hoh... so this is it?”

What he was looking at was a handle, it fit into his hand but had no blade coming out from it. There were some symbols on it that he could not understand. They did not belong to the empire’s language or any that he knew. If this was from the magical kingdom that belonged to a different system setting this would make sense.

“Could this be it?”

There was no crossguard but the hilt was thicker at the top part. It was nicely crafted with some blue and golden tint to it. Yet there was something missing, at the top of the hilt there seemed to be a small round spot with a slight indentation. It was as if he could put something in there, like a small orb or gem.

“Hm...”

After examining everything with his spiritual sense came his system, there another oddity arose. He could not identify the item, his system was showing him nothing but question marks as it could not rate the thing he was holding. The metal was also unknown to him but it was certainly sturdier than the dragon gold that was here.

Before making any assumptions he performed one last test. He was someone versed in holy and divine energies, perhaps if this sword was meant for a hero it would react to them. Thus his hand started glowing golden as he tried to prod the relic into life.

“Hoh?”

To his surprise he could see the hilt starting to react, it was as if small wings wanted to form. He could see an outline forming that took the shape of a crossguard and was composed of divine light. Yet they quickly started to fade away and when trying to continue with the test he noticed his spiritual energy being drained quite fast. Even when he tried to inject some mana instead it did not help, it was as if this blade was out of focus and could not present its full form.

‘It might be missing something but perhaps that something isn’t even in this empire...’

If this was really a blade from the other empire then perhaps they had something to unlock its properties. Perhaps a new system holder was needed for it and neither he nor Wang Long was ever qualified to wield it. He might need another source of energy besides his holy aspect as well, perhaps this sword required high knowledge in wind elements of water which he was not a grandmaster in.

“Even if I can’t activate it... or know if this is the actual sword that they are looking for, it should be enough for now.”

The main reason for searching for this relic was to stall the invasion and get some allies. If he could present them with something close to their fabled sword then perhaps they would put some trust in his god will. If they allowed for conversation then at least some lives would be saved and there was hope for the invasion in that area to stop. This would at least turn one aggressor into something more neutral and let him focus on other things.

“Found anything else interesting in here Bob?”

“Negative.”

“Good.”

Zhang Dong nodded while throwing the sword hilt into his spatial ring. Now that he had the potential holy blade he was feeling much better. Yet he still needed to be vigilant, this could be something not related to the knights. Perhaps he would need to figure out a good speech to prolong their good relations.

“Would be nice if they just understood my good intentions but I’m not sure if that Lucius guy won’t change his mind after having some time to think...”

After rummaging through his new Golden Dong Castle he finally bolted for the exit. Thanks to his system he would be able to return here at no teleportation cost. He wanted to start spending his spirit points already but this was not yet the time. Cleaning this place came first as it also used up a lot of points that he did not want to waste. His sect members could be called soon but first, he needed to check up on his family.

‘Everything should be fine right? I’ve been gone for like an hour... just smile a bit and survive...’

This reminded him of some old family get-togethers where he was mostly sitting in the corner and trying not to talk to people. Here on the other hand he had his own wife and kids with him that he needed to pay attention to. The gates soon slammed open and he went out, where his older brother was waiting for him.

"I see that you have mastered the Golden Palace already! But I think I should call it the Golden Dong Palace from now on! Now even those old masters will have to accept you."

Long Qing was all smiles, it seemed that some people were still on the fence about his identity. Now on the other hand he had been accepted by the castle the ancestor lived in and even his name was on the entrance. No one could deny that he was part of the Long Clan and was accepted by their old treasures.

"I guess I am..."

The name rang in his head but at this point, he was already used to being called things like Dong'er and Long Dong. This was nothing out of the ordinary and thus he just floated back towards his brother while smiling.

"Yes, my new home needs some renovation but I will be sure to invite you in after it's been renovated!"

"Hah, I will hold you to that. Now come, let us go back!"

"Yes, let us."

He nodded and soon the two descended back into the palace where everyone was waiting for them.