

## The Ages 1131

### Chapter 1131 - Skywolf Constellation

Bodhi's astralforce surged through his entire physically enhanced specter body. There was also a unique power that only constellers had that suppressed Tianming, his four beasts, and all ten of his godswords. Though specters only had one fighting unit, being without totems or beasts, they were not to be underestimated. Their entire power was concentrated in that sole body instead.

"Constellation stage!" Tianming watched as a phenomenon occurred around Bodhi. There was a field formed of astralforce that caused countless beams of astral light to manifest. The stars gathered together and formed a nebula that looked like a snow-white direwolf. It continued growing in size until it covered Tianming.

Before his opponent had even struck, Tianming felt searing pain all over his body. The nebula was a 'constellation', something only constellers could use! Bodhi's constellation was a skywolf; within the range of the field, he could gather stellar force to form a huge reservoir from which he could draw power.

Different constellations had different effects. For instance, the skywolf constellation emphasized chaos and could absorb, and even twist Tianming's astralforce. It was somewhat similar to a unity field, but it was a completely different concept. Unity fields were the result of sharing energy between beastmaster and the beast, while constellations were only related to the projection and release of astralforce. Depending on the type of cultivation, lifebound beast, and bloodline, constellations could manifest as different fields around the battlefield. In another sense, it was like having a portable formation.

Specters, totem users, and beastmasters had different constellation qualities. For instance, totem users' constellations emphasized the intercommunication between the user and their totems and had to be executed by both totem and user to mutually strengthen one another. Sovereign Xi had her own constellation, but all of her totems had been destroyed by Tianming before she could manifest and use it.

Bodhi's skywolf constellation caused the fundamental cosmic forces in the area to gather around him, making him grow even brighter and more threatening. While Tianming didn't have a constellation of his own, he did have the Impereal Sword Formation and could achieve a similar effect. It was too bad he didn't have access to an external source of energy, like a constellation.

As Bodhi manifested the skywolf constellation, Tianming and his beasts charged toward him. Within the nebula, Bodhi savagely fought with his empty fist and Moonsoul Dream. With both sides having a grade-four divine artifact, Tianming's boost from the orderian cauldron seemed even less worth mentioning. With his level being at Heptaglorious Sky, he was confident in being able to face off against someone at the Orderian Sky level. However, the enraged Bodhi was far harder to deal with. The gap between the Ascension and Constellation stages was too wide!

Bodhi only needed a single strike to land through Tianming's flurry of attacks. Infused with constellation power, his strike was boundless in power. Before it even connected, Tianming could already feel the constellation power working against him. Even with the Purple Tower boosting his defense, he was already starting to bleed all over. Additionally, the skywolf constellation continued spinning like a vortex,

siphoning away Tianming's astralforce and further weakening him. This strike alone had completely mitigated the force of Tianming's preemptive defense and the Impereal Sword Formation, sending him slamming into the wall of the cauldron.

"I've never been afraid of you. What about Jiang Feiling? Is she able to come out?" Bodhi coldly asked, his robes fluttering from the powerful force of his constellation. As he attacked, he evaded Meow Meow's abilities with blinding speed and struck once more, shattering Ying Huo's Death Inferno. Then he slammed his fist at Lan Huang, sending it flying. He was a complete monster.

"Looks like she isn't able to come out after all. That's too bad, you're going to suffer a horrible death." He didn't hold back at all, putting his power advantage on full display. His ultimate speed and vitality allowed him to match Tianming and his beasts' tricks without a single mistake. He seemed like a fighting machine capable of everything, despite being on his own.

Tianming wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and endured the shock his organs had received before charging in again. He gathered his godswords by his side once more and pointed them all at Bodhi. It was one thing to deal with such a fearsome foe, but another to do so within a short timeframe. Each breath he took meant that the moon was growing even closer to the continent.

The Archaionfiend couldn't do anything about the descent at all without the Moondream Soul. Tianming glared at his foe and pushed his astralforce to the limits as he executed the Moonnight Subdued Strike, but Bodhi didn't care about his totems or the Grand-Orient Swords at all. A soon-to-be-dead-man's talent was nothing to marvel at. The moonlight that was unleashed from the swords and totems illuminated the entire cauldron as countless moons slammed toward Bodhi.

"You have all the best lifebound beasts, weapons, battle arts, and totems. It's too bad you're too young."

Based on his age alone, he was bound to never catch up with Bodhi. Bodhi didn't budge the slightest bit from the attacks. Instead, he used the energy from the skywolf constellation to execute the Spectral Voidflower. The move caused countless deathly flowers to manifest, each one formed of countless swords. The force from the move instantly swallowed up the Moonnight Subdued Strike.

Then he struck with his empty fist, using his strongest move, Boundless Dragonform Divinity. The punch caused thousands of dragons to ferociously descend toward Ying Huo and Lan Huang. The first wave neutralized Lan Huang's Daybreak Worldslash, while the second wave swallowed up Ying Huo's Death Inferno again. Even though the move didn't harm Lan Huang, the dragon was sent smashing into the cauldron's walls. At the same time, Bodhi used an ability.

"Goldwheel Spectral Gate, open!" Gold words emerged from his mouth and rushed to his head, forming a golden disc a hundred meters in diameter that opened up like a huge gate. The gate sucked in Meow Meow's Cosmic Lances and other abilities, as well as Xian Xian's Bloodrain Swords.

Bodhi had no problem facing off against multiple enemies at all.

### **Chapter 1132 - You're Inches Better, I'm Leagues Greater**

All of this meant that once Bodhi had reached the Constellation stage, his abilities became far stronger than Sovereign Xi's. In other words, his fiendgod bloodline gave him a talent that superseded that of the

sovereign, giving him quite an advantage over Tianming. As Tianming tore apart Bodhi's Spectral Voidflower with his own Moonnight Subdued Strike, the power of his totems was only enough to take a single strike from Bodhi. The gap between them was too big, even though Tianming had an advantage in numbers.

All kinds of tricks seemed to fail as Tianming and the rest were sent flying, having to recover again and again by relying on the Greenspark Tower.

"I don't believe this won't work!" Ying Huo sneakily went behind Bodhi at the fastest speed possible, then unleashed a Moonnight Subdued Strike. However, Bodhi seemed to have eyes behind him as he struck with his fist and swung Moonsoul Dream toward Ying Huo's throat without looking. Ying Huo's sharp feathers did manage to leave many deep, bloody wounds on Bodhi's back, but it almost had its head cut off in exchange. Bodhi's punch was far more powerful than before as he executed Boundless Dragon Divinity, Myriad Skyshakers. The astralforce that burst forth from the punch was enhanced by the skywolf constellation, forming a terrifying nebular explosion.

Tianming used all of his totems to execute the final move of Moonnight Subdued Strike, putting every bit of power he could muster into it. He was surrounded by an Imperealm Sword Barrier at the same time as he attacked the fist. Once more, he felt a potent pressure on his head. The intent behind the fist seemed to send a shockwave into his body. The godswords flailed wildly to block the fist, and a few of them even dimmed.

Tianming was sent smashing into the cauldron wall again, his bones shaking from the impact. When he opened his mouth, black blood flowed out. Some five percent of his albi had been extinguished by that punch alone.

The punch was just as forceful as Bodhi's spirit. He was now completely unhinged, like a herald of the end. The veins in his face looked like centipedes crawling under his skin. He turned to Lan Huang and shot white beams from his eyes; it was his ability, Sacred Alban Visage. The beams instantly struck Lan Huang and caused it to freeze, stopping its movements. White jade seemed to form all over its body before encasing it completely in a spherical structure.

Roar as Lan Huang might within the jade, it couldn't move at all. Through their telepathic connection, Tianming knew that Lan Huang was being impaled by countless white-jade spikes within. No matter how tough it was, it would die from it sooner or later.

"There's no rush. This is only the beginning! You'll watch those around you die one after the other without recourse, just like me. Being the last one alive is the ultimate suffering. However, I'm a merciful man. I won't let you suffer for long and will personally reunite you with them in death!" Bodhi roared. "You truly improve quickly. Perhaps you could become a nightmare to many, but it's a shame you ran into me. You're inches better than most, but I'm leagues better than you!"

Fist strikes were followed up with sword strikes and abilities, all fueled by the skywolf constellation. It was further exacerbated by Bodhi's insanely tough physical body. Not only had he used the Sacred Alban Visage to seal up Lan Huang and Xian Xian, his sword strikes also kept Ying Huo and Meow Meow at bay. Then he charged straight at Tianming with a flurry of punches, smashing Tianming's Northapex Perpetuity and Ordinem Imperius apart.

"So what if you have ten totems? You'll still be reduced to ashes for standing in my way. This is karmic revenge! You think you're a miracle and myth, destined to save the world. It's too bad that the world doesn't neatly play out like a scripted play. Since the moment I was born, the Flameyellow Continent and Divine Moon Realm were destined to be destroyed!"

Tianming crawled back up in the cauldron, completely bloodied and pale. His chest had been caved in as well, and there was a slash that had almost cut through his heart. Bodhi thought he would have killed Tianming by now, but the Greenspark Tower still kept him going. It was already impressive to him that Tianming had lasted this long.

However, Tianming didn't despair as he had expected. Instead, he smiled and said, "So you're admitting it now, eh? You don't want to kill me because of your wife and daughter. You merely think I'm an obstacle that stands in your way of destroying the world. Finally taking up the mantle of the villain, eh? Don't need your sad backstory anymore? You aren't even a person anymore, with every single albus in your body consumed by those vengeful spirits. Bodhi, this is all just a selfish crusade for yourself. You never cared about avenging anyone, only the destruction of everyone else."

Tianming stood up and pointed his sword at Bodhi as he approached. "No matter how many times I have to say it, I'll have you know that you were the one that drove Little You to take her own life!"

Bodhi's face completely contorted. "Shut up! You don't know anything! You've never had to carry the burden of revenge!"

"You're wrong, I have." His vengeance had been carried out at Ignispolis. It only really involved two people, Mu Qingqing included. As for the others of Lightning Manor, some had perished at the hand of Li Muyang while others were killed by Li Yanfeng. Tianming didn't exterminate the entire city because of Midas's death.

"The stellunar source didn't belong to the Ninefold Hell two hundred millennia ago. Though you claim to be giving the Flameyellow Continent and Divine Moon Realm payback, you're actually using your ancestors' vengeance as an excuse to fulfill your own desires. Since you specters lost your stellunar source in the astralscape of order, you've yearned to take one from others. Two hundred thousand years ago, you were persecuted and imprisoned, but your actions now aren't due to that at all! You're just trying to justify your unrightful rise back to power and willingness to take countless lives for it! Someone like you doesn't deserve to be regarded as an avenger!"

Little You hadn't formed her own worldview yet, so she was open to Bodhi's brainwashing. As she listened on, she had been convinced that she needed a home of her own. Though it was an innocuous desire, why did it involve such an unbelievable wrong? Did they really need to destroy two worlds and all the life on them just to support their own home?

Tianming's words seemed to tear away the veil of justifications Bodhi used. He was the person the whole thing centered around. The moment Little You's blood had burst out of her body for the sake of their home was the first time since he became overlord of the specters that he couldn't be sure whether his actions were really his own. Could the ancestral blood within him be directing his actions?

"You were sealed for two hundred millennia, but you weren't completely exterminated. Though your days were without the light of the sun, you had each other. The Ninefold Hell isn't a small place by any

means. Even the humans of the continent are basically trapped in the lower world if they're unable to ascend, but that isn't the same as a death sentence or endless suffering. You just couldn't stand being in the Ninefold Hell because the Skysource Hellshaker Formation prevented you from killing and slaughtering others! If you never had those desires in the first place, you wouldn't be suffering! You did this to yourself! Are you still going to blame others for suffering that stems from your own desires?"

Those too deep in the abyss could never see how they factored into the big picture; they always felt like the world owed them something. Tianming didn't think that vengeance was a bad thing. However, he saw in Bodhi something other than vengeance. This terrifying man had overwhelming might and controlled everything from the mooncore. He had even heavily wounded Tianming and all his beasts. Even after Tianming had completely exposed his shameless intentions, he still looked savagely fierce.

"Is that all you have to say? Do you think your sins will be forgiven just because you can argue your way out of it? How can you even claim to know the extent of our suffering? You couldn't even see how we lived when we were imprisoned! Li Tianming, the fall of the moon is more or less over. You'll be able to witness the destruction of both worlds before you die. After the destruction, you'll get to experience what true peace and silence sounds like."

From the continent, the moon looked to be ten meters in diameter. The mountains and rivers on the surface were even visible, as well as countless moonlit clouds. Earthquakes ravaged the continent below as the two astral bodies pulled at each other. Cries of agony and suffering resounded throughout. Even the water in Taiji Peak Lake rose toward the skies as countless buildings crumbled from the opposing attractive forces. By now, the moon was already in range of the Kilostar Domain.

### **Chapter 1133 - Weapon of Omniscient Life**

Just yesterday, Tianming had absorbed the power from his subjects near the Kilostar Domain to slaughter tens of thousands of divine moonrace, and even eliminated all seven of Sovereign Xi's totems. The entire time he was fighting Bodhi, he was biding his time by relying on the towers for this very moment.

When the moon finally sank low enough, the power of his subjects finally surged into his albi through his Omniscient Threads. Almost immediately, power burst forth in his body. Everyone connected to him was watching the moon's rapid descent. Their cries of panic and despair rang in his ears as the ground beneath them cracked open, separating them from their loved ones. The cities they were in were ruins of rubble. Tidal waves were going wild at the coasts and storms and twisters ravaged the continent, drawing in countless people and beasts.

The fall of the Divine Moon Realm had put every single one of the continent's residents in danger. Death was looming over them and they could die at any time. Everyone well knew that once the collision occurred, the Flameyellow Continent would no doubt be reduced to ash, wiping out countless years of history. The only thing they could do now was fervently place their hopes in their emperor, Tianming, hoping that they could triumph with him through their mutual connection. When they felt Tianming drawing power from them, they fervently committed to it and prayed, seemingly setting the entire continent alight with their passion.

"Aaaaah!" They channeled all the energy they had skyward toward the shining point above, the object of their worship, a true divine incarnate! "Human Emperor!" Those words were the only ones that kept

their courage from crumbling in their struggle against fate. At that moment, it was as if they were all standing hand in hand, ready to use their own bodies to stop the falling moon.

The will of the countless people was energy that fed into Tianming's very soul. Countless souls resonated, gathering together and coursing through the dense Omniscient Threads that linked them to him, allowing him to resonate as well, far more than the time he was slaughtering the invaders before this. This was a will to survive the end of their lives, homes, and everything as they knew it. It was an immeasurable force of spirit that soared through the skies of the continent.

"We will not die!"

The Omniscient Threads allowed many of them to see the true nature of the starry sky, and the realization of how minuscule they were in the grand scheme of things only made them stronger. Tianming could hear all of their voices through the Omniscient Threads. They were all familiar faces, placing their hopes into their emperor. At that moment, Tianming came to understand one thing: "I am their weapon!"

The relationship between a ruler and their subjects wasn't that of master and slave. Instead, both sides were extensions of the same body. He was the incarnation of their collective will, just like Bodhi's blood was the collective will of his forebears. The Flameyellow Continent had far too many people, and their combined force of will was not to be underestimated.

A ruler is merely the executor of the subjects' will. Wielding the mandate to use their power, I'm being directed by them to tear apart the chains of fate! This time around, I'm not just the one saving them. They're all playing a part in saving themselves!

The sudden insight was far too important to Tianming, being the core principle of his Imperial Will. As the weapon of omniscient life, if he misunderstood the nature of the relationship and became a tyrant that abandoned his people, his divine will would crumble for real. But now the resonance was resulting in even more growth of his divine will, reinforcing the Grand-Orient Swords in his albi even more, and allowing him to absorb and control even more of the powerful stellunar source.

All of that had happened within a fraction of time. At the mooncore, he had more than enough stellunar source, allowing him to rapidly grow and refill his albi with astralforce. Not to mention, his bane-rings were now filled with power from the Omniscient Threads. He used his totemic calamity, Myriadsword Providence!

Tianming may have temporarily lost two totems, but the remaining godswords still managed to split into eight thousand providence swords. Each of them was far more powerful than they ever were. Within the confines of the orderian cauldron, all of those swords looked terrifying as they hovered above Bodhi's head.

Tianming and his beasts continued absorbing stellunar source, reaching the boundary of the Octasaint Sky level. However, each moment was one where they risked death. There was no time for them to slowly undergo a metamorphosis. The moment the providence swords manifested, Tianming charged toward the manic Bodhi, stellunar source still filling his body.

Even so, Tianming didn't need to reach the eighth level right now, as his subjects were supporting him. He roared and caused the Purple Tower to appear in every single albus in his body, stabilizing them from the influx of too much power from the Omnisentient Threads.

Bodhi witnessed the whole transformation, not understanding how in the world Tianming could ever get so strong so fast. The sheer number of unknowns was why he had been so careful about Tianming. "It's too bad you're far too late. You'll no longer be able to change anything."

Bodhi continued smiling wickedly, his eyes still bloodshot. The vengeful souls of his forebears still surrounded him and gleefully screeched at Tianming. The Divine Moon Realm was now lower than the Kilostar Domain's former range. Bodhi knew that even if he returned to the formation core now, there was nothing he could do to change the outcome. The sheer amount of energy contained in the mass of the moon itself and its stellar source was devastating.

"Brace for the glorious sight to come. You can stop now. I'll allow you to witness the beauty of the ending worlds before helping you on your way to the afterlife." Clutching his face, he began chuckling, then heartily laughing. "Young man, take a breather. Aren't you tired?"

The bloodied Tianming was now surrounded by a sea of swords that all pointed at Bodhi. Each of them seemed like a city that contained millions of people trying to survive. Everyone knew that there was no more time; Tianming ignored what Bodhi had said and locked his eyes on the white specter, intent on nothing but exterminating him for good.

The resonance with the continent rang in his ears as he made his charge. The sound of swords cutting through the air filled the cauldron. Bodhi was fully aware how powerful Tianming was right now, but he failed to understand the point of struggling at this juncture. There was always a limit to how much stronger one could get in a pinch. At the Ascension stage, that little boost shouldn't matter much, so Bodhi chose to resist Tianming's final assault. He had his own technique that could boost his abilities too.

"Fiendgodmorphize!" Right before the swords reached him, his bones snapped and his body grew to five or six meters in length. His white skin turned silvery and his bald head began contorting into a wolf-like form as his hands sprouted sharp claws to match. He was a humanoid werewolf! This transformation seemed to have greatly strengthened him. The entire time he had been killing the divine moonrace, he had consumed far too many of their bodies, which had in turn nourished him and allowed him to develop a prime form suited for close combat. His entire body was like a divine artifact, both in toughness and in the power that flowed within. He easily tore open the lid of the cauldron with his claw and charged out.

"Stop!"

Tianming gathered his swords and used the Moonnight Subdued Strike, the moves all coagulating into a gigantic formation of swords that rained toward Bodhi.

### **Chapter 1134 - End of the World**

Just as Tianming had grown stronger, so had Bodhi. He stood tall at the opening of the orderian cauldron and stared down at Tianming. "It's almost time. I'll let you turn to ash alongside your precious Flameyellow Continent."

He didn't choose to escape. Instead, Bodhi rapidly descended toward Tianming as a beam of silver light, using his abilities and battle arts at the same time. He assailed the young emperor with the force of a thousand dragons.

Though Tianming had many things to say to Bodhi, he could only utter one word now: "Die!"

Everything was at stake and resting on Tianming's sword—the whole continent, all the life there, and the history that came before it. But the heavier the burden, the more power he seemed to be able to channel.

"Break!"

With a roar that represented the will of omniscient life, Tianming's swords gathered together and tore the air apart, forming a torrent of sword ki that smashed toward Bodhi and his dragons. The enhanced providence swords clashed and emanated magnificent power, tearing apart the dragon illusions like paper. It was a complete domination. Tianming was far stronger than before, now that he was closer to the continent.

Though Bodhi had factored many things into his calculations, including the trajectory of the moon's fall, this was something he hadn't taken into account. "How could a single human suddenly become so strong?!"

Like Sovereign Xi, he was completely baffled and didn't have the luxury of remaining shocked. The instant his expression changed, the eight thousand providence swords rushed toward him like a wave.

"This..."

His eyes widened at the sight of their sheer speed. He saw Tianming in the midst of the sea of swords. The entire time, he had never underestimated Tianming and regarded him as a fearful existence, but now that wasn't even an apt description for him. "You seem destined to soar through the astralscape and become an unparalleled god. However, the destruction of the Flameyellow Continent will be an eternal scar on your legacy! It will come to haunt you countless times in your life!"

Bodhi could already taste death. Once he was dead, nobody would be left to control the fusion formation of the Ninefold Hell, so there would be no way to contain the stellunar source that came bursting out of the moon. However, his desire for destruction had far surpassed that for a home since Little You's death. He didn't feel any more regret or pain, even knowing that he would lose. Instead, he started laughing at Tianming's desperate, yet futile struggle against fate. He would fail to save the continent and his people!

"Little You, Daddy's really happy too. Don't go too far in the afterlife. Wait for me. I'll watch you grow up there by your side." He opened his arms wide and closed his eyes, welcoming the embrace of death. He had won, even in death. His ancestors no longer desired a home for themselves, either. The fact that they had their revenge was enough to calm their souls.

Thousands of providence swords pierced straight through Bodhi's powerful body, crushing his hearts and drawing much blood. He was now deader than dead, and wouldn't survive even if he had ten thousand more hearts. However, not even all of that damage could take the smile off his face; it was a smile of victory. From now on, Tianming would spend the rest of his life in pain. That would be a fate



worse than death. Even though Bodhi didn't get to fully enact his plans, he still hadn't lost! The moon now covered half of the continent's sky and the power of its stellunar source was so close that the human-shaped continent began shaking, nearing its breaking point.

"Aaaaagh!" Tianming took the Moondream Soul, his eyes completely bloodshot with desperation. Bodhi was right. He had finally bested Bodhi, but it was too late! In the mooncore, he could see what his people saw from the outside through his connection to them. Ironically, he was at the safest place possible, right at the center of the moon. The sound of the world breaking apart filled his ears and caused him to go numb.

On the brink of his subjects' complete annihilation, his Imperial Will once more reached a breaking point and began fracturing as the Omnisentient Threads were being severed. He was now an integral part of his people and the continent. Once the continent was gone, he would struggle to rise back up.

Bodhi's deathly smile plagued his mind like a nightmare. Even so, Tianming had done the best he could against such a foe. As quickly as he could, he tossed the Moondream Soul to the Archaionfiend. "Quick!"

The beast took the sword, still a little wordless. It only moved toward the formation core after Lin Xiaoxiao urged it to. Perhaps because it was feeling safe, since it was in the mooncore, it did its best to salvage what it could.

"It says it's too late. There is almost no chance for everything to survive. All it can do is its best, so please don't blame it if this fails," Lin Xiaoxiao said with a crestfallen expression.

Tianming didn't respond. He kept looking for something he could do from within the mooncore, but he realized that there was nothing he could help with. His arm could pierce any formation, so it was like having countless keys. But as a result, that meant he didn't have to study much about formations to understand and get through them, since he could easily tear into them.

The Archaionfiend pierced the Moondream Soul into the formation core and tried to divert the moon's trajectory, but the heavenly patterns within shook without budging. All it could do was turn back and say, "Give up. It's already beyond our control, there's nothing I can do."

Those words sounded like a death sentence for both the Flameyellow Continent and the Divine Moon Realm.

### **Chapter 1135 - Radiance**

Give up! Give up! The words came like poisoned blades to Tianming, piercing his heart countless times. Even though he was within the mooncore, he could sense the experiences of everyone on the continent through the Omnisentient Threads as they looked toward the sky. As the moon fell, each of them felt how small and insignificant they were. They shivered, cried, and despaired. Tianming couldn't even catch a single breath when beset with all those feelings.

"It's over! Everything's done for!"

"There's going to be nothing left!"

"Mom, where are you? I'm scared..."

The skies rumbled and the ground broke apart. Like Bodhi had predicted, the collision would no doubt result in a brilliant flash all around, the light of which would probably be seen from high up in the astralscape of order. From a distance, it was sure to be a beautiful, sublime sight. However, those present during the collision would know that this expression of nature's beauty came at the cost of billions upon billions of sentient lifeforms.

Despair was endless. Time seemed to have stopped as everything quieted down. The flames of death had now engulfed both worlds. Those on the continent and moon alike cried out in helplessness. As Bodhi was now dead, the Divine Moon Realm's astralguard formation was still activated. Even so, those on the moon wouldn't be able to survive the collision either. Despair seeped into everyone's hearts.

Tianming had experienced countless battles to the death, but never had his mind blanked out like it had now. He understood that no matter how talented he was, there were some things that were simply out of the realm of his control, mainly the hearts of people. Bodhi, Sovereign Xi, and even Little You might be minor figures in the history of the entire astralscape of order, but their thoughts and motivations were unbelievably complex.

By now, the light of the moon had enveloped the entire continent. Tianming took the Archaionfiend's place and used all the power he could muster, groaning so hard that his voice turned hoarse as he twisted the Moondream Soul, but to no avail. In the silence, his heavy breathing sounded piercingly loud.

Right then, the distance between the moon and the continent was about half the diameter of the chaos skyjail. Even more rumbling occurred all over as some people were drawn upward toward the moon by its gravity. Cries flooded into his mind; they were like poisonous needles to him. Bodhi had said that the eradication of the Flameyellow Continent would haunt him for life, and he was right. The pain of surviving and enduring the death of one's loved ones—Bodhi's pain—was now fully clear to Tianming. Little You's suicide had completely broken the specter.

Tianming felt like his soul was being torn apart. It was over. Nobody could stop the collision of the moon and the continent now. The moonlight had overpowered the light of the orderian sun by virtue of its sheer proximity to the continent. The next instant, the human realm would be plunged into eternal hell.

However, everything seemed to turn quiet, and even stop. Was it a trick of the mind that slowed down the subjective sensation of the passing of time in the moment of death? No, it had slowed down too much for that to be the case. It couldn't be.

Waiting for a good while with his breath held, Tianming finally breathed a sigh of relief. He had discovered something incomprehensible from the Omniscient Threads. It appeared that the moon had stopped falling and was affixed at a point in space. Even though the gravity of the moon was still drawing parts of the continent toward it, the collision didn't happen.

"What is going on?"

The ones who had survived were watching the scene with wide eyes.

"How is this happening?" Tianming tried to look for the answer through the Omniscient Threads.

"That's the chaos skyjail!" For a collision to properly occur, the moon would first have to collide with the chaos skyjail, which was a gigantic dome that covered the part of the continent that resembled a human

head. The trajectory of the moon's fall had brought it close to that area. The barrier that was colloquially known as the Canal of the Dead had stopped the moon in its tracks by letting out boundless black smoke that took the shape of hands that held the moon up high, not allowing it to finish the collision! Not only that, they were holding the moon stably in place!

"This... this is a miracle!" the Archaionfiend cried.

Tianming was even more flabbergasted that something like this had happened at his place of birth. The chaos skyjail was actually managing to hold up the moon like it was a ball in a game.

"Keep turning!" Tianming hollered at the Archaionfiend with all he had.

"Oh? Okay!" It snapped back into action and tried to take control of the Divine Moon Realm once more. Now that it was no longer falling, it was worth giving it another try. The Archaionfiend used all of its power to turn the Moondream Soul, resulting in a piercing sound reverberating throughout the mooncore. Initially, the Divine Moon Realm began to shake and crumble as a result of the opposing forces of attraction, but then a brilliant radiance could be seen as the moon began rising again.

The gigantic celestial body began leaving the hold of the chaos skyjail as countless cheers erupted from the moon and continent. The moon grew smaller and smaller from below. Eventually, the clouds on it were so small that they couldn't be seen anymore.

The two worlds that had been apart for millions of years were going to split up once more before they could even touch. Eventually, the damage being done to the Flameyellow Continent started to taper off until it was no more. The higher the moon rose, the stabler the situation grew. Though it still shook a few times and almost began its descent once more, it still managed to keep its course.

"Hey! Have a stable grip on it, won't you?!" Tianming snapped when the moon shook.

"Shut up! You're only going to distract this old gal' doing her work!" the Archaionfiend snapped.

"Huh? With how rough you sound, I never thought you'd actually be female." Tianming rolled his eyes.

"Boss, you're so dumb! I knew Sister You was female as I tossed her up into the sky when we played around!" Lan Huang said with a gleeful look.

"Shut up!" The Archaionfiend felt like it was going to vomit blood.

"Tortoise Bro, what did you see?" Ying Huo asked with excitement. Even Meow Meow waited attentively, waiting for Lan Huang to tell them more.

"Hahaha... well—" Before it could finish, it saw the seething glare of the Archaionfiend and shuddered. "I didn't see anything! I'm a pure and innocent dragon-tortoise!"

"Say it!" Ying Huo snapped.

The Archaionfiend was frustrated to find that its identity would actually cause them to react like that. However, it didn't stop working. Though the process was slow, the moon was still rising without a doubt. Once it was past the height of the Kilostar Domain, the power Tianming had gained from his subjects vanished again. He began to calm down and absorb stellar source, raising him, his totems, and beasts to the Octasaint Sky level.

"By now, I'll be able to fight constelliers on even footing without the Omnisentient Threads." Bodhi was already dead, so Tianming would be unrivaled on the moon.

The Divine Moon Realm continued rising. The two worlds no longer tore at each other, putting an end to the ongoing damage. As the collision hadn't really happened, no real, lasting damage was done. As for the collapsed buildings and ruined homes, people could rebuild. Those on the continent continued watching as the moon shrank smaller and smaller.

"This disaster is finally over," Lin Xiaoxiao said, having witnessed the whole incident. Even with the power of all life, they could only barely stop Bodhi. The thing that had really stopped the moon was the chaos skyjail. Though the commotion was over, people were still left rather traumatized. Nobody cheered at the near brush with death they just had, neither on the moon nor the continent. Everyone was still paralyzed with fear.

"The Divine Moon Realm should be back at its original position in half an hour," the Archaiionfiend said.

Tianming decided to leave the rest to it while he calmed himself and dealt with the aftermath. Bodhi's corpse was still floating in the mooncore, the transformation from before having been undone. Even so, his pale eyes remained open. He thought he had won, so a smile of satisfaction could still be seen on his face. It was a blissful death, if nothing else.

"Everything ends when you die. As far as you're concerned, none of this means anything anymore. In that sense, you've truly won, Bodhi. You achieved the result you wanted. Your fate is far more enviable than those who died in resentment."

After all, wasn't that all that mattered? One had to go on living to perceive the truth. As far as dead people were concerned, their experience of the truth ended at the point of death. Any further discussion past that point in time didn't concern them any longer.

Tianming continued looking at the corpse whose blood was about to be drained in full. At the end of the day, the blood belonged to his ancestors, not him, so it left his body after he passed.

"Perhaps like Little You, this is your true self. You both carried far too heavy a burden of resentment that didn't belong to you."

### **Chapter 1136 - The Fate of the Specters**

Bodhi was the most sinister foe Tianming had ever had to face off against. Even so, the victory had brought him no happiness or elation. Instead, he felt worse off for it.

During the conflict with the divine moonrace, he had considered coexisting with Bodhi and the specters for real, but deep down he knew that Bodhi would never give up on his vendetta. As expected, things had turned out the way he predicted, culminating in the near collision of both worlds as Bodhi tried taking the stellunar source for his own home. Had he not died, the two worlds would have. Tianming had no choice if he wanted to survive. Killing Bodhi with the power of humanity was the only way out of the spot between a rock and a hard place.

Perhaps the fact that Bodhi had died thinking he'd achieved his vengeance was the best possible outcome for all parties involved. Little You was the only blemish on the way things had turned out, but it had resulted from Bodhi's own doing, or rather that of their ancestors.

There was a small box beside Bodhi's corpse containing Little You's corpse. She peacefully rested within it. Tianming pushed it into Bodhi's arms.

"I don't know if you can hear this, but I've decided to tell you my decision. I'll designate an uninhabited area at the west of the continent for the billion specters to inhabit. They'll be able to enjoy consuming normal spiritual energy, as well as bathing in the light of the moon and sun. I'll reshape our society into one where humans and specters can peacefully coexist. They'll earn the freedom and basic rights and dignity that all lifeforms deserve. I'll do my best to give them everything they had imagined when they were imprisoned inside the Ninefold Hell.

"Truth be told, two hundred millennia of imprisonment still isn't enough to even out the enslavement of humanity for a million years. But if we keep holding on to debts incurred aeons ago, how can we ever break free of the cycle of hate and resentment? You said you wanted a home, and we could've negotiated that. The Flameyellow Continent could've been your home, too. Even if there isn't a stellunar source there, you'd still gain warmth and care. The small things in life that culminate in happiness can all be gained there. It just goes to show that all you and your ancestors cared about wasn't really just a home, but a stellunar source instead."

Back then, Tianming didn't have the right to tell Bodhi these things. But now he was powerful enough, and could talk to him on equal footing. A fine balance of power between the two races could be achieved on the continent. There would be no point in destabilizing each other's lives on the continent, which would result in a halt in the conflict. Tianming was more than willing to allow the descendants of the specters to live a new life, unburdened by the sins of their forebears. Yet Bodhi had chosen to prioritize the resentment incurred aeons in the past over the peaceful lives they could gain in the present. He died blissfully, thinking he had fulfilled his vision of utter destruction. As for the specters that still remained, their fates wouldn't be too much worse.

"After bearing all of that punishment, shouldn't it be time to let go of all this resentment and go back to enjoying what life has to offer?"

Bodhi had known that his ancestors inflicted a lot of pain and suffering on the people of the continent. However, he made a willing decision to forget and ignore that fact. He did everything for the stellunar source and his personal ambitions. Surely he wasn't ignorant to the fact that all he needed to do to get a home without a stellunar source was communicate and negotiate. Even the death of his wife and children should have been resolved between him and Tianming, but he chose to drag the rest of the continent into his personal vendetta.

From the start, Tianming had been leading his people in a careful dance between two behemoths, the specters and the divine moonrace. The slightest misstep would mean the start of an unending nightmare. He hadn't had a choice when he directed the divine moonrace to exterminate the elites of the specters. Through the entire process, he had never exposed Bodhi for being a specter to the divine moonrace, thereby ensuring the survival of the remaining billion of them. That was his final act of benevolence, and he thought it was how he could achieve peace with Bodhi, but it turned out to be a pipe dream.

"Now unburdened by this debt of blood, the specters will be better off." Tianming gave Bodhi a coffin, allowing him to be with his daughter even in death. "When we return, I'll bury you in your new home."

With the elites of the specters wiped out, they were no longer a threat to the humans of the continent. Li Caiwei was about to ascend to godhood herself, so Tianming would be able to maintain control. Moving forward, the resentment that resulted from their imprisonment would vanish alongside the resentment the humans had incurred over a million years of enslavement. Old things should be left to die to make space for new possibilities to grow.

The moon finally returned to its former position. The Archaionfiend opened up the path out of the mooncore and tossed Tianming Moondream Soul. It was finally over, and the people of both worlds could start a new chapter in their lives, free from the chains of age-old resentment.

"Let's go!" There were still many things he had to deal with. The sovereign and Bodhi had both died within the mooncore; it wasn't a place worth lingering in. With the Moondream Soul in hand, he wouldn't have to worry about the situation repeating itself.

"Xiaoxiao, I'll be dealing with some matters of the Divine Moon Realm, so you should go back down and help out," Tianming said, standing on the ruins of Xi Palace.

"Do you still think Xiaoxiao's your maidservant?" the Archaionfiend snapped.

"Wu You, stay out of this." Lin Xiaoxiao's words immediately shut the beast up. She nodded to Tianming, swallowed what she was about to say, and left.

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Tianming swept through the halls of the Grandfowl Water Palace and found a mysterious area sealed by a formation. Within it were countless treasures—universal manna, divine artifacts, divine pills, divine herbs, and many more. There was also a heap of transmission stones. A few of them were forged from divine ores, marked with the words 'celestial orderians'. They must be what the sovereign used to contact Orderia. However, she had died far too unexpectedly, and hadn't been able to use any of them.

Tianming swept the whole area clean. Now he had hundreds of universal manna, enough to make quite a few more gods on the continent. He then went to the divine moon hall of the capital. Nobody stood in his way after all this commotion. Using a divine ore called caelumite, he stored around ten thousand caeli of the divine moonrace, which he intended to bring back to the continent. The divine moonrace had millions of them, so that small number wasn't a big deal.

"These should be enough to make tens of gods on the continent in a short time. Now that they are connected to my divine will, they should be making swift progress as well. If they need access to the stellunar source, they can cultivate on the moon."

With so much power, Tianming wouldn't have to worry about the specters that survived. He wouldn't have to worry about them causing trouble, either, having access to the Omniscient Threads. Like the divine moonrace, the specters had lost their leaders.

Tianming took all of the transmission stones he could find. "This incident will eventually be discovered by Orderia. What I need to do now is minimize the impact as much as possible."

He continued searching throughout the city. The entire Divine Moon Realm was in chaos after their sovereign's death and the near collision of the worlds. Many of them were still stricken by the incident even though it was over, but nobody knew the full truth of the matter.

As Tianming flew about the city, he suddenly spotted a familiar short-haired girl.

### **Chapter 1137 - Ghost**

"Hey, Huiye, you're looking good. Been doing well?" Tianming landed right in front of her, causing her to panic before she rammed into him. "Hey, it's not appropriate to crash into me chest-first you know."

"Is Ling'er not around? Is it finally my turn?" Her nervousness evaporated when she saw that it was him. However, the thought of him killing more than a hundred thousand gods filled her eyes with fear. "Ah, I was just joking! I meant no offense! Umm... my impoverished house needs me, so I'm off!"

"Wait, what're you panicking about?" Tianming pulled her into a corner.

"Don't do this! I'm just a wildflower, unfit for someone as noble as you! It isn't worth cheating on Ling'er for me!" she said, clutching her face nervously.

"Stop messing around." Tianming pulled her ears and asked, "How are you doing here on the Divine Moon Realm?"

"How else? Many people know that I was married to you. All I can do is say I don't know anything. I'd have long been beheaded otherwise."

"If you can keep up the lie, you'll be fine. By the way, I heard that Sovereign Xi is dead. Do you know who killed her?"

"It must be those specters, that overlord especially. He's far too terrifying!"

"Then do you know who sent the moon hurling towards the continent?"

"How would I know?!" She was on the brink of tears. If she didn't know, the rest of the divine moonrace probably didn't either.

"Then I'll tell you the truth."

"Alright."

"The astral killer was the one who killed your sovereign. He entered the mooncore like a madman and almost caused the moon to smash into the continent. However, he realized this was getting too big for him and immediately changed course. Then he ran off."

"Was it Bodhi?"

"No, there's no Bodhi, no specters, only the astral killer." Tianming gave her head a knock.

"What do you mean?"

"I need you to spread that around. Don't tell anyone who Bodhi was, got it?"

"Fine. I can do that. But there's more to it, right?"

"Yes. What really happened was I killed Bodhi and saved the Divine Moon Realm. But I don't want anyone else to know that. I can't risk even greater powers finding out about me, so the astral killer

realizing his mistakes is what I'm running with, got it? I don't want Bodhi's identity to be revealed because I worry someone will come to the continent searching for him and drag me into it."

"Alright, fine! But did you really save the world?" She looked at him with hopeful eyes.

"What, touched by my sincere effort?"

"What about Ling'er? Is she still here? Why not think about making a baby with me? I want to carry your child," she said a little shyly.

Tianming's mouth snapped shut.

When Huiye Shi saw his 'just ate a fly' expression, she said, "Fine! I'm still cursed, so I have to do what you say! But I'm just a minor figure, so there's a limit to how far I can spread this."

"Just do your best, but make sure not to let others set their sights on you. It won't be too hard, either. During such a time, they need an explanation for what has happened, so this 'truth' will spread swiftly. You can even say that the celestial orderians came down and dealt with the astral killer. Just make sure to not tie it to me in any way."

"Got it. You picked the right person."

"Alright, good."

"But still, you killed so many of our gods. This definitely left a mark. If the celestial orderians come, you won't be able to avoid that either, you know."

"I know. But I only did it out of retaliation. What I did is nothing compared to the fall of the moon. Once you hear about the celestial orderians coming, just use a transmission stone to notify me. That way I can try to hide."

He wasn't sure if anyone was going to descend from Orderia. But once they did, the death of the sovereign would be pinned on the astral killer. There was a chance that they wouldn't discover Tianming's hand in the death of so many gods. Even if they did, the divine moonrace were the ones who had transgressed on the world below first. They would merely consider him a peak ascendant like Great Emperor Xuanyuan from aeons ago.

The celestial orderians shouldn't be as domineering as the divine moonrace to the point they would use the continent as a hostage to make Tianming show up. So, if he hid himself, there was nothing they could do about it. They would also be kept busy looking for the astral killer rather than Tianming, who was only tangentially related to this crisis as far as the story was supposed to go. Tianming had done something that would enrage the celestial orderians, namely, saving Lingfeng, but nobody knew about it.

"Make sure to spread this version of events as broadly as possible. It's the opportune time now. Remember to not do it in person... use some other tricks, like distributing flyers or something," Tianming said.

"Got it. It's what I specialize in!" she said.

"I'll be leaving now."



"Wait!"

"What?"

"Will we meet again?" she said with a lot of effort, "I had a happy dream yesterday with you in it. As for what it entailed... I'm too shy to talk about it."

"Don't keep harassing me like that!" Tianming glared at her and left.

"Sigh, he just defeated me not long ago, but he's so much more powerful now. I bet his next goal is the sun. Perhaps the truth isn't as simple as he makes it out to be. Whatever it is, he's trying to get out of this complex web of troubles before he can go to Orderia without worry. Looks like I have to make extra effort to spread the 'truth' as much as possible so that he can break out of this!" Huiye Shi said. "Damn, I'm totally doing his bidding now... No! Even if I have to be single for the rest of my life, I won't keep pining after that bastard!"

Right after she said that, Tianming appeared before her once more. "I knew you were talking about me behind my back."

"I wasn't!" she said with a start.

"That's more like it. Here's a small gift." He handed her a grade-two divine sword from the many treasures within his ring. It was called the Floral Spirit. "So long!"

He vanished right after giving the sword to her. So much for not pining after him any longer. Huiye Shi held it in her hands and gave it a whiff, smiling from time to time. "It smells good!"

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Three days later, back at the Flameyellow Continent, Tianming's dynasty began rebuilding to recover from the disaster. The specters and divine moonrace no longer infested their lands. For the first time in a long while, the humans finally had a new lease on life. Now, there was only one path: onward!

Tianming personally brought Li Caiwei to the Divine Moon Realm's halls to cultivate. With his help and her talent, she managed to ascend at the age of a hundred. As for Xuanyuan Dao and a few others, they were slower, as they had to reconstruct their damaged saint palaces, but it wouldn't be a problem long term. Once they had even a single god, they would have no issue keeping the billion specters in check.

After Tianming's return, he personally went to the Ninefold Hell. When the specters saw the corpse of their overlord, they lost the will to fight. They thought Tianming was there to exterminate them. Little did they know that not only did he not do that, he even cordoned off an uninhabited parcel of land west of the continent for the specters to make a new home.

He needed the specters to leave the Abyssal Battlefield, since that was where beastmasters would head for training excursions and gain cultivation resources, as well as abilities for their lifebound beasts by defeating wildbeasts. Since the Abyssal Battlefield wasn't suited for long-term settlement in the first place, the specters were all too happy to agree. They were already thankful enough that they wouldn't be wiped out, but now they even had a new home.

"The best way to resolve grudges is to become so powerful that the ones who have a grudge against you won't be able to catch up to you." Even without Tianming, humanity now had more than enough

resources to stay ahead of the specters for good. Back then, they lacked caeli to study, but that was no longer a problem, thanks to Tianming. As a result of the recovery efforts, things began stabilizing and Tianming's dynasty took proper hold of the continent.

"Even though it's been three days, the celestial orderians haven't shown up at the Divine Moon Realm yet. It shouldn't take them that much time to travel from the sun to the moon. They must not be paying attention to the moon at all, then." Perhaps it was just one insignificant outpost out of many for the celestial orderians. "Huiye Shi did say that they hadn't shown up for centuries, and the only time they did was due to Feng and Qingyu."

If Orderia was a powerful empire, the Divine Moon Realm would be one of its rural island territories. Not to mention, the divine moonrace's ancestors had been exiled to this outpost in the first place, so the celestial orderians probably couldn't even stand the sight of them.

"That means I should be a ghost as far as Orderia is concerned." Anonymity was far too important to Tianming, as was apparent from his reluctance to show all of his totems. Li Wudi's words had given him quite a bad omen.

Huiye Shi's rumors seemed to be spreading well. At the very least, those of the Divine Moon Realm believed that their sovereign had been killed by the astral killer. As for why the astral killer had diverted the moon to fall towards the Welkin plane, only to later reverse it, there were few plausible explanations. Some said that the astral killer was scared of the consequences, while others said that the celestial orderians had come to kill the astral killer. But no matter the version, Tianming wasn't mentioned in any of them.

### **Chapter 1138 - Missing Qingyu**

"In fact, if someone comes down to investigate, they might find me. But I can leave, or even go to Orderia, the battlefield of the superior races, to understand a world with a nova source!"

Having seen the stellunar source and looked up at the sun that shone with splendor, knowing it was a vast world with a surface ten thousand times the Divine Moon Realm, how could Tianming not yearn for it? He had reached Octasaint Sky and wanted to see if he could ascend the astralscape of order. After all, the Divine Moon Realm was merely a starworld in the lower levels of the cosmic aether, like a light above the Welkin plane. The real starworlds were located in the astralscape of order.

Over the past few days, Tianming controlled public discourse of the three races. At the same time, he kept Ye Lingfeng and Feiling under careful observation. There was no movement from Feiling after activating the Latticeheart Curse, but there was still a heartbeat within the petals. Feiling was still in the course of rebirth and needed some time; the process couldn't be rushed. Meanwhile, Ye Lingfeng was still unconscious from taking damage to his soul.

In the dead of night, Tianming stood beside Xuanyuan Lake, accompanying Ye Lingfeng. Ying Huo and Lan Huang played happily while Xian Xian ate to its heart's content. After wandering around the Abyssal Battlefield and devouring wildbeasts for several days and nights, Xian Xian's spiritform was a little chubby. Meanwhile, Meow Meow slept like the dead, drooling all over itself. Having overcome yet another catastrophe, they could finally relax. Although the Soulfriend wanted to join in the fun, Ye

Lingfeng's state weighed heavily on its heart. It would return to Ye Lingfeng's side from time to time, choked with tears, its sad face head on the foremost position, wracked with worry.

It wasn't until early this morning, when Ye Lingfeng's fingers shook a little, that the Soulfend switched to its happy face and its six arms beating its chest frantically like a great ape, jumping for joy. Startled by its actions, Tianming quickly approached Ye Lingfeng. The black-haired young man sat up in shock, coughing violently as he trembled all over, his face pale.

"Huh?"

His dark red eyes wandered and finally stopped on the face of the white-haired man in front of him.

"Do you think this is a dream after death?" Tianming laughed.

"If you're asking me that then it isn't..."

Taking a deep breath, Ye Lingfeng slowly rose to his feet, patted the Soulfend's thick paws, and looked around. Ying Huo and the others gathered around him, staring intently.

"Gosh, there's a hole in his chest. Every time he eats, it's all going to leak out. What a waste!" Xian Xian said with regret.

"Can I put my claw inside? I don't think it'll fit. The hole is too small." Lan Huang raised his huge dragon claw, eager to try.

"Brother Feng, how does it feel to be alive?" Jumping on top of his head, Ying Huo pecked at his forehead and said, "Look! Bet you didn't see anyone this handsome in the xenomemory space, did you?"

I'm... alive? Ye Lingfeng looked at them, felt the breeze, and looked up at the glaring sun. Squinting his eyes, he turned to Tianming.

"I'm saved." The words were simple, but they made him ecstatic. He knew Tianming must have gone in at the last moment.

"How'd you do it?" He stared blankly at Tianming because he knew he had been captured by the enormous purple eye.

"My parents helped at the end," said Tianming.

"It must've been dangerous."

"There were hundreds of thousands of xenofiends. I almost wet myself!" Tianming laughed.

"Me too!"

Ye Lingfeng finally revealed a smile.

"You don't have to thank me, it was my pleasure. Now that you've made it, you must live at least ten million years to make it worth my while!" said Tianming.

"Of course. You saved my life. I wouldn't dare die without your permission." Ye Lingfeng was old enough to crack a few jokes.

"You said it, not me."

"Yes I did," said Ye Lingfeng.

"Why do I sense a little romance in the air?" Ying Huo interjected, its feathers standing on end.

Ye Lingfeng's thoughts were still chaotic. After a brief explanation from Tianming, he realized how complicated the matter was—the rescue process, the dimensional rope, and Feiling's Perpetual Nirvana.

"We're finally reunited. All that's missing is Qingyu."

Pulling out a letter from the Skydragon, Tianming handed it to Ye Lingfeng and said, "This is a letter from Godfather. He's missing at the moment. Read it."

"Alright."

Ye Lingfeng carefully opened the letter, read the contents, then folded it again.

"Sniff it and tell me what you smell." Tianming smiled.

Nodding, he leaned in and inhaled. "It's weird. Is there some sort of mystery?"

"No. My master's son peed on it." Ye Lingfeng was speechless.

Putting the letter away, Tianming patted him on the shoulder and said, "What do you think?"

"Whatever Qingyu encountered could be just as dangerous." Ye Lingfeng frowned.

"That serious? What makes you think that?" Tianming asked.

"First of all, I've seen the celestial orderians and they didn't seem ecstatic at the discovery of a genius. They made me feel very uncomfortable. On the other hand, your godfather seems helpless. He needs your help with Qingyu." Ye Lingfeng looked up at the sun with a streak of scarlet in his dark red eyes.

"I think so too. If we want to fulfill Godfather's requests and decipher the truth behind the 'experiment', we must head to Orderia!"

"I'm going with you." Ye Lingfeng nodded.

"Yes. After all, nova sources, better legacies, the battlefield of the superior races, and the vast world attract cultivators."

When Tianming had first arrived at the Divine Moon Realm, he'd set the sun as his goal. It was his ultimate dream, and today, he finally had a chance.

"Brother Tianming, are we seeking out the celestial orderians to look for Qingyu?" Ye Lingfeng asked.

"No, that's the last thing we can do. The first thing we'll do is observe the situation on the sun. Hopefully, there's forces capable of confronting celestial orderians. That'll be beneficial to us. Know yourself and your enemy, and you won't be defeated. Our biggest advantage right now is the element of surprise. No one knows us. So you must keep your skills to yourself," said Tianming. He was referring to abilities like being able to consume totems.

"I hear you."

"Then let's leave today." There was no time like the present.

"Alright."

### **Chapter 1139 - The Man Who Chased After The Sun**

Ye Lingfeng could hardly wait. On this day, Tianming made his arrangements for the Tianming Dynasty and bid farewell to his relatives. This wasn't a one way trip to Orderia, so they wouldn't be parted forever. Occupied by his harem, Ye Shaoqing couldn't even spare the time to see Tianming. With the Omniscient Threads, Tianming would still be aware of everything that happened in the Flameyellow Continent and could communicate with them, even if he couldn't borrow their power once he set foot on Orderia.

"Xiaoxiao, are you coming?" Tianming asked just as they were about to leave.

"Where are you going?" She pursed her lips.

"The sun."

"You're going to check on your sister?" Lin Xiaoxiao didn't know Qingyu at all.

"Yes. Orderia is suitable for your cultivation, so I'm guessing the Archaionfiend wants to go as well," said Tianming.

"Of course. We once ruled the astralscape of order!" the Archaionfiend interjected.

"Very well then. You can be my guide."

"How shameless!" the Archaionfiend shouted.

After some consideration, Lin Xiaoxiao said, "I'll go with you, but I'd like to take a look around on my own once you've settled down. Is that alright?"

"Of course, that's up to you."

A maid was the identity Tianming had arranged to protect her at the time. She wasn't expected to serve him or remain by his side, and her assistance up to this point was more than enough. Tianming had given her a three-star universal manna to restore the Archaionfiend's cultivation level.

Once Lin Xiaoxiao agreed, they left for the Divine Moon Realm. Feiling and his lifebound beasts remained in his lifebound space; their purpose in the Divine Moon Realm was to allow Ye Lingfeng to absorb stellar source.

"The many xenofiends I consumed in the xenomemory space can help my divine will grow, but I needed fundamental cosmic force."

At the moment, Ye Lingfeng didn't know what his cultivation level was. Like Bodhi when he first left the Ninefold Hell, Ye Lingfeng began frantically absorbing the stellar source. In the Divine Moon Skycity, an enormous power accumulated in his body. Tianming noticed that the Primordial Gate within his chest increased the rate at which he devoured the power. His efficiency surpassed Bodhi's many times over.

"What's the essence of the Primordial Demonlord's inheritance?" Tianming asked. The foundation of the Primordial God-Emperor's inheritance was all sentient beings.

"Souls, devouring, and evil," said Ye Lingfeng.

"What do you mean by evil?" Tianming asked.

"The more chaotic and cruel the world is, and the more resentment there is in the heavens and earth, the stronger I become." Ye Lingfeng explained.

"That doesn't sound good."

"It's merely a means to an end, like a weapon. Even a lethal weapon is contingent upon the person wielding it. I'll never be your enemy." Ye Lingfeng said as he closed his eyes in cultivation. He wore a divine armor that allowed him to hide the Primordial Gate, as well as open and close it from time to time.

"You're right." Tianming didn't struggle with the fact.

Amidst the light and shadows, Ye Lingfeng's eyes gleamed coldly, his eyes as deep as the abyss, blood surging in his body. His tribulations in the xenomemory space had become blessings instead. As they say, good fortune followed a calamity, and now he could finally enjoy his blessings. With the Primordial Gate greedily absorbing the stellunar source, his astralforce rapidly grew. Although Ye Lingfeng possessed only one layer of astral discs, his strength could rival Tianming's as he rose in cultivation level.

"Here." Tianming chose a three-star universal manna for him. This was the best one left in Sovereign Xi's inventory.

Ye Lingfeng was a specter. Despite his weak flesh, he still had his abilities and the universal manna was effective. In half a day, he completed his transformation.

"What level are you at?" Tianming asked.

"Decapath Sky." Opening his eyes, Ye Lingfeng covered the mirror armor, blocking the Primordial Gate. The black chainmail made him appear colder, a clear contrast to Tianming's temperament.

"Give it a go." Tianming raised his left hand.

Ye Lingfeng punched, his fist slamming into Tianming's arm like a vortex, tearing apart his astralforce.

"If you use all that's available to you, your strength would be equivalent to a twelfth-level ascendant," Tianming predicted.

"Maybe." Ye Lingfeng nodded.

"The Archaionfiend says we'd be considered elites in Orderia at our age and current cultivation level," said Tianming.

That was an amazing feat, because the strongest cosmic force they had ever used was a stellunar source. Meanwhile, their peers had cultivated for twenty years on the sun, devouring the energy of a nova source. The Divine Moon Realm was nothing; the sun above was the truly terrifying battlefield, a place even Sovereign Xi feared.

“Let’s go!”

Ye Lingfeng possessed astralforce equivalent to an ordinary eleventh-level ascendant. After all, he didn’t possess the techniques of the Primordial Chaos Beasts. He should have no trouble reaching Lifecycle Sky. Despite being an eighth-level ascendant, Tianming had to rely solely on his astralforce to ascend to the Orderian Sky.

“Let’s do this! Today’s the day!”

With the Divine Moon Realm as their point of departure, they soared into the sky as three flashes of light. As he ascended, Tianming realized that the Divine Moon Realm was in no way the peak of the lower levels of the cosmic aether, but the peak of the Brightmoon Sky. The heights of Dipole and Trisource Skies were almost equivalent to the distance between the Divine Moon Realm and the Welkin plane. Above the moon were a dozen other skies, which demonstrated how far Orderia was from Welkin.

Staring at the dazzling sun above their heads, they continuously moved up. Tianming discovered what a challenge it would be to reach the sun. Sovereign Xi had hoped to lead the divine moonrace across this distance; the remoteness of their world made her hysterical. It was the distance between this isolated island and the vast world out there that had made her realize how humble they were.

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The higher up they went, the stronger the attractive force of the Welkin plane was. Their astralforce circulated madly, resisting the force.

"The attractive force of the Welkin plane embodies the laws of the world. In order to climb up, the lower races must work harder than others to change their destiny. Some people work hard all their lives only to reach someone else’s starting point. Perhaps this is unfair, but in a world that requires competition for resources, absolute fairness is impossible. We’re lucky we even have an opportunity to climb up. Besides, the superior races on the sun have never descended into the world below and messed up the laws. After all, those are the laws that protect the people.”

He did all he could to rid himself of the stigma associated with the lower races and transform himself on this journey, like Great Emperor Xuanyuan. He grew up in the world below and had made it to Orderia, a feat that placed him above many in Orderia.

Tianming looked up and watched as the magnificent sun grew closer and closer. The impact of being so close to the sun was much stronger than that of the moon’s descent. The enormous ball of fire burning in the cosmos resembled an eternal purgatory.

"I’m boiling!" Ying Huo exclaimed as it appeared on Tianming's shoulder. Perhaps it had awakened a memory of swallowing a sun. Its gaze was feverish, the same look Xian Xian had when it was hungry.

"Hold on..." Tianming suddenly thought of something. The sun was a world with a nova source and a surface area tens of thousands of times that of the Flameyellow Continent. Even if it wasn’t densely populated, its population would still be substantial. Had Ying Huo devoured trillions of creatures in one bite? If the dream was real, wasn’t it clear what kind of sinful beasts the Primordial Chaos Beasts were?

He was under a lot of pressure because it was impossible to predict what they would eventually become.

"What's wrong? Afraid I'll eat you up?" Ying Huo rolled its eyes.

"Frightened, my ass! Even if you could eat me, I'd still be stronger than you with symbiotic cultivation. One strike with my dark arm and you can kiss your balls goodbye." Tianming laughed as he showed off his biceps.

Ying Huo's feathers stood on end.

"What's the matter?" Tianming asked with a smile.

Ying Huo looked terrified.

"Is the dream the past or the future?" Ying Huo asked blankly.

Tianming stood motionlessly. The feeling was almost suffocating. After a long time, he calmed down, patted Ying Huo's head, and said, "Don't be afraid, just trust yourself and trust me."

"I think you mean 'trust everyone'," said Ying Huo. They were one big family.

"What's the point in thinking so much? If you have nothing better to do, you might as well sleep." Meow Meow listlessly said.

Meanwhile, Lan Huang was doing a handstand and spinning and Xian Xian was reminiscing about delicacies. They were so preoccupied that they failed to notice Tianming and Ying Huo's emotions. However, the little grey egg appeared on top of Tianming's head, bouncing up and down, the two tiny black dots staring excitedly at the sun in the distance.

"What're you staring at? Can you eat it? The sun is all flames." Tianming said.

The little grey egg nodded frantically, no longer the cold, aloof god.

"You're not a fire-type."

After a moment's contemplation, Tianming flew over to the Archaionfiend and asked, "Does the nova source purely contain fire?"

"How can that be? Such a large nova source would be all-encompassing! But it's mostly fire," said the Archaionfiend.

The little grey egg kept repeatedly bumping against Tianming's head. It couldn't wait any longer.

"Stop knocking or I just might crush you. Then you'll be prematurely born and malnourished!" Tianming shouted.

It seemed the little guy could smell something nutritious, even from such a great distance. Tianming thought it would be frightened by his threat, but it began bouncing up and down once more. Upon returning to his lifebound space, it wasn't afraid to slam into Lan Huang, cultivating a steely head.



"Dammit! They're all the same, bouncing like that before birth!" Tianming sighed. "Once we reach Orderia, it's best if I refrain from using my totems so they won't know I'm a dual cultivator. If little Fifth can be born by then, it'll make up for my limitations."

### **Chapter 1140 - Fiery Clouds**

Nonahonor, Decapath, and now Lifecycle Sky! The Lifecycle Sky was considered the peak of the lower levels of the cosmic aether. Only by reaching the Lifecycle Sky level could one ascend to the astralscape of order.

The sun seemed to grow larger. The starry sky above and scorching ball of fire occupied half of their field of vision, its surface like boiling magma, bursting with countless fiery bubbles filled with boundless nova source power. When the bubbles exploded, the energy would dissipate in the starry sky, being swept up by the Welkin plane together with cosmic debris, then descend into the world below. This was the source of spiritual energy in the world below.

Because Tianming possessed the astralforce of an eighth-level ascendant, he was approaching the limit while Lin Xiaoxiao had already long reached hers. Tianming had dragged her along since the beginning, but now she had become a burden. He could no longer do so and was forced to throw her over his shoulder instead. He had no other choice. As long as they remained in this position, they had to resist the attraction force of the Welkin plane.

Feiling had become a part of Xian Xian and entered his lifebound space. Thus, she didn't have to withstand such power. At this moment, Ye Lingfeng reached his limit as well. He did well to persist up to this point, despite his cultivation level and the fact that his astralforce could hardly rival Tianming's. In addition to carrying Lin Xiaoxiao, Tianming had to free up his other hand to hold Ye Lingfeng.

"Bloody hell!" They were like moths to a flame. Tianming gritted his teeth, panting as he slammed into the scorching sun. "Orderian Sky!" He finally broke through the invisible barrier and reached the astralscape of order.

There seemed to be no fundamental difference between the astralscape of order and the lower levels of the cosmic aether. However, it was said that nova sources couldn't fall into the lower levels due to lower spatial stability, or the power of a nova source could rip it apart.

The first thing Tianming felt upon reaching the astralscape of order was stability. Then, he realized how great a force one had to resist to reach the astralscape of order! Someone with insufficient astralforce, like Lin Xiaoxiao, would immediately crash into the lower levels of the cosmic aether as soon as Tianming let go. Finally, he was confronted with how enormous Orderia was.

From there on, Tianming grit his teeth and endured the rest of the journey. When he finally felt Orderia's gravitational force acting upon him, he knew he had succeeded. Toward the end of his journey, Tianming's speed slowed to a crawl and it took half a month for him to reach this place. Descending and ascending were completely different. If Tianming wanted to return to the Flameyellow Continent, he would go barreling down the moment he stopped resisting.

"To reach the sun, one requires the astralforce of a twelfth-level ascendant. Similarly, one would require the same strength to leave the sun and reach the cosmos. In other words, even superior races born in Orderia can't leave it before reaching the Constellation stage."

There was still a long way to Orderia and Tianming continuously slowed down. Every day was a challenge that proved how difficult it was to reach the sun. He was also carrying two people with him. Thus, as the attraction force from the sun grew stronger, his speed quickly increased. It took him almost a month altogether.

There were no changes in the Divine Moon Realm or Flameyellow Continent over the past month. Although the descent of the moon was a major crisis, the catastrophe had ultimately been avoided and the communication channel between the divine moonrace and celestial orderians had been severed. Gradually, disasters were reduced to minor issues and minor issues were reduced to nothing. Tianming could remain invisible without any worries.

Orderia was finally close at hand! Tianming felt the heat from the blazing sun on his skin. Ying Huo and the others in his lifebound space were excited—such a world was an opportunity for them. The more powerful the world, the more nourishment they would receive from it. The Flameyellow Continent restricted their growth, but here, it would be limitless.

A boiling sea of fire enveloped their field of vision as fiery storms surged, sweeping across the entire world. How big was the sun? Its size was almost overwhelming enough for Tianming to ignore the thousands of stellunar source worlds that orbited it. Every world with a stellunar source was similar to the Divine Moon Realm, even those that were ten times its size. Perhaps they were also outposts of the sun. It seemed as if the Divine Moon Realm acted as an outpost that oversaw the Welkin plane, like a border where criminals were exiled.

Tianming had no interest in those worlds. The power of a stellunar source could never compare to a nova source. On those worlds were declining races that had been eliminated from the rat race.

Tianming stared at the magnificent sun before him. Above it were countless seas of fire. The nova source, one of the fundamental cosmic forces, was the essence of these flames. Divine hazards were a part of it, but for the people of Orderia, they were merely clouds. The fiery clouds covered the sky, making up the sunlight seen from the Divine Moon Realm.

At that moment, the clouds rolled across the sky. Only when Tianming no longer felt the force from the Welkin plane could he let go of Lin Xiaoxiao and Ye Lingfeng. However, they remained together to prevent being dragged apart by the forces on Orderia.

In that instant, they charged into the fiery clouds together, rapidly descending. The clouds were a hundred thousand meters thick. The lower they went, the more it burned; even with her special physique, the dreadful heat was unbearable for Lin Xiaoxiao. The power contained within the clouds originated from a nova source. Compared to stellunar sources, this kind of power was violent, ferocious, and aggressive; the difference between the two was astounding. Moonlight resembled flowing water, while a nova source was red-hot molten iron.

“Fifth, there’s countless divine hazards within these clouds. Do you like any?” Tianming asked.

In his lifebound space, the little grey egg shook as it irascibly looked down. That suggested that the power it desired was located within the fusion formation of the nova source. Based on his observation, the little fellow leaned toward darkness and gloom. It seemed that the cosmic force it was seeking

within the fusion formation was barely enough. It would take some effort to find a suitable cosmic force for its birth; this matter couldn't be rushed.

"Brother Tianming, the clouds are scorching hot. Wouldn't the world below be even hotter since it's closer to the nova source? Are they all stronger than us, even their newborn babies?" Ye Lingfeng asked.

"I don't think so. They must possess characteristics suitable for survival," said Tianming.

The divine moonrace's starting point was the four major levels of the Saint stage. They began cultivation at the age of one or two. By the time they were in their twenties, they had cultivated with the nourishment of the stellunar source for twenty years. The duration of their cultivation was several times that of Tianming.

The Orderians started from the Saint stage as well; however, their conditions were superior, the inheritance from their seniors was more advanced, and they were nurtured by a nova source. Thus, they could achieve Ascension with the same twenty years of cultivation. This was typical of the entire population.

In fact, Tianming had already made inquiries during his time in the Divine Moon Realm and learned that the surface area of Orderia was thousands of times larger than the Flameyellow Continent, though its population was only about ten times as large. Beings of a higher existence found it more difficult to reproduce, after all. However, they were all geniuses.