

The Ages 1671

Chapter 1671 - Caged Up or Break Out

The mysterians definitely didn't think that Tianming would resort to such counterintuitive tactics. His Lifesteal Silverdragon opened a path, followed by his nine totems; the swords traveled even faster than Meow Meow in a short burst as they shot toward the group of five. All they saw were silver flashes, followed by nine swords flying at them, each of them unique from the rest in all aspects but their boundless sword ki as they executed the fusion strike.

"A nonabane?!" Only now did they manage to see Tianming's name and connect the dots. He was the first nonabane in a long while to have surfaced among non-mysterians. In the Astralium Seeking, there were no other nonabanans apart from those from the Skyway Bistar. Tianming was a dark horse they hadn't heard about before, and the five were shaken to have encountered someone like him.

"No wonder he instantly killed Whitejade Feng!"

"Dodge it! Careful!"

The attack was so fierce that even the faceless mysterians showed visible panic. Tianming targeted one of them and used everything at his disposal, including the Sixdragon Tribulation and the power of the Frozen Glasstree, to form his sword formation.

"Wangwu Yi, careful!" cried the other four, who had evaded, only to realize that Tianming was only after one of them. They had finally figured out his true motive.

"Hold on! Wait for Long to come! We can't let him elude us again!"

They quickly reacted. At the same time, the other groups of five began closing in on them; Tianming was feeling hard-pressed to escape.

"Don't directly engage him! Just interfere with him enough to stop him from leaving! Don't get killed by him!"

Their heads were still clear. If they could keep Tianming there long enough, they would be able to encircle him for good. But right now, there were only five people around him, so he had to act fast!

"Here we go!" As he opened a path with his totems to focus on a mysterian, Ying Huo, Lan Huang, Xian Xian, and Yin Chen emerged, launching their abilities together with Meow Meow. They all targeted Wangwu Yi, a beastmaster of the Wangchuan tribe, one of the great tribes of Skyway Monostar like the Yanluo tribe.

"Hmph!" Wangwu Yi was quite pissed that Tianming had taken him as someone he could kill to get away. His five lifebound faceless beasts, yellow springs, were top-tier beasts like the rakshasas. Five yellowish rivers appeared and formed a beastlike entity. They didn't have faces, but they all shared the 'Wang' character on Wangwu Yi's face. "Do you think I'm a pushover you can just kill?"

Tianming had already proven that he could kill a genius on the level of Whitejade Feng, so now he had to show that he could kill one person while the other four were nearby. Faced with Wangwu Yi's provocation and the other four's attacks, he was ruthless. Apart from Meow Meow, he had his other beasts block all of the attacks coming his way.

A flurry of explosions resulted. Tianming used his Myriadsword Providence, raining swords down on the yellow springs and breaking through them. Then he charged toward Wangwu Yi with his Grand-Orient Sword. Ying Huo, Xian Xian, Lan Huang, and Yin Chen took a lot of attacks during that time and had suffered quite a lot of damage to buy a chance for him to strike.

"Aaah! It hurts!" As they cried out, Tianming honed in on Wangwu Yi with his chilling black and gold eyes.

"You!" Wangwu Yi's spear turned into a flurry of illusions, forming an airtight defense around him. Even so, he was shocked to see Tianming's totemic calamity, as well as how he was willing to use his lifebound beasts as shields.

"Die!" That war cry sounded like he was bidding farewell. Wangwu Yi could only watch as Tianming fused six strikes into one and sliced through his spear strikes. Then came a punch from his left hand—the Kifold Starcluster Fist! Imbued with the power of the Frozen Glasstree, the punch from Tianming's black arm was unmatched in power, slamming into Wangwu Yi's head and immediately shattering it. Wangwu Yi was vaporized and eliminated. Tianming had managed to kill another mysterian, though he'd paid quite a huge price in the form of injuries to his lifebound beasts.

"Come back." Apart from Meow Meow, he swiftly took the rest back into his lifebound space. Though it was only a quick skirmish, Lan Huang and Xian Xian had suffered quite a bit of damage, while Yin Chen had lost two million bodies. Apart from Wangwu Yi, there were elites among the group that were on par with Ying and Yanwu Ming. Thankfully, Tianming's name was no longer red, but he was almost surrounded.

"Go!" Using his totemic calamity swords to pave the way, he had Meow Meow accelerate. All the while, he had two million Yin Chens form a few metal centipedes to block attacks from behind him. Explosions rang out nonstop as two people closed in, only to be forced back by Tianming's totems.

"Go, go!" He was about to escape again. If he did, it would be another victory under his belt and another slap to the face for the mysterians! He managed to force the two away, at the cost of suffering some injuries. This time around, his escape had been a close one. With Meow Meow's speed and his name no longer red, the others simply couldn't keep up.

"Dammit!"

"We let that bastard leave again!"

"Keep chasing!"

Tianming had once more toyed with them, but his escape wasn't complete yet, as Long was getting really close to him—close enough to not need the red name to keep up.

"Yin Chen!" He sent another million Yin Chens out to form a centipede before they changed into a gigantic net of spiders that flew toward Long, but the specter almost instantly smashed that net to smithereens. From the sound of things, Tianming could tell that he had a tough body.

"You can't escape!" The roar sounded like it came from a gigantic beast that had been imbued with the will of a genius specter. Tianming looked back at the Crimsonjade youth as the Infinite Silverthreads wrapped all around his glossy body.

"Hehe...." That slight mistake allowed Tianming to go incognito once more, losing Long for good. It meant that the Astralium Seeking would have to go on for three more days without anything happening, but it would be far more embarrassing than the first three days they'd had to wait.

"I wonder if they'll delay their grand battle again for little old me...." He really wanted to laugh. Though it had been a close encounter, he made it through in the end and greatly profited. No doubt, both the Violetglory Star and the Mysterium Cluster were rife with discussions about him!

Long and the rest would be pissed at him, too. He thought they would wait three more days for him to show up again for another laughable attempt, yet they seemed to have given up and settled on eliminating each other at a set location. Every hour, they would eliminate one among them. At this rate, they would settle on the top ten in three days.

"Am I really going to enter the top ten without even having to do a thing?" It seemed that killing Wangwu Yi had been a pivotal move. However, he believed that there was no way the mysterians would let him enter the top ten. Perhaps they were getting rid of those that could instantly be killed by Tianming, leaving the last ten-odd of the best to deal with him so they wouldn't have to embarrass themselves again.

"Huh, I'm even more pumped about going for the top ten now." The pillars of light continued winking out, bringing him closer and closer to his goal. Being in the top ten was significantly different, though he doubted they would actually eliminate so many of their own and let him reach that point.

Chapter 1672 - Encircled by Ten

In the three days since Tianming had eliminated Wangwu Yi, the mysterians proceeded to ignore him and started their own ranking selection, showing stunning performances that shocked the known universe. The many disciples from the faceless factions of the Mysterium Cluster showed the best they had to offer, boasting far superior prowess to talented geniuses from skypiercer-class worlds. In other words, even without sweeping the battlefield, few non-mysterians would have actually made it to the top thirty even if they hadn't resorted to such shamelessness. Tianming didn't have a chance to see what method they used to determine the victor; all he knew was that he would be an eyesore to them as long as he still persisted.

"Looks like they no longer care about getting rid of me because those who have an actual say among them don't really care about the ranks outside of the top ten." It was clear that they were trying to thin the herd down to the last ten or so, who would no doubt be as strong or stronger than Ying and Yanwu Ming. That way, Tianming would no longer be able to repeat what he had done the last two times.

Three days soon passed and Tianming's name turned red once more, revealing his location. By now, the twelfth ranker had just been eliminated, leaving eleven behind. As quite a few of them had defeated other people in the process, only three of them were visible thanks to their names. Almost instantly, the pillars of red came rushing toward him. Yin Chen also reported that a few mysterians had stealthily entered its zone.

"It's the most hopeless situation I've ever been in...." Tianming's eyes were burning with passion. He was ready for the incoming attack and knew that there was no way he would be able to back out of it. It

wasn't that he was feeling frustrated, he was just already so close to the top ten that not making it there would feel like a waste. "I wonder how the situation is back home...."

He stood atop a tall peak, watching the approaching enemies.

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"They're here!"

Violetglory's wondersky realm filled up with historic numbers. Xiaoxiao wiped off the sweat from her forehead. "This is too ridiculous.... Is it really that crazy? If he really enters the top ten, he'll probably gain ten times as many worshippers as he has now!"

Most of the passionate discussions about Tianming were carried out by youths under thirty. While their cultivation wasn't that high, they still numbered quite a lot. Even if only the young folks of the Violetglory Star worshiped Tianming, that was still a huge number.

"These young folks will eventually grow up. Gaining their admiration now is akin to conquering Violetglory's future." Xiaoxiao turned and looked at the white-haired youth standing atop the pitch-black star, waiting for his challengers. "He doesn't just want to be in the top ten, he wants to win the future of the star!"

The same fire was seen in her eyes as she placed her hopes in Tianming, just like all the other young Violetglorians.

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Even the mysterians had begun paying attention to Tianming when the sweeping started. His presence there made things really awkward.

"It should be ending soon...."

"There's no way they'll fall for the same thing thrice...."

The top ten places were incredibly important; it only remained to be seen how the remaining mysterians would deal with Tianming. They charged at him, with one of the rednames calling out to him. The fact that he hadn't had to fight over the past three days despite maintaining his redname status showed how powerful he could be. Yin Chen said that this should be Long, a faceless specter. He was a member of the Celestial Beings and the closest one to Tianming.

"You're a nonabane, a top talent even on Skyway Bistar! You should be honored that we believe you are deserving of remaining here up to now!" That made it sound so much less awkward than them starting to select themselves until a little more than ten remained instead of doing nothing until Tianming reappeared. They had 'let' him rise up to the top twenty instead of him persistently sticking around until the end.

"So what?" Tianming replied as he approached. The two pillars of light were getting closer and closer.

"Eleventh place is your limit. Only mysterians deserve to be in the top ten! Your performance over the last six days was indeed out of our expectations. To give you a fair chance, I'll challenge you myself—none of the others will butt in! This is what we discussed beforehand. We're only giving you this special

privilege because you're a nonabane. If you aren't willing to fight, don't blame all ten of us for attacking together! There's no longer anyone among us you can eliminate easily."

Long's words drummed up a lot of commotion. They didn't think that Long, one of the five strongest faceless specters, would give Tianming a chance for a one-on-one duel; it did sound like a great offer.

However, Tianming merely laughed, "Don't flatter yourself. What special privilege are you talking about? You clearly know that ganging up on me will only embarrass all mysterians. You're only doing this to save face after all your embarrassment from before. You're Long, right? Seeing as how you're so anxious to get rid of me, you must be the one that came up with the idea to sweep the battlefield. And now that I've ruined your plans, you're getting desperate to erase the awkwardness, right?"

Those words struck home without missing their target.

Chapter 1673 - Weisheng Xi

It was clear from how Long was one who had worked the hardest both this time and the last, while the others seemed rather apathetic about it. Thus, he must have been the one to come up with the idea. While Tianming's words silenced the surroundings, the other ten were still approaching him. By now, Long was right in front of him and there would be no escape. While there were fewer mysterians now, the weaker ones were all gone.

"You think you're a smartass, eh?" Crimsonjade Long said, standing atop another peak. The light from his pillar shone on Tianming. Even if he didn't say it outright, offending mysterians in any capacity was considered arrogant and rude. Smart people generally avoided doing anything that would suggest an insult.

Long looked quite different from Ying. Though they both seemed sculpted from jade, Long was a deep, translucent red, through which his veins could be seen. His smooth head had nine dots that looked like bloody stars. They were a sign of his peak talent, the 'Ninelives Crimsonjade'. People with such a unique bodily trait had incredibly terrifying physical traits indeed. Bai Feng didn't go into the details, but she did say that it was the most powerful talent a specter could have. Tianming's gaze clashed with his, but he didn't know how strong Long was. The dots on his face were like eyes that coldly stared at Tianming. Though he didn't know how powerful Long was, he was certain that he was at least much stronger than Ying for him to be the number-one junior in his world.

"Choosing between fighting ten people at once and stealing a kill or fighting the number-one specter...." The two choices were equally difficult, though each would require the same amount of boldness. The second choice seemed to be a better opportunity. He drew his Grand-Orient Sword and pointed at Long, making his choice known. Without fear, he said, "Alright. Let a bumpkin like me experience what the top genius of a deific-class world can offer!"

"Stop showing off. It isn't like you'll die in the wondersky realm," Meow Meow said.

"Shoo!" How could it ruin his moment like that? Either way, Tianming still knew that the Violetglorians would buy anything he sold them.

"Very well, I'll grant you this honor. Let's hope that we'll be able to meet and compete in real life too." Long said the latter sentence with a bit of bitterness, knowing that there was no way the mysterians

would let a nonabane like him remain where he was, though it was also a threat to him in real life. The mysterians had actually resorted to threatening someone in real life over a competition in the wondersky realm, which came across as low class.

Tianming shot Long a thumbs-up, then inverted it. Countless spectators immediately laughed, and it also incited burning rage from Long.

"Stay away!" he yelled, shaking the surroundings. The other peak mysterians kept them surrounded without attacking. This time around, they had Tianming firmly in their grasp; there were even a few of them in the sky, though he couldn't see them clearly.

"Weisheng Xi!" Long yelled toward Tianming's back.

That instant, Tianming felt a chill down his spine as a fatal sensation rose from his feet to his temples. Turning back, he saw a white-haired, white-browed, white-eyed youth that looked like a corpse. There seemed to be no soul looking back through his gaze. He appeared all of a sudden, looking like a nightmarish apparition.

"He is my opponent. You just stand aside and wait for me to deal with you after I take care of him," Long spat.

"Okay." Weisheng Xi seemed to have a long neck. He cocked his head like a puppet, stuck out his tongue, and left. When he turned around, another gaze could be felt through the hair on the back of his head. At the same time, a woman's voice came from the same location. Sounding slightly annoyed, she said, "Let's not waste time. We've already wasted a lot, thanks to your boring antics."

Crimsonjade Long didn't say anything else, while Tianming remained stunned the entire time. "That person was incredible. I would've been assassinated if Long hadn't put a stop to it."

Being able to soundlessly approach him was a sign that Weisheng Xi was stronger than Crimsonjade Long, despite being a non-mysterian with a face. Bai Feng and the rest had said there were two non-mysterians in Celestial beings, one divine wonderian and another mysterious woman. It was clear that Weisheng Xi wasn't the latter, so that was probably a divine wonderian.

"Wait... the surname is Weisheng and they seem to be man and woman in one? So those are divine wonderians? What would that make the dreamless celestials? What about Weisheng Moran?" Tianming felt like he had discovered a huge secret. "Don't tell me that the dreamless celestials are related to the divine wondersky race!"

The dreamless celestials didn't have that long of a history on Orderia. Tianming hadn't expected this to be the case. "Did Weisheng Moran say that the Azurespirit is some kind of locator beacon?" That seemed to be the key to figuring things out.

Chapter 1674 - Skyway Bloodspike, Bloodhell Sacrosun

Tianming wasn't even given any time to ponder as Long immediately struck while the rest moved to surround him. "Weisheng Xi is right. You've wasted too much of my time, now begone!"

Long's body shook and released tons of bloodlust. He charged toward Tianming, turning into a beam of bloody light and leaving a crater where he was from the sheer force of his leap. Tianming watched Long

turn into a bloody metal giant during the charge. With his fists clenched, they seemed tough enough to be able to break apart grade-eight divine artifacts. He was among the most physically powerful mysterians! What was worse was that in terms of cultivation level, he was probably a fifth-level solarian, someone close enough to be considered a higher-level solarian. Coupled with his face reveal, he would no doubt be indestructible. Right at the first clash, Long unleashed a level of power that awed the universe. Tianming looked at the bloody metallic threads on his body from afar and could almost feel the intensity of his fists.

"His body is like a grade-eight divine artifact!" It wasn't just a specific part of the specter's body, but rather the whole thing! Long immediately closed the distance and launched a punch toward Tianming. From that alone, it was clear to see that Long was incredibly powerful even without a weapon. No doubt his martial arts techniques were also among the best.

Tianming struck the fist with his swords, creating a lot of sparks. Yet the wondersky realm had determined that the Grand-Orient Sword would crack from the blow. Tianming almost lost his grip on the sword as he was sent flying away.

"What? This can't be it. Why is it like I'm not wielding a weapon, but he is?" The Grand-Orient Sword actually wasn't able to deflect his punch?

Tianming watched as Long's heavy steps created craters on the ground beneath him. He still hadn't used face reveal, but he already radiated with the bloody aura of death. "What? You boasted so much with just that amount of power? To think that you were shameless enough to mock us mysterians...."

Long smashed his fists together, creating a loud metallic clang. His physique didn't seem burly. Instead, he was slender and not that tall. Even so, the enhanced body he had was dense and filled with power, looking more terrifying than the wildest of beasts. A huge part of that was his fifth-level solarian astralforce. His challenging tone had instilled fear of mysterians in many spectators across the many worlds.

"You may be laughing now, but it's still too early to call it your win." Tianming stood back up. As the others hadn't joined in, it was still a fair duel. He no longer had anything to worry about. "Come!" He summoned his totems and lifebound beasts, his full arsenal. Though he had the numerical advantage, a specter excelled thanks to concentrating all of their combat potential into a single fighting unit. Tianming didn't necessarily have much of an edge at all. Ying Huo, Meow Meow, Lan Huang, Xian Xian, and Yin Chen all had their own strengths and weaknesses, but a specter like Long, who covered all his bases, seemed to have an advantage against them one on one.

"Even if you have many tricks, there's not a single one that's useful. Not even your nine totems combined seem to be able to rival my Ninelives Crimsonjade body," Long said in a calm tone without arrogance, as if he was simply stating a fact.

The next instant, he moved again, executing Skyway Bloodspike. Spikes formed on his body of blood steel before breaking off and floating near him. Like Tianming's Myriadsword Providence, they flew around, each of them containing the power of a divine artifact as they were born from his body. Around a thousand of them surrounded him, painting the battlefield blood red. He also used his bloodhell sacrosun, infusing even more power and astralforce into the spikes and making it seem like he had around a thousand more extra bodies to fight with. Faced with his full-force attack, Tianming's five

beasts and nine swords seemed a little lacking, and this was even before Long had used face reveal. Naturally, Long wouldn't reveal all his tricks before the fight for the top five, so he might not use it at all.

"You already got your chance to show off your tricks before losing, so you should thank me for your opportunity." Long smirked as the blood spikes beside him were sent flying, forming a storm around him that flew straight toward Tianming.

"Die!" The power of his blood-colored fist shook the whole area as blood spikes shot toward Tianming in a terrifying onslaught.

Right at the fatal moment, Tianming made his decision. There was only one chance, and he had to sacrifice to achieve it! "Let's put in one final effort! If I lose, it makes no difference, but if I win, it's a hell of a profit!" he roared. Ying Huo and the rest knew his intentions. They knew that Long wasn't someone they could take on without throwing their lives at him, and for them, life in the wondersky realm was worthless!

"My siblings, block it! Chicken Bro will be the first to give my life!" Ying Huo said, charging toward Long while using Solar Explosion. The sea of flames swallowed up the opponent, but the bloody spikes emerged the next instant, piercing through Ying Huo and continuing toward Tianming. However, there were four other lifebound beasts waiting to sacrifice themselves.

"It's futile!" Long spat.

Tianming felt that he had come to the fourth level a little too rashly without properly preparing for a strategy to deal with an enemy on Crimsonjade Long's level. If he could make it to the fifth level, however, he would make sure to pay Long back for everything—even for the fake deaths of his lifebound beasts! Not to mention, there was no guarantee that he would lose.

Chapter 1675 - Half-Face

The dense spikes pierced thousands of holes into Ying Huo and drew much blood. Such an injury couldn't even be recovered by the Greenspark Tower in the real world. Every single spike was sharper and harder than Ying Huo's feathers. Long had clearly spent a lot of effort on them in his twenty-odd years of cultivating. His body had grade-eight sword ki, and perhaps even more than one type.

The spikes continued on toward Tianming before three halls formed from black lightning formed to stop them. Every single tile of the halls was formed from dense lightning bolts, their appearance ushering in a storm of destructive lightning that bathed Long's body.

"Hehe!" He merely smirked and charged into the electrified zone, his blood spikes forming a shield around him that kept all the lightning out. He wasn't hurt at all as he passed straight through the Triworld Afterlife Bolts and made his way to Meow Meow. "Die!"

A bloody color flashed, piercing through the sea of lightning as a fist landed on the Regal Chaosfiend's head. Meow Meow's head was smashed open and its entire body fizzled away.

Even though it was all fake, seeing them struggle to their deaths was triggering to say the least. Tianming felt the pain in his bones and fought even more desperately. "Ying Huo, Meow Meow!"

Long burst through with brute force, reclaiming the dignity of the mysterians and showing that he was on a wholly different level than Tianming.

"Keep coming to get killed, won't you?" Chuckling, he didn't stop for a single moment and quickly made his way to Lan Huang, who was accompanied by Xian Xian and a gigantic centipede formed from the remaining Yin Chens. Long could easily circle around them to reach Tianming, but he didn't. After killing the previous two beasts, he felt all of his frustration from the past six days fizzle away. To regain his honor in the Mysterium Cluster, he would have to resort to this brutish way of tearing his enemies apart. The blood spikes around him formed thousand-meter spears, nailing Lan Huang to the ground before breaking apart anew within it, tearing its organs to shreds and causing blood to spill out of all its orifices, immediately killing it.

"Too weak!" Long growled. He then charged toward Yin Chen, immediately crushing it before shooting his blood spikes into Xian Xian's trunk, causing bloody flames to ignite all around it and burn up its flowers. Tianming's lifebound beasts were quickly slaughtered in his rampage.

"The difference is too stark!"

"They're not in the same league!"

"Long is the number one genius of Skyway Tristar. He's in the Celestial Beings for a reason."

"He's too ferocious! Even if Li Tianming goes to the Mysterium Cluster, he'll only be as good as Yanwu Ming! He'll still be second rate!"

That summed up the views of most of the spectators. Long's brutal style of fighting was an artistic expression of violence. His strikes were simple and fierce, drawing blood like brushstrokes on a canvas. The visuals he conveyed made even those who supported this non-mysterian blush at how fiercely he was dominating Tianming. Right as their side was giving the mysterians trouble, the mysterians had sent their best to crush them and send them back to where they came from, making them regard them with even more fear and respect. Long kept punching again and again, eliminating Tianming's beasts in quick succession and reducing half of the threat of this 'dual cultivator'. The next instant, he made his way right before Tianming.

"You really disappointed me. I thought you would at least be tough as a log, but you're as soft as tofu." The bloody flames around Long burned away quite a number of Yin Chens as he locked on to Tianming. It was a collision between steel and tofu, the results of which were clear to envision.

"Tofu?" Beyond the many Yin Chens in the air, it was hard to see the bloody air around Tianming. His eyes were bloodshot and his hair was fluttering all over. The power of the nine godswords gathered together. Having had experience from using it the last time, Tianming could utilize even more power by self-destructing them. He had initiated it the moment Ying Huo had sacrificed itself. While this move would be hard to execute in real life, there was no hesitation about using it in a battlefield like this!

He unleashed his second totemic calamity, Shattered Era, Cosmic Swordsurge. There were only a few Yin Chens left, while Xian Xian had heroically faded away. Their sacrifice brought Tianming valuable time to charge up his totemic calamity in a suicidal last resort. Long wasn't able to see the nine swords combining together, as Yin Chen had blocked his sight with many of its bodies. The swords resonated together before shattering into shards that recombined into a sword of the cosmos that contained

boundless primordial power. The sword began exploding with such force that it even shook Tianming's bane text. He felt like he was connected to his totems as the astralforce drained from him.

"Die!" Long mustered his blood spikes to form another tornado, tearing apart many Yin Chens. "What's this?!" Right before his moment of triumph, he was suddenly shocked to see Tianming's second totemic calamity.

"It's the sword that'll kill you!" Tianming had been waiting for this chance that the sacrifice of his beasts had brought him. He had used it to defeat Ying and Yanwu Ming before, but now it was even more powerful and hidden than the last time as it struck Long's head.

"Put away your arrogance and get schooled!" Tianming defiantly roared as he used his hands to execute the Sixdragon Tribulation. The deep mysteries of his move were invoked by his second totemic calamity, instantly causing a chaotic resonance that further fueled the explosion. The cosmic sword shrank into a singularity about the size of the Grand-Orient Sword, contorting the wondersky realm itself.

"Go!" The sword strike shook the heavens and earth, its genesis marking the destruction of his totems.

Long gathered all his remaining blood spikes near his fist for a super punch. Every instant, heaven and earth shook from the booming sound. Time itself seemed to slow down as everyone watched the sword and fist collide. It was only at the very last moment that the totems unleashed their full power into Long's body, vaporizing his fist and swallowing his entire body up in their sword light.

"How powerful!" The others who watched were glued to the ground in shock. The brilliant light smashed into Astralium, leaving behind thousands of craters. A blood-colored sphere was sent flying out, bouncing off the ground a few times. It was a smooth, crimson head with a single eye, one ear, and half of a nose and mouth. The face reveal had only come out halfway!

"Long?!" The entire universe fell silent. While the rest were in their stupor, the Grand-Orient Sword fell to the ground, nailing the smooth head to the dirt as the white-haired youth coldly descended and placed his hand on the sword's hilt. Then he stepped on the head and drew his sword back out, causing the head to fizzle away. The expression of despair on the half-face would forever be burned into people's minds.

Chapter 1676 - Rise Again in a Month

Tianming took a deep breath as he stood on Astralium. It cost him his lifebound beasts and the temporary elimination of his totems to kill Long. The cracks on the Grand-Orient Sword spread out even more; it was on the brink of breaking. He had also suffered damage from a lot of the astralforce from Long's strike, along with a few blood spikes piercing through his body. His abdomen, thigh, and shoulders were filled with holes and still bleeding. He was in great pain, but so what?

He turned around, seeing Long's body fizzle away in the air before being able to utter his last words. This was an outcome that the universe had had no way of being able to predict. In terms of pure power, he was still quite some ways off from Long, so much so that no spectator would believe that Long could be defeated while being surrounded. Yet he'd had one final trump card that had still managed to turn the tides at the last moment. Despite the mysterians' coordinated effort to sweep the battlefield, Tianming had managed to fight back against geniuses from deific-class worlds and eliminated Crimsonjade Long!

Countless worlds watched him, committing his name to memory for the rest of history. Time and time again, Tianming had foiled the mysterians' plans to kick him out, and now he was in the top ten. This was like a slap to every mysterian's face. They were unable to describe how embarrassing this all was. Even with Tianming's totems and beasts completely gone, coupled with his heavy injuries, it was no less glorious. The others that surrounded Tianming were feeling just as much at a loss. Some even forgot about not interfering in the fight and charged toward him with rage after seeing him stomp on Long's head.

"How dare you mess with us mysterians?!"

"Die!"

About six people attacked at the same time, all of them stronger than Yanwu Ming. There was no longer a way for Tianming to resist.

"Hahahaha...." He didn't fight back at all against the attacks that were fiercer than Long's, but he didn't show the slightest bit of fear. "It's a shame I didn't get the chance to wipe you all out. I came here in a bit of a rush, you see, and didn't expect to run into people on your level. But it doesn't matter. I'm already in the top ten, so the next arena is the fifth level of the Tranquil Battlefield. I'll challenge every single one of you here. Let's see which of us is the real strongest one in the astralscape."

If he lost here, he would only be able to enter the Astraldome again in a month. But per the rules, those in the top ten would be able to go to the next level. In other words, Long would go back to the fourth level the next time he entered, while Tianming and the rest would go to the fifth. Even if he was fated to be defeated in the Astraldome today, that didn't mean he wouldn't have a chance of rising back up in the future.

Guess the only difference is that I'll only be challenging them for glory instead of a tangible reward like the grade-nine Grand-Orient Sword. He was quite nonchalant about it, knowing that even if he managed to get the top spot, he wouldn't dare to claim the reward in the real world. His mind was in the right place, fueling his fighting spirit. He didn't feel fulfilled at all, having only defeated Long at the cost of sacrificing his totems and beasts. It was a suicidal attack, not the kind of dominating glorious victory he wanted.

"Remember! The next time I appear, my sword will pierce through every one of your faces!" He opened his arms wide as the six others attacked him. His declaration and fighting spirit brought waves of cheers and outrage both at his name. It was almost like he could feel it all the way from the real world. To the mysterians, who weren't used to being challenged, this was going too far. Even many sovereigns wouldn't dare to utter such words. They looked at him with puzzlement, wondering where a youth like him got the guts to say all that.

Being able to fight without regard for anything is exhilarating! I have to watch my behavior all the time outside! There was no way he would dare to say these words if he were really at those deific-class worlds in the real world, though the benefit from doing so in the wondersky realm had brought him immediate benefits. He could already feel the religious fervor channeled his way from the Violetglory Star and couldn't wait to return.

"I crushed Long and shook the entire Mysterium Cluster, and even made it to the fifth level! I wonder what surprises the Violetglorians have in store for me." He let the attacks land while his heart was filled with hope. One blade after another pierced through his body.

"You're an interesting one, I'll grant you that. But Long is merely the weakest among us!" Weisheng Xi said as he descended. He was a youth that looked as stiff as a corpse.

"Don't even bother with boasting. Show me your skills when we get another chance to fight," Tianming said, looking at the weapons in him.

"Hehe..."

Three others came to Weisheng Xi's side, one of whom was a Yanluo tribe beastmaster, another a totemancer that resembled Shenwu Yin, and another girl shrouded in clouds. Tianming fizzled away before he could get a good look at her. He reckoned that the known universe wouldn't forget his words.

He would come back in a month. Now, the spectators didn't just look forward to the matches between the nine that remained, but also Tianming's eventual return. A line of white text rose into the sky, reading, '10th Place, Violetglory Star, Li Tianming'.

In other words, the Wondersky-Mysterium Alliance would have to send the reward for the tenth place to the Violetglory Star using a divine astralship. If he wasn't mistaken, it should be three grade-eight manna imperius of his choice to be used until the evolutions succeed. He would have to pick them when he returned to the fifth level a month later, but whether he would actually get them was another matter entirely.

Chapter 1677 - Dwarf

For Skyway Monostar, Bistar, and Tristar, their wondersky realm was linked and combined as one. It was a connected and endless world, a holy land for cultivation to those from other worlds of the Mysterium Cluster. Their wondersky realm was very lively today, bursting to the limits with caeli. Everywhere had throngs of people present.

In that world, Mysterium Central had gathered the most people. Over ten million mysterians had gathered in the plaza, most of them youths. They all lacked faces and lined up in orderly rows without expression, like clones of each other. It made it hard to differentiate between mysterians. If it weren't for the difference in clothing, they would have been similar to Yin Chen.

As they watched the imagery from the Astraldome, their faces started turning green.

The central plaza was quickly filled with clamor.

"Crimsonjade Long!"

"He played with fire!"

"The greatest embarrassment in history?"

All of the mysterians turned toward a stage in the plaza.

“Sweep through the battlefield, he said, but he ended up screwing himself over! He lost to some bumpkin from the sticks in front of the whole world!”

For the mysterians that held great expectations for Crimsonjade Long, this aggravating performance was unacceptable. It didn't matter how shocking Tianming's final attack had been, Crimsonjade Long was their representative. His loss meant the loss of everyone who supported him.

The final siege and eventual defeat of Tianming had brought no honor, either. Every mysterian now felt a vague sort of shame inside. It was a very foreign feeling that easily changed into anger toward Crimsonjade Long.

“He's back!” someone shouted.

A red light fell from the sky, landing on the center stage of the plaza and drawing dissatisfied boos from all around. When the light faded away, a youth with a body like crimson jade slowly stood up. He swept his eyes over the crowd, his gaze clashing with theirs.

It was indeed Crimsonjade Long! After exiting the Astralium Battlefield, he had naturally returned to the wondersky realm belonging to the mysterians.

A flood of censure crashed down on him. With so many voices, it made it chaotic and impossible to pick out any individual's words. However, their disappointment was palpable and all of the faceless specters were trying their best to blame him louder than their peers. Even without features, they were obviously still 'red-faced with anger'.

This was something Long had never before encountered in his twenty-plus years of cultivation. Seeing so much disappointment and rage directed at him tore at his heart.

“This is just an appetizer. The whole mysterian race is cursing your name right now. How do you feel?” Long heard a familiar voice from behind.

He quickly turned around and saw a man that looked exactly like him. “Father!” Long breathed in deeply. “It's fine. I'm a figure that stands at the apex of the cosmos. These people are scolding me because they entrusted their dreams to me. They're just venting their powerlessness at me. I have no responsibility to make them happy every time. And in the end, no matter how much they scold me, won't they entrust their dreams to me again next time?”

Long meant that he stood high enough. These people were mysterians that everyone wanted to be, but to him they were his servants.

“You can say that. Failing once or twice is fine. Even I've failed before. But if you fail again and again, all your radiance will be snuffed out even if you're a Ninelives Crimsonjade,” Crimsonjade Qiang said.

“I understand, Father. This was just an accident. I didn't expect him to actually have something that could kill me.” Long lowered his head.

“It's good as long as you're not frustrated. There was a lot of pressure on you this time.”

“It's fine. I just lost due to a miscalculation. The laughable ones are the ones screeching below.” Long paused, and his tone turned chillier. “When I get to the fifth level of the Tranquil Battlefield, I'll find that Li Tianming and get back what I lost today, with interest.”

Long had only stayed behind in the fourth level for the Astralium Seeking, or he would have risen long ago.

Just as he said that, Tianming said almost the same thing while being besieged in the spectator viewing above. Long was briefly stunned, then said, "You overestimate yourself."

It immediately ignited a new wave of displeasure.

"It's all your fault, Long! How could a dwarf have a chance to be so arrogant if you weren't careless!" Many people were furious. However, Long had a 'generous' heart and simply ignored all of them. His confidence in himself wasn't shaken. That was the mentality that someone who succeeded the Ninelives Crimsonjade line should have.

Dwarf was the slur that mysterians used for foreign races from elsewhere. It didn't mean they were short. Instead, it referred to how they would bend their waists when they met a mysterian, naturally becoming shorter.

As people continued jeering, Qiang said in a low voice, "Go back and settle your heart. You do indeed need to reflect after failing to get into the top ten. Your life has been too smooth, so some setbacks are good to experience."

"Yes, Father." Long looked at his genius father, feeling some displeasure. He had never liked how Qiang would always use his seniority to lecture him about his life. However, he was used to obeying on the surface and keeping his thoughts inside. He was just too lazy to say it out loud.

"Right, where are you?" Long casually asked.

Chapter 1678 - Wandering the Cosmos

"I'm on an astralship bound for the Violetglory Star. We set off half a month ago. If everything is within expectations, we should be the first to reach it," Qiang said seriously.

Although they were father and son, one was serious and steady while the other was wild. They could be differentiated by their tone and personality.

"Why? You wanted to give him his top ten reward half a month ago already?" Long was stunned.

"What're you thinking?" Qiang was speechless. "His reward can be chosen when he gets to the Mysterium Cluster. We don't need to bring it over."

"You want to bring him back?" Long asked.

"Yes."

"To kill? Control? Not to nurture, right? I read in records that our ancestors would primarily kill foreign geniuses. The more excellent they were, the faster they died. Some would just mysteriously become crippled. Fundamentally, it's to strengthen our rule," Long said in a low voice.

Qiang was solemn. "Silence. Don't run your mouth."

"I know, I know. It's always like that." Long shrugged. He couldn't resist smiling and looking up at Tianming, who had just died, and musing, "Did you really think you could shake the universe? Do you even understand what's about to happen?"

A single supreme expert could dominate the astralscape by themselves and create a powerful race. It was difficult to kill them. However, when they were young, they often brightly shone in a stunning manner. Hence, the murder of geniuses was one of the things supreme races did. It was a small cost that brought great returns, an excellent investment all around. As for how to do it, there were many ways. It was easy to make an incredible talent become incredibly ordinary.

In fact, even Orderia, all the way in its own little corner of the universe, did the same thing. They just didn't have as overwhelming an advantage as the mysterians. The Myriad Solar Sects could still resist, while non-mysterians could only gather next to the lions like sheep to be culled.

Qiang patted Long on the shoulder. "You have to get back what you lost. Prepare to go to the fifth level. Also, don't talk about the matter of 'nipping things in the bud', understand?"

"Yes." Long nodded. He didn't really care—he even found it amusing—but he still outwardly acted obedient. "If so, it'll probably be four years before we meet again in the real world."

"Yes. It doesn't matter, though. I'm a sovereign now, so caeli don't help me anymore. Wandering the cosmos is much more useful to my growth." Qiang smiled, then turned serious. "Don't slack off while I'm away. I can come to the wondersky realm any time to check on your progress. If you don't keep up, I can still take care of you."

"I know. Would I let you down?" Long complained.

"What's wrong?" Qiang asked with concern.

"Four years is too long. It's a pretty bad trade-off for a dwarf."

Qiang laughed. "You're only in your twenties, so it seems long. When you're as old as me, four years will be very short. And if you become a sovereign, you'll be over a millennium in age and four years will just be the blink of an eye. That's why it may be time for everyone, but the value of it is much higher for a young person than an old person by ten, or even a hundred times."

He earnestly continued, "That's why young people have to treasure their time and make that limited time display unlimited value. You shouldn't waste it on gratification."

"Yes, yes, you're starting to lecture again. That's enough, go on your leisure tour. Just be careful that some wildbeast doesn't pop up and eat your astralship." Long said with annoyance.

"Eat? We'll see who eats who. I've never fried a beast as big as an astralship before." Qiang placed his hands on Long's shoulders. He had become a father at a young age; he'd had to grow himself and take care of his son as well. And as a first-time father, there were many little details he'd had to learn.

He had never left for four years before in all of Long's life. He didn't know what to say for a while, so he simply hugged his son before vanishing with a smile.

Qiang had used a heavenly locus formation to enter from his astralship. It was only when the ship left the Mysterium Cluster that they could be considered to have truly entered the astralscape of order!

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In the Violetglory Star's wondersky realm, hearts were pounding so loud it could be heard.

Supposedly, the wondersky realm had reached its limit of caeli it could hold and people outside could no longer come in! The wonderians had never designed the wondersky realm for a crowd this size, because they had never expected this could happen.

After Tianming got killed, the Violetglorians' spectator view had been cut, their far-off nova source world lacking the right to watch outside of Tianming. But even with the feed cut, the hundreds of millions present didn't disperse. Instead, they put their hands together, expectantly waiting for their hero's return. The wondersky realm had practically exploded the moment Tianming had slain Long, including the youths from the Divineglory Dynasty, who had been unable to resist whooping at the top of their lungs.

The beliefs of many had changed in that moment.

Now, the world fell into silence, almost as if everyone was worried that a chaotic atmosphere would frighten their hero. It was the first time the wondersky realm had been so quiet.

At that moment, Tianming appeared on the wondersky eye. His totems and lifebound beasts had all refreshed and returned onto his body. Ying Huo and the rest immediately started making noise.

His wondersky fairy appeared in front of him. "Li Tianming, many people are waiting for your return now at the Violetcloud Battlefield. As the masses wish, I'll send you over."

"Okay." Tianming was quite tired after fighting for so long. But now, after leaving the battle, he felt even more excited. "Let's go!" He entered the butterfly beneath him and the world broke down into a kaleidoscope of light.

In the next moment, the light changed. Purple stars shone around him as he arrived in a starry sky. The stars twinkled as he looked up at the Violetglory ranking.

The last time, Ye Chen and he had tied for first. He had also been using the name Lin Feng then. But this time, the name 'Li Tianming' dominated the center of the board!

As for below....

As expected, there were countless heads. Not even calling it a sea of people could do it justice, as he was unable to see the end of the crowd.

Chapter 1679 - Over a Billion Omnisentient Threads

Tianming was high enough that, together with the light provided by the wondersky fairy, many could clearly make him out. The scene was similar to what happened to Long at Mysterium Central, except that here, there was only passionate praise. The words all mixed together in a chaotic mess that couldn't be made out; however, they all successfully conveyed to Tianming through their eyes that everything he did was right.

He could see reflected in their eyes the fervent desire for glory.

“The number one hero in our history!”

Countless honors were heaped onto him. He even felt slightly dizzy from the passion. He was anxious to go back to the real world and see how much he had gained. He had a strong feeling that he would gain the Omniscient Threads he desired so much this time.

Of course, he had to deliver something to these youths before that.

“Everyone!” When Tianming opened his mouth, the Violetcloud Battlefield regained its calm. “Today is not the end, but the start. Wait for me. I’ll rise to the fifth level soon, and it’ll be Team Celestial Beings or whatever their name is that’s next!” His words were like pouring oil onto fire. Everyone shouted in approval. He had already shown through action that he wasn’t bluffing.

“A genius of our star will sweep across the astralscape and become number one?”

The outrageous possibility burned in the minds of everyone present. This situation of becoming the spiritual pillar of so many was what would let Tianming’s Imperial Will grow, and also the core of the Primordial God-Emperor’s legacy.

The waves spread from Violetcloud Battlefield to the entire wondersky realm.

Tianming gave a cough. “I need to go back and prepare. That’s it, folks!” After fighting for so long, he had nearly forgotten what it was like to actually be alive. He vanished, returning to the real world at the speed of light.

However, the wondersky realm didn’t go quiet because of his absence. Instead, it grew even more fervent with his incitement. What happened next would depend on his performance.

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Feiling and the rest had returned to the real world ahead of Tianming, as Xiaoxiao had called them out. She called them out because Tianming had caused too much disturbance.

After coming out, they had told Shengui not to let anyone bother Tianming. At Violetpeak, there were countless white threads extending from all directions. The illusory white threads couldn’t be broken by force and looked like formation spirit threads. They grew denser the closer one came to Violetpeak, and naturally drew much attention. Right next to Tianming, countless threads could be seen entering his body. Every thread entered an albus and wrapped around its five astraldiscs.

“Omniscient threads!” Tianming immediately felt them as soon as he returned to his body. “It’s been too long.” He grinned. He had originally planned to expand his empire into Orderia. Alas, that plan had fallen through. Somehow, he had ended up getting his Omniscient Threads here in the Violetglory Star through glory instead. And it wasn’t just a few. Furthermore, most of these were from gods!

This was Omniscient Divine Will!

The Omniscient Threads on the Flameyellow Continent had given him Omniscient Heavenly Will, which was an entirely different thing from divine will.

Omnisentient Threads could connect the divine will of the masses with Tianming's own divine will and strengthen his albi. While each of them transmitted only a tiny amount of energy on their own, it was terrifying when it was all added up together.

"How many?" Ying Huo and the rest asked curiously.

"I think it's over a billion..." Tianming replied hoarsely. Over a billion wasn't that many in the context of the Violetglory Star. It was far from the number from the Flameyellow Continent.

"However, most are from gods. Combined, it gives me much more power than that time at the Flameyellow Continent." Once upon a time, Tianming had relied on the Omnisentient Will to solo over ten thousand gods. A billion threads weren't that many, but this was a foreign star in the end. Just relying on glory to harvest the belief of a billion people was quite the feat. "My combat power can skyrocket while I'm here. It can surpass experts who have crossed the hundred years old threshold. The exact level needs further testing."

Tianming closed his eyes. He could feel these billion gods through his threads. He could even use them as his eyes and ears, which meant he now had a billion eyes spread throughout the entire star.

He also clearly felt his albi supported by Omnisentient Will, their capacity greatly increased. Large amounts of nova source poured into his albi, quickly converting into various forms of astralforce Tianming could use.

For example, Lin Xiaoxiao was Tianming's first believer. Her divine will was connected to the imperial will of a certain albus of Tianming's. Through the Omnisentient Thread, her divine will could help the imperial will of that albus in controlling even more power.

That was why he could temporarily absorb so much nova source. However, he didn't convert it into the astralforce of the Aeternal Infernal Codex, but through Xiaoxiao's cultivation technique. That led to every albi having a different sort of astralforce added. He didn't need to suppress this power, because the masses would help him control it. Over a billion people meant over a billion of his albi were strengthened! Although it was only a small fraction of the nearly fifty billion albi in his body, the effectiveness was clear to see.

"If I want, I can use these threads to raise my strength a tier or two. Furthermore, I can still raise the number with my performance in Astraldome."

That meant his performance in the fifth level of the Tranquil Battlefield would be even more crucial for Tianming, who had to strike while the iron was hot. His Omnisentient Will on the Flameyellow Continent was far from that given by fifty billion. Wanting all of the albi in his body to power up wouldn't be easy. In the end, glory only did so much for the hearts of a race. Saving them was the most effective way of creating belief.

"Omnisentient Threads are too miraculous." Tianming stood up, endless divine will still pouring in. At that moment, he had connected his heart with over a billion people on this foreign star. If he wanted, he could use the power of the masses to fight at any time.

In his long period fighting in the Astraldome, beating Ye Chen, Kou Mingyou, and so on, every fight had earned him believers, and the Omnisentient Will from them had incited a large growth in his imperial

will. As expected, judging from the standard of the 'Grand-Orient Swords' in his albi, reaching the twelfth level of the Constellation stage wouldn't be a problem.

Many people were waiting outside for him to show his face. However, he wasn't in a rush. Instead, he took advantage of the explosive growth in his Imperial Will to furiously absorb nova source. A purple vortex formed around his body as his albi sucked in power like they were starving. The Aeternal Infernal Codex, Genesis Chaos Codex, and the rest of the five techniques worked to rapidly convert it into high-quality astralforce like Aeternal Infernal Astralforce. It then flowed into the five astraldiscs, expanding the astraldiscs. His pandemonium and cyclic constellations also glowed brighter and turned more real.

Inside the lifebound space, Ying Huo and the rest were madly sucking in power as well. Even the decapath era godswords were absorbing nova source and converting it to totem ki.

This was doubtlessly an improvement in all aspects. Even without using the Omniscient Threads, Tianming was already much stronger than during the Astralium Seeking.

"Unfortunately, the Omniscient Threads probably won't register with the wondersky realm."

His lifebound beasts also couldn't enjoy the boost from the masses. That was the shackle of this cultivation system, but Tianming felt that he might have a way to overcome it in the future. After all, perhaps the Primordial God-Emperor had had lifebound beasts too.

After his advancement this time, Tianming was confident he wouldn't be so powerless when he met Crimsonjade Long again.

Ying Huo and the rest were already eager for vengeance.

"No rush. We can only return to the Astraldome in a month. I'm sure Long will be anxious to come to us as well. We have an important task now—we have to transform our constellations into a sacrosuns and step into the Solar stage!" The Solar stage was the most important cultivation stage before becoming a sovereign. Tianming's opponents were all in that stage and possessed sacrosuns, unlike him. The progress to the next stage was too important.

"Once I become a twelfth-level constellier, becoming a solarian will be my priority." It was as important as mastering the seventh fusion strike of the Ninedragon Tribulation.

After his cultivation session ended, Tianming stabilized his astralforce at the level of a twelfth-level constellier.

"The growth in my imperial will was so great this time that it's enough to control the power of a first-level solarian already. However, transforming my constellation into a sacrosun needs luck. After that, I believe I can face the Celestial Beings in the Astraldome even without the power of the masses." Ambition burned in Tianming. It was the ambition to go further than one billion.

He chose not to use the power of the Omniscient Threads for now. Nor did he want to bother his believers or pry into the secrets in their hearts. Now that his second totemic calamity had been exposed, this was his new trump card.

"If I'm forced to use it, that probably means I've lost the chance to stay in Violetglory." If he could stay on, he would have Sovereign Starfeather's protection. Why would he need to risk his life then?

He finally calmed down and made plans for his next steps. He looked up and saw the people whom he cared so much about. They had been his silent protectors for a while. Feiling, Qingyu, Lingfeng and Xiaoxiao. They all had different gazes, but all shared the same care and concern.

Tianming looked at Feiling. A blue dress, fair skin, long black hair, as well as an expression filled with some worry and happiness. He fondly recalled that time on the snow. From her look and smile, it seemed that she was thinking of it too.

“Go for now. Sovereign Starfeather has been waiting for you for a while,” she gently said.

“Wait for me.” Tianming nodded and left. “It’s about time for their second manna imperius to be mine.” He had felt stifled when he faced the geniuses from deific-class worlds when it came to weapons and manna. All of them had sovereign beasts and grade-eight divine artifacts. That was the standard of his opponents. Toward the end, his Grand-Orient Sword had even shattered. How was he supposed to continue? The Grand-Orient Sword was unbreakable in the real world, but the wondersky realm had poor judgment and viewed it as useless.

“Today, I don’t just want a manna imperius. I need a grade-eight divine artifact too!”

Grade-eight divine artifacts like the Divine Worldeater Cauldron would be in the top five treasures in Orderia, with similar value to manna imperius. Grade-eight divine artifacts came in five tiers. The Ninedragon Imperius and Grand Godless Liberty were rather low tier. However, the weapons Ying, Yanwu Ming, and Shenwu Yin used were all high tier. He had to prepare a grade-eight weapon that wouldn’t break for the fifth level of the Tranquil Battlefield.

“So Sovereign Starfeather, the patriarchs of the Pentarchy, and the forty-nine astralkings are all here.” It seemed he had really shaken Violetglory to the core this time. In the end, his performance this time had been much more shocking than beating Ye Chen.

Chapter 1680 - Just Here for Work

When Tianming left Violetpeak, he was quickly frightened by the line-up he ran into. Everywhere his gaze landed was a Violetcloud Imperium cultivator. They were on the streets, the roofs, and many had even taken to flying in the sky. They were all dead silent. No totems or lifebound beasts were out, so there was more space left for people. There were at least fifty million there! This was practically all the elites of the Violetcloud Imperium.

Many of them had come from the wondersky realm at the same time as Tianming.

Their passionate gazes filled with anxiety and excitement were directed at Violetpeak while waiting for Tianming. Five million of them were people who had linked Omniscient Threads with him.

They were the closest to him, and most of them were hot-blooded youths. Their Omniscient Threads were the thickest, and their Omniscient Will the strongest. To them, he was their king! Now, it wouldn’t be wrong to say that they belonged to Tianming rather than the Violetcloud Imperium. If push came to shove, they may very well choose him over the imperium.

Tianming had now gained a faction of his own, an army of gods of over five million. Most were youths, and of them, sixty percent were women. Women really were more likely to chase celebrities, especially

as Tianming's appearance was more popular than Ye Chen's cheerful youth image. He had now become the dream man of many of them.

"Wah!" Without exaggeration, the moment Tianming stepped out, piercing shrieks cried out despite the solemn occasion as many ladies saw their heartthrob. This outpouring of love and respect was Tianming's exact purpose in participating in the Astraldome. He had come out this time to get his 'rewards'. In all of history, he was perhaps the only person who could make Sovereign Starfeather, the patriarchs of the Pentarchy, and the forty-nine astralkings wait for him at the door. Not even Ye Chen had this treatment in the Divineglory Dynasty.

Tianming held back the arrogance he had shown in the Astralium Seeking. He exhibited perfect politeness as he ran to Sovereign Starfeather and hurriedly said, "Greetings, Sovereign! Apologies for making all you seniors wait so long. I had some improvements in divine will after the battle, so I had to seize the moment to cultivate and ended up losing track of time. Please be understanding."

Tianming had slaughtered his way through the Astraldome. He had been arrogant and hadn't minced his words in the process. However, he didn't put on any airs after returning home, and definitely didn't act superior. Fierce to outsiders, yet intimate with his own people. Within moments, his image in the hearts of the Violetcloud Imperium cultivators grew even more perfect.

"Astralking Tianming, number one in the world!"

"The Mysterium Cluster and deific-class world geniuses are just that in the end."

Countless praises poured in. Tianming could only smile and wait for them to calm down. He didn't expect them to immediately quiet down and emotionally look at him. That let him understand that his authority to be heard in the Violetglory Star had already reached a very high level.

This was a height no young genius had ever reached in history.

Tianming's control startled Sovereign Starfeather and the rest. Sovereign Starfeather had already been eyeing Tianming. Now, hands behind his back and giving off a warm and friendly vibe, he approached Tianming with an expression of praise. "No worries. Cultivation is the most important thing for you. After you brought so much glory to our home, as sovereign, even waiting a few months would be worth it."

Tianming receiving such praise made many people cheer in excitement.

"Tianming, we were waiting here today so that we could congratulate you on your success as soon as possible. In all of history, you're the one who has made our star shine the brightest! Our Violetglory Star's name now echoes throughout the cosmos, strengthening the faith of countless races. Your miracle of crushing the deific-class world geniuses will definitely spur on a new wave of passion for cultivation. If our star gets stronger, it'll be all thanks to you." The sovereign gave Tianming a pat on the shoulder.

Tianming's eyes lit up. You can't not give me a reward after saying all that, right? To him, the Violetglory Star's glory didn't matter. He was just there to work. When there were good results, practical benefits were way better than empty praise.

As expected, Sovereign Starfeather laughed. "Fine, I know what you're thinking."

His stern and authoritative voice swept out. "In light of Astralking Tianming's miracle, We have decided to reward him with the Violetcloud Imperium's second eight-star universal manna! This will help Astralking Tianming challenge the top five in the fifth level of the Tranquil Battlefield and shake the astralscape once more!"

Everyone cheered, all of them in praise of Sovereign Starfeather's reward.

"Exactly, we should give him all of our manna imperius!"

"Astralking Tianming absolutely deserves it."

"If we had five manna imperius, all of them should go to him!"

"Even that trash Ye Chen has five! How could our astralking have less?"

This was momentum. Originally, there had been no hope. But now, no one dared to object with all of the Violetcloud Imperium cultivators eager to thrust any and all manna imperius to Tianming.... That was the whole point of the Astraldome!

Tianming had broken through the ceiling for Violetglory Star's geniuses. No one here was his opponent, and Ye Chen couldn't even factor into his ambitions.

"I just need to conquer the Astraldome and I'll get Omniscient Threads and cultivation resources. So I have to be even more fierce and domineering!" There were only gains and no losses; he couldn't die in the wondersky realm.

To Tianming, the wondersky realm was an illusion while the Violetglory Star was reality. Every step of his was founded on reality. If you weren't strong in real life, what would the heavenly locus formation record about you?

Now, the second manna imperius was a done deal.

Tianming saw there was a beautiful woman nearby dressed in a purple skirt. Her face seemed naturally naive, and even cute. However, her figure was very mature. She was winking at him, jokingly asking for credit.

Indeed, it was Mu Ziyang.