

The Ages 1761

Chapter 1761 - Changes on the Sun

Even so, that was out of Tianming's hands. If Feiling hadn't used the blood grudge to attack the dreamless celestial emperor, he would have lost an eye. Weisheng Moran was now basically being held hostage in exchange for the Azurespirit.

"Dammit!" He grit his teeth in rage. That girl used to have nothing to do with him, but kept calling him to save her. Back then, Tianming barely had any power, so there was no need for him to offend the dreamless celestial emperor for her sake. But now he had gone through so many tribulations and obtained carefree wonder, thanks to her. He had to take responsibility.

"Fine, I can't let her keep suffering." He was about to face off against the sun emperor anyway, so why would he fear a pre-sovereign dreamless celestial emperor? "Can you communicate with her?"

"It is... a little... hard as... she is... kept confined," Yin Chen said.

"See if you can worm your way in and ask about the locator issue. Tell her that I'm back and ask her to hold on. I'll liberate her from suffering."

"Will do." Yin Chen had practically unlimited bodies, so losing a few wouldn't be a concern. Most formations couldn't stop it anyway, thanks to the fluid nature of its body. Soon, it returned with an answer.

"She said... it won't... work anymore! We can... go back... to Orderia!" The Azurespirit was no longer functioning as a locator after becoming a divine wonder. Even though Tianming didn't know exactly why, he was relieved to hear it.

"So the dreamless celestial emperor is that certain that I'll return, eh?" It wasn't that surprising, as he had no doubt witnessed what happened with Li Wudi with his own eyes. Not to mention, there was no way that Tianming would spend the rest of his life roaming the stars. That said, there was no way he could expect Tianming to be back so soon. "Did she say anything else?"

"She said... to take... your time... She's really... moved to... the point... of crying..."

"Alright." Tianming took a deep breath and imagined what she looked like, feeling a wince of pain.

"There is... something else!" Yin Chen said with a serious tone before beginning a complicated explanation of the status quo of the Myriad Solar Sects, something that Tianming badly wanted to know. He had to guess much of what Yin Chen was trying to relay, but it didn't take long. They had a telepathic connection, after all. His expression turned grim and he sought out Lingfeng and Qingyu.

"Feng, Qingyu, let's go! It's time."

"Big Brother, did you learn what happened?" Qingyu asked.

"More or less. We're short on time, so I'll explain on the way."

"Okay!" The pair nodded. Tianming left a sizable number of Yin Chens on Flameyellow. As he passed through the Divine Moon Realm, he even had a million silver eggs clump together and become a meteor

before tossing it toward the moon. That would allow him to keep informed about these two places. Even if he was out of range of the Omniscient Threads, he would still be able to react in time. As they continued ascending, they were slowly freed of the Welkin Plane's gravitational pull. It was no longer a difficult feat for them.

"Big Brother, how's dad?" Qingyu asked nervously, holding her breath. She seemed quite worried.

"The sun emperor has him confined in a dungeon. It's completely sealed off—Yin Chen isn't able to sneak in, so we don't have news of him for now. The Yin Chens we left there are still weak, so I'll be sending new ones to investigate once we arrive."

Twenty-five million Yin Chens could turn into ten times that number of cockroaches, enough to spread across the entirety of Orderia. He would be able to learn about anything the moment it took place, which was crucial in a time of war. Currently, an endless war was raging across Orderia.

"What about the Myriad Solar Sects?" Lingfeng asked as he looked toward the sun.

"Since the celestial orderians' loss, the Veildragon Palace leaders got exterminated and the rest were absorbed back into the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. The Myriad Solar Sect's alliance also fought the celestial orderians, giving them a taste of defeat they've never experienced before. The Divine Sun Palace was also disabled, so the morale of those in the Myriad Solar Sects is at an all-time high. They thought that they could grow stronger from this victory, but that was only a fleeting dream," Tianming said.

"Given his personality, there's no way he'll just lay low after suffering such a huge loss," Qingyu said, biting her lip.

"That's right. The war hasn't stopped since we left."

"With the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect reunified and becoming the new top sect, coupled with the unity of the other factions, they should be able to defend the Myriadragon Mountains, right? The celestial orderians did lose the Divine Sun Palace, after all," Qingyu said, puzzled.

"That's right. That's why the celestial orderians didn't touch the top ten sects in the ranking. However, sects without grade-eight divine formations became targets. The celestial orderians started clearing out the fourth-rate factions, beginning from the weakest ones and completely massacring them as they reorganized their army and optimized its efficiency," Tianming said in a hoarse voice.

Unlike the celestial orderians, the Myriad Solar Sects weren't properly unified, but rather a simple collection of disparate sects spread out across large territories. They were largely autonomous, so they lacked any ability to properly coordinate with each other against the unified and organized celestial orderians, who had superior information and supply networks. There was nothing the weak could do against the strong, especially where hit-and-run tactics were involved.

While the celestial orderians had suffered terrible losses in the grand battle, their remaining forces still surpassed those of the Myriad Solar Sects as a whole, let alone those of individual factions within. The weaker factions had subpar defensive formations that were instantly breached. They were unable to resist at all.

This kind of attack was unlike the celestial orderians, who treasured refinement and elegance as a whole, but it was a good fit for the sun emperor's personality. He could play dirty as much as he wanted

as long as it got him results. Even with reinforcements from larger sects, the smaller ones were still wiped out and unsalvageable.

Chapter 1762 - Fight to the Death

Though the celestial orderians were no doubt underhanded, their methods were effective. The Myriad Solar Sects felt like they were crumbling as the sun emperor exploited the fact that they weren't a united organization. The fierce assault was unstoppable. What was worse was that in the top ten sect rankings, the Dreamless Celestial Nation still hovered within it, only taking action where it would benefit themselves. The Voidword Shrine remained secluded as they always had, and the defection of the wargodeans and Blueblood Starocean saw them helping out the celestial orderians to hold back the Emyrean Sword and Xuanyuan Dragon Sects, cutting off the reinforcements they sent to the smaller sects to ensure that they fell without question. A single victory wasn't able to change the fact that the celestial orderians still dominated. Back then, their plan had been to take out the leader, but now that it'd failed, they decided to start from the bottom up.

"What about the Sky Palace?" That was the question on everyone's lips. What were the nominal leaders of the Myriad Solar Sects doing?

Tianming smirked coldly and said, "After the sun emperor revealed that he was a nonabane, word is that his power has surpassed that of all previous sun emperors, even the founding one. If it weren't for the hundred thousand Dragon Imperials, the battle at Myriaddragon Mountains would've ended horribly. Otherwise, the sun emperor would have control of that territory as well and he wouldn't need to massacre the beastmasters. All he would need to do is take down the defensive formations or send people to occupy territories to keep them under his heel."

The ultimate goal of the celestial orderians wasn't to kill off all beastmasters, but rather to change the sun into a world where totemancers reigned supreme with the beastmasters serving them as slaves. Naturally, they didn't want to see the Myriad Solar Sects joining up with the Sky Palace leading them. Allowing someone to rise like the Ninedragon Emperor, who posed a threat to the celestial orderians, was a definite no as well.

"In other words, the Sky Palace chickened out after the sun emperor showed his strength?" Lingfeng asked.

"Not to that extent. When the celestial orderians started attacking the fourth-rate factions, the Sky Palace stood out and harshly condemned those actions. When it was clear that wasn't doing anything, they led an effort to counterattack, only to be targeted by the sun emperor. I think there was some kind of battle that resulted in the deaths of two of the seven members of the Sky Palace. From the start, their true effectiveness lay in their rallying power to begin with. People thought that the deaths of those two would spark an even stronger resistance, but the remaining ones instead cowered away and sealed off the Voidsky Flame Pillar. They haven't shown their faces since!" Tianming angrily said. He had seen the true colors of the Sky Palace.

"The Sky Palace has too long of a history and is idolized by the Myriad Solar Sects. Even though they're powerful, there's only a few members who can't even stop the sun emperor, so they're basically useless. At the very least, if all seven of them were able to hold the sun emperor back, there'd be a chance. The sun emperor must be powerful enough to overturn the balance of power," Qingyu said.

Tianming shook his head. "What you said makes some sense, but at the end of the day, the main cause is that the Sky Palace changed. The members are all really weird and don't represent the Sky Palace's will at all. A corrupt Sky Palace is powerless against the sun emperor, and can't lead the Myriad Solar Sects, either, which is why the sun emperor chose this time to go all out."

Even without Tianming or the battle at the Myriaddragon Mountains, the Sky Palace's corruption had tipped the scales of power. As long as the sun emperor was the most powerful, this war was bound to happen. The celestial orderians wanted to dominate the entire sun and enslave everyone who wasn't one of them! Once they conquered the Myriad Solar Sects, they would have access to all the resources and caeli they had, as well as their homes and defensive formations. From then on, no powerful beastmasters would ever rise to challenge their dominance of the sun.

The sun emperor hadn't cowered after his staggering loss, but changed his strategy instead. The Myriad Solar Sects were now fragmented and beaten, bleeding out rivers of blood from their casualties. The bloodstains across the sun weren't visible from the space above. A nightmarish veil seemed to blanket the territories of the Myriad Solar Sects as the army of totemancers and their totems that didn't fear death swept across the surface of the sun, crushing one faction after another.

Even if Tianming had quickly returned, there were some things that he simply wouldn't be able to change. In fact, had he chosen to stay, he wouldn't even have had access to the resources Violetglory had afforded him! He sighed and said, "By now, some eight thousand fourth-rate factions have been wiped away. Most were killed, with some either hurt, captured, or enslaved to be used as cannon fodder against their own people. Some managed to escape to stronger factions. For instance, the fourth-rate sects of the Azurecloud Continent abandoned their own homes and headed to the territories of the Azuresoul Palace and Supracloud Sanctuary. At the very least, they managed to retain some of their own power and strengthened the sects they escaped to.

"With the fourth-rate sects mostly demolished, the celestial orderians formed an army of war prisoners to be used as suicidal attackers against the defensive formations of third- and second-rate factions. When they take over the top ten first- and second-rate factions, it'll be the last straw. The battle of Myriaddragon Mountains wasn't able to change anything, except for one thing." Tianming narrowed his eyes, his heart burning with anger. He couldn't wait to get back to the sun to turn this around.

"What thing?"

"The celestial orderians had wanted to rely on the Veildragon Palace to take out the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect to minimize their casualties. However, their current strategy of starting from the weaker factions will result in resistance. Even though they're basically unstoppable, they've still lost about a hundred million troops, suffering similar casualties to the Myriad Solar Sects despite their victories." On that front, factions like the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had played a huge part in sharing information and resisting the assaults, allowing the Myriad Solar Sects to just barely hold on. Otherwise even more people would be lost, leading to a swifter collapse.

"If it weren't for their misstep at the Myriaddragon Mountains, the celestial orderians wouldn't have used such a crude strategy." Yet that fact made no difference to the Myriad Solar Sects. They had already lost too many people for anything to be worthwhile, yet if they didn't sacrifice anyone, they and

their descendants would be made slaves. The celestial orderians wouldn't pay the cost of millions of lives just to win and leave the losers untouched.

"They'll empty out everything the sects have." Unlike the peaceful and stable Violetglory, the sun was filled with endless blood and gore, mirroring the raging flames on its surface.

"Big Brother, what should we do when we arrive? Head to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect?" Qingyu asked.

"We'll go to the Azurecloud Continent."

"Why? Isn't it pretty close to the equator of the sun? It's right next to the celestial orderians' territory, right? Isn't that the most dangerous place to be?"

"It'll be dangerous, yes. They've already wiped out most of the third- and fourth-rate factions and are starting to fight against the Supracloud Sanctuary and Azuresoul Palace. The reinforcements Aunt Ying sent them have already been crushed. The Supracloud Sanctuary brought their army toward the Azuresoul Palace to make a united stand. If I don't head there, the whole continent will be enslaved when Azuresoul Palace falls. By then...." The consequences were unthinkable.

He recalled the Azuresoul Divine Tree. A few years ago, he, Long Wanying, Yu Ziqian, and many more had waged war against the wargodeans and Blueblood Starocean there. After defeating the traitors, Tianming had become the true ruler of the continent, and now he would be returning to them. The biggest difference was that he would be able to fight by the side of Gujian Qingshuang, Yun Tianque, and the rest instead of using bonegnaw ants to control them. In fact, the ants were already dead since Yin Chen had been away for so long. What the continent needed now was Tianming. Even though the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect wanted to save them, there was no way they would be able to curb the entire celestial orderian army. Long Wanying had gone there to protect the continent, ready to fight with her life.

"But once news of your return spreads, the sun emperor will come for you, right?" Qingyu said, worried.

Tianming looked at the flaming clouds ahead of him. Solar storms raged, leading to a nova source surge. The nova source of the sun seared the skin, unlike Violetglory's gentle radiation. "If I was afraid of that, I wouldn't even have returned."

Chapter 1763 - Azurecloud's Extermination

Azuresoul Sword Mountain looked like a sword that pierced through the clouds above. The Azuresky Myriadsword Formation was its scabbard, radiating boundless power around the mountain. Even though the place was quiet and calm, it was dyed almost entirely red with blood, causing a bloody stench to waft around the area and even staining the fiery clouds above red.

The ground shook as the mountain seemed to break apart. Cries of beasts and people intermingled into a droning hum. Even though the people on the continent thought that the bloodshed would end after the matter with the Azurecloud Divine Tree was settled, that had only marked the start of wars across the sun.

After the battle of the Myriaddragon Mountains ended, the fourth-rate factions started falling at the hands of the celestial orderians. The ones coming from the north were cruel and burning savages. They had lost tens of millions of their comrades during the grand battle, suffering a loss like never before.

When news of that spread, countless celestial orderian households seemed to cry bloody tears and were filled with endless rage. Invaders were usually the ones who forgot what caused the wars to begin with. Thinking themselves as righteous, all they would remember was that they were the ones who were offended and suffered losses.

With nothing but vengeance in mind, the celestial orderians began crossing borders, striking down countless beastmasters whose only sin was being weak. Those that resisted were treated the same as those that didn't: they were killed without question. As such, the hard-fought peace that had only lasted two years on the Azurecloud Continent quickly evaporated. The fresh blood spilled on the ground was absorbed by the Azurecloud Divine Tree once more, causing its leaves to turn red and its bark to wither and crack open, revealing bloody, bubbling growths within.

The old legends spoke of an angered divine tree that would teach the invaders a lesson, yet that day never arrived. The denizens of the tree were humiliated and massacred, yet all the tree did was turn blood red, as if it had been submerged in a sea of suffering that encompassed the entire continent. When people looked up at the tree, they no longer felt warmth, only cold cruelty. Sometimes, the leaves of the tree that spanned much of the continent would rain blood. The people cried when they realized that the blood of their fallen loved ones flowed within the tree.

The helpless people of the continent couldn't resist the massacre at all, but they wouldn't forget the grudge. Everyone was waiting for the day when they would exact revenge against the invaders. The remaining cultivators swore to fight to the death. Both those from the Supracloud Sanctuary and Azuresoul Palace refused to stand down as they defended their home and dignity. They weren't waiting for some miracle that would bail them out of all this; instead, all they knew was that they couldn't stop fighting before the invaders. They couldn't bear to bring shame to their loved ones in the afterlife.

Far too many lives had been lost—some lost their family, and others their lifebound beasts. There were also those that lost their cultivation and everything else. The celestial orderians no longer needed a reason to conquer cities and cull their population. There was nothing in their people except the rampant urge to destroy everything like the flame. The soul of their race had turned into a bloody wraith of slaughter.

Long Wanying was a person who had lost much, having seen Yang Ce fall at the start of the war. Yun Tianque had also failed to protect his home when the celestial orderians raided it, losing countless family and friends. When he had escaped to the Azuresoul Palace, his eyes were bloodshot with rage. Now, he stood at Celestial Welcome Hall, but he wasn't welcoming friends. Rather, he was welcoming an army of three million elite celestial orderian troops, the sum of all the troops they had deployed at the Azurecloud Continent. Yesterday, they started their assault on the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation.

The weakest of the three million troops were fourth-level constelliers. All the legionnaires that had a thousand troops at their command were at least solarians. They were one of the most capable armies in all of the sun, boasting rigid discipline, regulations, and good arms and supplies. Most importantly, they were there for revenge and didn't fear death. Being organized in a proper army, they had a huge advantage over the disparate cultivators on the other side. Every move they made emphasized efficiency and tactics.

The local cultivators, on the other hand, had been forced into a corner with no recourse aside from fighting to their deaths. The last hope of the continent was now concentrated on the Azuresoul Sword Mountain. From the start, the many weaker factions had been retreating toward it. After the Supracloud Sanctuary's fall, Gujian Qingshuang had also made preparations to evacuate Yun Tianque and the rest. They used to be mortal enemies, but now they were allies relying on one another in a time of need. The core members of the Supracloud Sanctuary had fled to Azuresoul Sword Mountain to avoid true extermination.

That one mountain now contained seventy percent of the total fighting force of the continent, but that also meant that if it fell, it would result in the loss of countless legacies of the continent. The millions of years of effort of those of times past would be wiped out in one go. That was why they were willing to fight until their last drop of blood was lost to defend everyone and everything they cared about, sparing them the fate of being swallowed up in totem flames.

Everyone gathered on the mountain fueled the defensive formation through its formation spirit threads. The million cultivators from the Supracloud Sanctuary and their lifebound beasts joined the swordpupils of the Azuresoul Palace in facing off against the three million invaders. Blades flew and blood fell all across the area. Countless corpses had already piled up on the ground, creating rivers of blood. There was no longer any fear of death. Many people even weren't aware of where their dead lifebound beasts were as they fought. The flaming totems kept swarming them like tidal waves of magma.

"Die, Azurecloud!"

"Stop resisting. It's pointless. Be honored that you'll be the first continent that we swallow up! It'll be a historic moment."

"Once all of you are exterminated, the Azurecloud Continent will become our territory!"

"All beastmasters on this continent will be our slaves! None of your descendants will live with their heads held high! You'll be nothing but dogs that grovel behind us!"

"It's all your fault for daring to resist us at Myriaddragon Mountains! We'll pay you back a thousand times for those you killed!"

Even though the celestial orderians knew that further provocation would only drive the beastmasters into an even crazier frenzy, they still couldn't help indulging in such a delightful urge. They watched as their enemies continued helplessly struggling to kill them.

"In a real fight, you'll understand that the Myriad Solar Sects are useless against us celestial orderians. You don't have enough history, foundation, or legacies to compare to us! You're nothing but slave material!"

The tens of millions of dead celestial orderians had triggered a notion across all the totemancers on the sun, giving birth to a grudge that would never end. After the two years since their humiliating loss, they had come back to prove themselves once more, desperate to convince themselves that the lost battle of Myriaddragon Mountains was just a fluke and that they were still the absolute rulers of the sun.

Nobody could stand up to them, not even Gujian Qingshuang, Yun Tianque, Long Wanying, and the other elite leaders that were fighting in the field. More and more celestial orderians kept flooding back

in even after many before them had been turned into corpses. Even constelliers dared to fight Long Wanying, thanks to a bounty system. The more important the people they killed were, the better the rewards would be, which were enough to last them a lifetime. However, that was just icing on the cake that was their pride as celestial orderians.

Chapter 1764 - Xuanyang

Flaming totems were everywhere inside the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation. They burned everything in their path like flowing lava, leaving nothing but utter desolation. Nobody knew when the defense line of the Azurecloud warriors would fall. Once it did, the weak and old would definitely fall prey to the rampant destruction. Yet, none of them considered such a question. They focused all their attention on what was in front of them. There was nothing but darkness beyond the endless fight ahead of them. Their bodies slowly lost their warmth as their hands loosed their grips on their weapons as they grabbed the earth beneath them. That way, their souls would still be able to find their way home.

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Outside the formation near the mountains to the east of the Azuresoul Palace was a dense assembly of totemancers clad in armor of flaming gold. They stood unmoving, each one precisely taking their positions. Theirs was a disciplined army of a million troops. They cast their gazes at the bloody battlefield within the formation. The cries of rage and desperation had sparked their fighting spirit. They were like caged beasts, patiently laying and ready to pounce despite the unending bloodlust they felt. Once the order was given, they would descend on the battlefield like wild beasts to strike the final blow. The wait was infuriating them to the point that many had to bite their lips or tongues to hold themselves back. The flames within their hearts spread like wildfire, making them an unquenchable fire that threatened to consume all.

They were called the Xuanyang Army, a rather new army in the long history of the celestial orderians. Despite that, they had already magnificently distinguished themselves. The sweeping of the Azurecloud Continent was mainly carried out by the five million troops of their army, and now they were in the final phase of their plan. Once they completed their task, they would be heralded as among the top armies of the celestial orderians. What awaited these bloodthirsty warriors was endless glory. Like beasts, they impatiently watched their delicious prey, itching to quench their hunger.

At the rear of the army was its command center, which was protected by many layered formations. The celestial orderian officers led the troops without having to go into battle on their own. Outside the largest formation stood a magnificent beauty with a gentle appearance that stood out from the other celestial orderians. While she was no doubt one of them, she was from a sub-branch called the soul tribulators. She was the only soul tribulator to have survived the battle of Myriaddragon Mountains, Li Yunxi, the very same person that had been Qingyu's personal bodyguard and Li Wushuang's old friend.

She had lived on while Apothecary Li, Li Xiaoyan, and the three Dragon Imperials of the Veildragon Palace had perished at Tianming's hand, and now she was the mastermind of the purge of the Azurecloud Continent. However, neither the Azuresoul Palace nor Supracloud Sanctuary were aware of her presence. Instead, the one who was said to be commanding the operation was Li Xuanyang, the general of the Xuanyang Army. Naturally, he had much more influence than Li Yunxi among the celestial orderians as he was a son of the sun emperor!

Among the sons of the sun emperor, he was the fifth and was around three centuries old. The celestial orderians didn't appoint the eldest prince to be the successor, but rather the strongest among them. That was why Li Xuanyang, Li Haochen, and Li Shenjian didn't have too much of a difference in terms of status. Yet Li Xuanyang had something his other brothers didn't: merit in battle, making him the most recognized son of the sun emperor. If it weren't for that, he wouldn't have been appointed commander-in-chief of such an important operation.

Whether it was his talent, strategic brilliance, leadership, or behavior, he was the best among all ten princes. His reputation was easily ten times better than Li Shenjian's, especially after his constant victories in the Azurecloud Continent that allowed him to surpass his other four brothers. He had become the biggest celebrity among the celestial orderians, and after Qingyu's 'abduction', he had the best chance of becoming the next sun emperor. That was thanks in part to the fact that his other brothers had basically lost their chance to become the sun emperor. He was the only one who still had a hopeful chance, and his war merits counted quite a bit toward that.

Lu Yunxi had remained there to protect him from assassination, as well as aid him. That was the mission the sun emperor had given her.

"Li Xuanyang!" It wasn't the first time she had called out. As the formation wasn't completely isolated, she could hear the humping and moaning coming from within. She knew what he was up to, and it wasn't a big deal in and of itself, but they had suffered many casualties in the attack against the Azuresoul Sword Mountain, so it gave her a headache for Li Xuanyang to still be in a mood for such things.

"Beautiful Yunxi, stop rushing me. Just wait... I'm... almost... there... ahhhh!" he groaned in pleasure, almost in a teasing tone before he yelled twice more in triumph.

"I'm your elder!" she snapped, her expression cold. Even then, the plowing within had yet to cease. Li Yunxi couldn't stand it anymore and charged in, baring her sight to the unspeakable things that were happening within. "Scram!"

Many girls with flushed faces hurriedly picked up their clothes and ran outside, leaving behind a man with frizzled hair. "Hey, don't go! I'm not finished yet! Agh!"

"Put your clothes on, now!" Li Yunxi turned around, her face turning a dark purple.

"Beautiful Yunxi, this won't do! Since ancient times, no choir of mutual physical pleasure is allowed to stop halfway! Now that the other performers have left, will you perform the rest of the song with me? I know that you'll surely appreciate my... musical... talents much more than those lowborn folk."

"If you don't get your act together, I'll pull your rod out of its stump. Li Xuanyang, I know you've been rising quite a bit lately. But don't forget that you have your fair share of idiotic mistakes as well. It's elders like us who clean up after you. You know how much we lost for the sake of taking over Azurecloud. Right now, we're at a critical juncture and our warriors are bleeding out, yet you're messing around here. How will you ever face your army?!"

"You misunderstand. This is necessary to clear my mind and body before the grand battle. It's all in service to our victory," Li Xuanyang said, putting on his clothes and armor. He put a helmet over his messy hair and immediately looked like a brave warrior.

Li Yunxi knew that no amount of lecturing would do him any good. "The pressure on them has mounted enough. Now, a charge by a million troops will completely crush their defense line."

"Fine, I'll do what you say. You're the smartass, after all." He nonchalantly shrugged and left the formation. As he did, his aura seemed to surge even higher. He stood before his million troops like the mighty general he was. "Xuanyang Army, here are your orders!"

Chapter 1765 - Never Getting Up After Kneeling

The million troops that had been waiting for so long passionately watched their general. Li Xuanyang was fully clad in armor that revealed only his eyes, which shot a burning gaze at his soldiers.

"General!" they roared in unison.

"We're mounting a full assault to wipe out Azurecloud!" When Li Xuanyang turned around to lead his troops towards the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation, a flame seemed to spark among the troops. They swarmed toward the mountain like flaming demons, scorching everything they touched.

Li Yunxi couldn't help but marvel at the sight. While Li Xuanyang messed around quite a bit, she had to admit that his bravery was something to be taken seriously on the battlefield. While that same bravery also exposed him to a certain amount of danger, it made him a nightmare for the enemy. He was someone who could kill without mercy, having the true makings of a war hero. "The final million troops will disrupt the balance of power. War isn't just a battle of brawns, but also of wits."

Had the full army charged in from the very beginning, the defenders of Azurecloud would be fighting with a different mental state. But in this case, the celestial orderians allowed them to feel hopeful before completely crushing that last bit of hope. It was hard to imagine the devastation the crumbling of their morale would cause. Li Yunxi recalled the horrible loss they had suffered at the Myriaddragon Mountains with bloody rage in her eyes.

"Myriad Solar Sects, it's finally time for you to pay the heavy price!" She knew that the celestial orderians had their minds made up. There would no longer be any room for mercy. It wasn't just for the deaths of the tens of millions of their troops, but instead, it was for the death of Li Wushuang, among the most precious people of the sun emperor. Long Wanying just so happened to be fighting here.

"I didn't think you'd be so eager to give up your life. I bet the sun emperor will be pleased with you as an offering." She knew that the sun emperor hadn't smiled for a long time. She charged in with the rest of the troops, looking at the youth with flaming, golden hair. Even though that was just the son of the sun emperor and only had a hundredth of his magnificence, he still seemed rather alluring. Yet she knew that she would never get so much as a single glance from the sun emperor.

"I wonder if he'll look at me at least once if I bring Long Wanying to him...." She didn't find herself to be weird at all. In fact, all female soul tribulators found the sun emperor charming.

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Slaughter and blood were omnipresent on the battlefield. The defenders didn't know whether they would have a future. All they knew was that they couldn't afford to fall. Only if they held on would they have a hope of survival, if only for those they cared about. They had already given it their all and were being pushed to their limits. Many of them had lost a limb or two, yet they were still struggling.

"They have many casualties, too! We can hold on!"

"Eventually, they'll have to retreat!"

"Brothers, sisters, don't give up! Never! If we kneel, our descendants will never be able to get up ever again!"

Even though hope seemed like it would be extinguished with the smallest gust of wind, it was the only thing they had left to lose. That was how they were sustained by it. Yet as the flames of hope burned slightly stronger, something completely changed.

Loud battle cries could be heard coming from ahead of them. The battle intensified once more as large numbers of totemancer reinforcements entered the battlefield. They didn't know how many there were, exactly, only that there were more than a million of them. Their sudden heavy assault put out the flame of hope of the defenders once more, many of whom succumbed to despair and cried tears of blood. Everyone had a breaking point, and they had reached theirs. It was only worsened by the fact that they had just gotten their hands on a frail hope, only for it to be crushed. Their efforts thus far had been insufficient and useless; as calculated, many of the fighters seemed to turn soft after seeing the reinforcements and succumbed to the burning flames.

"Kill!"

"Today is the day of Azurecloud's extermination! From now on, this will be our territory! You'll be nothing but our slaves! Surrender and submit! Cry all you want! We'll make sure you get to vent your fear all you want! Remember that only celestial orderians are the true higher lifeforms on the sun! You're all merely animals! Hahahaha!" Li Xuanyang did his part to fan the flames with all the arrogance he had. Every word of his was like a hammer blow to the hearts of the defenders. "I, Li Xuanyang, will teach you pathetic animals a lesson! You'll never be able to stop us! Our legacies will forever be before your lowly souls!"

Li Xuanyang had never been known to hold back when it came to explosive boasts. His mockery seemed to ignite his troops even more. They joined in the laughter like snickering devils. They were the carnivores preying on the weak grass-eaters. Before the lion, sheep could do nothing but run and cry.

The final charge by a million troops worked out as Li Xuanyang had desired. It was almost cruelly sadistic to dangle some hope before the enemy just to intentionally crush it, even if that meant paying a price at the start. He was cold enough to not care about the minor loss of life at first. In fact, the sun emperor's plan with the Veildragon Palace had been drafted because he wanted to limit his losses, only for it to completely backfire at the Myriadragon Mountains. That was why Li Xuanyang had decided to do what his father didn't. He didn't even bat an eye as he stepped over the corpses of his own comrades to achieve his goals.

"This is bad...." Long Wanying, Yun Tianque, and Gujian Qingshuang understood that their morale was mostly gone. It would only be a short time before their forces completely fell as their morale crumbled like dominos. No matter what Gujian Qingshuang said, it was pointless. His sole voice couldn't rival the battle cries of a million enemy troops. On the battlefield, the power of a single person was always limited. That fact made Long Wanying feel helpless. She was smart enough to realize that even if the Saintdragon Emperor came to help, it wouldn't stop their morale from crumbling.

Li Xuanyang was projecting the message that today was the end of the Azurecloud Continent. Nobody from the Myriad Solar Sects would be able to stop the continent from falling into enemy hands. What followed would be the extermination of tens of millions of others to quench the rage of the celestial orderians. Time seemed to slow to a crawl and even Long Wanying seemed overwhelmed as she shed tears for this land. It was a kind of suffering she had never endured before. She almost started to see visions of her husband, son, and Yang Ce beckoning her over.

"Tianming, looks like we'll have to meet again in the next life. Brother Xuan, Yang Ce, and my dear Tian'er, I'm coming to you...." She flew toward the enemy with her dragon, accepting her impending death. She wanted to go out on her own terms. "Everyone, even though we may die, we should at least do it with no regrets."

Her voice was incredibly weak before the enemy's army. As the Whitedragon Empress, she alone wasn't enough to overcome the domineering presence of the Xuanyang Army. Even then, she wouldn't regret it as long as her death had the slightest bit of effect. Given her status, she was sure to move quite a number of defenders. The tens of thousands of reinforcements from the Ninedragon Army lined up on their dragons together and charged toward the enemy like moths towards flames. The sight was burned into the eyes of the countless denizens of the continent. Even so, it wouldn't change the fact of their eventual defeat. No amount of shed blood could liberate them from the burden of being weak. The best they could even hope to strive for was an emotional victory, and a hollow one at that.

Li Xuanyang merely laughed at Long Wanying's futile effort. "I didn't think I'd get such a huge bonus...." It must be his lucky day. By now, nobody on the sun would be able to stop him from being recognized as the most capable prince. He passionately roared, letting out his long-suppressed feelings and ambitions. One day, he would become a sun emperor that surpassed all who came before him, a true sovereign! At the peak of his roar, Long Wanying was already not far from him. He could smell his prey, like the dead corpse of Azurecloud.

That instant, a flash of black and gold appeared between Long Wanying and Li Xuanyang. Ten gigantic totem swords pierced the air and pointed toward the million celestial orderian troops, shocking the entire battlefield into silence.

Chapter 1766 - Li Tianming, A Decabane

Like countless invisible swords, the sight of ten gigantic, dazzling godswords suddenly pierced every living person's heart. The celestial orderian army could see them the clearest. As totemancers, they were certain that these were totems, and with their vision, they could tell there were ten with just one glance. In terms of totems, the number ten surpassed the limits of their imagination and became the stuff of dreams and legends. At that particular moment, when the flames of war had reached the pinnacle, the Saintdragon Emperor couldn't stop the bloody legions, but the decapath era godswords could. With shivers down their spines, those in front stared at the enormous swords while those in the back slammed into them, their totems colliding into one another and causing chaos.

"Ten totems?!" they all gasped. The sun emperor's nine totems had already caused a shock. Some totems could confuse the mind. For example, Tianming's Myriadword Providence could unleash tens of thousands of swords, but it wasn't considered ten thousand totems. Thus, visually estimating the number of totems might prove inaccurate; the number of bane-rings was still key. Their gazes followed

the totems down to their master. Power surged from five bright spots on each of his arms, flooding the totems. The battle came to a complete standstill as millions of cultivators crashed into a messy heap. It was obvious what a sensation this was.

"He has ten bane-rings. He's a decabane!"

"Oh my God! Decabanes actually exist?!"

"Who is he?!"

It was impossible to get a clear glimpse of the totems amidst the flames. However, the flames were soon swept away and a young man with a clean look appeared before their eyes. White hair, black and gold eyes, black arm... his features were obvious. Everyone on the sun knew him. When his appearance was revealed, at least three million people shouted his name at the same time.

"Li Tianming!!"

The noise was so ear-piercing it enveloped the entire battlefield, wiping out the celestial orderians' momentum. Power exploded and waned once more. Like sharp knives, a deafening screech swept across the battlefield, ripping apart flesh. Some were shocked, some were excited, some were afraid, some were worried, and others were in tears. Tianming, who had caused the celestial orderians' great defeat in the Myriadragon Mountains and the very same man who was able to escape under the eyes of the sun emperor, shouldn't have caused such a sensation when he returned. But now, the entire battlefield was shaken because of the decapath era godswords.

"Li Tianming, a decabane!"

The transformation of beastmaster into decabane totemancer was utterly shocking to both the celestial orderians and Azurecloud warriors. Many wondered if it was a dream before death, including Long Wanying. Tianming had appeared in front of her, his back turned to her like a towering mountain in the face of her enemies. Although his shoulders weren't broad, they contained the power of a savior. Ten godswords, each of them different, but all of them so outstanding they almost seemed to go against the natural order. Bursting with sword ki, they instantly dominated the battlefield.

Countless others felt the same as Long Wanying. Their eyes were red and their breathing heavy as tears welled up in their eyes. The emotions in their chests seemed to surge up into their throats. Was this reality or fantasy? Although Long Wanying knew Tianming was a totemancer, she didn't know he possessed ten bane-rings. More importantly, she hadn't thought he would be back so soon. Because they thought they were dreaming, many people held back their emotions till the moment the young man raised the sword in his hand along with the decapath era godswords and pointed at the celestial orderians. Turning around, he stared at Azuresoul Sword Mountain. In those black and gold eyes was endless rage, killing intent, and a deep love for this land. There were so many here who had once fought beside him. His gaze was truly piercing.

His gaze met every Azurecloud warrior's. Under that gaze, the hearts of the Azurecloud warriors, as well as the cultivators of Azurecloud on Azuresoul Sword Mountain, were set ablaze. The fury within their blood surged once more.

Ten bane-rings! His talent could excite the entire universe. From beginning to end, Tianming didn't say a word. With just one look, he revived the dying beast that was Azurecloud, igniting its rage so it stood back up and regained its conviction. As their gazes scorched his back, Tianming pointed his sword at the sun emperor's fifth son, Li Xuanyang, and uttered one word.

"KILL!!"

Marked by his hoarse voice and ugly grimace, the word contained all of Tianming's rage, the courage of the entire continent, and their will to survive. They had been missing a linchpin that could unite them into a power so strong it could shake the heavens. And at that moment, the world had undergone drastic changes. No one could ever have expected such a miracle to happen. With just one look and one word, the battered army forgot death, burning themselves like candles in a bonfire. They all stared at the decabane totemancer, taking him as a beacon that would change their fate. Smoldering with rage, they followed in his footsteps.

A terrifying sword wave erupted from the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation. Tianming had returned like a savior to lead these cultivators alongside his ten godswords. At the same time, he poured all of his strength into the formation spirit threads, forcing it to reach its limit.

Amidst the deafening explosion, Azurecloud warriors and their lifebound beasts gathered behind him. Long Wanying, Gujian Qingshuang, Yun Tianque, and others appeared by his side. This war was destined to be a team effort. The greatest significance of Tianming's presence was to inspire people, not for one man to fight a million; that was something only the sun emperor could accomplish. Their spirits soared as they faced death with equanimity. With Tianming in the lead, no one would take a step back.

His piercing cry turned into an earth-shattering wave that shocked the celestial orderians.

Chapter 1767 - Azureosul Sword Mountain, Omniscient Threads

Under the protection of the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation, the Azurecloud warriors led by Tianming underwent a drastic shift, charging toward the celestial orderians like a sharp sword.

"Stand fast! Kill!!" After the initial shock wore off, Li Xuanyang finally reacted. He couldn't believe it. "There is no way decabanes exist. He must have used some sort of illusion. It's nothing but a trick. It's useless. Their counterattack is merely a dying flash. Brothers and sisters, let's send them to hell! Taking down the bastard Li Tianming and the bitch Whitedragon Empress will be the greatest contribution!" Tianming's appearance was also an opportunity for them. Li Xuanyang had responded rather quickly, successfully reigniting their ferocity. Through squinted eyes, he watched the enemy with disdain. A counterattack at death's door usually ended in failure.

"Come on then!"

"Come to your doom!"

"Leave that decabane genius to General Yang to expose his lies. These fools will be even more desperate."

They burst into laughter.

At that moment, the sharp blade that was the Azurecloud warriors pierced the celestial orderian army, slamming into their totems. Tianming unleashed his first totemic calamity, Myriadsword Providence. In the face of these ordinary constellers, the decapath era godswords attacked with full force for the first time, transforming into a sea of swords and forming a monstrous wave that collided with the celestial orderians' totems head on. Tianming ripped a bloody path through the totemancer army. Amidst the drizzle of flesh and blood, the young man's white hair turned crimson. Of course, none of it was his blood. The grade-nine Godsword in his hand was an artifact of slaughter. Like a death ray, he plunged into the crowd. Where the sword descended, heads fell. Several high-ranking fifth- and sixth-level solarians that tried to block him were slain on the spot. His sword contained the Galactic Godsword, a deadly poison that harvested lives. Combined with seven kinds of grade-eight divine hazard sword ki, Tianming was every low-level cultivator's nightmare; no one could kill as fast as him. With a wave of his sword, sword ki burst out, splitting apart hundreds of cultivators at the waist. Although many tried to kill him, they were shredded to pieces by the sea of swords that formed a vortex around him. This wasn't the wondersky realm, but a real battlefield. In just a short period of time, heads were piled up on the ground, dead eyes staring at him in astonishment, unable to rest in peace.

They all wondered the same thing. Isn't he in his twenties? Isn't he a young genius? How is he killing these hundred-year-old cultivators?

In terms of efficiency, Tianming was faster and more ferocious than Long Wanying and Gujian Qingshuang. His was the sword of kings, but also a lethal weapon. With the Galactic Godsword, Tianming didn't have to keep attacking. Once unleashed, it would spread until their bodies fell to the ground. The sword was Skywolf's most powerful weapon. It was created for the battlefield, born to be every opponent's nightmare.

Countless attacks fell on Tianming and his lifebound beasts. The appearance of his two sovereign beasts sent shivers up their spines. The people of Azurecloud were even more excited, their blood boiling with passion, causing Tianming's Omniscient Threads to grow at a speed visible to the naked eye. As their savior, he assumed his original role in Flameyellow, becoming Azurecloud's only hope after their confrontation with mortal danger.

Even if the Omniscient Threads couldn't compare to those he gained on Violetglory, those in the battlefield were all top experts, constellers and above. Their average strength surpassed that of the billion Violetglorians.

"I was born for this moment!!" Blood surged in his chest like magma. Through the Primordial God-Emperor's legacy, the will of the Azurecloud warriors gathered in his divine will through the inheritance of the Primordial God-Emperor, causing it to grow without end. On the battlefield, Tianming resembled a human-shaped sun. With the speed at which he killed, he managed to slaughter five thousand opponents in a short period of time. Even without the help of Long Wanying and the others, Tianming dominated the battlefield with his lethality, which proved the authenticity of his bane-rings. However, he didn't think it was enough!

The subsequent Omniscient Threads were the most moving return from his compatriots for risking death. Tianming knew in his heart that as soon as he revealed the decapath era godswords, the sun emperor would definitely kill him. However, apart from his totems, Tianming was able to draw the contradictions of the entire battlefield to himself at the moment the army's spirit was defeated. Now,

his efforts were rewarded by incomparably thick and sturdy Omnisentient Threads. The passionate, fiery response signified that they had handed over their lives and souls to Tianming—how could he remain unmoved? When the burning flames from the people shone on Tianming, he understood the difference between salvation and glory. In this moment when they were all in battle, his significance lay in salvation.

"Kill him!"

"Attack! Kill the bastard!"

The celestial orderians had originally planned to leave Tianming to Li Xuanyang, but were terrified by the actual fight. Seeing the corpses of their compatriots piling up around the bloodsoaked man, countless powerful fighters from the Xuanyang Army besieged him. They knew that the fall of Tianming, Azurecloud's pillar, would be more effective than killing Long Wanying. Their totemic calamities and weapons spelled danger for him; after all, his new Omnisentient Threads were still in their initial stages. Tianming fought with only his own strength. Long Wanying and the others managed to block some of the deadly threats so that he was able to control the situation with his prime wonder.

A thunderous noise resounded across the battlefield. Tianming's prime wonder manifested as a tower, protecting him and his lifebound beasts. Relying on that, the Greenspark Tower, and its own thick hide, Lan Huang fearlessly charged ahead and sent countless celestial orderians flying.

A million-strong army had been completely disrupted by Tianming.

"Lan Huang, Prime Mountain!!"

As the prime wonder initiated the nova source around it, the formation on Tianming's body operated at its fullest and a white, nine-story tower thousands of meters tall appeared atop Lan Huang's head, as majestic as a divine artifact.

Chapter 1768 - Execution Plan

The weight of the nine-story tower was ten thousand times that of a mountain of its volume. The tower soared into the air and came crashing down. The first time its terrifying power was unleashed, it caused an earthquake on the battlefield. As cracks opened in the ground, unsuspecting celestial orderians were pulverized. With the Prime Mountain opening a path and the Myriadword Providence above its heads, Lan Huang ferociously charged into battle. Wherever it went, blood and mangled flesh splattered.

Up to this point, Tianming had relied solely on his own strength. Although he wasn't particularly powerful, his attacks were simply overwhelming to the weak. When combined, the totems and Galactic Gods could wipe out an entire area. Xian Xian's Trisoul Fiendsong and Evernight Curse were also like sharp weapons on the battlefield. In the confusion, Xian Xian's pollen could take advantage of their weakness and sink into their bodies, causing internal strife and stirring the bloodthirsty desire to kill one another. As a sharp knife, Tianming steadily towered above all, turning the opponent's army into a complete mess. Such a young man was in a different category from other geniuses in their twenties; his strength had even surpassed that of most thousand-year-old experts.

His enemies were red-eyed as they frantically tried to kill him. However, he survived their attacks and slaughtered tens of thousands of them in no time at all. There were almost no complete corpses around

him. The mutilated corpses could be seen by all Azurecloud warriors. Demonstrating near-perfect kills, the decabane genius proved his identity as their savior. In this age of miracles, the sparks of faith that ignited within their hearts grew so strong they eventually started a prairie fire, setting him ablaze so that he shone brighter than the gods of the sun.

Chaotic times made great heroes. Even if he was currently a manic murderer, he was still the god of war that had their blood boiling. Just watching him slaughtering his way through the totemancers and leaving behind a bloody sea of corpses made the celestial orderians smolder with rage. Ten thousand people were merely a drop in the ocean for an army of a million, yet Li Xuanyang could discern the fall in their combat effectiveness. Despite the fact that the army still stood, there was a pervasive sense of despair. Such was the role morale played in the battlefield. In the past, Li Xuanyang liked using tricks like that to defeat the enemy. His plan was to use his army to play the same trick, but he never imagined it would be used against him. He was anxious.

"All seventh-level Solar commanders and above, gather round me!" he shouted.

"Are you crazy? That'll lead to chaos!" Li Yunxi frowned. Because she was familiar with Tianming, she was dumbfounded. Even so, she still had her wits. The role of the commander wasn't expressed in their individual combat power, but in the control of each operational unit. Every command had to be accurately conveyed. By doing this, Li Xuanyang was drawing out the strong and giving up the celestial orderian advantage—that is, the army.

On the verge of a rampage, Li Xuanyang clenched his fists and roared, "Kill him and they'll collapse. What's the point in controlling the army?"

"No!"

But before Li Yunxi could stop him, Li Xuanyang had already executed the military order. In that instant, the top elites of the entire army gathered around him and formed an execution unit.

"Whoever kills Li Tianming will be rewarded with Deathblaze Island and be crowned king!" Li Xuanyang announced. The cultivators burned with eagerness for the reward. With such a rich temptation at hand, the entire army showed great courage.

"Kill!"

Eyeing Tianming, they rushed toward him like a turbulent flame. Long Wanying and the others noticed at once.

"Gather around and protect him! As long as he's alive, we have a hope of survival!" Without another word from Long Wanying, Gujian Qingshuang and Yun Tianque made arrangements. Unlike the men who fought for rewards, the warriors from the Supracloud Sanctuary and Azuresoul Palace were willing to give their lives for Tianming. In the war to destroy Azurecloud, in fact, both sides were well-matched in terms of top elites. The celestial orderian advantage lay in the number of mid- and low-level cultivators.

The battle centered around Tianming, whose black and gold eyes pierced the crowd, focusing on a young man charging in his direction. Eyes red, he viciously roared. It was Li Xuanyang. The distance between them gradually dwindled. As the pillars of opposite camps, their presence caused a surge of

madness that rose to a fever pitch. More importantly, they each possessed a strong desire to slay the other.

The collision between the top elites, their lifebound beasts, and totems from both sides turned the battlefield upside down. Fire, lightning, wind, and frost swept across as the flames of war raged on. The celestial orderians attacked with only one goal in mind: killing Tianming. On Azurecloud's side, the cultivators stuck to him. Coupled with his strong offense and defense, the group of powerful celestial orderians encountered unimaginable resistance. After pulling out the commanders and losing the advantage in numbers, the entire celestial orderian army fell into a quagmire of death. Casualties sharply increased in a short period of time; Li Xuanyang and the others knew they had no choice but to kill Tianming.

Withdraw? For Li Xuanyang, that would be an unbearable humiliation. They'd had the advantage in both military strength and morale, and had just been about to swallow up their enemies. If they retreated now, their opponent might recover. In the current situation, retreating was equivalent to surrender.

"Clear the way!" Li Xuanyang resembled a furious god of thunder. His hair stood on end, entangled in flames and purple lightning.

"Don't take any risks." Aware of his thoughts, Li Yunxi shook her head.

"Get out of the way!"

Li Xuanyang gathered a group of ten. Except for him, everyone was at least a ninth-level solarian. Several of them could even take on positions as sect masters of second-rate sects, but they were all under Li Xuanyang's personal command. As an eighth-level solarian, Li Xuanyang was considered the most talented among the sun emperor's ten children. In his youth, he was one of Orderia's top geniuses. And with his current accomplishments, he might become a sovereign before the age of a thousand years old.

"Those who stand in my way will die!"

Chapter 1769 - Eight Supralightning Suns

Li Xuanyang glared at Li Yunxi. Dilly-dallying on the battlefield could really get in the way.

"If he defeats you, our army will fall. We have the upper hand. What we need to do is control the situation, not take risks. It's pointless to take risks for a quick victory. Don't ruin everything just because you're feeling competitive!" Li Yunxi's thinking was very clear. In any battle, the weaker party had to take risks. However, no one could remain rational in the face of Tianming's eye-catching performance on this bloodthirsty battlefield, least of all Li Xuanyang. "Don't fall into his trap. You want to kill him, but he wants to kill you, too!" Li Yunxi appeared impatient, her voice sharp. Unfortunately, Li Xuanyang didn't seem to hear a word. Gathering the top experts, he launched an attack on Tianming. Past the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, they approached Tianming, filled with shock as they watched him slaughtering opponent after opponent.

"Li Tianming, you dare return to die?!" Li Xuanyang's thunderous voice boomed out, the sound waves slamming into Tianming's body.

Tianming didn't even look in his direction, but said to Long Wanying and the others, "Stop those around Li Xuanyang, but let him in. I'll give him a good beating." He sounded cold and bloodthirsty because Li

Xuanyang was responsible for Azurecloud's many disasters. Countless people had lost their families and homes because of him.

"Tianming, he's not weak—" Long Wanying knew very well that Li Xuanyang's strength was close to hers despite being less than half her age.

"Let him in." With those decisive words, Tianming waved the Gods in and another group of corpses fell to the ground.

After a moment of stunned silence, fire burned in Long Wanying's eyes as realization dawned upon her. Tianming had undergone a complete transformation since he'd left, from boy to dominating king! "Hear that?!" She winked at the Azurecloud elites around her. They understood at once.

At that moment, the celestial orderian elites headed by Li Xuanyang broke through and appeared in front of them. Intercepting them with lifebound beasts, they stopped Li Yunxi and the others, leaving Li Xuanyang unattended so he could charge right in. Li Xuanyang wasn't stupid. At the sight of the strange scene, he knew what they were trying to do. Fortune favored the brave; if he chose to flee, the Xuanyang Army would lose its momentum in an instant. He had pushed himself into a dead end! Like the rest of the bloodthirsty celestial orderians, he gritted his teeth and chose to fight to the death. If he won, he would definitely become the sun emperor's most outstanding child. He never even stopped to consider failure. In fact, failure was something he deliberately avoided thinking about. As the gods of the sun, his only belief was in killing the opponent. He wanted to hold up Tianming's severed head and completely crush Azurecloud. He would stand atop Azuresoul Sword Mountain, stare down at this blood-soaked land, and declare it theirs. Bravery had never been something Li Xuanyang lacked. When the pillars of both sides slammed into each other, an earth-shattering boom resounded.

"Li Tianming!" Like a tsunami, the roars of more than ten million crazed combatants crashed into Li Xuanyang, shaking his soul. Outside the celestial orderian race, Li Xuanyang had never seen anyone so inspiring that all living beings were willing to sacrifice themselves. He became even more violent. On his left and right arms were four suns wrapped in violet lightning. Prior to that, eight violet suns had appeared on top of his head. Compared to his brothers' fire totems, he possessed a dense web of violet lightning that instantly transformed him into a god of fire and lightning. His totems were known as the eight supralightning suns. Eight giant fireballs connected by dense lightning revolved around his body at a high speed as the violet sword in his hand pointed at Tianming. The majesty of his totems drew hot-blooded cheers from the celestial orderians. In that moment, lightning sword ki erupted from his sword, rushing toward Tianming and illuminating his cold countenance. The sword was the grade seven divine artifact, Violet Kingsword.

Used to seeing geniuses from the Mysterium Cluster, Tianming had to admit that Li Xuanyang had no cards at all, despite being the general of the Xuanyang Army and the sun emperor's son. His weapon wasn't even as good as the Lifesteal Silverdragon. Although it was at the standard of a heliacal-class world, it wasn't powerful enough for someone like Tianming. The only things Li Xuanyang could really rely on were his totems and astralforce. With a look of contempt, he turned his gaze to the Gods in, then glanced at Li Xuanyang and said, "Do you know what grade this sword is?"

The Gods in was a terrifying divine artifact that made Li Xuanyang green with envy and sent chills up his spine. Of course he had seen it. "No matter how powerful a weapon is, it's still useless in the hands of

the dead. I'll take good care of it for you in the future!" Fire and lightning rose into the sky as the eight supralightning suns rotated around Li Xuanyang. With him as the core, lightning and fire gathered in the totems and, along with his sword, shot toward Tianming. Eighth-level solarian elders who were more than ten times his age were truly powerful. Imposing and majestic, every move of theirs was a sight to behold. Tianming's contemptuous smile made Li Xuanyang, as well as the entire Xuanyang Army, explode with rage.

"Smash him to pieces!!" they shouted. Their totems' roars drowned out all other sounds on the battlefield.

In the face of such an opponent, Tianming had only one word on his mind: kill! Although he looked disdainful, his actions were ruthless. "Let's show him what real lightning and fire look like."

Having had its strength upgraded, Ying Huo gathered immense power that exploded and formed a dazzling fire beam. Meanwhile, Meow Meow unleashed its Genesis Bolt, chaos lightning, and Triworld Afterlife Bolts all at once. The black and white lightning formed three great halls that shot toward Li Xuanyang. In the real world, Meow Meow's abilities drew their power from both the alternate and ancestral worlds. The three great halls' formidable power was completely different, though their lethality might still not be comparable to that of Ying Huo's ultimate move. Just as Li Xuanyang used his totemic calamity, his totems were engulfed by Tianming's lifebound beasts' attacks. The mingling of lightning and fire resulted in a loud explosion, forming a violent wave that swept across the entire battlefield.

Chapter 1770 - Groin Attack

Li Xuanyang's expression changed at once. Despite having used almost everything he had to block the two abilities, he was still sent flying. He had always called himself the god of lightning and fire, but today he'd actually been wounded by lightning and flames. His entire body was scorched and his totems dimmed.

"He's only in his twenties. How can he be so strong? Did he borrow the Ninedragon Emperor's power like he did last time?" Li Xuanyang was shocked. As soon as he rose to his feet and stabilized himself, the entire world seemed to turn black in his vision. "Huh?!" Looking up, Li Xuanyang saw an enormous white tower descend from the sky. "What is this?" He trembled inside. A seed of fear had begun taking root in his heart. However, the soul of their race flooded him with strength. At that moment, he connected to the eight supralightning suns, becoming one with his totems.

The Prime Mountain smashed into Li Xuanyang's merged form, causing yet another earthquake. Under the terrifying weight of the prime wonder, everyone could hear the sound of Li Xuanyang's bones breaking. Although his totems managed to resist the massive tower formation's attack, they still violently shook as Li Xuanyang was forced to his knees. That was the advantage of divine wonders. Destroying the divine wonder without killing Tianming, the formation nucleus, was useless.

"Ahh!!" Li Xuanyang was worthy of his reputation as one of the strongest young adults of the celestial orderians. He was extremely resilient at his age. Relying on astral force and the power of his totems, he unleashed explosive power against the prime wonder, splitting it in half. Although it quickly recombined, Li Xuanyang's counterattack had also rekindled the celestial orderians' hope. Soaring into the sky, he searched for Tianming's position. At that moment, when he was full of confidence, Tianming locked on

to him with killing intent. He turned around and saw the white-haired young man holding a grade nine divine artifact with ten thousand swords swirling around him and a chicken and cat by his side. Before the man himself appeared, fire and lightning hit first, followed by the decapath era godswords.

"You frog at the bottom of the well! See if my totems are real or not!" With that, the decapath era godswords exploded with power. With the Godsin as the core, a storm of swords shot toward Li Xuanyang. When he used the Saintdragon Annihilation, his totems formed a sword formation and Godsin became the sharp edge of the blade. It wasn't just a storm of sword ki, but one of slaughter. Many watched as the sword pierced the air with enough lethality to drop their jaws.

"Impossible!" Li Xuanyang roared. He didn't believe anyone could be so talented. Even so, he used all the means at his disposal to confront Tianming head-on. As the eight suns spun around him at a high speed, lightning and fire formed a monstrous vortex with his sword at the center. The two violent storms collided at that moment. In fact, it was their totems at the very forefront of this battle, decapath era godswords versus supralightning suns. Li Xuanyang's totems weren't at all weak. After all, his cultivation level was rather high. The key was the difference between them: Tianming's swords were sharper. Under the destructive power of the Myriadsword Providence, Li Xuanyang's totems were extinguished, shattered by the irresistible force. The scene was no worse than the battle between Long Wanying and Li Yunxi. One by one, the suns exploded into dazzling fragments that reflected light. The razor-sharp sword ki seemed to rip apart the hearts of every celestial orderian at this moment, cutting their pride to pieces. That one blow alone was enough to prove that Tianming's totems were genuine and stronger than Li Xuanyang's suns. If the celestial orderians had doubted the authenticity of the decapath era godswords before, that doubt was now ruthlessly extinguished. Their hearts were crushed. Many celestial orderians turned pale.

"Die!!" Tianming let out a fierce roar, like a cold-blooded god of death. After destroying the totem suns, Tianming, Ying Huo, and Meow Meow drove straight in, targeting Li Xuanyang. With a wave of his sword, the white-haired youth broke his opponent's weapon; a dignified grade-seven divine artifact had been completely wrecked.

Li Xuanyang sharply inhaled. But before he could escape, he was paralyzed by Meow Meow's black and white lightning. Meanwhile, Ying Huo flew under his crotch, attacking as it slid past.

"Ahhh!!" Li Xuanyang's face turned into an ugly grimace, marked by a most desperate and fearful expression. However, there was more to come. What was most terrifying was the god of death in front of him. Tianming swung the Godsin a second time, using Fienddragon Blood Transience. There was only one likely outcome for Li Xuanyang's head: being split in half.

Tianming's attack was swift, fierce, and brutal and Li Xuanyang let out a cry of despair. As the celestial orderian pillar of support, his cry was a huge blow to their morale as Tianming became their inner demon. At the last moment, the bane-rings on Li Xuanyang's arms exploded with power, forming a dense wall of fire and lightning in front of his head.

Thin as a cicada's wings, Godsin slashed his arms. After a burst of lightning and fire, the two limbs fell limply to the ground. Both Li Xuanyang's bane-rings and totems had been destroyed, which was equivalent to losing most of his combat power. By this point, he was almost completely crippled.

However, he wasn't dead yet. Drowning in blood and tears, he crawled and twisted on the ground before finally climbing to his feet. Like a little puppy, frightened moans spilled from his lips as he fell several times, choking on the bloody soil.

"You've killed so many people. I won't let you die so easily, Li Xuanyang!"

Upon hearing Tianming's nightmare-like voice, Li Xuanyang began sobbing. When he fell to the ground, pain struck him once more and he found that he couldn't get up. Then he looked down.

"Ahh!" He screamed. His legs no longer belonged to him. He couldn't stand up again because all four of his limbs had been severed. The only thing he could do was squirm and wail.

He never thought he would die like this.