

The Ages 1771

Chapter 1771 - Invincible Lifebound Beasts

Li Xuanyang had once imagined that he would be unyielding in the face of death, but when the sword actually reached his neck, he realized that he would miss this interesting world and was reluctant to leave the women. However, the young man caught up again. The majesty in his black and gold eyes was a nightmare that Li Xuanyang would never forget until death. He finally realized that his opponent was a miracle and his ten bane-rings were real. Tianming's sword descended, and this time, the goal was Li Xuanyang's neck. It was clear that he had run out of patience. Now was the time to hold up Li Xuanyang's head and mobilize a counterattack.

"Please—" Before Li Xuanyang could beg, his desperate eyes lit up.

"Be careful!" Long Wanying shouted from the sky.

Realizing there was danger, Tianming immediately protected himself with the prime wonder and retreated. He was blown away by shockwaves. Despite having the prime wonder for protection, he still suffered injuries and was bleeding. It turned out to be the celestial orderian elites headed by Li Yunxi. When they realized that Li Xuanyang was in critical condition, they managed to rid themselves of their opponents and move to rescue the crippled young man. In order for that to happen, several of them had been killed by the Azurecloud warriors due to their carelessness. Although they had protected Li Xuanyang from certain death, they were now surrounded by Long Wanying and the others. It wasn't surprising at all. If Tianming had been defeated, Long Wanying and the others would have also tried their best to get out of their entanglement. In the case of evenly matched sides, it was difficult for one to completely overpower the other.

It's a pity I didn't kill him, but there's still a chance. Besides, he doesn't have arms, bane-rings, or legs. Even his prick's gone. What's the point in living? Tianming sneered. Li Xuanyang wasn't dead, but Tianming had achieved his goals of gaining glory, turning the tide, and winning hearts. As he slaughtered tens of thousands of celestial orderians, the Omnisentient Threads he gained were sturdy and thick like blood pacts. The people believed in Tianming, and in return, he became their source of spiritual strength and changed their fate. In the face of death, they were all united in their fight against destiny.

By slaughtering ten thousand and crushing the Xuanyang Army's general commander, Tianming had proved the authenticity of his totems, while at the same time showing that a man of such a tender age could become a top cultivator in a nova source world. He was destined to bring joy to those who believed in him and bring faith into the new era.

At that moment, dense Omnisentient Threads connected to him and the power of his believers poured into his body. There were more than ten million cultivators at the Ascension stage and above on Azuresoul Sword Mountain, as well as tens of millions of ordinary folk at the Saint stage who had come to take refuge. Drawn by the power of the Primordial God-Emperor, their divine will transformed into ropes that attached themselves to Tianming. The moment his totems had destroyed the eight suns, his Omnisentient Threads exceeded ten million, then soared to twenty million, and the number was still increasing. Although it was incomparable to the Omnisentient Threads he had obtained from Violetglory or Flameyellow, these threads were connected to the elites of the Azurecloud Continent whose wills were stronger and fiercer.

The power of twenty million cultivators flooded Tianming. The numbers couldn't compare to Violetglory's billion, but he felt like he was bursting at the seams. Desperate for survival, these cultivators were crazier than anyone else; thus, they could provide him with more power. As the white Omniscient Threads seemed to materialize, Tianming shone even more brightly. Even with his Omniscient Will, the immense power was approaching his limit. Thus, he made an attempt to transfer part of this power to his pandemonium and cyclic sacrosuns. Tianming had returned after using the power of the people against the overlord of the primalwingers, but had yet to attempt anything since then.

"From the very start, my totems were able to use the power of the people, which may be related to the nature of the cyclic constellation and cyclic sacrosun, which are able to transform power. Although I had yet to form constellations in Flameyellow, the essence of that has always existed due to my Aeon Grandbane." The existence of the cyclic sacrosun was the reason that Tianming was able to transfer part of that power to his totems so his Myriad Providence could grow from ten thousand to a million swords.

"My lifebound beasts and I can all borrow power from the pandemonium sacrosun as well. If I can inject this power into the sacrosun, would they also be able to temporarily borrow power?" That may entail certain risks. The Omniscient Will accumulated within Tianming could suppress the power in both his body and totems. However, his lifebound beasts were separate individuals.

Ying Huo wasn't the least bit concerned. "The power of believers here can't compare to Violetglory in terms of numbers, but it's stronger than Flameyellow. You can try. We're Primordial Chaos Beasts and our growth is limited by yours. Divine Will alone isn't enough to suppress our power."

"Fine. Stop bragging," Tianming retorted.

"You dare underestimate us? Be careful, the five of us might snip your balls off," Ying Huo laughed.

"You're shameless!" This chicken was beyond saving.

The conversation happened in a matter of seconds. As Tianming gathered the power of the people, a black and gold imperial star materialized above his head, like an embodiment of the man himself. The appearance of the star caused another sensation among the Azurecloud cultivators. Tianming channeled the power of the people into the pandemonium sacrosun to be used by him and all five of his lifebound beasts, much like the mortal realm's Unity stage. The power of the pandemonium sacrosun was more mature. Power could be directed to his beasts as long as they remained on the battlefield.

At that moment, a beam of white light erupted from Tianming's body, surging toward the sacrosun. In that instant, the sacrosun expanded tenfold. Even if it was unstable, the explosion of power was a fact.

"It worked?" Tianming's eyes lit up.

"Try it!"

Ying Huo, Meow Meow, Xian Xian, Lan Huang, and Yin Chen, whose countless bodies were raging across the battlefield, all sensed the birth of a new energy source. The pandemonium and cyclic sacrosuns were simply a perfect match for Omniscient Threads.

"Come on!"

The sacrosun formed a stable channel between Tianming and the Primordial Chaos Beasts. When part of his believers' power had been transferred to the sacrosun, all five lifebound beasts drew strength from it.

"Holy shit! It's hot, it burns!"

Chapter 1772 - Commanding the Battlefield

Ying Huo turned into a fiery phoenix and soared as black and red flames covered its feathers. It used Sixpath Infernal Lotus, the flames of which made it look ten times bigger than before. The ability immediately turned the battlefield into an infernal hellscape, burning tens of totems to a crisp.

Meow Meow was even more direct. Thanks to the pandemonium sacrosun, it was like a battery that had been supercharged with power. It only had to keep blasting abilities without even moving from the spot. Lan Huang, on the other hand, grew bigger. Its size was directly proportional with the astralforce it had and it could shift it at will. It turned into the largest beast on the battlefield and rampaged through the enemies with the help of the Prime Mountain and Greenspark Tower. It basically couldn't be hurt or killed!

While Xian Xian didn't grow any larger, its roots and leaves were even more ferocious and its abilities had also been improved. The expanded range of its Evernight Curse greatly affected the battlefield. While Xian Xian and Lan Huang didn't fight by Tianming's side, they still greatly changed the flow of battle. Xian Xian especially seemed to be able to help the defenders, almost like it was playing the role of an extra lifebound beast for all of them.

The last one to join the fight was Yin Chen, who seemed to be omnipresent and nowhere at all at the same time. It monitored the situation of the entire battle and made surgical attacks to help the defenders, gathering its bodies where it was needed to reduce casualties on their side. Most importantly, it could transport injured fighters to get help. Most of them couldn't move from their injuries, but they could still be saved; however, they would die if the celestial orderians came to deliver a coup de grace. But with Yin Chen on the field, it turned into many spiders and spun threads to carry people away, playing a pivotal supporting role. Few, if any, could escape its many eyes and it could systematically move the injured away from the battle with little risk.

While it neither grew in size nor increased in number thanks to the pandemonium sacrosun, each of its insect bodies grew in strength and ferocity. Even a few hundred bonegnaw ants could carry an injured fighter back, much to people's shock. All in all, each of Tianming's lifebound beasts had great roles to play on the battlefield. Ying Huo and Meow Meow remained by Tianming's side most of the time, while Lan Huang burst through enemy lines and formations. Xian Xian controlled the battlefield's flow while Yin Chen helped with support.

It was only a test run for the pandemonium sacrosun, yet it was massively successful. Not only did the five lifebound beasts grow in power like Tianming's totems had, they even seemed able to control the power with their divine wills. In fact, they had more powerful divine wills than Tianming, they just hadn't been able to unlock them thanks to the limitations of symbiotic cultivation. Now that they had temporarily turned into seventh-level solarian beasts, they were even more capable.

Tianming's beasts greatly turned the tide of battle. Tianming himself was bursting with power thanks to the two sacrosuns, becoming the true ruler of the battlefield. With his totems and divine wonders, he was an invincible existence.

People watched him raise his Grand-Orient Sword with his black and gold eyes shining bright. He pointed his sword at the remaining troops of the enemy, all elites. There used to be three million at the front and another million that had come later, but now there were only about 3.7 million in total. If it weren't for Tianming's arrival, they would have been slaughtering away with abandon and celebrating their victory. These three million plus troops were just as powerful as the Flamefiend Army that had attacked the Myriaddragon mountains back then. They had killed many denizens of the Azurecloud Continent and ruined many sects and homes, stealing quite a lot as they passed by.

Even though Li Xuanyang was the son of the sun emperor, he was only one man. In war, as long as it wasn't people like Tianming or the sun emperor, the might of one person was limited. That was why Tianming's crippling of Li Xuanyang wasn't really a win in his books. His real enemies were the three million plus remaining troops. As long as he didn't wipe them out, Azurecloud would never see peace!

Since the moment Tianming had trampled all over Li Xuanyang and pointed his Grand-Orient Sword at the enemy troops, the defenders of Azurecloud cheered.

"Celestial orderians are lowly invaders and bandits! You'll all be buried here today! Last time, I made you guys a large mass grave at the Myriaddragon Mountains, and now I'll make a new one for all of you here!" If it was anyone else saying those words, they wouldn't sound nearly as convincing—the declaration was shocking, to say the least. But now, they were seemingly starting to repeat the battle of Myriaddragon Mountains.

The bloodied defenders picked up their weapons and assembled behind the white-haired youth with their lifebound beasts, their bloodshot eyes filled with killing intent. Thanks to Tianming, they wouldn't fall without struggling and would fight to their deaths to change their fate! Their fate-defying will was enough to overcome the immense pride of the celestial orderians. They turned and looked at the regal youth, forgetting how young he was as they entrusted their last bit of hope to him.

"Everyone," Tianming said as he turned to them, "Follow me to slaughter those dogs! We'll have them pay their debt with blood!"

They roared with anger and rage. Only by claiming the lives of their enemy would they be able to properly vent. "Die!"

Tianming charged in with his divine wonders, lifebound beasts, and totems, splitting the Grand-Orient Sword into two as he went. He no longer needed any protection as he charged straight into the celestial orderian troops.

Chapter 1773 - Azurecloud Knight

Tianming was powerful enough to command the entire battlefield. Not even Li Yunxi could take him down now that he had twenty million Omniscient Threads! His fearless charge into enemy lines motivated the others behind him to do the same. The true counterattack had begun! Everyone stood united and fought without the fear of death, having no other option but to fight or die. Their explosive roars represented all of those on the side of the weak, shaking the heavens and the earth. During the

battle of the Myriaddragon Mountains, Tianming had been far from the main character. The ones that fought for real were the Nine Dragon Imperials and the hundred thousand ancestors of the sect from the Primodragon Cave.

But this time, Tianming led them for real.

"Die!" The two Grand-Orient Swords and seven strands of grade-eight divine hazard sword ki wreaked havoc and devastation all across the battlefield regardless of the level of solarians they struck, raining down blood. The hundred thousand totem swords, while incomparable to the million they had been on Violetglory, were still terrifying to deal with. The sea of swords slaughtered countless enemies. Even if one person took tens of swords to take down, it didn't matter as Tianming had more than enough. The swords pierced through countless bodies before the enemies even noticed them. All of a sudden, their vision began dimming as they bled out from the holes in their bodies.

What was even more shocking was how Tianming's lifebound beasts had a higher body count than his totem swords. Lan Huang, combined with the Prime Mountain, absolutely dominated the field. With power from the pandemonium sacrosun, it used its nigh-unkillable body to shatter the enemy's formations. None of them alone could face off against the gigantic beast and all who tried were stomped to death. Having lost their leader, the Xuanyang Army was a complete mess and couldn't coordinate themselves properly against the giant two-headed dragon tortoise.

On top of Lan Huang were Ying Huo and Meow Meow, each on one of the heads. They launched their abilities nonstop, constantly fueled by the sacrosun. As the ground shook, countless black roots came lashing out with Goddess Flowerfall as Bloodrain Swords and Demise Greenloti rained down, draining the enemy's blood.

Needless to say, Azurecloud's defenders were also important reasons why the charge worked. They were fighting with the benefit of the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation's protection! It was a world belonging to the swordpupils, and their sword ki asserted a world of swords on their enemies. Their bones, as strong as swords, had been passed down their bloodline and had been even further boosted by Tianming's glorious presence.

Tianming slaughtered on without anyone being able to stop him. He felled so many enemies that he freed up some of the defenders from their encirclement. Rampaging with a hundred thousand swords, he left only piles of corpses in front of the Azurecloud warriors. Thanks to his Omniscient Will, he was a perpetual killing machine. His determination completely convinced the defenders, making their blood boil so hard it was about to spill out of their noses. There wasn't a shred of doubt that Tianming was a true god that fate had sent to save them.

It was the birth of a new myth!

Many of them passionately yelled as they stepped into the battlefield with Tianming. Even the constelliers no longer contributed from a safe distance away, but charged into the chaos with their weapons. Tianming's presence seemed to affect them all. As the battle grew more chaotic, blood seemed to waft in the air until the flaming clouds above were entirely stained red. The celestial orderians no longer knew why they bothered to go to a foreign land to commit senseless slaughter. It seemed that only death was capable of making so many people rethink their actions, yet there was no longer a chance to regret it. Though their elites numbered three times the enemy's, Li Xuanyang's utter

defeat on the battlefield by the decabane genius, and the redirection of the leading officers before he lost, caused the army to lose their strategic edge. They had no choice but to fight as messily as the enemy. Tianming's single-handed assault also sowed fear in the hearts of those that saw it. They got the impression that their army was losing as a whole.

As they were an army, they were dependent on the chain of command. Now that their commander was gone, they no longer knew whose orders to follow, making it a great chance for the Azurecloud defenders. Near five million ascendants and constelliers charged in, most of whom were disciples of less than a hundred years of age. Though the power of the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation was weakening, the defenders were doing more damage than before. The participation of the younger disciples made the disparity in numbers even worse, giving the celestial orderians a mistaken impression.

First, there was the invincible Tianming. Then, there seemed to be countless fighters coming in from behind him. The Azurecloud warriors were even more terrifying now that they saw a hope of winning, and such a change in morale could be fatal on the battlefield. They fought on as they observed Tianming handing down devastation wherever he went. As long as he continued doing so, the rest would never give up their struggle.

Tianming knew what he had to do. No matter how strong a single person was, as long as they weren't on the level of a sovereign, they would be greatly limited in what they could affect. Thus, he had to leverage his position as their mental support to bring out the fight from these warriors. War wasn't just a matter of one-on-one battles, but a clash between countless units. It was crucial that the fighters themselves believed that they could win.

Tianming's nonstop crusade was the sign they needed to be sure of just that. Before he showed up, the enemy had gotten a boost of a million troops. Even if they didn't want to admit it, it seemed like they would lose and die for sure, and even Long Wanying had chosen to die. Yet now they were driving back the celestial orderians like madmen. Duels depended on courage, while wars depended on morale! Backed into a corner, the sudden turn of the tables gave them boundless morale.

Chapter 1774 - Path of Corpses

If their chances of winning were bleak, the five million ascendants wouldn't be able to go down into the fight, as giving up on the advantage of their formation to serve as reinforcements would be incredibly risky. But their participation under the current circumstances shook the balance on the battlefield once more, sealing the confidence in their win in stone. They all gave even more of a fight as a result.

Corpses littered the ground. So much for the celestial orderians mocking beastmasters to be weak, when in fact, all of them were elite mounted knights while totemancers were mere infantrymen. There was nothing that could beat the charge of beastmasters. Tianming, for instance, mounted Lan Huang as he led the charge of millions of beastmasters. And the five million reserves behind them were cleaning up the remnants left behind from the charge, ganging up upon them.

As Lan Huang and the Prime Mountain swept through, Ying Huo and Meow Meow blasted a few abilities out for good measure. Tianming was at the center of the formation and slew anyone he pleased. There were some hundred thousand swords above him that he could move about like his own fingers spilling countless rivers of blood.

The Azurecloud warriors also didn't give the enemy many chances to surround him, allowing him to continue his charge unabated as he recreated the miracle of the Myriadragon Mountains. Tianming's totem swords pierced through countless flaming totems. Their totems were like tofu before him, given that they were seventh-level constelliers on average. Not even their totemic calamities could pierce the defense of the prime wonder. The magnificent charge opened a path forward, smashing apart the formations of the celestial orderians and reducing their strategic advantage to nothing. Even though their forces hadn't completely collapsed, they could no longer see any hope of winning. Without commanders, their formations grew messier by the moment and they fell like flies. Bloody corpses burst apart one after another, dropping their weapons in the pools of blood, scattering divine hazards within that stained the blood rainbow colors.

"Li Tianming!" Around ten million people were chanting his name nonstop. After a little more resistance, the celestial orderians finally crumbled, especially when even more people descended from the Azuresoul Sword Mountain.

Even if the celestial orderians could still turn things around, they would have to lose at least two million or more of their own, and that was nothing short of a nightmare they didn't even want to consider. As such, Li Xuanyang finally gave the order. "Full retreat! Xuanyang Army, retreat from their formation!" At the end of the day, fighting within an enemy's formation was a huge disadvantage.

The celestial orderians turned tail without hesitation. They probably badly wanted to leave even before the order was given. They had been struggling for quite some time, and finally found sweet release. While it came at the cost of humiliation, it was better than losing their lives. They consoled themselves by believing they would come back to win another day. The order to retreat quickly spread. People didn't care much whether it was real or not. The Xuanyang Army had taken so much punishment that most of them stopped resisting, dematerialized their totems, and fled.

A proper army should be just as good at fleeing as they were at charging, but in this case it was different. As Li Xuanyang had ordered the capable commanders to fight Tianming, the normal troops were left without a chain of command. The charge of millions of beastmasters caused the retreating army to chaotically scatter.

"Kill them all! If they're allowed to reorganize, they'll come back to kill us!" Tianming roared. His voice wasn't that loud, so he had Lan Huang repeat his words using its Primordial Soundwave.

"Exterminate them!"

"Sweep them clean!"

It was always a mistake to run with one's back facing the cavalry. Tianming knew his strengths, and Li Xuanyang also knew about this pressing witness, though he was already a few steps behind. His last few moves had been complete blunders. As the pressure mounted, Li Xuanyang chose to retreat despite knowing the consequences. He felt true fear and was no longer confident in taking the Azuresoul Palace. Since he could no longer advance, there could be only retreat. Even if that meant losing men to the pursuers behind them, Li Xuanyang and the rest believed that, with their superior army, the losses wouldn't be too huge, but relying on vague notions of luck on the battlefield would prove fatal. They had forgotten that they were invaders fighting on foreign ground against crazed defenders who had nothing to lose but their homes.

The beastmasters gave chase alongside Tianming and the battle came to its most chaotic crescendo. While the celestial orderians were agile, they still fell from the barrage of abilities from the lifebound beasts. Many of them even turned into piles of melted flesh. No mercy was to be shown to people who could well return to kill their families the next time.

"We won't let them escape! Let them remember for the rest of their lives that even celestial orderians can fall!"

The retreating celestial orderians continued dying, having given up resisting. The Azurecloud warriors suffered little to no casualties as a result. Tianming led the furious charge to the border of the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation. Yin Chen had already scouted out the surroundings and was sure that there would be no reinforcements, so Tianming kept going, intent on crushing the enemy's soul for good.

More and more celestial orderians fell as they tried scattering in multiple directions in hopes that it would split Tianming's cavalry up. The celestial orderians who had known nothing but ultimate dominance ran away like terrified flocks of sheep, abandoning their pride and dignity to the stampede of the Azurecloud warriors. Tianming's charge had paved a bloody path with celestial orderian corpses.

Chapter 1775 - Smiling In The Netherworld

The fleeing celestial orderians were terrified. After killing the last person in front of him, Tianming looked ahead but there weren't any more orderians in sight as the army had completely scattered. There was no way to chase after them. Getting Lan Huang to turn around, he led the Azurecloud warriors back into the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation. At the same time, Yin Chen rapidly spread out, searching for celestial orderians near Azuresoul Palace. Tianming would kill those who remained. With Yin Chen around, their opponents wouldn't have a chance to wreak any more havoc. On the way back, he counted the celestial orderian corpses as he passed them.

"At least one million eight hundred thousand out of four million celestial orderians perished. They lost three hundred thousand trying to break the formation. Then once I joined the battle, we killed six hundred thousand more together, and many more died during their escape. I consider that a bargain." Without a doubt, the celestial orderians had paid a heavy price in the battle, second only to the battle of the Myriaddragon Mountains, in which they lost close to two million elite cultivators. Although this was Azurecloud's final stand, Tianming's role in turning the tide couldn't be ignored.

When he returned to the formation, the feverish cries of the Azurecloud warriors were so loud they shook the entire continent. They weren't cheering because they had lost so many compatriots in the battle for victory, but for Tianming. Neither side could laugh in any war. At that moment, they all had their attention on the young man whose white hair had been dyed red. Having watched him chase their enemies, their blood boiled with passion.

"Li Tianming!"

His name resounded through Azurecloud. This time, he had achieved a complete reversal without the Ninedragon Emperor or a hundred thousand dragon imperials. However, Tianming believed they were the ones who supported him and were responsible for their victory. He didn't have to explain anything; their hearts were already connected by the Omniscient Threads. They were his friends. One glance was all it took to understand their hearts. That was his path of cultivation and way of life, and he liked it.

"Tianming." It was his old friends, Long Wanying, Gujian Qingshuang, Yun Tianque, Jiang Qingliu, and the starry-eyed Yu Ziqian. Having fought in the battle, Lingfeng was also present. Qingyu was the only one absent, due to her sensitive identity. Tianming's blood-stained face was no longer indifferent. He quickly approached them, his expression gentle.

"What should we do with her?" They had captured Li Yunxi. In fact, she was the strongest of the Xuanyang Army. Even Li Xuanyang, whose arms and legs had been severed, had managed to escape, yet Li Yunxi had ended up severely injured and captured. Pinned on the ground and struggling hard, she was covered in blood, despair written all over her face. At that moment, Tianming appeared in front of her. Like a wild animal, she fought to pounce on him, falling into silence when a cold sword pressed against her eyes. It was Godsinn.

"It's been a long time," Tianming said.

"Bastard, now that you're back, you're going to die. In less than two days, His Solar Majesty will come and turn Azurecloud into hell on earth. I know you'll run, but everyone that you saved today will die because of you. You can't save them. You're no savior, you're just a joke." Li Yunxi sneered.

"That's a pity. I might've let you live if you were more obedient, but the first thing you did is threaten me," he said.

"Who cares about living? I'm not afraid of death. I just wish I could watch His Solar Majesty hack you to pieces!" Filled with anguish, Li Yunxi stared at the corpses of her compatriots. She was partially responsible for their deaths.

"How many people did you kill?" Raising the Godsinn, Tianming stared at her coldly.

"I've been in Azurecloud since the start. Li Xuanyang and I are both responsible for all the deaths here. I don't need your kindness. If you have the guts, then kill me!" Li Yunxi glared at him. She was still trying to challenge him.

Without another word, Tianming waved his sword. Her head rolled and headless body fell limply to the ground. Yet another beauty had perished in a pool of blood.

"Stay alert. We must be ready for battle at all times." Putting away the Godsinn, Tianming swept his gaze across the others.

"Yes!"

Li Yunxi's blood ignited the warriors' confidence. They were all aware that the war was far from over. On top of the two million celestial orderians who had escaped, there was still a great army near their territory, north of Azurecloud. How many more would have to sacrifice their lives for this ancient continent to usher in a new era? Silently absorbing the blood of the fallen, the Azurecloud Divine Tree was the only thing that continued to flourish.

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Tianming returned to the Azuresoul Sword Hall. No one asked him where he went or what he had experienced. Before survival or death, everything else was insignificant.

"Aunt Ying, how's the condition of the Divine Sun Palace?" Leaning against the door frame, Tianming looked out at the blood-filled tree in the distance.

"It's probably useless without the Solar Wheel. The sun emperor hasn't used it since you left." Eyes filled with tenderness and concern, Long Wanying helped wipe the blood from his body. "Tianming, you should leave if the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb is still here. The Azuresky Myriadsword Formation can't protect you and you'll be in danger once the sun emperor comes. I know that you've grown a lot but you're still not strong enough to deal with him. Don't let this ruin you."

Tianming laughed. "Aunt Ying, now that I'm back and I've revealed my totems, I won't be able to leave. The sun emperor knows how much I care about this place and he'll threaten me with the Azuresoul Palace if I try to leave. Then I'll have no choice but to come back."

"Then forget about us." Gujian Qingshuang solemnly said. "Tianming, you're our only hope against this tyrant. As swordpupils, we aren't afraid of death. Return to lead the Myriad Solar Sects when you're strong enough to fight the sun emperor. We won't have any regrets even if the Azuresoul Palace ceases to exist in the future. At least our descendants still have hope."

"I agree. Rationally speaking, the best thing for you to do is leave. Today's victory is worth our lives. I'll be smiling in the netherworld," Yun Tianque said.

Chapter 1776 - Trust Me

Everyone was desperate for Tianming to leave, because they cared about him. Seeing the sincerity in their eyes, he smiled and said, "Don't do this. We aren't at that point yet. I have a way for all of us to live."

"What?"

"Since the sun emperor is sure that the Divine Sun Palace can't be used, I've decided to use the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, which can accommodate up to fifty million people. We'll squeeze in together, head to the Myriaddragon Mountains, and do our best to maintain the Aeonic Infinidragon Formation. We'll still be forced to leave our homes, but there's really no other way. Azurecloud is too close to where they are. If we stay, we'll die."

Silence enveloped his listeners.

"The tomb is a little far away, but it's on its way here. It may take a little time. During this time, we'll have to work on their thinking. Take everything that you can and leave them an empty city," Tianming said.

There was still no response.

"What is it? You don't want to leave?" Tianming asked Gujian Qingshuang.

He shook his head. "Leaving home is difficult, but it's the only way we can look out for everyone. But..."

"We just aren't sure if you'll be safe in the Myriaddragon Mountains. You're too important to us. Given how talented you are, the sun emperor will definitely kill you. The best thing for you to do is leave. The Myriad Solar Sects might be able to hold out until you return." Long Wanying added.

Shaking his head, Tianming held Long Wanying's hand and said earnestly, "Trust me, I can do it. I can't leave again. I won't be able to forgive myself if I return only to see complete destruction."

"Are you sure?"

"I can do it. Trust me, Aunt Ying!" Tianming had to show confidence in himself. Although he hadn't planned on revealing himself so soon, the situation hadn't allowed for hesitation. His determination infected everyone.

"Okay!" Long Wanying nodded with tears streaming down her face.

"I'll get to it then." Without wasting time, Gujian Qingshuang and Yun Tianque went to convince the others. Despite its speed, the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb would still take some time to get here. During this period of time, all they could do was wait.

"Li Tianming, what about the Azurecloud Divine Tree?" Jiang Qingliu asked, his voice hoarse.

Tianming stared at the blood dripping from the tree that seemed beyond cure.

"We've lived our entire lives from birth to now under the divine tree," Jiang Qingliu said with a lowered head, tears cleansing his cheeks. Leaving their home was the only way to survive, but it was also the place of their beliefs. Jiang Qingliu knew they had to leave or they would be used to threaten Tianming. However, it would be difficult for them to leave their mother tree in a place occupied by the celestial orderians.

Closing his eyes, Tianming listened for its voice in the wind. After a long time, he opened his eyes and said, "It's spoken to me."

"Who?"

"The divine tree"

"What'd it say?" Jiang Qingliu asked.

"It said that it's reached the end and will die with this land. It wants me to give its children a chance to grow. One day, its bloodline will continue living on as new divine trees. As long as it has descendants, it'll never die."

"Really?" Tears sliding down his cheeks, Jiang Qingliu fell to his knees and kowtowed to the tree.

"One day, we'll return and rebuild this place into our home. Then, our children will live under the divine tree as before, enjoying the shade in the hot sun."

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Other than mysterians, it was impossible for anyone to regenerate limbs. Li Xuanyang lay down, screaming and gasping for air. "Are they here yet? Why're we still wasting time!" Those around him lowered their heads, their faces pale, afraid to step forward. Li Xuanyang started sobbing again. This was worse than death. On top of losing his limbs, he had also been castrated. All he could do was angrily glare and scream. Could this be considered living?

More than two million celestial orderians surrounded Li Xuanyang, depressed and inconsolable. The scene was extremely solemn. They were next to the trunk of the Azurecloud Divine Tree with countless Yin Chens watching them.

"General, the Baiyang Army will be here soon. They were previously training in the fiery sea and were supposed to head south with us after we took down Azurecloud, but none of us saw this coming—"

"Get them to speed up! This time there'll be five million of us. We'll kill every last one of them!" Li Xuanyang sounded desperate. Many cast sidelong glances at the crazy man. "What're you looking at? Are you mocking me inside? Who among you has never failed?!" Li Xuanyang appeared even more pitiful.

"General, please calm down. We all hate Li Tianming. He'll die even more miserably."

"Fuck off!" Li Xuanyang shouted so loudly his voice broke. His shrill cry passed through layers of the blood-red tree, resounding throughout the crown of the tree. Countless drops of blood fell from the leaves onto their bodies like rain; Li Xuanyang's entire face was soaked with blood.

"What kind of stupid tree is this! I would've cut it down a long time ago if it weren't for its fruit that only grows once every ten thousand years! What's the point of it? It's not like I'll ever see its fruit in this life," Li Xuanyang continued yelling.

No one dared to respond. They were all discussing the addition of the Baiyang Army, which had yet to go to war. With three million from the Baiyang Army and two million from the Xuanyang Army, they would be five million strong. Defeating Li Tianming and the Azuresoul Palace shouldn't be a problem. The thought of revenge made their blood boil.

"Get them to hurry up!" Li Xuanyang roared.

"General, the Baiyang Army won't listen to our command—"

"Scram!"

In the face of a pathetic man who had lost all hope, most of them chose not to speak up. At that moment, a huge divine astralship appeared above Azuresoul Sword Mountain.

"That's the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb!" they exclaimed.

"I know! Li Tianming is going to use the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb to take away the people and treasures on Azuresoul Sword Mountain!"

"Is he handing Azurecloud over to us? That's good—we completed our mission ahead of schedule!"

"You can't say that. Manpower is considered an important resource. Those people aren't dead, so we can't say that we've won."

Chaos erupted as the celestial orderians began speaking all at once, some relaxed, others filled with hatred and unwilling to let them escape like this.

"So we don't need support from the Baiyang Army? Should we head south once they join us?" someone proposed.

"No!!" When the others looked over, they realized it was Li Xuanyang who shouted.

Chapter 1777 - Blood And Tears Of The Divine Tree

With a ferocious expression, Li Xuanyuan roared, "We can't let them escape. Li Tianming must die! They must all die!"

"Yes, we can't let Li Tianming head to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. It'll only cause more trouble and His Solar Majesty won't be able to deal with him."

Some supported Li Xuanyang's idea.

"But they have a divine astralship. What else can we do? It's not like His Solar Majesty and the Divine Sun Palace are here," someone else retorted. That was a problem indeed.

"I have an idea!" Gritting his teeth, Li Xuanyang stared at the Azurecloud Divine Tree and said, "Don't these people place the importance of the divine tree over their lives? Let's cut down the tree before they leave! I bet they'll turn around!"

The others exchanged meaningful looks. Although some wanted to point out the value of the tree, they refrained from speaking because they didn't want to go against Li Xuanyang.

"Cut the tree down! Kill it!"

"Yes!"

Countless celestial orderians quickly surrounded the tree trunk, hacking away with their sabers, swords, and totems. The ancient tree that had lived for eons trembled and let out a mournful cry. As the top of the tree vibrated, the blood droplets turned into a torrential rain. All of Azurecloud bore witness to the tragedy.

"The divine tree...." Their tears fell like rain.

The felling continued. Despite its incredible thickness, the trunk wasn't hard. With hundreds of thousands of people hacking away, it wouldn't take much time at all. As the tree started tilting, shock reverberated throughout the entire continent as the entire world seemed to be crying. In the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, sorrowful cries resounded. With tears of blood, they stared at the bright red divine tree that almost looked as if it was on fire. At that moment, they felt the trembling of their bloodline, their hearts drowning in sadness. They truly understood the agony of the weak, what it felt like to have their dignity trampled on and homeland invaded.

"The divine tree!" In the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, everyone fell to their knees. They were about to leave for a new battlefield. Although they had won this time, they were destined to lose the ancient tree that had nourished all of them.

Li Xuanyang had done everything he could to stop Tianming from leaving. At the sight of the astralship's departure, he burst into rage.

"Cut it down!!"

His scream resounded through the top of the tree.

At a certain moment, the tree's cry of despair reached a turning point. It was as if all its leaves had become vocal cords. Roaring loudly, the ancient creature vented its fury. Following a thunderous crack, the tree trunk tilted and cleanly split as the divine tree that had towered above Azurecloud for countless years came crashing down. But even so, the trunk fell toward an uninhabited, mountainous area. In the astralship, the passengers stared in wide-eyed shock, bereft of speech and blinded by tears. The humiliation of losing their home filled their hearts. This time, they wouldn't be able to recover what they lost.

The divine tree had fallen. There would be no more shade or birdsong to accompany blooming flowers. Gone was its fruit that seemed to fill up the sky, and gone was their blood connection to the tree. Children born after today would never know Azurecloud's beauty; that would only exist in their parents' memories. For countless years, the divine tree had flourished, nourishing numerous generations. And at the end, the blood-red tree gave its people a chance to escape. The young saplings wailed because they knew that their mother had perished. Wiping away tears from the corners of his eyes, Tianming clenched his fists, but didn't look back. He headed south, carrying the continent's last hope.

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"Die!"

With the collapse of the divine tree, the entire world was filled with dust, making it impossible to see. Amidst his angry rampage, Li Xuanyang seemed to hear a buzzing noise. He widened his eyes to try and see what it was. Something resembling a blood-red leaf flickered, suddenly stabbing his forehead. It turned out to be a leaf. After tearing a wound in his flesh, the leaf went from bright red to yellow and completely withered. The blood-like liquid had entered Li Xuanyang's body.

"Ahh!!" he suddenly screamed. Like countless tiny bugs, the red liquid invaded his head, devouring his flesh and brain. "Help!" Li Xuanyang didn't know what it was. He screamed in horror, trying to attract the attention of others. But what followed were equally terrified screams that came from everywhere, more tragic than the battle they had just fought. It seemed like the entire world was screaming. There were red leaves as far as the eye could see, all of which must have come from the Azurecloud Divine Tree.

A sea of red leaves appeared before Li Xuanyang. They were beautiful, but in that instant, they swallowed him whole. When all the leaves withered, a large amount of red liquid flooded his body. Li Xuanyang struggled, his body twitching and eyes wide open as he foamed at the mouth. In the end, he was completely still. Li Xuanyang was dead. Like the leaves, his corpse was now bright red. Lines resembling leaf veins appeared all over his skin and a tiny green bud sprouted in his mouth, growing rapidly until a small pale pink flower blossomed. It was pure, unstained by blood and carnage.

When the dust finally dissipated, there were blood-red corpses everywhere. They gradually disappeared, submerged by colorful flowers that symbolized innocence and new life. Although the divine tree was dead, the place it had once taken root was now a beautiful sea of flowers that extended for miles. No one could guess that each beautiful flower meant the death of a celestial orderian. There was an even larger sea of flowers north of the continent. Most of the blood red leaves drifted over and eventually withered. The celestial orderians were the only ones affected. Meanwhile, the ordinary folk in the mountains and fields cried for the loss of their divine tree.

They would never forget this day. The history books would record the death of seven million elite cultivators in this unremarkable continent. Among them, 1.8 million died on Azuresword Soul Mountain, and another 5.2 million had been killed by the Azurecloud Divine Tree.

Chapter 1778 - Her King

The crimson earth was filled with red-hot ores heated by geothermal energy. After years of being exposed to the nova source, even the most ordinary stones would be covered in divine patterns and become extremely hard. If placed in the mortal world, a tiny grain of sand from this world could become a weapon of mass destruction capable of shattering all other weapons. There was lava as far as the eye could see, and thick smoke erupted from the volcanos, soaring into the fiery sky. The clouds were millions of meters thick, like colossi in the sky, bursting with hot waves that resembled the roar of a beast. Those who lived in such an environment turned red from the bursts of nova source. An enormous divine astralship flew across the fiery grounds. Although the nova source impeded its speed, there was no one on the sun that could catch up to the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb.

Tianming looked ahead. For thousands of miles, the mountains were ablaze. Fiery rain fell from the sky and crashed into the earth like meteors, creating craters that split the ground and made it more uneven. A cacophony of deafening noise filled the air. Surrounded by an environment devoid of poetic beauty, the people there had developed a fierce and tempestuous nature, the celestial orderians in particular. Having just returned from the dreamy Violetglory, Tianming was a little uncomfortable. Compared to that, this place was one of the fiery pits of hell. Without the formation, many places would be unsuitable for living. Ordinary folk from Flameyellow would be burned to a crisp if they wandered around this place without protection.

In contrast, not only did the Azurecloud Divine Tree block out the fiery rain, it also provided shade for the citizens of Azurecloud, creating a paradise on the sun. After witnessing the fall of the divine tree, the entire astralship was filled with sorrow. In that moment, they had lost something extremely important. Tianming couldn't bear to watch, so he stared ahead, afraid to turn around. The energy supply to the astralship was unstable because the saplings also felt the pain of losing their mother.

"Li Xuanyang!" Tianming exploded with rage. According to Yin Chen, he was the one who had made the decision to cut the tree down. "If only I'd killed him." Although Li Yunxi and the others were quick to respond, Tianming had had an opportunity to kill him. But at the time, he was filled with hatred and didn't want to give Li Xuanyang an easy death.

"It won't change a thing. If it weren't Li Xuanyang, then others would cut it down. Besides, didn't you say that the tree had foreseen its own end?" Qingyu said. Having spent a period of time among the celestial orderians, she understood them.

Over the past two years, the divine tree had absorbed a great deal of resentment that came from the people of Azurecloud. Tianming didn't know what would happen to that resentment after the tree fell. While he contemplated the question, Yin Chen slowly narrated the events surrounding the death of the divine tree. Holding his breath, Tianming patiently listened. Upon hearing about the deaths and the sea of flowers that bloomed from the corpses, he was completely overwhelmed. Eyes red and gasping for breath, he rushed toward the crowd.

"Tianming, what's wrong?" They were concerned.

"The divine tree! The Azurecloud Divine Tree!" he incoherently shouted. It wasn't very often that he lost composure. He was so moved and would never have expected that the ancient tree would use its death to bring new life to Azurecloud. In a sense, when the celestial orderian corpses turned into a sea of flowers, their blood had formed new life.

"What happened? It had already fallen when we left."

"After it fell, the divine tree used the resentment to kill... kill all the celestial orderians in Azurecloud, including the three million troops from the Baiyang Army in the north! More than five million dead! That means that all seven million elite troops were slaughtered in just two days!" The reinforcements from the Baiyang Army were the reason Tianming had been so determined to take everyone away with the astralship.

Everyone present knew of the army's existence. Two million troops from the Xuanyang Army and three million from the Baiyang Army! Tianming's words astounded them. They held their breaths, expression blank, mind struggling to make sense of it all. The entire tomb was dead silent.

"The divine tree used the resentment it'd absorbed over the years. It was the blood of our dead compatriots, and blood calls for blood. Their departed souls have collected their debt!" Tianming exclaimed. He was ecstatic.

Anyone could see the desire for revenge in his eyes. Azurecloud was merely a small part of the sun, yet more than seven million celestial orderians had been buried there. More importantly, they had conquered an empty continent and failed to obtain any treasure; they were really miserable. However, the invaders who left their homes to burn, kill, humiliate, and plunder didn't deserve sympathy. They were the ones with contempt for human life. If anyone was to blame, it was their sun emperor, who had started the war.

Although Tianming's words were convincing, the others were in shock. When they finally reacted, they cheered and cried.

"There's divine justice after all!"

"It's all karma."

"Those beasts deserved it!"

"The divine tree protected us from generation to generation. It's a pity it had to die with those murderers...."

Seven million! That was far more than the 1.8 million troops devoured by the Azuresky Myriadsword Formation. After the battle in the Myriaddragon Mountains, the celestial orderians had fought on multiple fronts to swallow up the third- and fourth-rate sects. Trapped in enemy territory and faced with the stubborn resistance of the Myriad Solar Sects, the celestial orderians had already suffered enormous casualties in pursuit of their goal.

This time, seven million troops had been wiped out at once. Not only had they failed to achieve their strategic goals, they'd also been tragically slaughtered. This incident, along with Tianming's return and the revelation of his ten bane-rings, would cause a sensation in Orderia. The king had returned with ten totems; seven million dead and the celestial orderians defeated. After being suppressed for so long, the

Myriad Solar Sects had finally welcomed a victory as stunning as the battle in the Myriadragon Mountains. It would certainly boost their morale and rouse their killing intent to new heights.

"There's going to be changes on the sun." Gujian Qingshuang said in shock.

"Maybe our chance is here. After this, Tianming's appeal might surpass that of the Saintdragon Emperor and dreamless celestial emperor. Right now, the Sky Palace has lost its reputation after being crippled. We don't have anyone to lead us, and what we need is a king who can unite all the sects." The way Long Wanying looked at Tianming had changed. Although he was still a child, he had another identity—the king she was loyal to!

Chapter 1779 - Let's Die

"The only drawback is his age. Showing his cards is enough to save the Myriad Solar Sects, which are a mess right now, but it's also going to drive the sun emperor and celestial orderians mad. What's most important is timing. The more we delay, the better our chance of victory will be in the end." There was also worship in Yun Tianque's eyes. In fact, both he and Gujian Qingshuang were connected to Tianming through Omniscient Threads.

"You're right, timing is everything. As his elders, his right arm, our most important task is to buy him time to grow!" Long Wanying's gaze grew fiery. Between the sun emperor and her was a long-standing blood feud. She had lost too much; even Yang Ce was gone. The only thing left in her life was revenge. From this moment on, no one could stop her from supporting Tianming. She would do everything to protect him, even if it meant sacrificing her life.

Everyone's gazes were extremely hot. A fiery storm was sweeping across the sun. The phrases "decabane Li Tianming" and "seven million dead" were like two sharp swords thrust into the hearts of the celestial orderians, and the raging fire that ignited the Myriad Solar Sects. After having been humiliated and hunted for two years, they finally saw a light at the end of the tunnel. And now the light shone bright, like a new sun.

"Let's head to the Myriadragon Mountains!"

"The sun emperor will try to kill him to avoid future complications. Alone, we're weak, but together we're strong. We must protect him."

.....

There were more than nine thousand third- and fourth-rate sects. After their defensive formations had been destroyed and their sects occupied, many people were homeless, becoming aimless vagabonds who hid wherever they could. Swallowed by the darkness, they lacked direction in their lives and were forced to bury their hatred deep inside. At that moment, countless people flocked toward the southern region of the sun. The brilliant young man in their hearts would soon reach the Myriadragon Mountains.

In their minds, the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect that had stood strong for millions of years was the true number one sect on the myriad sect ranking. How could the Dreamless Celestial Nation or Voidword Shrine compare?

"Go, let's die!" Hearts fearless, they set out to fulfill their hopes. The elders had sacrificed themselves so that the younger generation could live with dignity. Otherwise, who would be willing to embark on a journey toward death?

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When the Saintdragon Emperor received the transmission stone from Long Wanying, his heart fiercely pounded. One glance was all it had taken for him to read the words. Despite his dry throat, he proceeded to read aloud, word by word. Tears slid down his cheeks like hot wax on a candle, soaking his beard. He had aged over the past two years, as made evident by the deep wrinkles on his face.

"Look, look at this...." He was incoherent as he handed the note over to the other dragon imperials. Afraid that, once damaged, it would all become a fantasy and float away, the Saintdragon Emperor handled the note with caution. Upon reading it, the others broke out in hearty laughter and tears. They felt like they had finally seen the light of day after being trapped in a coffin. Like fools, they couldn't stop laughing and crying.

The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect hadn't suffered further casualties after the battle in the Myriaddragon Mountains. Because the celestial orderians had shifted their target, attacking the third- and fourth-rate sects, the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect—as the head of the Myriad Solar Sects—could only be led by the nose. Relying on their numerical advantage, the celestial orderians had blocked them from interfering. In truth, they were merely pretending to attack the third- and fourth-rate sects, while their main goal was to intercept and kill Xuanyuan Dragon Sect cultivators. This would also create a gap between the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect and the rest. Without support, these sects would despair, losing hope in the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect and even feeling resentful. Although the approach was despicable, it worked.

On its own, the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was no opponent for the celestial orderians. The third- and fourth-rate sects were the foundation of the Myriad Solar Sects. Without their support, the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was just a castle in the air and there was nothing they could do. If they sent reinforcements, they would perish. But if they didn't, the third- and fourth-rate sects would be destroyed. By allowing the celestial orderians to set up camp in their territories, Blueblood Starocean and the wargodeans had stabbed them in the back. How were they to stop an enemy who had mounted a joint attack both within and without the sects?

Leaving the sect meant certain death. Although Blueblood Starocean and the wargodeans were merely two of the top ten sects on the myriad sect ranking, they were each powerful and both of them possessed strategic geographical locations. As long as the Myriad Solar Sects and celestial orderians were at war, Blueblood Starocean and the wargodeans would continue stabbing them in the back, which would eventually be fatal. With all those predicaments, the Myriad Solar Sects would sink into a slow death. As the celestial orderians slowly hacked away at them, the endless torment made each day a waking nightmare. However, it was always darkest before dawn and a young man had brought hope to the Myriad Solar Sects.

"Notify the entire sect! Gather everyone and come with me. We'll wait for their return!" Upon regaining his senses, the Saintdragon Emperor's eyes lit up and his demeanor drastically changed; he was back to his former heroic self. His thoughts were the same as Long Wanying's. Even if he were to die, he would support Tianming. Although he was too old to be a hero, he was clear about his own destiny.

"Yes!"

"Notify the entire sect! Everyone must be there!"

"Yes!"

The Myriadragon Mountains lit up like a firecracker. At the Saintdragon Emperor's command, the dragon imperials left the hall and soared into the sky as the roaring of dragons filled the air. In a short period of time, a sea of people had flooded the area. At least two billion people crowded up the sky. Among them, the thirty million warriors of the Ninedragon Army were the strongest force. Part of the reserve army, the dragon beastmasters who had contributed in the battle of the Myriadragon Mountains had also returned due to suppression by the celestial orderians. There were seven hundred million new additions—various dragon beastmasters from all over the world—as well as four hundred million cultivators from the Myriad Solar Sects. Most of them were members of third- and fourth-rate sects who had fled there after losing their homes to the celestial orderians. Not only had the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect taken them in, they'd also shared cultivation resources so they could settle down in the Myriadragon Mountains. And there were still more people seeking shelter.

Tianming was bringing tens of millions of Azurecloud cultivators back to the Myriadragon Mountains. They would feel right at home in the presence of others who had also been forced to leave their native lands.

"Is everyone here? I have something important to announce!" the Saintdragon Emperor's excited voice swept across the mountains.

Chapter 1780 - First Dragon Imperial

"I'll give you fifteen more minutes! Everyone must come out!"

The people were feeling rather hopeless at this juncture. The enemy was slowly turning up the heat to boil the frog, chipping away at their willpower bit by bit with them unable to resist in the slightest. The Saintdragon Emperor's agitated demeanor seemed to stand out even more. Fifteen minutes later, some two billion people had gathered in the sky above the Myriadragon Mountains, making for quite the powerful scene. As the weak, the only thing they could do was band together. Even the youthgrand disciples under the age of a hundred had to show up.

"Saintdragon Emperor, we're all assembled."

"Very well!" He held the paper strip in his hand and amplified his voice. "I got great news from Azurecloud! Listen up!" He started reading it, his voice getting more pumped as he did so. It was quite a long message that detailed the results of the battle for Azurecloud. Much of it praised Tianming's efforts, as it had been written by Long Wanying. The message contained a lot of thoughts about him. When the Saintdragon Emperor finally finished reading the letter aloud, the entire place erupted with cheers.

Everyone seemed to go insane, whether they were Xuanyuans who had fought with and understood Tianming, or refugees from other sects with grudges against the celestial orderians. All of them had desired a figure that could change their fates, much like a sovereign, and such a figure had finally shown up. His spark had ignited the flame in the hearts of these two billion people. While the Myriadragon

Mountains spanned a large area, there were far too many people there; they didn't dare to let their lifebound beasts out or it would be far too crowded. Even so, with Tianming's return, this place would become the center of administration for the various weaker factions. Perhaps around ten billion elites would eventually gather. Even though it would be quite packed, at least they would still be alive.

"Now, let us wait for their return together." All of them turned and looked to the north. While their world was still shrouded in darkness, the sun in their hearts was rising. When the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb appeared above the horizon, their feelings erupted. All that could be heard was Tianming's name, and he hadn't done anything yet; but the Omniscient Threads came flooding in regardless. They weren't increasing at a crazy rate, but the gain was steady and quick. He knew that the Myriadragon Mountains would be the true battlefield. There were many who walked the same path as him there as well, resonating with him.

"I'm finally back." The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb entered the Aeonidragon Formation and landed between some mountains. Then its main entrance opened up, letting out a divine light. The familiar white-haired youth, Long Wanying, and the rest left the ship to another wave of cheers. Tianming felt pure emotion wash over him, filled with hope and confidence in him. In this symbiotic ruler and ruled relationship, those who contributed would also be rewarded in return.

"Li Tianming!" Their cheers continued to shake his eardrums. Eventually, he had thirty million Omniscient Threads in total.

"Decabane genius! We should give him some kind of title!"

"That's right!"

As the crowd cheered, Tianming arrived before the Saintdragon Emperor, who was tearing up and unable to find any words to say.

"I'm back," he said, smiling.

"Welcome back... welcome back...." The Saintdragon Emperor noticed that he had changed, yet his core remained the same. "Why don't you greet everyone?"

"Will do." Tianming nodded and turned to the crowd, taking a deep breath. "Seniors, brothers, and sisters, I know that all of you have suffered much in these past years. However, I'll change things together with all of you. Like what happened at the Azurecloud Continent, we'll pay the invaders back a hundred times what they did to us!"

The times required a hero to stand out to unite the hearts of everyone. The Saintdragon Emperor could tell that Tianming's influence and reputation, as well as his status as a symbol of hope and security, far surpassed his own. Thus, he announced, "I've decided to give my position as First Dragon Imperial to Li Tianming. He needs a new title as well! Based on the history of our sect, he will henceforth be known as the Imperialdragon Princeps! There's only been one in our history, and that was the Ninedragon Emperor!"

The Saintdragon Emperor wasn't always the First Dragon Imperial. In fact, the title of Imperialdragon Princeps referred to the central Imperialdragon Palace of the Ninedragon Emperor. As the ruler of

dragons, that was a historically important title that nobody had dared to adopt after the Ninedragon Emperor's death.

When the Saintdragon Emperor granted that sacred title to Tianming, nobody stood out against the decision. Given his achievements and what he meant to them, he needed a title that would put him above the dreamless celestial emperor, and even the Sky Palace. The hearts of the people of the Myriad Solar Sects should be focused on Tianming alone. While the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect wasn't comparable to the Violetcloud Imperium, the title of Imperialdragon Princeps was far more significant for Tianming than that of an astralking. Tianming had only become an astralking to obtain cultivation resources, whereas the point of this was to unite the people around him and change their fates.

"Imperialdragon Princeps Li Tianming!"

All two billion plus people recognized him as such that instant, putting him on a pedestal. They saw him as their unquestionable leader, despite being a youth in his twenties. To cultivators that were above a thousand years old, he was but an infant, yet the fact that he had been able to achieve so much at his age showed that he was far more impressive than the Ninedragon Emperor.

"Saintdragon Emperor...." Tianming hadn't expected to be treated like this right after his return.

"Child, you can do it. All of us will ensure that things go smoothly for you. We'll put our lives on the line to support your journey," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

"That's right. You asked us to trust you, right? Now it isn't just us, but everyone," Long Wanying said.

Tianming didn't turn it down out of misplaced humility. He indeed needed some kind of status to form more Omniscient Threads. He just didn't expect that the Saintdragon Emperor would give him the most important title the sect had ever had. Now he stood above even the dreamless celestial emperor in status, far superior to the Sky Palace members who had gone into hiding! He was the number one of the Myriad Solar Sects!

In an earnest tone, he said, "I'll give it my all to ensure that I validate the trust you've all placed in me. I'll live up to your hopes."

The position didn't just bring him status and authority, but also a mountainous burden. The fate of all the Myriad Solar Sects now rested on his shoulders. It would be the toughest challenge ever to be faced by a junior in the history of Orderia. Yet he didn't let his breath get knocked out of him. His seniors were reliable and supportive, being among the best. With their support, there was nothing for him to fear. Even if the sky fell, they would be there to hold it up for him. What touched him the most was how the regular people trusted him. Their burning gazes told him that as long as he saved them from this predicament, they wouldn't be stingy with their faith! They would believe in him like he was their god!

"Everyone...." He took a deep breath and yelled with all he had, "I accept your trust and care! I accept the position of First Dragon Imperial and the burdens that come along with it. From now on, the Myriad Solar Sects are my very life! If the sects are gone, so will I be! I'll be fighting with you all in the near future, going through thick and thin together as we strive to survive and establish eternal peace! If I go back on my words, may I never have a restful death!"

The heavy words only intensified their faith in him. His every word proved that he wasn't joking around. That was what all the pessimists had needed to hear. By now, the cultivators from the third- and fourth-rate sects looked at him with confidence.

Most people in the Myriad Solar Sects didn't belong to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, but Tianming needed them all the same. The Xuanyuan Dragon Sect had already completely accepted him long ago. Now he wanted to make sure that the people who were still on the run from the celestial orderians would know to come to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, without whose aid they wouldn't be able to form a proper faction to resist the celestial orderians.

He was already planting the seeds of his dynasty on the sun, but not out of his own ambitions. He knew from his experimental attempt on Flameyellow that true peace could only be forged upon a firm foundation once he had unified everything.