

The Ages 1811

Chapter 1811 - The Frostsoul Sea

Yan Lingxian said, "You all should know that my Group of Celestial Maiden Halls has the weakest protective formation among the top ten sects. It's at the edge of grade eight. Even if you give us another thirty million troops, I feel the formation's inferiority will drag everyone down. So I've made the preparations for packing up. We're rather far from Fushen Valley, so if the Divine Sun Palace turns toward us, we'll retreat like the rest of the second-rate sects and head to the Myriadragon Mountains."

Although they were between the Voidword Shrine and the Dreamless Celestial Nation, they weren't too far from the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect's domain, either. It would greatly strengthen the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect once they entered the Myriadragon Mountains. Plus, the two sects had a friendship that went back generations.

The decision was definitely very difficult for Yan Lingxian, as they were the ninth-ranked sect in the end. The first-rate sects were the face of the Myriad Solar Sects. They all had a much older history than the second-rate sects as well, so their lands had many more cultivators and inheritances. However, she had chosen to make the sacrifice today. It was clear that things were very awkward for them, trapped as they were between the Voidword Shrine and Dreamless Celestial Nation. If they were surrounded, they would become a burden on the Myriad Solar Sects.

The worst case scenario would be becoming hostages.

In comparison, the Emyrean Sword Sect, Shenwu Dynasty, and Frostsoul Imperium had much better geographical locations and protective formations.

As members of the older generation of the Myriad Solar Sects, Yan Lingxian and the Saintdragon Emperor had talked about this possibility before.

"I agree with Yan Lingxian," the Saintdragon Emperor said in a low voice.

"Yes, if the opponent really takes us as a soft target, we'll immediately move to the Myriadragon Mountains. It doesn't matter where we are, the possibility of rebuilding our home will always exist as long as we're alive. All of the second-, third-, and fourth-rate sects can do it, and so can we. Our ladies are all the free and easy type." Yan Lingxian laughed, obviously much more at ease now that she had let it out.

Indeed, free and easy was an apt description for Yan Nuxia.

"You have my respect, Senior Yan! It's our Myriad Solar Sects' blessing to have you and the Saintdragon Emperor around," the Northdipper Swordsage said with admiration. If it were him, he wouldn't be able to abandon the Emyrean Sword Sect.

"When you're older, you understand how to let go. This will also let the young ones fearlessly fight without worrying about their backyard," Yan Lingxian said.

Now, only Fushen Valley and the Frostsoul Imperium were left.

The Frostsoul Imperium's formation was a good counter for the race of fire totemancers, and the depths of the Frostsoul Sea it was located in was a place of extreme cold. It would be even harder to attack than

the Myriadragon Mountains. Hence, the Frost Empress said, “While you’re en route to Fushen Valley, leave twenty million people with us. I’m confident of holding on then even if the Divine Sun Palace heads my way.”

“Alright.”

The problem was settled! Forty million to the Fushen Clan and twenty million to the Frostsoul Imperium. The Fushen Clan would now have forty million troops, plus the ten million elites they already had. They also had three hundred million gods and their Nonacrypt Fushen Formation. It was enough for the Fushen Clan to be hard to swallow for the Divine Sun Palace.

It was a critical value. Ten million more and the Divine Sun Palace might not dare come. And even if they did, the Frostsoul Imperium had the confidence to hold on.

The Group of Celestial Maiden Halls would retreat as soon as they were targeted. That was the most comprehensive plan they could come up with.

“Our formations can’t move, unlike the Divine Sun Palace. The Myriad Solar Sects can only passively take attacks, while the sun emperor can choose who to attack.”

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Tianming followed the plan to drop off twenty million cultivators from the third- and fourth-rate sects at the depths of the Frostsoul Sea. As he entered the sea, he could see the area was indeed dangerous. If the Frostsoul Imperium chose to hide, the world below would immediately plunge into complete darkness. Anyone not in an astralship would immediately suffer the intense water pressure and biting chill. The ocean currents carried a lot of frost-type nova source. Those who weren’t strong enough would die on contact, and the protective formation could also manipulate the seawater, which reminded Tianming of the Southsky Sect’s protective formation back in the Grand-Orient Realm. The formation back then had created a massive water sphere, surprising him. And the Frostsoul Imperium’s formation was clearly a million times more complex than that.

“We’ll be fine now, even if the emperor enters the sea with his Divine Palace Army. Or in other words, even if over a hundred million fire totemancers come, we wouldn’t be afraid if they don’t have the Divine Sun Palace. This is our territory, and we’re the masters of the Frostsoul Sea.” The Frost Empress was full of confidence as she spoke, as well as icy killing intent.

“Then I can relax and support the Fushen Clan with my all.” Tianming felt himself relax as he gazed into the dark sea, despite the fact that he had lost twenty million troops. “This united Myriad Solar Sects is impregnable.” He was feeling emotional. No one had begrudged him and the other alliance leaders their arrangements. The united myriad sects was a clear improvement from before.

“Tianming, who do you think the sun emperor’s real target is?” the Frost Empress asked.

Tianming considered it. “He’ll soon get the information that the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb dropped off twenty million, and he’ll either go for the Fushen Clan or Group of Celestial Maiden Halls, not here.”

All of his Yin Chens in the Frostsoul Sea would be frozen.

“Then... help them. Don’t lose!” The Frost Empress inhaled.

“Understood!” Tianming confidently grinned, then entered the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb.

Before the tomb moved off, Tianming asked Yin Chen the Divine Sun Palace’s current flight path.

“The Fushen Clan!”

Fushen Valley would be the next battlefield.

“Let’s kill!” The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb broke through the cold waves, bursting out of the sea like a giant beast as it shot into the clouds, seawater dripping down like rain.

Chapter 1812 - Nonacrypt Fushen Formation

Fushen Valley was northwest of the Myriadragon Mountains, and was a special area like the Frostsoul Sea. Its terrain had even more mountains than the Myriadragon Mountains, and the mountains were very strange as well.

The tallest peaks rivaled the Azurecloud Divine Tree, and the chain of black mountains was also riddled with unimaginably deep abysses and underground caves between the mountains. Located there was Fushen Valley, a place that made people shake just hearing its name. It was a land for the venomous, filled with snakes and insects. It was the most suitable habitat for rearing them. Fushen Valley and the Myriadragon Mountains had around the same land area. The Fushen Clan had built their palaces on the mountainsides and abysses. The main branch of their clan lived there and had established a protective formation.

“Such a thick mist!”

That was Tianming’s first impression. The entire Fushen Clan was enveloped in a pitch-black fog. When the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb plunged inside, it was even darker than the Frostsoul Sea. People couldn’t even see their own hands. If Fushen Gongyi hadn’t been personally leading the way, Tianming would probably have crashed into countless mountains on the way.

He could see the strange mountains below him, thanks to the light from the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. On the mountainside, inside the rocks, and within the abysses and rivers an endless number of insects could be made out. Some were lifebound beasts, and some were the brood of broodmother-type lifebound beasts.

For example, Tianming made out a river of blood. However, when he got closer, he found that it was actually a dense collection of blood-colored loaches.

“Welcome to the haven of insects—Fushen Valley.”

The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb passed through the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation and entered an abyss. It was so deep and wide that it was like a wound on the sun. Time was tight, so he quickly opened the nine gates and let the forty million troops stream out in an orderly fashion.

They looked around Fushen Valley, which was filled with black mist. The place was ominous and strange, filled with snakes and insects. Even little children were playing with the bugs. This place was quite creepy.

This was Yin Chen's first time seeing so many brethren. Tens of millions of little silver eggs poured out from Tianming's lifebound space, spreading through Fushen Valley as fast as they could. Yin Chen's fast takeover led to a few metal cockroaches getting into a glaring contest with some mantises that devolved into a scuffle.

"Tianming, this is the fushen pill we specially produce. It can help to resist the Mystic Bloodtoxin and Deluge Toxin from our formation and provide clear vision through the Nonacrypt Bewildering Mist. Although the formation will lock onto targets, it's still best to avoid friendly fire." Fushen Gongyi had already made arrangements, even though Tianming had just arrived. He provided over forty million fushen pills, which Tianming quickly got people to distribute.

"All troops, prepare!" The Ninedragon Army had their own general, so Tianming didn't have to deal with the small details.

"Is the Divine Sun Palace almost here?" Fushen Gongyi asked.

"It should be here in about fifteen minutes." Tianming looked around. "This place looks quite defensible."

"Yes. Our Fushen Clan has stood for so many years by relying on the Fushen Valley. This is us insect-type beastmasters' world. Anyone that barges in will have to suffer our poison. With your support this time, we need to make the Divine Palace Army suffer a big loss...." Fushen Gongyi coldly smiled. "I know they must look down on the Fushen Clan. Admittedly, our combat prowess is average when we go out. However, it's different in our territory."

If Fushen Gongyi had so much confidence, it went for the rest of the Fushen Clan. To Tianming, that was a good thing. He could see the entire clan was eager for battle as well. Many cultivators were enraged after the tragedy of the Windheed Pavilion, and they had been hoping for a chance to hit back hard.

As the Fushen Clan were the hosts and familiar with the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation, Tianming and Fushen Gongyi quickly arranged squads. One Fushen Clan member would have four cultivators from the reinforcements.

"At the Myriadragon Mountains, the terrain is plains, so the most effective method is beastmaster cavalry. However, here in the Fushen Valley with all its mountains and abysses, small and mobile squads are what'll frighten the enemy. That's been our experience over generations," Fushen Gongyi sinisterly said.

"Alright, we'll let the locals decide." Tianming didn't want to make random suggestions here. He quickly got Yin Chen to fill the entire formation so that he could gain a full view of the battlefield. "How much toxic mist and liquid do you have here, anyway?" He felt his scalp go numb.

"Yes, many were just set up, so they don't belong to our formation. That's why we prepared the fushen pills," Fushen Gongyi said.

"Alright." Tianming's last action was to examine the formation's spirit threads. Countless black threads extended into the abyss. Deep down were the Fushen Clan's gods, all three hundred million of them. Although they couldn't enter the battlefield, they could at least power up the formation.

Everything was in order!

“Anxious, youngster?” Fushen Gongyi looked at Tianming and patted him on the shoulder.

Rumbling noises suddenly came from the north. Tianming stood atop the mountain peak, his eyes piercing through the black fog. A golden head blazing with fire was roaring in the distance, charging toward Fushen Valley. He was about to face the Divine Sun Palace and sun emperor!

Was he anxious? He was, a little. However, it was quickly replaced with a burning fighting spirit.

The golden head quickly arrived at the airspace above Fushen Valley. The Nonacrypt Fushen Formation was a black hemisphere below it, deathly silent. It looked like a battle between holy fire and evil darkness.

However, the tyrant couldn't be differentiated from the people defending their homes, based on the type of power used.

The Divine Sun Palace began gathering power, its golden head shining with radiance.

Chapter 1813 - Exhaust Without Any Casualties

“Heed my orders, Fushen Clan!”

As soon as it descended, the Divine Sun Palace immediately began accumulating the power of its miniature nova sources, preparing to treat the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation the same way it did the Windheed Pavilion's.

Fortunately, Fushen Gongyi had long since made preparations.

At the head of the over fifty million elites, he flew up, his dark green robes blending in with the black fog. Five different bugs burst out of the soil beneath him. Each was wreathed in green mist, and countless sharp spikes and sinister compound eyes could be made out. As the sect master of the seventh-ranked sect, Fushen Gongyi definitely wasn't weak. Furthermore, in his territory, which was densely filled with insect lifebound beasts, he was completely in his element. “Resist it!”

The Divine Sun Palace didn't show any mercy. Its disregard of the Fushen Clan infuriated the three hundred million members of the Fushen Clan. As a clan that lived on the border of the Myriad Solar Sects, the members of the Fushen Clan had grown up tenacious, ruthless, and willing to endure hardship. The Fushen Clan was a place of brutal culture, where murder due to a small disagreement was a common occurrence.

They feared nothing in the world!

“Who cares whether they're the celestial orderians or the fucking sun emperor! They're dead if they want to kill us!”

“Brothers, give all your power to the spiritual threads. I don't believe this Divine Sun Palace can break the formation us three hundred million gods are supporting!”

“The celestial orderians are all dogshit! Tens of millions of them died at the Myriaddragon Mountains and no one's dared collect their corpses yet! So why're they acting so cocky now? If they step out of the palace, I'll kill them myself!”

“Just sixty million? I’m not sure that’s enough food for my insects. They don’t even have lifebound beasts, so they aren’t even good as a food source.”

The Fushen Clan cursed the celestial orderians with ugly words, but it was music to Tianming’s ears. Tianming hadn’t known the Fushen Clan well before this, but now he knew they were a fearless and fierce clan. To rely purely on a clan’s might to reach the top ten of the myriad sects required every clan member to be tenacious.

The Divine Sun Palace was testing the strength of the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation. Tianming, Fushen Gongyi, and the troops didn’t launch their attack yet. Hence, they all grabbed threads and supplied power too.

The first attack from the Divine Sun Palace would be critical!

“Fushen seniors, let’s do this together!”

“All together now, give the formation all your power!”

Tianming’s eyes burned with fire as he looked at the golden head, whose radiance could penetrate the mist. Its mouth opened, revealing a raging fire blazing within that was undergoing its final compression. Its golden hair fluttered in the air like golden dragons, like a mockery of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. It was as if it was saying that the strongest sect was only worthy of being the celestial orderians’ hair!

“It’s coming!”

Within Fushen Valley, hundreds of millions of gods and lifebound beasts simultaneously roared. The formation thickened several times as spiritual threads wrapped around the lifebound beasts and layer after layer of black barriers formed, seeming just like metal shields.

The Divine Sun Palace finally roared, spewing out a golden pillar of flame that descended upon the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation like heaven’s wrath.

A world-shaking boom rang out. The golden fire instantly consumed the whole Fushen Valley, furiously spreading into the surroundings and turning the land for tens of kilometers into a sea of golden fire.

The earth cracked and wept, mountains collapsed, and seas hissed. Even the fusion formation deep underground wasn’t spared, causing the nova source to shudder and leading to an apocalyptic earthquake across the whole world.

And that was the Divine Sun Palace at half power.

Of course, it also meant that the Divine Sun Palace hadn’t broken through the defense, or else the power wouldn’t have scattered so much.

When the fire was dispersed by the wind, Fushen Valley still stood there like an impregnable fortress, unshaken!

Laughs of mockery began spreading from Fushen Valley, clear for all in the Divine Sun Palace to hear.

“Ah, so this is the famous Divine Sun Palace!”

“It wasn’t even enough to knock a fart out of me!”

“Get lost sooner rather than later! And you call yourselves celestial orderians? Bunch of mental patients.”

Fushen Valley’s mockery seemed to incite the wrath of the Divine Sun Palace. It didn’t pause before gathering power for round two. The golden head heated up once more, gradually taking on a reddish hue that signaled its rage.

“Senior Fushen, how is it?” Tianming was familiar with astralships. The formation had indeed endured that blast and no one had been hurt; everyone believed they were safe now, but Tianming wasn’t so optimistic.

“This is troublesome. It was a very close thing. If they have just a bit more power or hit us more times, it could threaten us. We didn’t actually lose nothing just now, it’s just that the ordinary citizens didn’t notice.” Fushen Gongyi frowned.

“Yes. And we had fifty million helpers this time. If sixty million enemies invade, we won’t be able to help the formation.” At that time, the formation would weaken.

“Yes, so the situation isn’t optimistic. However, we still have a chance to resist! It depends on whether the opponent wants a head-on confrontation. If their army invades, there’ll be one of two results. First, we get tied down and the Divine Sun Palace easily overwhelms us and annihilates Fushen Valley. Or second, we trap and kill the sixty million, our protective formation holds, and the enemy is forced to retreat with heavy casualties,” Fushen Gongyi said. A head-on confrontation, in this case, was the enemy using their manpower to attack Fushen Valley, whereupon the formation would automatically attack them.

“What do you think the chances of winning are based on your understanding of Fushen Valley and the Fushen Clan?” Tianming asked.

“Sixty percent, if they show nothing new,” Fushen Gongyi said.

“That isn’t high.” Tianming frowned. “Honestly, Fushen Valley isn’t the site of the final battle. If the sovereign doesn’t die and the Divine Sun Palace remains intact, their threat will forever remain. Since this isn’t the decisive battle, let’s play defense and keep this place.”

“I get it.”

The Myriad Solar Sects and Tianming both needed time the most right now.

The Divine Sun Palace’s second attack arrived at that moment as golden light pierced through the darkness, landing on the formation once again. The resounding boom was so loud that perhaps even the Emptyrean Sword Sect could hear it.

Everyone was anxiously asking Tianming about the situation over here.

The Fushen Clan had endured the second hit as well. The Windheed Pavilion had lasted nine hits, which heavily increased the Fushen Clan’s confidence. Letting go of their fear would indeed strengthen a person’s conviction. Every hit survived emboldened both the Fushen Clan and the Ninedragon Army soldiers. After every hit, they would mock the Divine Sun Palace and celestial orderians.

However, the Divine Sun Palace only had one response: continuing to charge its miniature nova source. The Divine Sun Palace wasn't afraid of such consumption; at most, it would just have to head back to its base and recharge, which would only take four or six hours with its speed.

The third hit!

The fourth hit!

One attacked and one defended. The dark world was repeatedly lit up by golden light.

It didn't take long before the Divine Sun Palace had struck a total of thirty-eight times. Every hit may have looked apocalyptic, but the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation would always be revealed to be unshaken and the mockery continued from the Fushen Clan. Surviving thirty-eight attacks was a point of pride for them.

The Divine Sun Palace would have already long since destroyed the formation if it weren't using a back-up core.

"Their inability to use the Divine Sun Palace's full power is important to us," Tianming sighed with heartfelt feelings. He best understood the difference between half and full power as another astralship controller. Many things that could be broken in one punch at full strength would need more than a hundred if they were at half strength.

"Even so, everyone is exhausted after enduring thirty-eight attacks, and the formation's foundation has been shaken as well. I'm scared they'll never come out and just keep attacking a hundred, or even hundreds of times until we're exhausted while their sixty million troops haven't even moved." Fushen Gongyi was far from as optimistic as his clansmen. He had slowly concluded the sun emperor's goal: exhaust without any casualties!

Tianming had also assumed the sun emperor would lead the troops to attack. However, it turned out that the sun emperor and celestial orderians were better at mental endurance than expected. They had resisted the mockery of the Fushen Clan. After thirty-eight failures, they were preparing for a thirty-ninth attack.

Chapter 1814 - Exterminating Insects

To Tianming and the rest, it was quite troublesome for the Divine Sun Palace to be able to wear their formation down without any risk of being attacked.

"They're able to strike at us while all we can do is defend, yet there's nothing we can do about it. Well, the Divine Sun Palace doesn't have infinite energy to attack, though. I heard Windheed Pavilion's formation lasted nine attacks. Based on the brightness of its nova sources, I think it can only attack up to sixty or eighty more times," Tianming said.

"Then it probably only has thirty-eight blasts or so left, so we have hope. However, it's starting to feel like there's only a fifty percent chance for us to win, though if they have any other trump cards, it'll be even lower," Fushen Gongyi said.

It was also Tianming's first time seeing the sun emperor being so patient. This was unlike their usual style. The other Fushens no longer laughed, knowing that they couldn't fight back at all. They could already feel the bombardment draining them more and more.

"I worry that he'll send his army out to fight right as we're sucked dry. The fifty million troops we have here may no longer be able to hold the formation and have to fight them head-on, which would give the Divine Sun Palace a chance to shatter our formation. There's a chance we might collapse that way," Fushen Gongyi anxiously said. The enemy's unknown intentions made it hard to predict the fate of the Fushen Clan.

"Yeah. The sun emperor came despite knowing that we sent forty million reinforcements. That means he estimates at least sixty percent odds of winning." It was unlikely that the sun emperor would fight an unwinnable war, given his current state, especially after the heavy losses he had suffered at the Myriadragon Mountains and Azurecloud Continent.

By now, the flaming visage of the gigantic golden head was right above Tianming and Fushen Gongyi. Tianming grit his teeth and said, "However, it isn't like we have no chance at all. The Divine Sun Palace's nova source reserves can run out. I believe that they'll attack us when we're at our weakest, but in turn, that also gives us a chance to finally fight back, so the enemy won't be leaving without suffering any casualties. We can win as long as our ground forces have a chance to deal some damage." In other words, it was quite unlikely for the Divine Sun Palace to take out the formation without suffering casualties as long as its reserves were limited. However, if they deployed troops, there was a good chance that they could deal the Fushen Clan a fatal blow, but that was a chance for Tianming to fight back.

"You're right. The sun emperor is trying to force us to extinction! Even if they have more reach than us and can attack without suffering retaliation, that alone won't be enough to wipe us out. If they want to exterminate us, they'll have to get their own hands dirty, but that'll be our cue to retaliate!" The Fushen Clan was all too used to situations like that. They had risen from countless other battles, often turning the tides in their favor. They were bug beastmasters that didn't possess an inherent advantage in combat. After all, insects couldn't quite measure against fierce beasts. The only reason they were able to overcome their enemies time and again was their ingenuity, which allowed them to turn the tables on their opponents. And they didn't need Fushen Gongyi to tell them that, either. After the repeated bombardments, they stopped laughing and began building up resentment, constantly waiting for a chance to strike back.

As for the troops inside the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, as long as Tianming didn't fall, they would bide their time; life and death would be decided in a single instant. For now, the scales were tipped in the celestial orderians' favor. Even they could tell how angry the Fushen Clan was from the diminishing sound of their mockery. Now, it was their turn to mock.

"These ignorant hicks really are fools. Looks like the Warlord understands them well. They were so quick to boast when they thought they had the advantage, but now they're cowering like cowardly turtles while we wait to swoop in and decapitate them." The grand prince, Li Tianyi, stood beside the Warlord as the sun emperor continued attacking with the backup Solar Wheel. They admired the sight of the resistance in Fushen Valley.

"The Fushen Clan is a lowly one that only uses underhanded tactics. They're the very definition of lowborn scum that doesn't deserve to occupy such vast swaths of land. If there's a group in the Myriad Solar Sects that deserves to be completely eliminated, it would undoubtedly be them! They're dirty, shameless, and vile. They represent the dark side of our world." The Warlord seemed filled with rage. As 'just and righteous' wargodeans, they had irreconcilable differences with their neighbors. If it weren't for the celestial orderians, they might still be living under the foot of the Fushen Clan.

"Worry not, Warlord. One sect must be made an example and completely wiped out to stun the rest into shock before the fight even starts. We'll crush their morale that way. The Fushen Clan is perfect to use as an example. After all, they're nothing but disgusting stinkbugs. There's no better target to crush under our feet. I heard that the Fushen Clan has really high birth rates, so they rely on swarm tactics to oppress you. Won't the world be a much better place if we burned them all to death?" Li Tianyi seemed really sinister as he spoke. He truly did feel disgust toward the Fushen Clan, who were completely unlike the proud and refined celestial orderians that represented justice and all that was good. Insects didn't belong on the flaming sun, after all. That was why they'd already sentenced the Fushen Clan to death before the sun emperor himself had said anything about it.

"Those vile, dirty, and uncultured bugs are a stain on the sun. If we wipe them out, wouldn't it be a service to the sun, Master?" the Warlord said, turning to the Tumulus Pill God.

"That's right. It just so happens that all the bugs are conveniently gathered here. We'll use a strong fire to burn their nest up."

"Hahaha!" Li Tianyi, Li Mumu, and Situ Yin laughed.

Situ Yin said, "To be honest, this Li Tianming truly is naive. He only brought forty million troops here. If he'd picked one from Frostsoul Imperium or the Fushen Clan, he could probably save at least one, but he wanted to defend both. He really looks down on us and the Divine Sun Palace. Does he think he can overcome us just because the palace is at half power?"

Li Mumu said, "I congratulate the Warlord and Deluge Emperor in advance. After we wipe out Fushen Valley, the sun emperor probably intends to go back north to replenish our nova source reserves. After that, we'll use the same tactic against the Frostsoul Imperium. We'll only strike after wearing them down."

"And to think they thought we'd swarm them normally. They really underestimated us," Li Tianyi said.

"With the Divine Sun Palace, we'll always maintain our initiative. Not to mention, the Fushen Clan is counting on Li Tianming and his divine astralship. He alone is the spirit of their alliance. Once we take down the Fushen Clan, the remaining first-rate factions will be completely demoralized!"

"That's right!" Li Tianyi turned and looked at the dark world ahead. "That fellow was truly overconfident. If I were him, I'd let the other sects die and hide in the Myriaddragon Mountains. With his talent, I really don't know why he didn't choose to roam the astralscape instead of coming back to his death. At the end of the day, they're nothing but fools. They overestimate themselves after their victory at the Myriaddragon Mountains, but they only managed that because of their ancestors."

After he said that, the Divine Sun Palace launched yet another blast. The sun emperor turned back to look at him and said, "That's right, and you aren't even Li Tianming. You're a fool who couldn't become someone like him even if you tried."

"Esteemed Father!" Li Tianyi was completely embarrassed, being chewed out at his age. He hurriedly knelt, shaking from being called a fool. That was what many people secretly labeled him as, but there was nothing he could do about it. His father had known long ago that he would never become his successor, but he had many other accomplished younger brothers. As the oldest of them, he grew more and more obedient, making the sun emperor's goals his life's purpose. Even he thinks I'm a fool? Li Tianyi was quite unhappy, but he had no opinion of his own and only heeded his father's words.

The sun emperor turned to the others and said, "We can start preparing now. Attack on my signal."

"Yes!" Their spirits flared up. This was the moment they were waiting for. Once the Fushen Clan was worn down, it would be time to start the harvest. The troops were ready and eager. As the biggest beneficiaries of this battle, the wargodeans had to contribute, so they would be fighting at the very front to pave a way for the fifty million troops behind them.

"Everyone, this is an important day in the history of the Wargod Clan! It's the first time we're fighting as one of the great races of the sun! We're fighting for our own future! We'll use the blood of the Fushen Clan to crush the spirit of the Ninedragon Army! They'll become the whetstones that sharpen our weapons! We'll trample on their corpses and become the top beastmasters in Orderia! Today is the day we wipe out those vile insects for good! They'll suffer the same fate as the fools of the Windheed Pavilion!"

Chapter 1815 - Flute of the Fushen Clan

The wargodeans spiritedly slapped their chests, covered in brilliant flames. Their golden bodies were ready. It was clear that the sun emperor wouldn't hesitate to use up the power reserves of the Divine Sun Palace to burst through the defenses of the Fushen Clan and crush them to unify the sun.

Blow after blow was launched against the defensive formation, sending swathes of flames all around it. The ground cracked open and the lakes and rivers shook from the shockwaves, exterminating countless lifeforms. The shaking within the formation could be felt more and more, yet it still held up against the Divine Sun Palace's bombardment. However, its crumbling was only a matter of time. By the time the fifty-fifth blast from the Divine Sun Palace was launched, it only had around a quarter of its power left.

The sun emperor turned around and said, "I should be able to attack eighteen more times, and I need all of you to work in concert with me. Make them feel like the world is falling upon them and crush their spirits! If there's power left after the formation breaks, I'll aim the remaining blasts of Divine Wrath into the Fushen Clan's crowd. That's why I need all of you to help me save a few blasts for the end."

Though his words were plain, they managed to stoke the wargodeans' fighting spirits. Their goal now was to help the sun emperor save a few blasts, which would be used on the Fushen Clan directly before the sixty million troops attacked.

The Divine Sun Palace's attacks temporarily stopped as its doors opened, letting out the imposing wargodeans. They manifested their lifebound beasts and descended upon the formation like a sea of

gold. Though the sun emperor's army was mostly comprised of totemancers, he used beastmasters as the vanguard. They were a group of more than ten million beastmaster cavalry troops!

"Kill!" the wargodeans roared as they fell like golden comets. Behind them were the bluebloods, followed by thirty million celestial orderian troops. The Tianyi, Tribulator and Godblade Armies formed three formations. All of them manifested their totems, staining the sky with myriad colors. As there were four groups of totemancers, the formation of their troops was unimaginably complex. The Tianyi Army's totems burned the hottest and were mostly made up of celestial beings. They formed a sea of raging flames. While the totems seemed to pale in comparison to Shenwu Fen's zhurong firegods, they had far more in terms of numbers and were of rather high cultivation levels.

Surrounding the flaming totems were the unique plant totems of the soul tribulators. There were all kinds of vines, flowers, trees, and seeds. Their totems worked similarly to Xian Xian, having amazing control abilities that greatly complemented the flaming totems. The godbladers, on the other hand, had large, blade-like totems. Their troops grandly brandished their large blades up above. In a way, they were savage fighters like the wargodeans. Even though they were on the flanks, they were even more pumped about killing the enemy than the wargodeans.

Lastly, there were the bluebloods, who had the most varied totems, but most of them were themed after stars or oceans. Their totems looked incredibly refined and beautiful, but they weren't as capable in combat as the godbladers nor as effective at support as the soul tribulators. The real reason they had been sent off to the Myriad Solar Sects to develop separately was that they didn't have a distinguishing characteristic of their own. But now that they'd returned, they had to win the sun emperor's approval through battle. Together, the sixty million troops' prowess was not to be doubted. Overall, they were organized and disciplined.

In contrast, Fushen Valley had some ten million Fushen Clan members that were adept at fighting in mountainous terrain as well as Tianming's twenty million Ninedragon Army troops. The rest of them were sourced from various third- and fourth-rate sects and weren't too familiar with totemancers. They were used to their lazy ways and hadn't been properly trained as troops. In a real fight, their morale probably wouldn't hold for long, so they were the weak links in the chain. It seemed that only Tianming would be able to give them any real moral support. With the Divine Sun Palace deploying its troops, it seemed they were at the critical juncture.

The Divine Sun Palace continued gathering power. When it blasted the formation, the wargodeans and fifty million totemancers charged into the formation from the ground, swarming into the valley while weathering the formation's attacks. The fight had finally begun for good. Tianming had already informed the troops in his astralship and the Fushen Clan about it.

"If we win, we live! If we die, we perish, and it's not just us that perish, but our futures and hopes as well! Our kind will be ruined forever! Since the enemy took the risk of coming in, we must grasp that hope and fight back!"

Fushen Gongyi produced a jade-green flute and blew it. Though it looked rather small, it produced an incredibly sharp sound that was heard even over the noise of the battlefield. It was something like a signal horn. That instant, countless poisonous insects crawled out from between the cracks in the valley. A jade-green fog began seeping out of the sea of insects and spreading through the forests, rivers, and

ravines within the formation. The black formation was stained slightly green. This was one of the many abilities of the formation, Mystic Bloodtoxin.

Chapter 1816 - Tactics

Apart from Mystic Bloodtoxin, black fog began gathering within the formation and turning into acid rain. The rain covered everyone in the battlefield, greatly reducing their visibility. The rain was called Deluge Toxin and it was everywhere within the formation, impossible to avoid. Only those who consumed the antidote made by the Fushen Clan would be spared by the toxins of the formation. The invaders were completely afflicted.

Apart from the toxins, the formation also had a fog that could affect the souls of the enemy. The first wave of troops to enter the formation were the wargodeans and their beasts. It didn't take long before their blood vessels were stained black, a sign of the toxins invading their body. Many of them vomited blood and died on the spot. The Deluge Toxin could permeate the body from any surface, no matter where it fell. In fact, it corroded surfaces and made bloody holes to enter the body. Just like that, a large number of wargodeans fell to the ground like rain, only to be cleanly consumed by the bugs below with not a single bone left behind.

Even so, that much was within the wargodeans' expectations, having been at war with the Fushen Clan for so long. A large number of them had clad themselves with armor provided by the celestial orderians, allowing them to last longer. Their loud war cries echoed throughout the formation, drowning out the sound of Fushen Gongyi's flute. Even while the Divine Sun Palace wasn't blasting at Fushen Valley, the whole place seemed to shake.

Countless cries were heard as blood was spilled and abilities were unleashed. Light pierced the darkness, only to be quickly drowned out again. The entire world descended into a mess of blood and anguish, a picture of hell itself.

Fushen Gongyi was fighting at the very front. His eyes were bloodshot as he continued blowing his flute nonstop. The other members of the clan had similar flutes, using them to direct their insects with sharp notes. The insects worked in tandem with the dark fog and toxins to create a giant headache for the enemy. The notes of the flutes represented the soul of the Fushen Clan. As long as the flutes kept playing, they wouldn't retreat. As long as the flutes were heard, they would never be eliminated.

The dark battlefield was the most terrifying part for the invaders. All sixty million troops had charged into it, yet the battlefield didn't seem the least bit disturbed. Tianming also fought at the front lines, where he could perfectly see how violent the clash was. The scale of the battle was far beyond that of the Myriadragon Mountains. During the prior battle, the Myriad Solar Sects' forces had only included thirty million from the Ninedragon Army, with the others only joining later when the tide of battle had already turned. The battle at Fushen Valley was far more brutal in comparison, highlighting the polar opposite wargodeans and Fushens. One was the invader, and the other was the defender.

"It doesn't matter if I die as long as I get to kill a traitor like you!"

"You're nothing but drunken lunks who've oppressed us for far too long! What other tricks do you have apart from turning traitor?"

It was sixty million against fifty million, the latter of whom had the support of more than three hundred million gods and the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation. They were also fighting on terrain they were familiar with. By now, all of them had been enraged by the repeated bombardment of the Divine Sun Palace.

The Fushen Clan synergized well with the Ninedragon Army. They formed small groups of five with a Fushen Clan member as the leader, weaving in between the wargodeans to avoid direct confrontations. Instead, they led them into swamps filled with poison before engaging them. Tianming and Fushen Gongyi had decided on that tactic before the battle had even started. They were to disperse, bait, and kill! Other factors aside, the sheer fact that they had sixty million troops meant there were always bound to be those who fell straight into the muddy swamps, only to be greeted by angry Fushen Clan members who fought like vengeful swamp demons, all wielding some variant of a curved blade to cut off the heads of wargodeans and totemancers alike as the toxins corroded their enemy.

"I didn't think that the advantage offered by terrain would allow the Fushen Clan to perform this well!" Tianming felt thankful that he had trusted Fushen Gongyi and gone with his strategy. They were quite the cunning people, with ruthless methods to dispatch their enemies and the patience to wait for the right moment. They would doubtless be terrifying enemies to have, but it was just as reassuring to have them as allies. While the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb had brought forty million troops, far more than the number of Fushen Clan troops, Tianming had still let them take the lead.

"On the one hand, we have ruthless and cunning people that fight without surrendering, opting to sacrifice themselves rather than retreat before the celestial orderians. On the other hand, the so-called righteous wargodeans stooped low to lick the feet of the celestial orderians like dogs," someone said.

"Good and evil really isn't that easy to determine. If it were you, would you side with the gloomy and underhanded Fushen Clan or the wargodeans?"

The lack of an answer itself proved the questioner right.

"Brothers, listen to my instructions: we should retreat in that direction."

"Dammit, friends, swarm him and cut his face off!"

"Fucking hell, this bastard's blood stinks! Hahaha!"

Nonstop slaughter was present all across every corner of the formation. The battle was now at its climax. The heavy assault of the Fushens had long scattered the sixty million troops from the Divine Sun Palace and was turning the battle in the Fushens' favor. Even Tianming had underestimated how savage and stubborn they could be. They were used to hiding in the wilderness, giving them a huge advantage over the enemy, whom they toyed with like fools. That just went to show how important the battlefield itself was. Had they been fighting on flat and open ground, the ten million Fushens would never be able to show so much prowess. Not to mention, the mounted wargodean cavalry could easily steamroll them. But here, even the strongest mounts would have trouble inside swamps. Once their legs broke, insects could just swarm them.

The piercing sound of the flutes signaled that the Fushens still controlled the battlefield and were fighting fiercer and fiercer. The army from the Divine Sun Palace was suffering from a nightmare before the next blast even came. If they kept fighting despite that, they would no doubt suffer heavy casualties. The wargodeans and totemancers could only use abilities and totemic calamities to scatter the toxins

around them and crack the swamps to make a wider area for them to congregate in. Only when they had each other's backs would they be able to prevent the Fushens from driving them into the swamps. Flashes of abilities and totemic calamities illuminated the battlefield; however, the troops of the Myriad Solar Sects didn't fear such abilities. In fact, they were even more proficient in them.

Blood, severed heads, and limbs, as well as lifebound beast carcasses, could be seen everywhere. Thanks to the Mystic Bloodtoxin, the battlefield hadn't been stained red with blood. Instead, the toxin turned the blood green. Pools of green formed within the formation, forming yet another toxic trap that kept spreading the toxin to the enemies, who didn't have antidotes. Everyone on the battlefield was intoxicated in one way or another, and the longer they stayed that way, the worse it would be for them. The Nonacrypt Fushen Formation was especially effective against the elites, greatly boosting the might of the Fushens. The blood of the dead only made the toxins more potent.

Tianming watched it all with his heart beating faster and faster. Thankfully, the Myriad Solar Sects aren't going against the Fushen Clan. They were terrifyingly powerful at resisting. Tianming had never seen a group of people as fierce as them. Every one of those incredibly slender and gloomy fellows were sinister and merciless.

While both sides suffered casualties, the Myriad Solar Sects were faring much better. Even so, the Divine Sun Palace was still in the game and the sun emperor was still the greatest threat. Once more, the golden head brightly glowed and sent another blast of Divine Wrath to pierce the darkness. A flaming golden pillar fell from the sky and smashed against the top of the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation with full fury and brilliant force! The sun emperor had warned his troops not to approach the area he would attack in advance. That was the core of the formation, where the three hundred million gods who supported it were located. The blast was even more damaging than all that came before.

That instant, the flute notes grew many times louder. "Attention, everyone!"

The sharp sound represented the fighting spirit of the Fushens. They grit their teeth under the solar radiance and used all the power in their bodies to shift the defenses of the formation to the very top, forming a gigantic black metallic barrier that blocked the blast.

Chapter 1817 - Before Extermination

This time, the blast was more powerful than before. As the fiery light illuminated Fushen Valley, it turned as bright as daytime. The warriors' faces turned deathly pale. As the terrifying power swept across the valley, the earth shook and the mountains toppled, burying numerous lifebound beasts and insects. Fissures in the ground greatly affected the three hundred million gods. Many were crushed to death by the falling rocks, while buildings and formations were destroyed. In the dark, it was as if the end of the world had arrived. The chaos interrupted the Fushen Clan's flutes for at least ten breaths. The enormous flame pillar and golden head had finally torn at their defenses and planted the fear of annihilation in their hearts.

This was war—fighting on the ground and explosions in the sky! Blood, tears, pain, and fear filled their hearts. The sun emperor towered above all like an ancient god in control of everything. Without the fifty million elites wielding the power of the formation, the Divine Sun Palace's fifty-sixth Divine Wrath rocked the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation, alarming the Fushen Clan and Imperial Tomb Army. Even if they were to decimate the Divine Palace Army on the ground, the Divine Sun Palace in the sky would still

destroy the formation and negate any advantage they gained. With the boost in morale, the Divine Palace Army could launch a counterattack and slaughter the Fushen Clan.

It was the most frightening, most dangerous moment. The shadow of death and extermination of their clan hung over them like a cloud. Like a fiery dagger, it pierced their hearts. The fear and pain was enough to send them spiraling down a dark path and lose all hope. The golden head in the sky had become their nightmare. Amidst the silence, the sound of heavy breathing filled the battlefield. With dry mouths and pale faces, they heaved deep breaths to ease the fear inside. This latest attack had hammered at their hearts.

However, Tianming was soon moved to tears as the sound of a flute picked up once more. In an instant, the flutes sounded one after another like sparks that lit a prairie fire, setting their hearts ablaze. With all their strength, every member of the Fushen Clan played the ear-piercing tune. They wanted to tell their enemy that they weren't afraid of death; they weren't about to surrender!

"Do you hear that?!" Fushen Gongyi's hoarse voice filled the sky. "They want to destroy our clan. They want to kill us all! What gives them the right? Just because they've become running dogs for those stronger than us? Does that give them the right to decide the life and death of millions and exterminate an entire clan?" Throwing his head back, Fushen Gongyi roared with laughter. Like a madman, he jumped up and down among the crowd.

"Come on then!" As he shouted, his expression turned vicious. "Young ones! Children! Brothers! My fellow compatriots! Let's show them how ruthless we are. We'll give them a fight to the death! If we don't want our corpses to fill the valley, if we don't want our legacy to end in this generation, if we don't want to turn into ashes and disappear from the face of the sun, if we want our bloodline to continue—" Taking a deep breath, he played the flute. Then, using all his strength, he let out an ear-splitting roar of fury. "Kill! Kill them all! We'll fight to the very last drop of blood in our bodies. The Fushen Clan may come to an end, but before that I want every wargodean dead! I want their families destroyed, their race obliterated!" Face red, he exhausted all his strength playing the flute. The sound of the flute was even louder than the Divine Wrath, like a curved blade tearing a hole in the darkness.

Tianming was amazed. The scene weighed heavy on his heart. The Fushen Clan's passion inspired the Imperial Tomb Army, infecting them with the same emotion. Even if they were to die, they wouldn't have any regrets fighting on behalf of such a clan. Tianming got Lan Huang to help. When the sound of the flute was the loudest, he turned to the others and roared. "We have a chance at victory! The Divine Sun Palace can only launch an attack in the time it takes for a hundred breaths. All we have to do is anticipate its attack and prepare in advance. We have an opportunity to pulverize them in the interval between two attacks. We'll see if they die or the formation falls first!" A hundred breaths! That was enough time. With their current advantage on the ground, Tianming believed they had more than a fifty percent chance of victory, perhaps even sixty percent considering their uncontrollable rage.

"Sun Emperor, you may be meticulous, but at the end of the day, you're still too cocky. You think the celestial orderians are the only ones meant to dominate! You may be the race of the imperials, but can you predict how strong a clan's fighting spirit is in the face of extermination?"

By mingling with those at the bottom and connecting to their hearts through Omnisentient Threads, Tianming deeply understood that all life was worthy of respect, what more a clan that ranked seventh

on the myriad sect ranking. Enemies had come to exterminate the Fushen Clan in their own territory. The latter didn't have the option of surrendering or retreating; they were forced to kill to survive. How powerful an opponent would they be? Although the celestial orderians didn't know the answer, Tianming could see it in their eyes and hear it in the sound of the flutes.

He was about to go mad, but even so, he was still calmer than Fushen Gongyi. He was the trigger for the Fushen Clan's rage, while Tianming gave them reason. The interval between the Divine Sun Palace's Divine Wrath was an opportunity to slaughter them.

Chapter 1818 - Send Him To Hell

Anger, hatred, and the desire for survival had set the Fushen Clan on the path of death. There was only one word left in their head: kill! If they could take advantage of the time it took the next Divine Wrath to be fired, their clan might survive. Who wanted to die? But as elites of the clan, they had already prepared themselves for death in hopes of exchanging their lives for the survival of their wives, children, and descendants. On the other hand, the wargodean and celestial orderians were still immersed in the joy of serving the sun emperor and were even prepared to attack the Frostsoul Imperium after defeating the Fushen Clan. The wills of intruders and fighters willing to sacrifice themselves would never be the same. If the situation was reversed, the soul of the celestial orderians would be more terrifying than that of the Fushen Clan today.

"Invasion is a crime worthy of death!" Slaughtering an entire clan was a sin that defied the heavenly dao. "Those without morals must die!" There wasn't much time until the Divine Wrath. Just after Tianming spoke, the Fushen Clan led by Fushen Gongyi and the Imperial Tomb Army launched a frenzied attack during this interval. The highly poisonous fog and insects, the Fushen Clan who were prepared to die, and the calm Imperial Tomb Army charged toward the enemy. The sound of the flutes covered up everything—their enemies' dying cries, the dull thud their corpses made as they hit the ground, and the horrifying sound of flesh being torn by the insects' sharp claws and teeth. This time, their attack was ten times fiercer than before. At this moment, many celestial orderians recalled their miserable defeat in the Myriadragon Mountains.

"Although they weren't part of that battle, the fact that millions of their people have perished has already shaken their souls and made them deeply aware that, in fact, they aren't the most powerful race on the sun!"

Green blood surged, forming a river that rushed toward their enemies.

"These ugly bugs have gone mad!"

"They don't want to live anymore."

"It's just a futile struggle before death. The more ruthless they are on the outside, the more they despair inside. The last Divine Wrath definitely frightened them."

"What a useless bunch. According to our ancestors, the Fushen Clan are the ones who made them suffer!"

The wargodeans had yet to realize the seriousness of the matter. It wasn't until they actually fought and came face to face with those fiery green eyes that a trace of fear appeared in their hearts.

"Is it necessary? You want to fight me at this level?"

They were happy at first, but soon horrified.

Extermination of the clan. A hundred breaths. With only those thoughts in mind, every Fushen transformed into a demon on the battlefield. Leading their allies from the Myriad Solar Sects, they slaughtered their opponents one by one. The battle reached a climax. Countless lives perished as caeli soared into the sky, yet their screams were drowned out by the resounding notes of the flutes. The Fushen Clan wouldn't stop killing as long as the flutes remained playing. The ear-splitting tune was proof that they were still alive.

"Kill!!!"

The roars of the Divine Palace Army were immediately swallowed up by the sound of flutes. Taking advantage of the environment, the Fushens dragged their enemies into traps and sliced their throats. Their enemies were beheaded regardless of gender or beauty. Could they still be considered beauties without their heads? In the face of destruction, beauty had lost all meaning. Killing was all that remained. Only by killing could they live and see a flourishing Fushen Clan. If they continued killing, they would see the celestial orderians suffer a more miserable defeat than the battle in the Myriadragon Mountains. With their previous experience, the Imperial Tomb Army had become the object of the Fushen Clan's admiration. Having them by their side gave them the courage to fight to the death. Before the battle, no one could have imagined that the Fushen Clan would dominate the fight, while the wargodeans who were supposed to attack and clear the way perished in the jungle.

"I'm starting the countdown. Everyone, get ready!" Lan Huang's Primordial Soundwave was loud enough to allow Tianming's voice to transmit over the tragic cries and blaring flute.

"Ten, nine, eight...." Tianming counted as he killed. When he got to eight, the Divine Sun Palace had powered up and the golden head was shining once more. However, his countdown had prepared the gods. Unlike the sudden attack before, this time they were prepared.

"Three, two, one!" Under Tianming's orders, the formation grew stronger. When the Divine Wrath was unleashed, the ground shook, but they remained steady. That was the power of the masses, the courage of a unified force. The last Divine Wrath had almost crushed their morale. But even if the formation and Fushen Valley were still severely impacted, the gods regained their confidence.

"We did it! We have more time to kill them! Show no mercy!" Tianming's words gave them yet another boost in confidence. With his identity, his words and judgment could bring hope to them, whether they were true or not. As long as there was hope, they had something to work toward, not just death. However, his prominent position came with a certain risk. As soon as Lan Huang spoke, numerous elites targeted Tianming, but there was only one man he was afraid of: the sun emperor. If the sun emperor were to enter the battlefield, no one could stop him. In spite of that, it was impossible for one person to kill Tianming, who was surrounded by thousands of warriors. He could definitely avoid battle. Only the sun emperor could control the Divine Sun Palace, and without the Divine Wrath, there was little he could do to stop the fall of the Divine Palace Army. To destroy the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation, the sun emperor had to remain on the astralship.

As a result, almost no one could kill Tianming on the battlefield. He wasn't invincible; after all, most of the thirty million Omnisentient Threads were connected to those back in the Myriadragon Mountains. Those present weren't enough to make him invincible. But as the soul of the battlefield, his presence gave the Divine Palace Army a headache. Tianming didn't stay fixed in one place, either. With Yin Chen, he could zoom in on the position of elites like the Warlord and Deluge Emperor. Although they wanted to slay Tianming, he could easily avoid them. Meanwhile, there was only one end for the other celestial orderian elites who encountered Tianming. Even ninth-level solarians would perish at his hands. Every violent death boosted the morale of the Fushen Clan and the Imperial Tomb Army.

I can't dominate the battlefield with my combat power alone. But given my age and the fact that I'm a decabane, as well as my identity as the first alliance leader, these people go wild every time they watch me defeat the top celestial orderian elites, which increases my Omnisentient Threads. The Imperial Tomb Army was closest to him, but among them, only those from Azurecloud were true believers. If they could all become fanatical believers, Tianming's combat power would immensely increase if he kept them with him.

"Becoming a worthy king requires skills!" Tianming slashed another wargodean to death, drawing more cheers. "Yin Chen, locate Li Tianyi. I'm going to send him to hell before the next Divine Wrath!" Filled with killing intent, Tianming replaced the Grand-Orient Sword with the Godsin. The celestial orderian's grand prince, the head of the Tianyi, Tribulator, and Godblade Armies. His strength is second only to the Warlord and Deluge Emperor. He should be enough. The main reason he had that idea was because Li Tianyi had tried to kill him. With Yin Chen's abilities, Tianming was able to ensure a certain distance with every top elite on the battlefield. So why couldn't he kill Li Tianyi?

Li Tianyi is a tenth-level solarian, which means he's as strong as Aunt Ying. Isn't that reckless? It would be difficult for Tianming, a third-level solarian, to take down Li Tianyi with his strength alone. He would be risking his life. However, he now had thirty million believers to support him. He had even managed to resist the Northdipper Swordsage on Great Saintdragon Peak.

There were at least hundreds of millions of Yin Chens on this battlefield, thanks to the Fushen Clan's contribution of metal ores. At the moment, Yin Chen's abilities were in full effect. With its eyes, Tianming locked onto the position of Li Tianyi, as well as several other top elites. After confirming that they weren't anywhere near Li Tianyi, Tianming disappeared into the darkness with the Nonacrypt Elders. They were the nine elders of the Fushen Clan, all of whom were ninth-level solarians except for one, who was a tenth-level solarian. Fushen Gongyi had specifically assigned them to protect Tianming and it was hard to decline his kindness. Tianming also needed them to clear those around Li Tianyi. As the general, Li Tianyi would be surrounded by elites.

"This way!" With Yin Chen's eyes, Tianming could easily locate Li Tianyi, who was deep in the Imperial Tomb Army with a squad of about a hundred elites, slaughtering wherever they went. Stimulated by the sun emperor's words, Li Tianyi had burst into violence on the battlefield. Perhaps only the blood of the Imperial Tomb Army could quell his anger and resentment.

Chapter 1819 - Kill

"Die!" The previous Divine Wrath had given the celestial orderians great confidence, and Li Tianyi had become extremely impatient. Like the Warlord and Deluge Emperor, he wanted to make contributions.

"I didn't think the Fushen Clan would be so difficult to deal with!"

"General Yi, I think Li Tianming is key to breaking them. As long as we capture or kill him, our opponents will collapse."

"That way we'll be the ones with the greatest contribution in this battle."

"Commander Yi, Li Tianming's voice came from that direction!" The generals around him cleared the way.

"Isn't it obvious?!" Li Tianyi retorted, still agonizing over the sun emperor's words.

"Li Tianming!" Their names were only a character apart. As the eldest son of the sun emperor, the only advantage that he had over Tianming was his age, which was more than ten times Tianming's. "I could kill him even in my dreams. I'll avenge my brother," Li Tianyi said.

The generals who were familiar with him only believed the first half of his words. However, they were soon stunned, rubbing their eyes for fear they had made a mistake. In the midst of battle, a group of people suddenly appeared in front of them. Everyone on the sun would recognize the white-haired young man in the center; he was extremely conspicuous.

"It's him!"

"What a coincidence. He's delivered himself!"

"Hurry up, Commander Yi! Don't let him slip away!"

Overjoyed, the general reacted faster than Li Tianyi, immediately making his way over.

"Deal with the Nonacrypt Elders. I'll take him down." Li Tianyi's heart was wildly pounding. He tried to calm himself down, but couldn't, because of the sun emperor's words. "Father, I hope you'll change what you think of me when I return with his head..." With a low roar, Li Tianyi flew past the others, chasing after Tianming like a madman.

Tianming was no fool. Instead of fighting the man, he acted as if he had no such intention so that Li Tianyi wouldn't escape. Upon crossing paths with Li Tianyi, Tianming turned around and left, giving the illusion of weakness.

"Die!!" The generals around Li Tianyi forced the Nonacrypt Elders aside, allowing the grand prince to charge right in with his sword and aim for Tianming's head.

"Protect the Imperialdragon Princeps!" Seeing Tianming in danger, the elders immediately rushed to protect him. Li Tianyi's party chased while Tianming pretended to escape. Almost instantly, Li Tianyi caught up to his prey.

"Die, you universe-class monster!" Eight totems erupted from his body, similar to zhurong firegods and Li Haochen's totems. The power of a tenth-level solarian exploded, shaking the sky and earth, creating a sea of fire that seemed to engulf Tianming. Just as the Imperial Tomb Army began despairing, Tianming turned around, gold and black light bursting from his eyes. The Godsin had absorbed seven different types of grade-eight divine hazards and the power of thirty million believers flooded his body, spreading to his bane-rings. The decapath era godswords surged with terrifying power several times as great as

before. At that moment, Tianming transformed from an ordinary powerhouse to a top elite of the sun with the bearing of an emperor. As the power of Tianming's believers rose, Li Tianyi seemed to see thirty million souls behind him. He was dumbfounded.

"You and your siblings were born to be slaughtered by me. Got that?" Tianming smiled grimly, unleashing the Sevendragon Tribulation with the Godsins and his totems. The most complex fusion strike, combined with the power of the totems and Omniscient Threads, shot toward Li Tianyi. Never in his wildest dreams could Li Tianyi have imagined such a turn of events. He didn't have the time to react, all he could do was match Tianming move for move. His fiery totems roared, spewing red-hot flames, their attack similar to the Divine Wrath. But to Li Tianyi's utter surprise, an enormous white tower appeared in front of him. Colliding with Tianming's prime wonder, the sun emperor's son's totemic calamity sent it flying away.

But in an instant, Tianming's totems swept toward Li Tianyi like a stormy sea of swords. The decapath era godswords pierced his totems, which immediately collapsed due to the terrifying power. At the exact moment the totems and Godsins struck, Li Tianyi's entire body below the neck turned into ashes, engulfed by the shadow of the swords. The generals behind him died tragically.

"You...." Li Tianyi's head didn't fall to the ground. At the exact moment his body turned to dust, Tianming grabbed his head by its long hair and lifted it. Eyes wide, Li Tianyi stared at his non-existent body in fear, then looked at Tianming with despair.

"What about me?" Tianming asked calmly. Li Tianyi's face became completely stiff. Amidst his struggle, he lost consciousness and died in despair. Chuckling, Tianming swept his gaze across the battlefield. Many had witnessed his feat and were shaken. Tossing Li Tianyi's severed head into the sky, Tianming waved his sword and stabbed it. "Li Tianyi is dead. Keep going!"

There was a familiar feeling; the Imperial Tomb Army could feel Tianming's Imperial Will at this historical moment. When they truly regarded Tianming as their unique mental support, the Omniscient Threads linked to them were completely connected to his Imperial Will. Although he shared a special bond with the Imperial Tomb Army, they needed to witness his triumph with their own eyes. And here he was! He would never disappoint them.

Tianming kept going as they watched him with fiery gazes. "Yin Chen, let's move on to the next one!"

"Ok."

The sun emperor was occupied with breaking the formation, while the Divine Palace Army fought to make meritorious contributions. Tianming could easily repeat the same trick. On this chaotic battlefield, transmission stones would be destroyed, leaving Yin Chen as the only reliable form of communication.

"Li Mumu of the Tribulation Army!" Locking onto his position, Tianming played the same trick, pretending to escape. Although he was eager for an achievement, Li Mumu was more careful than Li Tianyi.

But he couldn't hide from Tianming's pursuit even if he tried.

Chapter 1820 - The Gigantic Beast in Battle

Under everyone's terrified gazes, Tianming rushed into the crowd with Lan Huang clearing the way. As soon as he caught up to Li Mumu, he began hacking away with his sword. Yin Chen's ability was

terrifying on the battlefield. So far, the enemy had yet to figure out its true essence. After all, Yin Chen was a Primordial Chaos Beast that no one had ever come into contact with. Otherwise it would be difficult for Tianming to lock on to a target in this chaotic battlefield. He would also be at risk of being surrounded and killed. While everyone was fighting in this hell on earth, not even the sun emperor could know that he had lost two generals.

"I can sense that I've gained more than a million new believers after killing Li Tianyi. Killing Li Mumu will be easier." Most of the Imperial Tomb Army were at least fourth-level constellers and above. If he could gain their faith, the strength of forty million of them could rival four hundred million from Violetglory. Tianming was even more determined to strike his target.

"On to the next one!" Tianming hid in the darkness with the Nonacrypt Elders, slipping through the thick fog, across the mountain of corpses, and through the sea of blood to find his next prey. "Situ Yin!" It seemed that Tianming was having some good luck. Just a while ago, Situ Yin had been fighting alongside the Tumulus Pill God. It would have been difficult for Tianming to deal with both of them, but the two had just separated and headed in different directions. Tianming waited for the Tumulus Pill God to move further away for fear he would alert him. After all, the man was his next target.

Situ Yin had formed a squad that was responsible for clearing the way for him. With his powerful totems, he broke through the Fushen Clan's defense. Wherever he went, corpses fell to the ground.

"General Situ, General Yi was killed by Li Tianming!"

"What?" Situ Yin was taken aback, his expression drastically changing. "How's that possible? He isn't weak."

At that moment, Tianming appeared in front of him with nine elders.

"So he planned to kill Li Tianyi, and now he's here. It seems he was looking for me!" Situ Yin reacted at once. With tens of thousands of warriors from the Godblade Army by his side, his group was by no means weak. "His Solar Majesty said that he has eyes everywhere!" With that in mind, Situ Yin gave his command: "Come with me. We'll kill Li Tianming!" He didn't try to escape, like Li Mumu, but gathered those around him and charged for Tianming.

But although he had help, so did Tianming. "Come on then!" Even without his command, tens of thousands of warriors quickly gathered behind him.

The largest lifebound beast on the sun, the Primordial Terraqua Dragon, appeared in front of them with its Primordial Swords extended. On Tianming's left was a fiery phoenix, on his right was the Regal Chaosfiend, and atop his head were his totems and the prime wonder. Not to mention, tens of thousands of dragon beastmasters stood behind him.

His cards were amazing.

"Imperialdragon Princeps!"

Tianming, the object of their faith, faced a shaken Situ Yan. Although they both had support, Tianming's sovereign beasts were terrifying, as the power of his believers was linked to the pandemonium sacrosun. Lan Huang was already an unstoppable killing machine on the battlefield. As soon as it charged for the kill, thousands of corpses would drop from its body.

In Tianming's hand was the Grand-Orient Sword. "Crush them!" Led by Lan Huang, the beastmasters came face to face with the enemy. Although they were equal in numbers, Lan Huang's movements shook the earth. A most terrifying scene occurred right before their eyes as the dragon swept across the battlefield, followed by thousands of others.

Ying Huo attacked with an explosion of nova source, the fiery power it had built up blasting the enemy as Meow Meow crushed them with its Triworld Afterlife Halls. In an instant, there was chaos. With a loud roar, Lan Huang bulldozed its way through the battlefield, countless mutilated corpses stuck on its claws. What a violent picture indeed. And what about the Godblade Army? In front of Lan Huang, they were all minced flesh. Its transformation was terrifying. Boosted by Tianming's Omniscient Threads, Lan Huang was a veritable monster on the battlefield.

"Can you run?" Quickly catching up to Situ Yin, Tianming beheaded him and hung the severed head on Lan Huang's Primordial Sword. "Celestial orderian? Godblader? What about it? Dead in a single blow!" As soon as he shouted that, the Imperial Tomb Army roared and the number of his Omniscient Threads soared. The deaths of Li Tianyi, Li Mumu, and Situ Yin quickly spread by word of mouth.

"Tumulus has... escaped. Will... you go... after him?" Yin Chen asked.

Tianming's sensational deeds had shaken the entire battlefield, frightening many people. "It's time for the next countdown!" Tianming took a deep breath. This would be the eighth Divine Wrath since the Divine Palace Army entered the valley. Just by observing, Tianming estimated that Divine Sun Palace had about ten attacks remaining. The battle was at a critical point and the news had finally reached all three hundred million gods. Everyone was talking about it, so it couldn't be a rumor.

With Lan Huang's help, he began the countdown, leading the Fushen Clan in their fight against the eighth Divine Wrath. Heaven and Earth shook as flames spread through the valley.

"We did it!" Tianming broke into laughter, as did Lan Huang. Their joy was motivation for all. There were now ten million more Omniscient Threads from the Imperial Tomb Army and power surged within him. At that moment, he calmed down instead.

We'll have to face the Divine Wrath ten more times. Defeating the army on the ground will decide whether or not we can hold on. The news that I've slaughtered three of their generals has spread all across the battlefield. Perhaps it's even reached the sun emperor's ears. How will he react? Whatever his reaction is, there's something else I must do. Now that all three generals are dead, their armies are close to collapsing, supported only by Blueblood Starocean and the wargodeans. If I send the Deluge Emperor and Warlord to hell before the sun emperor reacts, their deaths will cripple the armies' morale and speed up our victory on the ground. They'll die by the millions. All we have to do is slaughter the entire Divine Palace Army. Even if the formation falls, what can a mere sun emperor do? The Divine Sun Palace's miniaturized nova source is almost completely depleted. Tianming already knew exactly what he must do. An hour ago, he didn't dare fight the Warlord or Deluge Emperor, but now, with the power of millions of believers on site and nearly thirty million more in the Myriadragon Mountains, he had no fear of those two opponents.

"The Deluge Emperor was the one that ruined Jiang Qingliu's bright future, while the Warlord is a beastmaster who kneels and flatters the sun emperor...." Red-hot fury smoldered in his gold and black eyes. He looked up at the golden head in the sky and sneered, "Sun emperor, have you grown conceited

and gotten used to crushing others with your overwhelming strength? Do you finally see the Fushen Clan for what they are?"

The sun emperor had thought he could destroy the formation while the well-trained Divine Palace Army restrained the Imperial Tomb Army. He hadn't even stopped to consider that his army of sixty million could be defeated in the Fushen Clan's territory. Merit, glory, and wealth kept the warriors of the Divine Palace Army going, but what fueled the Fushen Clan and the Imperial Tomb Army was survival, dignity, and the threat of extermination.

"Those who treat human life like ants will eventually become an insignificant ant in the long river of time." Taking a deep breath, Tianming began his path of slaughter in a race against time. From that moment on, no one could escape his sword. Unless the sun emperor could come up with something to threaten him, Tianming believed they had an eighty percent chance of victory.