

The Ages 1821

Chapter 1821 - Heaven Is Dead

The sun emperor had to continuously attack to overwhelm the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation. If the Divine Wrath were to be spaced out over time, the formation would immediately begin repairing itself, and all three hundred million gods would have time to rest. Then all of his previous efforts would be for nothing; there was no way the sun emperor would stop. However, that also gave Tianming an opportunity to demonstrate his power within the formation. Otherwise, he would have to hide. But even now, he wasn't sure of victory. They were still on the edge between life and death.

If we want an advantage over the celestial orderians, we must create an opportunity to hit their armies hard. At the moment, it still wasn't enough. The Fushen Clan and Imperial Tomb Army are doing their best. I must slay their generals. Apart from boosting our morale, it'll also disturb their chain of command and increase my Omniscient Threads!

"Yin Chen!"

They were running out of time. The Divine Sun Palace is extremely powerful. The formation and three hundred million gods are on the verge of collapse. Every blow from the astralship could completely destroy Fushen Valley, which is home to more than a hundred million ordinary folk. The tragedy that had befallen the Windheed Pavilion was a nightmare for Tianming. He didn't want to go through that again.

"Found them!" Yin Chen replied. Tianming had asked Yin Chen to look for the Tumulus Pill God, Deluge Emperor, and Warlord. With the information provided by Yin Chen, Tianming now knew their exact positions. At present, the wargodeans and Blueblood Starocean combined are harder to deal with than the celestial orderian armies. Not only are they more familiar with the Fushen Clan, the Deluge Emperor and Warlord's presence is also a key factor. It'll be hard for us to gain an advantage over our enemies on the ground if I can't take these two down!

The Deluge Emperor was cautious. After hearing about what happened to Li Tianyi, he refused to fight someone as favored by the heavens as Tianming. Because the Fushen Clan's persistence and resilience was rather unexpected, he chose to play it safe. Instead of glory, he sought to protect himself. It would be difficult to deal with the Deluge Emperor, who had surrounded himself with more than a hundred thousand elites like an impenetrable fortress. His methods showed how cautious he was. Many were still skeptical after hearing about Li Tianyi's death.

"I can't do anything if he protects himself like this." Tianming could only turn his attention to the more powerful Warlord. In the battle against the Fushen Clan, the wargodeans, who were beastmasters, had to work harder than the bluebloods. However, with their understanding of the Fushen Clan, advance preparations, and ways to resist poison, the wargodeans hadn't suffered heavy casualties. After the first wave of deadly poison attacks, they had managed to stabilize themselves under the leadership of the Warlord. Instead of retreating and relying heavily on defense, like the bluebloods, they adopted an offensive strategy, fighting in the front lines. The goal was obvious—break into the formation and face the three hundred million gods. If they were successful, they would have made great contributions in this battle. Combined with the Divine Wrath from the sky, the Fushen Clan would collapse.

The wargodeans never lacked bravery.

"The Deluge Emperor refuses to fight me. The Warlord is also surrounded by many elites, but I have a way to make him face me. Bring me to the Tumulus Pill God!" Tianming said to Yin Chen and the elders.

"He's moving... toward the... Warlord Warlord!"

"Hurry up!" If the Tumulus Pill God were to join the Warlord, Tianming wouldn't be able to seize the upper hand. He flew across the bloody battlefield, leaving the nine elders behind. "Meow Meow!" As soon as the gigantic beast appeared beside him, Tianming climbed onto its back and Meow Meow burst into lightning speed with the boost from the Omniscient Threads. The crackle of lightning resounded as black and white bolts struck the wargodeans, splitting apart their bodies. The power of Tianming's believers had transformed his lifebound beasts into the ultimate titans on the battlefield. Although Xian Xian was close to the formation nucleus, its roots and branches had extended across a large area of the battlefield. With just the Evernight Curse, many of their opponents were fighting among themselves.

"Over there!" Tianming and Meow Meow quickly locked onto the Tumulus Pill God. He was familiar with this elder, who had caused so much trouble in Azurecloud. Extremely powerful in his younger days, he was the Warlord's respected master. Despite the passage of time, the old man could still kill, thanks to the pills he made. If it weren't for the significance of this battle, he wouldn't have entered the battlefield; after all, he was their spiritual pillar. News of Tianming's feats had spread everywhere. The Tumulus Pill God, who had just been fighting side by side with Situ Yin, felt his heart tremble as he rushed toward the Warlord.

Lightning flashed behind him. "Be careful, Mu Shen!!" the wargodean elites shouted.

He turned around in shock, only to come face to face with a scene that made him tremble. An enormous lightning beast was emerging from the thick fog. On its head stood a young man with long white hair with a gold and black sword in his hand. His beastlike left arm heightened the visual impact. In the blink of an eye, the young man appeared right in front of him. Man and beast tore apart dozens of wargodeans and any lifebound beasts who stood in their way. They were unstoppable. Gone was his memory of the young man from a few years ago.

How can a young man change so much in a few years? Could this be the will of the heavens? Perhaps the celestial orderians have run out of luck and a new force will dominate the sun.... The thought made the Tumulus Pill God tremble. Face pale, his hands shook so hard he couldn't even lift his weapon.

"Don't resist. You'll only die tired." Following the young man's cold words, another sword appeared in his hand. It was a divine artifact that was as thin as a cicada's wings. As far as the Tumulus Pill God was concerned, that grade-nine divine artifact, which couldn't be found on the sun, was more terrifying than the Grand-Orient Sword. Just as Tianming spoke, the Godsins transformed into a bladed chain that stretched several hundred meters, wrapping itself around the Tumulus Pill God from head to toe. With the sharpness of the blades and the lethality of the Galactic Godsins, his life was now in Tianming's hands. As long as Tianming wanted to, he could pulverize Mu Shen.

"You aren't going to kill me? What are you planning?" Mu Shen was shocked. He was ready to die and had never expected he would be used. What made him powerless was the fact that Tianming entirely ignored him. Climbing onto Meow Meow's back, he dragged Mu Shen up with one hand and cleared a

path with the Grand-Orient Sword with his other. More than a thousand wargodean warriors tried blocking him with their lifebound beasts, but it didn't matter. The ferocious golden lions and apes were ripped apart, their blood dyeing the battlefield red. Wherever the black and white lightning struck, a large area would be burnt to a crisp.

"Find the Warlord!" Not only did Tianming possess countless eyes on the battlefield, he also had the support of more than forty million believers; he was invincible. Deep in the enemy's camp, there were countless opponents staring at him. On his way to the Warlord, he was faced with more than a hundred thousand opponents. They roared with anger, their eyes red as they watched Tianming dragging the Tumulus Pill God across the battlefield. It was something they couldn't tolerate.

"Kill him!"

"Slaughter him!"

"Whoever kills Li Tianming will become tonight's biggest hero!" What they'd originally assumed would be an easy, casualty-free battle had turned out to be something else entirely due to the Fushen Clan's fighting spirit and the unbeatable Tianming.

"Stop him!"

As more people tried stopping the white-haired youth, more of them perished. With so many intercepting them, Meow Meow found it impossible to move fast. Thus, Tianming switched to Lan Huang instead. Ying Huo and Meow Meow each occupied one of its dragon heads. Shrinking themselves, the two unleashed their abilities like cannons on top of the two-headed dragon. If it were an astralship, its firepower would be just as destructive.

"Anyone that comes will die! Charge!"

Chapter 1822 - The Wargodean's Shield

Tianming only needed to use the power of his believers as his pandemonium and cyclic sacrosuns acted as a medium to transfer an unending stream of power to Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang, transforming them into an ultimate war machine much like Ye Chen's lifebound beasts. For their enemies, it was the birth of a nightmare.

The main part of the nightmare was a two-headed dragon that was covered in gigantic swords like a hedgehog. Its weight and the toughness of its flesh were unparalleled in this world. With its nine kui seas spinning, mountains and rocks alike shattered under its impact. There were two strange little beasts hidden atop its dragon heads, a yellow chicken that spewed fire and a cat that unleashed lightning. Despite their sizes, the lethality of their abilities was second to none—especially the little black cat, who could fit in a person's palm. Covering an area of thousands of meters, Misty Hellthunder erupted in front of Lan Huang's eyes. Lifebound beasts and totems alike were wiped out on the spot.

But Lan Huang was definitely not as fast as Meow Meow. Some chased after it, hoping to find its weakness. Unfortunately for them, Lan Huang didn't have one.

Tianming and his totems occupied the middle and rear. With the support of his believers, he formed a terrifying sea of swords that surrounded Lan Huang. Anyone of lower cultivation would essentially be turned into a hornet's nest. For ordinary warriors, such a combination was second only to an astralship

in terms of lethality. Even a beastmaster with combat power comparable to Tianming would fail to create such an effect on the battlefield, because they didn't possess Primordial Chaos Beasts. The five beasts were the best in their domains.

He shot toward the Warlord, spilling blood wherever he went. Thousands of swords, lightning bolts, and flames surrounded Lan Huang. Tianming alone broke through the wargodean defense line, entering their midst.

"Get the Imperialdragon Princes!"

A large part of the Imperial Tomb Army had become Tianming's believers—especially the generals, who had witnessed his powerful offensive. The combination of man and beast was the most terrifying in the world. As soon as Tianming tore into the enemy's defense, he was followed by dragon beastmasters, which was the best course of action. The Imperial Tomb Army could dive straight in when their enemies were scared stiff by the gigantic two-headed dragon.

"Follow him!"

The Fushens, as well as beastmasters from third- and fourth-rate sects, watched as Tianming slaughtered his way through the battlefield, an image that would be forever seared into their memory. It was a scene that made their blood boil.

More and more cultivators joined Tianming's offensive. By that point, the Divine Palace Army had adapted to their tactics and formed groups to hold the defenders off, so their efforts were less impactful than they had been earlier. The Fushens would lose any chance of an edge over their enemies on the ground if they decided to hide from their attacks and rely solely on the Divine Wrath instead. That would mean certain death for them all. At that moment, Tianming unearthed the advantages of the Imperial Tomb Army. When their enemies swarmed together, charging forward became a means of breaking their defense.

"We don't have a way out. If the enemy chooses to defend, we must put all our energy into attacking! Come with me, Imperial Tomb Army Beastmasters, kill!!!" Charging forth, Tianming realized how ferocious the beastmasters were. Hundreds of thousands had gathered behind him, forming the ultimate battalion. In their fervor, the dragons roared, bombarding the enemy with their abilities while yet more beastmasters stormed behind them. Like a spear, the army led by Tianming pierced the center of the wargodeans. Tearing into the belly of the army, Lan Huang opened up a path for those behind it.

"Defend!"

"They're in a hurry. This is our chance! They'll all be dead as long as we hold on until their formation is broken!"

"Hold your positions! Keep the formation steady!"

When the wargodeans finally reacted to the situation, the beastmasters and their sturdy golden lifebound beasts moved to the front, forming the hardest shield on this battlefield. With their strong defensive powers, each beast resembled a gold mountain. The impact of the attacks against the dazzling shield was a spectacular sight. Without another word, Tianming and the Imperial Tomb Army rocketed

toward them as Tianming launched the first wave of attacks with his Myriadsword Providence, impaling countless wargodeans.

"Here I come!" Lan Huang roared. Its Primordial Wheel exploded with devastating power and lightning speed. The earth shook and dirt fell upon Lan Huang's flesh as it grew tenfold, transforming into a rotating disc that slammed into the enemy's defense line.

Chaos descended on the wargodeans as a huge hole appeared in their defense. Their mountain-like lifebound beasts were sent flying and fissures appeared in the ground. Assuming its dragon form, Lan Huang caught the two "cannons", Ying Huo and Meow Meow, and threw its heads back in a thunderous roar. Only a battle like this could allow for a full display of its abilities. No one could stop a zealous Lan Huang. And by tearing into the wargodeans' defenses, it had also bored holes in their confidence. Few had ever witnessed such a powerful attack; it gave the wargodeans a fresh understanding of lifebound beasts. The gap was wide enough for all of the dragon beastmasters to charge right in.

"Kill!"

In the Imperial Tomb Army, the dragons' abilities were the strongest. Unlike the wargodeans, who possessed predominantly metal and gold abilities, the dragons of the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect were all-encompassing. It was the first time the top sect of the Myriad Solar Sects was involved in a confrontation of this magnitude on this battlefield. At that moment, the Imperial Tomb Army's many advantages had been brought into full play.

"Follow the Imperialdragon Princeps!"

"Kill these running dogs! Kill these bastards!"

Since the dawn of man, traitors were the most reviled. The Fushens and Imperial Tomb Army hated them to the core. Inspired by Tianming, their beacon of hope, the warriors' morale was at an all-time high, a stark contrast to the wargodeans before them, who looked at a loss. It was obvious that not every wargodean was a willing party in their betrayal. From the very start, they lacked a firm resolve. No matter how much they emphasized glory, the wargodeans couldn't face death with equanimity like the Fushens or the Imperial Tomb Army.

Favorite

Chapter 1823 - Turnaround

The Fushen Clan fought ferociously and riskily, while the Ninedragon Army focused on defense. While this generation's Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was no longer that powerful, they were still the inheritors of dragons. Their ancestral legacies and culture had infused in them a will to protect the weak. As such, they fundamentally hated this invasion. A difference in will changed everything.

Tianming could see the strength within their hearts, and was affected by it himself. As a sentimental person himself, he believed that human emotions reflected the true core of one's being. He seemed to resonate with the fallen across the entire battlefield on the level of his soul. Then he realized that they had been supporting him spiritually all along. Those who held him as their hope synchronized with him, making him a true ruler. "That's why the rate of increase in Omniscient Threads just now was far higher than when I killed Li Tianyi and the rest."

Nearly half of the forty million troops he had brought with him in the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb were already synchronizing with him. There were also some Fushens that were now incredibly loyal to him.

"I'll strike while the iron's hot!" He continued pressing Lan Huang onward. This time, he had a new target. "I'll kill the Warlord and crush the wargodeans' morale. That'll be a true breakthrough against the Divine Sun Palace's troops!"

He looked further ahead from atop Lan Huang toward the sea of gold where the wargodeans were most concentrated. The Warlord had probably heard the news and tightened his defenses with the Deluge Emperor. It would be a hundred times harder for Tianming to kill him now. At that crucial point, even the Warlord knew better than to fight Tianming himself. Leaving him to the sun emperor would be the right choice, and the Deluge Emperor probably had the same thought. The two of them were cunning seniors who had made the rational choice.

"If I want to save the Fushens and crush the enemy, I have to do much more! He has to die!" Tianming's eyes turned bloodshot as rage filled his heart. He continued paving a way with his totem swords. Ying Huo and Meow Meow's bombardment scattered flesh all over the place, and even the sturdiest of shields couldn't hold up against Lan Huang's stampede.

"Die, die!" Groups of bloody cultivators behind Tianming felt hope when they saw him advance. As long as he didn't stop, they wouldn't either! Their spirited assault completely dazzled the wargodeans. Even though they used to rank fourth on the myriad sect rankings, they were so arrogant that they didn't take the sects ranked fifth and below seriously, including the Emyrean Sword Sect. They didn't even bother with the weird xenoraces like those from the Voidsky Shrine and dreamless celestial nation. The only ones they had truly respected were the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, who had a powerful legacy and long history. And now, a youth from that very sect riding a two-headed dragon had immediately made them recall the battle at the Myriaddragon Mountains. It had been a shocking grand battle of an unprecedented scale that saw the deaths of countless celestial orderians.

"We of the Ninedragon Army dare to kill the celestial orderians, so why should we be afraid of killing their dogs?!" The army shared a sense of pride, thanks to their previous military accomplishments, which made them fearless in the fight against the wargodeans, who witnessed all that was happening.

"Where's the Tianyi Army and Tribulator Army? Why's nobody backing us up?!" Confusion was mounting.

"What about the sun emperor's Divine Wrath?" In their moment of confusion, a beam from the Divine Sun Palace above came down to save them, lighting up the entire place. A shocking rumbling suppressed the flutes of the Fushen Clan.

Not even Tianming could hear himself at that moment. He knew that the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation was already pushed to its very limit. Xian Xian told him that many of the three hundred million people were no longer able to endure the pressure and had fainted. They had already given their all to protect their homes.

The blast even seemed to shatter Tianming's own organs. Right as the wargodeans were about to crumble, the sun emperor had given them new hope. They roared impassionately as the golden blast came raining down on the formation, turning into a storm of fire.

"Their formation is about to collapse! We only need one more push! Wargodean brothers, it's the last wave! We have to endure! After that, victory will be ours!" the Warlord said.

Tianming heard the booming voice. He turned and looked at the golden giant in the crowd with his two dense rows of ears. Even with a hundred thousand people protecting him, Tianming still saw him as prey. "Let's see if you'll even survive until the last wave."

Would the Warlord die or the formation fall first? Tianming immediately had Lan Huang charge toward the Warlord while the guardians around the golden giant gathered to form a mountain of gold in front of them.

"Everyone, I don't wish to face Li Tianming, but it isn't out of fear. Instead, he's the sun emperor's prey, and it wouldn't be right for me to take it! He's desperate now and wants to deal a heavy blow to us before the formation collapses. The tide's in our favor, so there's no need for unnecessary casualties, understood?" the Warlord explained.

"Yes!"

Perhaps only that would make him feel better about it. He would never admit that he had been absolutely shocked by a boy in his twenties. He continued pondering the Tumulus Pill God's words about the child of heaven's fate nonstop. But that was a dangerous mindset to have, so he was desperate to convince himself to snap out of it.

"Did anyone see the Tumulus Pill God?" the Warlord asked.

"He was with Situ Yin when the battle started, but he managed to leave before Situ Yin got killed."

"Very well." Situ Yin and the Tumulus Pill God had a good relationship, so the Warlord had sent him to help Situ Yin out. Not to mention, it would improve their relations in the future.

The golden shield ahead of him immediately shattered as a two-headed dragon covered in swords trampled upon countless golden corpses, charging toward the Warlord with a white-haired youth riding on it. While the Warlord and his entourage of a hundred thousand wouldn't be afraid of Tianming alone, there was a force of a hundred thousand troops following closely behind him. That meant the Warlord wouldn't have any numerical advantage.

"Regroup and fall back!" the Warlord ordered, his golden face gloomy. He was ready to mount a fighting retreat while the wargodeans away from them encircled Tianming from outside. He was still calm enough to make strategic decisions.

"Warlord, you're the ruler of the wargodeans, huh? I didn't think you'd be a coward who shirks away from battle! While you're busy turning tail and running, I dare you to turn around and look at what's in my hand! Isn't this the teacher that raised and nurtured you? Or is he just an old and withering wargodean animal?" Lan Huang repeated Tianming's exact words in its booming voice, and with much more fluency than Yin Chen. It also added its own flair, making it sound more arrogant. The sheer volume ensured that the hundreds of thousands of wargodeans around them could hear it.

Everyone turned and saw the youth holding a whip wrapped around an old man who was kneeling in front of Tianming. The shivering old man's head could be clearly seen, and all wargodeans recognized him as the Tumulus Pill God! He was the spiritual pillar of their kind. Thanks to his achievements and his

efforts raising the current Warlord, he had an incredibly high status among them. The only reason the Warlord had been able to achieve his current cultivation, outshining his many accomplished brothers, was thanks to the Tumulus Pill God.

"Tumulus Pill God!" Countless wargodeans called out for him in a pained voice. Unsurprisingly, the Warlord was rooted in place. He turned around and furiously glared at Tianming. He was in the eye of the public, and Tianming had made it almost impossible for the Warlord to retreat and give up on the Tumulus Pill God. After all, the Warlord had branded himself as someone who cherished his elders. He was also the one who sang the highest praises to the Tumulus Pill God, giving him so much prestige in the first place. It would be sacrilegious for the wargodeans to see him do the exact opposite at that moment, and Tianming knew that well.

Lan Huang continued relaying Tianming's words as it charged. "Listen up, traitor! I'm giving you a chance to repay the favors to your master! I'll fight you one-on-one! If you win, you can have him back. Everyone here will be my witness. If you lose, both of you shall die!"

Tianming didn't give him a chance to make a decision as neither him nor his troops stopped for a single moment, closing the distance with the Warlord right away.

Chapter 1824 - Regal Dragonape

The Goldring Warlord was considered human, yet his physical body rivaled even those of specters in size and tenacity. Rumors said that he'd been blessed with unmatched talent and had been monstrous since birth. He was an outcast since his birth, until the Tumulus Pill God miraculously found him and raised him into who he was today.

Amidst the countless wargodean troops, the black and gold armor of the Warlord stood out. His blood-red cape seemed somehow redder than blood, and the golden earrings he wore jingled when they collided with one another. The earrings were said to be a set of grade-eight divine artifacts, the only ones of that caliber that the wargodeans had. They had been passed down since ancient times. Even though they were just barely above the grade-eight dividing line, being not that much stronger than the Lifesteal Silverdragon, they were still considered incredible in the Myriad Solar Sects. The Warlord was fully armed and in peak condition; he no longer had an option to retreat now that Tianming had come knocking with the Tumulus Pill God as a hostage.

"Master...." Perhaps he figured that even if he didn't have a chance against this child of fate, he should at least be able to put up a struggle. As long as the Divine Sun Palace's troops as a whole didn't crumble, the Divine Sun Palace's Divine Wrath would continue being a nightmare for Fushen Valley. Li Tianming must be more desperate than me! He decided to delay the brat rather than fall back.

"Wargodeans, kill Li Tianming and exterminate the Ninedragon Army!" Though he was worried about the Tumulus Pill God, he wouldn't give Tianming the chance to duel him. Since he wasn't running away from a fight, either, he would be able to maintain his reputation as well even though he avoided a direct conflict with Tianming. He didn't truly believe that Tianming would be that powerful, but he didn't want to take the risk.

Even then, Tianming wouldn't give up on him. With the Tumulus Pill God as his hostage, nobody dared to stop Lan Huang in its tracks. "Warlord, do you think you'll be able to hide the fact that you don't want

to fight me and save your master just because you didn't retreat? You call yourself war gods, yet you don't even have the bravery to join a basic duel. Is the ruler of the wargodeans supposed to hide behind his people? I think cowarddeans is a name that suits you better than wargodeans!"

The Ninedragon Army managed to gain ground against the wargodean troops as they were reeling from Tianming's insults. It was far too shameful. Even they knew that they were fighting like cowards—especially the Warlord, who was still avoiding direct conflict while his master was tied up. Many were growing disappointed in him. The wargodeans were growing even more demoralized as they watched Tianming, Lan Huang, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and the decapath era swords wreak havoc through their ranks. None of them wanted to suffer the same fate as the Tumulus Pill God.

"The sun emperor said that the Warlord is the second strongest in the celestial orderian camp, so he should be the one to face off against Li Tianming, right?"

"What's he waiting for? We're being looked down upon!"

"The Tumulus Pill God is like his father! Why isn't he rescuing him?"

Tianming had correctly anticipated their responses. He and his troops burst through the enemy lines, paving a road of blood. Lan Huang immediately charged past the mountain of gold, bringing Tianming face-to-face with the Warlord.

"You didn't dare to fight me, so I came to you, you cowardly tortoise!" Tianming laughed mockingly, much to the ire of the surrounding wargodeans. All of them dreamed that they could be the one to teach Tianming a lesson, but now they could only count on their Warlord.

The two groups finally crashed into each other. Tianming had managed to ram his way straight to the Warlord as he'd wanted to, his boldness contrasting against the Warlord's shameful attempt to avoid him. Even though he should be their ruler, it didn't take Tianming more than a few attacks to smash past his troops to reach him.

The Warlord didn't disappoint him. When he ran out of room to back off, if he chose to run off alone, his troops would completely crumble and be crushed. Tianming had forced him into a corner. He glowed brightly and roared, "Li Tianming, you'll regret this!"

The only reply to that was an attack. The youth pierced through the defensive escort of hundreds of thousands of troops and left a path of blood in his wake, bolstering those that followed behind him.

"Warlord, here's some advice for you. Since ancient times, traitors have never had a good ending. It's too bad that you've run out of chances to turn back. Nothing but death can grant you salvation!" As Tianming roared, his two sacrosuns that channeled the power of the faith of nearly half a billion people split the power between Tianming, his totems, Lan Huang, Ying Huo, and Meow Meow. Tianming and his totems got the bulk of that power.

Ying Huo used its Sixpath Infernal Lotus, while Meow Meow used its Cosmic Lance. Combined, those abilities opened a path right to the Warlord, pushing apart the last troops blocking Tianming's way. With the abilities still surging toward him, the Warlord knew that there was no longer anywhere to go. He gave the fight his all, causing his aura to rise. He glowed much brighter than before, turning into a

golden god of war that helped many of his troops regain confidence. He burst through the two abilities without breaking a sweat.

"Li Tianming, I wanted to leave you for the sun emperor. But since you're so eager to die, I'll grant your wish!" Hearing that came as a bit of relief for many wargodeans. They didn't want to accept the fact that the one they worshiped was a coward.

The Warlord called back the lifebound beasts that he had let roam around the battlefield on a killing spree. In terms of bloodline and cultivation level, they were among the best in all of the Myriad Solar Sects.

Four bloody apes returned to the Warlord's side. They were incredibly huge and fierce golden apes that each had eight thick arms, four on each side. Tianming also noticed that they didn't have ears on their heads. Instead, the ears grew out of the side of their arms like tiny wings, making for quite an odd visage.

They were called eight-armed regal apes and were among the kings of beasts. Like the wargodeans, their ears allowed them to easily pinpoint the enemy's location. Each of the arms seemed to move like they had their own mind. They weren't just powerful, but also agile and sharp witted, being able to execute many top-class battle arts—even some eighth-realm ones! Once a lifebound beast mastered a battle art, they would be comparable to a specter! All four of them stood before Lan Huang with their arms raised. Rings of light formed around the ears on their arms and blood dripped from their mouths and claws, a sign that they had killed quite a few people already.

"What a powerful bloodline and cultivation.... However, they're all seven-star lifebound beasts thanks to the scarcity of manna imperius." Compared to the cultivators from the Mysterium Cluster, the Warlord was far too lacking, without even a single sovereign beast to his name. He couldn't even rival a peak young genius from the faraway worlds. On that front, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang had the advantage.

That isn't right. He should have five beasts, Tianming thought right as he was about to attack. As expected, the Warlord had one more beast that he kept as a trump card. A loud roar from the Warlord shook the area around them. It sounded like a dragon's roar coming from his lifebound space, much to Tianming's surprise. The next instant, a gigantic figure manifested as Tianming watched with shock and awe. The new lifebound beast resembled the eight-armed regal apes, but it didn't have an ape head. Instead, it was the head of a golden dragon that was just as imposing as Lan Huang's heads. The dragon head had ten spear-like horns growing out of it, making it look like a terrifying adversary.

Chapter 1825 - Fivestar Flameblast

Unlike the other eight-armed regal apes that were covered in gold fur, the fifth beast was covered in seemingly impenetrable dragon scales. It also had ten arms instead of eight, all bursting with power and covered in scales. The arms also had golden ears. Tianming could see a dense sea of over eight thousand stars in its eyes. In other words, it was a sovereign beast.

The Warlord hadn't had a sovereign beast back then, so it was obvious that he had gotten a manna imperius from the sun emperor. It was no wonder that the wargodeans would give their lives for the celestial orderian cause. A sovereign beast could greatly increase their fighting strength. Perhaps that

was also why the sun emperor had called him the second strongest on the sun. This sovereign beast was called a regal dragonape.

The Warlord stood above the beast's golden dragon head. Without hesitation, it thumped its chest, roared, and charged alongside its siblings. They were giants, compared to Meow Meow and Ying Huo, so they wouldn't be that agile.

The two sides spectacularly clashed! It was the most impressive fight inside the formation. Countless people were anxiously awaiting the results of this battle. Tianming had charged so furiously and caused so much commotion that the entire battlefield was aware of him. Quite a few people turned their attention to the fight, even though the slaughter still continued around them. The results of this battle would determine which side morale would swing toward!

Before the two sides collided, Meow Meow and Ying Huo charged to the front. The flaming phoenix expanded in size to match the eight-armed regal apes, something it had been able to do since it became a sovereign beast. "Don't panic! I can take on two myself!" Infernal Blaze ignited all across its body while Infernal Armor fortified it. Then it rained down Skyscorch Featherblast toward the two apes on the left and charged rapidly downward, drawing an impressive and agile arc in the air. Using Cosmic Blade with its sword-ki infused wings, Ying Huo slashed away at the sixteen arms of its two opponents. Thanks to the pandemonium sacrosun, it was unrelentingly swift in breaking down the opponents' defenses.

The apes wanted to drag it down before engaging in slaughter, but the bird had a fiercely tough defense, its divinely burning feathers being able to withstand the strikes of the golden apes. Ying Huo's Skyscorch Featherblast alone was able to overwhelm the opponent. Not to mention, Tianming's Omniscient Threads also gave it a huge edge in terms of power.

If Ying Huo was able to be so agile, Meow Meow was even harder to deal with. There was nothing about Meow Meow that was balanced. Once it assumed its Regal Chaosfiend form, it had impressive physical fighting capabilities. However, it still chose to maintain a distance from its enemies and bombarded two of them with its lightning abilities. It had a lot of leeway, thanks to being a sovereign beast.

From the very beginning of the battle, they hadn't appeared to be that powerful. It was mainly thanks to Tianming slaying three enemy leaders while leading the troops to break through the wargodeans' defenses that he had managed to get twenty million Omniscient Threads from the Ninedragon Army troops. He had almost thirty million in total now, and they were quite close to him, which made him even more powerful, which in turn fueled his three sovereign beasts.

The Warlord had thought that he would dominate in terms of lifebound beasts, but he began feeling shaken at seeing how easily Ying Huo and Meow Meow had each handled two of his apes. What was worse was that the regal dragonape he had put his hopes on was entangled with Lan Huang. It was a clash between two sovereign beasts, which the troops of the Ninedragon army anxiously watched.

"While the Imperialdragon Princeps' two-headed dragon is a little nonstandard, it's still a proper dragon. It also has a draconic aura and boasts an even purer bloodline than our dragons. On the other hand, the Warlord's regal dragonape is an ape at its core, despite its dragon head. It merely used a dragon-type manna imperius to evolve! What an abomination! Let's hope the Imperialdragon Princeps crushes that impure mongrel!"

The Imperial Tomb Army placed their hopes in Lan Huang, who was fighting with its all, almost seeming berserk, unlike its usual lackadaisical attitude. It roared as it charged toward the regal dragonape with the momentum of ten thousand mountains, smashing into it with its spiked scales unsheathed. The enemy fought back with its ten arms and the spike on its head. Despite being pierced through multiple times, it still withstood Lan Huang and began breaking off some Primordial Swords to drive back into it.

"Die!" the roars of the regal dragonape rang out ceaselessly.

"In your dreams!" Lan Huang rolled its eyes. While its body was huge, it was quite agile as well. It spent most of its time running around and exercising, after all, and its favorite pastime was to spin around like a top. It had been relatively harmless back then, but now, its spikes only made the spin even more dangerous. The regal dragonape's flesh was immediately torn apart as Lan Huang started spinning. It managed to tear quite a few scales off Lan Huang, but thanks to the Greenspark Tower, its wounds rapidly recovered, not that the enemy was aware of it.

Lan Huang spun and spun, causing the regal dragonape to groan in pain before being flung off. Right after regaining its balance, it saw a flash in the air before a gigantic white tower landed above it. It was even larger than Lan Huang and seemed heavier than tens of thousands of mountains! The prime wonder came crashing down, fueled by nova source and centered around the formation in Tianming's body. The fact that it could directly use nova source showed that it had high affinity for energy compatibility, which was why it could also tap into the power of his Omniscient Threads. While divine wonders weren't as powerful as lifebound beasts or totems, it was a nightmare in the hands of Lan Huang when used like a weapon.

The prime wonder smashed against the regal dragonape's head, immediately snapping all ten of its draconic horns. Those were injuries that couldn't be regenerated. In other words, the lifebound beast had permanently lost a powerful weapon in its arsenal. Its body was then pushed deep into the ground, completely disappearing from sight, though its shriek could still be heard. Lan Huang charged on and bit the regal dragonape, plucking it from the ground and swinging it in circles before smashing it back down, causing the entire area to shake. In a few short moments, the Warlord's five lifebound beasts had incurred heavy injuries as troops on both sides watched with shock and awe. Those from the Divine Sun Palace felt utterly devastated.

"He's only a brat in his twenties!"

The fact that everyone on the battlefield was older than him was the hardest to believe. And it wasn't just them, even the Warlord thought that he was going insane. That short battle had already crushed his confidence, especially with how badly his regal dragonape was faring against Lan Huang.

"Don't disperse, gather together!" Thankfully, the Warlord had a lot of battle experience and wouldn't be defeated that easily. He quickly went into damage control, limiting the injuries to his lifebound beasts; plus, he could still escape. All five beasts returned to his side while Tianming, his totems, and three beasts were giving chase. The ability bombardment resumed as the prime wonder continued mounting the pressure. The sea of totem swords swarmed the Warlord and his beasts, not giving them any time to react.

The Warlord and his beasts roared as they synergized with their warsky sacrosun. The beasts turned into five glowing stars, unleashing a golden brilliance.

Chapter 1826 - Ancestral Warsoul

All five of the Warlord's beasts fused into one and unleashed a golden pillar that seemed to be a miniature version of Divine Wrath. The attack was targeted at Lan Huang. It was a fatal combination of five abilities in one called the Fivestar Flameblast! The golden pillar burned with raging flames and exploded nonstop.

Yet Tianming's expression didn't change in the slightest. His prime wonder had two abilities, the first being the Prime Mountain and the other being the Prime Tower Shield. He was using the Prime Tower Shield to defend Lan Huang.

"Prime Mountain!" He immediately changed the prime wonder to a gigantic mountain that appeared in front of the two-headed dragon. The exploding flames smashed past the Prime Mountain, the shockwaves sending Tianming and his beasts and totems hurling back. However, they weren't hurt much at all, thanks to the Prime Tower Shield and Greenspark Tower. All that attack had managed was to buy the Warlord a little bit of time for a breather.

Tianming and his lifebound beasts normally shouldn't be able to fight someone on the level of the Warlord. It wasn't that the Warlord was weak, but rather the fact that Tianming had been fighting with the power of the Omniscient Threads. In essence, it was like the Warlord was going up against countless numbers of elites at once. Tianming had to admit that the Warlord was indeed powerful; the attack from before couldn't be survived by just anyone, yet it hadn't managed to turn the tables at all.

Not to mention, the prime wonder could reform by absorbing energy after being shattered. The Warlord didn't even know what it was and thought that it was some kind of weapon, so seeing his attack shatter the prime wonder felt like a win in his book. It considerably boosted his fighting spirit, making him fare much better than when he thought he was up against an undefeatable enemy. Perhaps he knew that he was hard pressed to win, but he still held on to hope, as the true Divine Wrath was still building up in the palace above.

"Li Tianming, once the defensive formation is crushed, the sun emperor will come take care of you himself. If you run now, you'll still have a chance! Just look above if you don't believe me!" The Warlord could already be commended for not running after having encountered a monstrous youth like Tianming.

"I don't need to! Before the next Divine Wrath blast comes, I'll be able to kill you thrice!" Tianming arrogantly boasted.

The Warlord glared at him, indignant from being underestimated. As the ruler of the wargodeans, not even the sun emperor had belittled him like that. His wrath festered within him. "Very well! Let's see how you'll go about that! Come on! Show me!"

His earrings were deployed and flying around beside him. They took the form of large black and gold rings covered in dense spikes and could be used as floating weapons as well as bangles around his arm. They were his namesakes, called the Wargod Goldrings. Their history stretched as far back as the wargodeans' own, making it something like a regalia that was passed down through a line of rulers. The Goldring Warlord wore four rings on one arm and had four more expand and float around him. Their

spikes seemed to extend out even further. What seemed even more impressive was that his lifebound beasts were also fully armed. All in all, they wielded forty-two divine artifacts, mostly blades!

"Ancestral Warsoul, possess me!" An odd soul energy began emanating from the Wargod Rings. They infused into the Warlord and his lifebound beasts' bodies, making them glow even brighter. Eerie faces swam in the scales of the regal dragonape.

"Ancestral Warsoul?" Tianming could feel the Warlord growing much stronger after using his final trump card. It seemed a little similar to Ye Chen's guardian spirit, which had come from the Unfettered Astralord. When in use, it gave Ye Chen the Unfettered Astralord's combat experience.

The wargodeans were a race whose destiny was to fight in wars. Thanks to their impressive hearing, their reaction speed, agility, and skills were incredibly enhanced. With the boost from the Ancestral Warsoul, the Warlord's aura had changed. He was now a machine built for no purpose other than fighting.

Though it was terrifying, it didn't shock Tianming into stillness. "It's a shame you can only die once!"

Tianming needed to get rid of him as quickly as possible. He charged in with his beasts, drawing on the Omniscient Will of sixty million people, essentially all the troops that had come with him in the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. Without his sacrosuns to distribute and manage the energy, it would be difficult for him to handle it. Ying Huo, Lan Huang, Meow Meow, and his totems absorbed the killing intent of the people connected by those threads; all of them were telling Tianming to kill the Warlord! Even the prime wonder managed to reform and turn back into the Prime Mountain, pressing down on the head of the Warlord from above.

"Die!" Tianming roared, but it sounded like sixty million people were yelling together. The voice reached the Warlord's sensitive ears, shaking him to his soul. "Ancestral Warsoul? If your ancestors see how you're groveling at the feet of the celestial orderians, they'd all feel ashamed for you!"

Tianming and his sea of totem swords launched an attack at the same time as Ying Huo, who had been charging up its power. With enough time, it could unleash an attack that was on par with the Fivestar Fireblast! Ying Huo shot a pillar of Infernal Blaze toward the enemy. Meow Meow also gathered lightning as it charged forward and used its Triworld Afterlife Halls to open up a path to an alternate dimension, drawing in the lightning from three worlds. Three halls formed and blasted toward the weapon-wielding eight-armed regal apes. Lan Huang, on the other hand, merely wildly charged as it always had.

Tianming, surrounded by his totems, shone the brightest. He was the core of his own sword formation. He wielded the Grand-Orient Sword with both hands; only it could sustain the combined power of the Omniscient Threads that supercharged the Grand-Orient Vortex within it, enhancing Tianming's regal might.

Sword ki poured out of his body. Even though they weren't the Galactic Godsin, they were just as terrifying. All seven draconic sword strikes were mirrored by his totems and fused by Tianming to form the vital point of a breakthrough. He didn't give the Warlord any chances and unleashed his strongest attack, the Sevendragon Tribulation, a strike that was imbued with the essence of Saintdragon Annihilation. He shone on the battlefield like the gods of antiquity, far surpassing the imagination of

everyone there and becoming a myth in his own right. The Warlord began crumbling when he heard Tianming's words. The Ancestral Warsoul that he had been counting on was suddenly extinguished, no longer granting him invulnerability.

"How could this be?!" It was the first time he had truly been shaken. Before that, he had the confidence that he could hold on until the sun emperor arrived no matter how powerful Tianming seemed. But when Tianming reached a quasi-sovereign level of power, the Warlord had suddenly faltered. Even though he wasn't completely out for the count, his mind seemed to crumble for an instant.

"No, no, no!" He didn't die thrice, but he cried out thrice. Even at the final moment as he executed the signature eighth-realm divine art of the wargodeans, Nine Revolutions, with his Wargod Goldrings, they were helpless against the youth who was resonating with countless millions. The sea of totem swords swallowed him whole in an instant as the prime wonder's pressure forced the Warlord and his lifebound beasts to evade it, keeping them apart. Then Ying Huo and Meow Meow's abilities covered them in a sea of lightning and flames, flaking away at their flesh. As they shrieked in pain, Lan Huang charged at the regal dragonape like a wrecking ball, biting its neck with both heads and extending its Primordial Swords, piercing the ape countless times and spilling copious amounts of blood. The regal dragonape yowled and struggled before slowly slumping powerlessly to the ground. Lan Huang bit off its dragon head and tossed it into the sky as the entire battlefield seemed to explode. Everyone saw Tianming chase down the fleeing Warlord after breaking through the Nine Revolutions. Now, he was armed with the Godsins.

"Die!" Tianming used the Saintdragon Annihilation, infusing the Godsins with all of his sword ki strands and piercing the Warlord's bloodied body. The Warlord suddenly stopped and looked down at the sword that had pierced through his chest. It retracted back into his body and repeatedly came bursting out again, making countless holes in him and shattering all his organs. His nerves shrieked at him nonstop, delivering no sensory input other than the pain he felt, which festered into utter despair.

"Someone like you who's been given up on by your ancestors only needs to be killed once, not thrice," said the devilish voice beside him. The Warlord knelt on the ground as tears of blood flowed from his eyes.

Chapter 1827 - Final Advance

The situation was even messier than the one at the Myriadragon Mountains. In the dense fog filled with green blood, mountains of corpses littered the battlefield. The Ninedragon Army was engaged in full-on combat with the wargodeans while their leaders were fighting a life-and-death duel! One of them was the domineering ruler of the wargodeans, while the other was the new and rising king of the alliance. At the very climax of their clash, flames, lightning, sword ki, and totems could be seen everywhere as the earth beneath shook. The clashing of swords shook everyone's heart.

The sovereign beasts displayed absolute barbarity on the battlefield, making quite a blood-pumping sight. Countless people felt a shaking in the depths of their souls as they followed the battle. Eventually, the regal dragonape had been slain by Lan Huang and the four eight-armed regal apes were killed by Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Tianming's totems. The Goldring Warlord himself was fleeing for his life, but Tianming soon caught up. The totem swords around him swarmed at the Warlord like hornets,

pincushioning him before the Godsin delivered the final thrust. No matter how tough someone's body was, a puncture from that sword meant certain death.

The Warlord knelt and howled in despair. He had desired to lead the Wargod Hall among the celestial orderians, bringing his kind to new heights, yet that ambition had been rendered useless with that very strike. He died in agony and unwillingness. Before his mind fizzled out, the last thing he was thinking was why the sun emperor still hadn't been able to destroy the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation. What was the problem? That was something he wouldn't have an answer for even at the very end.

When the Warlord collapsed, Tianming used the Godsin in its sword-chain form to bind the body and raise it up into the sky. "The Warlord is dead! Wargodean traitors, be mired in a sea of hateful regret! You will ultimately be judged!"

The body of the Warlord was cold, hard proof of his loss. Nobody doubted it in the slightest. After all, Tianming had already killed three of the celestial orderian army leaders before the Warlord. The wargodeans were utterly shocked—their Warlord was the only reason they had been fighting here! With him gone, their morale quickly crumbled and they soon lost the will to fight. Tianming decided to add fuel to the fire and raise the heavily injured Tumulus Pill God up into the sky to reunite him with the Warlord.

"What else do you want to say?" Tianming's black and gold eyes burned with flames as he stared at the despairing old man.

"We regret it! But we wargodeans never had the choice between being oppressed or not. We only chose the side that would oppress us less. Li Tianming, let my people live!" the Tumulus Pill God said.

"Then we'll see if the wargodeans intend to let the Myriad Solar Sects live!" He immediately slew the Tumulus Pill God right after saying that.

The wargodeans wailed in utter agony when they saw two of their leaders slaughtered. But since when did invaders deserve to mourn? Every wargodean there had their hands stained with the blood of the Fushens and the alliance's troops. Those were debts incurred in blood, and there was only one currency that could be used to pay it back.

"Why hasn't Divine Wrath destroyed the formation yet?"

"Is the sun emperor intentionally holding back to let us die?"

"That can't be it! The celestial orderians are here with us too!"

The only sensible estimation was that they'd underestimated the potency of the defenders, whose spirits had been reinforced by Tianming's presence. The wargodeans, on the other hand, fell into utter despair, leaderless and lost. They were immediately consumed by doubt and despair. "Without the Warlord and the Tumulus Pill God, does the Wargod Hall even still exist?"

Tianming's strategy of taking out the leaders worked like a charm. The celestial orderian troops were still quite capable after losing their leaders, but the turncoat wargodeans who were there fell into a panic. It was only at that moment that the next Divine Wrath blast was about to come.

"Fushen Clan, listen to me countdown!" Tianming instructed Lan Huang to speak, spreading his message across the valley. From the count of ten, he gathered Omniscient Will once more. He had brought even more hope to the Fushen Clan after killing the wargodean leaders, generating a surge of faith and power.

"Three, two, one, now!"

Many celestial orderians thought that this would be the blast that shattered the formation. It looked even brighter and more powerful than before, and its light pierced through the fog within the formation. All sound seemed to vanish from within the darkness.

"The Fushen Clan shall never surrender!" The three hundred million cultivators yelled with passion, their eyes bloodshot. The faith Tianming had brought them caused even those that were about to faint to hold on as they fueled the formation. This was the blast that the Warlord had been counting on. Had he still been alive, he would no doubt desperately look at the Divine Sun Palace. As the wargodeans had a similar disposition to the Divine Sun Palace, the Warlord would worship the sun emperor even if the orderians hadn't promised them benefits.

The mountains began shaking as the blast came crashing down. Everything seemed to crumble before the wrath of the solar deity, apart from the black formation that was held up by three hundred million desperate people. Even now, they still glowed with the vigor of hope.

"Hold on! We have to hold on!"

Countless people were tearing up at having survived the blast. They had another hundred breaths' of reprise, during which they could do much.

"Amazing! We survived!" Tears of gratitude endlessly flowed. The threads of faith of the Fushens grew even more in number, linking up with Tianming's Imperial Will and resonating with his soul. He was already tightly bound with all of them. Never had the morale of the alliance's troops been so high—the three celestial orderian commanders and the Warlord were dead, and they had weathered yet another blast of Divine Wrath!

Tianming knew better than anyone that this reprieve was a crucial time for them to carve out an even more advantageous position for themselves. "Soldiers, Fushens! The time to turn the tide against the enemy has come! Let's show them another glorious display like the battle of the Myriadragon Mountains! Follow me and make sure these invaders are buried deep beneath the valley!"

Chapter 1828 - Killing Another Forty Million

Tianming got back on Lan Huang and paved a way for Lan Huang to charge through with the prime wonder. Ying Huo and Meow Meow served as cannons atop the moving tank that was Lan Huang, allowing them to cleave a path through the armies ahead. The Ninedragon Army followed behind them, posing a nightmarish existence for the enemy.

Where their swords pointed, souls were liberated. With the Warlord dead, none within the formation could stop Tianming. He had nearly a hundred million Omniscient Threads now, allowing him to draw nearly limitless energy to boost himself and his lifebound beasts. The prime wonder was also growing in size, applying huge pressure from the air against enemy totems and lifebound beasts, often slapping

them flat. The number of totem swords also continued growing as Tianming grew closer and closer to his ultimate state back at Violetglory, where he had the faith of a billion people and faced off against the primalwinger overlord.

In terms of totems, the sun emperor's were no doubt a level above Sovereign Starfeather's, while the sovereign's were stronger than the primalwinger overlord's. In that sense, Tianming wouldn't be a match for the sun emperor if he couldn't get ten billion Omniscient Threads. However, the other things put together made him the second strongest powerhouse on the sun, though there was some room for doubt as nobody knew how powerful the members of the Sky Palace or the dreamless celestial emperor really were. At the very least, the Northdipper Swordsage and Warlord were no longer a match for him even with his current number of Omniscient Threads.

"There's a point to my struggle after all." Tianming couldn't deny the fact that he wasn't an Orderian native, just a youth who basked in the limelight of the sun. The only reason he had hated the sun emperor to begin with was thanks to Li Wudi. Yet the increasing number of Omniscient Threads had allowed him to truly resonate and connect with those of the Myriad Solar Sects. By now, he was bearing the hopes and desires of everyone, sharing in their thoughts and wills and seemingly fusing together with them. Right now, he was the quintessential Orderian native, even more pure than those who were born there, simultaneously experiencing countless lifetimes on the sun as they were inscribed into his albi.

Leading the Fushens and the troops he brought on a charge, he began controlling more and more myriadsword providence swords as his lifebound beasts grew in power along with the prime wonder. All they were trying to do now was ensure the enemy on the battlefield lost the power to fight before the formation was taken down. Ideally, they hoped that the formation would hold up as well, though Tianming wasn't counting on it. All he could do now was defang the enemies before the formation fell, rather than count on their mercy. Given how brainwashed the wargodeans were, there was no way the Myriad Solar Sects could count on being spared. There was no option but to slaughter the invaders to protect their old, sick, and young.

Their wills grew stronger and stronger as the morale of the enemy continued plummeting. It was almost as if the Fushens' fighting spirit grew with every blast of Divine Wrath. The three hundred million Fushens supporting the formation were being pushed to their very limits, with more and more collapsing after coughing out blood. Some were so drained that they straight up died, sacrificing themselves for the survival of the others.

Tianming knew that they couldn't afford to waste the sacrifice of the fallen. The Tianyi, Godblade, and Tribulator Armies quickly collapsed during Tianming's charge. The wargodeans also suffered huge casualties, leaving tons of corpses in Fushen Valley. Only the Deluge Emperor and his bluebloods managed to escape the brunt of the slaughter after they chose to retreat. By now, the Deluge Emperor no longer worried about the backlash from the sun emperor, especially after seeing the death of the Warlord. Having lost the support of the bluebloods, the other forces suffered even more. While it wouldn't take too much time for the Divine Sun Palace to charge up for the next blast, quite a lot of people would die within that time.

The slaughter didn't seem to slow in the slightest. War created the kind of hate that was completely devoid of benevolence or reason. Everyone's mind was filled with nothing but bloodlust, with the only difference being the presence of fear. The losing side felt the fear of being swallowed up by the winners.

Another blast of Divine Wrath came, sending a wave of despair throughout Fushen Valley. Yet the formation held, spreading another wave of relief throughout and thrusting the wave of despair to the side. The enemy was no longer able to properly function and hold the defenders back, being completely oppressed as they were by Tianming and his troops. The toxic rain and swamps in the formation, coupled with Xian Xian's Evernight Curse and Trisoul Fiendsong, worked wonders, equalling the force of twenty million troops.

After a long stalemate, the floodgates of death opened, causing the casualty numbers staggeringly to rise. The more people the enemy lost, the worse they fared against the defenders. The enemy's casualties exponentially grew as time went on, and had even spiked after the Warlord's death. More and more enemies either fled or fell, which coincided with the increasing number of Tianming's Omniscient Threads.

"We're winning!" The Fushens watched the enemy corpses piling up, crying tears of relief. They knew how hard it'd been to achieve all that they had. The youth before them continued the slaughter even after achieving so much. He was the symbol of their hope and faith.

Eventually, the enemy casualties reached thirty million, nearing the loss suffered at the Myriadragon Mountains. Whether or not the sun emperor would eventually break the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation, it wouldn't change the losses they had already suffered. The newly formed army of the Divine Sun Palace had gone to waste in a single battle.

As far as Tianming was aware, the sun emperor had intended to send troops down while the formation was active in order to weaken the formation and save Divine Wrath blasts to eliminate the defenders after the formation broke. It was a sound tactic, but he had underestimated what Tianming was capable of, the might of his troops, and the survival instinct of the Fushens.

That slight oversight had cost the sun emperor immensely in this battle, completely inverting the casualty counts of both sides. Tianming had played a pivotal role in that. Naturally, the Fushens holding up the formation through seventy Divine Wrath blasts also deserved much credit, having created a miracle in their own right at the expense of their lives.

However, nobody knew how much longer that miracle would last.

Favorite

Chapter 1829 - Nonacrypt Falls

Tianming was most anxious. "The Divine Palace Troops have taken heavy casualties. Some have died, some have fled, and the remainder are being slaughtered. The Divine Sun Palace probably only has two or three Divine Wraths left in it...."

The battle had reached the most tragic and tense climax. So far, the Fushen Clan had enjoyed an overwhelming advantage and the celestial orderians were suffering a crushing failure on par with the Myriadragon Mountains.

The Ninedragon Army's momentum could no longer be stopped. The Divine Palace Army had already started pathetically fleeing in panic.

However, the final conclusion would still depend on the sun emperor.

Due to the incoming Divine Wrath, Tianming had no choice but to order most of the troops to cease their pursuit and join the formation's defense. As long as the formation stood, so did the Fushen Clan.

"Hold on!"

"Two or three more times, and we win!"

"Hold on, Fushen Clan brothers!"

The Divine Sun Palace was still madly gathering power, which meant the sun emperor hadn't given up yet. In truth, his stubbornness had locked the sun emperor in place, leaving no one on the battlefield to stop Tianming. However, it was unavoidable. No one else could control the Divine Sun Palace.

The Nonacrypt Fushen Formation was heavily damaged, its foundations shaken. It was like a house that had lost its structural pillar and was now relying on people to support it. And now those people were all extremely exhausted.

Another Divine Wrath fell like a meteor crashing down on an old wooden house. A wooden house was a wooden house in the end, after all. No matter how many people supported it and no matter how strong their conviction was, the wooden house's collapse couldn't be stopped.

Tianming was also trying his best to help the formation hold on longer, but unfortunately, his best wasn't enough. Everyone watched as the formation that had endured so many hits finally shattered. It vanished, becoming lost to the sands of time. The poisonous fog and rain dispersed.

Darkness was unnatural on the sun. When the formation vanished, the world quickly regained its brightness; no one had the chance to escape. Furthermore, the Divine Palace Army still had twenty million people, as the cultivators of Blueblood Starocean were still mostly intact with most of their fighting power.

Everyone knew that no matter how great a victory was won, once the formation was broken, the only choice left was to run.

The golden head in the sky became more clear when the fog lifted. It was also clearly much angrier than before. Nearly exhausting all of the Divine Sun Palace's energy must have used up the sun emperor's patience.

Under its ominous shadow, no one could breathe.

The Fushen Clan's flute melody became bleak and mournful, spreading through Fushen Valley. It was Fushen Gongyi transmitting a message: run!

Thus, the troops and three hundred million gods all began moving. Splitting up was the only choice before the Divine Sun Palace. If they gathered, they would just be offering a present to the emperor. One Divine Wrath could exterminate over a hundred million gods.

“Separate! Separate!”

“We already profited, it’s time to go!”

“We’ll come back one day. We definitely will....”

No matter how pained they were, they knew living was the most important thing.

Why had Tianming been so anxious to win on the battlefield and deal a heavy blow? Its use appeared in this critical moment. If the Divine Palace Troops still remained at sixty million strong, they would be able to stop the Imperial Tomb Army and all of the gods from leaving by tying them down. If they couldn’t run, death would be the end.

But now, the Divine Palace Troops just had twenty million frightened troops instead. They had lost the ability to chase and harass. Whether the Fushen Clan survived or not had been decided by that.

Tianming was clear that even though they had been forced to flee, this battle would still be passed on through history. Timely action to reduce damage was important. He had already communicated with Fushen Gongyi about what to do.

The three hundred million gods of the Fushen Clan raced in the direction opposite of the Divine Palace Troops. They all collected their lifebound beasts and ran away. The further they ran, the more dispersed they were.

As for the Imperial Tomb Troops, they formed a barricade that the remaining Divine Palace Troops were unable to break through. Those few that did weren’t able to stop too many people from leaving, either.

“Tianming, we’re enough for this. Go!” Fushen Gongyi anxiously shouted. “You’re the most important of us all! You’re the benefactor of our Fushen Clan, someone with great merit!”

“Great merit? I killed quite a few today. I should be a sinner,” Tianming bitterly chuckled.

“That isn’t the same. They massacred and invaded with the intention of genocide. We were just struggling for survival.”

“Thank you.” Tianming’s heart relaxed. There were times that such doubts crept up on him as well.

The Fushen Clan was fleeing. The Divine Sun Palace still seemed to have one or two Divine Wraths left, but it would take a hundred breaths for it to charge up. Thus, what the sun emperor chose next was the most important thing.

Tianming looked up. As expected, the emperor had made the same choice as at the Windheed Pavilion. He didn’t charge for the full hundred breaths. After just ten breaths, a weakened, but still lethal, Divine Wrath shot out in the direction of the Ninedragon Army.

While the Fushen Clan was safe for now, Tianming’s troops—including himself—had been thrust into grave danger.

Chapter 1830 - The Only Loser

The forty-million-strong Imperial Tomb Army that Tianming had brought had already suffered heavy losses. Tens of millions of soldiers had died in foreign lands. There were no true winners in this brutal

battle. The lucky survivors could only look at the corpses of their friends while they grieved. They had paid a price in blood to kill forty million of the enemy and defend the foundation of the Fushen Clan, avoiding a tragedy where this ancient clan lost even their elderly, women, and children.

They had provided uncountable merit to the Myriad Solar Sects and Fushen Clan.

The sun shone once again now that the formation was down. Now, the best-case scenario would be to help as many as possible of the Fushen Clan escape, after which they would return to the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. However, that future was not to be. If they gathered up to enter the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, they would simply provide an easier target for the Divine Sun Palace.

“The Divine Sun Palace might have little nova source left, but a small-scale Divine Wrath is still enough to wipe us out if we gather!” Tianming instantly made his choice. It was a choice made because there was no other available. Temporarily disband the army! When the formation fell, he had been quick to get the Imperial Tomb Army to cover the Fushen Clan’s retreat. However, when he found that the remaining twenty million Divine Palace Army troops weren’t really enthusiastic in chasing them down, he changed his orders.

He borrowed Lan Huang to transmit the order everywhere. “Now that things have reached this point, we have no choice. The army is to disband and flee for your lives. Find a safe haven as fast as you can, and it’d be best if you can return to the Myriaddragon Mountains. The three hundred million celestial orderians are headed south, but it’ll still take them time to reach there. Godspeed, everyone. If fate wills it, you’re always welcome in the Imperial Tomb Army. Retreat now!”

Every soldier was stunned. They were all clearly aware that there was no longer any chance to enter the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. Dispersing like the Fushen Clan was the best counter for the Divine Sun Palace.

“Take care, First Alliance Leader!”

They all roared to vent their anger as they sent their lifebound beasts back to their lifebound spaces to minimize their size before fleeing away in small groups. The further they fled, the more dispersed they were, which was the only way to avoid Divine Wrath from wiping out large swathes of them.

By then, the Divine Sun Palace had already struck twice in the twenty breaths since the formation had fallen. It struck large congregations each time, turning millions of Fushen Clan gods to ash. The Fushen Clan may have won on the battlefield, but today, they were also the defeated who had lost their home.

The sun emperor had accomplished his objective of taking down his first first-rate clan, and the territory of the celestial orderians had greatly increased. But would he find such a pyrrhic victory worth it?

“Although today had no winners, from a certain angle, there was one true loser.”

That was the wargodeans! Of their fifteen million elite troops, at least eleven million of them had fallen. After having lost their powerhouses like the Warlord and Tumulus Pill God, the once glorious clan that had been ranked fourth of the Myriad Solar Sects had dropped to the level of the second-rate sects. They wouldn’t be able to recover for the next ten thousand years. The sovereign could even declare that he had taken down both the Fushen Clan and wargodeans today for a double celebration.

The remaining wargodeans' eyes were filled with panic, pain, and even some regret. However, who was to blame?

The Fushen Clan merely hadn't wanted to become extinct and lose their home.

When Tianming gave his order, the Divine Palace Troops heard it too.

"Chase them down! Don't let a single one of the defeated army off!" the Deluge Emperor ordered, his words showing they already considered themselves the winning side. The resentful Divine Palace Army found their fighting spirit reignited as the Divine Sun Palace led the way forward.

"Beat the drowning dogs!" They somehow weren't ashamed to say this.

"Kill!"

"Don't let any of them go!"

"It won't be that easy to run. Help the sovereign detain them!"

They chased with renewed vigor.

It was clear to all the difference between the full sixty million of the Divine Palace Army and the remaining twenty million. With the formation gone, the Divine Palace Army could crush the Imperial Tomb Army in a clash. However, after taking severe losses, when it came to chasing the Imperial Tomb Army, they had the spirit but not the ability.

The people who were forced to stay weren't very many in the end. Although the Divine Wrath was scary, an attack that could only be fired once every ten breaths was a hundred times less than the effectiveness the sun emperor wanted.

It could kill many of the fleeing beastmasters, but what he wanted was like at the Windheed Pavilion, where each blast would end millions of lives and infuriate the Myriad Solar Sects! Now, perhaps the ones who would be angered at their powerlessness would be the celestial orderians.

"Where's Li Tianming and the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb?!" The Deluge Emperor charged inside with the cultivators of Blueblood Starocean. The current Fushen Valley was heavily scarred; the place had been conquered, but the celestial orderians had only won ruins.

As they were searching, a plot of land nearby suddenly shook and cracked. Dragons roared as nine divine dragons seemed to burst out from the ground. Many people identified it as the black and gold Ninedragon Imperial Tomb.

"Stop him!"

The Fushen Clan and Imperial Tomb Army's escape no longer mattered. They were impossible to wipe out. Since that was the case, Tianming and his Ninedragon Imperial Tomb had become the most important prey today apart from the Nonacrypt Fushen Formation.

"If he'd chosen to run away himself, the sovereign wouldn't be able to do anything. Unfortunately, he's greedy and unwilling to let go of the tomb, so he's revealed his location!"

The dragon heads roared as the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb lifted off into the skies. Quickly, over ten million totems and lifebound beasts relied on their large bodies to form a tight net that surrounded it.

At that moment, Tianming was indeed inside the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, in which he had placed his trust. Of course, that was because the Divine Sun Palace had used another few small Divine Wraths. Its power was almost exhausted. When it lost the power of its miniature nova sources, it might not even be as dangerous as the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb that was powered by saplings.