

## The Ages 1861

### Chapter 1861 - To Battle

Long Wanying's reasoning was superficial at best. If Tianming were to be attacked by a group of people, he definitely wouldn't start by killing the weakest. With him at his strongest state, he would kill the strongest enemies to scare the weaker ones away. As long as the leader was still fighting, the minions would be more daring, after all.

In contrast, the sun emperor had tried that very same method when he attempted to have the Veildragon Palace take over the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, but that ended up failing. Thus, he turned to exterminating the weaker sects before going for the first-rate sect leaders. After all that, he switched back to the tactic of dealing with the toughest enemies first at the Myriadragon Mountains. Not to mention, it was practically guaranteed that Tianming wouldn't run and abandon them. If the Myriadragon Mountains fell, it would be a huge blow to the Empyrean Sword Sect and other sects. They would be isolated and receive no help, making it only a matter of time before they fell.

In a war like this, the tens of billions of gods at the Myriadragon Mountains were both a benefit and a burden. With enough people, they could fuel their defensive formation better, but once the formation was broken they would be sheep waiting to be slaughtered. It would be really hard to evacuate that many people at once. Even though ten billion gods sounded like a lot, they were only as powerful as thirty million Ninedragon Army troops at best, as their average cultivation level was around the eighth level of the Ascension stage. The Ninedragon Army's average level was the eighth level of the Constellation stage, a whole twelve levels higher. Any single soldier of the Ninedragon Army could take on a hundred normal gods. As such, the large number of gods would only be useful for the formation, leaving only around a hundred and thirty million troops of the alliance who could fight on the battlefield. While their morale was high, their organization couldn't compare to the celestial orderians. It would only be a day at most before the battle started, so there was nothing left to do but to prepare.

"Tianming, have Yin Chen monitor the movements of all the elites on the sun. I'll take a million solarians from the Empyrean Sword Sect with me to defend the Myriadragon Mountains. Wanying is right. If we lose there, there's no point in fighting anymore. Win or lose, we stand together," the Northdipper Swordsage said. A million solarians didn't sound like much, but that was all the solarians they had in their fifty-million-strong army. Among them, three hundred thousand were actually from their sect, while the rest were elites from other refugee sects. They were far more mobile than normal troops and had decent fighting strength; they could hold off around ten million constellier troops. They were all top class among their ranks.

That was a sign of the Northdipper Swordsage's commitment. As for the rest of the troops in the Empyrean Sword Sect, they couldn't leave, as their mobility was low. They wouldn't make it to the Myriadragon Mountains before the celestial orderians arrived. Additionally, there was a chance that the sun emperor would send troops to attack them by surprise, so they couldn't leave the sect entirely undefended. There were a billion normal gods in the sect, after all.

"I'll also bring all the solarians of my dynasty. There's around eight hundred thousand of them," the Ninesun Martial Lord said. The Myriadragon Mountains were the core of their plan. They weren't just fighting for the alliance, but also themselves.

"We of the Frostsoul Imperium don't have nearly as many people. Including the reinforcements we sent last time, we only have around two hundred thousand solarians. I'll come over as well," the Frostsoul Empress said.

As for the Group of Celestial Maiden Halls, they had mounted a full evacuation as the rapidly changing situation at the Voidword Shrine and the dreamless celestial nation could pose a danger to them. Fortunately, they weren't situated far away from the Myriaddragon Mountains, so the Saintdragon Emperor had sent some people to help with the evacuation. The Fushen Clan had also fully evacuated to the Myriaddragon Mountains. In other words, the full fighting force of the alliance would be assembled by the end of the day, encompassing nearly all the solarians in the alliance.

The various leaders were ready to fight to the death. Only Tianming, the Saintdragon Emperor, and Long Wanying remained in the great hall at Great Saintdragon Peak. Tianming cast his gaze at the north-facing window. He saw three hundred million flaming troops marching their way, the strongest fighting force of the celestial orderians. As the second-rate sects had given up on their defensive formations when they evacuated, the enemy hadn't suffered any casualties. The incoming hardship they had to face was unprecedented.

"There's nothing funny about fighting a final battle to settle things. The only thing that stands out is why he would choose to do it when Skywolf is at our door," he said, furrowing his brow as he shook his head.

"The sun emperor, you mean?"

"Yeah. He should know that he'll suffer casualties even though his numbers are double ours when we're united in resisting him. Even if he takes our territory, he probably wouldn't have more than two-thirds of his troops remaining. What's the point of taking it, then? The Sky Palace Formation will still be there and the voidheart worm is still something to be concerned about. The astralguard formation will remain deactivated. He won't be able to change anything about Skywolf's impending invasion."

"Yeah, that's the troubling part of all this." The stakes of everyone else in this battle were clear, save for the sun emperor's. However, there was no other response the alliance could muster other than going to battle.

"Let's get to battle positions," Tianming said.

The Saintdragon Emperor operated the Aeonidragon Formation while Long Wanying deployed their troops. They were running out of time. But thankfully, Tianming's defeat of the dreamless celestial emperor had given them confidence and raised their morale despite having to face off against three hundred million troops. This was the only chance they would have to deal a heavy blow against the celestial orderians.

"As long as we can repeat the battle that took place here the last time, we'll emerge victorious in the end!"

The former battle of the Myriaddragon Mountains was only on a scale of tens of millions of troops, while hundreds of millions would be fighting today. Not to mention, it involved tens of billions of normal gods fueling the formation. The incoming storm had been brewing above the mountain range for quite some time.

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The solar storms were rather powerful that day, causing the flaming clouds to rapidly shift about. Flaming embers rained down on the activated Aeonidragon Formation, scattering into many fine sparks.

When Tianming stepped out of the great hall, he saw Weisheng Moran waiting for him beneath a tree with her forty-nine sisters. They looked almost identical and were a stunning sight to behold everywhere they went. However, he had other things to worry about, so he couldn't quite enjoy the sight. They also seemed to feel the tension in the air and sat there without bothering him.

"Little fish?" Tianming slightly relaxed the moment he noticed her. "Have you been waiting for me?"

#### Chapter 1862 - Two Coffins

"Yeah," Weisheng Moran said. She came to Tianming's side and whispered, "I've given it a lot of thought. News of the dreamless celestial emperor's death will no doubt cause chaos in the nation. Some are even saying that the emperor joined hands with the sun emperor. I worry that the other dreamless celestials would take that as truth and help attack the Myriadragon Mountains if anyone takes advantage of the chaos." The dreamless celestial nation wasn't far from the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect, so an attack from them was a real possibility, especially during such chaotic times.

"What do you plan to do?" Tianming asked.

"I figured that since the dreamless celestials don't really know the truth, and there aren't any more divine wonderians around, I can help hold back the elites from the dreamless celestial nation. I have my divine wonders, after all, and I also have a rather high status among them. Do you think I should head back to Somnium and see if I can control the situation?" She sounded more and more anxious as she spoke. The dreamless celestials used to be ranked number one and were nothing to be scoffed at, especially with their proximity to the Myriadragon Mountains.

"Can you do it?" In his mind, she didn't seem all that powerful. While her divine wonders were amazing, taking control of a faction also required a sharp and witty mind.

"I can!" Her meek expression seemed to be entirely dispelled by a single burst of enthusiasm. Tianming saw a hint of the power she had used against the dreamless celestial emperor.

"Then I'll give you one day. Come back here after that. Your divine wonders have a huge range and they'll be incredibly helpful in the battle."

"Alright!" Tianming's confident and earnest expression seemed to instill courage in her.

"Do you think you'll be capable of bringing their army over to help us?" he asked, smiling.

"I... I... Little fish will try her best!" she nervously said.

"You're amazing. I'll be counting on you." Tianming gave her shoulder a confident squeeze, but her quick blush caused him to immediately let go. "We're short on time, so I'll send you to Somnium in the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. The rest will be up to you."

"Alright!" She recalled the woman slumbering in the cave. If there was time, she wanted to give her a proper burial.

Tianming immediately summoned the ship. "Well, Big Sisters, get on board." The group entered the ship after him and they immediately set off. Given the ship's speed, it didn't take long for them to arrive. Even so, Tianming returned after dropping them off. His presence by her side might cause her more problems, after all.

The ship was now empty with them dropped off. Tianming looked at the soft Bamboo Tube Formation and sighed. "Dammit, if only you'd stand straight up..." He looked south at the Voidsky Flame Pillar. That was another place where he could charge up his ship.

"Stand straight up? You mean erect? You want to plow all fifty of them?" Ying Huo said, not letting that chance go.

"Can you be more serious?" Tianming said.

"Who's the one messing around with other girls? Xian Xian's bark is inscribed with all of your deeds," Ying Huo said, rolling its eyes. On the eve of the grand battle, only Tianming's lifebound beasts were able to make him slightly unwind.

"The sun emperor is serious this time. We have to survive and win!" Tianming took a deep breath, understanding that the alliance's army was as prepared as it could be. It would be impossible to predict how the battle would go. As for their elites, Tianming had two trump cards to play. The first was Weisheng Moran and her fifty divine wonders, while the second was Lingfeng, whose limits were still unclear. He could help out on the battlefield and perhaps even against the sun emperor, but even so, Tianming still felt the pressure mounting as the battle came closer and closer.

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Near the northern pole of the sun where nova source came pouring out stood a golden-haired man. The nova source fresh out of the pole caused his hair to wildly flutter. His eyes were burning hot and they released a golden beam that stretched thousands of miles. People saw two golden pillars in the sky.

Even with a force of three hundred million, the celestial orderians had retained a large number of top elites and far outstripped the alliance in terms of defensive formations. Every one of their settlements was a fortress, so there was no chance the alliance could launch a surprise attack on their territory.

After a few days of dormancy, the Divine Sun Palace had long amassed enough nova source to charge it up to full. Yet it still lay there unmoving, even though the troops at the south had already received orders to march for the Myriadragon Mountains. Within the palace, golden flames burned all over the place. All kinds of totem inscriptions covered the pillars and walls of the palace, which looked even more imposing thanks to the fire. At the center of the palace was an even hotter area. Burning flames filled the corridors, pushing so much air around that it sounded like roars.

Within that hall stood a man covered in golden flames, looking down at two coffins before him with one hand placed on each. The coffin on the left was crystalline and frosty despite the flaming environment. The one on the right was much larger and thicker, and seemed made of some crimson-gold material. It was also covered in odd inscriptions that looked like they had some kind of historical importance. Within

the inscriptions were complex divine patterns. The sun emperor turned his sight to the crystalline coffin on his left.

#### Chapter 1863 - Dragon Face

A woman with a head of full silver hair lay within the crystal coffin. Her white robes were completely free of stains, and even her fingers looked completely pure. The only thing that was out of place was a cut on her neck, a sign that she had been decapitated. She was none other than Li Wushuang, whose appearance had returned to normal after she was killed. She seemed to be in a peaceful slumber and didn't look as cold and menacing as before.

The gold-haired sun emperor laid against the coffin and watched for a long time. Then he seemed to smile as if he recalled something. After the recollection, he looked south and patted the coffin. With a serious tone, he said, "Mu He, Mu He, I've been waiting for fourteen years! I endured all those years, and the time when I'll finally get to avenge you has come. This time around, I'll make the ones that caused your death suffer thousands of times over!" He emotionally slammed the coffin as his expression contorted.

"Yuwen Taiji!" the sun emperor roared as the flares burst out from his eyes nonstop. The Divine Sun Palace seemed to rumble from his rage. [1]

The chaos continued until a calm voice rang out in the hall, "You reap what you sow! Hahaha!"

The voice had come from the crimson-gold coffin to the right. Stunned, the sun emperor turned to look at the coffin, only to find that it wasn't covered up. Within it was quite a large amount of gold and crimson liquid that seemed to be mixing together. It almost seemed like molten metal, and within that liquid lay a red-haired man. He seemed sealed within the coffin and couldn't even move an inch. His gaze met the gold-haired sun emperor's. "She isn't Mu He, she's your younger sister. Your nemesis isn't Yuwen Taiji. The fusion of our souls has never been about yours consuming mine. Instead, we're blending together, which is causing you to grow more and more confused to the point that I've become you and you're becoming me," the red-haired man calmly said.

"Nonsense! She is Mu He! My beloved Mu He! You don't know what we experienced together. It isn't like what everyone on the sun says. If only she didn't have any blood relation with me...."

Before the golden-haired man could finish, the red-haired man in the coffin said, "Then tell me... who is Yuwen Taiji?"

"Yuwen...." The gold-haired sun emperor stood there, stunned. There didn't seem to be anyone called Yuwen Taiji among the Myriad Solar Sects.

"Li Tianming... voidheart worm?" He furrowed his brow as his eyes darted around, confused. After some time, he took a deep breath and smiled. "Looks like I have to thank you for waking me up. To think that your pointless experiences almost had my mind confused."

"Says the one who cherished his sister more than he cherishes his wife," the red-haired man retorted.

"Shut up!"

"The cross confusion has begun, and you're past the point of no return. I told you to stop long ago, but you didn't listen. The Flameyellow Coffin isn't something you can control. You can't stop what's coming, either!"

"You're overthinking that and underestimating me. Li Wudi's pointless life only has a small effect on me at best. I'll tell you what's coming: you'll be refined by the Flameyellow Coffin until you completely transform into a part of me. Then I'll attack the Myriad Solar Sects with even more force to activate the Flameyellow Guard Formation and crush Skywolf. Then, I'll take their nova sources and lead the sun into the new age as an imperial star!"

"In your dreams."

"No, the one that's dreaming is you!" The golden-haired sun emperor grunted and stretched his arm out, causing the coffin's cover to shut. When he infused the Divine Sun Palace's power into the coffin, complex divine patterns appeared on the coffin's ninety-nine carvings. The patterns ignited into flames and entered the coffin, causing the liquid within to boil. There was no other sound than the rumbling of the coffin, the burning flames, and a shriek of pain. All the while, the sun emperor held the cover of the coffin closed with a look of madness on his face. "This is only barely usable and mistakes are common. I hope that this time around, no other accidents happen. How could a divine object like the Flameyellow Coffin let me down? After all, without you, there wouldn't be a me, right?" He heartily laughed, his voice mixing with the ambient noise in the palace and filling it with insanity. "Who could've imagined that such a normal world was actually hiding such an ancient secret experiment?"

The crimson and gold coffin continued shaking for close to two hours before it settled down and opened up, letting the gold and crimson liquid stream out from within. Steam and vapor filled the surroundings as a naked, red-haired man climbed out of the coffin. His hair looked like it was aflame like his eyes. The impact he gave off didn't pale in comparison to the golden-haired sun emperor in the slightest.

What was more eye-catching were his bane-rings. There were eight bloody bane-rings, four on each arm. They had the faces of great beasts and they seemed to roar like they were alive. At that moment, a bloody mark surfaced near his chest, seemingly burning to form a new bane-ring that had the face of a dragon. The flaming dragon on the center of his chest roared along with the eight beasts on his arms. The sun emperor maniacally laughed and roared at the sight.

"Flameyellow Coffin! As expected of an ancient artifact! A miracle of antiquity!" He tore open his golden robes and exposed his chest. There was a golden sun-shaped bane-ring there that seemed to mirror the dragon-faced bane-ring on the red-haired man's chest, perhaps a sign that it had been created using the same method.

"Come!" the sun emperor roared. The levitating red-haired man approached the sun emperor and their flaming gazes locked with one another.

Chapter 1864 - Prey

The sun emperor raised his hand and smiled, which the red-haired man mirrored. "Who are you?"

"The sun emperor," the red-haired man answered.

"Then who am I?"

"The sun emperor."

"Who's the prime?"

"The sun emperor is the prime."

"Good." The gold-haired sun emperor took a deep breath and said, "Then, from now on, may the sun emperor start fighting for the sun!" He stepped forward and gripped the shoulder of the red-haired man. "Remember—you have no ego. Your sense of self is with me. There's only one mind, and that's mine."

The red-haired man's expression didn't change in the least.

"Who's Li Wudi?" the sun emperor asked.

"I don't know."

"What about Li Tianming?"

"Someone who must die."

"And Skywolf?"

The red-haired man smirked. "Prey!"

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Some time after that, tens of thousands of people gathered outside the Divine Sun Palace. They weren't normal troops. Instead, all of them had high status and impressive power. The air they gave off was domineering. They were the strongest fighters of the celestial orderians. There were ten thousand of them in total, each of them an eighth-level solarian or higher, and all of them famous in Orderia in their own right. They weren't part of the army, but had been summoned by the sun emperor to join his personal guard. All of them waited quietly outside the commotion-filled palace. Eventually, the palace's doors opened.

"Come in. We're preparing to head out," the sun emperor's voice rang out from within.

"Understood!" All of them entered the palace in an orderly fashion. However, the door didn't immediately close. There was a woman with light-green hair still outside, dressed in luxurious robes. Beside her were tens of beautiful female maidservants. Unlike other beauties, there was a motherly aura about her that was accompanied by an air of noble superiority. She was the empress who had come from the soul tribulators. All ten of the sun emperor's sons had been birthed by her, and in recent years, her sons had been dying one after another. Even so, there wasn't a hint of hurt in her demure and regal expression. She was waiting; soon, the gold-haired sun emperor appeared before her.

"The time is nigh. I'll have you activate the hundred Flameyellow Formations in our domain. After you complete that task, take care of the Flameyellow Formations in the territories controlled by the Myriad Solar Sects. As long as the Myriaddragon Mountains are breached, it'll only be a matter of time. The remnants won't take more than a few days to clear out."

"Understood." The empress elegantly bowed, a sign of her refined soul tribulator upbringing.

"Very well." The sun emperor didn't elaborate and casually waved as he flew back into his palace, after which it rumbled and rose into the sky. The empress and the others retreated, her dress fluttering from the shockwaves as the sun emperor departed.

"Empress...." The maidservants felt a little melancholic for their mistress. They knew that she seldom met her husband, and even though she just had, there was no chance for any deep interaction between them. Yet the empress didn't seem the least bit discouraged by it. Instead, her gaze seemed more resolute than before.

"As long as our plans succeed, the sun will be ushered into a new era!"

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After some time, reinforcements from the Emyreans Sword Sect, Frostsoul Imperium, and Divinemight Dynasty arrived at the Myriadragon Mountains. The Group of Celestial Maiden Halls, on the other hand, had finished their reorganization since they were the closest to the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. All six alliance leaders were also present.

It seemed that all preparations, whether it be the elite units, main forces, or logistics, had been finished with the highest efficiency. The Myriadragon Mountains were far more reinforced than they had been during the previous legendary battle that took place there, where they hadn't even had a defensive formation at the start of the battle. Thankfully, the sun emperor had gone to the Xuanyu Continent at that time, otherwise the Divine Sun Palace would have blasted the Ninedragon Army to smithereens.

They currently had a hundred and thirty million troops at the frontline. Formation spirit threads stretched out to every cultivator and lifebound beast in the mountains. The oppressive atmosphere was growing more and more tense. As Tianming had Yin Chen, he kept a constant eye on the enemy troops' movement. At the rate they were approaching, it would take half a day for them to reach the mountain range.

"The Divine Sun Palace has started moving. It's bringing ten thousand eighth-level solarians and above with it," Tianming said.

"Nobody else?" the Northdipper Swordsage asked.

Tianming found that their situation was worse than they had imagined. If the Northdipper Swordsage was nervous, the ones who could die at any moment on the front lines must be even more so. "No...."

The rest breathed a sigh of relief. The celestial orderians really did have quite an impressive force to boast of. Had they conscripted their civilians to join the fight, they could have had at least tens of millions more troops in the Divine Sun Palace.

"What was the sun emperor up to during the few days he was resting? Did he intentionally give us time to deal with the dreamless celestial emperor?" The Northdipper Swordsage couldn't figure that out.

"Perhaps he was recovering from the fear of facing the Fushen Clan," Fushen Gongyi joked. Even though that battle had considerably raised their morale, they had still lost Fushen Valley at the end.



There was no way Tianming could know what was happening inside the Divine Sun Palace, but he had a premonition that the upcoming battle would be the hardest they had ever faced. He continued pacing about the hall, deep in thought.

"Brother, I'm here," Lingfeng said as he landed with the Soulfend. It was wearing its angry face and slamming its chest with its six arms, roaring as it obsessively guarded him.

"How's Qingyu doing?"

"Same old. I made sure she hid herself well."

Tianming gave it some thought and said, "If she's alone, I should have someone protect her. If something goes wrong, she can flee as well." Qingyu was still technically the daughter of the sun emperor, so extra considerations had to be made.

"Alright." Lingfeng had wanted to bring that up, but it seemed like Tianming hadn't forgotten her, despite the pressure he was facing. "Once we take him down, it'll be our victory." Lingfeng looked north with a cold glare.

"Yeah."

"Perhaps we'll even find a way to help Qingyu."

"That's right."

For those two, this battle felt like part of their destiny.

Chapter 1865 - Skyreach Pillar

Two hours later, Weisheng Moran returned. She seemed rather apologetic. "I'm... I'm sorry for disappointing you... I tried my best, but the dreamless celestials refused to help."

Tianming shook his head and smiled. "I was only joking, don't take me seriously. I wasn't counting on them to help us, given how stubborn they usually are. It's already good enough that they'll be staying within their formation and not causing us trouble."

"Yeah! I told them about that and they agreed. When I was on the way back, the dreamless celestial emperor's lifebound beast was asking for people to avenge him, but I tamed it and showed the dreamless celestials my divine wonders," she said.

"His lifebound beast? You mean the one he took in using a blood pact?" According to reports, that was a grade-seven divine beast. But it wasn't that powerful, and paled in comparison to the Warlord's beasts. It was basically a pet that was left to the side as it aged.

"That's right."

"Doesn't it know about Skywolf?"

"Probably not, otherwise it would be spreading news of that around given how rowdy it was."

"That's good." Tianming had almost forgotten about the lifebound beasts of the dreamless celestial emperor and his children. The fact that they hadn't even brought their lifebound beasts with them

showed how the dreamless celestials held no regard for lifebound beasts if they weren't naturally born. "It's great that you're back. I need your help, little fish."

"Okay."

"Where's your sisters?"

"They're all in my body."

It seemed like they were ready to fight. Tianming took her and Lingfeng to the grand hall at Great Saintdragon Peak. The two of them would play important roles in the upcoming battle. Right as they entered, Yin Chen sent some odd news.

"Apparently a hundred-odd crimson and gold formations appeared in the celestial orderian territory out of nowhere," Tianming said.

"What does that mean? Long Wanying asked.

"I'm not sure, Yin Chen just detected it. We'll have to wait and see." Tianming continued telepathically communicating with Yin Chen. While it was faster than by mouth, Yin Chen's odd, stuttering speech pattern still made it janky. After some time, he said, "Odd... there's around a hundred formations of indeterminate grade, each of them looking like a crimson and gold pillar that stretches up to the clouds."

"Indeterminate grade? Can't Yin Chen tell what grade it is?" the Northdipper Swordsage said.

"No, it heard the locals talking about them. Apparently, the appearance of these 'skyreach pillars' has come as a shock to the locals as well. Everyone's talking about it. Yin Chen said that they only appeared around the hundred most prosperous cities of their territory." Tianming turned to the Saintdragon Emperor with a doubtful look. "Why're the locations of the hundred cities of the celestial orderians mirrored to the locations of the top hundred sects of the Myriad Solar Sects?"

The sun was a sphere, and every point on it had a corresponding mirror point on the other side of that sphere. For instance, the north and south poles were mirror points of one another. According to Yin Chen, the cities of the celestial orderians corresponded to the main bases of the top hundred sects, including the Empyrean Sword Sect, Divinemight Dynasty, and even the Azuresoul Palace. The pillars had appeared around those celestial orderian cities, which was a shocking sight that changed the scenery of the sun. Such occurrences were uncommon no matter what age they were in.

"That's no surprise. The structure of the fusion formation makes it so. The sects are constructed on the points of the fusion formation where there are openings, so as to benefit from the higher output of nova source, which is also the same reason why the celestial orderian cities are constructed at the mirror points. The solar core can change the output of the fusion formation's openings, but the openings themselves can't be changed. That's why the Myriadragon Mountains has always had the most dense nova source output since ancient times," the Saintdragon Emperor said.

Tianming imagined the two corresponding points to be the entry and exit points of a needle if it were pierced through the sun's core. Right now, a hundred such pillar formations had appeared near the cities of some points.

"A hundred of them, huh..." For something like that to take place before the grand battle was a foreboding omen. What in the world were the sun emperor's plans? When had he prepared those formations? Why did they appear for seemingly no reason? Then, new reports caused Tianming to jump with surprise.

"The same pillar formations appeared near the Azuresoul Palace and Supracloud Sanctuary! They're identical to the ones in celestial orderian territory!"

"What?!"

"Have Gujian Qingshuang and Yun Tianque come here. Do they know about this?"

Tianming called out to them, but it was pointless as the same formations had appeared near the five second-rate sects of the Land of Three Skies, replacing their destroyed defensive formations. After that, even the Windheed Pavilion experienced the same. All of them were second-rate sects. The pillars spread toward the south of the sun, leaving only the top ten sects without one. The pillars only rose at sects with destroyed defensive formations, giving Tianming and the rest a sense of what was taking place.

"So it looks like the sun emperor wasn't just fighting for no reason. He's sparing so much effort to attack us instead of dealing with the voidheart worm because it's necessary."

"Perhaps he's trying to activate some special formations."

"What happens if all the top hundred sects get covered by them?"

Nobody could tell for now, but they were certain that the sun emperor wouldn't back down until the Myriadragon Mountains fell, even with the threat of Skywolf looming over them.

#### Chapter 1866 - Dragon Soul

Yin Chen reported that not even the celestial orderians knew where the pillar formations had come from. The sun emperor had made sure to prevent information from leaking for his most important plans, knowing that Tianming had eyes almost everywhere.

"As long as we don't know what the formations are really used for, we'll only be able to passively react."

Perhaps they were a secret that fewer than three people knew about, or maybe only the sun emperor knew. There was no way to find out at the moment. Tianming could only tell Yin Chen to try its best to dig out information about the pillars. The Saintdragon Emperor also tasked people to look for people or records that had information about the phenomena. There should be at least a few people who knew about such things. But one thing was for sure: the sun emperor would be working to destroy the defensive formations of the top ten sects to allow all two hundred of those pillar formations to manifest. The Myriadragon Mountains' fate was still unchanged.

"This is odd.... Our ancestors scoured these lands for generations, to the point that they almost reached the fusion formation below. How did they not discover these formations?" The Saintdragon Emperor seemed troubled by the same doubts as the Northdipper Swordsage and the rest. Eventually, the formation even appeared at Fushen Valley, something Fushen Gongyi was shocked to hear about.

"Looks like having the second-rate sects retreat without resistance helped the sun emperor instead," Tianming said.

"There was nothing we could do. Even if we didn't give up on the formations, they would still eventually fall, but we'd only have casualties to show for it," Long Wanying said. At the end of the day, the core of the myriad sects were the people in them. "The dreamless celestial emperor believed that the sun emperor's knowledge had limits, right? Now, it seems that we, the dreamless celestial emperor, and even Skywolf and the voidheart worm also know very limited things about the sun emperor. While the dreamless celestial emperor knows more about the astralscape than the sun emperor, the sun emperor understands Orderia the best."

This was the battlefield of the celestial orderians. Back then, Tianming had believed that the sun emperor wasn't that threatening, especially when compared to Skywolf. But now he had a renewed respect for him. "He's a terrifying opponent indeed."

Without any information about the formations, all the alliance could do was defend against the incoming onslaught. They could already hear the rumbling of the three hundred million troops, whose approach made the air around them heat up.

"We'll go to our defense posts as planned!"

"Understood!"

The Saintdragon Emperor, Northdipper Swordsage, Ninesun Martial Lord, Fushen Gongyi, Frostsoul Empress, and Yan Lingxian were filled with fighting spirit. This would be the final battle for survival, a battle of unprecedented importance. This time around, they didn't have the Primodragon Cave to count on—the only way they would be able to save the Myriaddragon Mountains was to do it themselves.

Tianming had spread Yin Chens all throughout the battlefield, giving him a view of most areas. He also kept in touch with thousands of formation operators and commanding officers. They had prepared everything for this day.

He also took Lingfeng and Weisheng Moran with him. The three youths were among the strongest fighters of the alliance, and their mission was to stop the sun emperor, who could be coming to the battlefield himself. If it didn't turn out that way, Tianming's mission would be to do the same he had done at Fushen Valley by killing the enemy officers one after another with Yin Chen's help. The enemy army of three hundred million should have more than thirty leaders of Li Tianyi's level, all of whom would be celestial orderian elites above the tenth level of the Solar stage.

"Getting rid of them would no doubt cripple their army to some degree. However, their numbers are far too high, and their moral support is none other than the sun emperor. As long as the sun emperor lives, they won't crumble like they did back at Fushen Valley." Tianming knew that fact well. In a battle between hundreds of millions, the power of one single person would be exceedingly limited. Not even the sun emperor would be able to do much other than killing a few leaders if he entered the fray himself, rather than using the Divine Sun Palace.

The forces fighting on the ground were the key to victory. And the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb seemed to have limited use in that battle. Tianming and the other two flew to the front lines, which was the

northernmost point of the Myriadragon Mountains where the Ninedragon Army had set up camp. They would be fighting in the vanguard at the very front this time around.

"The celestial orderian troops seem to be coming straight at us without pause. The Ninedragon Army will be the first to meet them in battle." Tianming and the Saintdragon Emperor had arranged for it to be such, and the Ninedragon Army was all too willing. While it was true that the troops in front would suffer the most casualties, this was their home and the last bastion of the Myriad Solar Sects. The Ninedragon Army would never allow the refugees who had come for sanctuary to be used as cannon fodder. Such a strong soul was something that their ancestors had passed down. Not to mention, with them as shining examples, the troops of the alliance behind them would be more motivated.

Battlelust already began filling the air.

"The Northdipper Swordsage and the rest also brought their elites to join us here. There's around three million of them."

In other words, the vanguard force would have the most penetrative power. The pre-battle tension rose to a climax. When Tianming appeared in the sky as the Imperialdragon Princeps and leader of the alliance, the countless beastmasters and their dragons bellowed. All the troops of the Ninedragon Army were connected to him by an Omniscient Thread, through which he shared and resonated with their spirits and wills.

Most of the troops were beastmasters. They summoned their lifebound beasts and waited in the mountains. From a distance, one could see beasts filling the skies and carpeting the ground, many of which had more than a thousand stars. There were all kinds of beasts, ranging from avians, to insects, to mammalian beasts of all shapes, sizes, and colors.

Chapter 1867 - Infernal Demon

"All these varied beasts are also treasures of Orderia. Wouldn't this world be a boring one if it only had one type of totem?" Each and every different kind of lifebound beast was a precious heirloom for countless generations of beastmasters. They had just as much right as anyone to continue procreating in this world.

Tianming received a lot of faith and praise as he flew past the ocean of beasts. They considered him their savior, a mountainous burden indeed. He had to make sure they saw him coming.

"The Imperialdragon Princeps will be fighting with us on the front lines!"

"Have faith in him! Have faith in ourselves! Have faith in all the warriors of the alliance!"

It was important to stoke morale before the final battle began.

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According to Yin Chen, it would be another hour before the celestial orderian army arrived. Apart from a few of the top ten sects, pillar formations had appeared at the likes of Fushen Valley and Blueblood Starocean. The Divine Sun Palace was also seen advancing alongside the celestial orderians' main force. When the palace and the sun emperor appeared, the army of three hundred million let out thundering cheers that shook the Myriadragon Mountains.

A terrifying firestorm was brewing.

Tianming left the mountain range and stood at the tallest point he could find. He could just see the pillar stretching out of Fushen Valley. "It does look rather majestic...." The sight was quite shocking to behold.

"That pillar is huge. If that's a stick, then the Aeonian Infindragon Formation looks just like an egg...." A stick and an egg may not differ in breadth, but the stick could be much longer. "In other words, the pillar must be much larger than a grade-eight divine formation."

The Aeonian Infindragon Formation was already the biggest formation among those of the Myriad Solar Sects, yet it seemed to pale in comparison to the pillar formations in terms of size and area. What in the world were they for? Even from so far away, the sight of them still inspired awe.

"What other secrets does the sun emperor have?" He looked to the north at the horizon, where a sea of fire could be seen spreading toward the Myriadragon Mountains. The fire seemed to blend with the clouds above.

All three hundred million troops seemed like flame demons and their war cries could be heard from far away. They marched without feeling any fatigue at all. The closer they came to their destination, the bolder and braver they became. Leading them was the gigantic golden head that was burning the brightest it had ever burned. Every celestial orderian was completely swallowed up by the flaming atmosphere, their minds filled with nothing but a thirst for battle. The desire for glory was like a disease that had infected them and spread to the others, turning them all into hungry flame demons. Their expressions were all contorted, and that was even before they had unleashed their totems, which would no doubt make them look even more terrifying.

"This army looks completely different from the Divine Sun Palace's troops from before. They really seem like they're the sun emperor's personal troops, to the point where all of them almost look like his clones. They're all domineering and tyrannical, and none of them appreciate the sanctity of life!"

Surely, that would make them much harder to deal with. The battle seemed even more hopeless now. It wasn't that Tianming feared the fight; instead, he could imagine the homes of the Xuanyuan people being trampled and filled with blood and corpses in a couple of hours. The tragedy would be worse than that of Fushen Valley.

This might be the most horrifying point of Orderian history. All the troops and gods supporting the formation were wallowing in melancholy, desperate to give their all so that as many of them as possible could survive. They would only fall if they were divided, so standing together was the only choice.

Sighing, Tianming returned to the formation. He joined up with the Saintdragon Emperor and the rest to give some final deployment orders. All of the troops understood what the battle meant; they would keep their morale high and fight to the very end for as long as they could. The Saintdragon Emperor, Northdipper Swordsage, and the rest gave moralizing speeches. Some were serious and earnest, while others stoked the flames. There were also touching speeches, and those that caused the warriors to feel seething rage. All in all, they were talked into fighting to their deaths.

Finally, it was Tianming's turn. He should have been used to situations like these, yet he found that he didn't have much to say. He felt a heavier burden and responsibility than he had ever felt before. This was the moment when they needed him the most. He could say something he didn't mean just to

agitate the troops even more, yet he kept his quiet for a long while. "Everyone dies one day, as far as I know. I haven't seen anyone that's truly immortal. Since that's the case, I'm not afraid of death. It isn't like I'm losing much in the grand scheme of things. In fact, I'm thankful that I have the honor to fight by the side of you all. For that, I will die without any regrets."

The original goal was just saving Li Wudi, but now his blood, soul, and body had completely blended with those of the people of this land. He fully belonged there, just like them. His candor was the most moving part of the speech, and it caused their hearts to meld together.

Tianming was quite lucky that everyone present needed a hero. That was why, even though he didn't have much to show for it, more and more people were placing their hopes and faith in him. His Omniscient Threads increased in number to three billion. All of them were here by his side. All of them could see him!

The number paled in comparison to that of his threads in Flameyellow, but the amount of power he received from these had reached a new apex. He was the strongest he had ever been. There was nothing else that needed to be said. Through the threads, he could resonate with the struggles and hopes of all three billion gods in front of him. More and more power flooded into him, making him the brightest beacon on the battlefield.

He had become the god of the gods.

Chapter 1868 - Asphyxiating

Tianming standing in the front of them alone was enough to stoke their fighting spirits. They were fighting without fear of death against invading flaming demons! Even before the fight, their spirits were already resisting. The souls of both sides seemed to clash into each other even before the enemy arrived.

"Brother Tianming, I'll be looking for an opportunity to fight," Lingfeng said, looking at the sea of flames in the north. He was still weak right now and wasn't suited to fighting straight on, so he had to fight from the shadows to get a chance.

"Go ahead," Tianming said.

"Alright."

"Feng." Lingfeng turned back. Tianming smiled at him and held his hand tight. "After the war, our journey continues. None of us are allowed to die here."

"Don't worry. I still have to make Qingyu happy again, and I won't willingly die until I do that." Lingfeng let go of Tianming's hand and retreated into the crowd, blending in with it, leaving only Weisheng Moran with him.

"What should I do?" she asked, her face pale.

"Just stick close to me and fight whoever I'm fighting."

"Understood." She resolutely grit her teeth. The mission Tianming had given her was easy to understand. She looked up at the youth before her, who was pointing the Grand-Orient Sword ahead at the front of the vanguard. His black and gold imperial robes and white hair fluttered in the wind. His

eyes radiated a divine light, and he wielded an imperial greatsword. Everything about him radiated the aura of a sovereign.

His lifebound beasts had long graced the battlefield. Like usual, Xian Xian was the farthest away from him, in charge of attacking and confusing the enemy while saving the injured. Its roots and vines were really versatile. Yin Chen was scattered all across the battlefield. Tianming stood atop Lan Huang, fully wearing the mantle of the Imperialdragon Princeps. Lan Huang was treated like the ruler of dragons and its roars alone brought the blood of all the troops of the Ninedragon Army to a boil. Above its two heads were two 'cannons'.

Tianming was their spiritual support, and everyone in the Myriaddragon Mountains would witness his actions and deeds. As long as he didn't fall, the number of his Omniscient Threads would only grow.

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The mountain range was already incessantly rumbling. People were just specks of dust on this grand battlefield, and the combatants had no idea how the war was going on the whole. The moment had come; the three hundred million celestial orderians had arrived. The oppressive sea of fire had finally reached Myriaddragon Mountains.

Without rest or pause, they immediately went on the attack. They didn't even wait for the Divine Sun Palace to wear down the formation first. It was nothing but straightforward savagery. At the same time, the gigantic golden head came flying without warning and started charging up its Divine Wrath. The flames of all the totems and the Divine Sun Palace blended with the clouds above, seemingly enveloping the entire mountain range in fire. The invading force of the enemy made for a domineering sight. Their totems majestically rose into the air, filling the sky with so much pressure that it made it hard to breathe.

"Destroy!"

Every celestial orderian and all of their totems said nothing but that one word. It was like a heavy punch that slammed against the cultivators within the formation before they had even clashed.

"Last time, they lost tens of millions of troops here! This time around, we'll recreate that nightmare!"

Tianming looked at the flaming army calmly as he rose up. Then, millions of totem swords appeared around him. With his two sacrosuns supporting him, his lifebound beasts, totems, and divine wonders were at their peak of power. He was far stronger than when he had defeated the dreamless celestial emperor. The army before him was nothing but dust!

Lan Huang roared as the Primordial Swords around its body jutted out. Its Primordial Soundwave was the spark that ignited the fire in their hearts.

"Kill!"

All thirty million dragon beastmasters charged with Tianming in front of them, forming the most elite force in their ranks. Meow Meow and Ying Huo fired off abilities into the sea of flames from Lan Huang's heads. The grandest battle on the sun had started, marking the beginning of endless bloodshed.



The Divine Sun Palace launched its first Divine Wrath blast as the signal to attack. Flames covered everything as far as the eyes could see as a pillar of golden light slammed against the Aeonian Infinitragon Formation, heavily shaking it. The shockwaves of the blast spread flames all over, seemingly creating countless fireworks in the air and reminding the Myriad Solar Sects of the nightmarish symbol of power that the sun emperor possessed.

Fortunately, they had Tianming on their side, the favored child of heaven's fate! They knew from their resonance with him that Tianming was bathing in the blood he spilled at the front lines. There was no trickery on either side, just pure, straightforward violence.

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The battlefield was far too noisy and chaotic. Tianming couldn't even properly hear Yin Chen's voice through all the slaughter that was going on. He used everything at his disposal—beasts, totems, divine wonders, and his weapons. His hands were covered in fresh blood and corpses littered the ground behind him. In a short instant, he wondered if there was a reason why all these lives had met their end at this point. He didn't know why, only that these were the laws the universe had set.

The flipside of might was violence. Though resources were limited, the demand for them was limitless. As such, eternal peace would forever remain a pleasant illusion. Strife was the only constant in the universe, and the lives it claimed were nothing but insignificant insects.

#### Chapter 1869 - A Tale of Two Wolves

Valleygod was a large stellar source world about ten times the size of the Divine Moon Realm. It was managed by one of the celestial orderian branches that called themselves valleygods. The celestial body itself was gray and white and was constantly covered by clouds. While it was larger than the Divine Moon Realm, it wasn't eye-catching at all, making it well suited to be an outpost.

Valleygod was one of the outposts that were the farthest away from the sun, and beyond it was the chaos zone, so called for the countless meteors in the area. Many of them crashed into Valleygod, which necessitated the constant activation of their astralguard formation to minimize the damage.

That day, the many inhabitants of that world spent their day like usual, pining for Orderia. But all of a sudden, the sky brightly glowed, illuminating the gloomy world. Many people came out of their houses in shock and looked to the sky. Some even flew into the clouds to look beyond them.

"What is that?! It's so fast!" They could see two blinding sources of light flash past them.

"It looks like two wolves rushing past! How could there be wolves so huge?"

"Am I seeing things?"

It couldn't just be a hallucination, for many people saw the same thing.

"Could they be divine astralships?"

This made them nervous. Outposts were only designed to monitor the approach of other star worlds, which they would have ample time to report on. Divine astralships were too quick for them to be able to report back in time.

"It's said that our people are warring against the Myriad Solar Sects in Orderia. For alien divine astralships to come at such a time...."

"This means trouble. Big trouble."

"Haven't there been records of divine astralships coming to Orderia from Skywolf?"

As Tianming's Ninedragon Imperial Tomb hadn't set out in the direction of this outpost when it left for Violetglory, and it didn't have a true miniature nova source, it was hardly noticeable at all and had gone undetected.

"Skywolf! That's right! The divine astralships were shaped like a wolf!"

"Skywolf is here!"

The valleygods immediately fell into a panic, yet the divine astralships simply ignored their humble outpost and headed straight for Orderia. It was far too insignificant. However, if the outpost was in the trajectory the two stars of Skywolf were traveling, it would no doubt be ground into powder and swallowed up, marking the end of their world. With the divine astralships already so near, how far away could their home stars be?

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The border of the Myriaddragon Mountains was slowly being burned away as the fire encroached upon the Aeonic Infinidragon Formation. The world itself looked like it was on fire. In the sea of golden flames filled with violence and bloodshed, totems descended like ancient gods wielding terrifying weapons coated in flames, causing the battlefield to rumble.

Looking closer, it seemed that the three hundred million troops were now entirely within the defensive formation's bounds and had fully engaged with the alliance's troops while their totems were clashing with countless lifebound beasts. The fight was in full swing. Beastmasters and their varied lifebound beasts protected each other as they launched barrages of abilities. The beastmasters themselves used all kinds of battle arts in close combat. The sound of explosions and cries were heard all over the place, and everyone's line of sight was filled with nothing but blood and flame. They had all lost their reason and turned into pure killing machines, dancing on the precipice of life and death.

The battle involved hundreds of millions of gods. No words could describe the savagery and bloodiness of the battle. Even with countless Yin Chens as his eyes, Tianming saw nothing other than death and gore.

"Die!"

"Kill!"

"Today's the day the sun is unified!"

"As long as we win, we'll make history for the celestial orderians! We'll have all the resources in this world for ourselves!"

"The Myriad Solar Sects proliferate too quickly! If things go on, they'll outnumber us! We must cull their numbers so our descendants will have ample space and resources!"

"The more we kill, the more our descendants benefit!"

"We have a nonabane sovereign leading us! He'll fulfill the mission of wiping out the entire Myriad Solar Sects!"

"Sun Emperor! Sun Emperor!"

The celestial orderians' undying fighting spirit and faith in the sun emperor launched them into a slaughterous fervor. Their poisonous rhetoric spread nonstop until every single warrior lost their reason, killing for nothing but glory and delight in the destruction they caused.

"The sovereign is with us! Wipe out the Myriad Solar Sects!"

"Die! Even if we have to pave the path to the future with our corpses, the sun will belong to nobody but the celestial orderians!"

"No matter how much blood we have to spill today, we'll be worshiped as heroes!"

"That's right! In the long history of a nova source world, human lives are worthless! Nobody in the future will record how many people died today! They'll only have praise for us!"

They all found their own justifications for committing such a slaughter. Normally, they weren't evil folk and not all of them had killed people in their lives, but they took part in the slaughter today for the glory of their people. That alone was enough to turn otherwise normal people into devils. The celestial orderians had never had morale so high. They had absolute numerical superiority and didn't feel the slightest bit crushed by their failures at the Azuresoul Sword Peak and Fushen Valley. This was what they were really made of, the army of three hundred million!

Everyone on the battlefield was surrounded by chaos, wrath, and despair with a healthy serving of corpses and smoke. Even the invaders themselves felt some horror at the sight, but they couldn't afford to falter. Instead, they sucked it up and continued the slaughter. It was all too easy to tell friend from foe—they just had to see whether the one they were fighting had totems or lifebound beasts. It wasn't just hate for the enemy, but for the different groups of cultivators they each belonged to!

As time passed, the numbers on both sides dwindled. People that had been lively just moments ago became lifeless husks with their eyes still wide open. It didn't take long before they were cremated by the flames. They were nothing but tiny specks on a battlefield this large. Nobody knew who they were nor where their family was from. All they could do was hug their weapons tightly as they unwillingly teared up and waited for the final slumber to come, destined to be forgotten with the torrent of time, unable to make so much as a splash.

In war, every side was the losing side, save for the youth that opened his Xenoworld Gate some distance away from the fighting, harvesting terrae nonstop.

Chapter 1870 - Nightfiend Soul

Lingfeng could see the countless souls struggling as they headed for destruction. Countless terrae scattered away in the wind; nobody felt any hint of pain for their loss.

"Everyone sees their lives as important. In some way, they cherish their vitality more than the earth or the sky. But to the earth and sky, human lives are insignificant, especially in cosmic timescales. The loves

and grudges they bear all scatter away after they die, leaving no significant mark on the world. In that sense, wouldn't having their vitae devoured be divine punishment for trampling other lives?"

Lingfeng looked at the countless terrae being swept up by the storm, all of them still bearing the expressions of their bodies in death. But when they were clumped together in masses, the expressions meant nothing. They had been reduced to mere numbers that had no relationships or grudges. They were merely symbols. Lingfeng coldly felt that perhaps that was the true nature of the universe. If it weren't for Tianming, he would be more than willing to consume vitae, as they were a hundred times more potent than terrae.

What was the point of valuing the vitae of those that didn't value human life itself? The tens of millions of vitae struggled as they unwillingly fizzled away, crying and mourning for the things that tethered them to their mortal coil, their loved ones or descendants that they would be leaving behind. They weren't unique in that sense, not by any means. All of them had similar woes, and together it was all just noise.

"What am I going through? Am I growing cold from seeing so much slaughter?" Lingfeng recalled the Soulfend, who was greedily sucking away at the energy in his body. It was parasitic, in a sense, and its strength depended on Lingfeng's.

It growled as it pointed at the scattering vitae with a look of desire, reminding Lingfeng that those were the true delicacies. For the slightest moment, Lingfeng seemed convinced, but when he recalled Qingyu's forced smile and her helpless tears, he realized that the sun emperor that he hated so much was a power-hungry despot. Lingfeng couldn't let himself become like that. Violence didn't need to be stamped out by greater violence.

Yet how many chances like this one would he have to grow with the Soulfend? It was a good chance for him to defeat the sun emperor, but he would have to consume a lot of vitae for that, all of which had their own histories and regrets. Would it really matter if he used them for his own purposes? Would the laws of heaven and earth really care about that? Shouldn't the sun emperor bear the brunt of those lost lives, since he was the one that had started the war in the first place?

By now, Lingfeng no longer had anything holding him back apart from Tianming. Every time Tianming looked at him with those eyes of his, he saw him as his family and even his real brother. That made Lingfeng fear losing himself. He gave up on consuming vitae, not because he was convinced, but because he didn't want to disappoint Tianming.

So far, the battle was at a stalemate even though countless lives were being lost with every passing moment. Once the scales tipped, the casualties would increase even more. The Aeonid Formation seemed to be worth up to a hundred million troops, so the alliance had the equivalent of two hundred million troops. Even so, the Divine Sun Palace wasn't idling. Every hundred breaths' of time, a golden pillar would come smashing down on the formation. Defending against the blast diverted power away from the invading forces, which resulted in even more blood with every blast. While it could take a blast or two just fine, the casualties added up over time. Eventually, the enemy's advantage would mount and lead to the collapse of the defenders' side.

The only troops that could properly face off against the celestial orderians were the thirty million from the Ninedragon Army and the others from the Empyrean Sword Sect and Fushen Clan. Cultivators from

second- and third-rate sects were far less coordinated, even if their cultivation levels matched up. That was yet another weakness that the enemy could exploit.

While having larger numbers certainly helped when things were going smoothly, such as during the battle of Fushen Valley where they were well prepared, the overall strength of the group would plummet once things started turning south, especially against a motivated enemy with high morale.

Even with Tianming fighting at the front, the weakness of the troops from second- and third-rate sects couldn't be avoided. The celestial orderians used a pincer attack on Tianming and his Ninedragon Army before splitting their heavier units to flank them, achieving a rather good result. The Myriadragon Mountains wasn't Fushen Valley, after all, and the terrain wasn't that narrow, allowing enemies to attack on multiple fronts. It was a common-sense tactic to target weaknesses when appropriate.

"Once their troops go past the hundred million alliance troops behind me, they'll be able to breach the formation and slaughter their way to the main base. When they start taking out the normal gods fueling the formation, it'll greatly affect our defenses and make it that much easier for the Divine Wrath attacks to blast their way through!" If that scenario came to pass, it would spell the end of the Myriad Solar Sects, let alone the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect. Most of the sects had escaped to the Myriadragon Mountains, after all.

The battle was proving to be as hard as Tianming had anticipated. The enemy was already giving them a hard time, attacking from all directions. Would they be able to find a turning point? Miracles wouldn't be called miracles if they occurred every single time, and Tianming was all too aware of that fact. It would be difficult for him to repeat the results of the battle at Fushen Valley.

By now, he had killed thirteen of the thirty enemy commanding officers, yet the three hundred million troops didn't seem all that affected. The celestial orderians were no fools and had centralized their command with the sun emperor, who was in a good position to command them.

Not to mention, the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb wouldn't be of much use here. Even with Tianming's lifebound beasts, totems, and divine wonders, he still couldn't stop the enemy from putting pressure on the second- and third-rate forces behind him. In fact, the bulk of the troops of the alliance were made up of low-ranked sect members, some of which had a few hundred members at most. The differences between the many sects made them incomparable to the Ninedragon Army and the Fushen Clan; they were a bad matchup against the unified celestial orderians.

Perhaps that was what the sun emperor had expected in the first place. The only troops that could properly rival the enemies were those from the first- and second-rate sects, such as the swordpupils from the Azuresoul Palace.