

The Ages 1951

Chapter 1951

The voidheart worm was expecting Qingyu to squeal and shriek, and it rejoiced. It rejoiced so much that it didn't even realize that she wasn't even making a single sound. While her vita was expanding, its shape wasn't changing at all! It didn't look like the voidheart worm's soul was parasitizing hers at all. Instead, it looked like her vita was consuming its beast soul and growing stronger!

The parasite had suddenly become food for its intended host. Who would be screaming now? The voidheart worm still laughed, ignorant to what was happening. It didn't take long before it had fully squeezed its way into Qingyu's vita.

"Are you terrified now?!" it madly raved, only to suddenly turn quiet. Looking around, it saw nothing but an endless white void instead of the translucent skin it had been expecting. When it was inside Yu Ziqian, it could use that skin to control the vita of the owner, but here there was no skin to be found.

Suddenly, it felt like it was losing it. It didn't feel like it had infiltrated its host at all. Instead, it was like it had been sucked into an endless abyss in which no exit existed. It didn't even know where Qingyu was, let alone controlling her.

"What in the world? What's going on?" The voidheart worm reassumed its arachnid form, and the space around it was large enough for it to take that form. But that shouldn't be the case, since it had obviously burrowed its way into her vita. This simply didn't make sense! A moment later, it felt the hair on its soul stand on end. "Who's that?!"

It snapped around and blankly stared at the nine devils that appeared within the white fog. They all looked sinister and horrifyingly ugly. Not only that, they weren't any bit smaller than the voidheart worm. "Terrae? Why would terrae be inside the vita?" Normally speaking, terrae could enter the sea of consciousness as well, but not the vita.

The nine terrifying entities surrounded the voidheart worm and said in unison, "You're nothing but a naturally incomplete insect. There's many things that you are ignorant of. You should have never been arrogant enough to assume an early victory."

The voidheart worm was completely baffled at what was happening, which was clearly visible from the expression on the beautiful face on its back. From its confusion, terror finally emerged. In contrast, Qingyu had never appeared the least bit fearful the whole time. Its fear was the spark that lit the fuse of its death!

The nine devils charged toward it, pressing it down. One after another, its legs were pulled off before they were plunged back into its body.

"Aaaaah!" The voidheart worm helplessly shrieked. The terror it was experiencing seemed to inhibit its movements. "Run! I need to run!"

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It tried running away like a madman as its mood crashed to rock bottom. Howling and crying, it scrambled away like a little rat, revealing its true colors. It was nothing but a creature that bullied the

weak and feared the strong, and when faced with actually powerful beings, it didn't have the slightest bit of courage to stand up for itself, which was completely in line with its beast-like nature. Its screams grew louder and louder.

"Forgive me! I won't do it again! Please!" Despair colored its shaky voice.

"You've used up your chances," the nine fiends said in unison. They had given it the death sentence.

The voidheart worm was torn to pieces amidst all the shuddering and shrieking. Its beast soul was converted to pure soul energy, which was in turn absorbed by Qingyu's vita and the nine fiends. This time, the voidheart worm was dead for good, in both body and soul, without a single trace being left of the latter.

However, huge changes started occurring in Qingyu's sea of consciousness. Aside from that, her physical body had also changed when she was undergoing extreme pain while the voidheart worm was burrowing through the soul path. The changes started from the soul path itself, which was the tenth bump on her arm. The black boil had turned into a bloody mess once the voidheart worm entered her, and the pain that came from there could be felt all throughout her body! She had clenched her teeth hard to prevent herself from fainting.

"Lifesbane.... It represents the life-threatening tribulations one has to go through while fighting fate. Only by surviving can one have a future." Unlike Tianming and Li Wudi, she had become a nonabane but hadn't experienced any true hardship until the old gods' blood and voidheart worm. The two tribulations had come upon her at the same time, bringing her much suffering. Her head was still stuck in the cauldron and she wasn't even able to breathe thanks to the blood pooling near her face. However, she remained brave thanks to her light, Lingfeng, who was fighting through tens of millions of specters to get to her.

What didn't kill you made you stronger! Her heart and mind were reforged into an even tougher form from the entire ordeal. Not only had she not cried or caved to the fear, her resolution and courage were sharpened in her dire straits. Her heartbeat quickened more and more like a rising crescendo of drums. The blood in her veins flowed at terrifying speed and, when it reached the peak, she let out a heart-rending yell from within the cauldron.

Her voice seemed to reverberate out of the lair of the Void God, containing all of her struggles and determination. It felt like the world was collapsing around her, but that wasn't as nightmarish as it sounded. In fact, it was like finally breaking out of her shell and hatching into a brand new life.

Legend spoke of old gods' blood being the best possible boon that could happen to totemancers. It was far more crucial to them than universal manna was to beastmasters. However, Qingyu hadn't felt like it had benefited her in the slightest throughout all her hardship. Even so, her story wouldn't be ending on a depressing note. Through her perseverance, she had finally endured until the benefits of the ancient blood surfaced, maintaining her courage to continue living throughout without having her psyche distorted from the suffering.

The transformation brought about by the ancient blood was a tribulation, and it had peaked when the voidheart worm decided to capture her. Her heartbeat sped up and her raging howl itself seemed to tear at her cruel fate, activating the blood of the old gods that had seeped into her body, corrupting it

and her totems. Finally, the blood was revealing its true properties after having spread throughout her entire body, changing her in body, spirit, totems, and lifebound beast!

The blood had completely assimilated with her bloodline, the will contained within deeply resonating with her soul as she absorbed the voidheart worm into her being. The torrent of power even entered Shuo Yue's body through their symbiotic cultivation pathways!

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In the dead silence, a burning white brilliance emerged from Qingyu's body. Every single one of her albi seemed to be glowing, illuminating the entire lair.

The Ultimate Pill God was still within Yu Ziqian, waiting for the process to complete before he transferred into Qingyu. He was also anticipating having a new body, and one belonging to a nonabane totemancer with a lifebound beast was more than ideal. He was filled with anticipation, and as his excitement reached a climax, he suddenly got a feeling that the voidheart worm had sunk into a deep abyss. At the same time, the girl suddenly started glowing, and the field her soul was projecting felt like it had come from a higher lifeform. It made his own soul shudder and shriek.

"What?! What the?!" He had thought himself to be at peak intelligence, completely different from the voidheart worm, yet he had the same dumbstruck reaction that it had. All lifeforms could do nothing but gape in awe when experiencing utmost terror. "Impossible!"

Yet that very impossible thing is unfolding before his eyes. He suddenly recalled what Qingyu had said. On some level, he was completely clueless, ignorant of Lifesbane, ancient old gods' blood, or faith and survival. Existing as a revenant for so long had caused him to lose emotions like love, contorting his very being to the point that he was even willing to send his beloved disciple into the abyss.

He completely broke down as he watched the glowing girl emerge from the black webs of the Void God. A gigantic peng came to her side, its huge wings spread wide to hold the girl in its embrace. The two symbiotic beings were like a single lifeform in this moment. The sight reminded the Ultimate Pill God of lotus flowers emerging untainted from the mud.

Qingyu's body was covered in blood and filth from the Void God's fluids, especially her head. The damage she had received had disfigured her already demonic looks even more, and even the pure white light emanating from her didn't help dilute how horrifying she appeared. However, the Ultimate Pill God had a feeling that her ugly exterior was merely a shell, or rather a cocoon.

It was finally time for the butterfly to emerge, and nobody had expected that the process would start from the huge black boil on her left arm. The bloody mess of flesh started shining a silvery white after being nourished with old gods' blood. Then a moon-colored vortex formed and stabilized into a smooth, mirror-like surface.

Snow-white patterns spread throughout her entire body from that mirror surface right after her nine devilish totems manifested from their bane-rings, the very same ones that had ripped the voidheart worm in her soul apart. They looked incredibly horrid and were shrouded in a demonic aura of resentment. However, as the patterns swept across Qingyu's bane-rings, the demonic faces on the bane-rings seemed refreshed. Her original moon bane-rings had been restored, but they looked even shinier than before. They no longer looked like moons, but rather shining nova source stars!

Tianming remembered seeing countless suns and moons beside the Primordial Terraqua Dragon in a dreamscape. Half were suns and the other half were moons. However, the moons in that vision weren't stellar source worlds, but nova source worlds. The only difference was that the light they emanated was silvery white.

Once the bane-rings transformed, everything else changed. The lower bodies of the nine totems were connected to the bane-rings, which spread the snow-white patterns to them. With a single shake, the savage, demonic fiends transformed into pure and noble lunar goddesses! They had shed their bloody outer shell to reveal the light hidden within the darkness. No totems were more beautiful than these nine lunar goddesses, whose long hair flowed like waterfalls and skin shone smooth like the lunar surface. The sight of their grand presence was something that defined awe and grace.

Interestingly, the goddesses all looked unique, but each of them were beautiful in their own different ways, ranging from their different apparent ages and demeanors. Some were more feisty and energetic than others, and they all carried themselves differently. They still numbered nine, like before, but they were completely unlike Qingyu's previous totems.

Tianming knew that the strength of a totemancer didn't just come from their number of bane-rings, but rather their type. For instance, his own decapath era godswords were considered unparalleled. This time around, Qingyu's totems had seemed to change for the better as well.

"They look beautiful," Shuo Yue blankly praised at the sight of the totems.

"They've changed. They're now called infinite lunar goddesses," Qingyu's voice rang from deep within the moonlight.

"What a weird name. What does infinite mean?"

But no one answered Shuo Yue as Qingyu's own body began transforming. Shuo Yue also started experiencing a tantamount change in its own body. Wherever the white patterns spread, their disfigured parts returned to their original appearance. Qingyu's facial features, hair, limbs, and skin brightly glowed. Her moon-white hair flowed long and straight and her savage, bloody eyes turned pure white like lunar jewels of the night sky.

Originally, she was never the kind of beauty that shocked the world. While her appearance hadn't changed much from before, her internal countenance was completely altered. She gave off the same grace and aura that her infinite lunar goddesses did. In fact, she was almost like a living messenger for the goddesses and looked almost identical to them.

Lastly, it was Shuo Yue's turn. It had also been ravaged by the old gods' blood, and it was finally starting to pay off. It turned into a snow-white kunpeng. Its peng form seemed even more sacred and pure than before.

"What's this?" Shuo Yue asked, looking at Qingyu's arm. Apart from the nine bane-rings her totems manifested from, there was also a mirror-like marking of similar size.

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"This came about as a result of the old gods' blood. It's called the Divine Ancient Ring, and not even I know what it's supposed to be for," Qingyu said.

"Divine Ancient Ring? Is it your tenth bane-ring? Does it contain a totem?" Shuo Yue asked excitedly.

It was clear that it didn't contain a totem, otherwise a tenth infinite lunar goddess would have appeared. Qingyu shook her head. Her transformation had finally been completed, and the benefits the old gods' blood brought her weren't a sudden boost in power, but rather new talent and potential from her enhanced bloodline. She landed back on the ground and looked at the mirror-like tenth ring.

"It's also called a Divine Mirror Ring." The mirror of the gods seemed to be the true core of the benefits of the old gods' blood. That was something that even historical records concerning old gods' blood didn't state. Qingyu and Shuo Yue were quite curious as to what it could do.

"Let me give it a try." Qingyu's body glowed with a gentle moonlight in the darkness. As she raised her left hand, the mirror-like ring began shining. Then, she seemed to figure something out and she pointed the light toward Shuo Yue.

"Huh?" It looked around, anticipating a reaction but feeling none. However, Qingyu seemed to have expected that. Then she turned the light of the Divine Mirror Ring toward her totems. The ring began rumbling when the reflections of the totems entered the mirror, assuming identical stances to the totems outside.

"Don't tell me...." The light in her eyes glowed brighter and brighter. She felt the Divine Ancient Ring rapidly absorbing energy, but it wasn't the nova source that was around them, nor was it totem ki or astralforce. The Divine Ancient Ring seemed to be connected to a completely different realm and was absorbing its energy, filling its reserves without sapping anything from her! It didn't even take much time for it to completely fill up.

After that, the reflections of the totems emerged from the mirror and faced the existing totems outside! The reflections seemed to have been projected out into reality, making a total of eighteen totems!

"What in the...." Both Qingyu and Shuo Yue were baffled at the sight of the eighteen infinite lunar goddesses. Did the Divine Mirror Ring really double the number of her totems?

Qingyu soon noticed the difference. The reflected totems couldn't be directly controlled by her like she would her normal totems. Instead, they merely mirrored the moves of their original counterparts. Apart from using a different energy source, they shared mostly identical properties to the normal totems.

Normally, totems used astralforce to generate totem ki, but the energy the reflections used was similar to nova source that was supplied from the Divine Mirror Ring, which could quickly be gathered and just as quickly used. While Qingyu wasn't attacking, the reflections still disappeared in short order. In other words, they weren't totems in the truest sense of the word.

"Even so, being able to exert the power equivalent to eighteen totems in an instant still makes for an impressive trump card and finishing move." Shuo Yue and she both understood how it changed things. It wasn't that Qingyu now had eighteen bane-rings, not that the actual number mattered that much in combat. Having eight versus nine totems usually wouldn't make that much of a difference. Instead, the true determiner of talent and potential lay in the type of the bane-rings as well as an aptitude for cultivation.

Qingyu's Divine Ancient Ring afforded her benefits separate from cultivation talent, and that was something nobody would ever expect. The moment she used it to borrow an additional nine totems' worth of force for her attacks, her enemies would definitely be caught off guard.

Whatever the case, she didn't have much time to study her new ability as she was still in the enemy's lair. She had just rejuvenated herself and Tianming was still fighting for his life, while Lingfeng was scrambling over to save her. She had only been lucky enough to save herself without relying on anyone else.

"Shuo Yue!" Qingyu didn't even have time to look at her restored appearance. "Yu Ziqian!" she cried out at him, but he still seemed to be in a dazed state. Once the voidheart worm's soul was dead, the powder bugs it left inside Yu Ziqian's body had also perished, though many of their corpses still remained inside him. Yu Ziqian was actually still alive despite the severe wounds and it would probably take him quite a while to recover.

Shuo Yue flew into the sky and spat out a white ball that enveloped Yu Ziqian before swallowing it again to protect him inside its stomach. Qingyu knew that the Ultimate Pill God was still around, but that was a debt to be settled if they could escape Skywolf Frost in one piece. Ahead of her was an endless abyss filled with black webs that still swung around to attack them.

"Feng's still looking for me..." It had been quite a long time, so she was worried about him.

"Go there!" Yin Chen guided her toward the escape route. She mounted Shuo Yue and ascended the abyss.

Yin Chen had told Tianming and Lingfeng that she'd freed herself and killed the voidheart worm for good, as well as her having overcome the tribulation of the old gods' blood. That was incredibly good news for both of them—Lingfeng especially. No matter how powerful he was now, he still wasn't able to wipe out the staggering number of enemies swarming him. He had been desperately trying to save her, but that no longer seemed necessary, much to his relief.

That was also one of the main motivations for Qingyu to try her best. She didn't want to remain helpless and require help all the time. She wanted to stand beside him, instead. Like their relationship, it was a mutual effort.

Up in the sky, a Transcendent Truefiend slaughtered away in a storm of darkness, while down in the abyss, Qingyu fought for her own freedom. There was nothing in her eyes but the demon in the sky above. Like a moth flying toward a flame, she charged forward without any regrets!

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Shou Yue flapped its wings and threaded through the maze of webs. This deathly ordeal had caused them to surpass their old selves. While Lingfeng had properly stepped on the path to fiendhood, Qingyu had become an ancient lunar divinity. While fiends and gods should be the antithesis of each other, each of these two saw the other as more precious than themselves, willing to burn away their own lives for the other's sake.

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When Qingyu finally escaped the Void God's lair, which had thankfully been left unguarded, and emerged in the world of frost, she saw the terrifying, gigantic death god that was the Transcendent Truefiend. Lingfeng had slaughtered a path through and finally made his way toward her. His terrifyingly powerful soul had already wrapped around her. Though it was tumultuous, there was a hint of gentleness in that spirit embrace.

Within the black vortex ahead, the Transcendent Truefiend was fighting nonstop. Corpses of specters rained down. Due to them dying soul deaths, their bodies weren't bleeding in the slightest. The fully intact corpses made the other specters even more wary.

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The black miasma took up two-thirds of the sky, shrouding a large part of the star in darkness. Then the three-headed, six-armed fiend turned to look at Qingyu. The baleful souls that surrounded its body numbered in the hundreds of millions. The countless souls of the specters had been changed; their vindictive intent filled the sky, none of them having died a willing death. They were still tethered to the world of the living, howling and screaming their regrets and wrath. Lingfeng looked like a concentrated mass of baleful souls. The terrifying power that had been contained within the forbidden box had been let out. And now that the disaster had been unleashed, it would no longer be under anyone's control.

"Feng!" Qingyu didn't want him to turn into that, but she'd had no choice. She flew into the air, ignoring everything as she approached the gigantic fiend of resentment. She manifested her infinite lunar goddesses to give him a good look at her. The sight of nine shining moon deities approaching a three-headed, six-armed fiend was majestic, as well as rather ironic. The things they symbolized should have stood against each other, yet the two of them fell into one another's embrace.

The baleful souls collided with the goddesses, causing smoke to rise. All the souls moaned with discontent and agony. Even so, they weren't able to stop Qingyu from entering Lingfeng's embrace. He had grown quite large since fusing with the Soulfieud. His six arms looked like pitch-black claws, which he used to tear countless specters asunder. Yet when Qingyu came to him, his claws held her with the gentlest of touches. She stood in the palm of his hand like a candy he was keeping for himself.

"Feng," she said, looking up as her tears flowed. One of the fiend's gigantic heads wore an expression of utter wrath, its eyes filled with raging souls and killing intent. Lingfeng turned the head with the joyful expression toward her as the Soulfieud had done to him before. However, absorbing too many baleful souls had caused the happy expression to be rather twisted. Even so, he tried his best to express his joy, doing his best to radiate a gentle affection through his reddened eyes. He didn't say a single word; a single dumb smile was enough to express himself.

She had survived her tribulation! When his dark eyes met her bright ones, the countless baleful souls and specters charged toward them, but they didn't notice any of that. It was as if nothing else but the two of them existed in the world. A single gaze seemed to last for a myriad of years.

Despite coming from two polar opposite paths—one of purity and the other of savagery—a single passionate gaze between the two of them was enough to melt away the instinctual conflict within them and unite their hearts. Lingfeng wasn't a pure fiend and had feelings of his own that he held onto tighter than anything else. Likewise, Qingyu wasn't a pure goddess and had no prejudice against him, only trust. She could now be certain that Lingfeng had completely stolen her heart for good. Her heart was the

perfect piece to fill the void in his chest, that revolving Primordial Gate. Her heart would fill the place of his own.

"Feng, my brother asked us to get back to him," Qingyu said. They couldn't afford to dally, so regrouping was the most sensible move. They were still in enemy territory, after all. Tianming and the others had been forced into coming. Ideally, they would have stayed back in the Flameyellow Guard Formation for maximum advantage instead of coming to the star of the Void God to fight.

Lingfeng didn't respond and merely looked closely at her. Soon, he shifted to the head with the angered expression. This face was covered with even more baleful souls that leaked out of its eyes, nose, and ears. All of them howled toward him, screaming insults all the while. He turned away and charged toward the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. Apparently, he could understand Qingyu's words despite being unable to reply. At the very least, he still kept his reason, though his wordless demeanor was terrifying nonetheless.

"Stop him!"

"He killed so many of us! He must die here!"

"Kill him!"

There were still many that didn't know fear. They charged at Lingfeng like they couldn't see any of the baleful souls around him.

"Haaargh!" Lingfeng groaned as he shielded Qingyu and Shuo Yue with his gigantic hands, protectively cupping them together before he soared upwards like a black tornado. Countless abilities were launched at him, but they didn't slow him down. He grew stronger the more he killed, to the point that the hundreds of millions of people attacking him could no longer stop him. The abilities and corpses that fell from the sky did slow him down a little, but they couldn't push him back at all. Even after all that culling, the enemies around him still numbered more than a hundred million.

The specters were all rather stumped by what they were witnessing. Not even the ruler of Skywolf Blaze would be able to leave if he were surrounded by an army of hundreds of millions. Alas, even the strongest races would eventually come to know awe and shock.

While they had dared to stop Lingfeng when he slaughtered his way into Skywolf Frost, few among the Sanctvoid Army dared to do the same while that plague was finally leaving them. More and more specters decided to stand back, and those that stubbornly tried to get in his way were fated to die.

Qingyu was quite shocked to see what was going on from that close.

"If this was a mistake, then I'll make up for it for the rest of my life." The sheer number of baleful souls and corpses were staggering to witness. Qingyu knew that Lingfeng quite possibly could have trod upon a path of no return. From now on, the way his life progressed would no longer be entirely up to him.

As the stormy black miasma filled the sky, it populated its surroundings with baleful souls. The shadow of death hung around the two of them as they made their way up toward the Sanctvoid Guard Formation. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was still holding its own against the assault, despite many close shaves with destruction. Tianming had managed to endure until Lingfeng and Qingyu's return.

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They hadn't disappointed Tianming at all. Lingfeng aside, Qingyu had managed to save herself and overcome the tribulation of the old gods' blood, on top of bringing Yu Ziqian back to them. It was amazing news.

Tianming had already made preparations to leave with them. He used a blast of Ninedragon Apotheosis to send the Void God smashing back into the army of the enemy, sending them flying toward the incoming black storm in turn.

"Feng!" He finally got sight of Lingfeng with Qingyu in his hand and Shuo Yue flying nearby. The ship had less than a tenth of its power reserves left. Had they returned a little later, Tianming would have been the first to perish in Skywolf Frost.

"Thank the heavens for their protection.... Thank goodness my sister was able to fend for herself... and thankfully, Feng...." Before, it had always been him who was doing most of the fighting, but now the two of them could finally come to his aid. Apart from Lingfeng, whose status was still a huge unknown, Tianming was genuinely happy for them. At the very least, they wouldn't have any regrets.

He hurriedly opened the entrance and piloted the ship toward Lingfeng. "Come in, quick!" Once they were safely inside, it would be much easier for them to escape.

There were many specters that chased them down from both sides. Behind the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb also came many black webs that shot toward it like tentacles. Fortunately, it flew much faster than they could travel.

"Big Brother!"

Tianming was already within earshot of Qingyu. The pitiful girl that had suffered through too much looked completely restored. The weight in his chest had finally been lifted and he was so happy that he cried tears of joy. "Thank goodness!"

Lingfeng stretched his huge hands toward the ship, handing Qingyu and Shuo Yue over. Yu Ziqian, who was inside Shuo Yue's belly, was also with them.

"Big Brother, save Yu Ziqian, quick!"

"Let me do it." Weisheng Moran had nothing much to do, so she quickly came to help. There were still many powder bug corpses within Yu Ziqian and his wounds needed the help of divine pills to recover. As for the injuries his soul had suffered, they could only leave it to its natural recovery for now. The most important thing right now was stabilizing his physical condition.

They busied themselves inside the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. Tianming barely had any time to catch a breather as he had to turn the ship around to escape from the enemy army. However, something gave him quite a surprise.

"Feng! Come in, quick!" Tianming yelled. Lingfeng was still in his Transcendent Truefiend form outside the ship, but it was possible for him to squeeze inside. Yet he didn't do so after sending Qingyu over. Instead, he charged past the ship toward the troops and the Void God behind it and threw himself back into battle.

"Big Brother, Feng is still conscious... But, the vitae that were converted into baleful souls won't scatter. They must be having some effect on him. Can you help him?" Qingyu said, anxious with worry. She had some ideas about what Lingfeng was going through. The fact that he hadn't harmed her and was even able to bring her back to the ship meant that he could still understand speech, yet he didn't seem intent on stopping his slaughter. Tianming had wanted to ignore the rest of the troops and focus on escaping after the rescue, since the ship was running low on nova source, but Lingfeng's persistence left him no choice.

"Alright!" He didn't say much and turned the ship around. Everyone else in the Sanctvoid Guard Formation were part of the enemy troops, so there were no innocent bystanders to speak of. Since Lingfeng was in a rather powerful state, Tianming decided that he would give eliminating the enemy forces in Skywolf Frost a try. Perhaps this was their chance, since their astralguard formation was unstable.

The ship immediately caught up to the black storm. Most of the damage wrought by Lingfeng focused on the soul. As long as he wanted to, he could use his powerful soul as a weapon. Not even solarians, with their third imperial souls, would be able to resist the black storm and would fall like flies or instantly die.

"He must've swallowed nearly a hundred million vitae for his power to grow that explosively!" The mere thought of it caused them to shudder.

Lingfeng's fierce bravery paved a way for the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb to fly through, tearing a hole straight through the enemy's ranks. His darkness began filling the sea of frost within the formation. Not long afterward, the ship flew past Lingfeng and sent out a blast, vaporizing the specters ahead of it. Even more freshly dead souls were devoured by Lingfeng, compounding upon the already-heavy miasma of baleful souls.

While neither of them spoke during the entire process, it was clear that the message they had for their foes was that those who blocked them would perish. The two monsters had struck true terror into the sinister specters. They used to have hope that they would be able to take the monsters down once the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb ran out of power, but with Lingfeng culling them at such a rapid rate, many of them were shocked to the point that their wills completely crumbled.

"Dammit! I can't keep up! Going there is suicide!"

"If we could at least get in range to fight them, we'd stand a chance, but what even is this? We don't even get to see them in person! Either our souls get torn apart or we get wiped out by the divine astralship. What's the point?"

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Being vaporized in body or soul without being able to fight the enemy was utterly pointless. Their deaths would be completely in vain. In fact, since the invasion of the sun had begun, they hadn't even seen half a soul of the normal folks living on the sun! They even had a hard time dealing with these two calamities on their own home turf.

The gigantic Void God appeared in the sea of frost once more. Most of its body was still hidden in the sea, but its webs and many legs shot out toward Lingfeng. To counter, he used his ability, Heartpiercer

Soulblade, turning it into countless needles linked to bloody threads. All of them shot toward the Void God like explosive webs of their own. As the Void God's webs hit Lingfeng, his ability also wrapped around the Void God, causing it to shriek in agony. As it did, it charged toward the cocooned Lingfeng upon its thousand sharp legs.

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The Ninedragon Apotheosis was launched again. With two powerful forces bearing down on them, the Sanctvoid Army hesitated to engage. The blast from the divine astralship shot toward the Void God and the force of the explosion wiped out its webs and destroyed a large number of its legs, allowing Lingfeng to narrowly avoid an attack.

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"Brother, can you keep it busy for a hundred breaths?" Tianming asked, relaying the message through Yin Chen.

"Yes!" Lingfeng replied.

"Alright, let's begin!" It took the ship that amount of time to charge up to its maximum. Tianming didn't have that luxury before, but he wanted to give it a try this time around. With Lingfeng working with him, the Void God was at a disadvantage. Lingfeng used the chance to send even more Heartpiercer Soulneedles into the gigantic insect, causing it to shriek and lash out.

Some specters still came to fight from time to time, or launched their abilities from afar. All the while, Lingfeng continued consuming vitae. The more baleful souls he gathered, the more powerful he became. That kind of soul power was the exact thing required to counter the Void God. But even so, the insect's webs and legs did do quite a bit of damage to his Transcendent Truefiend form, leaving quite a lot of bleeding holes in him. The abilities launched by the nearby specters were nothing to scoff at, either.

Qingyu anxiously watched, clenching her fists tight. However, the battle was taking place on a scale she couldn't interfere in. Even the Saintdragon Emperor or other sovereigns would merely be cannon fodder, unlike Tianming, who relied on his divine astralship, and Lingfeng—and his hundreds of millions of baleful souls.

Tianming didn't think that the time the Ninedragon Apotheosis needed to charge could feel so long. He watched as Lingfeng struggled against the Void God, impatiently waiting for the time to pass. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb channeled what remained in its nearly empty energy reserve towards the dragon heads at the front, preparing for the strongest blast it had ever fired. "Keep holding on!"

Lingfeng had demonstrated incredible bravery and savagery, seemingly measuring up against the Void God rather impressively. Quite a few specters still attempted to sabotage the ship, but after it had charged up a third of the way, it was surrounded by a ball of nine-colored energy and moving the ship around was just as much of an attack. Any specters in its path would be instantly vaporized by the accumulating energy. Everybody's heartbeats sped up in anticipation of what was to come.

The Transcendent Truefiend let out a piercing howl that reached to the depths of everyone's souls, shaking the Void God to the core of its being. The handsome male face on its back wore a contorted

expression, being pierced by countless needles as it was. Lingfeng, however, wasn't faring much better and was covered in webs and his own blood. It was a battle of epic proportions that rocked the skies. Those on the surface of Skywolf Frost were petrified by the sight of a nine-colored sun so close above their star.

"That's far too huge...." Size aside, the energy the thing gave off instilled terror in the specters of Skywolf.

"Run!"

By now, even the remnants of the Sanctvoid Army knew there would be no stopping the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. While the Void God was more than aware of that fact as well, it couldn't escape thanks to Lingfeng's interception.

"Feng, move aside!" Tianming roared.

Lingfeng's eyes seemed coated by another layer of red before he went straight through the Xenoworld Gate. The moment the gate closed, he had been transported to an entirely different realm, but the terrifying thing was that the Heartpiercer Soulneedles still remained embedded in the body of the Void God, their threads stretching out from the void.

The Void God howled and turned around. It saw a gigantic nine-colored ball of energy leaving the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb and shooting toward it like a torrent of righteous judgment. Nobody in the vicinity could possibly miss such a sight. The Void God howled for others to help it, but of course, there was nothing anybody could do about it. The Sanctvoid Army had fled faster than the gigantic insect could, as its soul was still bound. There was nothing it could do but struggle in futility.

"Die!" Tianming cried as the light of the blast fell on his face. An explosion with no precedent took place as the nine-colored sun smashed straight into the face on the back of the Void God, tearing it apart as chunks of it vaporized and flaked away.

A deafening sound boomed out as the gigantic insect's body was enveloped in the nine-colored vortex that ensued. The violent forces left a gigantic hole in the sea of frost, seemingly punching a hole into the surface of Skywolf Frost. Even the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was sent flying back by the aftershock of the blast, with everyone within it cupping their ears. Yu Ziqian had snapped awake, only to be sent tumbling around. His face slammed into Ying Huo's wing and his nose started bleeding.

"The hell—" was all he managed before he slumped back into unconsciousness. The shock had even broken his spatial ring, scattering his collection of pleasure balls across the floor. His luck was often a unique mixture of fortune and misfortune that made others speechless.

Even so, the Void God was finally dead! Tianming was overjoyed that two of the most terrifying cosmic wildbeasts he'd encountered had finally died. Coupled with the death of Skywolf Frost's two sovereigns, the invasion would no doubt be greatly set back! Aside from worrying about any repercussions caused by Lingfeng's current state, Tianming felt rather relieved. The nine-colored vortex even appeared more majestic than before. At least twenty million specters were hurt by the explosion, with the ones that had gathered right in front of the ship completely dead.

"The top-level forces of Skywolf Frost have been eliminated in this battle. In other words, at least a third of their might has been dealt with. The remnants of the Sanctvoid Army have no leader, so they won't be a threat to the Flameyellow Guard Formation in the near future." Tianming's achievements stood on their own, regardless of how the battle with Skywolf Blaze was going. Not to mention, something unexpected had happened after the Void God's death. Even though the aftershock from the Ninedragon Apotheosis was still dissipating, the Sanctvoid Guard Formation seemed to be rapidly shutting down.

"What in the world?!" Moments later, the sea of frost had returned to normal and didn't have any offensive capability to speak of. It had turned into something similar to the flaming clouds of Orderia. In other words, Skywolf Frost no longer had an astralguard formation.

"Perhaps the formation was controlled by the two sovereigns and the Void God in tandem. But now that all three of them are dead, the formation core no longer has anyone to operate it, resulting in the formation shutting down! Unless someone can take control of the core, the formation's useless!" Tianming gave it some more thought and reasoned that if he and the sun emperor were both killed, the astralguard formation of the sun would suffer the same fate. Skywolf Frost hadn't expected that their two sovereigns would die fighting on a sun they didn't expect to be protected by an astralguard formation. That aside, the Void God had even been killed in its home turf. They didn't have any contingencies for such a situation at all.

"Skywolf Frost is completely undefended. With the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb around, they're even more helpless. As long as I hold them back, this entire world won't be capable of attacking the sun at all. I should hurry back to refuel the ship!" Not even the Sanctvoid Army could stop Tianming now. "Feng, I'll go back to refuel for now."

The Xenoworld Gate opened up and the three-headed, six-armed fiend emerged. His three pairs of eyes looked at Tianming, but it didn't utter a single word.

"After refueling, we'll have the initiative and can decide whether we'll attack Skywolf Blaze or Frost depending on the situation." That was the safer bet to make, especially when Tianming still didn't know the true extent of the threat posed by Skywolf Blaze. What he didn't expect, however, was that the Transcendent Truefiend didn't respond and instead charged straight toward the enemy troops, continuing the slaughter. Tianming's heart felt a chill; he had a feeling that the youth he called his brother that was shrouded in countless baleful souls was no longer the innocent child from before.

"Feng..." Tianming simply couldn't calm down. "I want to save him, but will he let me?" While Lingfeng was still struggling, Tianming had given him the final push that triggered his self-discovery. From that moment on, there would be no turning back.

Chapter 1957

In any case, Tianming wanted to try communicating with Lingfeng further. However, the killing intent and resentment within Lingfeng had reached the zenith. Many of the Yin Chens couldn't stay for long, either, after turning black and degenerating.

Without the Sanctvoid Guard Formation, the Sanctvoid Army was exposed to Lingfeng. Although there were hundreds of millions of them, a number that was comparable to the three-hundred-million-strong celestial orderian army, the specters of Skywolf retreated in the face of Lingfeng's might. If Lingfeng had

been in his current state during the battle of the Myriadragon Mountains, the sun emperor's three hundred million troops might not have been able to stop him. Death was his power—the more people that died, the stronger he grew. For him, there was no such thing as exhaustion. Slaughtering his way into the Sanctvoid Army, Lingfeng continued fighting off the specters and wreaking havoc in their midst. It was undeniable that the specters could injure him, but as long as they failed to kill him, he would come back even stronger with the countless souls. He was lethal, terrifying, and his attacks were basically one-hit kills. A vortex was growing bigger and bigger on the surface of Skywolf Frost, like a dark eye.

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"There shouldn't be any danger if Feng continues killing like this. He can inflict serious damage on the Sanctvoid Army and extinguish their fighting spirit, which is naturally a good thing for Orderia. I only fear that the baleful souls may affect his mind and will. I must speak to him." Tianming had originally planned to return and replenish the nova source. However, due to his worries, he had everyone else remain in the tomb while he went out to see Lingfeng.

"Big Brother, why don't I go? I know Feng, and I share your worries. Everything started because of me. I should be by his side," Qingyu solemnly said, her gaze resolute. With all that she had experienced, her belief had strengthened and she resembled Tianming more and more. It was amazing and inexplicable. Although they weren't biological siblings, they grew more alike in appearance and personality as time went by. Others would assume they were related by blood if they were to stand next to each other. "No matter what happens, Feng is still a good person. He protected me, and I want to protect him, too." Going to Lingfeng meant danger. Not only was he fighting, there were numerous unpredictable risks surrounding him. The baleful souls around him made one's hair stand on end, and Qingyu had just escaped danger.

When Tianming saw the determination in her eyes, he knew that he couldn't refuse her. "Okay, I'll leave Feng to you." Tianming didn't tell her what to do. He knew that his younger sister was all grown up now. In fact, she might know Lingfeng better than he did, and could even help him. Tianming couldn't decide if Lingfeng was right or wrong; after all, everyone had a different path. He only hoped that Lingfeng would get better and be happy.

"Thank you Big Brother!" Receiving his trust, Qingyu's eyes turned red.

"I was going to give you a gift earlier. I just didn't expect the two voidheart worms would cause so much trouble. Here, take this. It's a grade-nine divine artifact." Tianming placed the Frostmoon Edge in her hand. He thought that Qingyu would find it difficult to control it, but to his surprise, the yellowspring fish was rather sensible and obeyed Qingyu.

"It's so beautiful...." Qingyu held the fine blade. It was a perfect match for the moon goddess.

"Why's it so obedient?" Tianming was dumbfounded.

"The blood of old gods courses through my veins so my body is somewhat special. It may have something to do with that," she replied.

"That's great! You made it out. As long as Feng is alright, we'll have nothing to worry about."

Tianming and Qingyu thought about the person that was especially important in both of their lives.

"Big Brother, go replenish the nova source in the tomb. Skywolf Blaze is continuing their attack and we don't know how long the sun emperor can hold on.... I'll leave my father to you. I... I want him to live. I didn't even have time to say goodbye after leaving the Decimo Dao Palace." Although Li Wudi's situation was the most pessimistic among them, they were reluctant to admit it until the outcome was revealed.

"Go. Don't worry.". Steering the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, Tianming hit countless specters on the way toward Lingfeng. After all, Li Wudi was important, but so was Lingfeng

"Shuo Yue, let's go." Qingyu put away her Frostmoon Edge and turned to the snow-white peng.

"What! Long distance again?" Ying Huo quickly spread its enormous wings, covering Shuo Yue. "Big Sis, why do you seem like my mother-in-law? You're taking away my wife and we haven't even kissed! Do you want a bride price or something? Didn't Little Li just hand you a weapon? Isn't that enough?"

"Shut up." Shuo Yue broke free.

The idiot could liven up any situation.

"Goodbye, stupid chicken!" Rolling its eyes, Shuo Yue flew toward Qingyu.

"You don't have to wink at me. I know you've completely fallen for me. Your heart has been captured by this chicken! But it's nothing, my charm just knows no bounds! It's only natural that you secretly like me. But you must know, I'm not like Little Li. There's countless beauties waiting for me and I must taste them all. You may be infatuated with me, but don't try to cage me," Ying Huo laughed, overwhelmed by its own handsomeness.

"Go to hell!" A noble, eligible female like Shuo Yue couldn't wait to spit on Ying Huo. It quickly entered Qingyu's lifebound space.

"Tsk, tsk, you must be upset that you can't have my whole heart. It's fine, you'll eventually get used to it," Ying Huo sighed.

"Stop embarrassing me, you stupid bird!" Tianming rolled his eyes. Life was filled with these funny moments. What more could he ask for?

When the gates of the tomb opened, the Transcendent Truefiend in the dark vortex suddenly turned around. Six crimson eyes stared past the baleful souls and mist, locking on to Qingyu as she flew out of the tomb. Ferocious as the Transcendent Truefiend was, the moment he laid eyes on her, the violence in his eyes seemed to disappear. Even the mad screams that covered his body seemed to stop as if they had been stunned.

"Feng." She didn't have the slightest fear as she burst through the countless baleful souls.

Lingfeng gently caught her with one arm. "Go... back," he hoarsely said.

"No. From now on, I'm not leaving your side." She knew that as long as he remained gentle toward her, he would always retain at least a part of his human nature. He had descended into madness for love, and how could a man who loved be joyless?

Chapter 1958

"I'm bloodthirsty, cruel, sinful, and evil! Can't you see the baleful souls around me? They hate me, but they must rely on me because I'm the source of evil. Only by my side can they become solid and vent their resentment." Lingfeng's hoarse voice was filled with despair. His heart had always known.

"So what? No matter what you become, you're my Feng. If you're the source of evil, I'll be the fountain of sin. We'll be together and support each other. Life is merely a long dream. We're lucky to be alive. This universe is enormous and extremely complicated. My greatest blessing is to experience life with the one I love most," she solemnly said. The conviction in her eyes couldn't lie—no matter how sullied or evil he may be right now, the light in her eyes remained as fiery as before, ever burning.

"Feng, take me with you!" Wrapping her arms around him, she lay against his chest, her eyes glistening with tears but her lips curling in a smile.

"Alright." All three of Lingfeng's heads nodded in tandem. "Alright," he repeated, choking up with emotion; he possessed the most important thing. Using her actions, Qingyu, like a moth to a flame, had proved to him that what he'd done today was worth it. He had no complaints or regrets.

As they stood shoulder to shoulder, she asked, "You can retreat for the moment. Why continue?"

"Because it's like poison. I can't stop." Shifting his gaze to the Sanctvoid Army, Lingfeng's eyes grew fiery. The baleful souls on his body roared, restlessly stirring. He was dragged into the abyss of slaughter once more, unable to extricate himself. His palm held protectively around Qingyu, he continued slaying specters. A hundred million souls screamed with each move.

"Here he comes!" the specters of Skywolf shouted. Some met the enemy head on, while others fled.

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"He's a monster!"

On the other side, Tianming and the others were completely crushing the enemy. As long as Lingfeng continued wreaking havoc, Skywolf Frost couldn't attack the sun. However, Lingfeng didn't seem able to hear anything Qingyu said during battle, even if she shouted at the top of her lungs. She knew that there was no turning back for the two of them after embarking down this path.

"Don't worry... I'll never... hurt the ones I love.... You... Tianming... and all my friends.... Only the blood and souls of my enemies excite me!"

"What about the innocent?" Qingyu asked.

"Everyone sins. There are no innocents."

His words sent chills up her spine. Although she realized that this might be the beginning of another kind of disaster, she was also certain she would stand with him, explore with him, and find a truly righteous path with him.

.....

Tianming took a deep breath, taking one last look at Lingfeng before turning and leaving. He was sure of his conclusion because he possessed the Eyes of Judgment. Relying on merit to develop his Imperial Will, he had once thought that the Primordial God-Emperor was the standard for the entire universe. But now someone had emerged to challenge that standard, and that was the successor of the Primordial Demonlord, Lingfeng. Through his Eyes of Judgment, Tianming could see the baleful souls and mountain of evil that enveloped Lingfeng. He was the ultimate killing machine, the most sinful person Tianming had ever seen. In a single day, Lingfeng had accumulated an inordinate amount of sins that far surpassed the sun emperor. If Tianming were to kill him, he would certainly gain a lot of merit. However, that wasn't possible.

Tianming was lost. "Which of us is on the right path? Which is the answer? The Primordial God-Emperor of the Primordial Demonlord?" It reminded him of the primordial chaos beasts. In his dreams, they seemed to be born for destruction. So what was their dao, and why were they meant to destroy?

"Is killing evildoers and growing my Imperial Will the righteous law of the universe, or is it merely a gift inherited from the Primordial God-Emperor? Perhaps it's just the Primordial God-Emperor's chosen path and the universe doesn't care." Numerous doubts clouded his mind, affecting his Imperial Will. Lingfeng was the person he was closest to. He could never give up on him, but his decision was naturally at odds with the legacy of the Primordial God-Emperor. "My eyes see evil and my heart yearns to eliminate it. But maybe the evil I see means nothing to the world..." Tianming's forehead was covered in sweat, "no, I mustn't think like this. If there aren't any laws, the strong can slaughter as they please and kill the innocent. Without order, who'll protect the weak? We can't be so apathetic."

Evil had shaken his will. However, he knew in his heart that his own path was also filled with bloodshed. Although he was resisting the strong to protect the weak, it was undeniable that war was won by slaughter. "Why am I considered a saint to the Eyes of Judgment?" Tianming took another deep breath. "It's good to question the norm. I hope I find an answer!" He didn't waver, but he would continue exploring the issue.

The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb took off from Skywolf Frost and headed toward the scorching sun. They returned to the Flameyellow Guard Formation. The Sanctvoid Army was gone and Lingfeng was still in the midst of battle. It seemed that the threat of Skywolf Frost had temporarily been defused. But that was the power of only a quarter of the Skywolf Stars' power, maybe a bit more if he added in the Void Gods.

Making a prompt decision, Tianming took thirty million elites back into the tomb and quickly returned to the Sky Palace Formation. Meanwhile, he left the tomb in the fusion formation to absorb nova source. In the war, he had depleted the equivalent of three Divine Moon Realms' cosmic force. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb immediately fired up once more.

Tianming finally had some spare time while he waited for Yin Chen to determine the situation on Skywolf Blaze. Because the battlefield was chaotic, there wasn't a conclusion yet. The other thing he was concerned with was saving Yu Ziqian. There were many capable people within the Sky Palace Formation, so the task would be left to them for the time being. Meanwhile, the Ultimate Pill God remained in Yu Ziqian's body. After he regained consciousness, he could deal with his portable grandpa.

"Do we have any spies or moles among the celestial orderians that can give us intel?" Tianming asked.

"That's impossible, the battlefield is too chaotic. There's no way we can determine the outcome with just a few people so you might have to go there yourself. The Flameyellow Guard Formation still stands, so at least the sun emperor hasn't collapsed," said the Saintdragon Emperor.

But that didn't mean he wasn't facing intense pressure. After all, Skywolf Blaze was Skywolf's main force.

Chapter 1959

Innumerable beasts swarmed the fiery battlefield. In this hellish place, man, totem, and beast battled, leaving behind corpses that would quickly be incinerated into ashes. It was a vortex of death. Although three hundred million celestial orderians couldn't compare to the enemy's two-billion-strong army of specters, the sun emperor had gathered the main forces of the Flameyellow Guard Formation there. It was no small feat to keep the formation running until now. Compared to the other side of the sun, this battle was even more brutal and bloody.

Blood dyed the earth red and corpses were turned to mush. It was a true hell on earth. Flames and death intertwined, sweeping countless creatures into an endless storm. The two billion Skywolf specters were a terrifying force with a combined strength six times that of the celestial orderians. They were collectively known as the Yanyi Army, a fearsome legion that evoked nightmares as they traveled across the universe. They also had another name: the Heptaflare Army. Compared to the Skywolf Frost specters, they were violent, fiery, and sinister, like the celestial orderians after their transformation.

In the chaotic battlefield, not even the Yanyi Army could communicate, so none of their units were aware of their own positions. The only order they had received was to keep charging on. With the Flameyellow Coffin, the sun emperor, who had complete control over the Flameyellow Guard Formation, had all three hundred million warriors resist the impact of the enemy. It was a marvel even more sensational than the battle on the other side of the sun.

As soon as the Heptaflare Army swarmed in, they were hit by a wave of beasts and the number of deaths sharply rose. There were more than a hundred million corpses on the battlefield. The war had reached the climax. With the full power of the formation, the celestial orderians were barely able to hold on. It was clear that the Yanyi Army was counting on Skywolf Frost to break the formation and invade the other side of the sun so the sun emperor would be strained on both ends.

However, he was also waiting. The huge golden head remained hidden in the depths of the formation, unlike the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, which had appeared on the frontline. The Flameyellow Coffin was the key. In the Divine Sun Palace, the sun emperor and his clone lay in the coffin, watching over the battle. The formation stood strong and countless abilities never seen before accompanied the flaming beasts. The imperial-class formation had already caused the Yanyi Army much suffering.

Amidst the raging flames, four white fiery figures suddenly appeared, each one larger than the Divine Sun Palace, the one in the middle the most colossal. Without a doubt, the only thing larger than the Divine Sun Palace was Skywolf Blaze's astralships. They emerged from the darkness, appearing in all four corners of the battlefield, their powers linked to one another. Locking on to the Divine Sun Palace, they encircled it. The Flameyellow Coffin was the core of the Flameyellow Guard Formation; it was clear they had figured out how the formation worked and set their sights on the hidden astralship. Without it, the formation would be lost. It was as if the astralship had been surrounded by four hungry wolves that

gradually approached, building up power. If the astralship were to make any sudden movement, they would immediately destroy it in one blow.

"Your Solar Majesty...." The sun empress paled at the sight before her, no different from any ordinary servant. She knew little else and could only worry. "They're here. We should escape. The astralship in the middle is enormous, at least five times the size of the Divine Sun Palace," she said in despair.

"Five times? Perfect, it'll be my new ride." Although the coffin remained closed, the sun emperor's calm voice sounded from within. His composure assured the sun empress.

Quickly calming down, she stared at the giant coffin with a fanatical gaze. "But no matter how powerful you are, there's four of them. Surely they'll destroy us...."

The enemy was at the gates. Even within the formation, the celestial orderians were at a disadvantage. The Heptaflare Army had broken into the astralguard formation, but there were few around the sun emperor. The specters would soon reach the heart of the sun and they didn't care about civilians. Whoever they encountered would be slaughtered. As the sun empress saw it, being surrounded meant danger. She stared at the coffin until it shook and the gold-haired sun emperor emerged from it, his imposing manner and sly smile ever so reassuring.

"Okay, the time to move the people has finally come. Li Tianming hasn't let me down. If anything, he exceeded what I asked of him. He's even given me the greatest gift. I've been planning this for so long, it would be unreasonable not to accept it...."

His words made the sun empress confused. What did he mean? She didn't understand at all.

"Can you believe it? With just the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, Li Tianming and Ye Lingfeng broke Skywolf Frost's defensive formation." His gaze fiery, the sun emperor looked at her. After losing Li Wushuang, she was the only one he could pour his heart out to.

"How can that be?" she asked.

"I think it's impossible, too, but it's a fact. So what does this mean? Even heaven is on my side! The universe wants me to restore the Flameyellow Imperial Star's glory. What an amazing opportunity. It's almost too easy. It hasn't even begun but my heart is already pounding. Since the two young men are so polite, it's my turn to open their eyes!" He roared with laughter, so loud his voice seemed to reverberate outside the astralship. It was clear that he wanted to be heard by the other astralships. The closer they came, the larger they appeared. The power they had accumulated was enough to instantly destroy the Divine Sun Palace. At that moment, the sun emperor was insane.

"It's perfect! I was planning to break new ground in Skywolf Blaze, but I never expected Li Tianming would take them down, wrap them up, and send them to my door. This is great! Without the Sactvoid Guard Formation, Skywolf Frost is like a rabbit that's been stripped of its fur!" His face twisted into a crazy expression, the sun emperor laughed uncontrollably. He personally opened the gates of the Divine Sun Palace, walked out, and faced the four astralships. The sovereigns aboard them must have noticed him.

The sun emperor—Skywolf's biggest enemy. He must know the secret of the Flameyellow Guard Formation. They all turned their attention to the sun emperor, never imagining that the man would be so mad as to leave the Divine Sun Palace in the face of danger. He was actually maniacally laughing.

"Friends from Skywolf, you're right on time! Thank you for your nova source, my friends. I'll accept it. Please keep your eyes peeled for what's about to come. Witness my cruelty and viciousness," he chuckled.

Chapter 1960

Right in front of the Divine Sun Palace was another gigantic divine astralship more than five times its size. It looked like a lifeless white ball of flame and didn't resemble the mechanical wolves from before at all. In fact, it almost looked like an astral hole.

The terrifying ball of flame was gathering nova source as it locked on to the gigantic golden head. It was the strongest divine astralship of the two Skywolf stars and the trump card they had used to take over many heliacal-class worlds. Starvore was its name. It had a miniaturized nova source with a capacity more than five times that of the Divine Sun Palace. That made it more than ten times the size of the Kilostar Capital, making it measure up to even divine astralships of skypiercer-class worlds. Using it to conquer heliacal-class worlds was pure overkill.

It alone was more than capable of taking on the Divine Sun Palace, let alone the three divine astralships of the same class as the Greenvoid Abyss. The sun emperor seemed as good as dead, now that his ship had been targeted, which was why it was puzzling that he still hadn't made an attempt to flee despite the odds. The specters in the ships glared at the Divine Sun Palace with a bloodthirsty look.

"Is that the fellow who whipped out this weird astralguard formation that caused the Yanyi Army to suffer so many casualties?" The specters simply didn't understand the sun emperor, who was still smiling like he didn't have any worries in the world.

The atmosphere within the Starvore was cold and somber. The halls, pillars, ceilings, and floors within were lined with skulls that were surrounded by lifeless white flames. Emerald-green demonic flames burned within the mouths and eye holes of the skulls like mischievous beasts. To anyone else, it would look like a picture straight out of hell, but it was actually a glorious sight for the Skywolves. The skulls had been taken from their vanquished enemies, after all, and there were hundreds of millions of them lining almost every surface of the ship.

There was even a throne right in the center of the grand hall made up of skulls that looked markedly different from the rest. They seemed heavy and tough, and the eye holes seemed to reveal a view into something ancient. Most likely, they were skulls belonging to sovereign-class elites. That was the mark of pride the Skywolves bore as the most distinguished murderers in the service of the mysterians.

Seated on the grand throne as the divine astralship charged up an attack against the Divine Sun Palace were three individuals, a man and two women. They stood at the apex of power in Skywolf. There were seven different lines of specters in Skywolf, with nine sovereigns in total, far outstripping Violetglory in number. The largest of those family lines had three sovereigns, while the others had one each, and together, they were known as the emperor, two empresses, and six rexes.

Sovereigns Sanctquility and Greenvoid had led the Greenvoid and Sanctquility specter lines. The two of them were considered to be among the six rexes. The other four rexes were the leaders of their own specter lines.

The strongest specter line, however, had three sovereigns. Their line alone controlled half of Skywolf Blaze, boasting more elites than the other four combined. Even including the Sanctquility and Greenvoid lines, they would be roughly on par with them, which made the six rexes subordinate to the emperor and two empresses of the Starvore line. Undoubtedly, they were the strongest Skywolf had to offer.

The Starvore line boasted the best talent among all seven specter lines of Skywolf. It was said that they had a terrifying 'digestive' ability. While other specters could strengthen themselves by devouring other flesh, Starvores could consume divine ore to strengthen their bodies—almost like Yin Chen, though the latter could split up into more bodies using the metals it had eaten. The Starvores simply consumed divine ores to make their bodies as tough as divine artifacts. Thanks to their unique talent, they reigned supreme on Skywolf and boasted a powerful reputation across the astralscape.

The emperor and empresses were undisputed top elites, and the three of them were actually wedded to each other. The fact that they were family showed that they were united on a single front with a single, uniform will! These very three were the ones who had locked on to the sun emperor. The other divine astralships beside theirs belonged to three of the six rexes. In other words, after accounting for the deaths of Sovereigns Greenvoid and Sanctquility, as well as another from Skywolf Blaze, all of the sovereigns had emerged to end the sun emperor.

No matter what, it seemed like a dead end for the sun emperor. All four divine astralships were gathering energy around their divine astralship formations for a crippling blow against the Divine Sun Palace. Atop the white throne of bone, the supreme rulers watched the sun emperor as they would a court jester. They had spent a substantial number of specter lives to finally locate the Divine Sun Palace.

"So he's the one that killed Greenvoid. Once he's killed and his ship is destroyed, this unexpected astralguard formation should also fail," a beauty with floor-length white hair said. Her figure was incredibly seductive and she was lightly dressed. She leaned against the man in the middle and surveyed the situation with a gaze even more enchanting than Sovereign Sanctquility's. She was none other than Empress Yu of the Starvore line.

The Starvore line had a unique tradition where new sovereigns in their line of opposite genders would be wedded to each other, as long as they weren't directly related. That applied as long as there was at least one member of the opposite gender, so unions of two men with one woman were also possible. In fact, if there were four sovereigns, two women and two men, they wouldn't form two couples, but rather a quartet united in matrimony.

Only a group of people with incredibly strong loyalty to their clan ideals would be able to practice such a tradition. Even sovereigns had to abandon their own desires for the sake of the line's glory. Empress Yu and Empress Ying, for instance, were united in thought and purpose, putting aside the minor jealous arguments they had, and that attitude was the main reason the Starvores had reigned supreme since antiquity. None of the other six specter lines had been able to do the same.

Empress Ying seemed much more proper in comparison to Empress Yu and sat prim and straight. Her gaze didn't waver in the slightest as she controlled the divine astralship, fine tuning its lock on the Divine

Sun Palace. Her eyes were like silver stars, sharp and chilling. While she was even more refined than Empress Yu, she wasn't as seductive.

The one in the middle was the emperor that enjoyed being sandwiched by two beauties. In terms of power, he far outstripped both of his wives, making him the strongest specter in the line, and Skywolf by extension. As such, the two empresses abided by his will and accepted him as their leader. He was Sovereign Starvore, but he preferred being addressed as Grand Emperor Starvore.