

## The Ages 311

### Chapter 311 - Setting Foot On the Throughgate

Under the Throughgate, out of the five people who were previously blocking the road, only the second cloudmist disciple, Jing Xuan, remained standing, while the others were sprawled on the ground. The three onyx disciples were in a sorry state, either foaming at the mouth, covered in scars, electrified, or burnt to a crisp. Their lifebound beasts had fared no better. They had expected Sikong Tianchen to avenge them, yet the man was seriously injured. Their eyes rolled back and their hearts felt like they had been stabbed into a million pieces.

"He's definitely at Unity. How did he defeat Sikong Tianchen, who'd already advanced to Heavenly Will..."

"Just who is he?"

The three onyx disciples shrank to one side. Recalling their previous taunts, their miserable state only felt more embarrassing.

"Senior Brother!"

A pale Jing Xuan tried to help Sikong Tianchen, but was pushed away. It was a pity the latter used too much strength, pulling at the sword wound in his abdomen. Sikong Tianchen gasped and trembled in pain, cold sweat trailing down his forehead.

"Senior Brother, how could he be so strong...." Jing Xuan looked at Tianming in bewilderment.

"Shut up!"

The humiliation of defeat ate away at his insides like a poisonous insect. He could only look toward the Throughgate in anticipation of the heavy price Tianming was about to pay.

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"A pentabane comparable to Li Shenxiao has appeared...."

As Tianming approached, Weisheng Ruosu trembled slightly, equal parts surprised and excited. The brother and sister had grown up listening to stories of Li Shenxiao and Weisheng Yuyin.

"Brother Tianming, thank you for saving us! You have my admiration. You're the first man at Unity to defeat someone at Heavenly Will!" Weisheng Qingluan had long been amazed by Tianming's feats. His eyes shone with admiration, like a newly-converted fan.

"Your performance is certainly enough to have defeated Yuwen Shendu." Weisheng Ruosu had the same look of admiration in her eyes. As long as they fought anywhere but above the sea, she was no match for Tianming. No matter what the others thought, the siblings were completely convinced of Tianming's talent and strength.

"Big Sister, go on!" Weisheng Qingluan winked.

"That's enough nonsense from you. Don't make me hit you," snapped Weisheng Ruosu.

"But you're blushing," laughed Weisheng Qingluan.

"How is that possible? No way!" Despite being certain she wasn't blushing, Weisheng Ruosu covered her face.

What was originally an innocent situation had taken on an ambiguous undertone, thanks to Ying Huo and Weisheng Qingluan's teasing. Watching the hero save the damsel in distress further frustrated Sikong Tianchen and made him boil with rage. But even now, the man's name was still a mystery to him.

"Get out!"

In order to clear the embarrassment, Tianming targeted the five of them instead. With him below the gates, these people had no chance of passing through. Grabbing one of the onyx disciples by the neck, he asked, "How many people made it through already?"

"I won't tell you even if you kill me!" shouted the onyx disciple.

Tianming pointed the Onyx Dragon three inches below the man's navel and asked, "What if I cut off this thing?"

"Alright, I'll speak! Only Li Wusheng and Li Jiushi have gone through the gates." He shivered.

Those two were disciples of the Onyx Sect, and twin grandsons of the Onyx Emperor.

"So there's five places left," Tianming remarked.

"Are we heading up now?" asked Weisheng Ruosu.

"If we do, there'll still be two places left. Hold on, I'll decide who gets to take both places," said Tianming.

"How domineering," chuckled Weisheng Qingluan.

"Not really. No one's as domineering as I am. If I'm first, Meow Meow would have to be second," Ying Huo said.

There were fifteen disciples in total. Aside from their party and those Tianming had seen, there were a few remaining. Sikong Tianchen and the other four had been driven out by Tianming.

A little while later, Shangguan Yunfeng joined them. Upon noticing Tianming and the Weisheng siblings, he looked surprised. "What are you doing waiting around here? They haven't announced the end of the Throughpath battle, have they?"

"Are you all right?"

Although Shangguan Yunfeng appeared unkempt, he wasn't seriously injured or humiliated.

"Yes. I didn't see anyone, though I fought several wildbeasts. Have you met the disciples of the Onyx Sect and Southsky Sect?"

"Yes, but they've been beaten and chased away by Brother Tianming. We certainly believe he's a pentabane now," laughed Weisheng Qingluan.

"Is that so? I've witnessed it before, too," said Shangguan Yunfeng.

Unexpectedly, Zhao Lingzhou showed up at this point as well. "Are you guys on a date?" scoffed Zhao Lingzhou.

"There's seven of us," said Tianming. There were two onyx disciples present, as well as the five allies.

"What do you mean?" asked a puzzled Zhao Lingzhou. "It's weird. I didn't see anyone this whole time."

If it weren't for Tianming, Sikong Tianchen's grand hospitality would have been forced unto them.

"Don't worry about the particulars. Anyway, do you have any objections to the five of us being allies in the upcoming Realm Wars?" asked Tianming.

Three Grand-Orient Sect prime disciples working with two southsky disciples.

"I don't." Weisheng Ruosu was the first to speak up.

Weisheng Qingluan and Shangguan Yunfeng nodded as well.

"You southsky disciples won't stab me in the back, will you?" wondered Zhao Lingzhou.

"Stab you where? In your butthole?" laughed Ying Huo.

"Where are your manners!" glared Zhao Lingzhou. However, he could tell they were all trustworthy.

"Though we're supposed to be allies, in fact, we need Tianming and Ruosu's protection," said Shangguan Yunfeng.

"We'll fight together. Let's go!"

The Throughgate was just around the corner. Headed by Tianming, both the Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect's geniuses rushed out of the Throughpath. When the magnificent light of Heaven's Elysium shone upon them, the five were already standing below the Throughgate. The spectators there were watching them, but they couldn't see any eminent figures.

The light burned. Tianming stood in front, his eyes slightly narrowed. When he opened his eyes again, he was greeted by countless seats below the Throughgate. Among the audience, the powerhouses of Heaven's Elysium were seated in the center, while those from the Onyx Sect and Cloudmist Sword School sat on their left and right, respectively.

Having met them outside the Heaven Inn, Tianming was acquainted with them all. Behind the East Cardinal King, Jun Dongyao, were several fearsome youths. Tianming swept his gaze across them and failed to spot Yueling Long among them.

However, present here were opponents far stronger than Sikong Tianchen who gave him a sense of crisis, especially the golden-robed boy behind Jun Dongyao, whose eyes reminded him of the Golden Dragon.

Aside from these people, there were two young men standing to the left of Tianming and the others, one in grey robes while the other wore black. The former was about a meter and a half tall and was very

thin, without any excess flesh on his body. He was all skeleton and weighed thirty-five kilos, at most. In his eyes flickered a gray flame which looked terrifying against that skeleton-like face.

The one in black was the exact opposite. He was more than two meters tall and built like a mountain. Even the wide black robes could barely cover his body. He had pitch-black skin and magnificent muscles. His short hair resembled needle-like spikes.

Tianming had previously read about the two; the man in grey was Li Wusheng, and the one in black was Li Jiushi. They were the grandsons of the Onyx Emperor. Judging from their appearances, people might not believe that they were actually twin brothers. Together with Tianming's party, they made seven, occupying seven places to participate in the Realm Wars.

The moment Tianming and the others entered the Throughgate, the battle of Throughpath ended. As challengers, they needed to bear the pressure of the powerhouses from Heaven's Elysium, the Onyx Sect, and the Cloudmist Sword School.

With the intention to dominate and crush, gazes from Heaven's Elysium's Jun Dongyao, the Onyx Emperor and Empress, and Sikong Jiansheng of the Cloudmist Sword School fell upon him. Sikong Jiansheng's swordlike gaze seemed to pierce Tianming and would be enough to make many young disciples lower their heads.

However, Tianming wasn't so easily frightened. With narrowed eyes, he stood in front of his allies, resisting the pressure from these powerhouses.

"Li Tianming, disciple of the Grand-Orient Sect, greets my seniors from Heaven's Elysium, the Onyx Sect, and the Cloudmist Sword School!"

Not only did he resist the pressure, he was neither humble nor arrogant and spoke fluently. There were many who hadn't known of him before, but they certainly did now. Tianming noticed looks of shock, surprise, and confusion coming from them.

These people obviously felt even more uncomfortable now that he had defeated Sikong Tianchen, especially Sikong Jiansheng. His expression was livid, his lips trembling and eyes burning from humiliation. The armrest of his seat had been completely deformed by his hands. There was certain danger in the way he glared at Tianming.

Thinking back to how proud he was at the Heaven Inn, Sikong Jiansheng shook with anger. As followers of Heaven's Elysium, the elders of the Cloudmist Sword School had been humiliated, since none of their disciples would be participants in the Realm Wars. They had made such fools of themselves, thanks to Tianming's sudden emergence.

"You're Li Wudi's son? I heard you replaced Yuwen Taiji's son for the Realm Wars," said Jun Dongyao.

### **Chapter 312 - A Sword Pierces The Tongue**

Amidst the silence, Jun Dongyao's eyes shone like liquid gold, two dazzling suns staring at Tianming; it was a gaze so oppressive it was hard for him to look up.

"Yes, Elysian King." Tianming's eyes burned, but he never blinked. This wasn't just a test of strength, but of willpower as well.

"I heard you're a pentabane comparable to the first ancestor of the Li Saint Clan?" asked Jun Dongyao. Sooner or later, news of this would spread. It couldn't be concealed.

"That's right," admitted Tianming.

"Show me your bane-rings," said Jun Dongyao.

"The bane-rings are merely a representation. Elysium King, you may refer to my previous performance. If you have any doubts, please continue watching my performance in the Realm Wars," replied Tianming.

"Hahaha...." Jun Dongyao couldn't help laughing.

However, he was the only one who found it funny. Everyone else wore cold expressions on their faces.

"No one from the Grand-Orient Sect has dared speak like this to us for a long time." Shaking his head, Jun Dongyao chuckled.

"Just that bit of talent and he thinks he's so great. He's obviously courting death. With his character, even ten thousand bane-rings would be useless. What a pity," laughed Sikong Jiansheng.

When it came to Tianming, the Cloudmist Sword School appeared more aggressive than Heaven's Elysium. Tianming merely glanced at Sikong Jiansheng. Although he could have made a remark, he didn't think it was necessary. Defeating Sikong Tianchen was the most effective counterattack against the Cloudmist Sword School.

On such an occasion, Weisheng Ruosu and the others were too afraid to speak. At the very least, facing these powerhouses showed Tianming's fearlessness.

"Elysium King, the Grand-Orient Sect and Southsky Sect disciples have passed the test. A total of five of us are eligible for the Realm Wars. Please welcome our elders to ensure they'll begin on time and proceed smoothly," added Tianming.

His words made the East Cardinal King even more uncomfortable. What a slap to the face! Just half a day ago, he had left the Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect at Heaven Inn, suggesting they could circle the foot of the mountain and go home. But now, out of seven places, they occupied five. If it had been one or two, it wouldn't be this embarrassing.

After all, they'd prepared a place to lodge Cloudmist Sword School, yet none of their disciples had made it. This matter had been decided by Jun Dongyao alone. Never mind that Tianming mentioned it; the process of going down to meet those elders was the truly uncomfortable and depressing part. If those elders weren't present, the Realm Wars couldn't begin.

By this point, everyone noticed Jun Dongyao's ugly expression; especially Sikong Jiansheng, who was discomfited by the former's reaction. He was responsible for Sikong Tianchen's defeat, which had in turn caused Jun Dongyao such embarrassment.

"Just get someone to inform them. Weisheng Tianlan and the others can head up on their own. They don't need a welcome entourage, do they?" scoffed Sikong Jiansheng.

"Yeah, they can head up on their own," echoed the elders of Cloudmist Sword School.

"Is Sect Master Sikong afraid we'll rob you of your place? Don't worry, even if you don't have disciples participating, Heaven's Elysium won't drive you away," mocked Tianming. Having endured Sikong Jiansheng's sarcasm once, he wasn't about to do so again.

"How dare you!" glared Sikong Jiansheng. A menacing sword ki shot toward Tianming, so quick that he didn't have time to dodge. The sword ki pierced his tongue, leaving a bloody hole. Although the wound wasn't large, the burning pain and metallic taste in his mouth was unforgettable.

"A little one such as yourself dares talk to me like this?! Let the hole in your tongue be a warning. Next time, it'll be your head!" roared Sikong Jiansheng.

This scene was a shock to the others. Before the sect master, even a pentabane genius was a worthless bug. So why should they fear the genius? The genius of a weak sect was of no significance, since they couldn't preserve their talents.

"That's enough," Weisheng Ruosu pulled Tianming aside, her eyes conveying her worries.

Tianming gritted his teeth. The sharp pain and bloody taste in his mouth was seared into his memory. Compared to the Grand-Orient Sect, the rivalry in the Grand-Orient Realm was far more dangerous. These people hadn't an ounce of sympathy.

How could he forget this enmity?

"I have some lotus elixir from the lotus spiritfruit. Would you like—" asked Weisheng Ruosu.

"No thank you," Tianming interrupted.

Although this injury was humiliating, it had little impact on Tianming. He would recover after a few days of speaking less. Additionally, he realized that his injury would activate the Prime Tower. The white lights from the Prime Tower had completely enveloped his damaged flesh.

Although he shouldn't have spoken, he didn't regret it. Anyway, the Realm Wars were just around the corner. Under the Theocracy of Ancients' supervision, Sikong Jiansheng couldn't kill him. A little physical pain was nothing, but Tianming would commit the incident to memory.

The day will come when I shut you up!

With Tianming finally suppressed, the audience revealed smug smiles. "He's finally behaving!"

"Elysian King, I'll head down," said an elysian elder behind Jun Dongyao. It seemed he was also a member of the Jun clan.

"Go!" Jun Dongyao waved his hand. It was certainly unrealistic to expect Weisheng Tianlan and the other elders to head up on their own.

The elysian elder rode his lifebound beast down the mountain. At his speed, he would return soon; and he did, but without the others.

"What's the matter?" asked Jun Dongyao.

"Elysian King, they said since you personally welcomed the Onyx Sect and Cloudmist Sword School, they shouldn't be treated any differently. They'll only come up if you greet them," muttered the man.

Upon hearing that, the three allied sects were hard-eyed.

"Looks like they want to do this the hard way!" Sikong Jiansheng pounded his seat.

"These people don't know what's good for them! You give them an inch and they want a yard, hmph!" the Onyx Empress laughed disdainfully.

"Elysium King, don't lower yourself to their level," added the Onyx Emperor.

The Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect's move had clearly embarrassed Jun Dongyao, but he was the one who had dug himself into such a hole.

Now that the Onyx Sect has surrendered to Heaven's Elysium, the balance in Grand-Orient Realm has been broken. Heaven's Elysium will surely deal with the Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect sooner or later. Since Elder Weisheng Tianlan and Master dare behave like this, they're obviously not afraid to offend Jun Dongyao. It's a sign of their unwillingness to yield. Tianming came to a realization upon hearing of the elders' response.

Since the elders showed such backbone, he, too, would fight bravely. He had been worried his actions might cause trouble for his elders; however, it was obvious they were united.

Under such circumstances, there was nothing Jun Dongyao could do except go down the mountain and welcome the elders. If the Realm Wars were delayed, he would be in trouble. Who knew if the Theocracy of Ancients was watching!

Thus, he flew down the mountain on his Golden Dragon once more. The wildbeasts on the Throughpath submitted to the dragon's great power.

Now that Jun Dongyao had personally gone down to welcome them, Weisheng Tianlan, Huangfu Fengyun, and the other elders finally entered the venue. Along the way, they made a stop on the Throughpath and brought along Xi Menglin and Bai Taijun. Though the two couldn't participate in the Realm Wars, they were allowed to follow their elders.

Tianming recognized the wounds he had inflicted upon Xi Menglin but wasn't sure what happened to Bai Taijun to make him look so miserable.

"Tianming!" As soon as they arrived, Ye Shaoqing immediately walked up to him. "Any injuries?" he asked with concern.

"No." But as soon as Tianming spoke, the blood in his mouth came trickling down.

"Let me have a look."

The hole in his tongue was clear at a glance. This obviously wasn't the work of Sikong Tianchen; Ye Shaoqing had heard of his defeat.

"Which shameless bastard did this?" frowned Ye Shaoqing. His gaze flickered toward the Cloudmist Sword Sect. It was obvious the injury had been caused by sword ki.

"Master, what's the point in identifying such a shameless man?" mocked Tianming. He stared at Sikong Jiansheng as he spoke.

"How ridiculous and shameful! How can Sect Master Sikong retaliate against the younger generation just because his grandson was defeated? What a joke! I'm just wondering what kind of sword intent Cloudmist Sword School cultivates to pick on someone smaller than them?" Ye Shaoqing's gaze seemed to burn into Sikong Jiansheng.

"What an embarrassment!" Weisheng Tianlan snapped in contempt.

"Who do you think you are? Are you worthy to speak to me? A sect without a sect master leading a pack of wild dogs. Who's the ridiculous one?" Sikong Jiansheng retorted.

The elders behind him laughed along with him.

"A dignified sect master attacking the younger generation to vent your anger and shame. Such a lowlife act would only degrade your entire sect. What's the use of coming here?" Ye Shaoqing added, tit-for-tat.

Sikong Jiansheng's smile solidified, his face frozen in resentment. Members of the Cloudmist Sword School rose to their feet, as if about to exchange a few blows.

"Silence!" While tensions ran high, Jun Dongyao endeavored to control the situation.

"Since they're here, let's not waste any time. According to the regulations, the Realm Wars will be held tomorrow in the Elysium Battlefield. Whatever grievances and grudges there are can be solved when the chosen ones enter the battlefield!" announced Jun Dongyao.

With a wave of his sleeves, Jun Dongyao left. Naturally, others from Heaven's Elysium would arrange lodging for the Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect.

### **Chapter 313 - Breaking A Thousand Years Of Humiliation**

"Ye Shaoqing, aren't you being happy too soon? Li Wudi's son's performance might've been interesting today, but he will soon become everyone's target! The elysian children will focus on giving him a good time and he'll be left crippled after the Realm Wars. You should go back and pray for him!" Sikong Jiansheng rose to his feet.

"But at least we're still better off than your Cloudmist Sword School. You won't be participating in the Realm Wars, so you're not even qualified to address your grievances," scoffed Ye Shaoqing.

Sikong Jiansheng's eyes surged with sword ki. But what could he do? It was a fact that Sikong Tianchen had lost. He could shout all he wanted, but it wouldn't change a thing.

"Very well, you'd better not come crying after the Realm Wars!"

"Alright, why are you still taunting us? You should hurry down the mountain. Let me congratulate the Cloudmist Sword School on going home early," Ye Shaoqing retorted.

"Ye Shaoqing, you and I both understand that the Realm Wars is merely a precursor for what's about to come! You dare contradict me today, but we'll see if you can remain so eloquent when I chop your head off!" Sikong Jiansheng smiled maliciously.



"You old ogre, we'll see if you live until then!" mocked Ye Shaoqing.

During the current Realm Wars, a lot had been laid on the table. If it weren't so, how could these two prominent figures bicker in public? Under normal circumstances, these elders would have shown each other courtesy and kindness, at least on the surface.

The five major sects were separated into three groups—Heaven's Elysium, Grand-Orient Sect and Southsky Sect were one group, and Onyx Sect and Cloudmist Sword School were the second.

As soon as they left, the elysian elders led the Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect to their resting quarters. After tonight, the Realm Wars would officially begin. At present, it was already good that Heaven's Elysium would provide lodging.

"Father, Tianming defeated Sikong Tianchen and saved me," said Weisheng Qingluan.

Weisheng Tianlan nodded in reply.

"When I strayed into the blood barrier, he helped me. He's really strong, and a trustworthy ally," added Weisheng Ruosu.

"I see. He's a pentabane?" asked Weisheng Tianlan.

"There's no doubt about that. He's also extremely courageous. We were all too afraid to speak when we arrived at the Throughgate, but he dared contradict Sect Master Sikong," praised Weisheng Qingluan.

"You...." Sikong Lingyu furrowed her brows.

Southsky Sect would have embarked on a road of no return. Although the Grand-Orient Sect was in decline, it was impossible for them to yield to Heaven's Elysium. They would never surrender, even until death, not Ye Shaoqing, nor Yuwen Taiji. But the Southsky Sect had a choice, whether to bow to them and save themselves, or succumb like a moth to the flame.

At this moment, they all had their own thoughts. Gu Qiuyu's expression was awful. Never mind that his grandson was defeated, but to think the Grand-Orient junior sect master he mocked was actually a pentabane! Though the others had failed to notice, he asked around, only to be shocked by the news. Along the way, the more he thought, the more uncomfortable he felt. Why did he have to show such sarcasm to the pentabane?

As soon as the people from Heaven's Elysium left, he immediately headed over to the Grand-Orient Sect's resting quarters with Xi Menglin. Glaring at Tianming, he said, "Tianming, I demand an explanation. Didn't we agree on an alliance yesterday? Why did you sneak attack Xi Menglin on Throughpath?"

"I sneaked attacked?" Tianming looked confused.

"Yes, you attacked me..." Xi Menglin kept his head bowed, voice growing softer and softer.

When he was rescued by Gu Qiuyu, he had first complained before hearing about how Tianming defeated Sikong Tianchen.

"Are you so strong that I need to sneak attack on you?" Tianming couldn't help laughing.

The slippery bastard was lying through his teeth.

"This isn't a question of strength or weakness. Why attack your own ally?" demanded Gu Qiuyu.

He was clearly taking advantage of the matter. After all, what he wanted most was to distance himself from the Grand-Orient Sect and protect himself.

"Elder Gu, aren't you the one who asked him to examine my bane-rings? I said I wouldn't let him look at them, but he insisted on blocking my path and wasting my time. Is it wrong for me to give him a beating?" Tianming retorted.

"Tianming, you liar. Stop trying to frame me!" roared Xi Menglin.

Tianming glanced at Weisheng Tianlan and Ye Shaoqing, motioning for them to solve the matter since he couldn't be bothered to continue explaining himself.

"Elder Gu, the Realm Wars will commence tomorrow. Tianming will fight side by side with Ruosu and Qingluan. Do you think these details are significant?" asked Ye Shaoqing.

Gu Qiuyu took a deep breath.

"Focus on the Realm Wars," said Weisheng Tianlan.

There was still a chance to make a decision when they returned. Right now, there was no need to make a fuss of the matter.

"What happened to Bai Taijun?"

Sensing the tense atmosphere, Weisheng Qingluan changed the subject. He was very concerned about Bai Taijun. The young man with Xi Menglin lay on the ground wailing, his skin turned pitch-black. There were countless bloody holes in his flesh, from which blood trickled.

"He met Li Wusheng of Onyx Sect and was tortured for quite a while. The poisonous insects entered his body and devoured a third of his internal organs. Although he's alive, he'll need at least three years to recover," said Weisheng Tianlan.

"The Onyx Sect is so cruel!" Weisheng Qingluan's eyes were tinged with redness.

"That's like nothing compared to what a hundred generations of our prime disciples have suffered. They have a lot of tricks to use in the Realm Wars," said Ye Shaoqing.

But why show up despite this? On the one hand, it was the Theocracy of Ancient's arrangement. On the other, it involved the sect's dignity and their determination to compete for the Grand-Orient Sword. Most importantly, they longed to reclaim the dignity that belonged to the prime disciples. A hundred generations suffered torture and humiliation, yet they never gave up!

"If I'd known this, I would have given those onyx disciples an experience worse than death." Tianming didn't know enough about the ferocity of the Realm Wars. However, now that the battle on the Throughpath had ended, he wouldn't show mercy tomorrow.

Just then, he noticed three familiar figures among the Heaven's Elysium folk. Perhaps their uninterrupted stares had drawn his attention to them. He recognized them at a glance—Ling Yichen, Jin Yixuan, and Song Yixue.

Those three had left a deep impression on him and even changed his fate. Their status was even lower than the Grand-Orient guardians of the Grand-Orient Sect; they were merely marginalized disciples of Heaven's Elysium. But they were related to Elysian Long.

Tianming noticed the shock, surprise, and loss of confidence in their eyes. However, they couldn't hide their viciousness and killing intent. Tianming had seen six elysian children today, but not Yueling Long. As the strongest elysian child, perhaps she had the privilege of not appearing today.

But she'll definitely be there tomorrow. You three should tell her I'm here.

Perhaps Yueling Long didn't need to be informed to know he was here. He had a hunch he would meet Ling Yichen and the others in the future.

When the time comes, we'll meet each other again.

The two sides crossed paths.

"Let's go." The elysian elders led the way, passing through the Throughgate and formally entering Heaven's Elysium, a towering city that looked as if it had been built above the clouds. Unlike the Grand-Orient Sect, which was divided into many peaks, all the disciples of Heaven's Elysium gathered in the city. This was the biggest city Tianming had ever seen. They were arranged to live in the outer circle of Heaven's Elysium. Though he hadn't personally witnessed the splendor of the inner circle, the outer circle was certainly flourishing.

Numerous Heaven's Elysium disciples stared at them, focusing on the disciples of the four major sects who would participate in the Realm Wars tomorrow. Regardless of their cultivation, Heaven's Elysium's elysian children would crush these so-called foreign talents, hence the sense of superiority in their hearts.

Laughter directed at Grand-Orient Sect Tianming's sounded from all directions. It was like watching a group of monkeys step into Heaven's Elysium.

"The Realm Wars, or more like the legendary Ass-Whooping Wars. Once a decade, an entire generation comes to our city and brings disgrace to themselves. There'll be a good show to watch tomorrow! I heard the elysian children will take their time playing with these guys."

"Yes, I heard their female disciples go home pregnant. Hahaha...."

"But isn't that too..."

"What do you know? Since they're trying to take away our Grand-Orient Sword, they must pay the price!"

"Yes, let them come. Anyway, they're asking for it. To conceive the child of an elysian child is a blessing for them."

"That makes sense!"

"Well said! Heaven's Elysium should be the only sect in the Grand-Orient Realm. And why is it still called the Grand-Orient Realm? I heard they're going to change it to Heaven's Realm."

"Heaven's Realm, Heaven's Elysium. That's more like it. In the future, we'll completely destroy these sects so Heaven's Elysium will dominate Heaven's Realm. No one will dare compete for the Grand-Orient Sword."

"But where's the fun in that?"

"Yes, that would be Heaven's Elysium's only regret!"

No topic was too taboo. Just above them, these people stood at the windows, talking and laughing. This was the arrogance and ruthlessness of Heaven's Elysium's disciples. But the strong had always been entitled to act like this. Although they weren't personally strong, Heaven's Elysium was, so there was nothing wrong with this.

These words must have been repeated for a thousand years. The humiliations lasted just as long. One hundred generations of prime disciples had more or less suffered such insults, then endured much worse than verbal disdain.

Now that Tianming was here, he looked up into those sarcastic, contemptuous, and condescending eyes. These people were proud because of a hundred generations and a thousand years of victories. They had forgotten what it was like to be defeated.

Only breaking this cycle could ignite their rage.

At that moment, Ye Shaoqing patted him on the shoulder. "Tianming, hold the sword in your hand. You're a descendent of the Li Saint Clan, a successor of your heroic ancestors. When you set foot on the battlefield, you must fight for the dignity of the Grand-Orient Sect and Li Saint Clan. Fight for one hundred generations of your predecessors. I, too, failed miserably. We've never won. But you have the strength to reclaim everything we've lost! You must know that the Grand-Orient Sword originally belonged to us. And this time, I want you to destroy Heaven's Elysium!"

### **Chapter 314 - The Realm Barrier**

In the blink of an eye, it was deep into the night. Heaven's Elysium was still brightly lit under the dim moonlight. Every so often, beasts would gallop through the city. Tianming stood by the window, which overlooked the endless city ahead. Even standing as tall as he could, it was impossible to see the end of the sect.

The Grand-Orient Sect and Southsky Sect elders had gathered in the hall. Among the disciples, the five who were to participate in the Realm Wars were present. A solemn atmosphere pervaded the closer they were to the Realm Wars.

"Although you might already know the rules of the Realm Wars, I'll repeat them to you."

Weisheng Tianlan and Huangfu Fengyun sat at the top, while Tianming and the other disciples walked up to him.

"The Realm Wars, from the name to all the rules and supervision, is actually set by the Theocracy of Ancients. As the host, Heaven's Elysium only provides the venue, that is, the Elysium Battlefield."

Similar to the First Grand-Orient Battlefield, the Elysium Battlefield was said to have 200,000 seats and a large number of observation platforms which could accommodate 300,000 spectators in total. At least 300,000 people would be watching the battle tomorrow, and most of them were Heaven's Elysium disciples.

"Why is it called the Realm Wars? That's because your battlefield tomorrow is held within the Realm Barrier. This barrier is of course exceptional, since it originates from the Theocracy of the Ancients. It's known as the Grand-Orient Barrier. When you step into the battlefield, you're actually entering a miniature version of the Grand-Orient Realm, with the same terrain and its key locations. For example, both Southsky Island and the Azure Sea exist in the Realm Barrier."

The Southsky Sect disciples relied heavily on the Azure Sea; the presence of a vast body of water on the battlefield was critical for them.

"Although this miniature version of the Grand-Orient Realm can't be compared to the actual thing, the battlefield is considered enormous, with mountains, plains, and deep seas. There are many places you can explore and hide, as well as spirit hazards and wildbeasts to block your way. Because of the complexity of this battlefield, the Realm Wars has many variables. These variables are the reasons why we, Southsky Sect, have won the Grand-Orient Sword twice throughout history. Otherwise, if it were just an ordinary confrontation, it'd be difficult for our disciples to surpass the elysian children."

A miniature version of the Grand-Orient Realm sounded incredible as a battlefield. When Tianming first heard of it, he was extremely shocked. He could only admit that the mysteries of heavenly patterns were endless. A heavenly pattern barrier could produce so many changes. Just an ordinary one could seal space, and the blood barrier on Throughpath contained toxins and confused one's direction, while the Bloodbane Barrier of the Li Mausoleum could kill invaders.

Since the Realm Barrier was a miniature version of the Grand-Orient Realm, the Grand-Orient Mountains, Northwest Onyx Hole, Southern Azure Sea and Southsky Island existed in the battlefield. They could make use of the terrain to hide, but at the same time, a sudden confrontation was also a possibility.

"You must be curious how a miniature version of the Grand-Orient Realm can be placed in the Elysium Battlefield. And how do we watch the battle? This is the mystery of the Realm Wars. In the Realm Barrier, what you see is an illusion produced by heavenly patterns. In fact, the sea and mountains you see are all simulated by the Realm Barrier. For you, the terrain is real, but not for us. One of you might be in the Grand-Orient Mountain while the other is in Onyx Hole, but from our perspective you're perhaps less than ten meters apart. So when you fight, we can clearly see the situation. However, that isn't something you have to consider. With the barrier's power, even though what you see is simulated, you perceive it as real. Although you're ten meters apart in reality, as long as you have a distance of ten thousand meters in the Realm Barrier, you'll never encounter the other party."

Throughout the history of the Realm Wars, they had witnessed opponents passing by, yet never noticing each other. That was because their positions in the Realm Barrier were miles apart. In short, Tianming and the others needed to give priority to the environment within the Realm Barrier, regardless of the real situation or the audience. Where the Azure Sea was located, there would definitely be water.

"It's so mysterious," sighed Tianming.

"Yes. Although the Grand-Orient Barrier isn't as lethal as the Bloodbane Barrier, it's certainly mysterious," said Weisheng Tianlan.

"Since the battlefield is so vast, will the Realm Wars last very long?" Tianming asked.

"Not necessarily. It can be as short as ten days, or last more than a month," replied Weisheng Tianlan.

The fourteen disciples would be transferred to the wilderness. The terrain, environment, and even day and night were all variables of battle. The weak might still have a chance to seize the Grand-Orient Sword.

"I've just introduced the Realm Barrier, and now I'll talk about the rules. The process of the Realm Wars is divided into two parts. The first part is finding the Grand-Orient Sword. The rules of this process are hidden in the Realm Barrier. Since ancient times, the way to locate the Grand-Orient Sword has been different, so there's no significant point of reference. After entering the barrier, you'll have to think about it on your own. The sooner you understand the rules of the Realm Barrier, the more favorable it'll be for you."

This was similar to the Abyssal Trials, where the contestants had to discover the rules themselves. However, the rules of the Abyssal Trials were determined by people and could be changed at any time, while the rules for finding the Grand-Orient Sword were fixed. The Realm Wars were completely fair and just.

"The second part is more exciting. Once someone finds the sword, the Realm Wars immediately enters a ten-day countdown! Over those ten days, the sword will shine a light that's visible throughout the entire realm. It cannot be hidden, nor kept in a spatial ring. This means the Grand-Orient Sword will continue exposing the position of the sword holder, who then becomes a common target. His position is visible to everyone, so they hunt and fight him. As long as the sword holder can keep the shining Grand-Orient Sword for ten days, he'll be the winner of the Realm Wars and gets to take the sword from the hands of Heaven's Elysium. But if the sword is seized by someone else, the countdown for the new sword holder will be reset to ten days again."

This was a tough rule. Obtaining the sword wasn't considered victory; one had to keep the shining Grand-Orient Sword, resist, and fight for ten days. If anyone were to be pursued by seven elysian children at the same time, who could hold the sword for that long? It was obvious how much of a challenge winning the Grand-Orient Sword was when such a huge power disparity existed between the top geniuses of the four sects and Heaven's Elysium.

"The disciples of the four great clans who've won the sword basically possessed some special method of escape. None of them defeated the elysian children in a head-on battle. Although most of us come here only to bring disgrace to ourselves, at least there's hope of success. So, good luck everyone," said Weisheng Tianlan.

"Tianlan, may I speak to you?" Ye Shaoqing beckoned.

The two of them walked to the corner.

"What is it?"

"Why don't you get your children to withdraw from the Realm Wars? If the situation continues in this direction, they may focus on Ruosu and Qingluan to force you to surrender," Ye Shaoqing whispered.

"I know."

"So?"

"They don't agree. Since they're already here, they want to fight. After all, there are many factors in the Realm Wars, and not everyone will be humiliated. They, too, have an opportunity to win the sword," said Weisheng Tianlan.

"That's true. The disciples of the Southsky Sect have always had a natural advantage in the Realm Wars—the Azure Sea," mused Ye Shaoqing.

"Yes. As long as they quickly enter the sea and stay there, the others can't do anything to them. They can hide in the sea if they're in danger."

This was the reason why southsky disciples in the past had managed to safely retreat.

"None of the seven elysian children, nor the two onyx disciples, possess water-type lifebound beasts. Except for Jun Tianyi and Yueling Long, no one could pose a threat to them in the Azure Sea." Ye Shaoqing was rather relieved by the thought.

"Yes."

"Your children are very courageous. But Tianlan, you must remind them, don't try to be brave. If everything's fine, they mustn't leave the sea. Once they set foot on land, nothing can help them," said Ye Shaoqing.

"I've warned them about it and they've assured me. After all, Tianming is our main hope. Ruosu and Qinglan have great confidence in him. They've decided to enter the Realm Barrier to aid Tianming," replied Weisheng Tianlan.

"They're good children. Gentle and quiet, but brave."

"Does your disciple have an intended partner?" asked Weisheng Tianlan.

"No, but he has a lover," said Ye Shaoqing.

"Ah, the young hero is accompanied by a charming beauty," smiled Weisheng Tianlan.

"Are you going to inform Ruosu?"

"Of course. They can be friends."

"Are you so reluctant to see your daughter married?" Ye Shaoqing teased.

"Without a doubt. You try having a kid and see. I'm very satisfied with Tianming's situation," laughed Weisheng Tianlan.

"You narrow-minded old man," scoffed Ye Shaoqing.

Weisheng Tianlan was worried that the youths would develop feelings for each other after fighting side by side in the Realm Wars, and was completely relieved to hear that Tianming already had a lover. After they returned to their rooms, Ye Shaoqing called Tianming over.

"What is it?" asked Tianming.

"You're not two-timing, are you?"

"What do you mean?"

Why did those two middle-aged men behave so sneakily?

"It's nothing. If it's convenient, help the siblings during the Realm Wars," Ye Shaoqing reminded him.

"Of course, the four of them are my friends. I must protect them. Besides, they may be able to help me, too."

This time, Tianming wasn't fighting alone. He had four allies, as well as Ying Huo and Meow Meow.

I wonder if Ling'er will awaken during the battle. Tianming couldn't wait.

### **Chapter 315 - Lovers Under The Starry Sky**

The sky was dark, but the golden hall was brightly lit like the day. Four people stood at the front of the hall. The East Cardinal King, Jun Dongyao, stood at the center, the attractive Onyx Emperor and enchanting Onyx Empress on the left, and Sikong Jiansheng on the right.

Up to this moment, Sikong Jiansheng's face was gloomy with rage burning wildly in his chest, especially after witnessing how Fan Wutian's hand had been chopped off. To make things worse, there weren't any disciples from his Cloudmist Sword School among the ranks. It was something that had never happened before over the past few hundred years. If people who didn't know better saw this scene, they would think that the Cloudmist Sword School no longer had any geniuses.

Of the eight disciples, six were elysian children, while the remaining two were the onyx disciples, Li Wusheng and Li Jiushi. The elysian child, Jun Tianyi, stood together with the two onyx disciples with their arms around each other. Jun Tianyi didn't feel bad about having his title as the strongest in Grand-Orient Realm snatched away from him, since they were from the same side, not to mention that a woman took it.

"Tianyi, Long'er hasn't come back?" Jun Dongyao questioned.

"They'll be here soon, so don't worry about it, Dad. Uncle said that they'd be back on time. But we already have enough even without her," said Jun Tianyi.

What can't we, six elysian children and two onyx disciples, handle? His eyes were flickering with a golden splendor.

"It's best if they're here. We don't know if the Theocracy of the Ancients has anyone supervising," replied Jun Dongyao. But he didn't take it too seriously. Even if they missed it, he wouldn't be the one punished for it.



“Listen up. I’ll first speak of the few requests.” Jun Dongyao’s words immediately caused the eight disciples to become silent. They stood solemnly as they waited.

“The first is to protect the Grand-Orient Sword. We’ve been holding it for six hundred years—over six generations of disciples! If it’s lost, you guys will all be branded as sinners!”

“Got it!” The six elysian children all had their blood boiling. As for the two onyx disciples, they were just listening in. Their task was only to support the elysian children, anyway.

“Secondly, according to the usual practice, you guys are to teach those five impudent fools a lesson. This has always been the custom. There’ll be three hundred thousand audience members tomorrow, so don’t disappoint them.” Jun Dongyao smiled.

“Don’t worry about it, Dad. We’ve looked into the playstyle of at least eighty generations of elysian children. We’ll definitely make it innovative and give them an unforgettable lesson. I even asked the two brothers of the Onyx Sect here to join us. They have tons of ways to torture someone. Just listening to them was electrifying. We’ll give them a taste of a whole new level of humiliation tomorrow. Things like feeding them feces and ripping off their clothes are old school now,” Jun Tianyi boasted.

“I heard you two used poisonous insects to torture a southsky disciple in the Throughgate?” Jun Dongyao smiled.

“Elysian King, it’s just a small trick.” Li Wusheng smiled. But his smile was so unsightly that he looked like crying instead.

“Elysian King, torture is the Onyx Sect’s forte. As long as time allows, we can even torture someone for ten whole days. Furthermore, we guarantee that they’ll still be alive after that,” the Onyx Empress chuckled.

“I never doubted that. Then I’ll have to depend on them for the show.” Jun Dongyao smiled.

“Count on it,” Li Wusheng and Li Jiushi both guaranteed.

“Furthermore,” Jun Dongyao looked around and raised his voice, “take additional ‘care’ of the two from the Weisheng Clan, especially Weisheng Ruosu. She’s the beloved daughter of Weisheng Tianlan, so use everything you guys have up your sleeves on her! I want to see Weisheng Tianlan cry! Can you guys do that?”

“Yes!” the eight disciples chorused, voices brimming with confidence.

“Dad, are we allowed to do ‘that’?” asked Jun Tianyi. He was filled with excitement. After all, Weisheng Ruosu was known for her beauty; she had a unique temperament that no disciples in Heaven’s Elysium had.

“Do as you wish. As long as she’s not dead,” said Jun Dongyao.

Having his father’s approval, Jun Tianyi’s eyes sparkled and an arc rose on his lips.

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The countless stars in the bright starry sky shone down their brilliance, dyeing everything a soft silver. Even the ground looked like a long stretch of a silvery milky way.

The chuckles that sounded like bells illustrated pure happiness. Mixed with the lingering affection of a young lady, the laughter became even sweeter. Even a passerby listening to their voices would smile, becoming envious at the same time.

The girl wore a long orange dress with spirit stones embedded on it under the starry night, complementing her gorgeous face well. She was a gorgeous woman. Her eyes were like the stars at night, blazing with heated passion. Even while she was hugging the boy beside her, she would exert more force that made the boy feel suffocated.

The boy beside her wore a long white robe with a black belt tied on his waist. He was a gentleman, just like a piece of jade under the starry night; elegant, yet not aloof. Just his smile alone was cleansing to the heart, and his eyes were like two sparkling gems. When he looked at the young lady, his eyes were permeated with sweet affection.

The girl in his embrace was like a fairy messing around beside him, and the smile on his face never disappeared. His eyes were clear, but deep like the abyss at the same time.

“Long’er, stop messing around. We have to hasten our journey or we won’t be able to make it back before dawn.” The boy smiled bitterly, shaking his head.

“No way! I don’t want to return yet! I want to have more fun with you, because it’ll be boring when I return,” the girl chuckled.

“My big brother is already rushing me. Although there aren’t any decent opponents in the Realm War, it’s still a grand event. We can’t miss it, or my dad will punish us,” said the boy as he caught up to her.

“Why would he punish us? We’re not out here to play around. If they know that Big Brother Niancang got me three mid-tier celestial manna, allowing my lifebound beasts to evolve into fifth-order saint beasts and helping me make a breakthrough, they’ll only be filled with praises for you,” the girl pouted.

“Long’er, you should call me Uncle, according to seniority.” The boy smiled.

“No way!” The girl winked, showing a pampered side to her.

“I finally caught you! Now, go back with me.” The boy suddenly sped up and grabbed the girl by her waist. The next second, he increased his speed and transformed into a white blur, traveling like a phantom.

“Hey! You’re bad!” People tended to change in love, and she wasn’t an exception.

“Long’er, I intend to bring you to the Theocracy of the Ancients for further training, since your lifebound beasts evolved along with the breakthrough in your cultivation. What do you think?” The boy asked.

“But Big Brother Niancang, your father said that going to the Theocracy of the Ancients might not necessarily be beneficial to us. Why don’t we stay in Heaven’s Elysium instead? We might not be any worse here than we would be in the Theocracy of the Ancients,” said the girl.

“You don’t understand. It’s a whole new world over there. Perhaps cultivating might be the same, but you’ll be exposed to a grander world,” the boy replied.

“Yeah, I don’t understand. But at least for now, I have no intention of going on an adventure.”

“Alright. You have your own view.” The boy had a headache.

“Big Brother Niancang, we have to take things one step at a time. We can’t go beyond our reach and yearn for the sky right away. Listen to me. Let’s head to Heaven’s Elysium first, and replace your father. Become the next Elysian Emperor.

“I’ll assist you when you become the Elysian Emperor. After we unify the Grand-Orient Realm, we can go for an adventure in the Theocracy of the Ancients.” The girl’s eyes glowed with passion as she spoke. It was as if she had transformed into a completely different person.

“But I have no interest in becoming the Elysian Emperor,” the boy replied woefully.

“I know that you’re worried about those trifling matters. Don’t worry about it. I’ll deal with it for you. So you just have to assist me.”

“Long’er, cultivators should be free and unfettered, leaving footsteps behind in the world. Why let a name drag you down? I want to transcend the Theocracy of the Ancients and find the path of gods. And it’ll be better with you around,” said the boy with yearning in his tone.

“In my opinion, why are you trying to reach for the sky when you can’t even manage the Grand-Orient Realm?” She wasn’t in favor of going on an adventure and wandering around. She wanted all living beings to cower before her feet, and to dictate the life and death of others.

Looking at her, the boy smiled and shook his head.

“You don’t acknowledge my thoughts?” asked the girl in a sad tone.

“That’s not it. Long’er, people change over time. You’re still young, and I can stay in Heaven’s Elysium, waiting for you to grow up.”

The wind blew, covering the girl’s face in her own hair.

“True cultivation should lie above power,” said the boy with stars reflected in his eyes.

“Above power?” The girl didn’t fully understand what the boy meant. She reached around his neck and said, pampered, “Alright then. That’s a promise. You’re not allowed to leave me before I change my mind.”

“I won’t.”

“Big Brother Niancang, I have a question for you.”

“What is it?”

“What’ll you do if your big brother hurts me because he’s afraid of us?”

“He won’t....”

“I want an answer.”

“Long’er, no one can harm you as long as I still have one last breath remaining,” the boy declared with resolution.

“You’re the best!” The girl had tears flickering in her eyes and curled up in his embrace. When she raised her head once more, the two had already arrived at Heaven’s Elysium.

“Thank goodness we made it in time. We won’t have to be scolded anymore!” the girl laughed.

When they came to the Throughgate, the guards all dropped to their knees. The reason was simple: the boy in white was the youngest son of the Elysian Emperor, Jun Niancang.

“Elysian Long!” Three people suddenly appeared beneath the Throughgate, with Ling Yichen in the lead.

### **Chapter 316 - Elysium Battlefield, the Elysian Emperor Descends**

It was the day of the Realm War.

The Elysium Battlefield was situated at the center of Heaven’s Elysium. It was a dignified and holy building colored in white and gold, looking grander than the First Grand-Orient Battlefield. This was the most popular battlefield in the entire Grand-Orient Realm, with Realm Wars held within it over ninety times.

The Elysium Battlefield was packed early in the morning, filled with Heaven’s Elysium’s elders and disciples. The place was so packed that you could only see heads moving within the crowd, and even experts could only stand to watch.

The Realm War was held once a decade. As the host, Heaven’s Elysium had to face challenges from the four sects’ disciples to determine the ownership of the Grand-Orient Sword. So how could it not be lively?

Although, to be honest, there was nothing exciting about this battle after the Onyx Sect’s submission. The opponents were all too weak, making the Realm War dull. But yesterday, word of the Throughgate battle had spread out. It spoke of how a descendant of the Li Saint Clan, a rumored pentabane, had defeated the Cloudmist Sword School’s Sikong Tianchen.

Someone like him, who was shrouded in hatred, naturally attracted the entire Heaven’s Elysium’s interest. The entirety of Heaven’s Elysium had been talking about Li Tianming since last night!

“I saw how he defeated Sikong Tianchen at the Throughgate!”

“I heard that Sikong Tianchen could be ranked among the top five in this generation of Grand-Orient Realm’s geniuses?”

“Fifth, at best.”

“It only makes sense that he’s a pentabane, defeating a Heavenly Will stage in the Unity stage. I even heard that this person killed the prime disciple, Yuwen Shendu, before the Realm Wars!”

“Now that’s interesting. I even heard Yi Tianzi specially designed a game for Li Tianming. How exciting!”

“Let’s just hope that this Li Tianming isn’t too weak. Otherwise, the Realm War will be boring.”

“That’s right. There’s no fun in crushing weaklings. I hope he has some ability to create some tension before being crushed by our elysian children! HAHA!”

“I heard that the tradition of the Realm War might come to an end. We should cherish it while we can.”

“Although the disciples of the Cloudmist Sword School are too weak this time, we get to see two onyx disciples! I’m rather interested in their fighting methods.”

“You see that?! That’s the Southsky Sect’s Weisheng Ruosu, a great beauty! That air around her is rare. Why don’t you guys take a guess?”

“Guess that?”

“Guess how many babies she’ll go home with!”

“Hahaha!”

Laughter swept across the entire battlefield like a storm of joy. Then again, it wasn’t surprising, because every Realm War had the same ending. For the past six hundred years, there wasn’t any suspense in it at all. Heaven’s Elysium’s elysian children had only grown stronger over time. There was a wide gap between them and the other four sects.

“Speaking of which, the Li Saint Clan ruled the Grand-Orient Realm for ten thousand years. Our Heaven’s Elysium has only ruled it for a thousand. With Li Tianming currently the junior sect master of the Grand-Orient Sect, he probably wants to cleanse the humiliation.”

“Isn’t that rubbish?”

“Satisfy him, then. I hope he can defeat two elysian children, so as to make it more interesting.”

“The current Li Saint Clan is only meant to be stepped on.”

“It’s a miracle that a clan that relied on bloodline talent managed to come this far. Only our Heaven’s Elysium relies on true skill.”

The audience was full of mockery and laughter, but it was the norm for Realm Wars. The elders and disciples of the Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect were in the guest zone. The guest zone was small, unlike the host zone, which held nearly two hundred elysian elders, looking majestic on a high platform.

Above the elysian elders were the thrones of the Four Cardinal Kings, one larger than the other, which represented Heaven’s Elysium’s prestige. Naturally, the throne above them would be the ‘Elysian Emperor Throne’!

The Four Cardinal Kings and elysian elders were already in their seats, which meant that the Realm War would soon begin! What was shameless was that the Onyx Sect and Cloudmist Sword School should be in the guest zone. But the Onyx Emperor, Onyx Empress, and Sikong Jiansheng were seated in the host zone along with the elders of their sects. It was a sign that they had become subservient to Heaven’s Elysium.

The Onyx Emperor, Onyx Empress, and Sikong Jiansheng were happily chatting with the four Cardinal Kings. But Sikong Jiansheng still felt ashamed, because Heaven's Elysium didn't pay any attention to his expression as they blatantly commented about Sikong Tianchen being weak. After all, there was no dignity in someone who knelt. Even the lowly disciples of Heaven's Elysium dared to speak arrogantly before him, as long as they weren't doing it face-to-face.

As a result, Heaven's Elysium's momentum was skyrocketing. Although Weisheng Tianlan and the rest were provided with seats, the seats were cramped and they might as well stand. In this regard, Heaven's Elysium wasn't dignified at all for trying to embarrass them. After all, everyone knows that respecting your opponent is the same as respecting yourself.

Then again, that only meant that they had never considered the fact that Tianming could fight with their elysian children. Tianming had been watching and listening to everything in his surroundings. He looked in the direction of the golden seats, where the six elysian children and two onyx disciples stood in their positions, with rage burning in his heart.

Standing behind him were Weisheng Ruosu, Weisheng Qingluan, Zhao Lingzhou, and Shangguan Yunfeng. But facing the mockery from the audience, they found it a little unbearable.

"I won't lose! I won't be afraid!" Zhao Lingzhou gnashed his teeth. His fists were tightly balled together and his eyes were bloodshot. He could only use this method to help him withstand the enormous pressure. But even so, the ridicule from the audience made him feel flustered without even fighting.

This scene reminded Tianming of the heavy rain back in the Flameyellow Stadium. He narrowed his eyes into slits as he waited for someone. In summary, the whole battlefield was waiting for someone.

At this moment, an old man wearing a white and gold robe suddenly appeared and landed on the highest throne. In that split second, silence swept the battlefield. The three hundred thousand Heaven's Elysium disciples dropped to their knees along with the Four Cardinal Kings and elders as they yelled out in unison, "We pay our respect to the Elysian Emperor!"

This old man was the ruler of the Grand-Orient Realm! Tianming took a glance at him. To be honest, the man didn't seem old at all. He appeared middle-aged, but his temperament and aura drew respect from everyone. He was a mild-looking man that didn't seem like Jun Dongyao at all. His eyes were calm, like the deep sea, and his white robe and beard made him look like a compassionate god. Just sitting there, his presence was enough to intimidate heaven and earth.

"Dismiss." No one had expected his voice to be so gentle. There wasn't any trace of oppression, and it felt comfortable.

Tianming could tell that this Elysian Emperor was on a whole other level than anyone he had seen, including Jun Dongyao, Weisheng Tianlan, and Yuwen Taiji. And now, he was going to challenge Heaven's Elysium under the eyes of this Elysian Emperor!

The arrival of the Elysian Emperor signified that the battle would soon begin. But Tianming was wondering if someone was still missing. When he thought about it, he saw a boy and girl, who had entered together with the Elysian Emperor. The only difference was that they had entered from below, keeping a low profile.

The boy shared a similar temperament with the Elysian Emperor, which made others feel comfortable about him. The one thing that made Tianming uncomfortable was that he held the girl's hand with a dotting smile on his face. It had been four months since Tianming last saw that girl—she was Elysian Long, Yueling Long.

Over the past four months, Tianming's status had risen dramatically. But he also knew that Yueling Long's status in Heaven's Elysium had also shot up. It was all because she had become lovers with someone by the name of Jun Niancang, the Elysian Emperor's youngest son.

Since they were here, they should know about his presence as well. So Yueling Long was looking across the Elysium Battlefield with her gaze locked onto Tianming. When she saw him, the smile on her face disappeared, replaced by killing intent.

Tianming didn't know how flabbergasted Yueling Long had felt when she'd heard about Tianming's existence from Ling Yichen. That was the only unexpected factor in her rise. When she looked at Tianming at this moment, she still felt as if she was dreaming.

Last night, if it weren't for Jun Niancang stopping her, she would've already gone to look for Tianming. In just four months, the nobody in her eyes had grown to be someone at her level; he didn't even need a decade!

So when she heard the news, her scalp had gone numb. She'd always thought she was the only person who had managed to change her destiny, rising from the bottom of the food chain to the top of the pyramid in Heaven's Elysium. But now there was another person who had gone further than her in the pyramid. Even his cultivation was faster than hers!

Furthermore, it was someone who had said that he would behead her. What a massive twist of fate! And Tianming had become a sore spot for her, so much so that her gaze became distorted when she saw him. The turbulent waves in her heart had all turned into torrential murderous intent. Her fists were tightly clenched.

"Long'er, you don't have to be too worried about it. He's only cultivating this fast because he's a pentabane. But he won't be able to go far, since he's come to the Realm War. So all you need to do is to defeat him and destroy his dream of going further. In the future, you'll be the only one who managed to change your destiny, so why bother letting something like this mess up your mind?" Jun Niancang said as he gently patted her shoulder.

"I know, Big Brother Niancang. I was frightened yesterday and had my mentality messed up the entire night, to be honest about it. But no more, because I'm truly fortunate. Even without the Realm Wars, who knows who'll win if we fight a year from now? And if I kill him right here, there won't be any more changes, right?" Long'er asked.

"That's right. Furthermore, even if the Grand-Orient Sect has ten thousand more pentabanes, they'll all perish."

"Why?"

"Because the Grand-Orient Sect will soon disappear."

**Chapter 317 - Five Gold and Five Black, Descent of the Grand-Orient Sword**

“Disciples who are participating in the Realm War, step into the battlefield!” Jun Dongyao announced, starting the Realm War.

His voice was accompanied by the audience’s cheers, and the Elysium Battlefield exploded. Under everyone’s scorching gazes, the seven elysian children and two onyx disciples stepped into the battlefield. All nine of them stood together, shining with golden brilliance. Most of them were haughty and had mockery on their faces. They were all excited for the Realm War.

Unlike them, however, Yueling Long only had killing intent on her face. She swept a cold gaze at the challengers from the four sects. Even the two onyx disciples who met her eyes trembled, a chill running down their spine.

“The previous generation of elysian children produced a monster like Jun Niancang, whose talent even shocked the Theocracy of the Ancients. He’s only in his early twenties now, and he’s probably already in the Saint stage.”

“That Yueling Long is only a few years younger than Jun Niancang. When she reaches Jun Niancang’s age, she’ll probably be on the same level as him!” the onyx disciple, Li Wusheng, whispered in his brother’s ears with reverence in his eyes.

“When the two of them grow up, I’m afraid that they might even surpass the current Elysian Emperor! When the time comes, it’ll be the most prosperous era for Heaven’s Elysium,” Li Jiusi said hoarsely.

“Brother, we have to perform well in this Realm War and make Heaven’s Elysium happy. It’ll make things easier for us in the future.” Li Wusheng smiled.

“Then let’s bring them... to cloud nine!”

Their gazes were vicious as they looked at their opponents in the Elysium Battlefield. The Elysium Battlefield was huge, so both parties were close together. But almost the whole of Heaven’s Elysium had their eyes on the youth in white. Only Weisheng Ruosu could draw away part of the attention. This was the Realm War, and it was hard to attract any attention if you weren’t in the Heavenly Will stage.

“That’s the Li Saint Clan’s pentabane!”

“The one comparable to their first ancestor?”

“Interesting... but it’s a pity that he’ll be so short-lived.”

No one here questioned Tianming’s talent. But just talent alone wouldn’t be sufficient to shut your opponent’s mouth. As the tension grew stronger, the Realm Barrier suddenly descended. Tianming felt a huge pressure crushing his body. When he raised his head, he saw a colorful ball up in the sky, the size of his fist. It shone brilliantly as it descended from the sky.

When the ball descended, it began growing in size. When it was right above their heads, the width of the ball was already equivalent to the entire Elysium Battlefield. In the next second, it smashed against the Elysium Battlefield.

The explosion that everyone had expected didn’t occur. The Realm Barrier had merged into the Elysium Battlefield. Looking from the outside, it looked like a colorful sphere enveloping the battlefield, with fourteen disciples within.



In the eyes of the others, the fourteen disciples were just standing on the same spot. But for the fourteen disciples themselves, their surroundings had undergone drastic changes. A strong wind had swept past, separating them from each other. Even if they just looked to be a few meters apart from each other from the outside, it was a completely different matter inside the barrier.

“Sect Master Weisheng said I don’t need to pay attention to my true position in the Realm Barrier, just follow what I see and hear.” Tianming could no longer hear the crowd, and no longer felt the mocking gaze of the three hundred thousand spectators.

A mountain suddenly rose before his eyes, creating a river and forming a whole new landscape. It looked like the miracle of creation.

“The Realm Barrier is truly mysterious.”

The scene before him gave Tianming a new lesson about the profundity of cultivation. This was the path for him to reach a higher mastery in heavenly-ranked battle arts, heavenly pattern tomes, heavenly pattern barriers, and patternscribes.

“Perhaps I have a chance of becoming a patternscribe, writing my own heavenly pattern tome, and creating my own heavenly pattern barriers!” Tianming exclaimed, standing on the mountain.

The sun hung high in the air, illuminating the clear sky. The ground beneath his feet also felt real. He picked up a stone and crushed it, observing it closely as it crumbled. Looking at the cracks spreading out little by little and being carried away by the wind, Tianming was shocked.

“How realistic!” Even Ying Huo was shocked as it came out from Tianming’s lifebound space.

“It’s amazing.” Tianming looked around at the realistic world. “Who’d think of this as a place created by illusion?”

The path of cultivation wasn’t as simple as Tianming had thought. All of a sudden, he thought of the Godsoul Canon.

“The voice back then reminded me to cultivate the Godsoul Canon to the level of the Skypolarity Eye to unlock the gateway of the Wondersky Realm and seek god’s miracles. Who knows what stage the Skypolarity Eye is. Is the Wondersky Realm something similar to this, or is it different?” Then again, those were just Tianming’s guesses. “I’ll master the Bewildering Eye soon, so I should be unlocking the second stage.”

It was a unique technique, and Tianming had once felt that it was as valuable as the Saintbeast War-Soul. But looking at it now, the Godsoul Canon seemed even more valuable. There was even a possibility that they weren’t on the same level.

“Let’s go!” Tianming headed down the mountain toward the west, together with Ying Huo. As he wasn’t familiar with the Grand-Orient Realm, he naturally had no clue about his current location. “I need to find the Grand-Orient Sword and hold it for ten days....”

The big question here was where to find the Grand-Orient Sword. Tianming believed that the participants and audience alike were pondering the issue. The requirement for finding the Grand-Orient Sword would be different each time, and not even Heaven’s Elysium could interfere with it.

Just as Tianming was feeling puzzled, something suddenly occurred. When he raised his head, he saw a ball under the blazing sun. It had two colors—black and gold, each occupying half of the ball. The separation between the colors wasn't equal, but twisted around like snakes instead.

Tianming knew that the Grand-Orient Sword was a black and gold sword. But all of a sudden, the sphere suddenly split in half, the gold and black parts completely separating from each other. But that wasn't the end of it, as the gold portion continued dividing into a total of seven parts, and the same went for the black portion as well.

So in total, there were fourteen balls, seven black and seven gold, which corresponded to the fourteen participants. In the next moment, the fourteen balls scattered in all directions. Among the fourteen balls, one black ball fell right before Tianming. When Tianming grabbed it, a row of golden text appeared on it: five black and five gold, the descent of the Grand-Orient Sword!

The meaning of those words was straightforward.

There were fourteen balls...seven black and seven gold...the elysian children should have the gold balls. So whoever gathers five gold and five black balls first will obtain the Grand-Orient Sword! The rules were simple, but executing the challenge was a whole new different story. Tianming had a hunch that this Realm War would be chaotic. The Realm Barrier is massive, and it won't be easy to find the others. For example, it won't be easy to find them if they hide in the deep sea. Furthermore, fighting will take time, and someone might lose their ball in this time. So I need to be stronger than everyone else and try to get those from my side to give me their balls willingly to collect five of them!

In addition, the Realm War rarely states the rules directly. But then again, who knows how much time we'd spend here if the rules weren't clearly stated this time. In the end, Tianming concluded that speed was the key in this game. He only had to snatch the balls right now. He didn't have to go through the troubles of searching the place around for clues on the Grand-Orient Sword; it was straightforward and simple. Then again, the designer of this game was clearly just being lazy!

I'll need to defeat at least five elysian children. Furthermore, if the elysian children give their balls to Yueling Long or Jun Tianyi, things will get ugly. On our side, we have two onyx disciples from the enemy faction, so I'll quickly need to grab their black balls too. Even if I fail, I can try snatching the Grand-Orient Sword during the ten days. The only uncertainty is if the Grand-Orient Sword will strengthen the wielder's strength....

After all, based on the history of the Realm Wars, there were wielders who were empowered by the Grand-Orient Sword. So the first to obtain the Grand-Orient Sword would definitely have an advantage over the rest, and waiting for the last ten days would be his last resort.

After Tianming sorted out his thoughts, he set his foot on the battlefield. When the rules were revealed, the audience outside could also see it, causing an uproar.

"Isn't this the rule for the first Realm War? Isn't it just being lazy?" said Jun Dongyao.

"If my memory serves, you can obtain the Grand-Orient Sword by gathering five black and five gold balls."

"And we just happened to have seven elysian children and seven challengers that time."

"It's rare for the rules to be stated right away in the Realm War."

The elysian elders were discussing among themselves. They were mainly debating whether or not it was a sign that the Theocracy of the Ancients no longer wanted to bother about the affairs of the Grand-Orient Realm.

"But it doesn't matter. Personal strength plays a great part in this rule, and it's more beneficial to us this way." Jun Dongyao smiled.

"That's right. This is the most favorable rule for us. None of those five have the strength to gather so many black and gold balls."

"In the past few Realm Wars, it's mainly been a game of treasure hunting. They usually let the challenger find the Grand-Orient Sword, although it was ultimately snatched by us."

"The rules don't matter. We're just here to enjoy the show," said the South Cardinal King with a smile on his face.

All the Heaven's Elysium disciples had their eyes wide open, waiting to see how this Realm War would unfold.

### **Chapter 318 - Shocking Demise of Man-Earth-Heaven**

It was the second day of the Realm War. Tianming didn't care about the terrain and headed west, as there was no place he was more familiar with than the Grand-Orient Mountains. As he zoomed through the woods and mountains, the ground turned darker. In other words, he was now past Heaven's Elysium and around the area of the Onyx Hole.

"If Ling'er were here, I'd be able to travel much faster." Now, he was using his third eye to find an opponent. It could see much farther than his own eyes without revealing his position, giving him the edge of surprise.

"I have to collect those balls. The more I have, the better I can dictate the flow of battle. As long as I have three of either color, no one will be able to draw out the Grand-Orient Sword."

So long as he had three, the other four of the corresponding color wouldn't be enough to meet the requirements. Currently, he was standing atop a tree, scanning the distance with his third eye. He made sure to keep his palm low so those outside the barrier wouldn't be able to see his third eye. While having a beastialized arm was normal, having one with an eye on it wasn't.

All of a sudden, he turned to the northeast and saw two silhouettes, but his third eye could clearly make them out.

"They're the onyx disciples, Li Wusheng and Li Jiusi!" They were trekking through the jungle incredibly carefully. Li Jiusi, being close to three meters in height, was paving the way at the front while Li Wusheng hid behind him in the shadows.

"Are they trying to draw people to them?" One of them would be bait while the other would remain hidden until prey showed up. However, they would never have expected Tianming to spot them first. Those two were at Heavenly Will, and while they might not necessarily be stronger than Sikong Tianchen, it was said that they could telepathically communicate with each other, like lifebound beasts

with their beastmasters. Fighting them was akin to fighting four people who acted like one perfect unit. Even Jun Tianyi might have a hard time dealing with them.

"That's probably why they were able to find each other after only one day." Tianming had to use his third eye to spot his opponents, and even that paled in comparison to what the brothers had achieved. There was no other explanation, apart from their mystical connection. The ease with which they had found each other was akin to Tianming locating Ying Huo if they were split up in this Realm.

"What do we do? Attack?" Infernal Blaze burned readily in Ying Huo's eyes.

"Of course we attack. We'll show the three hundred thousand folks of Heaven's Elysium and the elites of the Onyx Sect an explosive start to the Realm Wars."

"Great. If we crush them, we'll have three black balls. Nobody will be able to get the sword then," the little chick plotted. After that, it went back into the lifebound space to wake Meow Meow up.

"These two onyx disciples are well-versed in torture techniques. Bai Taijun was horribly mangled when they were done with him. If we leave them be, others will suffer a terrible fate. Since it's only the second day, they probably haven't attacked anyone yet. We'll kill this problem in the crib then!"

Tianming's eyes burned with passion. He knew that those outside were eagerly waiting to see what those two would come up with.

"Are you confident in taking on two Heavenly Will disciples that can use telepathy?" Ying Huo asked.

"What confidence? I only know I need to properly brutalize them!" He drew Onyx Dragon and jumped off the tree, then zipped toward the jungle a kilometer away.

"Sheesh, how fierce. Meow Meow, charge!" Ying Huo chirped, then disappeared with a flap of its wings.

The black cat was still rubbing its eyes as the other two vanished, much to its surprise. It hurriedly turned into a bolt of lightning and blasted through the jungle.

"Wait for me, boss, chicken bro!"

In fact, it was the fastest among the three.

The audience was suddenly shown a really odd scene. Tianming used to be closer to Yueling Long than the two onyx disciples, but he suddenly locked on to them and charged right in with his sword. The clash was now inevitable.

"Is he insane? He's taking on two people at once."

"No, Li Wusheng should be hiding. Perhaps he didn't see him from afar!" "He got tricked! He's going to get himself killed!"

"Onyx Sect's two Heavenly Will disciples excel at group attacks. Li Tianming is definitely done for!"

"I didn't think the Realm Wars would start with a bang like this."

Tianming drew the attention of the whole audience just like that, not that he knew what they were looking at from within the barrier. Currently, the tall, black-clad youth was conspicuously walking through the jungle. All of a sudden, the sharp edge of a blade came coursing toward him.

Demise of Man-Earth-Heaven!

It had been a long time since Tianming had used it, but that didn't mean the move was weak by any measure. However, it was slightly weaker than the saint-ranked Voidgod Sword Intent. Even then, Mu Yang's simplification of the technique was far more efficient. Not to mention, Tianming had comprehended more of the technique as his strength approached Heavenly Will.

Demise of Man, Spectral-Dance, Soul-Extinction, Demise of Earth, Earth-Quaker, Hell-Shaker, Demise of Heaven, Divine-Fury, Heavenly-Judgment, and Apocalyptic-Will! All seven strikes were consecutively executed, forming a perfect killing combo. Tianming didn't hold back and went full-strength on his surprise attack.

It was too ferocious and fast for Li Jiusi, who didn't notice he was facing his imminent demise. The moment the seven strikes were executed, Tianming shot out a cold, domineering gaze that shocked him so much it numbed his scalp. It was too fast.

"Buzz off!" Li Jiusi roared, reacting as fast as he could. He raised his armored arms, using one to block and the other to punch towards Tianming. The armor on him was at least grade eight, and his protected arms were like two huge metal rods.

At least eighty percent of his body was protected by armor. If it had covered his whole body, he would have huge difficulty moving about.

Three of the strikes had been blocked by Li Jiusi. The clanging of the bestial weapons rang out through the Elysium Battlefield, but the others within the barrier couldn't hear it. The fourth strike, Hell-Shaker, cut toward Li Jiusi's head, though it was blocked in time. The reaction speed of a Heavenly Will cultivator was not to be underestimated. However, the fifth strike, Divine-Fury, was so fast it pierced straight through.

The thrust almost pierced his throat, but it ended up only grazing his neck. Even then, it left a centimeter-deep cut. The neck was a weak spot, and had the cut been even one centimeter deeper, Li Jiusi would be suffering far worse. He had never expected Tianming to be so fast and fierce, though this was just the beginning. Heavenly-Judgment came next like a lightning bolt, forcing him to have to jolt aside to dodge, though he was a little slow and lost an ear as a result.

"Aaaagh!" he cried. While the injury didn't affect his fighting capability, it still hurt. The cut continued down and struck his shoulder. Had it not been armored, Tianming would've taken his arm. Even so, the sheer force of the strike forced him to kneel. Last came the final strike: Apocalyptic-Will.

"Die!" That strike pierced toward Li Jiusi's unprotected eye. The seven strikes were so shockingly fast that people forgot to breathe.

However, Tianming had underestimated Li Jiusi's will to survive. He had counted on the last strike to take Li Jiusi down, but his foe managed to react and summon his lifebound beast. A gigantic steel bug

appeared between them, taking Tianming's strike. Despite its thick steel hide, Tianming's thrust still penetrated it.

Green liquid spilled out from the wound as Tianming hurriedly withdrew his sword. The beast's blood was actually a strong poison. His surprise attack hadn't gone the way he wanted, but seeing the pained expression of Li Jiusi and the bloody hole on his lifebound beast was satisfactory enough for Tianming. It was a shame that the beast was so large, otherwise Tianming could've killed it outright with his surprise attack.

Combat wasn't just a matter of strength and skill. There were many other factors one had to take into account, such as one's mental state, which could heavily affect the outcome. Now, Tianming held the edge in all of that. If it was someone else that wasn't equipped with such sturdy armor, their heart would've been pierced through.

"Li Tianming!" howled Li Jiusi like a beast as he stood back up, wielding two huge weapons in his hands. They were a pair of grade-eight bestial weapons called Spectral Maces.

They resembled bloody red eyeballs covered in spikes, each of them thirty centimeters in diameter. One look was enough to tell Tianming how heavy they were. There were still traces of blood on the spikes—a sign they had been used to kill rather recently.

"It's over for you!" Li Jiusi had decided to kill this sneaky bastard.

### **Chapter 319 - Onyx Bug Legion**

There was now a gigantic steel bug next to Tianming. It looked like a weird mishmash of a scorpion, centipede, and spider. However, its scales were at least half a meter thick, not to mention it was armed all over. It had sharp pincers and legs, and a poisonous stinger, as if it were built for combat. Tianming had seen it in the files before—it was a fourth-order saint beast, an Onyx Bugking. Not only was it amazing in close-quarter fights, but it also had onyx venom, a toxin that could quickly paralyze its prey, rendering them powerless to resist.

Currently, there was a bloody cavity on the chest of the bug, out of which leaked toxic green blood containing concentrated onyx venom. The blood turned black once it touched the ground, letting out a pungent, acidic smell.

Li Jiusi's frantic roar was a distraction; Tianming could sense the true danger from behind him. He had long known that Li Wusheng was lurking nearby. Just as Li Wusheng thought he had gotten his way, Ying Huo and Meow Meow came in to intercept him. The moment he found out his surprise attack had failed, he retreated to his brother's side. "How did you know I was here? If you did, why come to get yourself killed? I admire your bravery, truly, but you'll soon find out that messing with us was your biggest mistake ever. Li Tianming, there's still around ten days left. We'll make sure to use all the tricks we have up our sleeves on you. Don't worry, you definitely won't die, but you'll soon regret you were born into this world. We'll make you regret you didn't kill yourself here and now!"

As he spoke, Li Wusheng's lifebound beast also appeared. It was a fourth-order saint beast, an Onyx Bugqueen. One was a king and the other was a ruler; their names were just one word different. They were probably very closely related.

The Onyx Bugking excelled in close combat and poisoning and the Onyx Bugqueen was a broodmother-type beast, as its name suggested, despite also having onyx venom. Just like its counterpart, the Onyx Bugqueen had thick steel scales, but its stomach was slightly swollen. Though it was powerful in a close-quarters fight as well, it couldn't match up to the Onyx Bugking in that regard.

Apart from its terrifying Onyx Bug Legion, it had a huge red eye on its head. The eye was bloodshot and around half a meter wide.

The two lifebound beasts looked really ghastly. Nobody would dare make light of the brothers, and not even Sikong Tianchen would be their match. As they glared and mouthed off at Tianming, he pointed his sword at the two of them. Meanwhile, Ying Huo flew into the sky as it flared up, while a towering beast of black lightning flexed its bloody claws.

"Die!" They didn't see a trace of fear in Tianming's eyes. Instead, he didn't try to escape and even lashed out of his own accord.

In an instant, he unleashed his unity field with Ying Huo and Meow Meow, greatly absorbing the spiritual energy in the area to be shared among the three of them, then charged toward the onyx disciples. Before they even covered the distance, Meow Meow used Chaos Disaster, sending lightning snakes straight at their foes' heads. In an instant, the surrounding area was covered in crackling lightning.

Countless black clouds appeared and gathered around Meow Meow, even more than when it had used Chaos Disaster. By then, the hundred thousand snakes of black lightning formed a barrier. It wasn't a heavenly pattern barrier, but a protective barrier made of pure lightning. That wasn't the end, however. The more lightning it gathered, the faster the barriers formed. It didn't stop until there were nine layers. This was Meow Meow's new ability: Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape.

The ability gave Meow Meow frightening defensive capabilities. At the very least, it prevented the onyx venom from easily entering its body, giving it a much easier time attacking the enemy. However, that wasn't all the barrier did. The Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape was deeply linked to Chaos Disaster.

The lightning snakes arcing around the barrier turned into lightning snakes and unleashed Chaos Disaster on the enemy. The execution of that attack consumed one layer of Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape. In other words, as long as Meow Meow could use Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape, it would be able to use Chaos Disaster nine times, unleashing eighty-one lightning snakes in total. But that wasn't all; the barriers would slowly charge back up again to allow for even more attacks. The interplay of those two abilities made Meow Meow rather terrifying. For now, it had much stronger abilities than Ying Huo.

The rumbling continued nonstop as Chaos Disaster was used time and again. There wasn't much the enemies could do to block the attacks, so all they could do was evade.

All of a sudden, Li Wusheng's Onyx Bugqueen sent out an Onyx Bug Legion numbering in the hundreds of thousands. Countless bugs flew all over the place, each one carrying deadly onyx venom. The bug army included a wide range of onyx bugs, such as centipedes, spiders, scorpions, hornets, mosquitoes, and flies. There were more than ten types, each with different offensive capabilities.

The hard-to-see bugs were just as hard to deal with as the huge scorpions.

The bug legion charged toward Meow Meow, as it looked like the most dangerous of the three. Had it not had Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape up, it would have been devoured like a locust-infested field.

While this legion of bugs would be a nightmare for most lifebound beasts, Ying Huo and Meow Meow were their natural enemies. Countless bugs smashed against the lightning barrier, only to be fried whole. Wherever Meow Meow went, the smell of charred insects followed. Even as it pounced around, it didn't stop using Chaos Disaster.

The Onyx Bugqueen tried to hide behind it, only to be struck by the ability twice, opening up a bloody hole on its stomach.

On the other hand, the Onyx Bugking felt threatened by Meow Meow and came charging in with its venom-coated appendages. The large body mass of the bug made it quite a threat. Even with Meow Meow's barrier taking most of its attacks, it was not one bit less terrifying. In an instant, it used two abilities, one of them being Myriad Poison Spikes. That ability coated its spikes, pincers, and legs with onyx venom. Anything close to it would be pierced through and poisoned.

At the same time, it let out an ear-piercing screech that rang so loudly in everyone's head it would hurt to no end. Tianming knew that ability; it was Soulcrush Shriek. The attack was quite threatening to Tianming and his pals. Abilities used in Heavenly Will battles were usually really hard to deal with.

Ying Huo reacted by using its new ability like a madman: Infernal Haze. It spat out a mouthful of fire that instantly split into tens of thousands of embers, each of which formed another Ying Huo. While they looked a little different from the main body, they were so realistic that they were able to execute battle arts.

Infernal Haze basically gave Ying Huo tens of thousands of clones, each one just as terrifying as the original. Not even Tianming could tell which of them was the real Ying Huo. It was both distracting and powerful. All of the clones turned their sights to the Onyx Bug Legion and lashed out.

Tianming was just as surprised as the first time he saw it; each of the clones was able to execute simplified Demise of Man-Earth-Heaven strikes. The sword strikes fell, causing countless bug corpses to fall like rain. Ying Huo was the nemesis of the Onyx Bugqueen's brood. It didn't hurt that insect types were particularly weak against fire.

The rain of bugs continued without stopping as Ying Huo slaughtered its way to the Onyx Bugking. Tianming had ordered it to fight alongside Meow Meow to take care of the Onyx Bugking, since the Soulcrush Shriek posed a significant threat to them and had the potential to suppress Tianming.

The battle was all too exciting, but most of it was thanks to Tianming, who was fighting one against two. With his right hand wielding his sword and left hand clenched into a fist, he charged toward Li Jiusi and Li Wusheng.

### **Chapter 320 - Trivata Fiendfist, Cataclysm**

Li Jiusi gripped his Spectral Mace tightly with both hands and used his Heavenly Will battle art, Abyssal Crush.



Li Tianming couldn't risk taking the hit directly, for its Heavenly Will to shatter everything was terrifying. On the other hand, Li Jiusi was at a disadvantage when it came to speed, so Li Tianming could easily shake him off.

On the other side, Li Wusheng was a master of daggers, his weapon akin to Li Qingyu's Crescent Spinblades. His grade-eight weapon was known as the Demonic Crescent Blade, and he held a total of ten of them! Each was like a bloody crescent prepared to harvest the souls of its enemies.

That wasn't the only threat, as Tianming still had to face the Onyx Bugking's Soulcrush Shriek, as well as the Onyx Bugqueen's Venom Smog. While his Infernal Armor could temporarily repel the smog, it would still be able to enter his body should the armor be broken. When that happened, it would be up to the Prime Tower to protect him.

It was a tough fight for Li Tianming, facing a pair well-trained in fighting together. One of them excelled in melee while the other was a master of stealth, skilled in ambushes and sneak attacks.

But that didn't dampen Tianming's fighting spirit. He knew of his seniors and ancestors who had bled and wept on this very battlefield. A hundred generations of prime disciples had been defeated and shamed in their attempts to bring back the Grand-Orient Sword, and Li Tianming was determined to be the one who brought glory back to the Grand-Orient Sect!

"Today, a thousand years of defeat shall end! I will show the three hundred thousand Elysium disciples what the Grand-Orient Sect is capable of, and what the Li Saint Clan is truly made of!"

Li Tianming's eyes were bloodshot, and his snow-like hair danced in the wind. With an infernal blaze in one eye and chaos lightning flickering in the other, his strength reached its peak.

Voidgod Sword Intent, Countercurrent!

Tianming parried the first stance of Li Wusheng's Heavenly Will battle art, Twilight Soul Hunt, then counterattacked with Trivita Fiendfist's Skyshaker. The punch collided directly with Li Jiusi's Spectral Mace, Tianming unexpectedly using his own flesh to face a bestial weapon.

However, what was truly surprising was that Li Jiusi was the one who got knocked back in the exchange.

"Impossible!" As a beastmaster who prided himself on his strength, Li Jiusi was taken aback. Furthermore, Tianming's arm seemed totally unharmed as he turned around to fend off Li Wusheng.

"Die!" Enraged, Li Jiusi used the second stance of his Abyssal Crush, Earth Fissure, and swung his hammer straight at Li Tianming's head.

However, Tianming wasn't caught off guard. As he drove back Li Wusheng with his sword, he turned around abruptly and threw out another punch.

Trivita Fiendfist, Godringer!

This attack was even crazier than the first, made with utter disregard for his life. As Li Tianming's fist met the Spectral Mace, its power ripped the hammer out of Li Jiusi's hand and sent it into the sky.

The absolute force behind the punch took Li Jiusi by surprise. Unbeknownst to him, this move was a saint-ranked battle art. Without his hammer, he was completely exposed before Tianming.

At the same time, Li Wusheng was forced to back away at least thirty meters from Li Tianming's Starfall. In that instant, Li Jiusi caught the crazed look in Li Tianming's eyes. He was like an unkillable madman, charging up once again with another punch.

Trivita Fiendfist, Cataclysm!

It was a move that was far beyond the previous two Fiendfists, and Li Tianming made use of this battle to finally understand the will of a crazed fiend. He had never succeeded before, as it wasn't a mindset he could simply learn and absorb.

But now, he was a prime disciple, and they had lost for a thousand years. His drive to seek victory against these two powerful enemies had finally led him to understand the true will behind that heaven-defying punch. With that, he could finally unleash the true power of Cataclysm.

"Gahh!" Li Jiusi had no choice but to retaliate with a punch as well. It was the second heavenly-ranked battle art he had learned, the Demonic Void Strike. But it was still a move that he lacked experience in, and when it met Tianming's Fiendfist, there could only be one outcome.

With a thundering crack, Li Tianming's arm, which seemed like an infant's in comparison, shattered Li Jiusi's arm and bent it to an unnatural angle. There was nothing left to stop the punch and its power landed straight on Li Jiusi's chest.

BANG!!

Even the bestial armor on Li Jiusi's chest couldn't lessen the impact as it dented inward. Li Jiusi's face paled and his eyes bulged out. His massive figure was thrown into the air, then crashed back to the ground and formed a small crater.

His shriek could still be heard while he was in midair. But when he landed with a heavy thud and the sound of bones breaking, he completely stopped moving and lay there limply.

Li Jiusi had been defeated in the most humiliating manner possible, with no doubt left that he had stood no chance against Tianming.

Li Tianming had no clue how shocked the audience in the Elysium Battlefield would be by Li Jiusi's defeat, because he was immediately facing another threat. Li Wusheng was approaching yet again, the flurry of his blades showing signs of a heavenly-ranked battle art. It would have been easy to block, if something else hadn't stopped Li Tianming.

It was the Onyx Bugqueen standing right behind Li Wusheng. Its giant red eyes flickered at Li Tianming, causing a sharp pain in his eyes. Li Tianming could no longer see the trajectory of the blades as a mirage of illusions assaulted his mind. For a brief moment, he even caught the shocked looks of the audience. Their disbelief and dismay would normally have brought a grin to Li Tianming, but he was still facing mortal danger from the Demonic Crescent Blades.

The Realm War was no kid's affair, and it went without saying that the participants were all elites of their own sects. Needless to say, fighting the two brothers simultaneously was already a tremendous feat, and Li Tianming had already proven his worth by defeating Li Jiusi. The danger he was in was a result of taking on multiple foes.

Those illusions were caused by the Onyx Bugqueen's ability, Wraith's Eye, a move as terrifying as the Soulcrush Shriek.

But they weren't the only ones with lifebound beasts. Li Tianming had ordered Ying Huo and Meow Meow to deal with the Onyx Bugking in fear of its Soulcrush Shriek, and the shriek had turned into a pained cry moments before Li Jiusi was defeated. The Onyx Bugking had fallen.

"Don't you dare touch my little bro!" Li Tianming heard a familiar voice belonging to the bad-tempered Ying Huo. Moments later, he heard the Onyx Bugqueen cry out and his vision returned to normal.

The first thing Li Tianming saw was Meow Meow biting the Onyx Bugqueen's neck, pressing it against the ground as its claws tore into the bugqueen's mouth. It had almost ripped the bugqueen's jaws off, successfully stopping the Wraith's Eye.

The very next moment, nine lightning snakes descended from the skies and struck the Onyx Bugqueen in its gaping mouth. With its movement restricted by Meow Meow, the Onyx Bugqueen could only spasm as lightning coursed through its body. Even though it was tough enough to not instantly explode, the larvae inside it had no chance of survival. When the lightning snakes finally disappeared, the Onyx Bugqueen collapsed to the ground with barely a breath left in it.

On the other side, the Onyx Bugking was also lying in a pool of blood after being assaulted by Ying Huo and Meow Meow.

As for Ying Huo, it was already approaching Li Wusheng from behind, who was still trying to kill Tianming. Too focused on the foe in front of him, he failed to notice the little chick.

Voidgod Sword Intent, Cosmic Break!

The strike pierced through Li Wusheng's abdomen, causing him to scream in pain. As for Tianming, he was able to react in time and parry the Demonic Crescent Blades, saving him from an almost fatal attack.

Ying Huo was not one to show mercy, though, and it sent another three strikes piercing through Li Wusheng's body. He collapsed right in front of Tianming, his trembling body completely covered in blood. Getting stabbed four times by Ying Huo wasn't something he could endure.

"Ha, you idiot, you would've been killed without me. Can't you give me a break?" Ying Huo smirked at Tianming as it crossed its wings on top of Li Wusheng's head. It was rare for Ying Huo to be the one saving Li Tianming's life, but that was because he had given his two beasts the easier job and tackled the most dangerous enemies alone. Of course, Ying Huo understood that as well, but it wouldn't let a chance to laugh at Tianming slide.

If it weren't for Ying Huo and Meow Meow, Tianming would have been in peril. But now, the two pairs of beastmaster and beast from the Onyx Sect were defeated, each of them in a worse state than the other.

"Screw off." Li Tianming jokingly tossed a slap at Ying Huo, which it casually dodged. He then lifted Li Wusheng up. Li Jiusi was way too tall, so Tianming was forced to bully the shorter Li Wusheng, who was only a meter and half tall.

With four stab wounds on his body, Li Wusheng was already heavily wounded. When his eyes met Tianming's, he couldn't help but shudder.

"So, was that fun?" Li Tianming wiped a bloodstain off his face. However, it wasn't his blood.

Li Wusheng took a quick glance around him, realizing that he somehow had the least injuries. Just thinking of what could happen to him later sent chills through his spines.

"I...I..." In his panic, Li Wusheng even bit his tongue and grimaced in pain.

"Didn't you say that you have a dozen different ways to deal with me, and techniques that would make me regret being born? Now, why don't you share your little tricks with me?" Tianming squeezed Li Wusheng's neck, easily capable of snapping it at any moment.

"You may be stronger than we expected, but you'll never dare to kill me, coward!" Li Wusheng cursed as he finally calmed down. He'd grown up in a harsh environment, which was why he could quickly recover mentally.

"Kill you? That won't be very interesting. I prefer it nice and slow so that the audience outside can enjoy the show as well!" Li Tianming snickered, then threw him back onto the floor. Before he could utter a word, Li Tianming stabbed a sword straight into his mouth!

"AHH!" The scream was barely recognizable, and also the last thing that Li Wusheng was able to say. As Li Wusheng writhed about in pain, Li Tianming walked to the other side and sent Li Jiusi flying again with a kick. Just as Li Jiusi landed and regained consciousness, Li Tianming stabbed a sword into his mouth, too.

"GAH!" Li Jiusi joined in the screaming.

Once that was done, Li Tianming looked upward. He knew that Sikong Jiansheng from the Cloudmist Sword School was watching him, and cutting out the two brothers' tongues was Tianming's way of getting his vengeance. In fact, he would have loved to see Sikong Jiansheng's expression as he turned the two onyx disciples into mutes.

Wasn't their goal to slowly torture and shame Li Tianming and his friends? If so, then Tianming had his own plans as well. After getting the two wounded brothers to keep their lifebound beasts back into their lifebound spaces, he bound them with Archfiend and dragged them along with him. The thorns on Archfiend bit into their flesh, securing them in place.

Tianming knew this was nothing more than child's play, compared to what the two could have done to him, but he felt it was sufficient. He was nowhere near as vicious as them, and that wasn't his goal anyway.

But whatever the case, he knew that the three hundred thousand disciples from Heaven's Elysium had a good view of it, and that was enough. Tianming set off once again, with two shrieking disciples and three black balls in tow!

"You two are just the appetizer. Soon enough, I'll make sure all nine of you can have a joyful reunion on my Archfiend."

As Tianming walked off into the distance, he wasn't aware that the Elysium Battlefield had burst into chaos.