

The Ages 331

Chapter 331 - Tragic Elysian Child

He was Elysian Yi, Jun Tianyi, the Elysian Emperor's eldest grandson. Half a year ago, he was still the strongest among his generation in the Grand-Orient Realm, only to be replaced by Elysian Long. Even though he was only slightly weaker than Yueling Long, he was still stronger than the other elysian children and four sect's disciples by far.

Although everyone had looked down on him for allowing Tianming to escape previously, they all felt that he was already pretty good. At least, that was before Jun Tianyi had suffered a crushing defeat, and even went as far as prostrating himself before Tianming. As for Tianming, he couldn't be bothered with Jun Tianyi at this moment, and went to help his lifebound beasts instead.

Under their combined siege, the two Golden Helldragons were riddled with wounds in less than thirty breaths. They were bleeding so much that their blood could converge into a river as they laid beside Jun Tianyi, looking like three tragic brothers. Tianming also came over and lifted Jun Tianyi from the ocean.

"MMMHHM! MMMHMHMM!" Jun Tianyi glared at Tianming viciously with bloodshot eyes.

"Excuse me?" Tianming laughed.

"MMHHHHM! D-D-DIE...."

Tianming slapped him, causing Jun Tianyi's world to start spinning, then took the two gold balls from Jun Tianyi. He now had a total of six gold balls from the elysian children. "I'm sorry, but I don't understand what you're saying. So just kiss the waves!"

He hung Jun Tianyi, who was throwing up blood, on Archfiend and retied it on the Stillocean Godwhale's tail. Someone like him wanted to violate Weisheng Ruosu? Tianming shrugged. It's probably something he was instructed by the East Cardinal King to do. I wonder what the East Cardinal King's face looks like right now.

Although he couldn't see Jun Tianyi's face, he could see the pale faces of the Weisheng siblings. They were dumbfounded as they looked at him.

"What are you so afraid of? I won't beat you guys up, so don't worry." Tianming didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"I'm not afraid. I-I-It's just—" Weisheng Qingluan was stuttering as he spoke.

"Just what?"

"I don't know how to explain it. I can only simplify it in one word—extremely horrifying!" said Weisheng Qingluan.

"Are you stupid? That's two words."

"Haha...."

Watching them laugh, Weisheng Ruosu could only gasp in admiration and rub her forehead. She felt as if she was still dreaming. The three of them then returned inside the Stillocean Godwhale and sank back into the ocean, continuing their wandering life in the sea.

“Now, there’s only Yueling Long left in the Realm Barrier. Do you want to summon the Grand-Orient Sword now and try protecting it for ten days?” asked Weisheng Ruosu. Tianming now had six gold balls, while she had the fifth black ball he needed with her.

“Not right now,” smiled Tianming.

“Not right now?”

“Yeah. I’m just one step away from another breakthrough.” This was the real reason why Tianming had returned to the bottom of the ocean. Yueling Long was in the second level of Heavenly Will when she registered, but Tianming could sense that she was stronger than Jun Tianyi, so he had to make a breakthrough.

“You’re planning on reaching Heavenly Will here?” This ridiculous thought left Weisheng Ruosu dumbfounded.

“What are you saying? Do you think reaching Heavenly Will is easy?” Tianming replied. At the very least, he still hadn’t had the slightest clue about it right now. His smooth journey through Unity would make it difficult for him to reach Heavenly Will.

“Then why do you still want to stay around here?”

“Because I’m only in the eighth level of Unity?” Tianming smiled.

The Weisheng siblings exchanged glances as their worlds toppled. So Tianming was only in the eighth level of Unity.... They still weren’t too shocked, since they had witnessed how Tianming had grown stronger over the past ten days. But for the audience outside, their scalps were going numb and their faces stiffened. Just a moment ago, they were still making fun of Tianming. But then, in the blink of an eye, Tianming had crushed Jun Tianyi. All of them turned to look at the East Cardinal King, Jun Tianyi’s father.

Jun Dongyao was on his feet. His mood had only gotten much better over the past few days. He was chatting with the elysian elders when it all happened. As he watched everything unfold before his eyes, his throat gargled and he nearly vomited blood. Tianming’s Myriad’s Only had stabbed deep into his heart.

“Tianyi!!” Jun Dongyao yelled with a hoarse, despairing voice. Shortly after, his emotions turned into boundless rage as he charged toward the Realm Barrier, but that was somewhere that not even the Elysian Emperor could intrude upon. In the end, he could only stand outside the Realm Barrier with his hands balled into fists and gushing rage in his eyes. His body was radiating like a golden sun and his face was distorted as he stood there, gasping heavily like a wild beast. Who would have linked him to that arrogant person back in the Heaven Inn? Jun Tianyi’s tragic state was a resounding slap to his face. Not only him, but at least half of the elysian elders were standing on their feet with pale faces.

“Heaven’s Elysium has never suffered such crushing defeat over the last few hundred years of Realm Wars!”

“This is too embarrassing!”

“No one had suffered such crushing defeat in the past. We’re all ashamed to meet the ancestors!”

Many people sighed. Looking around at the audience, the faces of all three hundred thousand disciples were pale. What they felt was no longer embarrassment, but despair. This wasn’t the monkey show that they had expected. The monkeys here were elysian children and onyx disciples, not Tianming! Worst of all, they were still counting on Jun Tianyi just a moment again to violate Weisheng Ruosu!

“Jun Tianyi seems to be crippled....”

“Not his cultivation, but....”

“How’s he going to embarrass Weisheng Ruosu in this state? This is simply too humiliating!”

The elysian disciples were ruthless. When they needed a channel to vent their emotions, they would even go as far as cursing someone from their own side. Many of the audience could no longer keep watching and started leaving.

“There’s never been such an unbearable Realm War in the past!”

“Is Tianming from the Grand-Orient Sect a monster? And here I thought he was afraid of Elysian Yi when he ran! But in the end, he defeated Elysian Yi in crushing fashion!”

“So he must’ve been fooling with us when he ran! Was he trying to make us feel happy before slapping our faces?”

“Was he that bored to go so far?”

“Wait, what’s his cultivation right now? I had no idea that you could be so powerful at ninth-level Unity!”

Tianming had successfully won over many elysian disciples, but it wouldn’t be easy for him to win over the elysian elders.

“No, wait! He’s clearly much stronger now! That means that he was previously hiding his strength!” The South Cardinal King frowned.

“Why? It makes no sense for him to hide his strength at all. He could’ve gotten six gold balls much earlier!” the Onyx Emperor said, doubt evident in his voice.

“That’s right. The Grand-Orient Sword is just within his reach, so there was no need for him to play around with Jun Tianyi,” said the Onyx Empress.

“Then do you guys think he made a breakthrough to Heavenly Will inside the Stillocean Godwhale over the past ten days?”

“That’s impossible. It’s clear that he hasn’t reached Heavenly Will.”

“Maybe he used treasures? Like a heavenly pattern tome?”

“That’s a possibility, but shouldn’t he be looking for Yueling Long if that was the case? After all, there’s a time limit to every heavenly pattern tome. If he waits too long, the effects will dissipate.”

They had clearly seen Tianming entering the Stillocean Godwhale, then dive deep into the ocean again. When they saw that, all of them were disappointed and puzzled.

“Sikong Jiansheng, what’s wrong with you?” The Onyx Emperor saw that Sikong Jiansheng’s face was as ugly as Jun Dongyao.

“He’s dead meat!” Sikong Jiansheng declared with a murderous aura boiling around him. He had seen how Tianming had turned the six elysian children and two onyx disciples into mutes, which was a direct response to him. Even Jun Tianyi had been caught in the crossfire, so how was Sikong Jiansheng to face Jun Dongyao? When he saw Jun Dongyao boiling in rage, his mood became even worse. His sword ki was all pent up in his stomach, nearly blowing him apart. The entire Elysium Battlefield was enveloped in a gloomy atmosphere, with the surrounding elysian disciples feeling their faces burning hot.

Under this atmosphere, Jun Niancang suddenly came forth and consoled Jun Dongyao. “Don’t worry about it, big brother. Long’er will deal with this and take revenge for Tianyi.”

“Does she even dare kill Tianming?” Jun Dongyao gnashed his teeth.

“Although rules left behind by the ancestors say that it’s best not to kill in the Realm War, Long’er won’t allow someone with the ability to compete with her to live. It’s always been her style to eliminate every possible threat,” said Jun Niancang.

“Very well. The ancestors are concerned that people won’t dare participate in the Realm War in the future, if killing is allowed. That’s the reason they got the Theocracy of the Ancients to change the rules. But killing one or two won’t affect the overall situation, not to mention that this might be the last Realm War,” said Jun Dongyao with a sinister glow in his eyes.

“Long’er knows.”

“Very well. Not only did she make a breakthrough, but all three of her lifebound beasts have undergone evolution as well. Tianming won’t know how strong she’s become!” Jun Dongyao replied.

“Long’er rose from the bottom of the food chain and changed her destiny. She’s undergone countless trials to be standing here today, and no one will be able to obstruct her path. Not even a pentabane will be able to save the Li Saint Clan. A genius like her should step on the path to the heavens!”

Jun Niancang’s words made Jun Dongyao nod his head and praise, “It’s good that you changed during your trip to the Theocracy of the Ancients.”

“Thank you for your praise, big brother.” Jun Niancang nodded and returned to his seat.

“Tianyi must hold on. When he’s back, I’ll see if he can still be treated. Otherwise, he won’t be able to reproduce!” Despite the comforting from Jun Niancang, Jun Dongyao’s eyes were still red. Just thinking about it made his heart twitch.

The Elysium Battlefield calmed down after a brief uproar. Because as long as Tianming kept himself hidden, it wouldn’t be easy for Elysian Long to find him. Honestly speaking, no one had any idea why Tianming still didn’t want to summon the Grand-Orient Sword. He had even gone so far as going back on the land and bringing Shangguan Yunfeng and Zhao Lingzhou to the sea.

Yueling Long must be feeling baffled right now because she hadn't met a single person for the past half month. She was even on the verge of going insane until she finally found a person—the heavily injured Elysian Yao.

Chapter 332 - Descent of the Grand-Orient Sword

Since the beginning of the Realm War, Zhao Lingzhou and Shangguan Yunfeng had remained hidden, knowing that it wasn't a simple treasure hunt. It was smart for them to avoid battles that could easily take their lives. Now that Tianming had brought them out to sea, they could only stare in awe at the eight disciples tied to Archfiend.

"I'll be damned. Are these really elysian children or am I dreaming?" Zhao Lingzhou's jaw dropped.

"Give them a poke and you'll know."

Zhao Lingzhou walked up to Elysian Lin and touched her.

"This isn't a dream," he concluded, still in shock.

"I must say, this is beyond my wildest imagination. Tianming, you really are something exceptional." Shangguan Yunfeng stared at the white-haired youth, impressed.

"Hey, mind if I give them a good beating?" Zhao Lingzhou asked.

"Be my guest."

Born in the Grand-Orient Sect, Zhao Lingzhou had heard enough stories of prime disciples being defeated and shamed in the Realm Wars. Now that he finally had a chance to vent his rage, he picked Jun Tianyi to be his punching bag.

"Ugh!" Jun Tianyi gave him a fierce stare, only to receive a slap in return.

"What are you staring at!" Zhao Lingzhou chortled. A few slaps later, Jun Tianyi's face was red and swollen.

"Aren't you going to join him?" Li Tianming asked Shangguan Yunfeng.

"Seeing them in this state is good enough for me. Tianming, you're the pride of our Grand-Orient Sect. If our friends and families see this, it'd bring tears to their eyes," Shangguan Yunfeng exclaimed, his eyes reddening.

"This isn't over yet," Tianming said, then returned to the Stillocean Godwhale's mouth. He had no intention of letting the audience know that he was actually cultivating.

Even though the Grand-Orient Sword could appear at any moment, Tianming remained calm. Amidst the heat of the Realm War, he chose to focus all of his attention on cultivating in an attempt to make another breakthrough. While this would be torture for everyone in the Elysium Battlefield, that was none of Tianming's business.

"The peak of Unity is achieved when the unity fields of beastmaster and beast fuse completely, after which nothing but death can tear them apart. That's the first step toward Heavenly Will, and the basics behind understanding heavenly patterns."

The previous upgrade of Tianming's bloodline had brought his cultivation techniques to a whole new level. But even then, the process of reaching the peak of a stage was nowhere near easy. Fortunately, the few disciples gathered around Tianming had all recently reached ninth level of Unity, so they were well-versed in the process. Thanks to that, Tianming had four mentors to guide him in his pursuit.

"I never imagined that I'd one day teach someone who's capable of defeating a second-level Heavenly Will the technique of achieving peak Unity," Weisheng Qingluan sighed.

"Same," Shangguan Yunfeng agreed.

"Being a pentabane sure is crazy." Zhao Lingzhou was just as impressed.

While it wasn't all smooth sailing, Tianming still succeeded after twenty days. He had reached the peak of Unity, be it in terms of his beast ki, unity field, or nexus. His strength improved by leaps and bounds, the quality and quantity of his beast ki close to that of a normal disciple at third-level Heavenly Will. In fact, Tianming's level was his only weakness, since he was ahead in terms of battle arts, abilities, and physical strength.

The breakthrough was no doubt a joyous occasion for the group, but Tianming was getting concerned about something else.

It's been more than a month since the battle at the Prime Tower. Ling'er said she'll be back after a month, but she's not showing any sign of returning yet. Tianming made sure to check Ling'er's Love every day, but there were no changes to it.

I can definitely fight Yueling Long now, considering that she's not much stronger than Jun Tianyi. But wouldn't it be better if Ling'er can return and join the fight? Tianming wasn't satisfied with simply beating Yueling Long. It had to be a crushing defeat.

Because of that, Tianming was in no hurry to summon the Grand-Orient Sword. The Realm War continued dragging on with everything under Tianming's control, while the Heaven's Elysium disciples could only curse and swear.

What if something happened to Ling'er? No, she wouldn't have lied to me. She must have underestimated the side effect of soulburn. Just a while longer. For Tianming, Feiling was always his number one priority.

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"Tianming, we saw Yueling Long above again," Weisheng Ruosu reported to Tianming.

"Clearly she knows that we're in this region."

"Are we still waiting?" Weisheng Ruosu asked nervously. Once the Grand-Orient Sword was summoned, there would be no turning back.

"Let's give it another five days," Tianming replied with Ling'er's Love still in his hands.

At that moment, something unimaginable happened. From Tianming's perspective, the sea within the Realm Barrier vanished in split seconds! What used to be the sea suddenly became a giant basin, exposing everything underneath. While it wasn't immediately obvious for those viewing the battle in the

Elysium Battlefield, Tianming and his gang could immediately tell that Yueling Long had locked on to their location.

“Where did the water go!” Weisheng Qingluan and the rest stared in shock.

“Someone must be controlling the Realm Barrier. They’re running out of patience and want to end the Realm War soon,” Tianming exclaimed. It was the only explanation, and proof that someone was indeed invigilating the Realm War. If they wanted, they could remove an ocean at will. Even if this was just an illusory realm, it still felt like interference from the gods to those within it.

At that instant, Tianming even had a wild guess: what if the Flameyellow continent was just an illusory creation of a true god?

“Tianming, Yueling Long is here!” Weisheng Qingluan said anxiously.

“Don’t worry, I have plans.” In comparison, Tianming sounded much calmer. He was prepared to take on Yueling Long, though it was a shame that Feiling wasn’t around. If she was here, he could show Yueling Long just how much Feiling could boost his power.

But even without Feiling, Tianming’s fighting spirit wasn’t dampened in the least. He had a clear goal in mind when he came to Grand-Orient Sect, and the time to achieve that goal had come.

Without looking at Yueling Long, Tianming reached his hand out to Weisheng Ruosu. Words were unnecessary, and Weisheng Ruosu instantly passed her black ball to Tianming.

There were already six gold balls and four black ones in Tianming’s hand. When he received the fifth black ball, all of them suddenly radiated an almost blinding glow! At the same time, one more gold ball and two more black ones forcefully flew over from their original owners, Yueling Long, Shangguan Yunfeng, and Zhao Lingchuan. The next moment, all the balls fused together.

“The Grand-Orient Sword!” The treasure that Tianming had longed for finally appeared!

“You should wait for me at one side,” Tianming told the others.

“Take care.” Knowing they had no place in this battle, Weisheng Ruosu and the rest quickly backed off.

A distance away, Yueling Long was quickly approaching with three dragons! Yet Tianming’s attention was completely focused on the sword.

Some time later, the sword’s shape emerged from the light. It was a broadsword, with its hilt and body black in color and its edges a brilliant gold. The patterns on the black segment looked like the mountains and rivers of the Grand-Orient Realm, while the patterns on the gold segment looked like the starry night sky.

It was truly a sword meant for the almighty! Tianming envisioned an emperor dressed in a black and gold robe, standing atop the clouds and ruling all beings from above.

So this was the artifact that Li Shenxiao had brought back from the Theocracy of the Ancients. Its magnificence very well explained why it was sought after. During the ten thousand years of the Li Saint Clan’s rule, many of Tianming’s ancestors had left their mark on this very sword. And after a thousand years, it was finally Tianming’s turn to hold this sword.

But the Realm War wasn't over, so the sword was not yet his. He had to hold onto it for at least ten more days, or he could just defeat Yueling Long. Even then, Tianming couldn't hold back his excitement and reached out for the hilt as soon as the sword appeared. The sword itself was massive; its hilt alone was half a meter long, and it was so long it almost reached Tianming's chest when it was stabbed into the ground. On top of that, Tianming could tell that the sword was exceptionally heavy.

"I am the descendant of the Li Saint Clan and owner of the Aeonian Grandbane, Li Tianming! It's my honor to wield the Grand-Orient Sword!" As he raised the sword, Tianming could tell that it was more than ten times as heavy as Onyx Dragon. In fact, its weight alone could even hinder his usage of sword arts.

"It was said that my ancestors would experience a significant increase in strength when using the Grand-Orient Sword. As the descendant of the Li Saint Clan and the rightful owner of the sword, surely it should suit me well?" Tianming looked fervently at the sword. He could feel the blood of his ancestors coursing through his veins and to his palms, where it fused with the sword. Even from within his body, he could tell that the sword was synergizing with the Prime Tower.

With his blood boiling, Tianming took a deep breath. He would use this very sword to defeat Elysian Long, and that would be the most meaningful battle!

Chapter 333 - Skyscorch Torch Dragons

Exactly how heavy was the Grand-Orient Sword? Even after circulating his beast ki, Tianming still needed to use both hands to lift it. He could only feel its weight as of now, but none of the might lurking within. Even Onyx Dragon had sword ki within that would allow it to easily destroy stone if he casually swung it, yet he felt no such thing from this sword.

"No one can immediately unleash the sword's power. However, I should have an advantage since I'm from the Li Saint Clan. I just need its recognition!"

Tianming's original plan had been to hide in the ocean for a while after summoning the sword, so he could master the blade. However, now his plan was no longer viable.

He could only do it in battle now. If its power could be unleashed, no treasure in the Grand-Orient Realm could match it, apart from the Prime Tower.

Three draconic roars boomed from the sky. When Tianming looked up, he saw three massive dragons cruising through the skies. Blood-red flames burned on all of their bodies, and they were even larger than the Golden Helldragon. They were also much larger than the intelligence on Yueling Long said they would be.

This dragon looked more ordinary as compared to the Golden Helldragon, which had a golden bladed tail. However, this was in truth a much purer dragon. It had regenerative abilities far above the helldragon.

"This is a fifth-order saint beast, the Skyscorch Torch Dragon!" Weisheng Rusuo's voice carried over, filled with unease.

"Three fifth-order saint beasts?" As expected, Yueling Long really was stronger than his information had indicated. Fortunately, Tianming had been cautious and risen to the ninth level of Unity.

“If I’d looked for her immediately after beating Jun Tianyi, I probably would’ve lost really badly. She may even be at the third level of Heavenly Will, and not second level like I read,” Tianming guessed as he looked at the woman dressed in an orange skirt standing atop one of the dragons. The beasts’ evolution might have propelled her up another level. The woman was looking back at Tianming and the Grand-Orient Sword with a gaze full of overbearingness and indifference.

Tianming had never expected the elysian child he met then at Vermilion Bird would transform so much by their next meeting. However, Tianming, who had chased up to her from Spiritsource, was clearly even more frightening.

“A triple beastmaster!” Tianming couldn’t help feeling envious when he saw those three beasts. Being a triple beastmaster would be even more enjoyable than being a twin beastmaster—just imagine attacking a normal beastmaster as a group of four instead of three. They would always outnumber the enemy!

The third egg already has quite a few cracks. It should’ve hatched long ago. I’m already at the peak of Unity, so that means the conditions for the third egg to hatch must be harsh! Perhaps, Tianming would go and seek out those conditions after the Realm War. Now, he was only interested in the Grand-Orient Sword!

So what if it was three against four?

I just need to obtain the sword’s recognition, then I can use its power!

Tianming pointed his sword at Yueling Long. Ying Huo flew by, and Meow Meow landed on the ground next to him, a giant beast of lightning entering the battlefield.

Countless strands of black lightning gathered from the surroundings, forming its Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape. It was still too young. If it had been the beast from the dream, it would probably have drawn in the entire world’s lightning in to manifest the thunderscape.

The moment the blade pointed at Yueling Ling was also the moment the entire Elysium Battlefield’s excitement reached a crescendo! The final battle, and the owner of the Grand-Orient Sword, was about to be determined. It was a point no one had ever expected would come.

“Kill him!” That was the greatest desire in everyone from Heaven’s Elysium. They didn’t wish for this pentabane to have any chance at growing up.

“Everything will be solved if we just kill him!”

“Let’s see how arrogant he can be in the afterlife!”

“Elysian Long, give him the death penalty!”

The Elysian Battlefield was Yueling Long’s homeground. Three hundred thousand people were cheering her on.

Yueling Long wasn’t able to hear all of that. She rode her dragon into battle, three dragons and one human bearing down on Tianming from above.

Her burning gaze locked on to Tianming. However, when she saw the trussed up elysian children and onyx disciples, her expression changed greatly. “Honestly, your abrupt rise flustered me. I always thought I was the only one who’d risen to prominence from insignificance. I never expected you’d be even more excellent than me. I admit I used to disdain you, but I have no choice but to be impressed today.

“I see many things about you that are similar to me. However! We stand in different camps, so only one of us can live! There’s only so much fortune to be had in the Grand-Orient Realm, so I must kill you before you become a barrier in my way.” As she spoke, she brought two swords, both grade-eight weapons, out of her spatial ring.

The one in her left hand was a long, straight sword with an excellent sharp point. It was a fiery azure sword, named Azure Skyfire.

The one in her right hand was slightly curved, and suited for hacking things. It was a fiery violet sword, named Violet Skyfire.

In the past, her elder sister, Yueling Ji, had used two swords as well, which meant this was a talent that ran in the family.

“Rose to prominence from insignificance?” Tianming found these words very interesting. “In that case, you should know how rough ordinary people have it. But that’s not your style. You want to exterminate problems down to their roots and take everything for yourself. When someone gets in your way, you’ll take them as a threat and show them no mercy! You look down on everything, but you want to climb upward, without any empathy for those you step on along the way.

“From my point of view, you didn’t rise to prominence from insignificance! People like that should remember their humble beginnings and uphold justice! Killing others and taking from them will always lead to a day when you suffer punishment.” Tianming wasn’t spouting nonsense.

He had his own judgement of Yueling Long’s nature. There was their initial meeting where she had wanted to exterminate the Li Saint Clan, as well as Ye Shaoqing’s information about how she would execute entire clans for revenge, including even babies. And it hadn’t just happened once.

It was obvious Yueling Long had no conscience, but what she did have was ambition and a murderous heart. Honestly, she was quite a special woman. Tianming had never met anyone with a stronger will than her among all the geniuses he had met, from Yuwen Shendu to Jun Tianyi. As an aside, Yuwen Shendu had been stronger in that than Jun Tianyi.

“Your words were so convincing that I almost believed them. However, cultivation is about seizing fortune and making others submit. You can only talk about dignity and freedom after you’ve stepped on everyone else! You need to go through suffering to realize the need to seize everything. When I was born, my lifebound beasts were just three little snakes. I didn’t go missing from my family, my father kicked me out! But now, they’re three mighty Skyscorch Torch Dragons. If I hadn’t destroyed everything in my path, I would’ve long since starved to death in the wilderness! I’m talking so much because I respected you, as I thought we were the same kind.

“But now I realize I misread you. You’re actually no different from common folk. You’re not worthy of your talent. Hence, you don’t qualify to lecture me on my dao! I grant you... the death penalty!”

Yueling Long charged at Tianming atop the largest of the dragons, while the other two locked on to his beasts.

As a triple beastmaster, this was her best fighting style. No matter who the opponent was, she could always take on the beastmaster with at least one lifebound beast by her side. That was the advantage of a triple beastmaster, beyond just a simple addition of beast ki.

Ying Huo and Meow Meow wanted to help Tianming. Alas, a quick gout of dragonfire quickly divided up the battlefield. The area that had originally been an ocean was now a sea of flame. Ying Huo only had time to hastily throw an Infernal Armor on Tianming.

As for Meow Meow, it was tangling with the other Skyscorch Torch Dragon, the burning flames and the thunderscape clashing!

Finally, Yueling Long arrived in front of Tianming!

Chapter 334 - Azure Heartslay, Violet Soulsmiter

When the battle began, the three torch dragons spread out and spewed crimson Skyscorch Blaze. It was among the hottest flames Tianming had ever seen, almost capable of burning the sky itself.

The three dragons formed a triangle, covering the area with fire and flame. The sudden onset of heat caused a flame twister to manifest. As they continued spewing flames, the twister grew larger and larger, eventually covering the battlefield entirely. The dragons had made a sea of fire that submerged Tianming, Ying Huo, and Meow Meow. This was their spirit-source ability: Skyscorch Furnace.

With the furnace established, Yueling Long would have an edge as long as she fought within it. Even so, Tianming and Ying Huo's resistance to fire made it less of a threat. Meow Meow's Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape could also hold up, albeit not quite as well.

"Ying Huo, get to Meow Meow and form a unit," Tianming decided. He had to make up for Meow Meow's elemental disadvantage. Once the barriers were gone, it wouldn't be able to hold on for long. Not to mention, their drastically different sizes would open up many possible tactics during the chaotic battles to come.

While they were up against two Heavenly Will fifth-order lifebound beasts, he trusted them. Currently, he was being teamed up on by Yueling Long and her third dragon.

It's a shame Ling'er isn't here. The Grand-Orient Sword isn't unleashing its true power either!

The battle had started so suddenly with the flames. If it weren't for his Aeternal Infernal Body, he would have been charred from the start. How could others possibly hope to match up against Yueling Long under such circumstances? One Skyscorch Torch Dragon was hard enough to deal with, given its amount of beast ki, huge physique, and powerful abilities, but it only became more difficult with a hidden beastmaster.

There was no way Yueling Long would look down on her enemy. She had grown through fighting and made sure to use everything to her advantage. Even though she was third-level Heavenly Will, she chose to let her torch dragon protect her until she had an opportunity to kill Tianming straight away.

"Die!" she cried as she charged out of the flames like a vanishing mirage, swords flashing azure and violet as she used Azure Heartslay and Violet Soulsmite. Yueling Long's mastery over heavenly-ranked battle arts was obviously much higher than Tianming's, and probably even stronger than his saint-ranked ones. After all, her heavenly-ranked battle arts were the real deal, while Tianming could only utilize a simplified saint-ranked technique.

Her strength is close to Mu Yang's when he demonstrated Demise of Man-Earth-Heaven! That kind of talent wasn't something even Jun Tianyi could match up to. Some people were strong because of their inner will rather than their outer power, and Tianming and Yueling Long were prime examples.

Her eyes burned with crimson flames, yet her gaze still felt strangely cold as she charged toward him. Her first move, Azure Heartslay, Green Light, caused a green beam to shoot toward his throat. Though it only had a weak glow, a hit on the neck from it would no doubt be fatal.

She followed it up with Violet Soulsmite, Purple Shade. This move caused countless violet-colored shadows to manifest. They were hard to detect, yet they tore through the air and made a piercing sound. This was all coupled with yet another stream of fire coming from the torch dragon above him. The fire enveloped him whole in an instant, and despite his Infernal Armor, he still felt a little overwhelmed by the flames and couldn't do much to help Ying Huo and Meow Meow.

"Break!" He swung the heavy Grand-Orient Sword around, though it felt more like a mountain that was pressing down on him. Not only did he not get any benefits from wielding it, it made him worse off.

He executed Cosmic Break under a barrage of enemy attacks. The sword was so heavy that Tianming's movement was badly slowed; he was relying entirely on his beast ki and sword intent to unleash the full power of his strike.

The heavy sword, coupled with the sword intent from Cosmic Break, managed to break both of Yueling Long's strikes, saving him from one deathly predicament. However, his foe didn't let up, nor did she seem the least bit surprised that her moves were intercepted.

Instead, she smirked and said, "That was a pitiful amount of power to come from a powerful weapon like the Grand-Orient Sword." She had no idea that Tianming wasn't leveraging any bit of power from the sword, but relying on his own strength instead. That strike was far weaker than it would have been, had it been executed with Onyx Dragon.

This is the weapon the founding ancestor brought back? Was it really passed through the Li Saint Clan for millennia? Why does it feel like a bad fit for me? He was really tearing his hair out over it. Not being able to utilize the power of the sword in such a crucial battle like this could spell the end of him.

Yueling Long seemed determined to kill him, and attacked unrelentingly. It was far from ideal to wield a dead weight in a fight against a foe like this.

No, giving up just like that isn't me! It is not my way! How can I earn the Grand-Orient Sword's respect if I give up right here? How could a mere Onyx Dragon compare to a divine artifact like this? Why would a divine artifact that's been passed down through millennia submit to me just because I'm a decabane? It must be waiting for me to comprehend it! I must show it my heart and resonate with it! I must show it what kind of person Li Tianming really is!

If he couldn't do at least that much, even he himself would feel he didn't deserve the sword. He had only managed to obtain the Prime Tower through circumstances that could easily have seen him dead, and even now he still didn't know how to use it properly, so there was no way the Grand-Orient Sword would be any easier.

Having thought it through, he tossed notions of life and death out of his mind. He wielded the sword like it was a part of his body and faced Yueling Long and her dragons with nothing but pure passion.

The scales of the Skyscorch Torch Dragon flared as it attacked Tianming with all kinds of abilities and claw attacks. Each clash of its claws with the sword let out a piercing sound. The next instant, Yueling Long came charging in again with Azure Skyfire pointed toward Tianming's heart. The thrust was so swift that it would no doubt be a killing blow. Azure Heartslay, True Strike, was a move so terrifying that Tianming could taste death when he saw it.

He had already been pushed to a corner from the dragon's attacks, and it was behind him when Yueling Long charged in. Its big claws scratched his back and left five bloody streaks across it.

Despite the deep wound, he focused his burning gaze on Yueling Long, as she was the true threat that could take his life. He used his strongest strike, Voidgod Sword Intent, Myriad's Only. But as the sword was too heavy, the strike wasn't much stronger than when he had used it against Jun Tianyi. Even so, his sword intent still managed to force her back.

The power of that strike caused Yueling Long to drop Azure Skyfire, and the sword ki it manifested managed to leave quite a lot of bloody marks on her. Right after that, she swayed and came charging toward him once more with Violet Skyfire, executing Violet Soulsmite, True Strike, the quintessential move of the battle art. It would smite his soul for good, killing him for sure.

Tianming had just executed Myriad's Only and couldn't retract the heavy sword in time. In fact, his back injury was gravely affecting his movements.

"Be on your way to your next life, trash." Yueling Long smirked as she zipped toward him.

A loud clang rang out. To her complete astonishment, Tianming actually let go of the Grand-Orient Sword and grabbed hold of the blazing fast Violet Skyfire with his scaly left arm. The friction from the grab caused sparks to fly, but her strike wouldn't be stopped so easily. Even with Tianming grabbing it, it still pierced into his chest, narrowly missing his heart.

Chapter 335 - Consider it Your Honor

Tianming had managed to survive for two reasons: his left arm's interception, and the white light that blocked Yueling Long's sword right before it pierced his heart. The Prime Tower seemed to have used a white barrier to protect him. Whether he could count on it doing the same thing a second time, he didn't know. All of it had happened within the fraction of a tense second.

Even so, as Yueling Long drew her sword out, the torch dragon's claw slammed down on his back and sent him flying once more, knocking the Grand-Orient Sword flying out of his hand. As Tianming got back up, the sword landed before Yueling Long. Though she had been wondering why that strike didn't kill him outright, her attention was grabbed by the sword instead.

"A divine artifact like this should belong to me. Only I am qualified to use it. There's no way you'll be able to unleash its true might!" Gleefully, she pushed Violet Skyfire into the ground and pulled the Grand-Orient Sword out with both hands.

"What an amazing divine artifact indeed!" Based on her excitement, it was probably her first time touching the sword. Meanwhile, Tianming felt how cold the world truly was as the burning pain from his back and chest nagged at him. Even he had a time when he would lay at the line between life and death.

The Grand-Orient Sword didn't acknowledge me in the end. I was almost killed too! Even with the most talent, the world wouldn't just go the way he wanted. Only those who have experienced life-and-death situations and survived would grow strong. He didn't blame the sword for anything.

In other words, I'm still not worthy of it, so I paid a price for it! I have to properly reevaluate myself and take things one step at a time!

The only shame was that he had suffered a gash on his back so huge that his spine had been injured. Even the mere act of standing sent pain throughout his whole body. He tried wiping his sweat off, only to find out that it was his blood all along. Turning to look, he was relieved to see that Ying Huo was doing well protecting Meow Meow as they fought as a pair against the two fifth-order Skyscorch Torch Dragons. It was too bad that his injuries meant that he was in worse fighting shape. Now, he still had to face off Yueling Long with the Grand-Orient Sword as well as her torch dragon with Onyx Dragon alone.

"Li Tianming, let me show you how this sword is truly used. It's such a shame; I thought I'd finally met a worthy opponent. You really disappointed me! It's not only your power, but your childish worldview, too! In this world, only people like me are worthy of divine artifacts! Only people like me are fit to reign supreme over the masses! Someone as cowardly and childish as you can only grovel and kneel before me!" She raised the sword higher and higher.

"Only the truly sovereign can use it, such as your founding ancestor, Li Shenzhao. He was the one who used this very sword to dominate the realm and let the Li Saint Clan prosper for tens of thousands of years! It's a shame his descendants are all such useless cowards who're all bark and no bite. Now, it's my turn to wield this sword. One day, I'll forge a new Grand-Orient Realm in my image!" She smiled like a madwoman, though her beauty made her more than pleasurable to look at. "Hey, I only want to ask you one thing."

Yueling Long didn't think he'd still be able to talk so calmly. "What is it?"

"Is the Grand-Orient Sword Heavy?" The question caused her to squint.

"You think just because you couldn't get the sword's acknowledgement, I can't? Li Tianming, stop putting up airs! Open your eyes and watch clearly. I'm someone destined to become a sovereign. Even the Grand-Orient Sword will have to submit to me!" she said as she charged toward him fearlessly with her dragon.

It was plain to see that Tianming was heavily injured. With the sword in Yueling Long's hands, the battle seemed like it was coming to a close. The balance of power had been tipped. Though Tianming narrowly avoided death before, could he do the same to overturn his fate now? Yueling Long would definitely hold back on killing on his account.

"You said you would come to Heaven's Elysium to take my head. But now, yours will be the first I cut off with the Grand-Orient Sword. Consider it your honor!" Despite her proclamations, her hands didn't waver one bit. She had a much easier time wielding the sword than Tianming with her third-level Heavenly Will strength. "Now die!"

She used Azure Heartslay, Cloudrender! She didn't use a dual sword move, for she thought she would conquer the Grand-Orient Sword through her strength. Cloudrender was a slash that could render apart the clouds in the sky; it was perfect for decapitation.

At the same time, the torch dragon turned into a flaming twister and came attacking. Its countless scales were like spinning blades that could tear everything that touched it apart.

The pain in Tianming's back gave him an inkling of how death would feel like. He could see the Grand-Orient Sword from his point of view. At that moment, he thought, perhaps the Grand-Orient Sword doesn't need to be conquered at all.

At that moment, his mind calmed right before his moment of death. With Onyx Dragon in his right hand and readying the Trivita Fiendfist with his left, he endured the pain from his back and fearlessly charged toward his two foes like a moth towards a flame. It was as if he had transcended mortal life and entered a realm of tranquility.

He executed Skyshaker, using his fist to block the Grand-Orient Sword. That moment was like he had a heart-to-heart with the sword. It feels alive. He followed it up with Godringer, only to be knocked back rolling. Even so, he easily managed to survive Yueling Long's onslaught. He then used Cataclysm in a last fit of madness at the edge of his life.

The torch dragon had wanted to spray fire to roast him, and it hadn't expected him to come punching at its head like a madman. The punch landed, causing the dragon to howl in pain. The scales near its eyes were crushed from the weight of the attack. At that moment, its eyes saw the mad hellfiend that was Tianming, who had his lips curved into a smirk.

"It's time for you to lay dead for good!" Yueling Long cried. All of a sudden, Tianming turned back as if he had eyes growing from his back and blocked the sword with his left hand.

The tip of the Grand-Orient Sword pierced the center of his palm. His third eye was shut and the scales above it were as tough as the rest, so the sword didn't pierce through his arm, though the sheer force behind the strike sent Tianming crashing into the torch dragon. The force passed through his palm and tore through his body.

"I doubt your palm will be able to block the Grand-Orient Sword!" By now, her hair had unfurled and a few strands of green fell. Were it not for her fierce gaze, she would look like a magnificent beauty.

The tip of the Grand-Orient Sword ground against his palm and created lots of sparks. The back of his hand was pressed against his chest. He spat out a mouthful of blood onto the sword, staining it completely red. What Yueling Long didn't understand was why he still wore a smile despite being at the brink of death.

"Be thankful that someone as wretched as you gets to die by the Grand-Orient Sword!" Using her full force, she pushed the sword against him even harder. Though Tianming had managed to grab it, he was

pressed against the torch dragon and being flattened. It didn't help that his injury was rubbing against the shattered scales of the dragon, embedding them in his flesh.

"Li Tianming, do you find dying funny?"

"I don't, but the sight of you struggling to swing the sword around like I was does." As he said that, he grabbed the tip of the sword and slowly pushed it away with his own strength. His eyes were like seas of blood. His unrelenting fighting spirit was sent through the sword into her.

"What crap are you spouting?!"

"I just said you're unworthy of this sword!" he roared as his left arm shook. Using the dragon's head as support, he forced himself to stand as he pushed her back.

"If I'm unworthy, trash like you deserves this sword even less! Only after you die will I have a chance to subjugate this sword!"

The flame around her body spread toward Tianming through the sword. However, she didn't notice Tianming's blood dripping onto it one drop after another. His blood pooled on the sword; pooled on the sun, moon and stars; pooled on the rivers and mountains.... This wasn't the blood of Tianming alone; it was the undying and fate-defying blood of the entire Li Saint Clan!

Chapter 336 - Eternal and Forever

The Prime Tower was shaking within his lifebound space, causing boundless white light to seep out and around his body, then concentrate at his back, covering his bloody wounds and speeding up his regeneration.

By now, the Grand-Orient Sword had fused with the blood of the Li Saint Clan's ancestors, as well as Tianming's own. He could feel his bloodline linked to the sword. Now, it was no longer just a sword, but a part of his body through which his blood flowed.

Despite his spine having almost been broken, he still managed to stand up and grip the tip of the sword tightly with his left hand. Yueling Long couldn't thrust it in, nor could she pull it out. Her expression changed as she noticed that Tianming came out changed from his deathly trial. The unwavering fighting spirit within his eyes was about to burst out.

"Yueling Long! We're but mere mortals with the highest of ambitions, but there's no need to think that we must be able to dominate everything. The Grand-Orient Sword, an item passed down through the Li Saint Clan's bloodline, represents our spirit! It's not something you can subdue, as we are eternal and forever!"

Even if one generation falls and the generations that follow wallow, all it would take is one bright soul to bring the clan back to the top. One generation could die, but the clan's combined will still remained. No matter what kind of obstacles, those of the Li Saint Clan learned from their ancestors and inherited their spirit to continue fighting unrelentingly against their fate. They would never stand alone, for all of them stood together across the generations.

Tianming wasn't fighting alone. In him flowed the blood of countless ancestors that came before, and their wills still survived within the Kumpeng Sacred Seal. Over the past thousand years, Heaven's Elysium

had dominated the Grand-Orient Realm and suppressed the Li Saint Clan so heavily they were almost exterminated.

But today, one of the dying clan's members had managed to charge into the Realm War and revive the blood of his ancestors at a time of great crisis and injury. His gaze now burned with the spirits of his forebears; they glared as one at Elysian Long, who was trying to dominate the Grand-Orient Sword.

The words 'eternal and forever' shook her to the core like a hammer to her head. Her world was shaking and creaking. She had thought it was a mere hallucination, but it was still so terrifying that she felt her grip weaken. It was as if her psyche was teetering on the brink of collapse.

At that moment, Tianming pulled the sword into his own hand. What kind of strength did that take? Now, the Prime Tower and Grand-Orient Sword were finally gathered on a single person once again. This hadn't happened for the past tens of thousands of years. In Tianming's body was a lightningsource, infernalsource, and a third energy, a force that contained a mysterious black savagery as well as gold domination. His strength immediately skyrocketed.

The sword was still as heavy as before, yet he had the power to wield it properly, making the heaviness of the sword a strength, rather than a weakness. The white light of the Prime Tower covered his whole body, recovering most of his spinal injury and leaving nothing but flesh wounds.

Tianming stomped on the head of the torch dragon so hard that it caused the ground to crack. After that, he raised the glowing sword and charged.

"You think your little make-believe act will scare me? You're not wrong that I'm temporarily unable to dominate the Grand-Orient Sword. Using it will only tire me out. However, I need to thank you for reminding me that using my own weapons will make killing you much easier!"

Had she not insisted on using the Grand-Orient Sword, Tianming would've long been killed already. She'd repeated Tianming's mistake, and that had allowed him to turn the tables once more. She came back at him with Azure Skyfire and Violet Skyfire, fighting in her top form and full of confidence.

"This is a move I just mastered. There's nothing more fitting with which to end this pointless fight!" She still had a few trump cards remaining, and they were by no means weak. Using both swords at the same time, she condensed her sword ki into two flaming flowers. The azure and violet flowers combined, forming a dense sword formation.

"Annihilation Formation!" she yelled as she combined Azure Heartslay and Violet Soulsmite together into the formation. Like a chaotic flower descending from the sky, it came rampaging toward Tianming with countless explosive sword ki blasts. The might of the move was enough to shock the seniors watching in the Elysium Battlefield.

Her immeasurable talent had once more shocked the audience. Had she used this move to begin with, she would've been able to dominate Tianming long ago. She was no doubt a most terrifying foe to have.

Yet, Tianming was even scarier right now. The sword intent from Myriad's only was supposedly enough to take on her twin-sword strike, but Tianming hadn't had enough beast ki to use it at that level. However, he watched calmly with the Grand-Orient Sword in hand as the flower of death came. His

blood burned in his body and the sword, causing their heroic souls to pulse. All of his fighting spirit was focused into that divine artifact.

He raised the sword with both hands and ascended into the skies once more. The clouds swirled around him in a mystical manner. Within the clouds, the Annihilation Formation seemed just as powerful. If he were close enough, it would tear him to shreds. However, Tianming closed his eyes.

"O ancestors of yore, your descendant Li Tianming shall carry on your wills, bloodline, and soul in the pursuit of benevolence, prosperity for our people, the continuation of our legacy, and the ushering in of peace! With prime as my heart and Grand-Orient as my destiny, the Lifesbane clan shall never be extinguished!"

In the next moment, he slashed with the sword; it was ten thousand slashes for the price of one. The arcane and domineering sword ki from the Grand-Orient Sword came surging out, forming tens of thousands of black and gold greatswords that pierced through Annihilation Formation in one instant. The flickering black and gold swords were ethereal, yet eternal. They swallowed Yueling Long up in an instant; even Yueling Long herself was shocked by what had happened.

At the very last moment, she finally came to understand one thing: Tianming had managed to dominate the Grand-Orient Sword. Yet she didn't know that that realization couldn't be further from the truth. It wasn't domination, but resonance between his bloodline, spirit, and the sword. She would never understand the truth, for there was nothing but destruction, subjugation, conquest, taking, and endless slaughter in her worldview. As long as she continued killing, there would be none that would grow to supersede here. This was her way, her path of unceasing slaughter.

As they continued fighting, she had begun seeing Tianming as a dead man who simply wouldn't lay down and die. Instead, he relied on his black left arm to block many fatal strikes. Yet that was what allowed her to be swallowed up by Myriad's Only as executed by the Grand-Orient Sword.

Azure Skyfire and Violet Skyfire fell to the ground with audible clangs. Wasn't... wasn't I the main character? That was the last burning question on her mind as she fell. Am I really going to die? The pain she suddenly felt caused her to tear up. At the last moment, she cried in endless despair, but it was already too late.

She had been pierced through thousands of times. Though she still retained a humanoid form, not even the gods would be able to save her. The only part of her that remained pristine was her head. When she fell, it was as if she was still looking at Tianming with her wide-open eyes. Even if she had anything left to say, she no longer had a chance.

She had fallen down and climbed back up thousands of times, but there would be no more next time. Her story was over and set in stone. Her rushed, heartless ending had left everyone watching stunned and pale. The whole audience was dead silent for a long time as they watched the fallen girl, the sword, and the white-haired youth.

More than three hundred thousand people simultaneously forgot to breathe and blink. They merely watched as the white-haired youth decapitated one of the Skyscorch Torch Dragons that had fought and struggled to the very end, crying endless streams of tears for its master as it persisted. Tianming might

not have chased them down had they simply ran away, but they persisted heroically. Tianming joined Ying Huo and Meow Meow and cut off the heads of the torch dragons they were fighting.

Rivers of blood flowed through the battlefield. When the blood of dragons flowed to the feet of Weisheng Ruosu, Jun Tianyi, and the rest, the elysian children cried in terror. Tianming's allies were pale and at a loss, but they shed tears of relief.

After everything had ended, an unprecedented roar rang out throughout the Elysium Battlefield. The members of Heaven's Elysium were going rabid and insane. Many cried literal tears of blood as they felt swords pass through their hearts, having witnessed a descendant of the Li Saint Clan defeating all seven elysian children in the Realm War and even killing a monstrously talented member of their sect.

Tianming stomped on the dragon's carcass and raised his sword to the skies as he proclaimed, "After a thousand years, the Grand-Orient Sword has returned to the Li Saint Clan!"

Chapter 337 - The Southsky Barrier

Tianming's loud declaration shook the earth. At that moment, the Grand-Orient Sword was still shining, the radiant glow filling the entire Elysium Battlefield and dazzling the eyes of the audience. Amidst the glow, Tianming's white hair was dyed golden, reflecting the bright light.

How long was a thousand years? No one here had such a long lifespan. At most, they would perish after two hundred years. After a hundred generations of humiliation, the day had finally arrived. The descendant of the Li Saint Clan from the Grand-Orient Sect raised the sword before Heaven's Elysium's eyes.

At that moment, a millennium of pent-up frustrations vanished like smoke. The Grand-Orient Sect felt their veins pump with hot blood, their hearts filled with passion. This scene was enough to cause an earthquake that had the entire Grand-Orient Realm shaking. Within the battlefield itself, the audience seemed to crumble.

At the moment, Tianming couldn't see what was happening on the battlefield. The resonance of his blood with the Prime Tower and Grand-Orient Sword made his eyes bloodshot. Executing Myriad's Only with the Grand-Orient Sword had unleashed a power beyond Tianming's imagination. There was no room for holding back his strength; the moment the sword was drawn, Yueling Long was doomed to die. The Grand-Orient Sword wasn't easy to control, but if he didn't pull out the sword, how could he win? For the first time, he truly realized the horror of the sword.

When Yueling Long fell, he had resonated with the sword once more, the majestic power still burning through his body like a flame. He dragged the heavy sword toward Yueling Long.

His lethal injuries had all healed; not a single drop of blood poured from his flesh. At his feet, the blood of the Skyscorch Torch Dragons had formed a bloody river. Heaven's Elysium boiled, but his heart was calm—she was already dead, so there was no need to say more.

"Yueling Long, I'm here to take what's mine."

Since she hadn't used any strange abilities during the battle, she had probably been unable to unseal Feiling's abilities. Pulling the spatial ring off Yueling Long's finger, Tianming found five Saint Origin Spheres within. The strange seals from Feiling's nails were visible on them.

"Feiling's abilities are so mysterious. How could they be so easily unravelled for your own use?"
Although Yueling Long had vied for Feiling's abilities, she'd come up empty anyway.

"You were an amazing opponent, but you're dead."

So what if she was incomparably talented? Once dead, she would fade out like the rest. Yuwen Shendu had come to the end, and now, so had Yueling Long. Perhaps, one day, he would too. During a life and death moment, an ordinary elder far surpassed any genius.

"Ling'er, when you wake up, you'll see that I've taken back what's yours."

After putting away the Saint Origin Spheres, Tianming walked up to the other four, who looked rather pale as they stood there motionless. There had been many times they were impressed by his destiny-defying performance, but this time it caused a sensation in their hearts.

"I didn't believe that you could survive Yuwen Shendu. Today, I didn't think you'd survive Yueling Long, either. But in the end, they both died while you live. You have my admiration!" Zhao Lingzhou's eyes glowed with ardor.

Watching the battle with their own eyes at close range had of course left such strong emotions. They watched as Yueling Long had almost killed Tianming several times. Tianming danced along the knife's edge of life and death and eventually rose over his opponent. The moment he had raised the sword and roared into the sky was one they would never forget.

The remaining elysian children and onyx disciples were bereft of speech. They could only stare at Tianming with a look of desperation in their eyes. They were too afraid to move, crawling under his feet and trembling uncontrollably, including Jun Tianyi. His face was like a ghostly sheet of white.

When Tianming's eyes swept over him, he couldn't help shrinking. "Mmmh!!"

When he finally opened his eyes, he stared wide-eyed at Tianming, as if holding on to his courage to spit out an angry warning. If he could speak, he'd say, "How dare you kill an elysian child, and Yueling Long at that! You're dead!"

"Would you like to join her? I don't mind killing a few more," Tianming said conversationally. Jun Tianyi and the others immediately bowed their heads, too afraid to make a sound as they shed tears of humiliation.

"Tianming, come here." Weisheng Ruosu took a deep breath and gently waved to him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Now that Yueling Long is dead, have you thought about the consequences?"

"Why don't you tell me." Tianming placed the heavy sword on the ground.

"Since ancient times, Heaven's Elysium has dominated the Realm Wars but they have never killed anyone. Although our disciples are ravaged and ruined, they go home alive. Do you know why?"

With the girl's guidance, Tianming stopped to think. "I know, it's because Heaven's Elysium worries we won't participate in future Realm Wars. They're very satisfied with the current rules, and worried that the Theocracy of the Ancients might revise them," said Tianming.

"Yes, but now Yueling Long is dead."

"Yes, but in the past, there've been several deaths. Anyway, she was going to kill me."

"But this is Heaven's Elysium. When we leave the Realm Barrier, they won't care. Although we can't see outside the barrier, the battlefield must be in chaos now," sighed Weisheng Ruosu.

"That won't happen."

"Why?"

"The Realm Wars are organized by the Theocracy of the Ancients. There's no rule that warns against killing opponents, so everything I did is within the rules. If Heaven's Elysium tries to harm me or our elders when I leave the barrier, they're openly breaching the fairness of the Realm Wars. Since Heaven's Elysium already owns the Grand-Orient Sword, why are they still forced to hold the Realm Wars every ten years? They're only obedient because they don't want the Theocracy of the Ancients to interfere in the Grand-Orient Realm, and the Realm Wars are a requirement of theirs. Even if they have any opinions about me, they can't retaliate on the spot. Otherwise, it's equivalent to slapping the Theocracy of the Ancients in the face. The theocracy may ignore what goes on in the Grand-Orient Realm, but if someone breaks the rules they set, they may interfere. Based on the fact that the Azure Sea within the barrier suddenly disappeared, I'm pretty sure they're watching right now."

Although Tianming was bold, every step he took was based upon careful calculation. He had previously considered what Weisheng Ruosu said. The Realm War was no laughing matter, but a battle that determined the leader of the Grand-Orient Realm.

Although it took five generations of victories to replace the leader of the Grand-Orient Realm, its fair and just implementation was the fundamental requirement of the Theocracy of the Ancients. So no matter how much trouble they caused, everything had to be carried out according to the rules of the Realm Wars, which they set.

If Heaven's Elysium were fearless, then the Realm Wars wouldn't be held. After all, Heaven's Elysium could only obediently surrender when others had previously seized the Grand-Orient Sword.

"But Elysian Long is so important to them. What about once you return to the Grand-Orient Sect?" asked Weisheng Ruosu.

"Can't you see?" asked Tianming.

"What do you mean?"

"Regardless of whether or not I killed Yueling Long, Heaven's Elysium would unite with the Onyx Sect and Cloudmist Sword School to build their dream of unifying the Grand-Orient Realm. Why do you think they were targeting both of you throughout the battle? It's because they're trying to suppress your father. They want to defeat you without a fight, so you'll surrender like Onyx Sect. If you fall, the Grand-

Orient Sect will be left on our own, easily destroyed at will. Ruosu, the war is just around the corner, now is not the time to hope for kindness."

Too many expectations would only hurt themselves. In fact, the elders had long been aware of the situation. It was obvious to Tianming that the balance in the Grand-Orient Realm had long been broken. Heaven's Elysium was probably waiting for the end of the Realm War, since it was the only time the Theocracy of the Ancients paid attention to them. As long as it was successfully held, they would have ten years to themselves. This decade would be enough for Heaven's Elysium to carry out their plans. Otherwise, they might have started long ago.

"I see." Weisheng Ruosu nodded.

This wasn't a reckless impulse on Tianming's part, but a thorough understanding of the situation. There was one thing Tianming didn't mention—at the time, he'd had no control over the power of the Grand-Orient Sword.

In fact, Ruosu could sense the aggression coming from every Heaven's Elysium disciple. Their attitudes had already exposed their intentions.

"The Southsky Sect is located in the Azure Sea, so you have the advantage of nature and location. It's easy to protect, and difficult to attack. You'll be much safer, but you may also attract more attacks. I hope you can advise your parents to resist. Once you become the running dogs of Heaven's Elysium, your future is bleak. It's better to die than lose your dignity and grovel."

The Grand-Orient Sect desperately needed the Southsky Sect as an ally. Even if they couldn't send troops to the rescue, it was beneficial for the Grand-Orient Sect to absorb a portion of the three sects' forces.

"You don't have to tell me this, I understand." Pursing her lips, Weisheng Ruosu rolled her eyes and glared at him. In fact, she was rather charming when she was annoyed.

"Brother Tianming, don't worry. Our sect has the protection of the Southsky Barrier, which was jointly created by countless generations of elders and ancestors. As long as we stay put, Heaven's Elysium can't attack us. The Azure Sea in the south is our world!" declared Weisheng Qingluan.

"That's great. I hope I'll have the chance to see it one day," replied Tianming.

The Weisheng siblings' character was proof of the sort of man Weisheng Tianlan was.

"That's a deal. When all is peaceful, you must visit Southsky Island. It's beautiful," smiled Weisheng Qingluan.

Tianming was about to speak when all of a sudden there was an unexpected upheaval. The Realm Barrier shattered!

The participants of the Realm Wars appeared on the battlefield, surrounded by more than three hundred thousand people. Everyone had yet to react.

Didn't they say there was a ten-day countdown? Tianming wondered.

Chapter 338 - Yueling Long's Funeral

The Realm War, as well as the Realm Barrier, had surprised Tianming twice. For the first time, the sea waters had suddenly disappeared, forcing him to fight Yueling Long. The second time, the barrier was removed less than half an hour after he had obtained the sword, before the ten day countdown was up.

That meant the Realm War was officially over! Of course, it was equivalent to announcing that he had won the Grand-Orient Sword for ten years. However, because of the sudden withdrawal of the Realm Barrier, many had yet to react. When they appeared in the Elysium Battlefield, Tianming heard a deafening furor.

"Kill him!!"

Hundreds of thousands of voices pierced his ears like swords. The older generation would have felt the pressure, much less these youths. It all happened in the blink of an eye.

Tianming subconsciously looked up. In that moment, he saw countless angry faces and frenzied eyes. The previous pin-drop silence and looks of disbelief were unknown to him. Now, the silence had turned into outraged cries. The humiliation and fury of the audience could only be expressed by shouting.

Before he could see where Ye Shaoqing was, a dazzling white light penetrated a distance of thousands of meters, instantly reaching Tianming's eyes. The moment the light reached him, it would bore right into his head. This was no ordinary attack, but a power that transcended Heavenly Will—Saint stage.

Once more, Tianming got a taste of death. Someone had taken advantage of the opportunity to kill Tianming. Perhaps Ye Shaoqing and the other elders had never expected the Realm Barrier to be broken so soon.

Fortunately, they reacted quickly. In an instant, a sheet of water appeared in front of Tianming, into which the white light plunged. Like sinking into the sea, it disappeared instantly. Tianming was safe and sound.

Tianming knew that a sudden attack couldn't stumble the elders, especially in such a critical moment. His eyes fell upon the man who was going to kill him.

In the crowd, a young man clad in white, with hair flowing free and bloodshot eyes, glared at him like a beast. He didn't speak, but his teeth were gritted and his veins were throbbing, coiling around his face like poisonous worms. Once an elegant man, he now resembled a god of death with blood trickling from his eyes.

Before the Realm Wars, this man had walked hand in hand with Yueling Long, his eyes filled with love. He was the youngest son of the Elysian Emperor, an elysian child of the previous generation named Jun Nianchang.

If it weren't for Jun Dongyao holding Jun Nianchang back, Tianming would have been killed the moment he stepped into the Elysium Battlefield. His eyes were the most ferocious Tianming had ever seen. They contained a murderous intent brought about by deep enmity. It reminded him of the night Mu Qingqing and Lin Xiaoting had killed Midas before his own eyes—extreme hate and fury! In the tumultuous Elysium Battlefield, Jun Nianchang almost bit off his tongue as he stared daggers at Tianming.

"I swear I will send you to hell!"

This sentence sounded rather familiar, as if he had said it before. In fact, this scene was similar, except those words were directed at him. Tianming understood him very well. This was the reaction of a man who loved. The seed of hatred was planted in a refined and free man's heart. However, Tianming was no sinner. Everything that transpired today was different from that night.

Back then, he had been framed. Just because he had obtained a treasure, he'd aroused the envy of others. Lin Xiaoting's crimes were worthy of the death penalty. But this time, he was forced to fight Yueling Long's killing intent, narrowly escaping death and slaughtering her instead.

"You can think or say whatever you like, but my conscience is clear!" Tianming's heart was spotless. The other man's hatred wouldn't disturb him or cause self-doubt. He was innocent! He didn't deny that Jun Nianchang had the right to revenge; it was his freedom to rid himself of his demons and avenge Yueling Long.

However, his answer remained the same: I'm not guilty!

He had a clear conscience. If someone came after him nine times, why couldn't he respond in kind just once? She didn't die because she was kind, but because Tianming had overcome death by a small margin.

"Li Tianming, I'll use the lives of the entire Grand-Orient Sect to bury Long'er."

Jun Nianchang stopped struggling and merely stood there, surrounded by three hundred thousand people. He stared maliciously at Tianming; in that moment, he seemed to have changed from a carefree wanderer on his path to immortality into Yueling Long. It was as if Yueling Long was attached to him.

"I will heap millions of your people above the Grand-Orient Mountains and wash the earth with their blood. The peak of your sacred mountain is where I'll erect Long'er's tombstone. Every year, I'll step over a million bodies just to pay my respects to her. If I fail to do this, I shall be pierced by a million swords and come to a tragic end." There were no ripples in his voice. He sounded slow and steady, as if he were talking about a trivial matter.

He was a man who loved deeply. Who couldn't see how incompatible he once was with Heaven's Elysium? But at this moment, he had completely integrated with Heaven's Elysium, becoming their sharpest weapon.

"Kill him now!"

"Kill them all. Let none of them leave Heaven's Elysium!!!"

"KILL!"

Out of the three hundred thousand people, at least a hundred thousand were shouting bloody murder. The Grand-Orient Sect elders rushed to Tianming's side, guarding him in the middle. Otherwise, those people might have attacked at once.

They now waited for the Elysian Emperor's orders. He sat on the highest seat, still watching. It seemed as if he had never once blinked throughout the entire time. Amidst the chaos, everyone watched for his command.

Then the Elysian Emperor suddenly raised his head. The audience looked up into the sky and saw a colorful ball.

"That's the Realm Barrier!"

The Realm Barrier had previously expanded from this tiny ball, a mysterious heavenly pattern barrier that couldn't be created by the Grand-Orient Realm. Under everyone's attentive gazes, the colorful ball suddenly transformed into words.

"Congratulations to the Li Saint Clan for regaining the Grand-Orient Sword after a thousand years."

The words appeared for less than three breaths, but even that was enough to render the entire battlefield silent. No disciple of Heaven's Elysium was a fool. They understood why they had to take out the sword and hold the Realm Wars.

For a thousand years, there had been a hundred Realm Wars, yet not one word of congratulations. Obviously, the Theocracy of the Ancients had congratulated the Li Saint Clan after watching the battle. What did it mean?

The words appeared right as tensions were running high, and instead of quelling the crowd's anger, the congratulatory words were food for thought. Would Heaven's Elysium try rounding up the Grand-Orient Sect and killing Tianming, who had won the sword? If they dared do such a thing, it would be a slap in the face of the Theocracy of the Ancients. Even before they could slaughter the Grand-Orient Sect, Heaven's Elysium would cease to exist. The Theocracy of the Ancients was both mysterious and powerful—that was no secret in the Grand-Orient Realm.

The silence in the battlefield illustrated this point exactly.

"Nianchang, just wait a little while longer. It's never too late for revenge." Jun Dongyao's face turned purple.

Only when they had brought Jun Tianyi and the others back did they realize just how severe their injuries were. Even Jun Dongyao's heart had been torn to pieces.

"I'm in no hurry. If I'm too anxious, I can't prepare a proper funeral." With that, Jun Nianchang silently stepped into the battlefield and picked up Yueling Long's body. He gently wiped off the blood on her face, his gaze tender, as if he were looking at a wayward child. But no matter how he tried, he couldn't stop the blood from dyeing his white robe red.

"Didn't I tell you to be patient? When will you change? Just give me a little more time. I'll stay with you the rest of my life and never leave you. Don't be afraid." Tears and blood pattered down. For the longest time, he had never shed tears, yet today, he broke that streak.

He tidied her long hair, his hands shaking uncontrollably as he staggered out of the Elysium Battlefield under countless sympathetic gazes. No one knew where he would go.

From this day forth, the carefree son of the Elysian Emperor who didn't want to interfere with the affairs of Heaven's Elysium was dead. He wasn't a bad person, but the guiding hands of fate had placed him in Heaven's Elysium, while Tianming belonged to the Li Saint Clan of the Grand-Orient Sect.

When his figure had completely disappeared, the audience directed their cold eyes at Tianming once more. It seemed he had become an unforgivable villain.

But in fact, good and evil wasn't black and white. There were millions of people in this world, and everyone had their own identity and loved ones. They were all intertwined. How could man be clearly distinguished by such simple words as good or bad? No one could stand on the commanding heights of morality.

In the face of such condemnation, Tianming stuck to his resolve. Even if he had sinned, there was no need for guilt. Karma would do its job.

If Yueling Long hadn't disregarded human life and mercilessly come after Tianming, he wouldn't have been forced to fight to the death. Even Jun Tianyi had been given a chance to live.

He wasn't omniscient, but he knew those who disregarded the heavenly laws and slaughtered indiscriminately without the slightest hesitation had their own trials, even if they considered themselves the protagonist of this world.

Chapter 339 - The Approaching Storm

Amidst countless glares, the Elysian Emperor's gaze fell upon Tianming and the others. His tone sounded duller than usual as he said, "The Realm War has ended. Please return."

His voice sounded gentle, as if he had no temper to speak of. This made the disciples of Heaven's Elysium very uncomfortable. Although the Theocracy of the Ancients had left some thought-provoking words, how could they let them go without so much as a harsh word? However, anyone familiar with the Elysian Emperor knew that his calm was merely the beginning of the storm.

Besides, Jun Nianchang had already spoken more than his fair share of malicious words. Heaven's Elysium had made no secret of their desire to unify the Grand-Orient Realm, so the Elysian Emperor had little to say. However, a most ferocious storm was undoubtedly headed for the Grand-Orient Sect and Southsky Sect. Perhaps it was as Jun Nianchang vowed, and millions in the Grand-Orient Sect would die to accompany Yueling Long on her journey to the underworld.

Although the Grand-Orient Sect was weak, it was once a domineering existence that had made Heaven's Elysium tremble. In the eyes of Heaven's Elysium, the Grand-Orient Sect was of a different significance. Therefore, even if the Southsky Sect could surrender, the Grand-Orient Sect must perish!

Regardless of whether or not Tianming had killed Yueling Long, the Grand-Orient Sect would be destroyed as long as it was breached, unless the disciples chose to flee without a fight and denounce their identities.

As the head of the Grand-Orient Realm, as appointed by the Theocracy of the Ancients, the Elysian Emperor's status was far above Weisheng Tianlan and the others. Therefore, the elders of the Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect respectfully bid farewell to the Elysian Emperor at this time.

Under the cold, malicious gazes of three hundred thousand people, Huangfu Fengyun and the other members of the Grand-Orient Sect jumped onto the back of the Aircloud Godcrane, while the Southsky Sect climbed onto First Elder Gu Qiuyu's lifebound beast, the Skycloud Seaheron. Under normal

circumstances, the Onyx Sect and Cloudmist Sword School would also leave at this point, but it was obvious they had plans to stay, possibly to discuss the upcoming sect war.

Everything happened as Tianming had expected. The three sects had been ready for a long time, waiting for the end of the Realm War when the Theocracy of the Ancients would no longer be paying attention to them. Within ten years, they could clean up all opposition within the Grand-Orient Realm. When Heaven's Elysium finally united the Grand-Orient Realm, the Theocracy of the Ancients would no longer have to waste any effort on the region, would they?

"They might go on the offensive as soon as we return to the sect. Tianming, you don't have to blame yourself. According to what we know, they would've begun attacking immediately after the Realm War, regardless of whether or not Yueling Long was killed." Standing on the back of the Aircloud Godcrane, Ye Shaoqing observed the majestic Heaven's Elysium below.

The white-gold brilliance radiated through the sky and across the earth like an imperial beast with its eyes focused on the ill, aging beast that was the Grand-Orient Sect, waiting to extend its claws. And beside it were its two deadly minions.

"I understand." Tianming nodded.

This was bound to happen whether or not he participated in the Realm War. Chaos was coming to the Grand-Orient Realm. Heroes were born in troubled times; however, the Sect War wasn't a fight between geniuses, but immeasurable, widespread slaughter. Tianming had never experienced a sect war, so he had no idea what it entailed.

"Don't worry, we've long expected this. The Grand-Orient Sect has existed for so many years. Even if we've fallen to this point, we're not defenseless weaklings who can easily be bullied," Ye Shaoqing narrowed his eyes.

The Aircloud Godcrane took off, and soon, Heaven's Elysium was far behind. From up above, they could clearly see the giant beast of a sect. It had awoken and was roaring in rage. From now on, the Grand-Orient Realm would be dyed with blood.

"I'll keep the Grand-Orient Sword for you. When you have the ability to use it, I'll return it to you," said Ye Shaoqing.

This was something they had discussed in the beginning. Tianming was well aware that the group of elders before him could snatch the sword from him at any moment. The Grand-Orient Sword was of great significance to the future war; in the hands of the strong, it could even change the outcome. The loss of the Grand-Orient Sword had weakened Heaven's Elysium. Perhaps it was the Grand-Orient Sect's only chance of surviving.

"Alright."

Since when had Tianming started trusting Ye Shaoqing? Perhaps it was the day he was hunted by Yuwen Taiji. Without the slightest hesitation, he handed the sword to Ye Shaoqing who immediately placed it in his spatial ring. The elders watching this seemed relieved.

"After a thousand years, it's finally returned.... Hopefully, Shaoqing will be recognized by the sword and turn the tide." The elders looked to Ye Shaoqing with hope-filled gazes.

As Tianming's master, Ye Shaoqing had been protecting his disciple ever since the beginning of his rise. Who better to hold the Grand-Orient Sword? After all, it was Tianming who had seized the sword so he had the right to decide who to give it to. With his position as junior sect master, the elders wouldn't object.

"Congratulations, Shaoqing." Weisheng Tianlan was sincerely happy for his old friend.

The Skycloud Seaheron drew close. Led by Weisheng Tianlan, the members of the Southsky Sect boarded the Aircloud Godcrane. Both the crane and heron were traveling back to their respective sects at their fastest speed.

"Sect Master, there's certain things that must be said. If you won't, then I will." Gu Qiuyu stood out of the crowd looking solemn. He turned to the Grand-Orient Sect and said, "This time, Heaven's Elysium's intention is very obvious. Apart from fighting to our deaths, the Southsky Sect also has the choice of submission. This is the difference between us and you, especially since your junior sect master was bold enough to kill the once-in-a-millennium genius of Heaven's Elysium. They'll never let you live. You should be very clear that our advantage lies in our defense, and that's dependent upon the Azure Sea. We don't have the strength to support you at all. Once we leave the sea, it's only too easy for Heaven's Elysium to deal with us. So if you can't protect yourself, there's nothing we can do. The Southsky Sect has existed for thousands of years and has always been peaceful. We can't ruin our ten-thousand-year history just because of you. If we can't hold out, then we'll choose to submit! I know that our sect master won't agree, but millions of people shouldn't have to die for the sect master's willfulness!"

The last sentence was directed at Weisheng Tianlan. This was a challenge laid at Weisheng Tianlan; as long as these elders used their ten-thousand-year existence as a basis and stood on a moral high ground with their disciples' lives, his resistance was meaningless if enough elders chose to surrender.

"Gu Qiuyu! The Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect share the same origin, and a common fate. Even I know this. You kneel before the war has even begun! Are you a worthy first elder? You disgust me!" The first person to denounce Gu Qiuyu was Weisheng Qingluan.

"How dare you!" Gu Qiuyu couldn't wait to slap the little guy. Even if he was the son of the sect master, Weisheng Qingluan wasn't allowed to speak to him like this!

"He's right. The past ten thousand years were won by our ancestors fighting bravely as well as their persistence, instead of begging for mercy while being humiliated, trampled upon, and dragging out an ignoble existence! Yet here you are, weak-kneed before we've even fought the war. How will you face the ancestral tablets in the ancestral hall!" Weisheng Ruosu backed up her brother without any fear in her eyes. The siblings were truly amazing.

Prior to this, the two had been polite, sensible children. Gu Qiuyu never imagined that they would one day anger him so.

"That's enough!" Sikong Lingyu quickly took them aside. This wasn't an occasion where they could speak. But even so, the siblings' fiery gazes had made Gu Qiuyu more uncomfortable.

"Once we return to the sect, I'll speak to the council of elders and the entire sect. When the time comes, whether we choose to fight to our death or be reduced to running dogs will naturally be decided. Gu Qiuyu, you don't have to preach in front of the Grand-Orient Sect."

Upon hearing Weisheng Tianlan's cold reply, Elder Gu finally shut up.

One man was nothing. However, how many such people would constantly circulate these kinds of remarks during battle, leading to the decline of the sect's combat power? These were issues he had to consider. His young age was another obstruction to convincing the elders, and this matter of life and death would be the biggest test of his ability.

Weisheng Tianlan privately spoke to Ye Shaoqing for a considerable amount of time.

"Perhaps he's our only hope," he lamented.

"You must believe in him. He has suffered for the past fourteen years what thousands of people will never experience in an entire lifetime. The heavens will not wrong him," said Ye Shaoqing.

"After this test of life and death, I hope we'll still be able to sit together and drink as we admire the moon," added Weisheng Tianlan.

"It's a pity that you married folk can no longer have fun. There's plenty of fish in the sea, why settle for one?" Ye Shaoqing laughed.

"Get out!"

Weisheng Tianlan returned to the Skycloud Seaheron. At a certain point, the crane and heron went their separate ways, one headed east and the other south.

"The day we reunite is the day we celebrate our victory!"

They had once hoped only to overturn defeat in the Realm Wars. But now they wanted to make a comeback and compete with their old rivals.

Even at the breakneck speed the Aircloud Godcrane was flying, it would still take over a day to reach their destination. But it would take a few days for Heaven's Elysium's army to arrive. After all, it wasn't just a group of people, but entire hordes.

A tense atmosphere pervaded above the crane. A storm was imminent.

Chapter 340 - All Ou

All of the high ranking members of Heaven's Elysium gathered at the Elysium Hall at noon. Even the elders who weren't around originally had rushed back in half a day. The Elysian Emperor, Four Cardinal Kings, and elysian elders were all present; alongside them were the Onyx Emperor, Onyx Empress, Sikong Jiansheng, and their sects' elders. With that, the entire hierarchy of the three sects was present.

The Onyx Emperor, Onyx Empress, and Sikong Jiansheng were seated beneath the Elysian Emperor with the Four Cardinal Kings. That also meant they had become the Elysian Emperor's subordinates.

The atmosphere in the hall was tense, filled with a murderous aura. They had lost the Grand-Orient Sword, along with the defeat of their elysian children. All of them had been given a slap by a descendant of the Li Saint Clan in this Realm War. Even if they had already been planning a sect war, the events of today had riled up their fighting spirit.

Everyone was looking at the Elysian Emperor, waiting for instructions. The Elysian Emperor looked out into the distance. Due to his high seat, he could see the Grand-Orient Realm's terrain. The Grand-Orient Realm was divided into five territories, each ruled by one of the five sects. But Heaven's Elysium could now dominate everything.

"How many men can the Onyx Sect and Cloudmist Sword School send out?" the Elysian Emperor asked, his tone filled with prestige.

"Elysian Emperor, the Onyx Sect can send out fifty elders and a legion of fifty thousand," said the Onyx Emperor. He had already calculated everything. The Onyx Emperor had a total of eighty-eight elders, but a third of them had died in the last battle with Heaven's Elysium. They had replenished their numbers after that, but the strength of the new elders wasn't exactly high. In the end, those elders only had the status, but not the power to go with it.

Although the Grand-Orient Sect had declined, the comparison of their strength wasn't as simple as just numbers. The Onyx Sect's defeat had cost them a huge loss, and they were only stronger than the Grand-Orient Sect to some degree. They weren't even comparable to the Cloudmist Sword School. But they had many tricks up their sleeves, and their lifebound beasts could exhibit stronger utility in a war.

The Onyx Legion was the same as the Grand-Orient guardians, formed by beastmasters who had cultivated for at least thirty-five years. So even if they might not be in the Saint stage, they had already reached the limit of their talent. So if everyone in the Onyx Legion were elites, it was an alarming number.

"Seventy thousand," said the Elysian Emperor.

"Roger!" The Onyx Emperor and Empress could only nod their heads and exchanged a glance. They had initially wanted to leave behind thirty thousand Onyx Legionnaires to guard the sect and leave a path of retreat for themselves, but the Elysian Emperor clearly wanted them to invest more into this war.

When they were done, Sikong Jiansheng stood up and replied, "Elysian Emperor, the Cloudmist Sword School can send out all of our elders and keepers. We won't hold anything back in this war!"

The blazing loyalty reverberating from his words caused many elysian elders to change their views on him. But the Cloudmist Sword School was just a lackey, in the end. It was basically a branch of Heaven's Elysium, so it wasn't surprising that they would stand out and announce their loyalty at this moment.

"In that case, we'll have a hundred elders and an army of over a hundred thousand from the two sects. It's basically three times as many as the Grand-Orient Sect. As long as the Grand-Orient Barrier is destroyed, annihilating the Grand-Orient Sect won't be difficult," said the Elysian Emperor. That was three times the size of the army and number of elders!

"Although the Grand-Orient Barrier was created by the Li Saint Clan's first ancestor, this defensive barrier requires the support of beast ki from beastmasters and their lifebound beasts. And with the sect's current standards, it'll be good enough if they can bring out a fifth of the barrier's strength. After all, the strength of the barrier at full power is equivalent to the Bloodbane Barrier. It's a pity the clan was shortsighted, or perhaps arrogant might be a better way of describing them. They actually failed to make good use of a defensive barrier that's comparable in strength to the Bloodbane Barrier. Then again, it made sense, since they wouldn't have thought that their sect would face destruction.

“Compared to them, the Southsky Sect’s Southsky Barrier only requires labor, not to mention it even absorbs oceanic energy to power itself. That means that the Southsky Barrier can endlessly maintain itself at three times the strength of the Grand-Orient Barrier. So if they shut themselves off, Heaven’s Elysium will dispatch our full force. I’m afraid that we’ll have to pay a certain price to break that barrier.”

To be honest, most people already knew about what the Elysian Emperor said.

“Elysian Emperor, you’re saying that our two sects will target the Grand-Orient Sect, while Heaven’s Elysium goes to Southsky Island? If they’re just shutting themselves in, why don’t we break them one by one?” the Onyx Empress asked. She was actually worried that the Onyx Sect would become cannon fodder for Heaven’s Elysium’s ambition to unify the Grand-Orient Realm.

Who knows? Heaven’s Elysium might even want them to be eradicated with the Grand-Orient Sect. They weren’t like the Cloudmist Sword School, because the school was part of Heaven’s Elysium. So Heaven’s Elysium and the Cloudmist Sword School were one, to begin with. So who knew if they were scheming against the Onyx Sect. Their submission had not only made them lose their dignity, but it had also led to their uncertain future during the Sect War.

“My friends from the Onyx Sect, since you’ve chosen to join us, you can rest assured about it. I, Jun Shengxiao, am only ruthless to my enemies. I won’t mistreat my friends. The Grand-Orient Sect is the weakest in this Sect War, and it’s also true that we can easily crush them if all three sects go after them at the same time. But that also means that the Southsky Sect will shut themselves in.

“If they shut themselves within their barrier for the next decade, century, or even a millennium, we’ll have to pay a heavy price even if we can destroy their barrier. The Southsky Sect is the troublesome one, compared to the Grand-Orient Sect. You guys aren’t going over to eradicate the Grand-Orient Sect at one go, but slowly wither them and force them to seek help from the Southsky Sect. So as long as the Southsky Sect dares to step out of their Southsky Island, what awaits them will be our Heaven’s Elysium’s army. Do you guys know your responsibility now?”

The Onyx Emperor, Onyx Empress, and Sikong Jiansheng nodded their heads. “Understood. So we just have to play with the Grand-Orient Sect. Our main objective is to destroy the Southsky Sect while paying the smallest price possible. The moment the Southsky Sect can’t sit around and decides to help, it’ll be their destruction. After all, we’ll lose our bait if we destroy the Grand-Orient Sect, and if that happens, it’ll be harder for us to deal with the Southsky Sect.”

After Heaven’s Elysium had defeated the Onyx Sect, the Southsky Sect had become the second strongest sect in the Grand-Orient Realm, not to mention that Southsky Island had a terrain advantage. Their barrier was simply indestructible, with oceanic energy powering it. With the ocean protecting them, anyone that came would be buried.

“The Southsky Sect and Grand-Orient Sect’s friendship goes for generations, especially Weisheng Tianlan, who’s close friends with many people in the Grand-Orient Sect. Furthermore, he’s young, so he’s impulsive and more likely to be independent. But if the Grand-Orient Sect is in danger, there’s a high chance that he’ll come to help. Moreover, the Grand-Orient Sect is filled with the old, weak, and sick. Even their strongest, Yuwen Taiji, has parted ways with the likes of Huangfu Fengyun. So it’ll be easy for you two sects to destroy their barrier. All you guys have to do is to wear down the barrier, and I believe that the Onyx Sect is good at this,” said the East Cardinal King with bloodshot eyes.

Honestly speaking, he wanted to go to the Grand-Orient Sect, but he could only follow the Elysian Emperor's arrangement and ambush the Southsky Sect. Although he had an irreconcilable grudge with the Grand-Orient Sect, the Southsky Sect was the greatest obstruction stopping Heaven's Elysium from dominating the Grand-Orient Realm.

Although the Realm War was an excellent chance to kill Weisheng Tianlan, the Realm War belonged to the Theocracy of the Ancients. In the Elysium Hall, no one knew the outcome of offending the Theocracy of the Ancients better than the Elysian Emperor. If he offended the Theocracy of the Ancients, he would no longer be able to unify the Grand-Orient Realm.

The Onyx Empress passionately said, "Please be reassured. Since neither of my grandsons were able to do anything during the Realm War, our army of seventy thousand will give them a demonstration and turn the Grand-Orient Sect into hell."

"Bring Tianming to me," said Jun Dongyao.

"We'll definitely bring him here." The Onyx Emperor, Onyx Empress, and Sikong Jiansheng each gave their assurances.

Since the two sects had to head to the Grand-Orient Mountain Range, they naturally had to return to their sects to make arrangements first. Judging from the Elysian Emperor's words, they knew he didn't want it to be dragged out. Now that the arrangements had been made, they wanted to take their leaves first, and return with their armies to join up and head for the Grand-Orient Mountain Range. But suddenly, a young man clad in white entered from the side hall. He leaned on the pillar with black eyes, as if he had lost his soul. He looked at the two sects and said, "I'll follow you guys to the Grand-Orient Sect."

"This..." Everyone knew why he wanted to go to the Grand-Orient Sect. The Onyx Emperor, Onyx Empress, and Sikong Jiansheng turned to look at the Elysian Emperor.

"Permitted." The Elysian Emperor nodded.

"Alright. We'll bring our armies and join up with you. At that time, we'll definitely let you take that bastard's life yourself!" Sikong Jiansheng said with his eyes burning like fire. Jun Niancang didn't say a word and directly left. But right at that moment, someone came in and whispered in his ears, "Niancang, there's two young people who want to meet you. They claim that they were your friends from the Theocracy of the Ancients."

"Did they reveal their names?" Jun Niancang asked.

"Nothing about their names, but they did reveal their identity. One is from the Earthorigin Realm, the strongest genius of the Earthorigin Realm. The other one's more terrifying. He claims to be from the Theocracy of the Ancients' Divine Capital. A member of the Ancient Kirin Clan, if I remember correctly."