

The Ages 361

Chapter 361 - The Five Gates of the Grand-Orient Sword

Tianming took out the Saint Origin Sphere. He was still wracking his brain over how he could restore the seals onto Feiling's nails, yet all it took was for him to bring it close to her. The weird energy from the seals came out of the sphere and returned to her nails. Once more, all ten of her fingernails had ten mysterious powers.

As if her beauty wasn't stunning enough, she opened her hands wide and showed off her beautiful, arcane fingers. If there was one part Tianming had to pick as the most beautiful part of her, he would no doubt pick her slender fingers and beautiful nails.

The short time they had spent away from each other had only intensified their feelings for one another. Once more, Tianming felt his body fill with power when she used Spiritual Attachment. Coupled with the boost offered by the Grand-Orient Sword, he reached historic heights no ninth-level Unity beastmaster could ever match.

"I'll say this again: Don't use Soulburn without my permission, okay?"

"I know. Using it once caused me to sleep for so long. I don't want to go back to the necklace again." After all, Tianming would stroke it nonstop if that ever happened again.

"Ahem!" Tianming cleared his throat and the awkwardness in the air in one go. Feiling had played around for a couple of hours, and seeing Tianming still trying to figure out Heavenly Will, she had him bring her out of the mausoleum to see Qingyu. Meanwhile, Tianming sat back down with the sword on his crossed legs.

He felt the patterns on the sword. There were reliefs of mountains and rivers on the black handle of the sword. The edges of the blade itself, however, were gold and intricate. Once touched, it felt like it contained endless power and mystery.

"It isn't as nice to touch as Ling'er's Love. Damn, what am I thinking?" He really wanted to slap himself. What was he thinking when he should be trying to comprehend the Heavenly Will stage?

"The heavenly patterns on the Grand-Orient Sword aren't saintly heavenly patterns." Given his stage, he could only faintly feel the patterns. It was as if they had morphed into the mountains, rivers, sun, moon, and stars. With both of his eyes closed, he continued sensing the mysteries of the sword, within which his blood flowed. When he touched it, they resonated with each other. It no longer felt like a sword, but a majestic beast.

Feeling the resonance, Tianming said, "Are you trying to tell me something? It's too bad I can't see through you." A thought suddenly occurred to him. "By the way, I wonder if my Insightful Eye can be used to observe heavenly patterns?"

Without further ado, he opened his third eye and focused it on the sword. As expected, it was able to see through the fog straight to the source and essence.

While it initially didn't seem different from observing with his own eyes, he was a patient man. It didn't take long before the Insightful Eye showed him something different. The faint illusions of nature and

astral bodies now seemed real to him. The mountains and rivers stretched endlessly, and the sun, moon, and stars dotted the skies.

He felt like he was in a limitless world, which was quite shocking indeed. The world in his eye morphed nonstop, as if he had stepped into a new world path. Everything before him was colored black and gold. The speed of his advance gradually increased until he emerged out of a primordial-like world.

All of a sudden, five grand gates appeared before him. They seemed to tower into the skies with limitless height. The two on the left were light gold and dark gold respectively, while the two on the right were grey and pitch black. The one right in the center was a colorless gate that almost seemed like it didn't exist. However, it only took a glance for him to spot it.

"Where is this?" All he had done was observe the sword using his Insightful Eye. How did he even arrive here?

"I don't know, but one of the doors is opening!" Ying Huo suddenly said.

"You guys can see this?" He recalled they were within the lifebound space.

"There's a projection on the Prime Tower," said the black cat.

"I didn't think it could do that." It was as if Tianming had entered the world within the Grand-Orient Sword. He didn't think the Prime Tower would be able to show his pals what he saw as well. The two critters sat before the tower, completely relaxed as if they were watching a movie.

Beside them, a blue and brown egg began bouncing over. As it approached, the lifebound space itself seemed to shake from its sheer weight. Nine more dragon-shaped cracks could be seen on it.

The people of Vermillion Bird called these sacred dragon patterns. Most objects with these patterns were considered to be prestigious and grand. The beast was probably matured to some degree within the egg. Now, all it needed to be born was for the hatching condition to be met. Even then, Tianming still didn't know what kind of beast it was.

"Go away," Ying Huo said as it kicked the third egg with its claw.

"Chicken bro! Why bully our younger brother?" the black cat snapped.

"I know a feisty one when I see one. It needs to be brought in line with some punishment before it grows too powerful to beat up."

"Makes sense!"

"Quick! Our mount's approaching the gate!" Ying Huo said, pointing with its wings. It couldn't help but recall its high-grade mount, Mu Wan. Riding her was truly a blissful experience indeed.

Tianming saw that four of the five gates were closed, but the leftmost light gold one was cracked open just a slight bit. Now, he was standing right before the gate.

"I wonder what's beyond this gate." The moment he peered through the crack, he saw another boundless world, and beyond that was nothing but a single continent-sized black and gold vortex. The black and gold energy flows melded together at the center of the vortex.

"This feels like the Grand-Orient Vortex that formed in my body when I held the Grand-Orient Sword." Tianming had named the phenomenon himself; he didn't actually know what it was called.

"I can't enter!" he said after trying. All he could do was peer through the gate, but couldn't take a single step in.

He turned to the other four gates.

"Does this mean that these four gates are only representations of the five blessings of the Grand-Orient Sword? That means I've already unlocked the first blessing of the sword. When I wield it, the black and gold energy will be present in my body. While this energy is limitless, how much I can use depends on my level. I wonder what other blessings the four gates will confer...." It seemed the sword was far more mysterious than he had initially thought.

"I've only unlocked the light gold gate for now. There's still the dark gold one, the black and grey ones, and the colorless one at the center. Dark gold should be stronger than light gold, right? And the black and grey ones should contain some different blessing entirely. Perhaps the colorless gate at the center is the essence of the sword. Not to mention, I have the Prime Tower too. It's a shame I'm not too well informed about it."

He wanted to ponder on Prime Tower's mysteries, but it kept hiding within his lifebound space and wouldn't come out. Fortunately, Ying Huo and the rest could still try comprehending it as the tower allowed them to enter, for some reason. In other words, Tianming was responsible for dealing with the sword, while his lifebound beasts were responsible for the tower.

"I haven't heard others talk about these five gates before. I guess nobody has been able to truly unlock the sword's true blessings other than me. I wonder if the founding ancestor used the Grand-Orient Vortex before...."

While he was right in front of Li Shenxiao's tomb, he couldn't exactly excavate his remains and ask him about it. What he was considering now was how he could open the other four doors. Right as he was pondering, he suddenly saw many gold heavenly patterns on the gate. The light gold patterns seemed to swirl around the gate itself.

"I've heard of yellow heavenly patterns, but not gold! These gold patterns are definitely not the same. I feel like they're even more mysterious than saintly heavenly patterns!"

Tianming narrowed his eyes at the sight. His horizons had been expanded by exploring the sword. He didn't think there would be more colors apart from the standard seven. Using the Insightful Eye, he examined the gold heavenly patterns. The moment he pressed his left palm against the gate, the patterns surged toward his body. At that moment, he glimpsed the Heavenly Will stage.

Unlike when he touched the sword, he now felt each of the patterns guiding him toward the true path of heavenly patterns and heavenly will. Normal people could only try comprehending the Heavenly Will stage using patterns on spirit ores, yet Tianming seemed to have it directly downloaded to his mind. In a flash, the boundless Heavenly Will stage opened up before him.

Within the wide expanse, he came to understand one thing: comprehending heavenly patterns was the only way to open the other gates. Only then could he make new patterns appear on those gates. Eventually, he would be able to open the colorless gate at the center.

Heavenly patterns belonged to the world, but his heavenly will belonged to himself! Comprehending the Heavenly Will stage was the true start of his path of comprehending the world.

Chapter 362: The Most Righteous Path

It wasn't just the beastmaster; their lifebound beasts would also have to comprehend heavenly will for the advancement to the Heavenly Will stage to be possible. The only thing they didn't have to do was practice heavenly-ranked battle arts.

"Can you see this too?" Tianming asked.

"Yes!"

Ying Huo and Meow Meow obediently sat before Prime Tower as it projected the gold heavenly patterns that Tianming was seeing. While its effects were slightly weaker, it wasn't an issue, as Tianming was the main component in the cultivation toward the next stage. His lifebound beasts only had to inherit some of his comprehension, which should come as second nature to them. After all, the comprehension of the Heavenly Will stage between beastmaster and lifebound beasts was more or less equal.

If either side made progress, the other would make the same progress. In other words, even if Ying Huo's comprehension of heavenly will was different from his, Tianming could use it as a base to find his own insights. In fact, he could even use Ying Huo's heavenly will.

Unlike a unity field, heavenly will infused within battle arts and beast ki was unseen by the naked eye. However, using it would allow one to completely dominate someone at Unity.

The third egg rolled to the beasts' side, as if it was preparing for its birth. It was observing the gold patterns with the rest. It seemed that it was more enterprising and curious, unlike Meow Meow, who constantly held a dissatisfaction with how hard Tianming drove him. That lazy cat really spoiled the hardworking mood in his lifebound space. While this egg hadn't established symbiotic cultivation with Tianming yet, having it observe like that would surely have benefits when it finally hatched.

With everything ready, Tianming turned his attention to the patterns that swam around his body. He seemed to hear some kind of resonance as the patterns circulated around him.

"The Aeternal Infernal Codex and Genesis Chaos Codex both have techniques to be cultivated at the Heavenly Will stage. However, most of it only relates to beast ki. Comprehending heavenly will depends on myself. This is the foundation. The sea of consciousness is a mysterious place that's a little similar to a lifebound space. While it can't be found even if the body is cut open, it's a fact that it exists. This sea of consciousness is the resting place of the soul. Heavenly will is born from the depths of the soul and gathers within it. It's the souls of both lifebound beasts and beastmasters. It represents the true start of venturing into the world of cultivation, for the soul is the core of comprehension."

Before, cultivation concerned only the physical body, whereas the Heavenly Will stage was the beginning of cultivating the soul. As such, the first step he should take to comprehend the heavenly

patterns was to find his own sea of consciousness and dive into it. It was a long, drawn-out process for most at the ninth level of Unity. Some even needed years to find their sea of consciousness.

However, Tianming already had a vague sensation of his sea of consciousness, especially after he learned the Bewildering Eye. Beastmasters that utilize bewilderment mostly used techniques that target their enemies' sea of consciousness, after all. But this time, eyes couldn't help with finding the sea. One had to use their consciousness, which resided within the sea itself. By closing their eyes and returning to the sea, it would naturally appear.

When the gold heavenly patterns surged into him, he remained seated and naturally closed his eyes, feeling as if he had appeared in a boundless, foggy space. Nay, he was the fog itself. This was his sea of consciousness, and the fog was his soul. Currently, he didn't possess eyes, ears, nose, legs, or form. He was pure consciousness.

"Truly mysterious!" he said, looking around in awe. "Who was the one that created something so mystical like life? Who made it so that we had souls, lifebound spaces, and lifebound beasts?"

As he marveled at the sight, he noticed that the gold patterns had come into his sea of consciousness and morphed into countless shapes. With his soul surrounding him, he touched the patterns and allowed them to meld with his soul.

At that moment, he had another vision. The world before his eyes changed once more into another boundless world, within which was a giant clad in golden robes. He stood a thousand meters tall and sat upon a golden throne with his back facing Tianming. In front of him knelt countless folk. Every one of them worshipped him. Was this a hallucination or reality? No, that wasn't important; what was important was the intent coming from this vision!

"The path to complete domination over the realm is one of upholding the righteous path, of making the lives of your subjects your own, of spreading the sacred knowledge, and ushering in universal peace. The world shall prosper and the folk shall rejoice for the destiny of the autarch! The ruler should care for his subjects, exterminate those that threaten to consume them, and stand tall above all others! Heir of the bloodline, step onto the path of a ruler and become a paragon for those you rule!" said the giant, or rather the gold heavenly patterns and Tianming himself.

When his soul fused with the gold heavenly patterns, those were the words that came from the white fog, Tianming's inner psyche itself.

"The imperial will?" Tianming felt that something new was born within him. The Primordial Chaos Beasts brought him boundless talent and potential, not to mention comrades who would fight alongside him. His Aeonic Grandbane brought him a talent for cultivation and the will to change his fate. And this imperial will represented the path of righteousness that Mu Yang had graced him with by teaching him the way of the sword. The note he had left Tianming to read before he left for the Grand-Orient Sect had fundamentally changed him.

The way of the sword was one of righteousness, and now this way resonated with the Grand-Orient Sword and his bloodline, forming Tianming's Imperial Will. He'd thought he would try to comprehend Ying Huo's Infernal Will, or Meow Meow's Lightning Will first, and even fuse them. He didn't expect he could cross the divide using the Aeonic Grandbane as his base to gain insight from the righteous path of

the Grand-Orient Sect to forge his own ultimate heavenly will—Imperial Will, which symbolized the most righteous path!

The formation of his heavenly will changed him fundamentally. His white-haired, demonic look now gave off an aura of justice and purity. Now, whenever the gold heavenly patterns resonated with his divine soul, it caused the Grand-Orient Sword to manifest in his sea of consciousness. This sword represented the Imperial Will Tianming had just formed—solid, firm, and immutable.

Heavenly will was a will that represented the self. Imperial Will's solidity represented how Tianming was someone who would stick to his principles firmly. With Aeon Grandbane, he was resolute in not perishing from his trials, and Imperial Will was the thing that chained him to the world. They were different things; heavenly will had to be built on a firm foundation of the world, much like wind, fire, water, and earth were derivatives of the elements in the world.

The moment his will manifested in his sea of consciousness as a sword was the moment he knew he had succeeded. Even with its small size, it was still proof that Tianming was at the first level of Heavenly Will. Eventually, it would grow in size until he touched the Saint stage.

At the Earth Saint stage, he could dominate the earth and move it as he willed. At the Sky Saint stage, he could soar through the skies as he pleased. At the Empyrean Saint stage, he would have an eternity before him, eventually becoming a being whose name would be known far and wide.

With the successful manifestation of his heavenly will, he began training using his two codexes. He charged straight ahead, thanks to the nourishment provided by the Prime Tower and Li Shenxiao's tombstone. The beast ki in his lightning source and infernal source was further improved, which also caused the Grand-Orient Vortex to improve. It was as if it had absorbed some energy from the gigantic vortex beyond the light gold door.

"Did you guys manage it?" Tianming asked.

"You think?" Ying Huo proudly declared. The fact that Tianming was able to engage in symbiotic cultivation with them meant they had formed their heavenly wills. He truly did ask a redundant question.

Now, he could feel Ying Huo's blazing hot heavenly will. It was an infernal flame that burned within the sea of consciousness, and Tianming was free to use its mysteries as he pleased.

As the heavenly wills of beastmaster and lifebound beasts were distinct, it was as if each one of them could use both at once. Now, he would have even more power behind his heavenly-ranked battle arts. Not to mention, Tianming's comprehension of Infernal Will could also supplement Ying Huo's own.

The same was the case for Meow Meow. Now, it was as if Tianming had three heavenly wills, while the beasts each had two, for they were directly related to Tianming, but not each other. Ying Huo and Meow Meow could also comprehend the mysteries of Imperial Will and share in its benefits. Though, they also shared Aeon Grandbane by extension and had their lifespans greatly shortened.

After some more furious cultivation, the three properly cemented themselves at the Heavenly Will stage.

"Now, not even ten Yueling Longs would be my match! If I have Ling'er with me, a hundred of her won't be a problem either!" Tianming was far more powerful than before.

"What's even better is that the heavenly patterns on the light gold door in the Grand-Orient Sword have lots of mysteries that I can use to continue exploring Imperial Will. Only with an abundance of will can I continually improve my beast ki!"

Tianming turned and looked outside the mausoleum.

"The me as I am now is stronger than most of the Grand-Orient guardians. I'll be able to fight for the sect from now on!"

Tianming was a grateful person. Half of everything he now had came from the sect, such as Li Shenxiao's tomb, the Grand-Orient Sword, and the Prime Tower. Not to mention, Li Wudi, Ye Shaoqing, Qingyu, Jingyu, and the rest were people he loved dearly. From now on, he would live as a member of the Li Saint Clan, and die a member of the clan as well.

He knew that word of Li Wudi's breakthrough had spread to the Cloudmist Sword School and Heaven's Elysium. After the latter reacted, the war would begin anew. He thrust the Grand-Orient Sword that was one and a half meters long into the ground and looked toward the battlefield.

"From now on, the low-grade mount Li Tianming will no longer piss himself!" Ying Huo passionately declared.

"What did you say?!"

"Oops, I meant 'suppress himself', okay? Haha...."

Chapter 363 - Fengyun of the Light Blue Sacred Hall

An urgent meeting was being held in the Light Blue Sacred Hall of Southsky Sect, and all of the elites were in attendance. There was someone sitting beside Weisheng Tianlan. While that person resembled him somewhat, he seemed much older than he was—around a hundred years old. He was none other than Weisheng Tianlan's father, Weisheng Cangyuan.

He was the former sect master, having retired at the age of ninety-five to let his fifth, and most talented, son take his place. When the sect war began, he stopped his carefree life of traveling far and wide and had finally come back, though he didn't speak much and let his son manage most of the proceedings. Even so, he was no doubt the most powerful person in the sect in combat. He would easily rank among the top three in the whole Grand-Orient Realm.

Currently, Gu Qiuyu represented some ten other elders and was agitatedly mouthing off. "Sect Master! Former Sect Master! Elders! Don't you all understand? There's no way we can resist Heaven's Elysium, especially when old fools like Huangfu Fengyun can't even protect the Grand-Orient Sword!"

News had just come about the sword being forcefully taken by Yuwen Taiji, which was what had prompted the emergency meeting in the first place.

"The one who wields the sword now is Yuwen Taiji, who is much stronger. That doesn't detract much from our original arrangement," Weisheng Tianlan said with a furrowed brow.

"Why wouldn't it? For someone as arrogant as him, he'll definitely adopt risky strategies instead of proper defense! With him at the helm of the Grand-Orient Sect, there's no way they'll be able to hold off a combined attack from the two other sects. I believe they've already been eradicated by now," he said, his face pale.

"Sect Master, Yuwen Taiji doesn't have any ties with us. Ye Shaoqing has probably escaped the sect by now. Given that's the case, isn't it time we switched allegiances away from the Grand-Orient Sect? The leaders of that sect are not the Lis, but the Yuwens, so they no longer have anything to do with us," said Third Elder Chen Qingyun. His worries were echoed by many other elders; almost half of them, in fact. Some even hinted for Weisheng Tianlan to adopt the Onyx Sect's strategy and submit to Heaven's Elysium for the sake of survival.

"Whether we side with the Grand-Orient Sect or not, Heaven's Elysium will still come for us once they fall."

"While they're afraid of suffering huge losses now, they're fully capable of wiping us out with two hundred and fifty thousand Elysian purifiers. How can we possibly resist?"

It all collapsed into chaos. Weisheng Ruosu and Weisheng Qingluan were both standing at a corner of the great hall, watching the spineless elders in anger.

"Sis, I wonder how Brother Tianming's doing now. He killed Yuwen Shendu, and Yuwen Taiji now controls the sect. If he doesn't manage to escape, he'll die for sure."

It all seemed bleaker than ever. The folk of the Southsky Sect were panicking themselves, so how could they even reinforce the Grand-Orient Sect?

"He'll definitely escape. As long as the sect is still there, he'll be able to return one day. Not to mention, he has many people protecting him," she said as she worriedly watched those in the hall. Her own father, despite being a sect master, was being pressured by a bunch of cowards to the point he couldn't say anything in retort.

"Sect Master! Please consider the future of the Southsky Sect! Leave us a path of survival!" Gu Qiuyu pleaded as he knelt and cried. This act was so moving that more than half of the elders teared up and decided to join his cause.

"Gu Qiuyu, the fight hasn't even begun yet. What's the rush? How can someone who pisses his pants before the fight be fit for the position of first elder?" Weisheng Cangyuan said with a smirk, silencing everyone else. He stood up and continued, "I was only away for a few short years only to come back and see you lot terrified like puppies by Heaven's Elysium. It's so funny that I can't even find it in me to be angry at you.

"How can you even talk about the sect's future? Do you think you know better than us? The Weisheng Clan that has supported the sect for tens of thousands of years! If you want to submit before the fight even begins, you're not doing the sect a favor, you're just a useless coward. Listen up: the Southsky Sect shall only surrender if I fall. At the very least, I'll use the Southsky Barrier to massacre fifty thousand Elysium purifiers. This is final. So, Gu Qiuyu, you better start praying that I die soon," he said with a smile.

"Former Sect Master, I wouldn't dare! I'm just doing what I think is best for the sect!" he replied.

"Get out of my sight!" the old sect master yelled, once more silencing the whole hall.

Despite how awkward it was, at least half of them seemed rather pensive and some even helped Gu Qiuyu up. These were the people who would immediately turn traitor the moment the sect was breached. Weisheng Cangyuan knew there would be some of them in the sect, though he hadn't imagined there would be so many, and now, they looked at him with subdued rage and a hint of mockery.

"Dad, we have to rid the sect of this festering disease if we get the chance!" Weisheng Tianlan snapped.

"Come, let's go." Gu Qiuyu, Chen Qingyun, Nangong He, and some others excused themselves from the meeting, despite Weisheng Tianlan not having begun to explain how they would prepare for the upcoming fight. It was the utmost disrespect that caused Weisheng Ruosu and Weisheng Qingluan and the rest to shiver with seething anger.

"Sect Master, Former Sect Master, breaking news from the Grand-Orient Sect!" announced a blue-armored Southsky sentinel as he barged into the sacred hall. He knelt so hard that he slid forward five meters. The hall's floor was perhaps a little too polished, though it made for comic effect. While there were many problematic elders, most of the Southsky sentinels were fervent supporters of Weisheng Tianlan.

"Has the Grand-Orient Sect been eliminated?" Gu Qiuyu said, his eyes brightening up. He was waiting for exactly that.

"Apologies, Elder Gu, for disappointing you," said the sentinel with a smirk.

"What in the world are you insinuating?" snapped Nangong He.

"Enough! Weisheng Xiong, continue the report!" Weisheng Tianlan eagerly said.

"The Cloudmist Sword Sect and Onyx Sect mounted a joint attack on the Grand-Orient Sect. Yuwen Taiji, armed with the Grand-Orient Sword, managed to capture the Onyx Empress and force the Onyx Legion to leave. He then crushed Sikong Jiansheng and managed to kill ten thousand Cloudmist keepers!" he said excitedly.

"How could Yuwen Taiji be so strong?!" Gu Qiuyu and the rest's expressions immediately changed. "But no matter how strong he is, he's just one man! He can't take on forces numbering in the thousands alone!"

"Elder Gu, shut up, will you? I'm not done yet," Weisheng Xiong said, rolling his eyes. He had quite an attitude, as expected of a member of the Weisheng Clan. His words caused Gu Qiuyu's ire to flare up.

Just as he was about to act, Weisheng Xiong turned to the sect master and continued, "Something else happened at the Grand-Orient Sect, something huge."

"Go on!"

"I bet nobody here expected that the crippled Sect Master Li Wudi would overcome his poison after fourteen years of isolated cultivation. He awakened and became a hexabane, and his lifebound beast

evolved into a sixth-order saint beast. He's now a sky saint! With but a single move, he killed Yuwen Taiji and retrieved the Grand-Orient Sword! Since their clan shares the same origin as ours, we should support their sect. Our informants report that Li Wudi is terrifyingly powerful!"

His words once more silenced the hall. Some thought his report was faked, but there were many sources from which they could get a clearer picture. Right after he finished his report, another sentinel barged in.

"Sect Master, the Grand-Orient Sect managed to win the first clash! The ex-cripple Li Wudi, now a hexabane, just killed Yuwen Taiji!" This report was followed by many other similar ones. Gu Qiuyu and his cohort turned pale.

"Impossible! The Li Saint Clan has never had a hexabane!"

"That's right! Where'd you get these reports from?"

"Elders, I saw it with my own eyes. I even entered the sect and talked with our fellow allies for an entire hour about it."

That only turned the rebellious elders even grimmer. In contrast, however, many others stood up with looks of ecstasy, Weisheng Tianlan included.

"Brilliant!" Having held back for so long, it was all too blissful to see the looks on Gu Qiuyu and the others' faces. Initially, many were still hesitant about it, but with the Grand-Orient Sect's victory and the birth of a new sky saint, Li Wudi, they all turned to Weisheng Tianlan's side.

"Congratulations to the Grand-Orient Sect, Li Wudi, and the Li Saint Clan!" Weisheng Cangyuan said with a hearty laugh.

"Gu Qiuyu, Chen Qingyun, Nangong He!" Weisheng Tianlan called out so loudly that he almost made everyone there deaf.

"Sect Master!" The three of them were angry, though their voices were weak and their expressions were horribly contorted.

"Everyone, listen up. These three elders are under suspicion for fanning the flames of dissent among our disciples. I suspect they've already secretly betrayed us and submitted to Heaven's Elysium. As such, I've decided to imprison them in the undersea dungeon and remove them from their positions as elders! We'll hold a trial for them once the war ends. Gu Qiuyu is charged with heading the effort to disrupt sect unity, and that fact is beyond argument. As such, I've decided to cripple his cultivation!"

His words sent shockwaves throughout the hall.

"Sect Master!" Gu Qiuyu immediately cried and knelt, making a last-ditch effort to beg for mercy. But when he looked up, he saw a sea of cold eyes glaring back at him. With Li Wudi's meteoric rise, the tides had turned.

Gu Qiuyu spat out a mouthful of blood. He had in fact submitted to Heaven's Elysium long ago; he just hadn't caused trouble for the Southsky Sect yet. He immediately turned to Weisheng Ruosu and Weisheng Qingluan, his only hope for survival, and charged toward them.

"You want to make a move on my grandchildren right before my eyes?" Weisheng Cangyuan snapped. He had long been prepared for that. After a huge battle, Gu Qiuyu was soundly defeated by the father and son, then crippled for good.

"The first elder has in fact betrayed us!"

Initially, Weisheng Tianlan was only planning on temporarily suspending his cultivation for a time, as he didn't yet have evidence of the betrayal. However, Gu Qiuyu had panicked and targeted the siblings, inadvertently revealing his true colors for all to see. With him crippled and the other two jailed, the Southsky Sect was unified once more.

Weisheng Tianlan announced, "From now on, we're entering a fight for survival. The beastmasters of the Southsky Sect fear no enemy! We do not submit! We will fight Heaven's Elysium to the death if they dare come! They'll definitely die in the Southsky Barrier and be buried at sea!"

Chapter 364 - Ninety-Nine Azure Dragon Pulses

Southsky Island was located in coastal waters, and usually it was a sight to behold. It was surrounded by clear water, the sky and sea around it a beautiful blue.

However, today the island had sunk deep into the Azure Sea!

A massive blue barrier had enveloped it, then absorbed an endless amount of seawater. From afar, it looked like a giant blue ball over a hundred kilometers wide had appeared in the sea.

Now that the Southsky Barrier had absorbed the seawater, any attempts by the people of Heaven's Elysium to penetrate it and enter the island would require them to advance through tens of kilometers of violent waves, all the while enduring spirit hazards from the barriers and attacks by Southsky sentinels.

Most sentinels had water-type lifebound beasts. In this rough sea, three Elysium purifiers might not be able to defeat one sentinel peer at the same level as them!

Currently, ninety-nine blue dragons were roaming within the blue ball.

These weren't lifebound beasts, but the 'azure dragon pulse', a spirit hazard belonging to the barrier. It was similar to the imperial dragon pulse of the Grand-Orient Sect. One was water and one was earth, but both were captured by the first ancestor, Li Shenxiao, and fused into the barrier.

The azure dragon pulse was freezing cold, and could transform into ice to pierce through their enemies. Within the Azure Sea, they had frightening strength.

A continuous stream of draconic roars traveled out from the barrier, causing two hundred and fifty thousand Elysium purifiers in the distance to frown. In total, they had over three times the Southsky Sect's numbers! That was why so many Southsky elders had wanted to surrender.

The purifiers' white-gold armor gleamed under the sunlight. Experts abounded among their number. However, they currently all had poor expressions. First, the Southsky Barrier simply looked too impressive, giving them great pressure. And second, the battle report from the Grand-Orient Sect had arrived.

Located in the center of the army was the higher-ups of Heaven's Elysium. All of them had grave expressions on their faces.

"I didn't expect the Li Saint Clan's Li Wudi to have such a cultivation method."

"Directly entering the Sky Saint stage is unimaginable. I've never heard of such a thing before!"

The Four Cardinal Kings all frowned.

"We just started our campaign and we've already run into this problem. Although one Li Wudi can't change the end result, he'll still be troublesome," Jun Dongyao said, blazing with killing intent.

"Elysian Emperor, both the Onyx Sect and Cloudmist Sword School suffered losses. Their morale is low, too. I don't think they'll be able to suppress the Grand-Orient Sect and lure out the Southsky Sect anymore. What should we do?" the South Cardinal King asked.

The Elysian Emperor had been silent ever since the news had come in. Everyone else had been discussing the news and waiting for his answer for a long time.

"Dongyao." It seemed he had made a decision, as his eyes had turned much colder.

"Yes!"

"Lead sixty elders and seventy thousand purifiers to reinforce the Onyx Sect and Cloudmist Sword School. Also, pass down my decree for the Onyx Sect to abandon the Onyx Empress and join the attack. You know what to do if the Onyx Emperor doesn't do the smart thing, right?"

"I understand; don't worry, father." Jun Dongyao felt his passion ignite, now that he finally had a chance to render merit. Honestly, he didn't feel assured if no one from Heaven's Elysium would be there at Grand-Orient Sect to handle things.

Although Jun Nianchang was there, he was still young and inexperienced, outside of cultivation.

"You'll have three armies adding up to two hundred thousand soldiers and a hundred and sixty elders. You know what you should do?" the Elysian Emperor asked.

"Yes! With so many people, I'll definitely bring the Grand-Orient Sect to its knees and force the Southsky Sect out!" Jun Dongyao declared.

"We have ten years. Don't rush it and let ourselves get hurt in the process, lest we let someone else rise up. Minimize our casualties," the Elysian Emperor ordered.

"Yes!"

"As for Li Wudi, just make sure you surround him with enough people to ensure his death."

"Don't worry, father. We have over a hundred and sixty elders, while they only have twenty left. What can they do?" Jun Dongyao smiled. Hunting turtled up prey was boring. But battling the Grand-Orient Sect would be different!

Thus, Heaven's Elysium's army split into two. Even then, there were still a hundred and eighty thousand purifiers left outside the Southsky Sect.

.....

Li Wudi and Ye Shaoqing came to find Tianming soon after he had broke through to the first level of Heaven Will, with Jiang Feiling and Li Qingyu behind them.

“Tianming, we’re rushing to Vermilion Bird,” Ye Shaoqing said with a serious expression.

“Why?” Tianming asked, noticing that something was off.

“You mentioned those three inspectors to me before the Realm War. Since they knew your hometown, I tasked our spy in Heaven’s Elysium, Zhao Hang, to keep an eye on them. I just received word from him that they went off in the direction of Vermilion Bird. He’s following, and says they want to capture your family for credit!”

“They didn’t tell others about Vermilion Bird?” Tianming frowned.

“They’re doing it for credit, so no. Otherwise, they’ll have to share credit.” As Ye Shaoqing spoke, his Azureflame Dragon was already hovering in the air. He brought Tianming and Jiang Feiling on.

“It’s dangerous now, so be careful,” Li Wudi said.

“No problem. We’ll be low-key,” Ye Shaoqing replied.

Then, the dragon flew off!

In order to avoid the Cloudmist Sword School, Ye Shaoqing went east. The dragon moved too fast and Feiling couldn’t handle the wind, so she Spiritually Attached herself to Tianming.

“My god, when did you reach Heavenly Will?” Ye Shaoqing only realized it now, due to the urgency of just moments ago.

“Two days ago.”

“That’s still too fast!”

Tianming’s cultivation speed was just too fast. In less than half a year since leaving Vermilion Bird, he had probably surpassed Mu Yang.

“It’s mostly thanks to the Grand-Orient Sword. I’d probably need a few months more, otherwise,” Tianming said. Sometimes, an opportunity was needed to reach a new stage. With it, success would be a foregone conclusion, but without it, even a hundred years wouldn’t be enough.

“I feel like your resonance with the Grand-Orient Sword is unmatched. Li Wudi, that old drunkard, made the right choice in giving it to you. There’s just too many miracles on you. Were you really born in some tiny place like Vermilion Bird? Or is Vermilion Bird special? Take Miss Ling’er for example. Wudi and I both feel she’s even more special than you!” Ye Shaoqing praised.

“Thank you for the praise, uncle,” Feiling said.

Ye Shaoqing laughed, but inside, he was thinking they were monsters.

“Master, we should be in time, right?” Tianming was slightly worried. Ling Yichen and the other two were stronger than Mu Yang.

“Don’t worry, Zhao Hang is only about as strong as Ling Yichen. If we’re too slow, we’ll need two people who can handle Song Yixue and Jin Yixuan.”

“What level are they at?” Tianming asked hurriedly.

“Zhao Hang’s report said they’re at the fifth level of Heavenly Will. Of course, they’re the weakest kind, but they have ample battle experience.”

The Azureflame Dragon was already going as fast as it could go. There was no point being more anxious.

“Ling Yichen, I’ll tear you to shreds if you dare touch my family. Anyway, it’s time to get an accounting for the debt from Ignispolis!” Half a year ago, Heaven’s Elysium had brought Wei Manor to the brink. If it weren’t for Tianming and Mu Yang, there would no longer be a Wei Manor.

Finally, after a long while, the dragon finally approached Vermilion Bird. Tianming stood up and looked at the mountains passing by.

Then, Tianming could see a giant city on the horizon. It was like a burning furnace, with hot air wafting out of it. It was Ignispolis! Finally, Tianming was home.

Compared to the lifebound beasts in Ignispolis, the fifth-order saint beast dragon was too high level. All of the city’s lifebound beasts cowered as soon as it arrived.

The dragon headed in the direction of Wei Manor, drawing much attention.

“What’s that!” Many people ran out onto the street to catch a glimpse of the dragon as it blew past.

“Dragon! A dragon! It must be a saint beast!”

Many people came out of the royal palace, Occult Athenaeum, Xing Mansion, and Chen Chateau to chase after the dragon. The king, Prime Minister Qin, Sage Xing, and Sage Chen were all awestruck by the saint beast, then chased after it as well.

“It seems to be heading toward Heaven’s Sanctum!” Everyone watched as the dragon rushed toward Wei Manor, unaware that a grand battle was currently unfolding there.

Chapter 365 – Back To Ignispolis

In front of Wei Manor, Wei Jing watched as three battles happened concurrently.

First, it was the inspector Ling Yichen, who sought to take Wei Tiancang, Mu Yang, and herself with him without a single word of explanation. When Mu Yang went up to ask for a reason, he was attacked immediately. That frightened the entire Wei Manor, and Wei Tiancang hurriedly arranged for the children and elderly to evacuate.

Fortunately, a skinny elder they didn’t recognize appeared out of nowhere and stopped Ling Yichen. The two pairs of beastmaster and beast fought, wreaking havoc in front of the Wei Manor.

Despite that, Ling Yichen still had his two vice-inspectors, each of them strong enough to make Vermilion Bird tremble. Similarly, Jin Yixuan and Song Yixue attacked without hesitation. Mu Yang, as the current potentate of Heaven’s Sanctum, had no choice but to accept the battle, though he alone could only stop Jin Yixuan. Still, that was shocking enough for Jin Yixuan.

“How’d you improve this much? You’ve already reached fifth-level Heavenly Will!” Jin Yixuan was previously worried about Mu Yang, not because he was afraid of losing, but because Mu Yang might escape and cause him trouble. But to his surprise, he seemed to be unable to defeat Mu Yang now.

“But so what if you’re on par with me now? You think that old man can stop Song Yixue?” Jin Yixuan laughed. Indeed, Wei Tiancang was being suppressed by Song Yixue, and when Wei Tianxiong joined in to help, Wei Tiancang was wounded after a single strike. As for the rest of the supernal mentors, their strength was nowhere near enough for them to even join the fight.

“Why are the inspectors attacking Wei Manor?! Did they offend the inspectors again?”

“Someone call the Vermilion Bird King immediately!” The situation was critical for Wei Manor, and the only reason Wei Tiancang could still fight was because Song Yixue intended to capture him alive.

“Jing’er, run!” Wei Tiancang roared as he fended off yet another strike. Those who couldn’t fight, like Wei Zikun and Wei Qing, had already retreated to a safer place, but to Wei Tiancang’s annoyance, Wei Jing was refusing to leave.

“I’m not leaving you behind!” Wei Jing’s eyes were red as she stared at Song Yixue. “Shouldn’t the vice-inspector at least give us an explanation for this?”

But Song Yixue didn’t care about her at all, and her sword ki even made a shallow wound on Wei Jing’s face.

“Mu Wan, bring Wei Jing with you!” Even though Mu Yang and his Ink Qilin were slowly gaining an advantage, no one was there to stop Song Yixue.

“Understood!” Mu Wan rushed to Wei Jing.

“Don’t touch me,” Wei Jing refused yet again, as she looked toward the elder battling Ling Yichen, “Does Senior know the reason behind this?”

Just as the elder was about to answer, a dragon’s roar echoed. With a smile, he said, “Don’t worry, they’re here to save you.”

But that answer only confused the Wei Clan. Who is he referring to?

Song Yixue was clearly seeking to finish her battle, as Wei Tiancang had been forced to a dead end. The supernal mentors had no choice but to rush in front of Wei Tiancang to buy time.

“I’ll satisfy your death wish!” Song Yixue sneered with disdain as she charged forward with her high-tier eight-star Snow-Eyed Teal Fox.

“Song Yixue, for a nobody in Heaven’s Elysium, aren’t you acting big now!” Just then, a teenager’s voice boomed.

“Tianming!” Wei Jing didn’t need to look to tell that was her son’s voice!

When she looked up to the sky together with everyone else, a dragon burning with an azure flame reached them in no time at all! A white-haired youth leapt off the dragon and crashed onto the ground with a golden black sword in his hand. The force of his landing was so strong it instantly shattered the

stone bridge he landed on, which was none other than the stone bridge where he had battled Wei Guohao.

When his eyes locked on to Song Yixue, not just her, but Ling Yichen and Jin Yixuan's faces instantly turned pale. While they weren't scared of Li Tianming, Ye Shaoqing was there too. They hadn't expected them to arrive so soon.

"Run, now!" Ling Yichen screamed as he backed away from Zhao Hang without even caring about his lifebound beast. But he wasn't fast enough, as an azure beam of sword ki shot out of Ye Shaoqing's finger and instantly pierced his heart.

"Ahhh!" Ling Yichen's eyes were still wide as he collapsed to the ground. And that was the end of the Heaven's Elysium inspector. The Azureflame Dragon then spewed out a stream of azure flame that turned both Ling Yichen and his lifebound beast into ashes.

"No way! Just how strong is he, and why is Tianming with him?" The Wei Clan stared at the scene, dumbfounded.

The arrival of the magnificent dragon had also brought many of the clan members out of their hiding places, including Wei Zikun, Wei Guohao and Wei Lingxuan. They saw not only the dragon and Ye Shaoqing, but also the terrifying Tianming.

"It's him! He's back!" Just looking at that figure left their hearts trembling.

"Who?" Wei Qingyi asked, having just arrived.

"Our elder cousin...." The name that used to be humiliating had now taken on a totally different meaning.

They weren't the only ones who arrived, as those from Vermilion Bird Palace, Xing Mansion, and Chen Chateau had also arrived just in time to see the death of the inspector.

"What on earth is happening?" the king gasped. The Starry Sages were with him as well, as they spotted Mu Yang battling Jin Yixuan and Tianming chasing after the escaping Song Yixue!

"Am I seeing things?" Sage Chen rubbed his eyes.

Ye Shaoqing no longer made any moves, because he was curious as to just how strong those two fighting were. Was Tianming, the twin beastmaster who had only just reached Heavenly Will and wielded the Grand-Orient Sword, capable of fighting Song Yixue, who was fifth-level Heavenly Will but only had an eight-star lifebound beast? He also wanted to see how strong Mu Yang was.

"This man's appearance is extraordinary, and he is fated to be an emperor!" Ye Shaoqing jolted when he first saw Mu Yang. While most of the Ignispolis residents were staring at him curiously, he was simultaneously watching both battles, and in fact directed more attention to Mu Yang!

Just then, there was a cheer from the crowd as Tianming forced Song Yixue into a dead end. While his lifebound beasts, the little chick and the black cat, were much smaller than the fox, they were brimming with confidence.

"A fox eh, not bad. Meow Meow, scam! It's mine."

“Roger! Then I shall go find my superior mount!” In the blink of an eye, the furry little cat reappeared on Mu Wan’s chest.

“Comfy, meow.” With a soft purr, the black cat fell asleep. The napping spot was just as enjoyable as it remembered. Mu Wan exchanged a glance with Wei Jing, not knowing how to feel about it.

“But Tianming...” They were shocked that Tianming chose to tackle the vice-inspector by himself. He was just an eighth-level Spiritsource when he’d left, and Song Yixue was worlds apart from that. It had only been half a year, so what was he thinking!

They weren’t the only ones that were confused when Tianming dashed towards Song Yixue.

“You can forget about running away. The only way you can make it out alive is to defeat me and hold me hostage.” Tianming taunted, his idea giving the red-eyed Song Yixue a glimmer of hope.

“Your luck ends here! Elysian Long might not be able to kill you, but I certainly will!” Song Yixue was holding a weapon with three saintly heavenly patterns, the Iceborne Snowblade, as she used her Frost Heavens Sword Art!

If she had used this move half a year ago, no one in Ignispolis would have been able to stop her. But now, things were different as Tianming looked at Wei Tiancang, who was panting at one side, and the wound on Wei Jing’s face.

“Song Yixue, you brought my family so much trouble half a year ago and now you choose to harm them once again! You shall not walk out of here alive!” Tianming hadn’t used the Grand-Orient Sword ever since he had killed Yueling Long. Even though Song Yixue was fifth-level Heavenly Will, she only had eight spiritources and was no match for Tianming.

A beam of icy sword ki shot toward Tianming as Song Yixue used her first stance, Iceborne Strike.

Tianming accelerated and dodged, completely accustomed to the weight of the Grand-Orient Sword by now. He then used Demise of Earth, Hell-Shaker, and his sword slashed toward Song Yixue. With his Imperial Will, Tianming was utilizing a true heavenly-ranked technique, not one simplified by Mu Yang! Interestingly enough, Mu Yang was also using the three demises in his battle against Jin Yixuan.

With a sharp clang, Tianming shattered Song Yixue’s Iceborne Snowblade into pieces, its shards piercing into her body. It was no different than glass in front of the Grand-Orient Sword.

“Ahhh!” Song Yixue shrieked, as fear of Tianming arose from the depths of her heart.

“How is this possible!” she screamed as a mixture of blood and tears flowed across her face. I should’ve killed him half a year ago, no matter the cost! Alas, it was too late, as Tianming had already surpassed her.

To her utmost horror, Tianming clearly didn’t intend to keep her alive and used Demise of Heaven, Apocalyptic-Will! Song Yixue could only pick up a random sword and defend with the last stance of her sword art, Ten Miles of Snow. But with her beast ki inferior to Tianming’s, she was no match as Apocalyptic Will ripped her body into millions of pieces.

Song Yixue had died in desperation. Li Tianming would never let anyone who harmed his family live, let alone those who could be a potential threat.

Tianming thrust his sword into the ground, realizing that its size was too inconvenient for him to be able to make a cool pose. But as he and Ying Huo finished off their opponents, they turned to find the familiar faces in the Wei Manor all dead silent.

Chapter 366 – The City, and its Residents

Even Wei Jing was staring at Tianming in shock.

“Mom!!” It had been so long since Tianming last saw his mother, whom he’d spent his entire childhood with, so how could Tianming not miss her? He rushed forward and picked her up by her waist as he swung her about, the two of them looking about the same age.

“I don’t recall my son being this strong,” Wei Jing was still visibly confused.

“Now you’ve learned something new about your son.” Tianming put his already dizzy mother back down.

“Hello Aunt Jing, I’m back with big brother Tianming.” At the same time, Feiling left Tianming’s body and politely greeted Wei Jing, holding the hem of her dress in her hands.

Only when Tianming pulled Feiling back to his chest did Wei Jing finally recover from her daze.

“What a monster,” she said, rolling her eyes.

“Who calls their own son a monster?”

“That’s for harassing Ling’er in public. Come here Ling’er, and tell me if that brat ever bullied you.” Wei Jing beamed.

“Aunt Jing.” Feiling hopped over without a doubt and smiled mischievously at Tianming. Finally, there’s someone whom you can’t disobey. But before she could say anything else, Wei Jing put her hand on Feiling’s belly.

“Not yet, I see,” Wei Jing sighed.

“What?” It took a moment for Feiling to understand, then she blushed red.

“Haha, don’t take Aunt Jing’s jokes too seriously,” Wei Jing laughed.

“Mom, shouldn’t you be more serious at your age?” Tianming was grinning too.

“Of course, I’m a serious person.”

It was only then that the others recovered from their shock. Wei Tiancang, Sage Chen, and the Vermilion Bird King were all equally impressed. Was this really the same Tianming they had known?

With that stylish return from Tianming, no one even seemed to care about the fact that Mu Yang was strong enough to defeat Jin Yixuan. It was a mix of emotions for Mu Yang, as everyone else was talking to Tianming, and no one was even spectating his battle. In his irritation, he finished off Jin Yixuan with a clean strike.

“You!” Jin Yixuan could still feel the regret burning right up until he died.

“Still want to act cocky?” Mu Yang said as Jin Yixuan collapsed to the ground. Jin Yixuan had abused his position in Vermilion Bird many times, and Mu Yang had finally ended this nuisance with his own hands. That said, it was also made simpler by Jin Yixuan’s fear of Ye Shaoqing.

As the Azureflame Dragon returned to its lifebound space, Ye Shaoqing was the only one to applaud Mu Yang’s victory.

“Brother Mu Yang, that’s some very impressive mastery of heavenly will. Was Tianming’s Demise of Man-Earth-Heaven simplified by you?” Ye Shaoqing asked.

“Yes, and how may I address you, sir?” Mu Yang kept his sword and asked.

“I’m Tianming’s master, Ye Shaoqing. We’re all friends here, so just call me Brother Ye.”

“Alright then. From the way Brother Ye crushed Ling Yichen previously, I could tell that you’re a saint-level expert from the Grand-Orient Realm. That display of skill was truly admirable,” Mu Yang exclaimed.

“You have a bright future, but it’s held back by your beast’s tier. I’ll grab you a manna later, and once your beast evolves to a saint beast, you’ll have no problem reaching the Saint stage.”

“I thank Brother Ye for your goodwill, but that’s be too precious a gift...” Mu Yang didn’t know the relationship between Ye Shaoqing and Tianming, so he was afraid that he might affect Tianming’s future.

“Don’t you worry about that. Treat it as a gift from the junior sect master, he’s definitely rich enough for that.” Ye Shaoqing laughed.

“Junior sect master?” Mu Yang looked at Tianming, who had just approached him.

“Uncle Yang.”

“Impressive, I never dreamt that you’d be even stronger than me in half a year’s time,” Mu Yang praised.

“Don’t feel inferior just because of that, Uncle Yang.”

“Screw off.” Mu Yang felt the itch to slap Tianming.

“Tianming, the sect needs us, so we can only stay here for a day before we go back.” Ye Shaoqing told Tianming.

“Understood.” One day was enough time to catch up, as he still had plenty of opportunities to go back in the future.

“I’ll tell the drunkard to send some people to guard this place as well, so you can have peace of mind after returning to the sect,” Ye Shaoqing added.

“Thanks.”

Tianming would have liked to move his family over to the Grand-Orient Sect, but right now the sect was in far greater danger. Vermilion Bird would be relatively safe, now that Ling Yichen and his minions had been dealt with.

“Zhao Hang.” Ye Shaoqing beckoned at the elder.

“Vice Sect Master, there’s an elysium disciple by the name of Yueling Ji who contacted these three before they came here.”

“How did you handle that?” Ye Shaoqing asked.

“I dealt with her once the others left, so now we can safely say that no one else knows about the junior sect master’s hometown,” Zhao Hang explained.

“Good job.”

“Vice Sect Master? So that must be the junior sect master’s mother. She’s the sect master’s lover, so why didn’t he bring her back to the sect?” Zhao Hang asked out of curiosity.

But of course, those were just stories made up by Li Jingyu to hide the fact that Tianming wasn’t actually Li Wudi’s son.

“Ahem, that’s not something you need to be concerned about, just keep to your duties.”

“Understood.” Zhao Hang nodded.

After that, Tianming spent the time introducing Ye Shaoqing to his friends and family in Ignispolis, while Feiling returned to the Vermilion Bird King. He returned to Wei Manor and told them of everything that had happened since he’d left Ignispolis. From the battle at the Prime Tower to the Realm War, and now the war between the sects, the tales kept his audience captivated.

“Mom, I can’t stay for long. If the Grand-Orient Sect survives this, I’ll bring you all there,” Tianming said.

“Don’t worry about us. We just hope you stay safe,” Mu Yang replied.

“I’ll be fine, after all I’ve been through. Although I can’t stay for long, I did scavenge quite some treasures from my mentor.” Tianming grinned as he emptied his spatial ring. Scattered on the table were manna, weapons, herbs, and ores, all of a quality that Vermilion Bird had never seen before. All the manna were at least at the profound level, and some of them were at the terrestrial level. Ye Shaoqing had specifically instructed Tianming to give Mu Yang a mid-tier terrestrial manna capable of evolving a beast to a second-order saint beast.

“Isn’t that too precious?” Wei Jing’s eyes widened.

“Then I guess it’s a shame that I’ll have to keep this for myself.”

“Now, don’t make me beat you.”

“Haha....”

One day wasn’t a lot of time, but Tianming enjoyed every second he spent with his family. As soon as he returned to the Grand-Orient Sect, the war would likely begin. This could very well be the last bit of relaxation and peace he would be getting.

During the night, Tianming had a lot to discuss with Mu Yang and Wei Jing. Both of them supported his decision to continue his adventures outside Vermilion Bird.

“You’ve done us proud, and your acts of bravery are something we’ll definitely remember. Keep it up!” Mu Yang patted Tianming’s shoulder.

“Uncle Yang, take care of my mother.”

Mu Yang coughed, not forgetting to give Tianming a stern glare. “Of course I will.”

For the Wei Manor, it was a day filled with joy and laughter. As for Ignispolis, the legends of Tianming had spread to every crook and corner of the city. In the Chen Chateau, Sage Chen returned in the middle of the night to find his wife Xue Lan and his two boys staring at him.

“What?” Sage Chen asked.

“Are the rumours today true...?”

“They’re all fake.”

“You’re lying to me! So it really is true!” Xue Lan sobbed.

“If you know it’s true then why even ask? That boy worked his way there through his own blood and sweat, so shouldn’t we be congratulating him?” Sage Chen rolled his eyes.

“I can’t accept that!” Xue Lan said.

“Too bad, then.” Sage Chen said, then threw a glance at his sons. “Get back to training!”

But even Sage Chen himself felt slightly dazed by how much Tianming had achieved. First, he defeated his own generation, and now he can kill the older generation. Even I can no longer fight him.

However, he had also benefited tremendously from Tianming’s return. He, too, had received a manna capable of evolving his Octo-Starred Imperial Lion into a first-order saint beast.

“How generous of him to give me a terrestrial manna for lending him a thousand spirit gems,” Sage Chen muttered. However, the value of a thousand spirit gems to a boy in need back then was much, much more.

On the same night, Tianming paid a visit to Midas’ tomb, poured wine over the grave, and shared his stories. Every single day of the sixteen years they spent together was still deeply etched into his memories.

“Midas, I’ll bring your brothers on an adventure across the continent, then I’ll take you to the most beautiful place and let you rest there.”

“Wait for me, brother!”

...

The next day when he arrived at the palace to fetch Feiling, Tianming was surprised to find the Vermilion Bird King to be the one greeting him.

“Your Majesty, please don’t...” Tianming felt his head throbbing. How could he let his future father-in-law be so humble in front of him?

"Tianming, you have my most sincere thanks for gifting us with so much manna," the king thanked him.

"Ah, those were all my master's, so I don't feel bad myself."

The king felt the corner of his eye twitch.

When Jiang Qingluan and Feiling walked out of the palace, both of their eyes were swollen with tears. Jiang Qingluan had also heard the stories of how he had slain Song Yixue. Given the danger the Grand-Orient Sect was in, he still couldn't take her with them on their journey. If the sect survived, then Tianming would make another trip back.

"Come on, we only have so much time left in Ignispolis. Don't make it look like a life and death parting..." Tianming scratched his head.

"How dare you! You're the one who took my Ling'er away from me!" Jiang Qingluan raged.

"Didn't I give you a low-tier terrestrial manna in return?" Tianming said.

"Do you think the value of a terrestrial manna is comparable to Ling'er to me?" Jiang Qingluan said through gritted teeth.

"Next time I come back, I'll try to make your lifebound beast evolve to a third-order saint beast."

"That's much better," Jiang Qingluan laughed and immediately pushed Ling'er to Tianming. "Here, Ling'er, remember to serve your big brother Tianming well. It's alright if you have more babies."

"What a strong bond of sisterhood, I have to say...."

Chapter 367 - Cyclic Will, Lovers of Ten Lifetimes

After Tianming left, calm returned to Wei Manor once more.

The Mu Manor lay close to the Wei Manor. In the evening, when Wei Jing dropped by, Mu Wan was just heading out.

"Mu Wan, has your brother's Ink Qilin evolved?" asked Wei Jing.

"I'm not sure, why don't you take a look yourself? I'm heading out now and I won't be back tonight to bother you!" She winked.

"Little girl!" Wei Jing entered the Mu Manor and headed straight for Mu Yang's cultivation room. Past the garden was a quiet hall where Mu Yang and his Ink Qilin usually cultivated.

"Big Brother Yang?" she called out, but received no response. As soon as she knocked on the door, she felt a familiar, yet mysterious aura in the hall.

"Don't come in!" Mu Yang shouted. Was he getting dressed or was there someone else in there? Perhaps a woman?

However, Wei Jing could hear hoarseness and discomfort in his voice.

"What's wrong?"

Overcome with worry, Wei Jing opened the door, only to be faced with a most shocking scene. A pale Mu Yang was curled up on the ground clutching his left arm.

"Big Brother Yang!"

Mu Yang didn't appear to be injured, yet he was sweating profusely.

"What's the matter?" asked Wei Jing.

"I don't know. After my qilin evolved into a saint beast, my body seems to have undergone some changes!"

There was a tremor in his voice. Not only was Mu Yang covered in sweat, his teeth were shaking.

"Big Brother Yang, you're frightening me...." At this point, Wei Jing realized Mu Yang was hiding his left arm.

"Is this where it hurts?"

"Yes!"

"Let me see!"

When she tore his sleeve, she saw something even more frightening—fine scales had appeared on his arm, almost exactly the same as those on Tianming's arm, and perhaps Li Muyang from the Easton Domain! However, she was certain Li Muyang looked completely different from this man, although their temperaments were similar.

Mu Yang's left arm completely transformed into Tianming's dark arm right before her eyes. The only difference was the absence of an eye in the palm. But his claws and black scales were exactly the same!

"How did this happen?" Wei Jing gawked at him, as if struck by lightning.

The Mu siblings were adopted by Wei Tiancang when they were young, and grew up with her in Ignispolis. She considered them relatives. Coincidentally, Mu Yang and Li Muyang's name were the same. How could they have the same left arm?

As soon as his left arm was fully transformed, Mu Yang breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed the process was more painful than what Tianming had gone through.

However, he soon screamed from a head-splitting agony.

"Jing'er! Jing'er!" With one hand, he held Wei Jing's hand while he wrapped the other hand around his forehead, cold sweat oozing from his pores.

"What's wrong?"

This was the first time Wei Jing had seen him in such pain, hence the panic she felt. She held his hand tightly with both of hers.

"My head hurts!" growled Mu Yang. He grabbed his head in both hands and rolled on the ground.

"Big Brother Yang!"

Perplexed by the situation, Wei Jing simply held his head, hoping to ease the pain. But at that moment, a strange light burst from his forehead.

Then a crack appeared, as if his head had been split down the middle. However, there was not a drop of blood. What was even more frightening was the palm-sized copper mirror that squeezed out of the crack.

Faced with that horrifying scene, Wei Jing was completely dumbfounded. Who would believe that a person's head would suddenly crack open and reveal a copper mirror?

This was a double-sided mirror that could reflect images on the front and back. It was simple and old, as if made during ancient times. A profound aura emerged, escaping into the boundless world.

"What's that?"

"The Cyclic Mirror!" Mu Yang gritted his teeth.

As soon as the Cyclic Mirror popped out, the crack in his head quickly healed. Everything that had just transpired seemed like an illusion, but the Cyclic Mirror was still before them.

Words had appeared on both sides of the mirror. The front read 'Cyclic Will'. What was that exactly? A type of heavenly will?

Mu Yang was currently cultivating the Ridgeocean Will, the power of the water and earth under the vast skies.

The four words on the other side of the mirror were even more incomprehensible. They read 'lovers of ten lifetimes'.

Wei Jing held Mu Yang in complete confusion.

"What does it mean?"

As she stared blankly at the mirror, another change occurred.

The front and back of the mirror split in two and melted into Mu Yang's eyes. In that instant, his eyes became two mirrors, both of them sides of the cyclic mirror.

The vacancy in his eyes frightened Wei Jing into tears. With mirrors for his eyes, she could even apply makeup and dress herself!

"Big Brother Yang, do you know what's going on? How do you feel?" asked Wei Jing.

Perhaps the change in his eyes had caused a great difference in temperament. Mu Yang seemed frightening, almost detached, as if she was facing a god.

"Jing'er." He excitedly held Wei Jing in his arms, initiating intimate contact.

"Big Brother Yang, don't do this..." said Wei Jing.

"Don't push me away, Jing'er. In my mind, there's a memory of a previous life!" Right now, Mu Yang refused to let her go in a show of dominance.

"What do you mean...?"

"In my last life, my name was Li Muyang!"

What a bolt from the blue.

Wei Jing stared blankly at him. In an instant, Li Muyang from Easton Mountain and the man before her merged. He was Li Muyang? But that didn't make sense!

Mu Yang was over forty years old, so Li Muyang would have been dead for at least forty years. How could he have appeared twenty years ago?

"Jing'er, you were a Theocracy princess in your previous life."

"What?" Wei Jing was very confused.

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"Report!"

In a gloomy hall were three old men dressed in black. Though vastly different in physique and temperament, they sat in the center with eyes like ink. A figure burst into the hall.

"What is it?"

"There's movement in the Cyclic Barrier!"

"What!"

The three men rose to their feet.

"After more than forty years, the Cyclic Mirror has finally appeared!"

"Li Muyang, you've hidden yourself well. For more than forty years, we've been looking for you!"

"Where does the Cyclic Barrier point to?"

The bearer kneeled and said, "From the points marked on the map based on the Cyclic Barrier, the exact location is the Grand-Orient Realm, Vermilion Bird, Ignispolis!"

"It's hidden so far away!"

"We'll personally take back the Cyclic Mirror!"

"Li Muyang, it's been more than forty years. It's time to come home. The Ancient Qilin Clan has been waiting for you for so long!"

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The Grand-Orient Sect.

By the time Tianming returned, it was already evening. As they approached the sect, they caught sight of a seventy thousand-strong army in the south, advancing mightily with their lifebound beasts. They were dressed in platinum armor. Even at dusk, they dazzled, a stark contrast against the black and gold armor of the Grand-Orient guardians.

From a distance, Tianming noticed Jun Dongyao's Golden Dragon. Headed by that lifebound beast, the great army of Heaven's Elysium aggressively advanced, unwilling to give up until they swallowed the Grand-Orient Sect.

"There are seventy thousand Elysian purifiers, and nearly a hundred and fifty thousand Cloudmist keepers and Onyx legionnaires combined, a total of more than two hundred thousand. It seems Heaven's Elysium thinks highly of the Grand-Orient Sect." Ye Shaoqing narrowed his eyes.

"If it weren't for the Onyx Sect, we'd be finished." Tianming's eyes were filled with killing intent.

"Yes, they have so many powerhouses at the Heavenly Will and Saint stage. There's no way your father can stop them on his own," said Ye Shaoqing.

"What should we do then?"

Heaven's Elysium reinforcements were truly ferocious. The Grand-Orient Sect was still in a precarious state.

"Don't worry. Your father knows what to do. He says he'll kill them all!"

"Is that so? We'll have to wait and see," Tianming replied.

"You should return to the Li Mausoleum and cultivate. Youths under the age of twenty can't participate in the Sect War."

"No." Staring at the arrogant, self-righteous Heaven's Elysium army, Tianming declared, "I want to kill the enemy!"

"Suit yourself."

When they returned, the Grand-Orient Barrier was activated. The barrier spirits entered the battlefield.

Heaven's Elysium and the Cloudmist Sword School's army gathered outside the Grand-Orient Sect. The Grand-Orient Sect had fewer than fifty thousand Grand-Orient guardians, who were divided into two battlefields.

Any discerning person could see that this would be a massacre. Known for his impatience and arrogance, Jun Dongyao would soon begin his attack.

On the Sacred Mountain, the Grand-Orient Sect's powerhouses were ready for battle. Clad in white, the red-haired Li Wudi stood on the highest peak. The barrier nucleus was under the control of the sect elders and various powerhouses. As the sect's linchpin, Li Wudi's greatest value lay in slaughtering the enemy!

Chapter 368 - Kill The Grand-Orient Sec

Li Wudi looked at the army assembled outside the barrier, his eyes crimson.

"Yuwen Taiji won the last battle. Now this is the real life and death battle for the Grand-Orient Sect! If we're defeated, there will be countless deaths and the sect will cease to exist." Li Wudi understood the importance of this war.

At the moment, the Grand-Orient Sect was on standby, with more than twenty thousand Grand-Orient guardians gathered at the inner edge of the barrier, surrounded by their lifebound beasts.

Ye Shaoqing and Tianming walked up to Li Wudi.

"Is everything okay?" asked Li Wudi.

"Yes, everything's in order," replied Ye Shaoqing.

"Thank you very much, Brother," laughed Li Wudi.

"There's no need for courtesy." Ye Shaoqing rolled his eyes.

He stood side by side with Li Wudi, staring at the armies outside the barrier.

"Jun Dongyao is coming," said Li Wudi.

"Yes, when we were young and he was Heaven's Elysium's number one genius, he sure tortured me."

"Today, I will avenge you."

"Oh, stop bragging. What about the Onyx Emperor? This whole thing is really risky," remarked Ye Shaoqing.

"It's all about genuine friendship. We drank together over the past two days. In fact, he's suffered a lot. Heaven's Elysium slaughtered too many of them. All three of his children died at their hands, and he was forced to surrender," Li Wudi sympathized.

"Aren't you afraid of befriending him?" Ye Shaoqing laughed.

"What's there to be afraid of? What happened with Yuwen Taiji is over. The world is so vast. As long as they're kindred spirits, they're my friends," laughed Li Wudi.

It was truly rare for a man who had once been betrayed to still maintain such a state of mind. Most people were once bitten, twice shy.

"If the Onyx Emperor is on our side, we have a great chance of winning." Ye Shaoqing narrowed his eyes.

"I'd like to use this opportunity to bury all of them under the Grand-Orient Barrier!" Li Wudi declared.

"So cruel?"

"Ruthlessness is the mark of a real man. We must be cruel to our enemies and send them trembling at the mere mention of the Grand-Orient Sect," Li Wudi sneered.

"Are you bragging again?" Tianming interrupted.

"Tianming, my son, you don't know how powerful your father is!" Li Wudi heartily drank.

"Then let me witness your might."

"Come on then," Li Wudi beckoned. As Tianming approached, he watched Li Wudi lift his left sleeve. There were two Crimson Beastbane-rings on his arm. The first was a qilin and the other was a xuanwu.

As far as Tianming recalled, he also had five bane-rings on his right arm, making a total of seven.

"Damn!" blurted Tianming and Ye Shaoqing.

"Hahaha, the world thinks that I'm a hexabane. How could they know that my unprecedented cultivation techniques have blazed a real destiny-defying path? Perhaps no one in the entire Flameyellow continent has done what I'm doing. I'm still awakening more bane-rings. This is the seventh! I'm now a heptabane. Furthermore, I made a breakthrough yesterday, advancing to second-level Saint stage. Cultivation is so easy."

Li Wudi was simply asking for a beating. However, there was no denying the fact that he had suffered more than twice as many hardships as the first ancestor during the past fourteen years. His seven Crimson Beastbane-rings were justified. Li Wudi's misfortune was an opportunity to change his fate.

"Both father and son are monsters," sighed Ye Shaoqing.

"Since my progress is so rapid, I must abuse Heaven's Elysium today, force the Elysian Emperor into retreat, and strike fear into them. If I keep this up, I'll soon be able to crush the Elysian Emperor," said Li Wudi. He truly believed he was capable of such a feat.

"Tianming, here you go," smiled Li Wudi. Pulling out a book from his spatial ring, he threw it to Tianming.

As soon as Tianming laid eyes on it, he realized it was Yuwen Taiji's Spiritburn Tome, the wondrous heavenly pattern book.

"This is for you. At a critical moment, you may develop a great explosion of strength."

"Wouldn't it be better for you to use?" asked Tianming.

"What do you think? This book is very precious, but it can only be used by those at Heavenly Will and below. Even exchanging half of the Grand-Orient Sect can't get you this book. After all, an item that can instantly enhance one's strength is beyond amazing. If I could use it, Yuwen Taiji would've long used it."

Tianming had wondered why Yuwen Taiji didn't use the Soulburn Tome that day.

He put the book away and planned to study it as soon as he returned. Just then, the earth shook from a massive movement outside the barrier. Heaven's Elysium and the Cloudmist Sword School had started their attack.

"How arrogant, entering the war without so much as a word!" Killing intent flashed through Li Wudi's eyes.

"When will you use your trump card?" asked Ye Shaoqing.

"There's no rush. We'll fight until most of the Elysian purifiers and Cloudmist keepers have entered deep into the fog of the barrier. Then, we'll get them all."

"What should we do before that?"

"Show weakness and endure."

"If we show our cards too early, when they aren't deep enough, it'll be easy for them to escape. We won't be able to kill them all," agreed Ye Shaoqing.

This was giving them a taste of their own medicine.

"Godfather, Master, where shall I go?" asked Tianming.

"Go fall in love! I want grandchildren," laughed Li Wudi.

Tianming couldn't be bothered to respond to that.

"Godfather wants to lure our enemies into the depths of the barrier. Then the enemy's vanguards may cross the barrier and pose a threat to the disciples on the barrier's edge."

Tianming decided he would head to Azure Dragon Sword Mountain, since it was closest to the battlefield. As soon as someone broke through the barrier, they would invade the mountain.

Noticing Tianming's direction, Ye Shaoqing asked, "Aren't you going to send someone to protect him?"

"No, he's used to fighting geniuses. It's time for him to see how cruel the battlefield of life and death really is. For a genius to become a powerhouse, he must take the road of slaughter! The real battle isn't in the ring, but between life and death."

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When the Elysian purifiers in their platinum armor and Cloudmist keepers in their blue armor crashed into the Grand-Orient Barrier, another battle of the sect war commenced. This time, the pressure on the barrier was twice what it was the time before. The dense crowd of Elysian purifiers and Cloudmist keepers attacked with more than a hundred thousand large, ferocious lifebound beasts.

"The Onyx Sect has launched an attack! Break the Grand-Orient Barrier first, then slowly kill them!"

"Kill!!!"

The white fog was extremely dense, which greatly affected their sight. Many who entered immediately lost their way. The Grand-Orient Barrier resembled a huge mouth that swallowed Elysian purifiers and Cloudmist keepers one after another.

"Are they almost here?" On his Azureflame Dragon, Ye Shaoqing turned to Li Wudi.

Li Wudi steered his Ancient Infernalblood Kunpeng, galloping through the sky as a pillar of faith for the numerous Grand-Orient Sect disciples and powerhouses. Even if the entire world shook, as long as they looked up and saw the kunpeng, they remained calm inside.

"A little while longer!"

At present, only half of the enemy's forces had entered the barrier, which was far from enough.

"But if we wait until they've all entered, some of them might cross the barrier and harm our young disciples," said Ye Shaoqing.

"The Grand-Orient guardians are blocking the front, but there'll be losses. We'll find the right balance." Li Wudi narrowed his eyes as he stared out at the enemy, who was crazily advancing in droves.

Within the crowd was Sikong Jiansheng. With the elders of the Cloudmist Sword School, they formed the sharpest blade. A total of more than forty people gathered together and charged in. Sikong Jiansheng looked spirited and was laughing, as he viewed the Grand-Orient Sect as meat on a chopping board.

On the other side, the East Cardinal King, Jun Dongyao, charged forth with dozens of elysian elders. These Saint stage powerhouses were lethal opponents, equivalent to the army's vanguard.

"Li Wudi, show yourself! Aren't you very strong? How can you shrink away like a turtle?" yelled Jun Dongyao.

Once the number one genius in the Grand-Orient Realm, Jun Dongyao had easily defeated everyone in the Realm Wars and won the Grand-Orient Sword. But now it seemed that many of his peers had caught up, including Weisheng Tianlan, Ye Shaoqing, and Yuwen Taiji. It made him rather unhappy. What was even more discomfiting was the fact that even Li Wudi had overwhelmed his limelight with a talent that invited comparisons against his own father!

"Elysian purifiers, kill! The Grand-Orient Sect is old, weak, sick, and disabled. They will never regain their glory! Today, Heaven's Elysium will crush them and send this ten-thousand-year-old sect to its death!"

Ever since he was little, Jun Dongyao had been arrogant. Jun Tianyi's character was inherited from him. For decades, it had been so, and today, he stared with disdain at the Grand-Orient Mountains beyond the barrier.

"What an arrogant bastard," Ye Shaoqing sneered.

"All of Heaven's Elysium share the same virtues—arrogance, assuming they are the best, and bullying everyone else. Even an ordinary disciple possesses a false sense of superiority," Li Wudi sniggered. In his hand was the Crimsonblood Saber. However, he was still waiting.

In the Grand-Orient barrier, the spirit hazards raged and white fog filled the air. Many Elysian purifiers and Cloudmist keepers were burned, electrocuted, or frozen to death before they could even meet the Grand-Orient guardians. The most powerful spirit hazard swept across the outermost layer, blocking the enemy. The Grand-Orient guardians stood further back today.

But soon, the Elysian purifiers and Cloudmist keepers broke through the barrier and charged toward the Grand-Orient Sect.

Chapter 369 - Storm Rage, Sikong Lingfeng

There weren't many people who passed through the spirit hazard, and the Grand-Orient guardians would definitely go after the Elysian purifiers and Cloudmist keepers first. But as the enemy started increasing in numbers, the Grand-Orient guardians had also initiated a fighting retreat. That was Li Wudi's arrangement; he didn't want them to hold their ground to their last breath, but stall for time and avoid casualties. But this time, the enemies charged too quickly, especially Jun Dongyao and Sikong Jiansheng's groups.

"You take the lead and intercept Jun Dongyao. I'll deal with Sikong Jiansheng!" said Li Wudi.

"Alright!"

They each brought saints and went their separate ways, tasked with the mission of intercepting the enemies and buying time. Right now, it was a race against time.

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Tianming had no idea how many enemies had made it through the barrier. He could only see the enemies charging toward the disciples on the Azure Dragon Sword Mountain who were providing energy for the threads to maintain the barrier. The eyes of the invaders had already turned bloodshot. They had encountered fewer obstructions this time, which allowed many of them to smoothly make it through the barrier and see the fragile disciples.

“Die!” Many Elysian purifiers and Cloudmist keepers charged up Azure Dragon Sword Mountain alongside their lifebound beasts. Then again, there were also many guardians blocking them on the mountain. The two parties soon clashed, their roars echoing through the horizon.

“Don’t let them through!” The Hall Master, Yuan Huntian, fought with his saber, claiming a life with every strike. But there were too many enemies.

“Junior sect master!” As he slaughtered the enemies, he saw a figure wielding the Grand-Orient Sword clashing with the Elysian purifiers and Cloudmist keepers, accompanied by a cat and chicken. The enemies he was facing were at least in their mid-thirties, with their lifebound beasts grown to full maturity. But with the Grand-Orient Sword, Tianming had cut down three people in a row. When Yuan Huntian saw him, Tianming was already covered in blood.

“Before the Realm War, his strength was only comparable to Gu Yu. But now he can even kill the purifiers! Moreover, he’s actually standing on the front line as the junior sect master!” Yuan Huntian admired Tianming from the bottom of his heart. In his eyes, Tianming was standing before the Azure Dragon Sword Mountain, guarding the path and cutting down any enemies who came up to him.

“It’s you! Li Tianming!” Right at that moment, a young man who was wearing a keeper’s blue armor recognized Tianming. Rather, he wasn’t a keeper, just someone wearing their armor.

Looking at the person, Tianming could sense his surging sword ki and noble bloodline. Furthermore, he was wielding the Scarlet Featherplume Sword, a weapon with four saintly heavenly patterns, which was definitely unusual. Gazing at the man indifferently, Tianming asked, “Who’re you?”

“I’m Sikong Lingfeng, a disciple of the previous generation and the eighth son of Sikong Jiansheng!” That man’s gaze was sharp, and he only looked to be in his twenties. At best, he seemed slightly older than Tianming.

“Very well. With that status, you’re worthy of dying by the Grand-Orient Sword,” said Tianming.

“What arrogance!” Sikong Lingfeng had never expected that he would run into Tianming. Honestly speaking, he was feeling pretty ecstatic, as this was his best opportunity to make merit. Even if he couldn’t capture Tianming alive, it was enough if he could kill Tianming and use his head to strike at the Grand-Orient Sect’s morale. Along with his fourth-order saint lifebound beast, the Four-winged Phoenix, Sikong Lingfeng charged over, shouting, “You’re dead!”

“This person is in the ranks of geniuses. His lifebound beast has forty-nine stars and spirit sources! Song Yixue can’t be compared to him at all!” As someone from the previous generation, that meant that

Sikong Lingfeng was in the same generation as Jun Niancang. But in fact, he wasn't much older than Tianming. Standing on the battlefield, there weren't any comparisons, only slaughter.

The Four-winged Phoenix released a cry and unleashed its ability—Storm Prison. As for Sikong Lingfeng, he was a wind and fire-type beastmaster. Gathering the wind and fire to envelop Tianming, Ying Huo, and Meow Meow, he had executed a heavenly will battle art—Storm Rage. Within the prison, he summoned a tornado made of sword ki with burning flames on it and released it at Tianming.

The Infernal Armor appeared on Tianming. At the same time, a lightning beast came to intercept the attack, and a yellow chicken turned into countless afterimages and surrounded them. In the next second, the two lifebound beasts unleashed their abilities, Chaos Disaster and Skyscorch Featherblast.

“Celestial Wings! Temporal Field! Spatial Wall!” Tianming flew into the sky. After waking from her slumber, Jiang Feiling's abilities had become a lot stronger. The vortex formed by the Temporal Field was much stronger, which made it unbearable for Sikong Lingfeng, who focused on speed. Sikong Lingfeng felt as if he had been thrown into a swamp. Most importantly, there seemed to be an invisible wall blocking his sword art!

The three-sided spatial wall, which showed Jiang Feiling's improvements, had shattered. In the next breath, Ying Huo attacked Sikong Lingfeng with the Voidgod Sword Intent and Life-Death Claw Art, forcing him to retreat. Although Ying Huo's beast ki was inferior to Sikong Lingfeng's, its sword intent had reached the level of heavenly will, not to mention that it had a strong comprehension of the Voidgod Sword Intent. Moreover, Ying Huo had also used its abilities and the Infernal Armor to negate the flame damage and Infernal Haze to empower its intent.

“Die!” Sikong Lingfeng's strikes changed. He gathered the winds and flames and soared into the sky, unleashing the Incineration Firmament. The sword was powerful, especially the heavenly will beast ki that gathered wind and fire sword ki to devour Ying Huo's Infernal Haze.

Then suddenly, Sikong Lingfeng saw a scene that made his eyes bulge. As Tianming fought alongside the Regal Chaosfiend, Tianming attacked with Cosmic Break.

The Four-winged Phoenix that was facing Meow Meow suddenly took a strike from Tianming's sword on its neck, and was beheaded before it could even cry out. Looking at the phoenix's head that was covered in blood, Sikong Lingfeng's eyes turned red and he roared, “LI TIANMING!”

But in the next second, Tianming's cold gaze had locked onto him. Ying Huo was attacking from Sikong Lingfeng's back with the Voidgod Sword Intent, Myriad's Only, while Meow Meow charged over with its Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape unfurled and unleashed Chaos Disaster. As for Tianming, he swung the Grand-Orient Sword, executing Cosmic Break once again.

But this time, the attack's power was stronger. In the next second, Sikong Lingfeng was devoured by the three-pronged attack. Ying Huo's Myriad's Only and Tianming's Grand-Orient Sword pierced through Sikong Lingfeng's body.

“Urghhh!” Sikong Lingfeng was killed in a single blow. When the Grand-Orient Sword was pulled out of his body, Sikong Lingfeng's eyes were wide open as he fell onto the ground. With that, the life of Sikong Jiansheng's eighth son had come to an end. The battle was too fast-paced; this was a battlefield, so there was no time for any nonsense. Life and death could be decided within a single breath's time.

Many people had their focus on Tianming, including Yuan Huntian. When Tianming cut down Sikong Lingfeng, many disciples on the Azure Dragon Sword Mountain felt their blood boiling as they cheered. Gu Yu was also among them as well.

“Sikong Lingfeng was someone in the fifth level of Heavenly Will!”

“Junior sect master is capable of defeating someone in the fifth-level Heavenly Will!”

“He’ll definitely be able to fight Saints in the future!”

There was no need to stir their emotions, because everyone who’d seen this scene already had their emotions stirred. The allies felt their blood boiling, while their enemies had suffered a blow to their morale. At this moment, Tianming was still with the elders and guardians, cutting down their enemies.

“Lingfeng!” a familiar roar suddenly echoed out. When Tianming raised his head, he saw Sikong Jiansheng gathered together with over twenty elders. They were about to make it through the barrier and reach the Azure Dragon Sword Mountain! But before they had made it through, Sikong Jiansheng personally witnessed Tianming cutting down his son. He couldn’t believe what he had just seen; after all, his son was on the fifth level of Heavenly Will!

“Li Tianming made progress again in just a few days. He’s clearly stepped into the Heavenly Will stage!” an elder said. In the future, who could stop Tianming’s rise?

“Anyone who kills Li Tianming will be rewarded with a mid-grade celestial manna!” Sikong Jiansheng howled with his eyes red. Celestial manna could allow a lifebound beast to evolve into a fifth-order saint beast, and even many elders would go crazy over them, not to mention the keepers. For a second, many people had locked onto Tianming and a storm was brewing.

“Who dares to touch my son!”

Suddenly, a roar sounded out. A man charged into the barrier on an Ancient Infernalblood Kunpeng, wielding the Crimsonblood Saber. He had several elders and dozens of hall masters and chiefs following behind him. Although the strength of his group wasn’t comparable to Sikong Jiansheng’s, Li Wudi had attracted everyone’s attention.

“You’ve finally shown yourself, coward! But it’s a pity that you’ll soon meet your death after going through your Lifesbane!” Sikong Jiansheng’s emotions were stirred when he saw Li Wudi. When he turned around and looked at the army behind him, his courage was immediately boosted.

“Oh? Aren’t you pretty confident! Is it because of your numbers?” Li Wudi laughed. His face-off with Sikong Jiansheng had instantly attracted many people’s attention on the battlefield. Li Wudi was here because the hundred and thirty thousand purifiers and keepers had stepped into the barrier, and they were all trapped in the fog.

“That’s right! We have the advantage of numbers! We have an army of a hundred and thirty thousand, along with the seventy thousand from the Abyssal Battlefield. It’s more than enough for us to slaughter your Grand-Orient Sect ten times, and kill you a hundred times!” Sikong Jiansheng said with his confidence soaring high in the sky. The Grand-Orient Sect only had twenty thousand guardians here, so how could they stop him?

“Oh? Aren’t you a little too cocky?” Li Wudi chuckled.

“Do you think you can conceal your fear with smiles?” Sikong Jiansheng laughed and raised the sword in his hand. “Kill!”

“It’s finally time!” Li Wudi kept a smile on his face—he had been waiting for this moment for a long time, now. With crimson rays flickering through his eyes, he raised the Crimsonblood Saber in his hand and roared, “Guardians and legionnaires, kill!”

Chapter 370 - The Death of Sikong Jiansheng

That was a signal for their counter-attack.

“What?!” Sikong Jiansheng thought he had heard wrongly. Onyx Legion? What was Li Wudi talking about?

“Isn’t the Onyx Legion currently attacking from the Abyssal Battlefield?” The keepers and purifiers were stunned. But in the next second, an earth-shattering roar echoed out from the Grand-Orient mountains.

“Brothers of the Onyx Legion, many of our comrades died at the hands of Heaven’s Elysium. Today, it’s time for us to take revenge for them! Today, we kill our enemies together with the Grand-Orient Sect!” The Onyx Emperor charged out to boost the Onyx Legion’s morale.

The Onyx Legion would never forget the humiliation they had to suffer when they were defeated. Now, they could finally take their revenge and not be controlled. They were hidden in the Grand-Orient Mountain Range, and when they heard the Onyx Emperor’s speech, all of them could feel their blood boiling.

Under the disbelieving gazes of the keepers and purifiers, the seventy thousand Onyx legionnaires and twenty thousand Grand-Orient guardians joined the battlefield. When they joined the battle, the guardians that were retreating suddenly stopped and launched their counterattacks. Now that they had an army of over a hundred thousand, they weren’t inferior to the invaders in terms of numbers.

Moreover, the Onyx Legion also had an army of broodmother lifebound beasts. Countless behemoths charged out from the mountain range and joined the battlefield. The Onyx Sect immediately sealed off all news when they had made their decision; otherwise, the plan would have failed if someone leaked it out. Then again, no news could leak out, since they were within the Grand-Orient Barrier.

Now, it was finally time for them to hunt. Not only did they have similar numbers as their invaders, but they also had the home field advantage. Li Wudi had deactivated the barrier in the Abyssal Battlefield to allow the Onyx Legion in, so they wouldn’t be targeted by the spirit hazards.

It was a total suppression when the army entered the battlefield. Not only had the Onyx Legion increased their numbers, but their masters had also gathered in the barrier nucleus to strengthen the barrier. “The Grand-Orient Barrier’s power is stronger than before!”

It took only an instant for it to be comparable to the Southsky Barrier. In the next second, a horrifying scene took place. Ninety-nine imperial dragon pulses emerged from the bottomless hole and converged at the Grand-Orient Barrier in the Yellowflame continent. The Abyssal Battlefield was completely defenseless, but the Yellowflame continent’s barrier had risen to a terrifying level.

“The barrier is now comparable to an army of a hundred thousand! We’re now comparable to an army of two hundred thousand! Brothers, why are we still waiting?! Butcher the Cloudmist Sword School!!”

“Kill!!”

With the imperial dragon pulse taking the lead, countless spirit hazards wrought havoc, dying the battlefield red. As the power of the fog had been boosted, the keepers and purifiers were all blind. They couldn’t see their path, nor their enemies; they could only hear shrieks and yells echoing in their surroundings. At the same time, the guardians, who wanted to protect their home, and legionnaires, who wanted revenge, charged into the battlefield.

Judging from how the Onyx Legion butchered their enemies, you could tell that the Onyx Emperor had done a good job of motivating them. It looked like Li Wudi had spent the past two days coming up with a plan and preventing any news from leaking. So much so that the Onyx Legion only knew that they were going to betray Heaven’s Elysium today. And now, seeing how the keepers and purifiers were caught by surprise, they knew they had succeeded.

“Now, it’s time to harvest.” There were many Onyx elders beside Li Wudi, brimming with killing aura as they looked at Sikong Jiansheng like prey.

“Onyx Emperor, how dare you betray Heaven’s Elysium! Without any barrier protecting your sect, you’re just homeless beggars! Wait to be eradicated by Heaven’s Elysium!” Sikong Jiansheng howled with his face pale.

“I’m sorry, but the Grand-Orient Sect is willing to protect the Onyx Sect with our barrier!” Li Wudi laughed. In the next second, Li Wudi charged at Sikong Jiansheng with his lifebound beast, the Ancient Infernalblood Kunpeng, while the experts around him went after the elders standing beside Sikong Jiansheng. “Sikong Jiansheng, I heard that you humiliated my son back at the Throughgate? Today, I’ll show you the wrath of a father!”

Sikong Jiansheng’s strength was similar to Yuwen Taiji without the Grand-Orient Sword. Furthermore, he didn’t even have his Cloudmist Sacred Sword. On the other hand, Li Wudi’s strength had risen to a whole new level. Sikong Jiansheng initially wanted to gang up on Li Wudi, but the elders around him were all being held up. In the end, he could only face Li Wudi’s wrath all by himself.

“Kill!” Sikong Jiansheng didn’t have a choice except gnashing his teeth and facing Li Wudi together with his Six-winged Phoenix.

“Garbage!” Li Wudi unleashed the Infernalblood Strike. He wasn’t interested in dragging out the fight, so he executed his strongest move right from the beginning. This attack was stronger than the one he had used to defeat Yuwen Taiji. It instantly tore the Six-winged Phoenix, which was executing its ability, in half.

“Everyone listen up! Tonight, we feast on roasted phoenix! Moreover, the spatial ring of any enemies killed by you will belong to you!” The spatial ring of every beastmaster basically contained large quantities of manna, weapons, spirit ores, and spirit herbs. After all, beastmasters would carry their most important assets on them. So a great amount of wealth would definitely be found today, and all those resources were the foundation of a sect. However, Li Wudi was generous enough to give them all out.

When everyone heard Li Wudi's words, they felt their blood boiling. They would be able to harvest great wealth if they killed, and they wouldn't have to submit it to the sect. It was the same for Onyx Sect as well. Moreover, their morale had reached a whole new level when they saw Sikong Jiansheng's Six-winged Phoenix being split in half.

"Sikong Jiansheng is a cripple now!" a loud voice boomed out in the battlefield, striking fear into the hearts of the keepers and dealing a great blow to their morale. Everyone could see the bloody veins in Sikong Jiansheng's eyes as he immediately turned and fled.

"Where do you think you're going?" As the Ancient Infernalblood Kunpeng slaughtered the Cloudmist Sword School's elders, Li Wudi turned into a crimson streak as he chased Sikong Jiansheng and swung his sword out.

"Arggggggh!!" Sikong Jiansheng's legs were still running, but his upper body fell to the ground.

"Sikong Jiansheng! Where do you think you're going?" Li Wudi stepped on Sikong Jiansheng's head, crushing his teeth, and raised the Crimsonblood Saber in his hand.

"Don't kill me! I surrender! I'm willing to surrender like the Onyx Sect and submit to the Grand-Orient Sect! I can get all the keepers to stop right now!" Sikong Jiansheng cried out. He wasn't an unyielding person to begin with, otherwise he wouldn't have bowed to Heaven's Elysium.

"I'm sorry, but I have no interest in raising an ingrate. Moreover, every single keeper has to die today!" Li Wudi's laughter roared.

"Li Wudi, you'll suffer heaven's wrath for starting a massacre!"

"A great man has to be ruthless; I'm not a sage. As for heaven's wrath, that's what your Cloudmist Sword School is suffering today! HAHAAH!" As Li Wudi spoke, he swung the saber down.

"Father, stop!" A young voice suddenly called out, interrupting Li Wudi. Li Wudi was stunned as he turned around and looked at the white-haired youth behind him, drenched in blood.

"Holy! Why are you here?! Do you want to die?!" Li Wudi smiled bitterly.

"Let me kill Sikong Jiansheng!" Tianming said with his eyes blazing.

"Go ahead." Li Wudi's foot was on Sikong Jiansheng, which caused his chest to cave in and prevented him from moving about.

"Li Tianming!!" Sikong Jiansheng looked at the white-haired youth with his eyes gushing with flames.

However, the only thing he saw was Tianming's cold gaze as he stared at him and stuck his tongue out, then said, "See? My wounds have recovered."

"You will surely die!" Sikong Jiansheng roared with bloodshot eyes.

"Shut up!" Tianming raised the Grand-Orient Sword and plunged it into Sikong Jiansheng's mouth, the blade exiting from the other side of his head and stabbing into the ground. With that, Sikong Jiansheng had taken his last breath. His head tilted and his eyes were wide open—he had died with a grievance.

Pulling the Grand-Orient Sword out of Sikong Jiansheng, Tianming carried the corpse and soared into the sky. As he mustered all the breath in his chest, his voice roared out in the battlefield, "Sikong Jiansheng has been killed by me! I've returned the humiliation I suffered back then!"

He was venting his emotions, the humiliation he had felt back in the Throughgate when his tongue was stabbed. Tianming was someone who held grudges, which was why he turned all of his enemies back in the Realm War into mutes. And today, he had finally taken his revenge against Sikong Jiansheng.

"Junior sect master!" Many people looked at him.

"Sikong Jiansheng is dead!" The news instantly spread through the battlefield like wildfire.

The Cloudmist Sword School was already struggling with the war, and with their sect master dead, it struck a great blow to their morale. They immediately panicked and wanted to escape, but it was too late since they were too deep into the barrier.

The fog had been strengthened threefold, not to mention that they had to face the guardians, legionnaires, and the spirit hazards. So they had no idea where they could escape to. At least half of them were shrouded by the shadow of death, and had no courage to continue fighting. Facing defeat and death, they were all terrified.

As Tianming returned to Li Wudi's side, he smiled, despite having his face covered in blood. "I'm sorry for using you to show off."

"Don't worry about it. An eye for an eye, that's what makes a true man." Li Wudi smiled.

"So we share the same view." Tianming immediately stepped back into the battlefield and joined the guardians slaughtering at the front line.

"Don't push yourself too much and get yourself killed," said Li Wudi.

"Don't worry!" Tianming replied with a burst of laughter before he disappeared from Li Wudi's view.

"What a courageous lad. Just which genius gave birth to a monster like him?" Li Wudi sighed, then stepped into the battlefield once more.