

## The Ages 531

### Chapter 531 - An Empty Hell

Dazzling City, at the top floor of the Moonseeker Pavilion.

"Father, the people of the dao palace are headed toward Dazzling City," Dongyang Yun said from the door.

"So soon? I was just about to ask you to lure them over. That's alright. The sooner they're here, the sooner we solve this. It's exactly what I want," said the man in the room.

"Will Meng Tingyu reveal your plan?" asked Dongyang Yun.

"Trust me, she won't say a word even if she dies. Perhaps other parties leaked news of Dazzling City. But it doesn't matter. We'll let the people of the dao palace witness the power of the Cyclic Mirror with their own eyes. This is the fundamental link of my plan," said the man.

"I understand. The greater the fire burns, the more likely Weisheng Yunxi is to change the state of the Evil Suppression Pillar," said Dongyang Yun.

"Your performance comes next."

"Yes."

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Tianming and the top powerhouses of the Dao Palace whizzed through the air, fast as lightning. After advancing to Sky Saint, Tianming's saint ki was boundless. The Saint Palace Spring that resulted from his three battle arts was comparable to that of a fifth-level sky saint.

This change was brought about by the Primordial Chaos Beasts. His lifebound beasts also possessed the same superior saint ki. With three saint springs and the Grand-Orient Vortex, Tianming wouldn't have to strain himself if he encountered Dongyang Fen once more.

The powerhouses of the Decimo Dao Palace were well aware of his transformation. However, with the urgency of the situation, they weren't in the mood to praise him.

"For more than forty years, the Cyclic Mirror remained in the hands of the Theocrats. They're no longer the same as before, allowing the Cyclic Mirror to absorb human souls under the eyes of the masses. Now they're using the Dazzling Pavilion, with its numerous branches all over the kingdom, to secretly traffic people. With Meng Tingyu personally in charge, they managed to keep it under wraps."

"It's no wonder the Dazzling Pavilion developed so rapidly over the past forty years. It turns out that Autarch Qian personally supported their development."

"So who was in charge of the Cyclic Mirror after Autarch Qian's death?"

That was their biggest question. It was unlikely to be Meng Tingyu. Aside from the fact she was already an eighth-level Sky Saint, she had a terribly tough personality. Despite their joint efforts, they were unable to dig the truth from her lips.

"The urgent transportation of three hundred thousand people to Dazzling City must've been rather conspicuous. The Earthorigin Sect Master traded with Meng Tingyu three times before that, and each time it was about seven hundred thousand people. Five months ago, seven hundred thousand more people were transported to Dazzling City. I wonder if they're still alive," said Li Wudi.

He had seen enough to know that his former opponent, Jun Shengxiao, was nothing compared to the Theocrats. Jun Shengxiao's strength was superficial at best.

"Let's speed up," said Weisheng Yunxi.

It is said that the last three hundred thousand people had just arrived in Dazzling City a few days ago. Perhaps they might be able to save them and catch the owner of the Cyclic Mirror off guard if they arrived in time.

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Soon after, a magnificent city that resembled a graceful goddess appeared before their eyes. The prosperous Dazzling City was the Dazzling Pavilion's territory, and the Moonseeker Pavilion was the residence of the pavilion lord, Meng Tingyu. No one was allowed inside, not even Meng Qingqing. None of them knew why Meng Tingyu alone occupied such a large area of land that was completely closed off. But now the Decimo Dao Palace understood.

"Who dares break into Dazzling City?!" As soon as they flew over the city, someone came up to intercept them.

However, the people of the Dazzling Pavilion couldn't catch up to them. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared before everyone's eyes.

"I think I saw Bai Mo and Ye Yi."

"Isn't that the palace lord of the Decimo Dao Palace, Weisheng Yunxi?"

"You're right!"

"What're they doing in Dazzling City? Aren't they supposed to attack the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation tonight?"

"I don't know!"

Dazzling City grew turbulent.

Tianming and the others soon came across Siege City. Siege City was surrounded by high walls, completely enclosed by a heavenly pattern formation. In the middle stood a tall, magnificent building, which was the Moonseeker Pavilion. With a four-star heavenly pattern formation surrounding it, everything within Siege City appeared a little fuzzy. Having contemplated the situation, Tianming thought that the elders might cause a loud din trying to break the formation and end up wasting time as well as startling their enemies.

So he shouted, "Everyone, let me handle the formation."

Since Weisheng Yunxi and the elders knew that Tianming's arm had the ability to tear open the Infernal Soul Formation, they allowed him to go ahead. Without another word, he descended on the formation and tore a hole in it with his left hand.

Led by Weisheng Yunxi, the group quickly charged in. Tianming entered last, and the gap in the formation closed behind him.

An open space greeted them. The entire place resembled paradise, with marvelous palaces and pavilions, lush grass, greenery, and a sea of flowers everywhere. The waters were clear, the flowers fragrant, and birdsong filled the air. A patch of pink peach blossoms stretched for dozens of kilometers, enclosing a crystal clear lake.

Almost in the first instant, Weisheng Yunxi and the elders headed toward the lake. They landed beside it and stood motionless on the ground. Tianming quickly followed.

"What do you see?" asked Weisheng Yunxi, her voice trembling.

Bai Mo's face was rather pale, and his voice tinged with a hint of pain and pity for the fate of mankind. He had obviously seen something. "Palace Lord, everyone is dead. There must be about a million people in this lake," he said in a hoarse voice.

Weisheng Yunxi gritted her teeth. Unsteady, she almost seemed to collapse. She sat weakly on the ground, helplessly crying. Everyone stared at this scene blankly, bereft of speech.

In Tianming's eyes, innumerable corpses lay floating on the water, all swollen and bloated. Their faces were frozen in an everlasting smile, eyes widened. At the moment of their greatest joy, these people had perished and their souls were scattered. Most of them were vigorous youths with infinite possibilities ahead of them, filled with hope and life. But now, their stinking corpses densely covered the surface of the water.

Despite the absence of blood in the lake, it was in fact a bloody hellhole. Like a poisonous thorn, this image was stuck in Tianming's head, making it difficult for him to breathe. The true meaning of "hell is empty and all the devils are here" was something he would never forget.

Squeezing his own throat, Tianming exerted much effort just to breathe, his eyes bloodshot. Even with the Soul Tower, he felt a stinging in his brain. Like a storm, this had a fatal impact on his Imperial Will. His gaze swept across the bodies in the lake; the corpses were different from each other, but at this moment, their smiles were the same.

"They said that tens of billions of bones remained buried under the Divine City for tens of thousands of years. They all died on the Cyclic Mirror. However, I hadn't witnessed it until today...."

He thoroughly understood the hatred and enmity the martyrs and elders of the Decimo Dao Palace felt toward the Theocrats.

"Isn't this clan worthy of annihilation?!"

Voice hoarse, Tianming couldn't fight a discomfort that made him retch. He wasn't afraid, but tremendously furious. There was a storm raging inside of him. Sure, he didn't know these people, nor did he have any feelings for them. But he was human, after all! The basis of humanity was the presence

of emotions and the ability to reason. Who could still remain calm after seeing their own kind so ruthlessly slaughtered?

Hearsay was one thing, but seeing it with his own eyes and smelling the stench of a million rotting corpses was another matter entirely. Bai Mo and the others had experienced the era from more than forty years ago. Perhaps they had witnessed the exact same scene in the Cyclic Mirror Lake. But even so, their eyes were bloodshot.

"Palace Lord...."

Sky Hall King Weisheng Yumo helped her aunt up.

"I...." Weisheng Yunxi gasped.

Her shoulders looked thin and weak. It was painful to see a kind and gentle soul like her facing the cruelty and ruthlessness of the Theocrats. Tianming would never forget every word she had said to him, or her dream of a better era.

"How despicable! This group of dogs are unworthy to live in this world! Look for them!"

Having glanced at the lake, Li Wudi clenched his fists so tightly that his veins violently burst. Blood and ki welling up inside of him, his gaze swept around the area and finally locked on the Moonseeker Pavilion. It was the only possible place within Siege City. Although the scene in the lake had drastically affected their emotions, it had merely lasted a few breaths' time. Without saying anything else, Li Wudi rushed toward the Moonseeker Pavilion.

"We showed up unexpectedly. Perhaps there's still someone there," Ye Yi said, following Li Wudi.

The others immediately came to the same realization. With their numbers, they could easily search the area.

At that moment, a figure in red suddenly left the top floor of the Moonseeker Pavilion.

"Why are you here?" the man shouted, his expression changing drastically. Rising up into the sky, he quickly fled.

"Dongyang Yun!"

In that instant, they all recognized him. What did his presence mean?

"Stop!"

Weisheng Yunxi, Ye Yi, Bai Mo, and Li Wudi were the first to catch up to him. Because he was the first to move, Li Wudi was the closest to Dongyang Yun. Without another word, he darted toward him with a bloody gleam in his eye.

"Go to hell!"

The huge blade that appeared in Li Wudi's hand came slashing at Dongyang Yun. Swinging his sword, Dongyang Yun blocked the attack. However, he immediately felt his arm go numb as he was blown thirty meters away. Eyes wide, incredulity was written all over his face.

Unfortunately, he didn't have time for shock, as the rest of the Decimo Dao Palace had arrived, each fiercer than the other. Their attacks were unanimously aimed at Dongyang Yun.

### **Chapter 532 - Devil On Earth**

"It won't be that easy to kill me."

With a wave of his hand, a smooth mirror suddenly appeared before Dongyang Yun. It expanded, and their attacks landed on the mirror instead.

"The Cyclic Mirror is indeed in his hands!"

Before they could react, Dongyang Yun instantly soared into the sky, flying out of the heavenly pattern formation. If it weren't for the Cyclic Mirror, he would have died.

"Kill him!"

This was a once in a lifetime opportunity. The people from the Decimo Dao Palace followed Dongyang Yun into the sky. Tianming immediately broke through the formation once more so that the elders could catch up.

Weisheng Yunxi's strength was instantly revealed. As an empyrean saint, she was much faster than Dongyang Yun. Even if he managed to escape a certain distance, all she needed was a few minutes to catch him. Behind Weisheng Yunxi, Ye Yi, Bai Mo, and Li Wudi followed closely. As soon as Weisheng Yunxi managed to entangle Dongyang Yun in a fight, they would arrive immediately.

"He's dead meat!" shouted the South Hall King, Qin Jiufu.

"The palace lord has almost caught up to him! "

"Tonight we'll attack the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation, yet Dongyang Yun is bold enough to kill in Dazzling City!"

"If we kill him and take his head back, we'll be able to break the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation without attacking!" the Life Hall King, Situ Qinghe cruelly suggested. Dongyang Yun must pay for all the lives in the lake.

Just as Weisheng Yunxi was about to catch Dongyang Yun, he suddenly turned around and dripped his blood onto a thick heavenly pattern tome.

A huge world appeared behind him, trapping everyone within.

"This is a five star heavenly pattern tome, the Thousandfold Illusion Tome."

There was helplessness in Bai Mo's voice.

The strongest patternscribes in the entire Theocracy merely had four stars, which only proved how valuable this five star heavenly pattern tome was. Even if one had money, it wouldn't necessarily be available. This must be a treasure handed down since ancient times. This sort of heavenly pattern tome could indeed give Dongyang Yun time to escape, saving his life.

Tianming didn't know how the others were doing. The world before his eyes was illusory. Every time he used his Insightful Eye to break an illusion, he would immediately be trapped in another so he couldn't escape at all. It wasn't until he had experienced a thousand layers that he finally broke free from the tome. The first thing he saw was a lone Weisheng Yunxi; the others were still trapped in the white mist behind them.

"Palace Lord, aren't we going after him?" asked Tianming.

"He's already escaped. The five star heavenly pattern tome and the Cyclic Mirror were enough to save his life," Weisheng Yunxi said hoarsely.

Struggling with her anger, she turned to Tianming and added, "Tianming, I'm sorry. I didn't want you to see something like this, especially since you're so young. It'll only add to your burdens. The honorable martial world is actually so sinister in nature. There's often no justice in the world, and incompetence brings the greatest pain. You shouldn't have to bear it with us," she said sadly.

"Palace Lord, I'm fine. Now that this has already happened, neither you nor I can do anything about it. The blame doesn't lie with us, but those utterly unconscionable people. The outcome is still unclear. There's no way these things will continue happening once the Theocrats are dead!" Tianming sounded murderous.

"Yes."

At that moment, the power of the Thousandfold Illusion Tome gradually dissipated, and everyone else walked out of the illusion.

"We won't be able to catch him now. He can run, but we'll get him sooner or later. Dongyang Yun must return to the imperial city tonight. I don't believe he still has another five star heavenly pattern tome!" Weisheng Yunxi said.

"In that case, let's return and completely eliminate those bastards!" said Ye Yi, his eyes red.

Everything that's happened today had provoked fury within them. They had originally intended to take their time killing Jiang Ling and Dongyang Yun. But now, Dongyang Yun not only had the Cyclic Mirror, but he even continued to commit sin. The dao palace could no longer slowly eat away at the Theocrats like they could before.

"Everyone, there may be a price for taking justice into our own hands. There's bound to be sacrifice and bloodshed. However, for the sake of the nation and the people, for the sake of the peace and contentment of future generations, perhaps our blood means less pain for the people. It's all worth it, right?"

Weisheng Yunxi stood before the rest, her eyes blurred with tears. Although she could no longer see, there was fire within her eyes. It was a look that said she was unafraid of death.

"You're right!"

Although they weren't young anymore, their passion and heroism were enough to move Tianming. There would always be certain great men in this world who weren't afraid of death, let alone ridicule and contempt. They were willing to fight with their lives to uphold their morals and righteousness. As

long as they had a clear conscience, they had neither complaint nor regret. It was the sort of man Tianming aspired to be.

"Tianming, the palace lord is a good woman. We mustn't allow this to upset her any longer." Li Wudi patted Tianming on the shoulder, his eyes fiery.

"Yes." Tianming nodded.

In fact, he understood that the elders of the Decimo Dao Palace were all kind folk. On the other hand, the Theocrats were crafty old foxes without scruples. Would they really be able to slaughter Dongyang Yun and Jiang Ling tonight?

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Night fell. There was yet another rumble of thunder and crackle of lightning. In that instant, the dark night turned bright as day as a sheet of lightning covered half the sky. Then, it began heavily raining, as if the heavens were on the Decimo Dao Palace's side.

It was early in the night, yet the rain was already pouring down and the dark clouds seemed to hover above their heads. There was a dense curtain of rain in front of Tianming that shrouded his vision. The darkness was like a gigantic beast that swallowed the Divine Capital whole. The broken eaves and walls of the Divine Capital were submerged in the rain; the streets and lanes quickly became rivers. From time to time, a rotting corpse would be swept away by the surging waters. Those corpses bumped against the surfaces as they entered the drainage system and headed toward the sea.

Three rays of lightning flickered once more. The moment the white light lit up the sky, a legion of millions charged out of the Decimo Dao Palace, each soldier controlling at least one beast. They rushed into the rain and galloped past the broken walls of the Divine Capital.

The ground rumbled as the gigantic beasts whizzed through the capital, splashing muddy water all over the streets. Lightning flickered yet again, illuminating the faces of the black-armored soldiers and reflecting from the drops of rain sliding down their cheeks. In front of the group of people, a white-haired young man stood on a two-headed dragon, commanding ten thousand men as they charged for the Imperial City.

"We won't stop until they die!"

Standing atop Lan Huang's body, Tianming stared at the gloomy Imperial City in the distance, the images he had seen earlier that day reappearing in his head. Though he wanted to forget them, he couldn't.

"I killed Lin Xiaoting for revenge. I fought in the Grand-Orient Realm to change my destiny. And today, I'm fighting for justice and righteousness."

Tianming was growing toward becoming a peerless character. He didn't know what the future would be like; he only knew that he would blaze his own path, even if it meant ignoring life and death.

"Exterminate the Theocrats and the imperial dao lies ahead."

He was only one among the million soldiers, and was surrounded by fiery gazes. The dao palace warriors were people on the same path as him.

Those with a different dao could go their separate ways. But if they were like-minded, they could live and die together.

Tianming looked ahead as the Imperial City drew closer and closer. Up ahead was the Grand Sky Gate.

"Nineshades Clan!"

They were devils who crawled up from hell, and it was time to send them back to where they came from.

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Outside the Grand Sky Gate.

The rain raged, and the sky was so dark they couldn't even see their own fingers. Only the roaring of the beasts from both sides could be heard over the deluge. Outside the Grand Sky Gate stood more than a million lifebound beasts.

"Your Royal Highness." Among the warriors of the Decimo Dao Palace came a cold female voice.

"The palace lord personally showed up?" Jiang Ling revealed a hint of joy as he brought the core members of his party to meet Weisheng Yunxi.

Together with Weisheng Yunxi were the powerhouses of the Decimo Dao Palace, including Li Wudi. They stepped out of the ruins and came up to Jiang Ling. Beside him stood the patriarchs of the Ancient Clans, and the sect masters of the nine major sects. The strongest among them were seventh-level sky saints, at best.

On the other hand, Weisheng Yunxi was already an empyrean saint, while Ye Yi, Bai Mo, the other Hall Kings and Astral Kings, and the newly-arrived Li Wudi were certainly stronger than Jiang Ling. In terms of warriors, the Seven Astral Legions of the Decimo Dao Palace were certainly superior to Jiang Ling's ad hoc army. Jiang Ling himself appeared even weaker, especially when facing Weisheng Yunxi. If she were more domineering, he might not even be able to hold his head up in her presence.

"I never expected the palace lord would personally lead the Seven Astral Legions. I'm very grateful for the care you have for the world and the trust you have in me," Jiang Ling said politely.

"Let's leave the praise aside for the moment. I have something to ask you," replied Weisheng Yunxi.

"Go ahead, Palace Lord."

"Are you aware that the Cyclic Mirror wasn't stolen by Li MUYANG forty years ago, but has always been in the hands of the Theocrats?" asked Weisheng Yunxi, her gaze indifferent.

"How can that be? Is that a joke?" Jiang Ling appeared startled.

"I'm not joking! The Cyclic Mirror has been passed on to Dongyang Yun!" said Weisheng Yunxi.

"That's impossible. Back then, my father was so furious he even heavily punished the Ancient Qilin Clan, and in the past forty years, I've never seen him use it. What you're saying is impossible." Jiang Ling shook his head with certainty.



"Is that so? But today we visited Dazzling City and saw a million corpses with our own eyes. We also found Dongyang Yun. Unfortunately, he managed to escape with the Cyclic Mirror using the Thousandfold Illusion Tome. There's no mistake. All of us saw the Cyclic Mirror," Weisheng Yunxi said.

He used a Thousandfold Illusion Tome?"

Jiang Ling was obviously shocked. There weren't many who were aware of the fact that Dongyang Yun owned such a tome, but he was one of those few.

If Weisheng Yunxi was able to name his five-star heavenly pattern tome, what did that mean?

Everything she said was true!

### **Chapter 533 - Long Life and Eternity**

"Jiang Ling, you're saying that you had no idea that Dongyang Yun cultivated with the Cyclic Mirror?" Bai Mo looked at Jiang Ling.

"Future Hall King, I swear that I don't. If I knew about it beforehand, let me be destroyed by heaven and earth!" Jiang Ling replied. This incident had a massive impact on him.

"That's impossible!" Chong Yang from the Ancient Qilin Clan exclaimed in disbelief. Retrieving a miniature map, he continued, "This Cyclic Map was given to me by Autarch Qian himself. It can lock on to the Cyclic Mirror's location. We tried detecting Li Muyang's location recently. He's only been at the Theocracy's borders, and the Cyclic Mirror must be with him!"

"And you're so certain that Autarch Qian wasn't lying?" Bai Mo sneered.

"Let me explain," Jiang Ling suddenly interrupted. "I have no intention of hiding it from you—the Cyclic Map has no effect. It just happens to share a similar name with the Cyclic Mirror. The reason my father did this was so that he could use the Cyclic Mirror comfortably."

"What?!" The exalted ones were dumbfounded. So it turned out that the misery the Ancient Qilin Clan had suffered over the past four decades was a joke. They had devoted a lot of time to searching for the Cyclic Mirror, but it turned out that they were just a bunch of fools.

"Then why are we still being punished for it?" Chong Yang questioned.

"That's because you guys groomed Li Muyang. Since Li Muyang had the intention to rebel, shouldn't you be punished for it? Furthermore, didn't I get rid of the lifetime curse for your clan?" Jiang Ling replied.

Jiang Ling was shocked by the news about the Cyclic Mirror, but honestly speaking, he didn't think there was any mistake in Autarch Qian's approach. If the Cyclic Mirror was in his hands, he would also do the same. The Decimo Dao Palace had long seen through the Theocrats.

"That makes no sense. We found Li Muyang's position yesterday, and he's still moving around! We can see from the map that there's a woman next to him!" Ling Xing replied.

"Are you able to see his appearance?"

"It should be him from the outline!"

“Cut it out. The Cyclic Map often makes mistakes. Who knows who you guys have been seeing. Let me have the Cyclic Map, I’ll study it when I’m free,” said Jiang Ling.

The exalted ones of the Ancient Qilin Clan were all depressed. What they had believed for the past four decades had turned out to be a joke, and they had been bearing the insults all along. But now that they worked for Jiang Ling, did he give them any face?

Chong Yang closed his eyes. Letting out a sigh, he handed the Cyclic Map to Jiang Ling. Right at that moment, a figure suddenly flashed and took the Cyclic Map from him. Everyone was shocked. It was a stranger. At the very least, no one from Jiang Ling’s faction recognized him!

“Palace Lord, who’s this? Why’d he snatch the Cyclic Map?!” Jiang Ling raged.

“He’s the Grand-Orient Realm’s ruler. His name is Li Wudi. He’s the next palace lord and a descendant of the Li Saint Clan,” Weisheng Yunxi explained.

“Your Highness, I’ll be leading the dao palace to work for you. This is our first meeting, so don’t you think you should give me a meeting gift? Although this thing is a little shabby, it’s still barely acceptable. Since it’s your generosity, I’ll gladly accept it. Anyhow, you’ve only been using it to brush off the Ancient Qilin Clan, right?” Li Wudi smiled.

Jiang Ling squinted his eyes into slits. He could sense the difference between Li Wudi and Weisheng Yunxi. He had long heard of Li Wudi’s name, but when they finally met, Li Wudi made him feel ten times more threatened than Weisheng Yunxi. This was someone who would backstab him with a smile.

“So you’re the next palace lord. I’ve long heard your reputation. But the Cyclic Map is an important treasure of the Theocracy, so please return it. When we take down Dongyang Yun in the future, I’ll reward you greatly,” said Jiang Ling.

“Too late. I don’t have a habit of giving back what I accept. Why don’t you just accept that fact?” Li Wudi arrogantly replied.

“Outrageous!” Everyone around Jiang Ling immediately became furious. Li Wudi’s actions were worse than Tianming, who tortured Jiang Liuting in public. The confrontation between Li Wudi’s shameless smile and Jiang Ling’s cold gaze stretched out.

The atmosphere started growing tense. Right from the beginning, Li Wudi hadn’t taken a step back. He had seen Mu Yang, so he could guess that the Cyclic Mirror has something to do with him. So, since he had the opportunity, he would naturally take it.

“It’s almost time for us to make our move,” Weisheng Yunxi said, breaking the standoff.

“Yeah.” Jiang Ling nodded. Everyone could see that he was furious.

“What the hell? I came over to help, and you’re getting stingy about something like this? Why don’t you look at how many men you have? I’m being considerate, accepting something like this for my help. If you were someone else, I would’ve pulled a layer of skin off you,” Li Wudi cursed.

Bai Mo and Ye Yi exchanged glances. They felt that Li Wudi came too late. This guy was very suitable for the Decimo Dao Palace; he had something that they lacked.

Jiang Ling didn't continue arguing with Li Wudi. He was thinking about how he could get the Cyclic Mirror back. While he was deep in thought, Li Wudi returned to the dao palace's staging area.

Shortly after, he came to the Grand Sky Gate while holding a woman drenched in blood. When Jiang Ling took a closer look, he recognized her—she was the Dazzling Pavilion's pavilion lord, Meng Tingyu!

Meng Tingyu was on Dongyang Yun's side, and there were many people from the Dazzling Pavilion in the Imperial City. But most of the Dazzling Pavilion's power was spread throughout the Theocracy. Only a small portion of them were gathered in the Divine Capital, so not even Jiang Ling dared to provoke her.

"What're you trying to do?" Jiang Ling asked.

Li Wudi ignored Jiang Ling and made Meng Tingyu get down on her knees. He grabbed her hair and let her look at the Imperial City. He said, "Raise your head and let everyone in the Imperial City look at you."

However, Meng Tingyu only replied with a sneer.

"I've been torturing you for half a month, and you're still so tight-lipped. I have to say that you're a courageous woman. You should die a miserable death to atone. I'll give you one final chance: is there anything you'd like to say?" Li Wudi asked.

"You're letting me speak? Alright then, listen well." Meng Tingyu raised her head with a fanatical expression. She suddenly thought of someone and roared, "Only the strongest clan and person can survive in this world. Ants are not qualified to live. The lives of the innocent aren't lives; it's Dao! Those who're obsessed with benevolence and morality will eventually be eliminated. If you want to become a god, you have to go against heaven!"

She laughed as tears welled in her eyes. Tightly clenching her fists, she looked at Li Wudi with a hideous expression and raved, "I might not be part of the Ancient Theocrats, but in my opinion, they'll exist for eternity!"

Li Wudi swung his blade, beheading Meng Tingyu. Grabbing her head, Li Wudi cursed, "Such beauty... it's too bad that you were brainwashed."

Holding on to her head by her hair, Li Wudi turned it toward Jiang Ling and grinned, "Your Highness, here's my gift, since I received one from you. You can make a chamber pot out of her head. It'll fit your identity as the new Primeval Autarch."

He tossed the head toward Jiang Ling with force, but before it could even get close, Jiang Ling stretched his hand out and reduced it to ashes. This scene had left the surroundings silent, and only thunder could be heard rumbling.

"Seven Astral Legions!" Ye Yi's voice echoed out. He was behaving as though nothing had happened. Standing on the Evernight Eagle with a black spear in his hand, Ye Yi pointed the spear at the Imperial City and turned back to look at Jiang Ling.

"Attack," Jiang Ling said, wiping the ashes from his face. This time, the two armies weren't split up. They were prepared for a frontal attack on the Grand Sky Gate. Over a million beastmasters and even more lifebound beasts charged into the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation. The earth trembled from the colossal beasts galloping.

“Tianming, come here!” Li Wudi called out.

Tianming immediately handed command of the Dark Astral Battalion’s over to Chen Fang and Liu Yuyi, then went to Li Wudi’s side with Ye Lingfeng and the Soulfierd. Over the past month, Ye Lingfeng had reached the third level of the sky saint stage. Looking at the battlefield, the Soulfierd was beginning to get restless.

“They intend on using the masters from both sides to open a path for them to kill Dongyang Yun. Tianming, you come with us,” said Li Wudi.

“Okay.” Tianming nodded.

Li Wudi took out the Cyclic Map and handed it over to Tianming. “This is for you.”

“Thank you, godfather.” Tianming knew that Li Wudi had snatched the Cyclic Map for him.

“Come, let us godfather and son wreak havoc!” Li Wudi smiled.

“Alright!”

“Follow up!”

The masters from both sides were swiftly gathering together. Jiang Ling’s faction seemed a little shabby.

“Dongyang Yun must die today! Anyone who takes his head will be rewarded ten million saint crystals and conferred with a territory of ten thousand miles!” Jiang Ling shouted.

“Kill!” Jiang Ling was only commanding the battle on the surface, but he was actually following Weisheng Yunxi into the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation. For an instant, Tianming could sense their empyrean beasts around him.

Disregarding Jiang Ling’s faction, Li Wudi’s Ancient Infernalblood Kunpeng had already undergone an evolution. It was now a Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng, with eighty-six stars. Clearly, it was because of the empyrean manna that Weisheng Yunxi had given him.

Bai Mo’s lifebound beast was an enormous eighty-two-star Astral Emperor Tiger. Even Meow Meow’s Regal Chaosfiend form was tiny compared to it.

However, the most terrifying lifebound beast in the formation belonged to Weisheng Yunxi.

#### **Chapter 534 - Meteorite Storm, Nebula Emperor Whale**

Weisheng Yunxi’s lifebound beast had eighty-eight stars. It was second only to Autarch Qian’s lifebound beast in the entire Theocracy. It was so gigantic that it covered the sun, overwhelming all other empyrean beasts present when it appeared on the battlefield.

Tianming raised his head and saw stars decorating the night sky. But when he looked closer, it was only the belly of a gigantic beast, the Nebula Emperor Whale.

It was three times as big as Lan Huang, and if one didn’t look at it closely enough, they would mistake it for a moving, starry sky.

The Nebula Emperor Whale unleashed a deep roar, shaking the entire Divine Capital. The radiance it was giving off allowed the dao palace's Astral Legions a measure of vision in the night.

The Astral Emperor Tiger, Evernight Eagle, and other empyrean beasts were following it. Weisheng Yunxi stood on the whale's head. She was tiny, compared to the whale, but she was a touchstone, and everyone from the dao palace followed behind her.

Spirit hazards began appearing, along with enemies. When Weisheng Yunxi led the masters and locked on to Dongyang Yun's location, the battle instantly broke out. The Nebula Emperor Whale released another deep roar, and the shockwave made everyone cover their ears.

In the next moment, heaven and earth shone. It was the Nebula Emperor Whale unleashing its ability, Meteorite Storm. Everyone saw countless meteors streaking across the horizon when they raised their heads. The meteors came crashing down like a storm.

Many Theocrats were smashed on the spot by the densely packed meteorites. Whether beastmaster or lifebound beast, they were either severely injured or crushed instantly.

The Nebula Emperor Whale slammed down with its gigantic body. Weisheng Yunxi was standing on its head, a dazzling chain in her hand. With her cultivation as an empyrean saint, anyone who took a hit from her died instantly.

Everyone started making their moves once she began her massacre. With Bai Mo taking the lead, the ten Hall Kings followed the Astral Emperor Tiger and charged into the crowd. On the other side, Ye Yi led the seven Astral Kings to launch their attacks.

Jiang Ling didn't dare treat it lightly and led thirty people beside Weisheng Yunxi. Although their enemies were their fellow clansmen, they didn't go easy because of their familial ties. When they started their massacre, they killed more than anyone else.

Tianming was mixed in the crowd with his three lifebound beasts. This time, Meow Meow wasn't asleep. The three of them were standing on Lan Huang, which was like a huge mountain as it charged into the Theocrats and unleashed its ability, Azure Oceanic Purgatory.

A fan-shaped region started turning into muddy water and spread out with Lan Huang at the tip of the fan. It caught many earth saints by surprise and they fell into the water.

Meow Meow ran on the water's surface, unleashing its Chaos Disaster and Misty Hellthunder in the muddy water. Electricity started spreading out through the water, electrocuting everyone who was in it. Moreover, as Lan Huang pressed forth, the muddy terrain would spread out and drag more people down.

"What's that?"

"What's with the water all of a sudden?!"

"Quick, leave this place! They're all powerhouses!"

They couldn't stop Weisheng Yunxi with just a few dozen of them, not to mention that the dao palace's army and Jiang Ling's army were following right behind. They were charging with unstoppable momentum.

“What’s the matter with the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation? Unleash Spirit Hazards upon them!”

“There’s no moonlight energy tonight. The spirit hazards are too weak to deal with an army of three million!”

“Are they insane? Why’s the dao palace putting so much effort into this? Do they have a feud with His Majesty?”

It was initially an internal fight between Theocrats. But now, the dao palace had joined in, leaving Dongyang Yun dumbfounded. Even Weisheng Yunxi had made her move. They didn’t seem to be assisting Jiang Ling; they looked more like they were taking revenge!

That fact struck a significant blow to the morale of Dongyang Yun’s followers. Without moonlight energy empowering the spirit hazards, the dao palace and Jiang Ling’s faction immediately tore open a gap.

Dongyang Yun’s army couldn’t put up any resistance in front of this powerful foe. Their casualties were increasing at a rapid speed; any resistance was futile, and Dongyang Yun’s men subconsciously avoided the frontal confrontation.

They had already lost when they lost their cohesion. It was futile no matter how the generals and marshals called out to them. Three million targets was enough to weaken the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation as the charging behemoths dashed around like bolts of lightning. The lifebound beasts that were talented in defense were even more brutal in their charge.

In the next moment, the Seven Astral Legions and Jiang Ling’s army clashed with Dongyang Yun’s army. Their collision produced a series of explosions as countless abilities were thrown around. For a moment, the battlefield was filled with cries, yells, and screams.

Everyone could only see the enormous Nebula Emperor Whale, breaking apart Dongyang Yun’s army’s formation. Then, millions of soldiers followed behind it, ramming into the enemy’s ranks and creating chaos.

The allied armies held the advantage in numbers. With that advantage, they directly tore apart their enemy’s formation like a hot blade slicing through butter. The morale and fighting spirit of both sides were brought out. But in that regard, the two factions weren’t on the same level. Dongyang Yun’s army had been falling apart right from the beginning.

“Hold it!”

“Kill these traitors!”

“Long live His Majesty!”

“Jiang Ling and Weisheng Yunxi have to die!”

Dongyang Yun’s army was more experienced, as they often went to war. Tasked with the mission of protecting the Theocracy, they eventually started their counterattack after persevering through the first clash. It wouldn’t be easy to devour this army of eight hundred thousand.

But there was one thing they were helpless against: there wasn’t anyone capable of holding back the allied masters from tearing apart their formation and charging into the Imperial City.

“Enter the Imperial City and destroy the formation nuclei! Kill Dongyang Yun and take the Cyclic Mirror!” That was the dao palace’s objective. But there was no way Jiang Ling could allow them to achieve their goals.

As long as Autarch Yun died, Jiang Ling could fall out with the dao palace if he took the Cyclic Mirror. If the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation was destroyed, however, Jiang Ling would become trapped by the dao palace even if he won.

Tianming and Ye Lingfeng followed Li Wudi to destroy the formation nuclei. The crimson-haired man was fighting at the front, massacring his opponents with no one capable of stopping him. The saint beastial weapon that he was currently using was a Firstbane Saber. It was a weapon handed down by Li Shexiao when he became the Decimo Dao Palace’s palace lord, and was rumored to also be from the Tomb of the Ancients.

The Firstbane Saber had ninety-two saintly heavenly patterns, making it even more potent than Weisheng Yunxi’s Radiant Astral Chain. It was apparent that Li Wudi had gotten a lot of good stuff from Weisheng Yunxi.

The Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng transformed into a massive crimson kun and started causing chaos with Lan Huang in the Azure Oceanic Purgatory. Anyone pulled into the muddy water died nearly immediately.

“I never expected that my godson would snatch my title as the Grand-Orient Realm’s strongest genius. How depressing. I can only slaughter to relieve my depression!” Li Wudi growled.

“Godfather, you’re outdated. I’m now the strongest genius in the Theocracy of the Ancients. I’m not interested in snatching your title in the Grand-Orient Realm. You’re too shortsighted,” said Tianming.

“So presumptuous? Ha! I like that! I’ll be the second then!” Li Wudi replied.

“There’s already a second. You can be the third,” Tianming pointed to Ye Lingfeng.

“What?” Li Wudi was aggrieved. In the end, he could only vent his feelings on the Ancient Theocrats. Their enemies had already lost their fighting spirit. Many of them even gave way and allowed them into the formation.

But even so, Dongyang Yun’s army still managed to stall the allied army. Their objective was obvious—to cut the connection between the powerhouses and their army.

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When the masters swept through, there was no one else in the front. The group finally managed to get through the formation’s range and reached the Imperial City together. When they entered, they were greeted by sky saints under Dongyang Yun’s authority. There were a thousand of them, and many of them were elites.

“It’s a serious crime to commit treason against the Theocracy! It’s an offense that will execute everyone in your family through nine generations! There’s still a chance for you if you surrender now. Otherwise, you’ll surely regret it for eternity!” the Grand Divine Marshal, Huang Chonghuan, roared.

“Go die!” Li Wudi replied.

This left everyone shocked, and they yelled, "Protect the marshal!"

### **Chapter 535 - Nine Generations of Executions**

Dozens of people immediately stood out to shield Huang Chonghuan. But unexpectedly, he immediately ran for his life after he finished shouting. Only the Grand Divine Legion was left behind to bear the charge from the dao palace and Jiang Ling's powerhouses.

This battle was a lot harder, and there were more people from the Theocracy coming over. This was their territory, after all, and they had thousands of sky saints stationed here. The group had to face enemies ten times their number, and most of the firepower was concentrated on people like Weisheng Yunxi.

But Tianming didn't have it any easier. Everyone knew that he was important, and it would be a huge merit if anyone could kill or capture him. So, many people were targeting him.

"Treating me as a pushover?" Tianming sneered. He, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, Lan Huang, Ye Lingfeng, and the Soulfierd had formed a small group. When they joined the battle, they immediately entered the Azure Oceanic Purgatory. Coupled with Feiling's Temporal Field, they held the initiative.

"Li Tianming, you...!" Before a bald, middle-aged man from the Ancient Theocrats could finish his words, Tianming's Three-Thousand Starfield plunged into his chest. With his internal organs falling from the resulting wound, he died right on the spot.

"Make atonement for your Nineshades Clan!" Tianming separated the Grand-Orient Sword into two and poured six thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki into them. Flesh and blood splattered wherever he went. Even sky saints were unable to defend themselves.

"He's already so powerful?!" Chong Yang threw a casual glance over amid the killing, witnessing how easy it was for Tianming to slaughter sky saints. With the Azure Oceanic Purgatory opening the path, everyone in Tianming's way was in his grasp.

"Not even I can do that!" Jing Yue narrowed his eyes.

"He's too heaven-defying! Even if His Highness beheads Dongyang Yun, how will he deal with Li Tianming in the future? With the potential Li Tianming is showing right now, it's just a matter of time before he becomes stronger than Weisheng Yunxi!" Ling Xing's face turned pale.

"I have no idea. Don't forget about Li Wudi, either. We didn't kill him when we went to the Grand-Orient Realm, and he's probably already a ninth-level sky saint. He can certainly become an empyrean saint! Most importantly, he isn't the same as Weisheng Yunxi. He'll be the greatest threat to the Ancient Theocrats in the future," said Jing Yue.

"You're wrong. He's already a threat now!" Chong Yang's face was ugly.

"Is the dao palace planning to usurp the throne? Did His Highness make any preparations?" Jing Yue asked.

"Making preparations is one thing, but whether you can enact them is another. His Highness doesn't have any alternative right now. Autarch Yun will kill him if he gives up on the throne, so forming an alliance isn't wrong. The wrong lies in Autarch Qian's death, and the two brothers starting their internal



fight before getting rid of the dao palace! Most importantly, the dao palace has the Evil Suppression Formation. It's impossible to eradicate them. His Highness doesn't have a choice but to take the risk," Chong Yang sighed.

"No matter what, the Theocrats have their foundation firmly rooted over tens of thousands of years. The dao palace is just the dao palace; they won't dare to do anything as long as the Theocrats are unified. Otherwise, they'll have a bad time ahead!" Jing Yue replied.

"No matter what, we must find an opportunity to take the Cyclic Mirror for His Highness after killing Dongyang Yun."

"Understood!"

While they were discussing among themselves, the Decimo Dao Palace's powerhouses had already torn apart the Grand Divine Legion's defenses. Regardless of whether it was Dongyang Yun or Jiang Ling, they couldn't compete with the Decimo Dao Palace in terms of powerhouses.

Furthermore, with Li Wudi coming into the picture, the two Dongyang brothers were inferior to the dao palace even if they were to work together. The top-tier powerhouses had greatly affected the battlefield. At the very least, their momentum was unstoppable as they charged into the Imperial City.

When Weisheng Yunxi, Li Wudi, Jiang Ling, Bai Mo, and Ye Yi, and the other four ninth-level sky saints charged, even the eighth-level sky saint, Huang Chonghuan, had run away. So who could stop them? On the contrary, Tianming had no idea how many sky saints he had slain so far.

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"Li Tianming!" A middle-aged man came out of an alley riding a golden elephant. The golden elephant was covered in dragon scales, and dragon horns grew from its head. Tianming could see the seventy-six stars in its eye, showing that it was a mature empyrean beast. It was known as a Golden Dragon-Elephant.

"Who the hell are you?" Tianming looked at the blue-clothed man.

"Remember my name well. The person who will kill you is I, State Eunuch Wei Xiaotao!"

"Eunuch?" Tianming smiled. With a cold light flickering across his eyes, he continued, "Any last words before I send you on your way?"

"How dare you rebel against the Theocracy! His Majesty will surely execute nine generations of your family!" Wei Xiaotao raged.

"The Nineshades Clan still can't put down their pride even now, I see. But what's a eunuch like you feeling proud about?" Tianming sneered.

"What do you mean?" Wei Xiaotao was shocked. The dao palace was working for Jiang Ling, so how could Tianming call out the Nineshades Clan so casually?

"What I'm trying to say is... die!!" Tianming charged forth with his lifebound beasts. Lan Huang clashed against the Golden Dragon-Elephant, while Meow Meow and Ying Huo launched sneak attacks from the side.

“I’ll burst your golden balls!”

The Golden Dragon-Elephant was only a seventh-order empyrean beast. Now that it was being dragged into the water by Lan Huang and electrocuted by Meow Meow’s lightning, it naturally couldn’t stop Ying Huo’s three thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki from smashing into its balls.

The Golden Dragon-Elephant issued a loud cry and its face turned purple, catching Wei Xiaotao by surprise. He never expected that his lifebound beast would lose so quickly.

“Haha! My, my! Your lifebound beast is now a eunuch just like you! The two of you can share your experiences as eunuchs in hell! But as you’re more experienced, do provide more advice to your lifebound beast,” Tianming laughed.

“What rudeness!” Wei Xiaotao raged.

“Not only am I rude, but I’m also ruthless!” Tianming dashed forth. With the Celestial Wings and his sky saint physique, Tianming’s speed had reached a whole new level. It only took a blink of an eye for him to reach Wei Xiaotao.

Pouring six thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki into his sword, he executed the Shenxiao Sword Art’s fourth move. With the two battle arts overlapping, Tianming swung his sword down.

He only took a single move to shatter Wei Xiaotao’s weapon, reducing it to fragments under the Invincible Sword Ki. Before Wei Xiaotao could even let out a scream, the Invincible Sword Ki had destroyed him and dozens of buildings. At the same time, Ying Huo flew into the Golden Dragon-Elephant’s mouth and unleashed its sword ki, killing it instantly.

“Done. Next!” Tianming clapped his hands together and went looking for his next prey, his three lifebound beasts following behind. When he turned around, he saw the three exalted ones, Chong Yang, Jing Yue, and Ling Xing, behind him.

“It has been a long time, exalted ones,” Tianming smiled.

“Yeah.” Chong Yang nodded. They had complex feelings, especially Jing Yue, whose hands were trembling.

“Well, I’ll be continuing my killing.” Tianming made a detour and left.

“Eunuch Wei was killed instantly. He was a sixth-level sky saint.... He’s somewhere around our level, right?” Ling Xing said with much difficulty.

“I’m thinking that the threat would’ve been vanquished if I’d killed him back then,” said Jing Yue.

“Yeah. There’s nothing we can do about it now. If we knew this would happen, we would’ve killed Li Tianming and Li Wudi back in the Grand-Orient Realm,” said Chong Yang.

“Yeah....”

“Speaking of which, do we even have to be worried for the Theocrats?” Ling Xing asked.

“Without the Ancient Theocrats, there wouldn’t be an Ancient Qilin Clan. The appearance of Li Muyang is the sin of our clan, and we have to be held accountable for it. Worrying for the Ancient Theocrats is

the same as worrying for the Ancient Qilin Clan. Don't you understand that?" Chong Yang said in a solemn tone.

"That's right!" Jing Yue immediately followed up.

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"Lord Virtuous!"

"Save Lord Virtuous!"

Screams echoed out across the battlefield. Dongyang Yun's army watched as a crimson-haired man hacked an old eunuch to death before picking up his head and laughing, "So, this is the famous Lord Virtuous, who possessed high authority in the Theocracy? What an awkward death for him!"

Lord Virtuous' death had struck a heavy blow to the Imperial City's morale.

"The dao palace is too powerful!"

"They've also got Jiang Ling who can stop them?!"

"The entire Theocracy only has one empyrean saint, Weisheng Yunxi. No one can stop her!"

"Where's His Majesty? Did he escape?"

"Jiang Ling is being supported by the dao palace. They're destined to win, so let's just surrender."

Many people wailed. They felt despair when the Decimo Dao Palace and Jiang Ling had broken through the defenses and were about to reach the Imperial City.

Once they stepped foot into the Imperial City, it would be Dongyang Yun's loss. By far, Dongyang Yun's followers had already suffered heavy casualties.

"His Majesty has fled! So surrender!"

"His Highness, the Ninth Prince has returned!"

"His Highness is the new Primeval Autarch!"

Word spread like wildfire throughout the battlefield, shaking the morale of Dongyang Yun's followers. Once they suffered a heavy blow to their morale, they would eventually crumble.

"Who said that I escaped?!" a roar echoed throughout the battlefield. A man wearing a fiery-red imperial robe stood among the Imperial Palace's ruins. By his side were three Bloodwinged Flamefiend Hydras. The three hydras each had eighty-one stars.

Dongyang Yun was a triple beastmaster, and every single one of his lifebound beasts had eight heads. That meant his talent was infinitely close to the top in the entire Theocracy. In the Theocrats' history, someone like him was fully qualified to be the Primeval Autarch.

The moment he appeared, his lifebound beasts soared into the sky. Dongyang Yun was the backbone of his followers, and his appearance had brought their morale soaring back up. After all, Dongyang Yun had risen through war, which was why he had the Saint Martial Manor's support.

"Guardians of the Theocracy, come with me to punish the traitors! The Theocrats are undefeated!" Dongyang Yun roared.

"Undefeated!" Countless people echoed.

### **Chapter 536: Return of the Primeval Autarch**

When Dongyang Yun riled up his men, Jiang Ling appeared before them. "Dongyang Yun, you're mistaken! The Theocrats will never perish, but a traitor like you that killed the previous autarch must die!" His voice was pure and just, a stark contrast against Dongyang Yun's own savage voice.

"Ninth, stop spouting crap. You're just using that as an excuse to betray the country so you can take the throne for yourself. If you have any balls, let's fight one on one today!"

"What a joke. A traitor like you shall be dealt with by Palace Lord Weisheng. What a country needs is a wise ruler, not a battle maniac like you!"

As they spoke, Weisheng Yunxi and her Nebula Emperor Whale appeared before Dongyang Yun.

"Palace Lord Weisheng, you're truly fierce today. Are you mad about me using the Cyclic Mirror? My forebears have been using it for generations without the Decimo Dao Palace so much as making a whimper, so why now? Don't tell me you're trying to trick this traitor into working with you with the ultimate goal of ending Theocrat rule over the nation so that you can take over?" Dongyang Yun laughed maniacally.

"Shut up!" Weisheng Yunxi didn't bother with unnecessary talk. She acted immediately, waving for her whale to attack Dongyang Yun.

"Weisheng Yunxi you dastardly woman! Your ambition to overturn the Theocracy is abhorrent! Jiang Ling, you will doom us Theocrats as a result of your personal greedy ambitions. You shall be the eternal sinner of our clan! When you die, our ancestors will definitely ensure you can never rest in peace!"

Dongyang Yun's eyes were bloodshot. His fight with the palace lord caused such magnificent shockwaves that countless buildings in the Imperial City collapsed. Jiang Ling hurriedly gave chase. Right at that moment, Li Wudi appeared before them and blocked their way.

"Ninth Prince, please take a rest as our palace lord fights. It wouldn't be good if Your Highness gets injured in the crossfire."

"What is the meaning of this? Don't tell me that the dao palace intends to take my clan's Cyclic Mirror?!"

"Your Highness is overthinking this. Once we defeat Dongyang Yun, our palace lord shall return the mirror to you. The dao palace is powerful and is often plotted against by those who intend to topple us but aren't able to. Please don't believe the lies of those people. After all, what is the dao palace but a simple place of learning? Ruling the nation is the prerogative of the Theocrats, as it has always been. Once Dongyang Yun is dead, Your Highness will be taking over his men and consolidating your power among the Theocrats, so there's no need to worry when Your Highness will come to wield so much power. It would be laughable."

As long as Li Wudi was there, the ninth prince wouldn't be able to interfere. As they spoke, Weisheng Yunxi was dominating Dongyang Yun. His hydras were already bloodied all over and they seemed like their lives were in danger.

At that moment, Dongyang Yun took out the Cyclic Mirror, as expected, blocking the palace lord's Radiant Astral Chain with a heavenly pattern formation that formed to protect him, keeping him completely untouched.

"Haha, vile vixen, what kind of empyrean saint are you? You're too weak! You aren't able to touch me at all, let alone kill me. What do you plan to do, eh? Ran out of tricks? Then stop embarrassing yourself!" He was so far gone that he was referring to himself in the singular rather than the haughty royal plural he usually employed.

Using the Cyclic Mirror was in fact protecting him from the palace lord. Everyone had been waiting for him to die, since many would surrender immediately as long as he did. But if he survived, the battle would be forced to continue. However, Weisheng Yunxi's rampant attacks weren't able to do much.

"That's the Cyclic Mirror!"

"Why is it with the Theocrats? Didn't Li Muyang steal it?"

"No matter what, with the mirror around, Dongyang Yun is untouchable!"

Dongyang Yun's men had their hopes up once more when the palace lord actually stopped attacking. She didn't say anything, and people thought she was about to give up. But at that moment, she stretched her palm out toward the dao palace and gripped the empty air. Suddenly, the ground began shaking. "What's the palace lord trying to do?" Tianming asked Bai Mo.

"She's converting the Evil Suppression Pillar from formation form to evil-suppression form!"

"What does that even mean?!"

"The pillar is a divine artifact with two forms. The formation form is the Evil Suppression Formation, but the evil-suppression form is a weapon on par with your Grand-Orient Sword. She's planning to use it to shatter the Cyclic Mirror. To be honest, the pillar has remained untouched for quite some time."

The Evil Suppression Formation was the cornerstone of the dao palace, for without it, a 'nation within a nation' like the Decimo Dao Palace would have long been killed off by the Theocrats. Otherwise, there was no way they would be allowed to roam free, especially with the savagery of the early Theocrats.

"The palace lord has been familiar with the pillar since she was young and is able to summon it in weapon form to her side. In the future, you should be able to do the same with your sword too," Bai Mo added.

"Alright! Hall King, you mean to say that the pillar's weapon form is our trump card to kill Dongyang Yun, right? After we take the mirror, we can start killing off the rest of the Theocrats, right?"

"That's right. As long as it works out, we'll no longer need to use the Evil Suppression Formation to protect ourselves from now on, but will be able to prosper peacefully. Now, the Evil Suppression Pillar will finally be able to show its true power."

In other words, the Decimo Dao Palace would switch from defense to offense.

At that moment, a black beam of light came shooting from the direction of the dao palace and manifested in Weisheng Yunxi's hand as a black staff. Tianming had seen it as a pillar this whole time, and it was his first time witnessing the evil-suppression form. This was a divine artifact on par with the Grand-Orient Sword. While it looked simple, it contained unspeakable power that couldn't be casually unleashed.

"The Evil Suppression Pillar can be used as a weapon too?!" Many others were just as confused about what they were witnessing. Jiang Ling and Dongyang Yun's expressions also shifted.

"Wicked woman, have you gone mad? You know that this means your dao palace is no longer protected, right?"

"After I kill you, I can go back and restore the formation," Weisheng Yunxi said.

"Oh, that sounds rather bold. But are you sure you'll be able to make it back in the first place?" Dongyang Yun was looking down and chuckling uncontrollably. He seemed utterly elated.

But the palace lord ignored him and attacked at full force along with her whale. This was a clash between two divine artifacts; however, Weisheng Yunxi was stronger than Dongyang Yun, so the fight was as good as settled!

Wham! When the pillar struck the mirror's surface, Dongyang Yun was sent flying and spat out blood.

"Hahahaha!" he laughed with his arms held wide. "Come, kill me! Kill me and take over the Theocracy! You'll be the savior of everyone in this nation!"

The only response that came from the palace lord was another strike. Once more, the pillar slammed into the mirror, causing Dongyang Yun to spit out even more blood.

"Oh, Weisheng Yunxi, you're far too weak. Your cultivation is decent, I'll give you that, but your methods are child's play at best," he mocked, much to everyone's anger. He was already about to die, so he had no right to say something like that.

"Goodbye and good riddance!" Weisheng Yunxi cried as she went in for a third strike.

Everyone thought that Dongyang Yun was definitely going to die this time. Right at that moment, the pillar struck Dongyang Yun on the head after he grabbed the mirror tightly in his arms. His flesh was exploding all over the place.

"Dongyang Yun is finally dead!" cried the other side.

"It's a little too soon to celebrate," said a calm, thunderous voice all of a sudden. Everyone's hearts skipped a beat at hearing it. Turning to look, they saw the rubble beneath Dongyang Yun blast apart as an old man in black robes came out and stood by his side. The moment the man in black took the Cyclic Mirror back, Dongyang Yun relaxed and slumped to the ground.

"Lord Father!" he cried passionately, announcing his identity to everyone. In an instant, everybody recognized him and the entire battlefield fell silent. The forces of the Theocrats, Decimo Dao Palace,

Ancient Clans, Saint Martial Manor, and the rest widened their eyes in disbelief, completely flabbergasted.

"Autarch Qian!" someone cried. The words felt like a hammer that struck everyone squarely in the head. They were all seeing the same thing: the Primeval Autarch had come back from the dead!

Many people had their doubts when word came out that he died. As time passed, those in the dao palace watched as the Theocrats fought each other and reduced the Divine Capital to rubble, eventually becoming convinced that the previous autarch had truly died. Nobody would go so far and do such cruel things to achieve their ambitions, after all, yet Autarch Qian had done exactly that.

In other words, he'd given all he had to set up this elaborate plot and spin everyone in circles! Instantly, everyone realized what his true goal was. Now, the Decimo Dao Palace was no longer protected by the Evil Suppression Formation, and their core members were in the Imperial City.

At the same time, Jiang Ling quickly knelt with a fervent expression and prostrated himself to his father, along with everyone else from the Dongyang Clan, Jiang Clan, Ancient Clans, Saint Martial Manor, Dazzling Pavillion, and the other sects from the nine great realms.

The only ones that didn't kneel were those from Decimo Dao Palace. This was Autarch Qian's plan all along: their utter annihilation!

### **Chapter 537: Li Wudi's Bloodfiend Transformation**

Jiang Ling and Dongyang Yun's forces were united again under Autarch Qian. Everyone looked at him with passion, as if they had found a lord to serve for the rest of their lives. Even if the two princes refused to give up their claim to power, nobody would be willing to serve them any longer. This was the might commanded by Autarch Qian!

Every Theocrat cried tears of joy, especially Dongyang Yun's followers, who had endured much. They had even been ready to surrender. However, with their true master revived, they were filled with the utmost elation. Their bodies and souls 'burned' with joy as they eagerly watched the warriors of the Decimo Dao Palace in anticipation of the schadenfreude that was to come. How the tables had turned!

Now, the Decimo Dao Palace was instantly made the underdog. The Theocrats were now united, and far stronger than the dao palace in terms of troops and elites. What was worse was that they didn't even have the Evil Suppression Formation to protect them. There was nowhere to escape to; this would be fatal!

Tianming noted that even Bai Mo took a step back, his face completely pale and struck with disbelief, a reaction mirrored by the rest of the dao palace's warriors. Everyone remembered Autarch Qian's cruel atrocities. Even Weisheng Yunxi was completely floored and crushed by the sudden turn of events.

"Little girl Weisheng, how many years has it been? You're still as naive and innocent as you used to be. I was able to outsmart you with this simple trick. Are you convinced of your loss?" Autarch Qian asked with a smile. He was a hundred years her senior and addressed her like an adult would a child. She would always be a child in his eyes. "You're as kind as you were back then. This will get many people killed. You're just too fresh. Having to fight you makes me feel like a bully, you know."

It had been a long time since he cared about using the royal plural. "Oh well, you've lived long enough. Let's consider that a merciful gesture of mine. Today's an auspicious day. I will take your head and sacrifice it in the name of our clan's dead warriors. Those children have really contributed much to our cause. So now, it's time for the Decimo Dao Palace to utterly perish."

The mirror he had retrieved was now flying around him and forming a vortex as he approached her. The terrifying oppressive force coming from the true autarch zeroed in on her body, checkmating her. After all the tricks she'd employed, all she found was that she had been dancing in his palm all along! What else could she do in such a desperate situation?

She gripped the pillar tightly in her hand as a vile aura emanated from her. Her whale was right by her side, and the autarch beast appeared beside Autach Qian. It was a hydra with nine heads and eighty-nine stars, the beast with the highest star rank in the entire Theocracy!

"Heed my orders, warriors of the Decimo Dao Palace! Let's slaughter our way out of encirclement! We still haven't lost!" Weisheng Yunxi exclaimed, not daring to apologize to them or say anything disheartening. If their morale plummeted in the following battle, they would suffer even heavier losses.

"Astral Legions, we're still a million strong and our palace lord has the Evil Suppression Pillar! We can continue this fight! If the Theocrats want to consume us, we'll make sure they all get a sore mouth doing so! Kill anyone that blocks our way!" Ye Yi yelled as the marshal of the troops, reigniting their fighting spirits.

"That's right! They only have three hundred thousand!"

"They'll need at least a million to wipe us out!"

"They've lost five hundred thousand of their number to internal strife already. If they lose another million, the Theocrats will be no more!"

The Astral Legions regained much hope.

"Brothers, don't let Autarch Qian scare you. He's already a dead man walking! We have fought and attempted to help Jiang Ling ascend to the throne, yet he dared betray us and is trying to eliminate us! We all know what dastardly methods the Theocrats would stoop down to use. They'll never let anyone who surrenders live. Those who don't wish to die, fight with us!"

All they wanted to do now was survive this battle. That was their driving impetus to fight. Under Ye Yi's leadership, the million troops of the dao palace charged with renewed fervor. They knew even without looking back that Autarch Qian and Weisheng Yunxi would be engaged in a fierce battle to the death with their respective divine artifacts. All she could do was buy them time.

When the two empyrean saints clashed, the reverberations could be felt throughout the battlefield.

"Hall King!" Tianming called out to Bai Mo. "What's going on now? Can the formation not be deployed again? Can't we activate it here on the battlefield?"

"It can be used here, but only with a diameter of a thousand meters. There's no way it can protect all of us, and Autarch Qian won't allow it to happen either. Only when the palace lord returns it to the dao palace can the formation's area stretch much wider!"



"Why is that?"

"There are formation-widening stones within the Dao Palace that our forebears set up."

Tianming had seen something like that mentioned in the Infernal Soul Heavenly Pattern Canon. It was a heavenly pattern formation that could expand the area of a main formation. To cover such a large area like the dao palace, thousands of such stones had to be deployed. Given that Tianming's own Sword Imperealm Formation only had a diameter of twenty meters, it was no surprise a divine artifact like the Evil Suppression pillar had a smaller individual formation as well. Now, the palace lord couldn't leave. If she did, nobody would be able to hold Autarch Qian back.

"Autarch Qian is a level stronger than the palace lord and has the Cyclic Mirror. The palace lord can't hold on for long!" Bai Mo said anxiously.

Tianming now knew the full extent of the truth. It was such a ruthless and underhanded method. "So Autarch Qian faked his death and made it seem like Dongyang Yun used the Cyclic Mirror to take millions of souls, all in order to lure the palace lord to undo the formation by using the Evil Suppression Pillar as a weapon. He also drew out the Astral Legions. That way, the dao palace would be completely unprotected!

"Hall King, without the formation, where can we run?"

"Let's fight our way back to the dao palace first. There are some more formations that'll be able to hold on for a little. What we have to worry about now is that nobody will be able to hold Autarch Qian at bay so the palace lord can escape!"

When Bai Mo finished, his eyes fell on the ninth prince, Jiang Ling, who had joined the fray and was slaughtering the warriors of the dao palace. He had intentionally come to seek out Bai Mo and began attacking, leaving him and his tiger no choice but to fight. Before he left, he said, "Tianming, you're quite powerful, so break out of this melee and return to the dao palace. Leave with your sister Qingyu. Leave the Divine Capital! That's an order!"

Jiang Ling rained a torrent of attacks on him the moment he finished speaking. Meanwhile, Ye Yi was intercepted by Dongyang Yun before he could even go to Weisheng Yunxi's aid. Both he and Bai Mo were ninth-level sky saints and weren't able to do much to help Weisheng Yunxi, so who could help her leave?

Even her, an empyrean saint with a divine artifact, could barely hold Autarch Qian at bay, let alone anyone else. Tianming turned back and saw a lot of fighting going on near the Imperial Palace's rubble.

The Evil Suppression Pillar and the Cyclic Mirror had wrought quite a lot of death and destruction nearby. Almost everyone in the vicinity had ended up dead. Tianming himself had personally witnessed the autarch completely dominating their palace lord. The reason he had faked his death was to kill Weisheng Yunxi; there was no way he would give her a chance to escape.

"The palace lord can't hold on any longer...."

Many disciples of the dao palace were despairing and felt death looming over their heads. Even though the clash between the two empyrean saints had only just begun, Autarch Qian clearly had the upper hand.

Bai Mo had ordered Tianming to escape, but he didn't do so. Instead, he charged to the very front of the troops to pave a way for them. Anywhere his sword went, it left behind a wake of corpses. His Invincible Sword Ki shot out and tore through many beastmasters and their lifebound beasts. He was entirely covered in blood, and there were even chunks of the enemies' corpses stuck in the seams of his armor.

Where's my godfather? The moment he thought of him, he heard the shocked cries of many dao palace warriors. Turning back, he saw a blood-haired man joining the fight between the autarch and the palace lord. The man was none other than Li Wudi, but he seemed a little different from before.

He was entirely covered in bloody scales. Even his head looked completely different, like an amalgamation of a few wildbeasts. He seemed like a humanoid beast and looked to be three meters in height.

His Ancient Infernalblood Kunpeng's feathers had also turned blood red. The two of them filled the surroundings with a sense of dread, like gods of death. Now, Li Wudi didn't seem much weaker than Weisheng Yunxi.

Godfather's ability must be thanks to his Lifesbane. I recall that the second ancestor, Li Xinghe, had four blood-colored bane-rings and the Bloodfiend Transformation ability. I wonder if this is the same thing? Either way, he's now as powerful as an empyrean saint!

Even he hadn't heard that Li Wudi had this ability before. It must've been a recent discovery. That means we still have hope!

Tianming's eyes were bloodshot. A small pawn like him wouldn't be able to help in the battle of the aces, so he did what a basic pawn would: forge a path of blood for the warriors of the dao palace.

### **Chapter 538: Death to All Obstacles**

"Palace Lord, you have to go, quick!" Li Wudi said as he came slashing with the Firstbane Saber. His strength was magnificent and his moves were savage. His rabid slashes even caused Autarch Qian to furrow his brow.

"An octabane is truly powerful. Your strength is equivalent to a first-level empyrean saint, right? It's too bad that the heavens shall eliminate you before you truly become an empyrean saint. Today, the two of you must die!" Autarch Qian said with a relaxed smile. He knew that Weisheng Yunxi would be able to reinstate the Evil Suppression Formation once she returned to the dao palace, so letting her escape meant wasting all of his effort. As such, no matter how fiercely Li Wudi attacked, the autarch focused on her alone, making it so that she wouldn't be able to leave.

"Old friend, hold up this person for me," Autarch Qian said.

The autarch beast left the whale alone and engaged Li Wudi and his Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng.

"Weisheng Yunxi, the fact that your dao palace was able to meet the powerful descendants of Li Shexiao shows that you have great luck. It's a shame that you were too foolish. If only you'd waited for him to break through and become an empyrean saint, I'd be in real trouble. Come to think of it, I've always had quite the lucky streak. Back then, I managed to kill Li MUYANG when he became an empyrean saint. And now Li Wudi has come to me himself. To think that my old hands get to kill unparalleled geniuses like these.... Hahahaha!"

He continued unleashing one savage move after another. The Cyclic Mirror in his hands didn't stop furiously attacking. After he had absorbed millions of souls for his cultivation, he was at his strongest point in his whole life. Each time he used the mirror, he would be able to fight back against the heavens and steal part of his lost lifespan and saint ki back.

"Evil shall naturally perish!" Weisheng Yunxi groaned as she desperately fought back. Even if her whale came to help her, she wouldn't be able to escape with how thorough her foe's attacks were. If it weren't for Li Wudi leading the autarch beast away, she would have been dead already.

"Ah, the musings of the desperate. Such drama queens," Autarch Qian said with a disapproving shake of the head.

"You're truly fierce, animal!" Li Wudi rammed the autarch beast away and came slashing with his blood-colored saber.

The autarch merely smiled and punched, sending thick waves of fist intent that knocked Li Wudi flying and smashing into the ground, forming a crater where he landed.

"The Bloodfiend Body is truly tough. This must be the Li Saint Clan's Bloodfiend Transformation, huh. I might be a little troubled trying to kill you later. To think you'd be such a troublesome fish. Thankfully, I managed to lure you out with bait. Oh, is this what they call a double hook?" He laughed heartily at his magnificent catch during this stormy fishing day. "I'll kill your huge whale first, Weisheng Yunxi. Since ancient times, the big fish of the Weisheng Clan have always been nothing more than seafood before the Theocrats. Since when did you dare jump off the cutting board?"

The autarch seemed jolly as a child. "Come on. Don't stay silent, little girl Weisheng. I know you hate me. Without me, you wouldn't have gone blind. I wonder how it feels to be unable to see? Don't just fight me. Bullying you is getting boring. You might as well give me a few more hot-blooded platitudes about justice, like your parents did. I'm always a big fan of those, you know—a fish that doesn't struggle just doesn't taste as good!"

The Cyclic Mirror shone brightly once more, letting out a piercing glow that flayed the flesh of the Nebula Emperor Whale.

"Oh, there's quite a bit of blubber there...." His laughter reverberated throughout the battlefield.

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Within the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation, Tianming was bathing in slaughter. Too many Theocrats had their eyes on him. Now, his life was worth almost as much as Li Wudi and Weisheng Yunxi's. It wouldn't be that easy for him to pave a way for the Seven Astral Legions. Anyone who saw him would immediately come slaughtering his way.

Tianming's Grand-Orient Sword was entirely covered in blood. He couldn't afford to shift his attention to Li Wudi and the others' fights at all, or he would immediately be killed.

His Dark Astral Armor was almost entirely torn off, and there was an arrow wound on his bloody chest. The arrow had shot out from somewhere with awesome force. If he hadn't evaded just in the nick of time, it would have pierced his head.

Thunder began rumbling as more rain fell. The only thing he could see beneath him were corpses; the rainwater mixing with blood made for a ghoulish sight indeed.

"Feng, don't stray too far from me," Tianming yelled, standing on Lan Huang's back as he charged. But he was immediately flanked, forcing him to retreat. Looking up, he saw two people and four qilin saint beasts ahead.

Two of the qilins were silver and surrounded by moonlight, while the other two were purple and glittered with starlight. They were both saint beasts with more than seventy stars and were in their adult stage. In fact, they were beginning to age. These were the signature beasts of the Moon Qilin Branch and the Star Qilin Branch. The two beastmasters were old, and already past a hundred. They were the Exalted Ones, Jing Yue and Ling Xing. They mounted their beasts and blocked Tianming's way with a fierce glare.

"Make way!" Tianming and his three beasts, coupled with Ye Lingfeng and the soulfierd, charged toward them.

"Li Tianming, as a descendant of the Ancient Qilin Clan, you've actually betrayed the nation with Decimo Dao Palace. This is a sin that cannot be pardoned. As your seniors, we have to personally take your life to redeem ourselves before His Majesty!" Jing Yue announced.

"Haha, I bet you said the same thing during my father's incident back then, didn't you? To think that there's people who can serve as lowly dogs without any shred of dignity. Why do you call yourselves the Ancient Qilin Clan when you lick the feet of the Nineshades Clan? Might as well call yourselves the Bootlicking Clan!" Tianming spat. He didn't think those two, out of all others, would be the ones to block his way.

"He's already too far gone, thanks to the dao palace's brainwashing. There's no saving him. The Ancient Qilin Clan is complicit in the blame for giving birth to such a traitorous father and son," Ling Xing said with a sigh.

"That's right. You're all sinners, and your sentence is death. I shall carry out the sentence!"

Tianming felt his blood boil. He exchanged glances with his three lifebound beasts. Ye Lingfeng and the soulfierd also had their targets in sight.

"Feng, let's take one each!"

"Sure!"

The will of the Infernal Soul Race began burning in Ye Lingfeng. Being in such a dire predicament ignited the blazing flames in his eyes. Over the past forty years, the Ancient Qilin Clan had been their torturers. So what if they were cursed with the lifetime curse? It was their fault for being the unassuming dog of the Theocrats!

"Die!"

Tianming and Jing Yue charged toward each other.

"I really regret not killing you back then!" Jing Yue roared.

"Haha...." Before Tianming was even near to him, he lashed out with the Three-Thousand Starfield, executing the Ninesilver Astral Art—Nine Stardust. This was the most powerful empyrean-ranked battle art he knew. His whip split into nine galaxies and descended from the skies. Stars gathered within each galaxy and surrounded Jing Yue's head. His sky saint ki coupled with more than six thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki, went blasting out.

With a loud bang, Jing Yue was knocked flying with his armor all torn apart. He was so weakened by the blow that he could barely get back to his feet.

"Someone of your meager capabilities actually tried to kill me? Dream on!" Tianming mocked as he swapped his weapon to the Grand-Orient Sword.

Flapping his Celestial Wings, he appeared right in front of Jing Yue and gave a wide swing with Shenxiao Sword Art's fourth strike, the Imperealm Sword Formation, and all six thousand strands of sword ki. His most powerful and brutish strike streaked toward Jing Yue's head.

"Chong Yang, save me!" Jing Yue cried in a panic, then was split in two.

"Farewell!" Tianming's emotions didn't fluctuate in the slightest. He returned to join Meow Meow, as it was keeping the Moon Qilin busy, and swiftly took the qilin's head.

"Die, die, die!"

In a flash, four lifebound beasts and two beastmasters fell to him and Ye Lingfeng. When Tianming came to join the fight against Ling Xing, he took both legs at once and Ye Lingfeng followed up by stabbing him in the throat.

"You two...."

The two exalted ones had never imagined Ye Lingfeng would be strong enough to fight Ling Xing on even footing. They had initially thought they were going to gang up upon Tianming.

"You have to be reasonable in life, you know. Just because you like to kneel doesn't mean you should force others to!" Tianming smirked and pushed Ling Xing's corpse away before joining the fray once more. "Those who block me will die!"

Lan Huang used its Azure Oceanic Purgatory and paved a road of blood for them. Now, they were incredibly near to the border of the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation. As they neared it, an old man dressed in black and gold robes looked at his two old comrades' corpses with great grief. He was none other than Chong Yang.

The three of them had come together, but he had been stopped on the way by Life Hall King Situ Qinghe, leaving only Jing Yue and Ling Xing to take on Tianming, only for them to end up dead.

"Li Tianming, you traitor.... For you to dare to kill exalted ones from your own clan.... You truly are a heartless animal!" Chong Yang's teeth shook from the rage.

"Chong Yang, stop trying to sponge off their fame. Your shitty clan doesn't deserve Li Muyang and Li Tianming!" Situ Qinghe said.

The combined effort of the warriors of the dao palace eventually managed to open up a tear in the formation, allowing them passage outside. They immediately charged toward the Decimo Dao Palace. Among them was the Sky Hall King, Weisheng Yumo, who had gone back in advance to set up more defensive formations. While they wouldn't last long, they would help just a little bit in the hopes of Weisheng Yunxi being able to run from the autarch back to the dao palace and redeploy the Evil Suppression Formation.

"Everyone together! Don't give up!"

"The dao palace won't be defeated! The palace lord won't let us down!"

"Hold on! We're already out of the formation! The Theocrats aren't able to stop us now!"

The warriors were filled with the will to survive, thinking of nothing but returning to the dao palace. However, would Weisheng Yunxi really be able to hold out against Autarch Qian?

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Thunderous roars, heavy rain, harrowing cries, screams of agony, and bestial roars sounded out all across the battlefield, blending into a discordant symphony. Yet Tianming managed to hear a sound that seemed to be emitted from the depths of the sea. He could tell it was the cry of the Nebula Emperor Whale.

He froze and couldn't help but turn back, only to see a gigantic mirror floating far above the Imperial City, rotating and forming a vortex into which the souls of countless dead fighters were drawn.

The whale was already being sucked into the bottom of the vortex. It almost seemed to be boiled from the steam that rose from its body as it cried and struggled in abject suffering. The Cyclic Mirror was devouring its soul!

Beneath the Cyclic Vortex was Autarch Qian, wielding a black sword in one hand and the Cyclic Mirror in another as he fought to stop Weisheng Yunxi, whose fervent attacks weren't able to do anything to save her whale.

### **Chapter 539 - Take Her Home**

"Yunxi, don't mess with this old man's steamed whale. Young lady, you should learn when I'm displaying my cooking skills. Don't be impetuous. Speaking of which, you're two hundred years old now, not young anymore. The years haven't been forgiving. Do you understand the indifference of the Heavenly Dao? If you don't understand it now, you will when you turn three hundred. But it's a pity, you have to die today." Autarch Qian laughed heartily.

Weisheng Yunxi's struggle formed a sharp contrast to his ease. On the other side, Li Wudi was still fighting the autarch beast. After all, the autarch beast was a second-level empyrean saint, two levels higher than Li Wudi. Autarch Qian still controlled the overall situation.

At this moment, the Nebula Emperor Whale's voice gradually weakened. When the white mist dissipated, the bright stars on its body suddenly dimmed and the starry sky turned into a dark night. Its soul was torn apart by the Cyclic Mirror.

"It's out of the pot! Smells great!" laughed Autarch Qian.

Weisheng Yunxi stood there blankly with bloodshot eyes and a pain-filled expression. She had lost. Once again, she was defeated by Autarch Qian's calculations and means. Her Nebula Emperor Whale was dead.

"Nebula..."

She suddenly found it difficult to breathe. The blow hit her like a bat to the head, making her unsteady on her feet.

"How pathetic! Can't you go mad?! Bullying a weakling like you makes me upset," Autarch Qian said regretfully.

The huge corpse of the Nebula Emperor Whale hit the ground, provoking a cheer from the Theocrats.

"The Nebula Emperor Whale died in battle. It's over for the Decimo Dao Palace!"

"Kill!!!"

"Today, the Decimo Dao Palace is completely annihilated. The malignant tumor of the Theocracy will no longer exist!"

They were all mad, their ferocious natures revealed, each a bloody-eyed murderer.

Autarch Qian sighed, shaking his head. "How depressing.... Victory was too easy."

As soon as he finished speaking, the autarch beast screamed. Following the scream, they all turned and witnessed Li Wudi slice off one of the beast's heads in the midst of battle. He threw the head at Autarch Qian.

"It seems the Li Saint Clan is quite capable. Apparently, Li Shenxiao almost wiped us out back then!" Autarch Qian roared with laughter.

Taking advantage of the commotion, Weisheng Yunxi placed the corpse of the Nebula Emperor Whale into her lifebound space.

"It's useless. When you die in a while, it'll have to come out again," said Autarch Qian.

Although the autarch beast had lost a head, it was only even more fierce. Li Wudi was once again entangled in battle and unable to support Weisheng Yunxi. In the face of absolute strength, Li Wudi was anxious. Until he got rid of the autarch beast, he would be continuously engaged in battle. He could only hope that Weisheng Yunxi was able to sustain herself a while longer.

"It's time to end this. What a farce. I wonder how stupid our ancestors were. It merely takes this to exterminate the Decimo Dao Palace, yet they remained standing until now." Feeling bored, Autarch Qian pulled out the Cyclic Mirror and walked toward Weisheng Yunxi.

"Come, avenge your lifebound beast!" Bursting with grandeur, Autarch Qian made his move.

Weisheng Yunxi remained silent. Despite the bitterness she'd experienced in the past, she had always gritted her teeth and endured. The only thing she could do was give it her all. Everyone could see that she was already at her limit, and had given up on living past this one last battle. What she wanted was a chance for vengeance, to buy even a tiny bit of time for the Decimo Dao Palace.

Unfortunately, the disparity in strength was insurmountable.

Every time she attacked, Autarch Qian managed to suppress her, beating her bloody. She got up again and again, fighting with her life, but the reality was that she was only knocked down again and again. Many of the Dao Palace's warriors were in tears, but what could they do? In the end, not even Autarch Qian could stand it anymore.

His Cyclic Mirror descended from the sky like a piece of dry land. The Evil Suppression Pillar in Weisheng Yunxi's hand sank bit by bit, unable to withstand the opponent's majestic force. In the end, the Cyclic Mirror covered Weisheng Yunxi's forehead. Dazed and bleeding from her seven orifices, Weisheng Yunxi fell softly to the ground.

"Palace Lord!" Countless desperate voices spread throughout the battlefield.

Autarch Qian's laughter assaulted their ears.

"Weisheng Yunxi is dead!"

The Theocrats laughed with delight as they attacked the Decimo Dao Palace with vigor.

"She's not dead yet. I placed a Cyclic Stigma on her to keep her alive so she can witness the destruction of the Dao Palace with her own eyes. Then I'll find an auspicious day and summon the world's heroes to the Divine Capital, so they can watch me behead the palace lord!" Autarch Qian smiled.

This was the sense of ritual he desired, to punish one as an example to the others. Let this pass on through the ages and the entire country stand witness! Let his name last forever! This would undoubtedly strike desperation into their hearts.

At the thought of this, Autarch Qian smiled and reached for the Evil Suppression Pillar in Weisheng Yunxi's hand.

At that moment, the autarch beast roared once more as another of its heads was removed. When the masses looked over, they saw Li Wudi, covered in blood, holding another head in his hand. Then he threw it at Autarch Qian.

"You old ghost, you're dead!"

As soon as the Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng took advantage of the situation to suppress the wounded autarch beast, Li Wudi came sweeping over. Having just defeated Weisheng Yunxi, Autarch Qian had consumed a lot of power. Catching the autarch beast's head sent him stumbling a dozen meters backward.

Li Wudi pulled Weisheng Yunxi up and examined her. There was a mark of the Cyclic Mirror on her head, which was the cause of her current coma. But even in her state of unconsciousness, she held on tightly to the Evil Suppression Pillar.

"Ye Yi, take her away!"

Li Wudi tossed her to Ye Yi. Having been injured by the Evil Suppression Pillar, Ye Yi's opponent, Dongyang Yun, was weakened. Piercing Dongyang Yun in the chest, Ye Yi caught the palace lord and the Evil Suppression Pillar.



"What are you planning to do?!" As soon as Ye Yi turned to look, Autarch Qian had his eye on Li Wudi.

"Take her away!!" shouted Li Wudi.

Ye Yi glanced at the unconscious woman. This was an extremely rare opportunity. If he didn't leave now, Weisheng Yunxi would definitely die here and the Evil Suppression Pillar would be seized by Autarch Qian. The opportunity was fleeting. After all, Dongyang Yun's flesh was hardy, and Ye Yi's attacks hadn't injured his heart. Stopping the blood flow, Dongyang Yun immediately rose to his feet. Additionally, Ye Yi's Evernight Eagle couldn't stop his opponent's three lifebound beasts.

"Li Wudi, make sure you don't die!"

Ye Yi admired Li Wudi's courage; however, he had to go. Otherwise, the Decimo Dao Palace would lose all hope. Taking advantage of Dongyang Yun's injuries, Ye Yi made the decision to escape.

Autarch Qian didn't bother stopping him. Amused, he said, "Why bother? She suffers from Cyclic Stigma. Without the Cyclic Mirror to lift the mark, she'll live forever in a coma. There's no way she'll be able to support the Evil Suppression Formation. The Evil Suppression Pillar will be mine, sooner or later. You have nowhere to escape."

"Shut up!" Afraid that he would intercept Ye Yi, Li Wudi desperately obstructed him.

"Li Wudi, don't you understand? Weisheng Yunxi is considered a small fish next to you. What I need is for her to no longer be able to support the Evil Suppression Formation. Anyway, her lifebound beast is dead. That's all there is to her ability. You are the real threat to the Theocrats!" Autarch Qian looked at him, his gaze fiery.

"So, the most important thing for me today is to kill you!"

Now that the Evil Suppression Formation was gone, as long as he killed Li Wudi and accomplished his greatest goal, the Theocrats would have a complete victory. Annihilating the legions of the Decimo Dao Palace was only a matter of time.

"You're full of shit, you old devil!" Li Wudi sneered.

"But that's how it is. When you grow old, it's easy to feel lonely. Just bear with it for a while. Old people love droning on and on. Once you're dead, you won't be able to hear a thing," Autarch Qian said with a smile.

"Have you gone mad? I don't have other skills, but I'm best at escaping. Why don't we give it a go?" Li Wudi said as he retreated.

The autarch beast's injuries weren't considered mild. After all, it didn't possess the Cyclic Mirror and was a bit weaker than Autarch Qian. The Primordial Bloodbane Kumpeng flew over to Li Wudi and entered his lifebound space. It seemed Li Wudi didn't want to continue fighting.

"Is the big fish that I caught trying to escape?" Autarch Qian was amused.

"Yes, are you going to chase after me in the water? Be careful not to drown," Li Wudi said with his eyes narrowed.

"You're far more interesting than Weisheng Yunxi. That little girl just takes it, but you dare talk back to me. Alright then, I'll give you a head start." Autarch Qian smiled, squinting his eyes.

"You can sure talk your mouth off. You'll die of that, sooner or later!" Li Wudi turned and fled.

He escaped in the opposite direction of the Decimo Dao Palace. His purpose was obvious—to at least prevent Autarch Qian from personally dealing with the Decimo Dao Palace. If he could really delay Autarch Qian for a while, he would have done his best, regardless of his life or death.

"Haha, another brightly colored fish who wants to play tricks. Unfortunately, I'm going to eat you!"

As soon as Li Wudi transformed into a bloody gleam and fled, Autarch Qian leisurely chased after him atop the Cyclic Mirror.

"Ninth prince, thirteenth prince," Autarch Qian's voice echoed in the Imperial City.

"Father!"

"The two of you lead the imperial clan in trampling the Decimo Dao Palace. No one is allowed to leave the Divine Capital," said Autarch Qian.

"Yes, father!"

Jiang Ling and Dongyang Yun looked at each other, their eyes bloody.

"Come with me to destroy the Decimo Dao Palace! We'll follow them wherever they go!"

"Whoever kills Li Tianming will be rewarded with thirty million saint crystals!" added Dongyang Yun.

"Without the Evil Suppression Formation, the Dao Palace has nowhere to escape to. When father returns from killing Li Wudi, they'll be completely finished! Both Li Wudi and Li Tianming have angered Father, so they must die today. They're more important than Weisheng Yunxi, do you all understand?"

"Yes! Kill Li Tianming!"

It was obvious that their growth frightened even the Theocrats.

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Outside the Grand Sky Gate.

"Palace Lord."

Looking at the pale, unconscious woman before him, Tianming felt a volcano erupt in his chest. He clenched his fists, his expression filled with killing intent. On the way there, Situ Qinghe was behind Weisheng Yunxi, all the while gradually transforming the Nebula Emperor Whale into a lifebound spirit in her lifebound space. The process was very complicated and required protection. That was Tianming's current task.

"Tianming, take her home."

With tears in his eyes, Ye Yi rushed back to the battlefield to engage in another bloodsoaked battle.

"Theocrats! Autarch Qian!"

Tianming turned and looked in the direction of the Imperial City, his eyes boiling with rage. He thought of everything Weisheng Yunxi had said to him, of this woman, of her gentleness and elegance, her dreams, and her dedication. He didn't dare to look at her face, because of the pain it would bring him. The pain seemed to burn throughout his entire being.

Everything that happened today had trampled on their dreams and dignity. Was death the only thing awaiting them? Whether Li Wudi could survive was another question. If he died, the Decimo Dao Palace would have no way out.

Tianming wondered what he could do for these important people. Killing Wei Xiaotao, Dongyang Fen, Exalted Jing Yue, and Exalted Ling Xing? He felt that was far from enough!

"If I had a little more time, I'd personally kill the autarch and avenge the palace lord!"

The death of the Nebula Emperor Whale had overwhelmed Tianming with hatred.

To him, Autarch Qian was no different from Lin Xiaoting. Even death couldn't stop him.

At that moment, Ye Lingfeng suddenly placed his hand on the Evil Suppression Pillar.

"Brother Tianming, I'd like to give it a go!"

"Give what a go?"

"Supporting the Evil Suppression Formation!"

### **Chapter 540 - You Must Live**

In the Tomb of the Ancients, Ye Lingfeng had received the inheritance of the Primordial Demonlord. Upon returning to the Dao Palace, he said that the Evil Suppression Pillar originated from that same Primordial Demonlord. That meant the Evil Suppression Pillar was to Ye Lingfeng what the Grand-Orient Sword was to Tianming. Now that the palace lord was unconscious and the dao palace was in danger and despair, Ye Lingfeng's inheritance was their only hope.

"Hurry up," Tianming urged.

"Alright."

They were now on top of Situ Qinghe's lifebound beast, the Origintree Tortoise, at the front of the Decimo Dao Palace's warriors. They had just broken through the Theocrats' encirclement. With Bai Mo and Ye Yi defending in the back, there was no danger for the time being. Although the Origintree Tortoise was gigantic, it was actually very fast. It could cause vibrations in the earth, and when it propelled itself forward, the surrounding scenery seemed to fade a few kilometers behind it with each step.

Weisheng Yunxi still held on tightly to the Evil Suppression Pillar. It seemed removing it from her hand would require some effort. However, Ye Lingfeng remained serious and composed. When he reached out to hold the scale-covered iron rod, the Evil Suppression Pillar shook slightly. It fell from Weisheng Yunxi's hand and landed in Ye Lingfeng's.

"How is it?" Tianming asked anxiously.

"There's a familiar feeling, but it feels fuzzy. More connection might be required," said Ye Lingfeng.

This was still a better situation compared to the time when Tianming had obtained the Grand-Orient Sword. At the time, Tianming didn't have the inheritance of the Primordial God-Emperor and had to break in and connect with the sword for a long time. Only after encountering the sovereign was the third door on the Grand-Orient Sword opened.

"Remember to start from the heart. You can try using it," said Tianming.

"Use it?"

"That's right."

The first time Tianming had resonated with the Grand-Orient Sword was during his life and death battle with Yueling Long. Relying on the Grand-Orient Sword, he killed her and opened the first door of the Grand-Orient Sword.

"I'll give it a try." Holding on to the Evil Suppression Pillar, Ye Lingfeng exerted all of his strength just to swing it.

"Are you used to weapons like this?" asked Tianming.

"Not quite." Ye Lingfeng was used to daggers like the Crimsonblood Galaxy. The principle behind using a staff was completely different from that of a dagger.

"It's okay, just work harder. My sword and chain are also completely different. But weapons have something in common, that is, the will to kill the enemy. The staff is a most direct and rough weapon. Just beat them to death," said Tianming.

Qingyu's slender knives and hidden darts were also completely different weapons, and she used them well. The weird thing was, all three of them had embarked on the path of dual weapons. Tianming used the sword and chain, Ye Lingfeng used the stick and dagger, and Li Qingyu used the blade and hidden weapons.

But whether Ye Lingfeng could master the Evil Suppression Pillar was still in question. Following Tianming's words, Ye Lingfeng reached out to hold the Evil Suppression Pillar, closed his eyes, and felt the lines on the surface, occasionally swinging it back and forth. If the Theocrats were to attack from the side, Ye Lingfeng would immediately head out and fight with the Evil Suppression Pillar. If this kind of heavy weapon was used to smash the enemy, they would look fine on the surface, but suffer from damaged internal organs.

"Feng, you can wield the Evil Suppression Pillar?" Although Situ Qinghe's attention was focused on the Lifespirit Formation and he wasn't looking at Ye Lingfeng, he knew what they were doing.

He was obviously shocked.

"Is that strange?" asked Tianming.

"The Evil Suppression Pillar can only be used by one person. In the past, no one except the palace lord could touch it. The palace lord has been cultivating beside the Evil Suppression Pillar ever since she was a child, and that's why she could use it," said Situ Qinghe.

"I see. Maybe it has something to do with Feng's soul," replied Tianming.

"Well, now that we've come to this, what's the harm in trying? It's our last resort." Situ Qinghe sighed.

The atmosphere was rather grim.

"Hall King Situ, did no one guess that Autarch Qian might still be alive?" asked Tianming.

"When we first heard of his sudden death, we had our doubts. Several of us had seen the corpse when he was buried, and he was indeed dead. I don't know what method he used to fake his death. After some time, we watched the imperial family destroying itself, hundreds of thousands dying in the civil war, and even the Divine Capital they built with their own hands was turned to ruins. By that point, we'd forgotten all about him. No one would've expected such cruelty from Autarch Qian! My guess is that Jiang Ling, like us, was kept in the dark. As for Dongyang Yun, judging from his performance, he probably only learned about it recently," Situ Qinghe said helplessly.

"Meng Tingyu probably knew, since she kidnapped all those people for him," said Tianming.

"Yes, it's a pity that she's such a fanatic who would rather die than divulge a word. I heard that Autarch Qian has a method for soulscouring cultivators in the mortal realm and can forcibly search their memories. We don't possess such a technique. Additionally, it wouldn't be effective on sky saints like Meng Tingyu. Therefore, it wasn't just negligence on the palace lord's part; all of us underestimated Autarch Qian's insidiousness!" said Situ Qinghe.

"How extreme." Tianming, too, had fallen into his trap.

"Tianming, why don't you return to the dao palace with your sister first? This time, I'm afraid we won't escape this calamity. If your godfather doesn't make it, only you and Feng can fulfill our final wishes in the future. If you manage to destroy the Theocrats one day, we'll have died without regrets!" said Situ Qinghe.

"Hall King, don't say that." Tianming rose to his feet.

There was no way he would be a deserter. Additionally, he might not be able to run, because a great enemy had already found him.

"Weisheng Yunxi and Li Tianming are here!" the man yelled, attracting a lot of attention.

Although the Decimo Dao Palace had broken out of the Theocrats' encirclement, the speed of a million people was hardly expeditious. Several Theocrat powerhouses circled from the side and cut to the front, just to reach Weisheng Yunxi and Tianming.

The person who spoke was a gray-robed old man. He rode on a huge, silver three-headed fiendwolf. With sharp claws and eighty stars in its eyes, this mature eighth-order empyrean beast was fierce and strong. The beast, called the Three-Headed Moondeavouring Fiendwolf, was a symbol of the Ancient Greedwolf Clan. The old man was none other than Wei Ji!

As the patriarch of the Ancient Greedwolf Clan, he had a high position among Jiang Ling's bloodline. Wei Ji used to be the West Hall King, and had stirred up a lot of trouble in the Decimo Dao Palace. As one of the Theocracy's minions, he was at the forefront of battle. As he slaughtered the Dark Hall warriors, he

searched for Tianming, who was worth thirty million saint crystals. To him, Weisheng Yunxi and Tianming weren't human beings, but saint crystals and merit!

Upon discovering Tianming, Wei Ji grinned. At the thought of his grandson, Wei Wushang's death, his expression turned gloomy. Shuttling through the ruins of the Divine Capital, he charged toward the Origintree Tortoise.

Lightning flashed in the sky and the rain fell violently. Before the rain could touch the Three-Headed Moondevouring Fiendwolf, it turned into steam. In the overcast sky, the majesty of the fiendwolf's silver fur dazzled the eye.

"Tianming!" Situ Qinghe's expression was ugly.

He was at the critical moment of the Lifespirit Formation. If he was interrupted, the Nebula Emperor Whale's transformation into a lifebound spirit would be a failure, and Weisheng Yunxi would become a complete waste. There was only one chance after the lifebound beast died. Situ Qinghe could stop Wei Ji, but the problem was he was occupied at the moment. The other seventh-level sky saint Hall Kings and Astral Kings were either engaged in battle with their opponents, or too far away at the moment. Situ Qinghe was caught in a dilemma.

"Go!" Tianming said coldly.

"What?" Situ Qinghe stared with eyes widened.

"Take the palace lord back to the Dao Palace. I'll stop Wei Ji. Don't worry, Hall King, it won't be that easy for him to kill me!" roared Tianming.

Situ Qinghe's eyes were bloodshot. He had no other choice.

"You must live! You must!" He said through gritted teeth.

"Hall King, wait for me to return with Wei Ji's head!" Tianming said, his eyes fiery.

He wasn't sure what his odds of victory were. All he knew was the flames that swept through his entire being. He was filled with energy and fighting spirit. Who cared who his opponent was? He would kill anyone who wanted to hurt Weisheng Yunxi!

Before Situ Qinghe could reply, Tianming had jumped off the Origintree Tortoise. Like a warrior meeting death, he charged toward the hundred-year-old Wei Ji. This was the former West Hall King, an elder that Tianming could previously only look up to.

"How courageous of you. I was almost moved. Li Tianming, you certainly have guts!" Wei Ji smiled sinisterly.

The young man before him was already bloodied. His Dark Astral Armor was shattered, white hair bloodstained, and body riddled with wounds. Like a violent, savage beast, his eyes surged with killing intent. Without so much as a word, he flicked the Three-Thousand Starfield in his hand and executed the Ninesilver Astral Art.

Brilliant Stars! Chaos Galaxy! Nine Stardust!

The Three-Thousand Starfield went from a speck, to the fall of a galaxy, and finally transformed into a sea of stars in the Ninth Heaven. Boundless and infinite, they enveloped the sky. The Three-Headed Moondevouring Fiendwolf was hit three times in a row, its three heads bursting with blood. The wolf head in the middle had both its eyeballs punctured and exploded at once. The gigantic beast howled and its front legs grew weak. It fell to the ground, knocking down a large section of the ruins as it came rolling toward Tianming.

"Ignorant fool! Now that I'm here to deal with you, you should wait for death. How dare you show such impudence!" Roaring, Wei Ji leapt off the fiendwolf.

Neither he nor his lifebound beast had expected how far Tianming's weapons could extend. Otherwise it wouldn't have been so easily injured. Having lost a pair of eyes and suffered injuries, the fiendwolf was furious. In an instant, the silver fur on its body turned into tens of thousands of steel needles that came shooting toward Tianming.