

## The Ages 541

### Chapter 541 - The Line Between Life And Death

Lan Huang suddenly appeared next to Li Tianming, shielding him with the Mountainsea World and resisting the empyrean beast's ability. Its body slammed forward and the earth in front of it suddenly turned into an Azure Oceanic Purgatory. Before the Three-Headed Moondevouring Fiendwolf could react, it was caught in the water controlled by Lan Huang.

"Isn't this just a three-headed dog? What arrogance! Brothers, stab it to death!" As the fiendwolf broke through the surface, Ying Huo flew over the water and stabbed its eyes with strands of Invincible Sword Ki.

Having already lost two eyes, the fiendwolf had four remaining. In order to keep its eyes, the fiendwolf plunged back into the water. But as soon as it dove down, a gigantic beast came crashing into it, its two dragon heads aiming for two of the fiendwolf's heads.

However, the fiendwolf had an extra head. It bit Lan Huang on the neck, instantly tearing off a piece of flesh and causing Lan Huang to howl in pain. A moon formed in the wolf's mouth. This was a terrifying ability, and it was about to explode on Lan Huang's body!

At that moment, another giant rushed into the water. Out of its six enormous arms, four were used to hold the fiendwolf down while the other two fists frantically pounded, its sharp claws piercing its opponent's flesh.

It was the Soulfierd. After devouring a lot of souls for the second time, the Soulfierd's strength had increased yet again. Not only did it have resilient flesh filled with explosive energy, it also had the power to suppress souls. With the help of the Soulfierd, Lan Huang recovered. Then, with a flick of its tail, Lan Huang unleashed its Annihilation Godsword on the fiendwolf's three heads.

Carnage ensued and the fiendwolf howled once more. But just as it opened its mouth, the Regal Chaosfierd appeared out of nowhere. Meow Meow bit the wolf's tongue, its Myriadfierd Venomfang sinking right in. Meow Meow pulled out a tongue that was dripping with blood. Furious, the fiendwolf struggled frantically. Unfortunately, Lan Huang held its upper body down while the Soulfierd was madly pounding on its lower half.

What was even worse was—

"Brother Soulfierd, move the big dog's tail aside!" Ying Huo said darkly.

Upon hearing Ying Huo's words, the Soulfierd freed one of its hands and moved the fiendwolf's tail aside. Using Pyros Imperius, Ying Huo's three thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki aimed for the wolf's balls.

But unfortunately, his attack wasn't successful.

Filled with despair at Ying Huo's words, the Three-Headed Moondevouring Fiendwolf turned into a silver ball of light and exploded, blasting all four of them away. The power of a seventh-level sky saint caused a certain degree of injury in all of them, and the fiendwolf took the opportunity to dash out of the Azure

Oceanic Purgatory. But as soon as it appeared above the water, Meow Meow's Chaos Disaster descended from the sky, electric snakes entangling the beast and shoving it back into the water.

"Where are you trying to go?" Ying Huo's Sixpath Infernal Lotus and Meow Meow's Misty Hellthunder shot at two of the wolf's heads at the same time.

The Three-Headed Moondevouring Fiendwolf screamed again.

"Hold it down!" The ninefold Kui seas under Lan Huang's belly whirled. The giant beast itself was horribly fast in the water, and in an instant, it had reached the fiendwolf. Turning over to pin the wolf, Lan Huang dragged the beast back into the water.

The Soulfierd swooped in and pounded the fiendwolf with its explosive power, causing it to continuously vomit blood.

Although the old wolf was equipped with numerous abilities, its opponents—three little ones and a Soulfierd—were too fierce! Deprived of the chance to even take a breath, the fiendwolf was hit by Meow Meow's Myriadfierd Venomfang and Soulchasing Hellthunder. It would only grow weaker and weaker.

"You stupid dog, how dare you try evading my second strike after dodging the first? Brothers, hold it down!" laughed Ying Huo.

The Three-Headed Moondevouring Fiendwolf urgently protected its balls! But this time, it failed to correctly guess Ying Huo's real goal. Contrary to its assumption, Ying Huo darted out from Lan Huang's underarm and aimed all three thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki at the wolf's eyes.

One of its heads immediately burst open. Flesh, blood and brain matter scattered and a miserable scream filled the air.

"Wei Ji, save me!" The Three-Headed Moondevouring Fiendwolf shouted in despair.

Was this really a group of small, underage lifebound beasts? This was clearly a group of demons! That little phoenix, though not even as big as the wolf's paw, had wings that resembled a saint beastial weapon. And what was up with that Invincible Sword Ki? Despair washed over the fiendwolf.

The fiendwolf could only assume it had been treated very seriously. In a four-on-one battle, its defeat seemed inevitable. A seventh-level sky saint like Wei Ji was certainly a top beastmaster, so it wouldn't be a problem for Wei Ji to defeat Tianming and Ye Lingfeng, would it?

Right now, Tianming's eyes were bloody and filled with the desire to kill Wei Ji. In contrast, Wei Ji's gaze was indifferent. He certainly possessed complete dominance over Tianming.

Tianming crashed into the ground. Even with Feiling's Spiritual Attachment, he suffered injuries to his internal organs and vomited a mouthful of blood. Since Ye Lingfeng was merely a third-level Sky Saint, he was far behind Wei Ji in terms of strength. Without the Soulfierd, the help he could provide Tianming was limited to attacks on the soul. Even so, it was a huge headache for Wei Ji.

As the Evil Suppression Pillar came smashing down, Wei Ji swung his saint beastial weapon, the Greedwolf Fiendblade. Even though he was armed with the Evil Suppression Pillar, the attack sent Ye

Lingfeng flying away. After crashing through several buildings, Ye Lingfeng rose to his feet. His surroundings had become a complete chaos.

"It's over, weaklings!" Wei Ji burst into malevolent laughter and demonstrated the sky saint battle art, Darkmoon Deadsoul.

Hidden Moon!

Like a crescent moon, this move was erratic and strange. In an instant, it was about to hit Tianming. Eyes red, Tianming stood up with the Grand-Orient Sword in both hands. Like an arrow leaving the bow, he confronted Wei Ji once more. With the strength of a seventh-level sky saint and a sophisticated battle art, Wei Ji managed to resist Tianming's Invincible Sword Ki.

"I'll break your sword, first. And with my next move, I'll destroy your saint palace! Li Tianming, do you understand what I mean? Turning a genius like you into a cripple will be such a joy. That's even more interesting than just killing you," laughed Wei Ji.

He knew that what Tianming was most proud of was his talent. All it would take is the destruction of his saint palace to reduce all of his hopes and dreams to nothing.

"When that happens, you'll realize what despair is," Wei Ji sneered.

Tianming remained silent. Before Wei Ji, he behaved exactly as Weisheng Yunxi did when faced with Autarch Qian—struggling to support himself and without the slightest strength to retaliate. But the difference was, his eyes were almost bleeding and his jaw was clenched.

He looked past Wei Ji and saw Ye Lingfeng. At the moment, Ye Lingfeng had the same bloody gaze, and seemed to have merged with the Evil Suppression Pillar. As soon as their eyes met, they knew a desperate fight lay ahead.

Things might get crazy, but how many opportunities for revenge would one get in life? They would see who would remain standing!

"Li Tianming, a fool like you rushes in where even angels fear to tread! You're too bold. So now you must face the consequences. Don't you dare cry."

Throughout the hundred years Wei Ji had been killing, Tianming was the opponent with whom he had the largest age gap. Troubled by his lifebound beast's cry for help, Wei Ji had no more patience.

As his figure flashed, light bounced off of his sword. Darkmoon Deadsoul—Deadsoul Moonolatry!

A mournful atmosphere accompanied the move. Bursts of wailing ghosts and howling wolves sounded as heaven and earth was plunged into darkness. The blade gleamed with a bloody glow, resembling a crimson moon. In an instant, it was headed for Tianming. This would be a fatal blow.

Wei Ji revealed a smile. He was very fortunate, seizing the opportunity to kill Tianming before the youth could surpass him. This was a wonderful feeling.

Suddenly, lightning flickered, lighting up the night sky. At that moment, Wei Ji caught a glimpse of Tianming's pupils, one gold and the other black. The whites of his eyes were bloodshot. Like two seas of blood that set off the gold and black suns, one in the blue heavens and the other in the depths of hell.

His imperial dao was majestic.

Tianming stood in place and unleashed his sword. Six thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki gathered in the Grand-Orient Sword and the Imperealm Sword Formation instantly enveloped Wei Ji.

Realm and Imperial Sword Ki furiously stabbed Wei Ji as the young man's sword dueled his blade.

"Overconfident fool!"

Wei Ji sneered. With the oppressive force of a seventh-level sky saint, he swept his sword across, knocking the Grand-Orient Sword out of Tianming's hand. Although countless strands of Invincible Sword Ki still tore at Wei Ji's flesh, his sword technique was faster.

"You're crippled!"

Sneering, Wei Ji plunged his sword into Tianming's saint palace.

However, Wei Ji never imagined that the impact would make such a noise. His Greedwolf Fiendblade shattered at once, its fragments falling to the ground.

The power of the Purple Tower was incredible.

Dumbfounded, Wei Ji had yet to react. He suddenly looked up, only to see the blazing sun in Tianming's eyes—gold reminiscent of a god, black like a demon!

"Who's the overconfident fool?!"

As Tianming spoke, the Three-Thousand Starfield shot out of his hand and wrapped itself around Wei Ji, who was close at hand. He tightened the chain, cutting into Wei Ji's flesh.

"Tell me, who's the one suffering the consequences?"

His voice sounded hoarse and ferocious, as if it came from hell.

"Ahh!"

Just as he was about to break free, Wei Ji felt a stinging in his head. Amidst his struggles, he turned around. He knew that the sharp pangs in his soul originated from Ye Lingfeng.

The moment he turned around, the Evil Suppression Pillar smashed his head like a phantom.

"Wei Ji, you're the one who's about to die!"

A staff to the head, and Wei Ji's vision went dark. Then, there was nothing. As soon as Tianming reeled in his weapon, Wei Ji's headless body collapsed to the ground.

## **Chapter 542 - Not Alone**

Tianming was covered in blood and looking at the young man holding the Evil Suppression Pillar, who was panting in the heavy rain. Lightning occasionally streaked across the horizon as roars and screams echoed out in the battlefield.

"Feng." Tianming stretched out his fist.

“Brothers for life.”

Ye Lingfeng nodded and bumped fists with Tianming, then they closed their eyes. Tianming saw a lot in Ye Lingfeng’s eyes; he had probably grown up after this battle.

“Go home!”

“Go home!”

The Decimo Dao Palace was now their home. When Wei Ji was killed, Lan Huang beheaded one of the Three-Headed Moondevouring Fiendwolf’s heads. The Soulfierd then plunged its hands into the body and crushed its internal organs.

With that, the gigantic beast let out a whimper and died. After the fight was over, everyone had injuries on their bodies. When Tianming turned his head, Meow Meow was sleeping peacefully and Ying Huo was leaning on Lan Huang’s back, shaking its legs with a strand of the fiendwolf’s fur dangling from its mouth.

“What’s with that pose? Come here!” Tianming called out.

“Here I come!” Lan Huang ran over. His gigantic body nearly knocked Tianming flying.

“Holy shit. Brother Chick, why didn’t you hit the brakes?” Lan Huang said guiltily.

“How is that my problem? I’m not riding you,” said Ying Huo.

“But didn’t you secretly tell me the other day that I’m your exclusive mount?” Lan Huang asked in an aggrieved tone.

“Don’t talk nonsense. I’m straight!” Ying Huo was furious.

“Straight your ass. Your balls aren’t even as big as Lan Huang’s,” Tianming teased Ying Huo mercilessly.

Ying Huo wanted to cry. “I finally know why I have such a strong resentment against balls....”

“Hahaha!” They had just emerged victorious from a life and death battle.

“Have you gotten used to the Evil Suppression Pillar yet?” Tianming turned to Ye Lingfeng.

“The last attack seems to have opened a whole new world to me. Big Brother Tianming, you were right. I seem to have a better resonance with it during fights,” Ye Lingfeng said excitedly.

“Can you summon the Evil Suppression Formation?”

“I’ll give it a go!”

“Alright. It’s all on you now, Feng.”

“Got it!”

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Theirs was an escape route that traveled across half the Divine Capital. After Li Wudi had lured Autarch Qian away, Tianming was responsible for opening a path while Bai Mo and Ye Yi cleaned up the rear. As for the other Astral Kings and Hall Kings, they were by the sides, escorting the legions.

The Seven Astral Legions showed unprecedented ferocity for survival. When they charged out of the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation, it was a smooth journey back.

Only Theocrat powerhouses could make a detour around to stop them, but many of them had died like Wei Ji. Both sides were constantly suffering casualties.

Up until now, the Decimo Dao Palace hadn't suffered many losses, but the Theocrats were right on their tail. They weren't in a hurry, because the Evil Suppression Pillar was already gone. So no matter how they ran, they would only face the outcome of being butchered.

They could wait for Autarch Qian to return after killing Li Wudi. At that time, their plight would be a lot worse. After all, Autarch Qian was the one who had singlehandedly thrown the Decimo Dao Palace into despair.

Just like that, millions of people ran across the Divine Capital, throwing the capital into chaos. Sometimes, they would even confuse allies and enemies. Under such circumstances, Tianming and Ye Lingfeng had killed the Ancient Greedwolf Clan's patriarch under everyone's dumbfounded gazes, then carried on paving the way for the Seven Astral Legions.

As they attracted most of the firepower, the Seven Astral Legions easily managed to escape. Tianming had no idea how many people he had slain. When they finally saw the Decimo Dao Palace, it was enveloped under a starry sky, which formed a spherical formation. It was a five star heavenly pattern formation, the Ninefold Silver Formation.

It was the Decimo Dao Palace's backup heavenly pattern formation, but no one had expected that they would need it that day.

"Since the Ninefold Silver Formation is active, that means the Sky Hall King has successfully made it back. Hall King Situ must've brought the palace lord back." Tianming was finally relieved.

He entered the Ninefold Silver Formation first, then the Seven Astral Legions followed. The moment they entered, they didn't scatter, but formed a defensive formation to face the Ancient Theocrats' charge.

As a five star heavenly pattern formation, the Ninefold Silver Formation was equivalent to the weakest Sun-Moon Imperial Formation. If the Theocracy's army came in, the formation wouldn't be able to hold them off for long. If Autarch Qian came personally, it would be even more troublesome.

However, this was their final hope of survival, and it was better than nothing. Now, it was all down to Ye Lingfeng.

"Feng, head to the Evil Suppression Plaza and let them know that you're going to give it a try!"

"Big Brother Tianming, what about you?" Ye Lingfeng asked.

"I'll hold them off here." Tianming stood at the border of the Ninefold Silver Formation and looked out ahead. The Decimo Dao Palace's army was still entering the formation, and the formation marking

hadn't begun. The marking would only be activated once everyone came in. So anyone who came in after that would be marked as invaders and be targeted by the formation.

"Go ahead. You're our only hope; I'll manage on my own." Tianming smiled.

"Okay!"

Ye Lingfeng didn't say another word. With determination filling his eyes, he turned and rushed into the dao palace. Meanwhile, Tianming was holding the Grand-Orient Sword and waiting for the Ancient Theocrats.

Soon, almost everyone from the Decimo Dao Palace had entered the formation. Bai Mo and Ye Yi were personally holding the rear, stopping Dongyang Yun and the others. When the two came back, they were covered in injuries. With that, anyone could see what they had gone through.

"Seal the formation!" Ye Yi's voice echoed through the dao palace. Shortly after, the Ninefold Silver Formation's color changed. Countless motes starlight gathered in the formation before turning into thousands of spirit hazard dragons. They were also a form of dragon pulses, known as ninefold silver dragons.

Thousands of dragons galloped across the battlefield with raging momentum. Besides those, there were many other spirit hazards in place. That meant many people must be in the formation nuclei to power it by now.

"Bai Mo, go and help out with the formation," said Ye Yi.

"Hang on, brother!" Bai Mo patted Ye Yi's shoulder.

"I'm tough, and I won't die easily." Ye Yi smiled. The Ninefold Silver Formation brought security to the Seven Astral Legions. They weren't afraid of death, and at most, they would just have to face a deadly battle.

"Brothers!" Ye Yi turned around to look at the legions. "Everyone dies, but the difference lies in how you want to die. I believe that since everyone has chosen to join the dao palace and become part of the Dark Hall, none of you are willing to serve the Ancient Theocrats. The Ancient Theocrats have ruled the Theocracy of the Ancients for tens of thousands of years, exerting their tyranny and dominance over this territory. And I believe that all of you can see that!"

Ye Yi looked at the Ancient Theocrats who were charging over, regarding the Decimo Dao Palace as a cemetery. "My fellow brothers, we're like-minded people. Death is our ultimate fate, but we can choose to die for our descendants without regrets. Our relatives, loved ones, and children are all in the dao palace. This is the only sacred place in the Theocracy, and we have to protect it—even at the cost of our lives! Today, the Ancient Theocrats are trying to destroy our home, seize our wealth, and enslave our descendants. What reason do we have to not fight for our dignity?"

Raising the black spear in his hand, he pointed it at the Ancient Theocrats. "We will ultimately have to walk on our shadows to press forth. Brothers, I'd like to say that I'm not alone! So kill!"

**"KILL! KILL THEM ALL!"**

That echo wasn't from a single person, but an army of millions. They were doing this for righteousness, for their dreams.

"Go into the thirteenth defensive formation and charge!" Ye Yi's voice echoed out.

"Dark Astral Battalion!" Tianming led his battalion of ten thousand to the front lines.

The ground trembled violently as countless lifebound beasts from the Ancient Theocrats stomped across the Divine Capital. Tianming knew that the Ninefold Silver Formation wouldn't last, but it was just as Ye Yi had said: this was the only sacred ground remaining; this was the place that everyone had protected throughout their life.

So even if they were to die, they would have to make sure that they bit a chunk of flesh off the Ancient Theocrats. If they could kill a million Theocrats, they would be greatly weakened. At that moment, Tianming's heart was burning with fire.

The Theocrats charged into the Ninefold Silver Formation.

"Everyone, listen up! Lay waste to the Decimo Dao Palace, and all spoils of war belong to that individual alone!" Dongyang Yun revealed an eerie smile.

"Roger!"

Everyone from the Ancient Theocrats laughed.

"The Ancient Theocrats for eternity!"

"Kill!"

Their will had transformed them into madmen on the battlefield. No one could deny their fighting power, because they were a bunch of fanatics. It only took an instant for the army to disappear into the formation.

Thousands of Ninefold Silver Dragons swooped down at the marked enemies, creating chaos wherever they went. But even so, many still managed to break through the spirit hazards and clash with the Seven Astral Legions.

When the armies collided, blood and flesh splattered all around. Right at that moment, a black formation suddenly appeared and added another layer to the Ninefold Silver Formation!

### **Chapter 543 - Slaughter All of 'Em!**

Tianming was cutting down his enemies when he suddenly felt the changes in the atmosphere and looked up. Why did the Ninefold Silver Formation turn black all of a sudden? That's not it—there's another layer added to it! That's....

While he was still wondering, he heard the Astral Legions shouting out, "It's the Evil Suppression Formation!"

Tianming was briefly stunned, then fell into ecstasy. He grabbed Meow Meow on his shoulder and threw it on the ground and asked, "Did that hurt?"



“What the hell is wrong with you? Of course it does!”

“That means this isn’t a dream. Feng is the best! Holy shit, we’ve turned the tables around!” The joy had come too suddenly. He was under the impression that it would take some time, even if Ye Lingfeng could do it. At that time, who knew how many casualties they would have had to suffer. He never expected that Ye Lingfeng would activate the formation shortly after the Theocracy’s army had come in.

“Big Brother, the Evil Suppression Formation is a little chaotic. It’s not as stable as before, maybe due to Feng’s current strength. But it should be powerful. At the very least, it’s more powerful than the Ninefold Silver Formation!” Feiling said.

“Great! The formation will gradually stabilize!” Tianming smiled. He could only say that Ye Lingfeng was awesome. Everyone from the Decimo Dao Palace still had no idea why the Evil Suppression Formation had been activated.

“The palace lord is fine!”

“The palace lord will definitely wake up!”

“Guys, we actually haven’t suffered any huge losses!”

That was the truth. With the Evil Suppression Formation’s activation, that meant Autarch Qian’s scheme, which he had pulled off at the cost of five hundred thousand members of the Ancient Theocrats, had gone down the drain.

“I wonder what kind of expression Autarch Qian will have on his face when he sees the Evil Suppression Formation?”

“Vomiting blood?”

“In the end, he lifted a rock and smashed on his own feet! Hahaha! The internal struggle in the Theocracy cost five hundred thousand lives, along with the entire Divine Capital!”

“Holy shit, that’s exciting!”

The activation of the Evil Suppression Formation had significantly boosted everyone’s morale. They could see the prowess of the newly-reactivated formation. It was something called Primitive Demon Ki, with the ability to take on different forms. It wouldn’t even require a formation marking at all; the Primitive Demon Ki could lock on to the Ancient Theocrats automatically.

Although the amount of Primitive Demon Ki was incomparable to before, it was overlapped on the Ninefold Silver Formation.

Right at that moment, an eagle cry attracted everyone’s attention. Ye Yi’s voice echoed out, “Stop laughing. Fight back and kill them!”

The Astral Legions recovered from their happiness. Two heavenly pattern formations had surrounded the Ancient Theocrats, so wasn’t this a great opportunity to fight back?

“Everyone listen up, it’s time for us to destroy the Ancient Theocrats and overthrow their tyrannical rule! This is our territory, and we’ve let the barbaric Nineshades Clan rule for tens of thousands of years!

We have the righteous claim to this land!” As the commander, Ye Yi was naturally skilled at boosting everyone’s morale. But every single word he said was the truth.

“Chase the Nineshades Clan back to where they belong!”

“Take on the seventh offensive formation! Skycore, Skyjade, and Skyppearl Legions take the front! Shimmerglow and Grandsol Legions, flank left! Stilljade and Skyrule Legions, cut off their retreat! Kill!!” Under Ye Yi’s instructions, the Astral Legions took on their respective roles in the formation.

As a member of the Skycore Legion, Tianming was naturally on the front lines. He personally opened a path with his Dark Astral Battalion, slicing through the Ancient Theocrats like a sharp blade. When the Evil Suppression Formation had appeared, it had taken everyone from the Ancient Theocrats by surprise. They had heard from Autarch Qian that the Evil Suppression Formation no longer existed, and that Weisheng Yunxi could no longer regain consciousness.

“Calm down! This is an illusion from the enemy meant to deceive us!” Dongyang Yun firmly believed his father’s words, so he wasn’t worried at all. He continued rushing forward and clashed with the Astral Legions head-on.

But both he and Dongyang Ling were immediately confused as the Primitive Demon Ki attacked them. As the two strongest fighters in the Ancient Theocrats, an overwhelming amount of Primitive Demon Ki came for them.

The two of them screamed when they were attacked by the Primitive Demon Ki, which eroded their flesh and skin. They immediately wrapped their bodies with saint ki to resist the Primitive Demon Ki, but not everyone from the Theocracy was so lucky.

The Primitive Demon Ki would corrode everything in its path. When the ki enveloped someone, its victim would be turned into a corpse in three breaths.

“The Evil Suppression Formation is real!”

“Holy shit, retreat!”

No one believed Dongyang Yun’s words anymore. Sometimes, blindly believing in him wouldn’t do the trick.

The Primitive Demon Ki and Ninefold Silver Dragons caused countless casualties, which terrified the Theocrats. Even if they had a strong will, it was nothing before death. The exaggeration from their ancestors over the myriad years had planted an instinctive fear in them. As a result, the Ancient Theocrats soon lost their fighting spirit under the attacks.

“Retreat! Everyone retreat!” Dongyang Ling shouted. He wasn’t sure of the Evil Suppression Formation’s full power, so he decided to retreat to prevent further casualties.

“Run!”

The Theocrats started collapsing. In fact, the current Evil Suppression Formation wasn’t that powerful, but Dongyang Ling and Dongyang Yun didn’t dare to take the risk. They believed that retreating from the battlefield would be the safest decision for now.

“Father spent so much effort, and even went as far as faking his death to deal with the Evil Suppression Formation. Just what the hell is going on?!” Dongyang Yun said in a hoarse voice.

“Don’t think about it now. Let’s go!” Dongyang Ling shook his head and rushed out. It was easy for him to leave, but the Astral Legions were like ferocious tigers, biting the Ancient Theocrats’ rear. Many of them were killed while they were fleeing, but the casualties were still acceptable, thanks to Dongyang Ling’s swift response.

“If Feng had activated the Evil Suppression Formation slightly later, we’d be able to kill more. But there’s no helping it. War isn’t a joke, and it’s already pretty good that he’s managing to control it.” Tianming was in a happy mood right now. He put away the Grand-Orient Sword and took out the Three-Thousand Starfield. Wherever the chain went, it would reap lives, due to Tianming’s Invincible Sword Ki.

The strands of Invincible Sword Ki skewered hundreds of earth saints to death, and Tianming flung them out. The moment any beastmaster or lifebound beast fell to the ground, they would soon be killed by the stampede. This was a battlefield, a purgatory.

“Every single one I slay will increase the dao palace’s chance of winning. Godfather, you must survive and come back!” Tianming’s murderous aura was surging into the sky as he began a massacre while praying for Li Wudi’s safety.

He was venting his hatred for Autarch Qian on these people. Using the Three-Thousand Starfield, he killed a whole batch of people. In terms of kills, Tianming would definitely be ranked at the top today. Not even Ye Yi was as fast as him in terms of killing.

“Palace lord, rest well. You’re too exhausted. When you wake up one day, we’ll definitely present you with Autarch Qian’s head!” Tianming was like a manifestation of death stepping on a mountain of corpses.

He turned to look at the two formations, “There’s a lot of spirit hazards here, but the fourth egg’s attribute seems a little weird. It doesn’t seem interested in these spirit hazards.”

Tianming still couldn’t figure out the attribute of the fourth Primordial Chaos Beast. Furthermore, now that he was in the sky saint stage, the birth of the fourth would probably need a large number of spirit hazards.

He was helpless in that regard. He could try looking around after dealing with the Theocrats; after all, he wanted all the Primordial Chaos Beasts to be born right then. But unfortunately, reality had other ideas.

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Most of the Theocrats were covered in injuries and fleeing. According to Tianming’s estimation, there were at least two hundred thousand Theocrat deaths in the Decimo Dao Palace. This was a great victory; one must know that when the Seven Astral Legions fled from the Imperial City, the casualties they had suffered were much lower than that.

After all, they had been focused on running, not to mention that the Sun-Moon Imperial Formation was weaker than the two formations in the dao palace. On the other hand, the Theocrats were too confident, and even treated the Evil Suppression Formation as an illusion. That had caused them to miss their opportunity to escape.

They had gotten off easily by suffering only two hundred thousand deaths. If they had been deeper in the formation, they would have suffered at least four hundred thousand casualties! At that time, the Theocrats would only be able to run for their lives.

“Take no prisoners! Kill every single one of them!” Ye Yi ordered. This went against the Decimo Dao Palace’s usual style, but Ye Yi wanted to do it anyway. And this time, no one would question his decision. Many people had feigned death on the battlefield, trying to escape their fate. But it was a pity that the spirit hazards were already locked on to them.

Just when Tianming was preparing to leave, a deadly threat suddenly rushed towards him. Someone was ambushing him. The Celestial Wings flapped and brought Tianming high into the sky, and Feiling’s Spatial Wall intercepted the attacker.

That person’s attack shattered over eighty Spatial Walls. But after that, the power behind the strike had greatly diminished. They simply turned around and started running, and with a strength in the ninth level of the Sky Saint stage, no one could stop him.

“Hall Master, someone tried assassinating me!” Tianming roared.

Ye Yi was still presiding over the overall situation. When he turned around and saw a golden flash trying to escape the formation, he snorted. “You want to escape?”

#### **Chapter 544 - Father and Son**

Aside from Ye Yi going after that golden flash, the Primitive Demon Ki also swept over. Even Tianming had joined in with his Three-Thousand Starfield. Before he could even take a look at the culprit, he executed Brilliant Stars.

“You want to assassinate me with something like this?” Tianming could only say that this person must be dreaming. His Three-Thousand Starfield failed to hit his opponent, but Ye Yi intercepted the culprit and his lifebound beast before they could escape.

When Tianming caught up, he wrapped the Three-Thousand Starfield around the culprit. When Tianming took a closer look at the man, he was shocked. “Chong Yang?”

Restrained by the chain, the old man could only stare at Tianming.

“You came at the right time. I just so happen to need you to teach me how to use the Cyclic Map. Since you’re already here, you can just stay behind,” said Tianming.

“You want to take me prisoner?” Chong Yang glared at Tianming.

“Is there a problem with that? You’re lucky that I didn’t kill you on the spot,” said Tianming.

“Li Tianming, you traitorous rebel—”

“Baaaah, shut up. I have no relations with the Ancient Qilin Clan. In the future, when I encounter anyone from the Ancient Qilin Clan, I won’t be lenient when killing them. And that includes you!” Tianming said coldly. Tianming would never be bound by morals.

When Chong Yang heard what Tianming said, he scolded, “Unfilial descendant!”

“Shut that mouth of yours!” Tianming slapped Chong Yang, knocking a tooth out of his mouth. Chong Yang’s face also started to swell. “Now, I’ll give you a spacious view of how the Ancient Theocrats and shameless dogs like you are going to die!”

“That will never happen. No one can beat His Majesty when it comes to planning! People like you will be extinguished sooner or later. The Decimo Dao Palace will be turned into a mass grave!” Chong Yang roared.

“Planning? Then what’s wrong with the Evil Suppression Formation?” Tianming sneered.

His words left Chong Yang dumbfounded. He had nearly vomited blood when he saw the Evil Suppression Formation activating, as he knew better than anyone what that meant. It meant that Autarch Qian’s plan had been a joke right from the start. He didn’t even dare to imagine Autarch Qian’s expression when he found out about it.

“Exalted one, qilins were once sacred beasts in my heart. An elder of mine once said that they were perfect. He taught me that, as a person, I have to be worthy of myself, the love of others, and finally heaven and earth. However, you let the qilin become a hydra’s lapdog! I despise people like you the most.” Tianming handed Chong Yang to the Skyjade Astral King. Her strength was sufficient to trap Chong Yang in a ‘special cage.’

“Tianming, you can cut the crap. Everyone’s the same before death and authority. You’re talking about it in this manner because you’ve never tasted death. When you see the Decimo Dao Palace reduced to a mass grave, you’ll know why people kneel!” Chong Yang laughed.

Tianming wasn’t in the mood to explain things to Chong Yang. Everyone had their own viewpoint, so why bother convincing others, knowing that it was impossible? Only time would tell the truth.

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Although it was satisfying killing two hundred thousand from the Ancient Theocrats, they also harvested greatly. But judging from the current situation, the Ancient Theocrats had only temporarily retreated from the formation; the danger still wasn’t over yet. Commanding the Seven Astral Legions, Ye Yi immediately made preparations on the battlefield to their advantage.

“Grandsol Legion, cut off every head from the Nineshades Clan and throw them out. Pile them right by the entrance!” Ye Yi said with bloodshot eyes. This was a psychological tactic. If the enemies attacked again, they would see the pile of heads.

“The Decimo Dao Palace has been too benevolent, and we have to change. Now, we’ve finally got a clear look at their faces. If it weren’t for Ye Lingfeng, we would’ve been finished this time,” said Ye Yi.

Tianming felt that Ye Yi was right. If Li Wudi were here, he would just take it even further. A gentleman would never have a good outcome on the battlefield. While the Astral Legions kept watch over the Ancient Theocrats’ movements, Bai Mo came from the dao palace.

“How is it?” Bai Mo asked.

“We killed two hundred and thirty thousand. Judging from the looks of it right now, it’s a huge victory for us,” said Ye Yi.

“They should pay even more!” Bai Mo replied.

“What about your side? What’s the situation with the Evil Suppression Formation?” Ye Yi asked.

“Ye Lingfeng’s control over the Evil Suppression Pillar isn’t steady enough, and he only managed to activate a portion of the formation. But he’s smart. He knows how to separate the formation nuclei for us to help out. If the palace lord doesn’t wake up anytime soon, there’s no way the Evil Suppression Formation will reach its full state. We also have to expend a portion of our strength to preserve the formation. But it’s still better than losing it,” said Bai Mo.

“That also means the danger still isn’t resolved.” Ye Yi fell into a short ponder, then continued, “Bai Mo, you should return. I’m worried that Autarch Qian might come personally.”

“If he comes, we can only focus the Evil Suppression Formation on him alone. As for everyone else, we have the same number of troops. But Autarch Qian has the Cyclic Mirror, and no one can stop him,” said Bai Mo.

“Alright, I’ll stop the others then,” said Ye Yi.

“Oh, right. Did you see Li Wudi? Is he still alive?” Bai Mo asked with a grave expression.

Ye Yi shook his head.

“Tianming, what about you?” Bai Mo turned to Tianming. Tianming was currently the one who was most concerned about Li Wudi’s life and death.

“Hall King, I have no idea. But I have confidence in my godfather. He didn’t die when he was young. I believe that he’s still alive,” said Tianming.

“I believe that the Li Saint Clan’s will is stronger than the Nineshades Clan. You guys are the genuine clan that defies heaven.” Bai Mo patted Tianming’s shoulder and nodded. He turned around and left, heading toward the formation nuclei to preside over the overall situation.

“The Evil Suppression Formation was initially a self-powered formation. We don’t have to spend so much effort on it, as long as we open it to the maximum extent, but only the palace lord can do it. Feng is still somewhat lacking. We’ll have to focus on the Evil Suppression Formation now, and can probably put away the Ninefold Silver Formation,” said Ye Yi. “The Evil Suppression Formation’s power depends on us, now. That means the Nineshades Clan still has a possibility of breaking through it. We can’t relax yet!”

“Roger!” Everyone felt their blood boiling.

.....

Tianming stood before the Seven Astral Legions. He was badly injured, not to mention greatly exhausted. The Prime Tower was currently nourishing his injuries. As for his lifebound beasts, they had returned to his lifebound space to rest.

On the other hand, the Ancient Theocrats were waiting for Autarch Qian to return. Tianming was also waiting for news of Li Wudi’s life and death.

“Godfather, you said that you used to roam between life and death. I believe this crisis is normal for you, right? Please, don’t fall....” Tianming looked outside the formation. As time passed, the Astral Legions held their breath and waited.

Suddenly, a figure descended from the sky. Before they landed on the ground, Tianming’s silhouette shot out like an arrow. It was a person covered in blood, with wounds all over his body. The wounds were so deep that even their bones could be seen. But fortunately, he hadn’t suffered any grave injuries.

Grabbing hold of the figure, Tianming yelled, “Godfather!”

“Holy shit, why are you so loud? Are you trying to destroy my eardrums?” Li Wudi rolled his eyes.

“You’re still alive?”

“Do I look dead to you?” Li Wudi roared.

Tianming was hugging Li Wudi. Seeing how lively his adoptive father was, Tianming finally felt relieved.

“Why aren’t you putting me down? Do you think I’m a princess?” Li Wudi glared.

“Alright.” Tianming released Li Wudi, allowing him to fall to the ground and howl.

“What are you doing? Are you trying to kill me?” Li Wudi raged.

“I can’t?” Tianming went to help him up. Curling his lips, he commented, “Your blood stinks.”

“What? Do you think that you’re powerful because you’re the strongest genius? Are you as smelly as me today?” Li Wudi said proudly.

“No, you’re the stinkiest person in the world today.” Tianming gave in.

“Li Wudi, are you alright?” Ye Yi asked.

“I’m not. I’m freaking covered in wounds, and my lifebound beast is almost dead. Quick, bring out your best medicine,” Li Wudi shouted.

Ye Yi waved his hand and Situ Qinghe, the Life Hall King came over. He was proficient in healing, and had researched spirit herbs. Even the heavenly pattern formation he knew had healing functions.

“I’ll carry you!” Tianming knew that Li Wudi had just escaped death, despite how lively he seemed right then. This time, Li Wudi had saved the Decimo Dao Palace. If he hadn’t lured Autarch Qian away, Weisheng Yunxi wouldn’t have been able to return, and Autarch Qian would have long taken the Evil Suppression Pillar.

“Chen Fang, let me know immediately if the Nineshades Clan dares to come in. I’ll rush over immediately,” said Tianming.

“Roger!” Chen Fang nodded.

Tianming picked up Li Wudi and followed Situ Qinghe into the dao palace. As he carried Li Wudi, his clothes were stained by blood.

## Chapter 545: Ultimate Laughingstock

"Godfather, you barely evaded death, didn't you?" Tianming said as he looked ahead coldly.

"Well, I was this close to dying. Thankfully, I was born with plot armor. I survived, didn't I? Isn't that badass?" Li Wudi said as he leaned on the wall. Even though he was weakened, he didn't forget to praise himself.

"Badass indeed. So, what do you think?"

"I've seen how sinister that old bastard can be, and I'm going to give it my all to resist him. Given how I survived, despite how badly he thrashed me, I'll definitely squash him under my foot one day!" Li Wudi said bloodthirstily. What he didn't mention was how he was this close from being obliterated if the Evil Suppression Formation hadn't been deployed in time.

"I'll tag along, what do you say?"

"Hehe... we'll see if you're truly a genius, or just a dumbass. I worry you won't be able to catch up to my cultivation speed."

"Hahaha...." Even though they weren't truly father and son, they sure were bonded like a family. Li Muyang was a distant figure Tianming hadn't met before, so Li Wudi was the closest thing he had to a father. While his enemies would be endlessly annoyed with his personality, it was rather pleasant to be his son.

"Tianming, to be honest, I'm quite stumped by your transformation here at the Divine Capital. I trust that you'll be able to make the Theocrats all kneel to you one day," Li Wudi said with a serious tone.

"Godfather."

"What is it?"

"They're called the Nineshades Clan."

.....

Outside the dao palace were two hundred and thirty thousand heads all stacked up to form a mountain. It wasn't just a gruesome sight, it was plain provocation. If Dongyang Ling's army of six hundred thousand charged in before Autarch Qian arrived, even more of them would die. The heads belonged to the Dongyangs, Jiangs, Ancient Clans, Saint Martial Manor, and so on, and they all wore desolate expressions.

Not even a million-man-strong army would be able to bear the sickening atmosphere. They felt like they were going to vomit rivers of blood from the rage. To think that they were laughing with such abandon when Autarch Qian had heavily wounded the palace lord. But now, they were multiple times worse off than before.

In fact, the heads belonged to their siblings, family, and friends. Many of them kept on cursing ceaselessly, but the Decimo Dao Palace didn't seem to even care.



"Ninth Prince, Thirteenth Prince, the Ancient Greedwolf Clan's leader, Wei Ji, has perished in battle. It's said he was killed by Li Tianming and Ye Lingfeng."

"Exalted Ones Jing Yue and Ling Xing of the Ancient Qilin Clan perished by Li Tianming's hand."

"Exalted One Chong Yang is missing in action."

"The Saint Martial Manor's Onyx and Flaxen Marshalls were killed in the melee."

"Eighteenth Prince Dongyang Xiao and the Seventh Imperial Bloodline's Jiang Jianying were killed by Bai Mo and Ye Yi."

"Reporting—"

"Shut up, all of you! Leave!" Dongyang Yun roared. He tightly clasped both his fists as his mood fell to the lowest of depths. He had despaired, then experienced rapture, only to once more fall to the depths of the abyss.

"To think that two hundred and thirty thousand troops perished in the short space of fifteen.... Is this the power of the Evil Suppression Formation?" Dongyang Ling shook his head, but he was just as distraught as his brother.

"If not for Father letting his guard down and letting Weisheng Yunxi go, she never would've had a chance to reawaken. We also wouldn't be that daring," said the nineteenth prince.

"Are you saying that Father was mistaken?" Dongyang Yun snapped.

"I wouldn't dare."

The hundred plus sons of Autarch Qian were all there. Ever since the autarch himself had returned, their statuses as members of the Dongyang Clan had been restored. But now, they all looked grimmer than ever.

Dongyang Yun was in such distress that he felt like someone was choking him and pouring urine down his throat, causing his innards to shudder in pain. They were all waiting for the autarch.

At that moment, an old man descended from the sky before them. The million troops immediately turned silent and pale as they knelt.

"Your Majesty!"

Even now, they were filled with zealous fervor. However, as long as the autarch himself didn't make a move, they didn't dare to make a single sound. Such was the authority the autarch commanded.

Wham!

Autarch Qian unleashed a punch and turned the two hundred and thirty thousand thousand heads to ash in an instant.

"Hahahaha!" He turned around and smiled. Those who didn't know better would think he was in a good mood.

"The Evil Suppression Formation?" He widened his eyes and continued laughing, much to the others' confusion. "Come, Ninth, I have a question to ask you." He sat on a rock, unlike what would be expected for someone of his stature.

Dongyang Ling felt his heart skip a beat. Respectfully, he said, "Lord Father, please ask away."

"Tell me. To get rid of this formation, I faked my death and let you brothers duke it out, and even destroy the Divine Capital. Yet right as I was going to wipe out the Decimo Dao Palace, the damned formation popped up again. Isn't that proof I'm a fool?" he asked.

"Lord Father, please don't say that."

"Well? How else would you describe me then? An idiot? An imbecile? The ultimate laughingstock?" he said, chuckling.

"Lord Father, the formation is a little fishy—" "I asked you to chastise me! I didn't ask for your opinion! Idiot, imbecile, laughingstock! Pick one!"

Dongyang Ling was so frightened that he knelt without daring to speak. All he did was prostrate himself.

"I feel that 'ultimate laughingstock' is appropriate. What do you think, Thirteenth?"

Dongyang Yun began kowtowing without saying another word. They were all at a loss as to what to say to calm the autarch down. They knew him the best, and they knew what his lunatic antics implied. It meant he was so shaken that he was burning with infernal wrath. All the others began kowtowing, following the two's lead. If anything, it was a rather grand spectacle to witness.

"Leave! All of you!" The autarch kicked Dongyang Ling flying, then did the same to Dongyang Yun. He then stomped the ground so hard that crevices formed. "My fishing line broke and the fish are gone! Dammit, how could this even happen?!"

He slammed his chest so hard that his eyeballs almost burst.

"Lord Father, please still your rage. We didn't think Weisheng Yunxi would be able to awaken after being branded with the Cyclic Stigma," Dongyang Ling said after he crawled upright and mustered his courage.

Autarch Qian burst out in laughter. "Who was the one that told you Weisheng Yunxi deployed this formation?" The way his expression just changed like that was incredibly unsettling.

"Lord Father, you mean to say...."

"There's someone else that's familiar with how the Evil Suppression Pillar works, if only a little bit. The Evil Suppression Formation is indeed powerful, but not as powerful as I'd imagined. It seems possible to breach. The problem is, if we try to force our way into it, we'll definitely suffer huge losses and we only have so many troops to spare. I wanted to eliminate the Decimo Dao Palace without sacrificing countless lives, but then that damn battle happened. What a pain!"

When Dongyang Yun returned, his eyes glowed with hope. "Do we still have a chance?"

"There is one, but I can't stand being messed around with by mere fish. I feel so utterly pissed that my heart is breaking apart! It's all my fault for being too playful and careless. I knew I should've finished this

at the very start! Oh, the regret.... I let the fish get the better of me. From now on, playtime is over!" He rapidly stomped on the ground like he was standing on a hot surface.

"Then, what are we to do?"

"Observe the formation for now and see how powerful it is. If it's just average, I'll break it myself."

"Praise our Lord Father!"

It appeared the Evil Suppression Formation wasn't impenetrable after all. Dongyang Yun and Dongyang Ling regained some semblance of hope. Now, the palace lord was out cold, but they still had the autarch, the most powerful among them, standing with them.

While they all knew the autarch had suffered an embarrassing setback, they knew that he was even more threatening and sinister in his current state. There was no turning back, and the Divine Capital would never return to how it was. The war had only just begun, but this time, the Decimo Dao Palace actually stood no chance.

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"Hall King Situ, where's the palace lord?" Tianming asked.

"She's still unconscious in the Sacred Dao Palace. Let her rest a bit. I've already converted the Nebula Emperor Whale into a lifebound spirit. So if she's able to regain consciousness, she'll still be a powerful empyrean saint."

"Alright."

"The palace lord and her whale supported each other their entire lives. This turn of events has definitely been a huge shock to her."

"I know."

As they spoke, they arrived back at Tianming's residence.

"Father!" Qingyu cried as she came running.

"Don't cry... ouch... Darn it. Tianming, my son, get your sister away from me!" he said anxiously. He winced in pain when Qingyu grabbed his hand. "Oh, daughter of mine, you'll get your clothes dirty!"

"Stop talking!"

"Alright, fine...." Rambunctious as he usually was, he still had a soft spot for Qingyu.

After that, Situ Qinghe started treating Li Wudi and his kumpeng. Tianming, Feiling, and Qingyu waited outside.

"Big Brother, Dad won't die, will he?" Qingyu anxiously asked.

"No chance in hell. He's a tough bugger, I'll give him that."

"What in the world happened? How did it come to this...."

Feiling briefed her about the battle. When she heard what truly happened, she was so shocked that she turned pale.

"He's always trying to grab the spotlight. You two always make others worry."

"That's what manhood is all about. You wouldn't understand."

"So you do, eh?" Qingyu glared at him.

Not long after, Situ Qinghe came out.

"Hall King, how did it go?"

"It's a healthy boy. The mother's fine too," Situ Qinghe joked with a stern expression, causing them to do a doubletake. "Alright, just kidding. I was just trying to lighten the mood."

The joke was so lame that they almost saw it coming a mile away. The three youths laughed monotonously.

"Don't worry. His constitution is almost terrifying. Most of the damage was mitigated by his Bloodfiend Transformation. The rest are merely surface injuries. With me around, he'll be able to skip about again in a few days."

They all breathed a sigh of relief.

"Son, Daughter-in-law, Daughter, come in for the prison visit...." Li Wudi said weakly.

"What prison visit? It's more like a hospital visit, you fool!" Qingyu snapped.

"Come on, was just trying to lighten the mood," Li Wudi gleefully said.

Another round of monotone laughter followed.

"Godfather, you might do well to tone down the dad jokes."

#### **Chapter 546: Dream of the Nine Moons**

"Tianming, my son, come to my bed." Li Wudi beckoned.

"Are you going to pass on your last words?" Tianming asked.

"Father, don't just leave the inheritance to Big Brother alone. I want some too. Equal treatment for all genders," Qingyu said with a chuckle.

"What in the...." Li Wudi wanted to cry at how well they were ganging up on him. The fact that he had survived such a huge battle was definitely an occasion worth celebrating. Even though the threat still loomed over them, that didn't stop the family from spending quality time together.

After some messing around, Li Wudi said, "Tianming, I need you to tell Bai Mo and Ye Yi something for me."

"Alright. What is it?"

"Tell them I planted a Bloodfiend Bane on the autarch beast. That won't do much harm to it, but at least I'll be able to pinpoint its location at any time, which will probably be where the autarch is too."

"What's Bloodfiend Bane?"

"It's basically my blood. Thanks to the Bloodfiend Transformation, if I plant enough Bloodfiend Banes on someone, they'll die. The cost of that is losing lots of blood. It's basically a double-edged sword, though it harms my enemy a little bit more than me," he said.

"So, poisonous blood? And you made it sound so impressive too," Tianming scoffed.

"Haha..." Li Wudi laughed to dissolve the awkwardness, only to pull on his wounds and wince in pain. He coughed a bit and continued, "Also, tell them there's a good chance that I'll be able to break through to the empyrean saint stage. They'll know the implications."

"You're saying you want them to hold the battle off as long as they can?"

"That's right."

"How long will you need?"

"I can't be sure. A day or two? Or maybe up to six years. It depends on the insights I've gained. Becoming an empyrean requires substantial heavenly will growth. It's much harder than it sounds."

"Understood."

"Son, the two of us will see whether we or the Theocrats have the last laugh. They did me really bad today. If I don't exterminate their whole clan, I'll forever bear this hatred in my heart!"

"Alright, stop boasting and get some rest," Qingyu said.

"Whoa, my precious daughter is actually worried about me. I'm so touched I'll cry. It sure is comforting to be spoiled by a wonderful daughter...."

Qingyu rolled her eyes and said, "Sometimes, I wonder if I'm actually adopted."

"Hey, if anyone's adopted it's Tianming. You and I are definitely of the same stock."

After Li Wudi went back to rest, Tianming and the others went back out and closed the door.

"Big Brother, will you be fighting again?" Qingyu asked.

"That's right. I'll leave taking care of him to you."

"Okay."

"Alright, I'll be leaving now." He took Feiling's hand and was about to go.

"Big Brother, I had a few very similar dreams lately that I find rather weird," Qingyu said.

"What are they like?"

"I dreamed about seeing nine moons in the sky. There's some people there that talked to me and asked me to go back."

"Go back to what?"

"I don't know. They didn't say anything else, but the moons looked really clear and bright."

"Nine moons?" Tianming suddenly came close. "Let me see your bane-rings."

"Okay."

Tianming lifted her arm, pulled her sleeve up, and saw five round moons that shimmered mysteriously.

"The other hand, please."

Qingyu obliged. Her left arm was entirely blank.

"How many times did you have that dream?"

"Nine times."

"I see...." He stared hard and still wasn't able to notice anything.

"Do you think it's weird?" Qingyu asked.

"It certainly is mysterious, but I don't know what to make of it. Let's ask Godfather when he wakes up. Do pay attention to see if anything changes."

"Will my bane-rings increase like Dad's? The way I overcame Lifesbane wasn't as intense as his was."

"The only thing we can be certain of about Lifesbane is its uncertainty. There's always a chance for new banes to develop after you overcome one. If it really does come, it can only be a good thing. We should face our banes without fear, regardless of how we think it'll turn out."

"Alright, Big Brother. I won't disappoint you."

Tianming smiled and gave her shoulder a pat.

"That hurt...."

"That's the spirit. Fight, young one!" He rushed to the battlefield with Feiling.

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"Astral General, Vice General Chen asked me to inform you that the Theocrats are attacking the Evil Suppression Formation."

"Got it."

.....

The battles had been rather draining lately. To ensure he could fight at his most powerful, Feiling had to leave her innate godchild body at Tianming's residence as she fought with him.

Tianming returned to the battlefield rather quickly. The moment he stepped into the formation, he saw the autarch himself using the Cyclic Mirror to take on the attacks from the formation. Behind him stood the million-man army of the Theocrats.

"It seems that they haven't given up on us yet. They must be rather confident with Autarch Qian leading the way."

Tianming got into position with his Dark Astral Battalion. There was a series of explosions above them. When he looked up, he saw that all the Primitive Demon Ki seemed to have gathered together to form a gigantic soulfiend-like beast that was frantically attacking Autarch Qian. However, the autarch was taking the brunt of the formation's attacks for his troops.

"It seems like the Hall Kings are only focusing on the autarch. That's the right call, since he's the biggest threat. Since the Evil Suppression Formation isn't able to fully activate, this is the only choice. The other Nineshades Clan members aren't being attacked by the formation at all. That means our forces are fighting them on equal ground. Thankfully, our numbers are now about the same after we killed around two hundred thousand of them in their last attack."

That meant that Bai Mo, Ye Yi, and Ye Lingfeng couldn't afford to make any mistakes. The slightest opening they gave the enemy could allow them to shift the tides.

"The Astral Legions should be fine, so we're mainly counting on the formation."

During the time Tianming had spent sending Li Wudi to get treatment, Ye Yi had already deployed a new defensive formation. This time around, they didn't even have to rally the troops, for the prior triumph had incensed every one of their men to take the initiative to join the fight.

Tianming's gaze was dark and cold, but the chain in his hand shone blindingly. Standing on his left shoulder was Ying Huo, and on his right was Meow Meow, while he himself stood on the back of the mountain-sized Lan Huang. The Theocrat zealots had already charged toward him when he entered the battlefield.

"Long live Autarch Qian!" they were all chanting in an echoing chorus.

However, Lan Huang used Azure Oceanic Purgatory to sweep these earth saints and their lifebound beasts into water.

"Meow!" the black cat yelled, then vanished like a bolt of lightning. A second later, it leaped into the gigantic ocean, gathering up all the lightning bolts around the battlefield and turning them into more than eighty lightning snakes, which it blasted into the water.

Sparks flew as hundreds of earth saints foamed from their mouths as a result of the paralyzing shocks. The moment any of them got out of the water, they immediately came under fire from Tianming's Three-Thousand Starfield and Ying Huo's Invincible Sword Ki.

"Those who block me shall die!"

Lan Huang was exceptionally suited for battle on a large battlefield. His Azure Oceanic Purgatory had a wide range that could easily engulf many earth saints, creating one ocean after another across the whole battlefield.

Tianming then used Ninesilver Astral Art—Chaos Galaxy to claim many more lives.

"Even though Feng isn't directly participating in the battle by operating the formation, he's still helping avenge his kin."

The unyielding fighting spirit of the dao palace, coupled with aces like Tianming, caused countless deaths among the Nineshades Clan. They had only a million hodgepodge troops remaining, but they weren't nearly as well trained or disciplined as the Seven Astral Legions. As such, the result of the entire battle rested on whether the Evil Suppression Formation was able to hold back Autarch Qian.

"Ye Yi, have three hundred thousand men withdraw to support the formation's core. We're at our limit!" Bai Mo said.

"Three hundred thousand? Alright! Let's do it!" Ye Yi immediately had the Shimmerglow and Grandsol Legions return to the dao palace to fuel the Evil Suppression Formation. In other words, Tianming and the other seven hundred thousand troops had to bear the brunt of the Theocrat army.

"Hold the line!"

"Don't die, brothers!"

"Kill!"

Tianming knew the situation wasn't ideal when he saw the two legions retreating. He looked up and saw Autarch Qian gradually gaining ground against the Primitive Demon Ki. The autarch was certainly trying to breach the dao palace to kill the operators of the Evil Suppression Formation.

"Interesting! All of you are trying to gang up on an old man like me. I wonder how many more of you can you send to take me on?"

Autarch Qian forged ahead like an unstoppable monster with his mirror. However, the three hundred thousand troops that retreated quickly reached the Evil Suppression Dao Plaza, linked arms with each other and their lifebound beasts and started supercharging the formation.

All of a sudden, the black color of the Evil Suppression Formation intensified, causing even more Primitive Demon Ki to be produced. As Autarch Qian didn't have his beast beside him—probably thanks to it having two heads lopped off by Li Wudi—he was frantically trying to resist the new pressure. It was still uncertain whether he could properly stand up to it, but even if he could, he wouldn't end up in any better shape. No matter what, without the second-level empyrean saint autarch beast, Autarch Qian wasn't in top form.

The dense Primitive Demon Ki frantically pressed down on the autarch and once more stopped him in his tracks. It even seemed to be putting huge pressure on him. The Astral Legions finally saw some hope!

"Kill! Continue the advance!"

So what if they were outnumbered, as long as they could stop the autarch? At the very least, they had more aces than the enemy. There were few among the Nineshades Clan who could stop Tianming and the rest. Dongyang Yun hadn't even recovered from his injuries yet.

Tianming's Three-Thousand Starfield was a terrifying and efficient weapon of slaughter. The chain could lash out like a lightning bolt throughout the battlefield, tearing flesh and blood all over the place.

"To hell with all of you!" he shouted.

**Chapter 547: The Theocracy's Worst Day**



An area of three thousand meters was far too wide. Few in the danger zone were able to pinpoint Tianming's whereabouts from his long chain attacks. Usually, before they even saw it coming, the chain would've already pierced through their mouths.

With every single swing of the chain, hundreds fell.

"Are there any more?" Tianming was covered in the blood of the Nineshades Clan.

"The dao palace will fall after we break their formation!"

"Charge"

Their foes were still rather high spirited.

"Burn the Decimo Dao Palace down to ash! Drown them in a hellish sea of blood!"

"The Ancient Theocrats shall never perish!"

Countless people had their sights set on Tianming.

"Never perish? Not if I have anything to say about it!"

He used the Ninesilver Astral Art—Nine Stardust. The Three-Thousand Starfield lashed out in a random, zig-zagging path that nobody could follow as it pierced through heads and bodies. A mountain of corpses was building up in front of Tianming, but Lan Huang soon submerged it underwater.

All of a sudden, a mysterious voice came rising from the bloody ocean below. "You definitely looked like you enjoyed all that killing. But I've finally found you, my thirty million saint crystals!"

Tianming saw a man of huge stature in magnificent golden armor staring at him with dark gold eyes.

"I know who you are, Second Grand Marshall of the Theocracy and former North Hall King, Zhao Shenhong. What's wrong? Want to take my head to get your masters to throw you a bone?" Tianming mocked.

"You guessed right."

"I worry you won't be alive to eat it."

"So you think a child like you with some talent can act arrogantly without consequences? To think that you dare to show up on the battlefield.... If you don't die horrifically today, may my skull be made into your chamber pot!" He immediately charged at Tianming.

Zhao Shenhong was a seventh-level sky saint on the level of Wei Ji. Back then, Tianming had had to work with Ye Lingfeng to survive their encounter with Wei Ji and kill him. Back then, he truly wasn't his match, but there was no way Wei Ji would be able to kill him either, thanks to Temporal Field's speed boost.

Tianming didn't even bother with him and turned to leave. He had Feiling use Temporal Field and Spatial Wall to keep Zhao Shenhong at bay as he continued his killing streak. With his amazing chain, he was ten times more effective than any seventh-level sky saint could be on the battlefield.

"Is running all you know how to do, you coward?!" Zhao Shenhong cried.

"Of course not. I just don't like fighting risky battles. Please try to survive for a few more days. By then, I'll be able to take you out easily," Tianming said.

"You and your big mouth!"

Tianming ignored his insults and flew even faster on his Celestial Wings, shaking his foe off. With a swipe of his chain, another rain of corpses fell toward Zhao Shenhong.

"Freshly roasted meat for you, Zhao Shenhong! Oh, this must be your son, Zhao Feihong. Make sure to catch him."

The corpses raining toward Zhao Shenhong caused his expression to sour.

"You wretch! I don't know what you're so arrogant about. His Majesty will eventually wipe you all out!"

"Stop boasting. He can't even protect himself. He killed half a million of his own subjects and destroyed the Divine Capital. It's so hilarious that your descendants will be rolling on the floor laughing when they read it in the chronicles in hell."

"Shut up!" Zhao Shenhong tasted blood in his mouth. This matter hadn't just shown the failings of the autarch, but also how wretched Zhao Shenhong and his ilk were. It was a mark of shame for the Theocrats and their allies. For the sake of serving the Theocracy, they had learned to act ruthlessly and rampantly like those monstrous masters they served.

Even so, they felt horrible on this day. Their will to fight would never reach the level of the dao palace's warriors, who were trying to protect their loved ones and homes. That was the reason they were able to hold on, despite being outnumbered.

The Theocracy's troops, on the other hand, were badly coordinated. They could scarcely even be called comrades. Some even hid near the rear without daring to fight on the front lines. It now seemed that Tianming and the others had the complete upper hand, given how many casualties the Theocracy was suffering.

However, the outcome of battle still rested on the autarch's shoulders as he fought the Evil Suppression Formation. It was a tug of war between him and the three hundred thousand beastmasters led by Ye Yi in support of the formation.

Two gigantic beasts formed from Primitive Demon Ki waged an epic battle with Autarch Qian. The most troublesome part of the beasts was that they were formed from ki that wouldn't die. Even after they were dispersed, they could easily reform again. Not only was the autarch unable to breach the formation, he wasn't able to cover up many of his army's weaknesses.

The battle was a gruesome affair for him. Even though he had lost many men in this battle, he still didn't have anything to show for it. If this continued, his faction would suffer even more, which came as quite a shock to the autarch, who thought that everything would go his way.

"Retreat!" he uttered with shaky resolve. Many of his men couldn't believe what they were hearing. It just didn't seem possible that the autarch that had just come back from the dead would have to say something so humiliating on his first day back in the limelight. Everyone remembered how effortlessly

he crushed Weisheng Yunxi and hunted down Li Wudi, but now he was only capable of making a haggard escape.

"Buzz off!"

"Go back to your kennel, Autarch Qian!"

"Five hundred thousand subjects and the Divine Capital were ruined for nothing! Ultimate laughingstock! Hahahaha!"

Hundreds of thousands joined in the laughter, sending chills down the Theocrats' backs.

"Retreat!"

They all began to escape frantically.

"Retreating twice in one day? Is this a prank or something?"

Ruthless laughter crushed what remained of their horribly trampled dignity.

"Pursue!" Ye Yi's cry rang throughout the battlefield. Even though the autarch had left, the Primitive Demon Ki was still around. Not to mention, the autarch's forces would need time to completely leave, thus forcing the autarch himself to go back to the formation and take the brunt of the pursuing forces to aid his army's retreat. Otherwise, hordes of them would fall when the Primitive Demon Ki hit.

Ye Yi's order caused the Astral Legions to shift from defense to attack. No matter what, they had to make sure the Theocrats felt the pain of this loss, and maybe even lose an arm for it.

"Hey, we still haven't shown our guests our signature Decimo hospitality! Look at those comfortable graves we dug for you!"

Tianming rampaged on with his long chain. His arm was quite worn out from all the killing, but that didn't stop him from picking out a few more enemies during the final stages of the battle. Even as the masses fled, the starlit chain came streaking through and skewered many of them. The light in their eyes faded as their spirits left their bodies.

"Autarch Qian, you senile old moron!" Ye Yi cursed. All of the Theocrats shook from the killing intent that surged within them. The blow hadn't just hurt their bodies, but also their hearts.

I think another hundred thousand died...

Coupled with the ones lost in the civil war, near a million of us have died...

What kind of imbecilic plan is this?

They had many thoughts that they didn't dare to even whisper. Once they left the formation and saw how angry the autarch was, they all fell silent.

This was the Theocracy's worst day.

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By now, the dao palace was finally at peace. The lookouts report that their foes had already retreated far away and were laying low, but that didn't mean they had given up. But at least they wouldn't return to get themselves killed in the short term.

"I heard Autarch Qian was so angry that his descendants almost pissed themselves," Ye Yi mocked. The Hall Kings and Tianming were monitoring the battlefield and dealing with the spoils. They still couldn't afford to let their guard down yet.

"His reputation was ruined in a single day. He might as well off himself to prevent further embarrassment," Tianming said.

"That's one way to put it, but someone as prideful as him won't just take this lying down. We're still not in the clear yet. I worry that the autarch will pull out all the stops to exterminate the dao palace like a mad demon," Bai Mo said with worry on his face.

"We have to remain vigilant against even more dastardly methods for him. He's gone too far to back out now. It'll only get worse from here on," Ye Yi said.

"Thankfully, Tianming said that Li Wudi might stand a chance of breaking through to empyrean saint. Feng also has good control of the Evil Suppression Formation, and he'll only improve from here. We have a very good chance of prevailing."

"That's right."

"Tianming, your godfather mentioned knowing the position of the autarch beast at all times, right?" Bai Mo asked.

"That's right."

"Then we can locate the autarch at any time without him knowing. We can make some preparations that way."

"That sounds good."

As they continued their discussion, Tianming said, "Hall Lord, Hall King, I shall go back to cultivate." After all, the Theocrats wouldn't return anytime soon.

"Go ahead. I know you're anxious, given our predicament, but make sure not to rush your cultivation. You must progress at your own pace at all times," Bai Mo said.

"Alright."

Tianming had lived through another deathly battle and his understanding of Imperial Will was transforming by the moment. The appearance of Autarch Qian had left a lot for him to ponder. First, he went to visit Weisheng Yunxi. She seemed to be sound asleep, and Situ Qinghe and Weisheng Yumo were taking care of her.

"Can the Cyclic Stigma only be removed using the Cyclic Mirror?" Tianming asked.

"That's right. It came from the mirror, after all," Weisheng Yumo said.

"So only by killing the autarch can we take the mirror and wake her up." Tianming was fraught with worry at how pale the palace lord looked.

"That seems to be the case," she said. "Tianming, don't worry. We'll all stand strong and defend the dao palace. Now your godfather is the hope we're all counting on. We might be able to win with him around."

"Alright," Tianming said. However, he didn't tell them that he wanted to be able to help out more.

### **Chapter 548 - Hunting Party**

Li Tianming entered his training room to cultivate as soon as he returned to Astral General Manor.

"Big Brother, I'll join you." Jiang Feiling merged back into her body.

"Alright."

"Big Brother, remember the soul servants you found in Perpetia City? Why isn't anything happening with them?"

"I don't know. They don't listen to me." Tianming pulled at his shirt to look at his chest, and the nine embarrassing red dots there.

"Train first. I'll look at it another day."

Tianming continued training in front of the third gate, using the gold heavenly patterns to nourish his Imperial Will. From its growth, it signaled that his thinking and determination were on the right path.

"If an emperor isn't worthy of respect, sooner or later his people will bite back. Autarch Qian's defeat today was no coincidence. It was the fruit of all the evil that generations of Theocrats had committed. Today, Little Feng will make them taste retribution!"

Tianming couldn't forget all those corpses, nor the ugly faces of the Theocrats.

Most of all, he couldn't forget the Nebula Emperor Whale's death, nor all the brothers and sisters of the dao palace that had perished in battle.

"The Nineshades Clan's dao of plundering isn't the imperial dao, but a devilish dao!" Tianming's eyes burned bright with passion.

Tianming suddenly recalled the Prime Tower. He summoned it and entered it. The white heavenly patterns on the first floor weren't Imperial Will; however, they contained a heavenly will of never submitting in the face of death, and belonged to a similar type of willpower as the Li Saint Clan's Lifesbane.

"I suspect one of the gods in Perpetia City is related to the Li Saint Clan."

Tianming brought the Grand-Orient Sword in as well. He could now simultaneously train in the golden heavenly patterns on the third gate as well as the white heavenly patterns in the Prime Tower.

“I’ll merge these two heavenly wills together and form a character that defies the heavens to change my destiny, whilst remaining the most righteous sovereign. I’ll create a path that’s mine and mine alone.” For the first time, Tianming infused everything he had learned in the Li Saint Clan into his Imperial Will.

“The Nineshades Clan believes themselves to be monarchs who seize life from the heavens. Unfortunately, to master the heavenly dao, you must first master the human dao. How could such inhuman bastards possibly live for tens of thousands of years?” Tianming sneered. He could see all of that clearly, but the other side staunchly refused to believe it.

“Sometimes, it’s not that the problem can’t be thought through. It’s just that you have no choice once you step on a certain path!”

Several days later....

“Second level Sky Saint!” Tianming’s Imperial Will had started on a new path, separate from the Grand-Orient Sword, after absorbing the heavenly will of the white heavenly patterns.

Tianming enjoyed huge benefits from his breakthrough. Just his saint ki alone had exploded in quantity. The Grand-Orient Vortex and Imperealm Sword Formation also grew stronger. Now, the formation could reach over thirty meters in size.

“The dao palace’s formation-widening stone was prepared for the Evil Suppression Formation. Otherwise, it could’ve been used on mine to make it stronger,” Tianming mused.

A tiny artifact appeared in Tianming’s hands. It was the Cyclic Map.

Tianming wanted to see where Li Muyang was on the map; he had so many questions to ask.

“Godfather is nearly healed up. He’s no longer in the Astral General Manor, and has probably gone out to handle things.” That made Tianming able to relax and focus on his cultivation.

“Let’s go find Chong Yang.” Tianming left the manor and went to find Bai Mo, who was in charge of Chong Yang’s imprisonment.

“I’ll bring you over,” Bai Mo said after hearing Tianming out.

It didn’t take long for Tianming to reach the prison in the Dark Hall, which was under layers of formations. Chong Yang was trussed up in one of the cages, unable to even move a muscle.

“What are you here for?” Chong Yang narrowed his eyes.

“Teach me how to use the Cyclic Map.”

“Dream on!” Chong Yang sneered.

“I just want to see where my dad is. It’s just a small thing, so why kick up such a fuss?”

“You’re the criminal of the Theocracy! You also betrayed our clan! Helping you would be an affront to the ancestors!” Chong Yang roared with laughter.

“How touching. You can even make helping evil people sound good. That’s a skill of its own,” Li Tianming said.

“Whatever. I just need to wait here for all of you to be executed for treason!”

“You think the Nineshades Clan are the rightful rulers? You really want to serve them?”

“Correct! The Theocrats are destiny itself. They’ve ruled for millenia, and they’ll rule for millenia more!”  
Chong Yang sneered.

“I’ll ask you one last time: will you teach me how to use the map?”

“Dream on.”

“If so, you have no more use. I think I should just kill you so we can spare the manpower on guarding you,” Tianming said.

“How dare you? Do it if you dare! In the past, I was like a father to your father. I was responsible for much of his growth!”

“Well I didn’t know that.” Tianming’s sword stabbed out twice. Once in the heart, and once in the saint palace!

“Unfilial bastard!” Chong Yang’s eyes bulged, filled with disbelief.

“Yeah yeah, my father owes you. So?” Tianming turned around and left. Chong Yang’s beast was locked away separately, but its life and death didn’t matter.

Bai Mo was waiting for him outside.

“It was always up to you anyway. Out with the old, and in with the new. If the Ancient Qilin Clan survives, it’ll be much better with people like you and your father. Your ancestors used to be impressive before they were brainwashed by the Theocrats.”

Tianming shook his head.

Actually, Tianming really wanted to know why Li Muyang wasn’t coming when he was near the city. However, Chong Yang didn’t want to help him use the map.

“He must have his own issues!” Tianming truly believed that. After all, Li Muyang hadn’t appeared even after Wei Jing had waited for him for twenty years.

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Tianming had just returned to his manor when he saw Li Wudi waving at him. He looked very lively, and was obviously mostly recovered. “My son, Tianming, over here!”

“What is it?”

“I’ll tell you something. Autarch Qian has made his way to the Grand-Orient Realm. He probably wanted to abduct everyone and threaten us. Vicious, isn’t he?”

“Yet you can still laugh?” Tianming frowned.

“Of course! I made preparations long ago!”

"I worried that Dongyang Ling or Dongyang Yun might do this when I left. So, I got everyone to leave the sect and scatter everywhere. They're all just faceless mobs to Dongyang Yun. There's too many of them, as well, so there's no way he's catching them," Li Wudi chuckled.

"Not too shabby. Well done, but why are you telling me this?"

"Well, Autarch Qian isn't here. I was thinking I could go and take a trip while he's away and kill a few Theocrats. Would you like to join?"

"Yes!" Tianming's eyes brightened.

"Then let's go!"

"If Autarch Qian isn't here, why don't we just bring our whole army over?"

"The other side has an army too. Engaging them would mean heavy losses on our side too. We're not the ones who need to rush this." Li Wudi rolled his eyes.

"Understood. It's more convenient for there to be just two people. We can even catch some of them while we're at it."

"Yes, they may be more lax now that he's gone. I also have two people I already have my eye on." Li Wudi sniggered.

"Who?"

"I'll keep it a surprise. If we kill those two, it'll be like the whole Theocracy lost an arm." Li Wudi smiled.

"Let's go!"

Tianming brought along Feiling for her Celestial Wings and Temporal Field. They could escape much quicker, if need be.

The three quietly left the dao palace.

### **Chapter 549 - Saint Martial Manor No Longer Exists**

There was a river in the Divine Capital, with a luxurious building that was protected by a formation right beside it. It was currently lit up by lamps, and the sounds of merriment echoed out from within.

This was the only brothel still operating in the capital, Moon House.

Supposedly, Moon House's resilience was due to being backed by a major figure in the dynasty.

Moon House's highest floor was the most lavish area inside. Currently, tens of beautiful singers were inside dancing and entertaining two esteemed guests.

The two esteemed guests had come today to enjoy themselves; however, they had unpleasant expressions. In this scenario, the dancers all made sure not to mess up.

"Father-in-law, did His Majesty really go to the Grand-Orient Realm?" Zhao Shenhong, the Tianwu Marshall, asked.



“Yes. It’s faster for him to go alone. He’ll catch a few important figures before rushing back. Then the Fifteenth Prince, Dongyang An, will lead thirty sky saints to exterminate all the sects in the Grand-Orient Realm,” the number one marshall in the Theocracy, Huang Chonghuan, said in a low voice.

“That was quite decisive. He immediately left after suffering such a small loss,” Zhao Shenhong said.

“How could he not? He secluded himself away for so long and was just about to succeed when it was snatched away, and he even got a slap on the face in the process. There was no other option with the Theocrat’s arrogance. Li Wudi is currently standing guard at the dao palace while all of his weak points are in the Grand-Orient Realm. Once we catch a few, dealing with him will be easy.”

“Would he be so dumb?”

“It’s not dumb, it’s valuing relationships. Those are the kind of people who tend to die an early death. He’s finished now that he infuriated His Majesty. There’ll be a good show once His Majesty returns.”

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Outside Moon House, Li Tianming was hidden in the darkness, watching them. “What good will killing these two do?”

“They’re the most adept at war amongst the Nineshades Clan, and are Dongyan Yun’s left and right hand men. Huang Chonghuan, especially, has a lot of control over the army. If they die, there’ll be serious problems directing their armies,” Li Wudi explained.

“Understood.”

“All the Nineshades Clan members are huddled together now, but these two actually dare to come out for some fun. If we don’t kill them, who do we kill?” Li Wudi sneered.

“Godfather, leave Zhao Shenhong to me.”

“Alright. We’ll do this fast!”

“Yes.” Tianming thought of how he had been chased down by this Tianwu Marshall before. He hadn’t expected the chance for revenge would come so soon.

“Very good. Once they’re dead, Saint Martial Manor will no longer exist! You also killed Chong Yang and Wei Ji, making the Ancient Clans like headless chickens. The Nineshades Clan will lose their greatest supporters!”

Tianming’s eyes shone.

There was no longer any need to hide when the opponents were alone.

Li Wudi’s kunpeng entered the river, sneaking towards the building. The water was quickly dyed red as a giant wave rose up, covering the building.

Li Wudi had arrived.

“Huang Chonghuan and Zhao Shenhong, stay. The rest can leave.”

“Ambush!” Zhao Shenhong shouted.

The girls hadn't run yet when two figures charged at the guests.

"Want to run?" A man with hair the color of blood appeared and cut the two men off as they tried to escape. His appearance made the two go pale.

"Father-in-law, split up!" Zhao Shenhong said hurriedly, then he shot to the left. In truth, his purpose in saying that was to give himself a chance of survival. After all, with two targets, Li Wudi would surely go for Huang Chonghuan.

And things went exactly as he planned.

"Go and summon people! Find the Ninth Price!" Huang Chonghuan obviously knew what game Zhao Shenhong was playing. He could only hope he called some people over.

"What, you think you can last that long?" Li Wudi's lip curled up.

"You think I, the great number one marshall of this Theocracy can be assassinated by you?" Huang Chonghuan glared imposingly.

However, in truth, Li Wudi was someone who could match Autarch Qian. Huang Chonghuan was already planning to run.

"Yep. That's why I'm here!" Li Wudi grinned malevolently. Lifting up his saber, he chased him down. "Tomorrow, your head will hang from the dao palace's gates. So I promise not to aim for the face."

Huang Chonghuan's heart sank.

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Zhao Shenhong gasped for breath as he fled along the river. Sounds of combat followed him.

Sorry, Father-in-law, I'm too young to die, Zhao Shenhong said inwardly. He prepared to cross the river to enter the Theocracy's temporary camp.

Just as he crossed the water....

The water burst out as a beastly head rushed out and dragged him into the water.

"Who!" Zhao Shenhong's voice was filled with horror.

"Your murderer," a cold voice rang out.

Zhao Shenhong froze, then he revealed a look of excitement. "Just you?"

"Am I not enough?"

"More than enough. What a pleasant surprise this is!" Zhao Shenhong could already see the glory he would be showered with from bringing Li Tianming's head to Autarch Qian. His lifebound beast burst onto the scene.

It was a large golden bird with seventy-nine stars in its eyes, nearly an eighth-order empyrean beast. It was called the Eighteen-Winged Heavenly Bird, and its eighteen golden wings were like giant blades resting on its body.

As soon as it appeared, it activated an ability, the Golden World! A golden sphere immediately appeared on the battlefield, trapping Tianming and Zhao Shenhong inside.

“Die!”

The bird unleashed a second ability, Feather Armor, which attached itself to Zhao Shenhong and a set of golden armor appeared on him. The most eye-catching feature was wings on his back, just like his beast.

The weapon in his hand, the Dragon-Subduing Club, was mighty and imposing. It had been bestowed by Autarch Qian and wasn't just a weapon, but a symbol of how he was the second marshall of the country.

Then, he charged toward Tianming!

He swung the Dragon-Subduing Club, the power of the seventh level of the sky saint stage gushing out.

Just as he was about to clash with Tianming, a tiny bird appeared between them. Zhao Shenhong had only just seen that it looked like a tiny phoenix when it gathered over three thousand strands of Invincible Sword Qi and stabbed them out at the club with its wing.

Zhao Shenhong was sent flying. He was stunned to find that his club, which had experienced countless fights, was knocked away by a lifebound beast.

Zhao Shenhong turned around when he heard some shrill cries. He saw a giant two-headed dragon trying to drag his bird underwater, while a black cat pulled in countless lightning bolts to strike at the giant bird.

Then, even more tragically, the little bird that had fought him joined in, spitting out a gout of fire that landed on his beast's head.

“Li Tianming!” Zhao Shenhong roared.

“You called?”

Zhao Shenhong froze when he realised the voice was right next to him.

“You're too cocky, if you think you can kill me alone!” His club smashed out again. Countless golden dragons gathered on its surface, roaring loudly.

“I'm more than enough.”

Meeting Zhao Shenhong was Tianming's Grand-Orient Sword!

It had over seven thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki on it. That was combined with the Shenxiao Sword Art and the Impereal Sword Formation!

The gap between them was a mere five levels, and counted for nothing.

Two figures collided above the river.

The club shattered and Tianming's sword stabbed into Zhao Shenhong's chest, killing him instantly. The fight had been even easier than that against Wei Ji, showing that none of them could handle his meteoric rise.

A head fell into Tianming's hand.

"Saint Martial Manor no longer exists!" Tianming's emotions didn't fluctuate. This wouldn't be the first, or last, enemy.

### **Chapter 550 - My Name is Jun Niancang**

"Godfather!" Li Tianming joined up with Li Wudi after dealing with Zhao Shenhong. Li Wudi had been even faster than him, and brought over Huang Chonghuan's head.

The two exchanged a smile.

"A gift." Tianming tossed over his trophy.

"Get lost. It's time to go," Li Wudi said.

"Shouldn't we continue? The night is still young," Tianming said.

"No. Let's see how they respond first. My ability to track the autarch beast is a huge advantage. If we abuse it too much, they'll get suspicious. We should only hunt major figures, but they're all holed up at their camp."

"Who would you consider a major figure?"

"Dongyang Ling and Dongyang Yun, as well as Jiang An, an eighth-level sky saint."

"They won't live for long," Tianming said.

"Yes, let's go back!"

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"No activity?" Autarch Qian said dubiously. He was within the Bloodbane Formation. The blood qi seething within could corrode flesh, and was rather similar to the Evil Suppression Formation. He was rushing through it as fast as he could, as the blood mist kept assaulting him.

Autarch Qian frowned. "Why is a five-star formation so troublesome?"

"If I'd known the Li Saint Clan would produce Li Wudi, I would have exterminated them long ago!" In truth, Autarch Qian currently cut a sorry figure due to the formation.

It took quite a bit of effort for him to cross it and reach the mountains within.

Autarch Qian swept his gaze across the area, and his expression turned ugly. "There's no one here!"

He landed in the Kunpeng Sacred Hall and saw a pillar with some words carved on it.

"What'cha looking at? I'm busy with your mom right now! Shoo!"

Autarch Qian froze. Moments later, he couldn't stop himself from coughing out blood. "An enraged roar burst out, "Li Wudi!"

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Two fresh heads had been added to the dao palace's gates, gaping in the direction of the Nineshades Clan's camp.

"The Shenwu and Tianwu Marshalls! Quick, let His Majesty know!"

"Heavens! The number of experts we've lost really is way too many."

"How did they just die like that without His Majesty knowing?"

"I feel we're screwed."

Gloom filled the camp. It was especially true for the Martial Saint Manor. They had always blindly followed Huang Chonghuan. Now, they were in a mess.

News of the two marshal's deaths quickly spread through the whole capital, giving many people food for thought.

"Now that Li Wudi has joined the dao palace, they've become much more vicious."

"They're even using the Evil Suppression Formation now. Can we still handle them?"

Not everyone in the army was a core member of the Theocracy. Many were just hangers-on.

"Get lost!" Dongyang Yun hurried over. When he saw the heads, his eyes went red and he clenched his fists.

These two had gone to battle with him for many years. Huang Chonghuan, especially, had walked with him on the edge of life and death many a time. And yet, now....

"Why do I feel like we're a joke? We haven't accomplished much, it seems, other than hurting the dao palace's palace lord..." someone said in a daze.

"Who said that!" Dongyang Yun's head snapped to the side.

Everyone hurried away.

Dongyang Yun's eyes widened when he realized it was his son. Dongyang Yun vaguely remembered he was the twenty-seventh or so, though he didn't remember the name.

Furious, he directly stepped over, and used his palm to destroy his head, killing him.

"Kill anyone who gossips like this! We Theocrats don't have such cowards!"

"Yes!" the troops shouted, but their voices were slightly off.

Dongyang Yun could hear it. He knew it was from killing his own son. Still, when he couldn't even remember the brat's name, there was no need to think about it too much.

"Thirteenth Prince, His Majesty has returned and is calling you over," a subordinate reported.

Dongyang Yun's eyes brightened. "That was fast!"

Dongyang Yun hurried over. He found Autarch Qian standing there. No one else was around except for Dongyang Ling, who was standing respectfully next to him.

"Father, has the time come to exterminate the dao palace?" Dongyang Yun asked.

Autarch Qian gave him a cold look.

Dongyang Yun realised Dongyang Ling was just quietly standing there with his head lowered. He hurriedly followed suit.

"Huang Chonghuan and Zhao Shenhong are dead?" Autarch Qian's tone was frosty.

"Yes!" Dongyang Yun nodded.

"You actually let them go out alone at a time like this?" Autarch Qian's voice became more severe.

"They didn't report it to me! I didn't know!" Dongyang Yun said defensively. Honestly, he actually did know, but he was obviously not going to admit it.

Autarch Qian laughed. "I faked my death to exterminate the dao palace. In the process, I lost a lot of grandkids, my Ancient Clans and Martial Saint Manor are finished, and most of my sons are dead, too. I just have you two and Fifteenth left."

Fifteenth referred Dongyang An. However, Tianming was used to calling him Jiang An.

"Father, all the slyness in the world won't save them from you," Dongyang Yun said.

"Meh. I may be old, but I know who won and who lost. I lost in everything except getting Weisheng Yunxi," Autarch Qian sighed, looking depressed

Dongyang Yun and Dongyang Ling exchanged a confused look. They weren't used to seeing their father this way.

"Don't say that. You did have success. The Evil Suppression Formation is unstable and could collapse any moment. You'll be able to single-handedly crush them all after that," Dongyang Ling said.

Autarch Qian fell into deep thought.

"Father, you need to calm down and let go of all the anger from being challenged. Look at it rationally," Dongyang Yun said.

"Yes, I should. I'll play a little with these fish. I looked down on them before—if I'm not careful, I may very well be dragged down into the water." Autarch Qian finally smiled.

"That's right. However, fish are still fish in the end. No matter how clever they are, they can't match up to us humans," Dongyang Ling said.

"Now, the tricky part is how to end the dao palace in this scenario," Dongyang Yun mused.

"I've got it!" Autarch Qian smiled. "We have a million people. If three can't think of it, let a million think. Pass down the word: anyone who thinks of a solution will be heavily rewarded."

"Are you sure, Father?" Dongyang Yun was slightly doubtful. Making the whole army think seemed ridiculous.

"Thirteenth, don't look down on an ordinary person's intelligence. We're too involved, so we may miss the obvious." Autarch Qian said sincerely.

"I'll pass down the order now!" Dongyang Yun eagerly left.

It didn't take long before even the dao palace had heard the news.

Two hours later.

"Father, someone said he came up with a plan. I think it's not bad, so I brought him over," Dongyang Yun said excitedly.

"Bring him in."

Not long after, Dongfang Yun brought in a white clothed man.

The man knelt down, his body shaking. It wasn't clear whether it was from respect, emotion, or something else.

"Who are you, and where are you from?" Autarch Qian casually ate some snacks and drank some wine.

"My name is Jun Niancang. I hail from the Grand-Orient Realm," the white clothed man said.

"Why would someone from there be here in the Divine Capital? Did you use to be from the dao palace?" Autarch Qian asked.

"Yes. I used to be from the North Hall. After Hall King Zhao left, I decided to join up when the Martial Saint Manor expanded its armies."

"A wise decision." Autarch Qian smiled. "Jun Niancang is a good name. Who gave it to you?"

"My father. He used to be the ruler of Grand-Orient Realm. A year ago, he was killed by Li Wudi." As Jun Niancang spoke, he began tearing up.

"Oh...." Autarch Qian nodded. "Rise, child."

"Thank you, Your Majesty!"

Jun Niancang struggled to his feet.

"Tell me your scheme."

"It's not a scheme. I just want to share my father's experience of fighting with Li Wudi. Hopefully, it'll give Your Majesty some insights."

"Speak."