

The Ages 561

Chapter 561 - Path of No Return

He was Tianming, which meant the fate of heaven. He was the representative of heaven's will. It was ironic that the title, Princess Skyfate, came from Autarch Qian himself. Even today, they still had no idea how their princess, who died more than four decades ago, was Tianming's mother.

But that wasn't important. Tianming immediately started attacking Dongyang Ling together with Bai Mo.

"Hall King, I'll leave his lifebound beast to you," said Tianming.

"Alright. Have fun killing him! The palace lord might be in deep slumber, but I'm sure that she's proud of you!" Bai Mo looked at Tianming with shock. He never expected that a youth who came to the Divine Capital a year ago would be standing at the peak today. This wasn't only a miracle, but it was also fate.

Dongyang Ling had two lifebound beasts. They wanted to be at Dongyang Ling's side to protect him, but Bai Mo refused to let them pass.

Bai Mo attacked, and with the addition of Lan Huang assisting the Astral Emperor Tiger, Dongyang Ling's sides were cleaned up in the blink of an eye.

Dongyang Ling looked at the white-haired youth before him. A fiery phoenix and a little cat shrouded in lightning stood atop Tianming's shoulders, looking at Dongyang Ling coldly.

Without any hesitation, Dongyang Ling turned around and ran for his life. He couldn't even be bothered about his lifebound beasts.

"Fleeing from a battle? Ninth Prince, you've embarrassed the entire Nineshades Clan. Or is the Ancient Theocrats' will that you guys are always talking about just a pile of garbage?" Jiang Chengfeng had once told Tianming about the Ancient Theocrats' will. But now, the ninth prince, Dongyang Ling, was trampling on it with his actions.

Feiling expanded the Temporal Field towards Dongyang Ling, while Tianming chased up with the Celestial Wings. On the other hand, Ying Huo and Meow Meow threw out their abilities simultaneously, the Sixpath Infernal Lotus and Misty Hellthunder.

When the two abilities exploded on Dongyang Ling, the latter could only turn around to defend himself. "You're courting death!"

At the same time, the Eight Thousand-Demise Sword and Sword Imperealm Formation erupted. This sword might not be as strong as the previous one, but Tianming had Ying Huo and Meow Meow helping him in the battle!

"Kill!" The three of them besieged Dongyang Ling.

Four thousand sword ki flew out from Ying Huo, forming into the Pyros Imperius. Ying Huo executed this move with the Infernal Haze, which added infinite changes to his attack. On the other hand, Meow Meow sped up with the Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape, unleashing eighty-one Chaos Disasters at Dongyang Ling's head.

Meow Meow's silhouette ran like a bolt of lightning and arrived before Dongyang Ling in the blink of an eye. Dongyang Ling tried to defend himself with his arm, but he took a bite from Meow Meow's Myriadfiend Venomfang and lost three fingers.

"HISSSSS!" Dongyang Ling took in a cold breath. He was in a hurry, and he could only deal with Ying Huo's attacks with his sword while dodging Meow Meow's attacks. However, the Chaos Disasters were too ferocious, and he was struck numerous times, charring his skin.

In addition to the Myriadfiend Venomfang, Dongyang Ling was also suffering from the poison. He wasn't as strong as Dongyang Yun to begin with, so when he saw the Ancient Theocrats' doomsday, his spirit collapsed in an instant.

Under such circumstances, he could only block Ying Huo's sword ki. But while he was at it, he was devoured by Tianming's Shenxiao Sword Art's fourth move. Blood splattered when Tianming's sword flashed across.

"ARGGGH!" Dongyang Ling widened his eyes with despair when Tianming's sword arrived. In the next moment, Dongyang Ling's severed head appeared in Tianming's hand. Then, Dongyang Ling's corpse fell onto the ground.

"Have you seen that?" Tianming raised Dongyang Ling's severed head high into the sky. He plunged Dongyang Ling's sword into the ground and hung his severed head on it. This scene swept across the battlefield with silence.

He didn't cause a commotion in the Divine Capital when he confronted Dongyang Yun. But this time, there were many members of the theocrats watching this battle. They could see everything, how Dongyang Ling tried to escape desperately, and how Tianming easily crushed him.

"Dongyang Ling has atoned with his death! Now, it's time for the rest of you from the Nineshades Clan!" Tianming's voice resounded out in the capital. This was a piece of terrible news for the Ancient Theocrats because they no longer had anyone to issue orders.

The strongest among them was only in the sixth level of sky saint, so how could they possibly fight?

"Listen to my orders!" Ye Yi's voice rang out. "Anyone who isn't from the Nineshades Clan will be spared upon surrender!"

This meant that the Ancient Clans, Saint Martial Manor, Dazzling Pavilion, and the various sects from the nine realms could escape death by surrendering. Their number occupied three-fifths of the Ancient Theocrats' army, and Ye Yi's words brought hope to many.

"As for the Nineshades Clan, death to all!" By giving everyone else a chance to live except for the Nineshades Clan, Ye Yi was accelerating the collapse of the Ancient Theocrats' army. As a result, many of them took off their armor and even helped the Decimo Dao Palace hunt the theocrats.

"I surrender! I'm from the Ancient Qilin Clan, and I surrender!"

"I'm from the Cloudwind Sect. We were forced here by Dongyang Ling, and we've done nothing wrong. We surrender!"

“I’m in charge of the Dazzling Pavilion’s branch, and I surrender as well! There’s already no one to take charge in the Dazzling Pavilion, and we’re willing to join the Decimo Dao Palace!”

When the voices of people surrendering were heard amid despair, it was simply too effective. As the saying went, capture the king before capturing his subordinates. Right now, anyone from the Nineshades Clan would die if they dared to stand out.

The army also plunged into chaos without a commander, and with Ye Yi commanding from the sky, there was no suspense to this war.

“The Ancient Theocrats are finished!” Many people teared up.

“You aren’t wrong. In the future, you guys would still be called the Nineshades Clan! Even if Autarch Qian returned as a god, what could he do with all his descendants slaughtered? He’s already three hundred years old, and how many more children can he produce?”

“Even if Autarch Qian slaughters everyone from the Decimo Dao Palace, it’s an undeniable truth that the theocrats are finished after today. This is really fate. After all, who could imagine that a young man would accomplish all this?”

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Tianming’s name echoed throughout the battlefield while he held onto the Three-Thousand Starfield, slaughtering his enemies. Besides Lan Huang, who suffered some injuries and returned to the lifebound space, Ying Huo and Meow Meow were still following beside him.

Blood would splatter wherever they went, and the Three-Thousand Starfield would kill enemies by groups at a time. Things had already come to this, and anyone who still held onto their weapons was an enemy. So there was no need for Tianming to distinguish them. As time passed, the Three-Thousand Starfield pierced into the chests of the theocrats one after another.

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A youth in white was running from the battlefield. He would occasionally turn around, and his legs would tremble whenever he took a look at the white-haired youth. His heart was filled with sorrow and grief.

“WHY! WHY?! I GAVE UP EVERYTHING, BUT HE SOARED LIKE A COMET WHILE I BECAME AN ANT...”
Tears streamed down his cheeks. “Long’er, am I wrong? I went down the path of no return for you!”

His throat was hot, and he was like a zombie running for his life. His lifebound beast died the moment it evolved into an empyrean beast. Tianming was like a nightmare to him. Suddenly, Jun Niancang came to a stop and looked down to see a chain penetrating through his chest along with hundreds of other people. They didn’t even have the chance to scream.

“Uhh...” Jun Niancang felt that he died a lowly death. Tianming didn’t even take a look at him. Once upon a time, he was someone who could crush Tianming, but he died a lowly death today, which was the greatest irony for him.

“Perhaps this is the punishment heaven has given me... I let down tens of thousands of people in the Grand-Orient Realm. I was wrong! I was wrong!” Tears ran down his cheeks when the chain exited his chest.

“Jun Niancang?” A familiar voice suddenly rang out. Jun Niancang painfully raised his head. He was fortunate enough to be seen right before his death.

“Li Tianming...” Jun Niancang muttered.

“Aren’t you a Decimo Dao Palace’s disciple? Why did you join the Ancient Theocrats? I had never intended on killing you,” Tianming said in a somewhat depressed tone.

“I...I...” Jun Niancang grabbed onto Tianming as if the latter was his last hope in life. “I was the one who gave His Majesty the suggestion to deal with the Decimo Dao Palace with innocent lives, and they’re almost here by now...”

“Oh.” Tianming nodded his head. “I see. Then you deserve to die. But you don’t have to worry about it. I’ve already rescued them.”

“Is that so?” Jun Niancang smiled. He was relieved. Right before his gaze dissipated, he muttered, “Thank you...”

He loosened his grip on Tianming and collapsed onto the ground.

“Goodbye.” Tianming walked past Jun Niancang’s corpse.

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Dusk arrived in the blink of an eye, which added a pink tint to the ground. Regardless of the fresh blood or corpses on the ground, they glittered under the sunlight. At the center of the Divine Capital, Tianming stepped on the Nineshades Clan’s corpses that piled up to form a mountain and looked at the horizon while holding onto Feiling’s hand.

“It has finally come to an end. The sky is turning dark soon,” said Feiling.

Tianming gently hugged her from behind. He noticed that Feiling had turned numb after going through all the slaughters. When the sunlight shone on her face, Tianming spoke out, “Ling’er, the sun will rise again tomorrow. But it will be a new sun tomorrow.”

Chapter 562 - They’re at the Divine Capital

The massacre lasted three hours, enveloping the Divine Capital in bestial roars until the night fell. Tianming had no idea how many people he had killed. This time, the Decimo Dao Palace finally became ruthless. Under the leadership of Li Wudi and Tianming, they had completely obliterated the Nineshades Clan’s legacy.

The will could only be extinguished with the legacy obliterated. Even if Autarch Qian was the only one left, he had already lost his foundation. So even if he became a lunatic and slaughtered everyone in the Decimo Dao Palace, there would be no more Ancient Theocrats in the Theocracy of the Ancients.

Tianming flew in the sky and lowered his head to see the sea of blood under the rainstorm with corpses floating around. Bai Mo and Ye Yi were also looking at the city drenched in blood from a high pagoda.

They looked exhausted, covered in blood. Many people rejoiced after the war, but no one had it easy for this war would go down in history.

“Hall Master, Hall King.” Tianming came over.

“Tianming.” Ye Yi reached out and patted Tianming’s shoulder.

“Have we accumulated the statistics?” Tianming asked.

“Well, there are four hundred thousand soldiers that don’t belong to the Nineshades Clan. We’re screening them right now, and anyone who is a confidante of the Nineshades Clan will be killed,” said Bai Mo.

“What about the Nineshades Clan?”

“They’re almost dead. But some managed to flee the Divine Capital, about hundred thousand of them. But they’re all small fries. At the very least, we’ve cleaned up Dongyang Ling and Dongyang Yun’s lineages,” Bai Mo reported.

“That means that the Nineshades Clan no longer exists in the world?” Tianming looked at the rainstorm in the Divine Capital. The capital had turned into purgatory, and Tianming couldn’t connect this city with the bustling Divine Capital.

“Most of the Divine Capital citizens belonged to the Nineshades Clan, but they’re mainly all the branch lineages. They don’t even have hydra or sydra as their lifebound beasts, and you’re right. The Nineshades Clan no longer exists in the world,” Bai Mo replied.

Tianming nodded his head.

“Don’t you think that we’re a little too cruel to create this purgatory with our own hands?” Ye Yi asked.

“No. They were worse with what they’ve done. We’re returning peace to the world by eradicating them. We’ve done nothing wrong.” Tianming shook his head.

“You’re right. The Nineshades Clan is brutal, and they should be exterminated,” replied Ye Yi.

The Decimo Dao Palace prepared tens of thousands of years for this battle. If they weren’t firm enough, they would be letting down everyone who suffered because of the Nineshades Clan. Ye Yi would never forget how his brother died at Autarch Qian’s hands.

“Autarch Qian is the only one left. He’s tougher to deal with than the war today, right?” Tianming narrowed his eyes to slits.

“That’s right. He’s in the second level of the empyrean saint stage, and with the Cyclic Mirror, no one can even take a single move from him aside from your foster father. At the very least, Bai Mo and I can only be cannon fodders if we go against him,” answered Ye Yi.

“The war hasn’t ended as long as Autarch Qian is alive. Even if we won today, we would still be overshadowed by Autarch Qian’s existence. There’s no way we can rebuild the world,” Bai Mo sighed.

Right at this moment, Li Wudi 'cleaned up' the last member of the theocrats and sat down, "Phew, that was exhausting. These bunch of bastards really know how to reproduce. There's simply no end to them!"

"How many were there?" Ye Yi asked.

"I killed at least one hundred and ten thousand of them," said Li Wudi.

"Wow!" Ye Yi exclaimed.

"I'm an executioner. The Decimo Dao Palace is a sacred place, and you can put all the brutal methods on me. I'm the villain, and I'm not afraid of people talking behind my back," Li Wudi chuckled.

"Godfather, are you trying to take my credit? No way. I'm the greatest hero today. You've only killed the Nineshades Clan at best, but I extinguished their souls," Tianming laughed.

"Boast all you want!" Li Wudi glared at Tianming. He got to his feet and turned to Bai Mo and Ye Yi, "Guys, Autarch Qian has quickened his pace back. You guys still have six days at most. We might've won this battle, but Autarch Qian will definitely go insane when he gets back. We still have to return to the Evil Suppression Formation. We can't afford any losses."

"How long are we going to hide?" Ye Yi asked.

"I've gained an insight today. I wish to go into seclusion to try making a breakthrough into the empyrean saint stage. So we'll hide until I succeed," said Li Wudi.

"Alright. We'll go with that then," said Ye Yi.

"I'll bear the responsibility for this matter," Li Wudi declared.

"Wudi, you're a true man. We will definitely make it through this catastrophe. At that time, you'll become the founding emperor!" said Bai Mo.

"Autarch Qian is still alive. There's no meaning in talking about this right now. I'll be taking my leave first." Li Wudi immediately rushed back to the Decimo Dao Palace to go into seclusion.

Ye Yi and the rest exchanged a glance.

"I like someone like him, straightforward and heroic," Ye Yi commented.

"What about me?" Tianming asked.

"You want to hear the truth?"

"Duh?"

"You're a monster, and there's no way the Theocracy of the Ancients can hold you. The Flameyellow Continent is your battlefield, and your goal is to become a god!"

"Isn't that a little too much? I'm trembling just by hearing it," Tianming smiled.

"Haha!"

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On the second day at the Ancient Qilin Clan's Manor City. Tianming walked through the door alone. This place was already under the Decimo Dao Palace's control, and his appearance caused many gazes to tremble.

Many people among the younger generations fought Tianming back in the Infernal Soul Formation. They once had a chance to fight Tianming, but now, they could only kneel and tremble on the ground. Among them were Qin Feng, Qin Yuan, Qin Ding, and so on. The entire Manor City was enveloped in a deadly silence when Tianming walked in.

"Tianming." Exalted Mo Yu was the only exalted one alive. She was kneeling on the ground along with everyone as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Tianming did not stop. He didn't want to do anything, but some words needed to be said. Tianming smiled and looked at what was left of the Ancient Qilin Clan's survivors—the old, weak, women, and children.

"Do you guys still remember how you called me a sinner on the altar? If the Decimo Dao Palace didn't protect me, I would've been cut to pieces by you guys, right?"

"Kowtow!" Mo Yu yelled and began to kowtow to Tianming along with everyone from the clan. Everyone followed and began knocking their foreheads on the ground. She knew that they had gone too far back then, and Tianming had every reason to take revenge against them.

"You don't have to do this. I don't think that I'm related to you people. I just want to tell you that the Nineshades Clan deserves to be exterminated for cultivating at the expense of others. My father, Li Muyang, is not a sinner. He just has a generous heart, and he isn't a coward like you people! The Ancient Qilin Clan isn't worthy of the Sacred Qilin beasts, nor are you guys worthy of me and my father, Li Muyang, thinking highly of you people." They surely would have rebuked if Tianming said these words in the past.

But right now, they could only bear it within. The Ancient Theocrats that they were serving had all been butchered, and Tianming personally killed Dongyang Ling and Dongyang Yun, who held a high position in their hearts. So what else could they say?

"Get lost!" said Tianming.

The Ancient Qilin Clan finally got on their feet and left with their heads lowered. Suddenly, Tianming called out when he saw a middle-aged man among the crowd, "Qin Dingtian, you wait up."

"Please spare me!" Qin Dingtian immediately fell onto his knees.

"What the hell are you so nervous about? I might be someone who takes revenge, but I'm a reasonable person, and I won't take it too far. You had a great time pulling on my hair that day, didn't you?" Tianming stepped forth.

"I don't dare! I dare not!" Qin Dingtian said with a drained face.

Tianming stood before Qin Dingtian and grabbed onto his braid. He pulled it off from Qin Dingtian and threw it away.

"ARGHHH!" Qin Dingtian cried out painfully while he curled up on the ground. Such injuries were nothing to cultivators, but they could make everyone imprint it in their minds for life.

Under the countless trembling gazes, Tianming came to the Ink Manor. He knocked on the door and asked, "Second grand uncle, are you here?" He knew that there was someone inside.

"You bastard, again!" The wooden door opened with a creak. An old man wearing shorts came out cursing, "Li Muyang, you little bastard! Are you trying to mess with your second grand uncle? You came last night and disappeared just when I wanted to drink with you. I've been looking for you the entire day!"

Beads of sweat rolled down Tianming's forehead. His second grand-uncle had treated him as Li Muyang.

"But I didn't come yesterday," said Tianming.

"You didn't come? You stood outside my room for a long time. Do you think that I can't see anything because I'm blind? Oh, right. Where's Jing'er?" The old man opened his eyes wide.

"I'm here." Feiling came out.

"Wait, what? Yang, are you messing with me? How is this Jing'er? She looks completely different! Jing'er was just with you last night. You changed your feelings in just one day?!" The old man raised his hand, wanting to hit someone.

However, Tianming was frozen right where he stood. He wondered if his father, Li Muyang, really did come back last night. He heard from Chong Yang and the rest that Li Muyang had a woman around him in the past. Was she Princess Skyfate, Jiang Lingjing?

But Tianming looked around and couldn't find anyone. Tianming stared at the two footprints on the ground dumbfoundedly and asked, "I stood here last night?"

"Where else? You're really something. I asked you to come in and help me to the toilet, but you refused to come in. Don't you know that I'm having difficulty getting up now that I'm old?" The second grand uncle reprimanded.

Tianming dumbfoundedly stared at the two footprints on the ground. He even squatted down and touched them. "They were here in the Divine Capital last night?" Last night, Tianming and the rest were butchering the Nineshades Clan.

Chapter 563: The World is Purgatory

"Exalted One Mo Yu, come see me!" Tianming yelled when he reached the entrance. Soon, she came running to him with cold sweat. She was deathly afraid of being killed.

"Do you know how to use the Cyclic Map?" Tianming asked.

"A little bit. I can try."

"Do it now." Tianming handed her the Cyclic Map.

"Please wait. This might take some time," she nervously said.

As she was a close acquaintance with Chong Yang, she had learned how to use the Cyclic Map's locating function. It wasn't complicated, so she showed Tianming how to use it as she worked with it. Fifteen minutes later, the formation projected a kind of light map on which a white dot could be seen. Upon closer inspection, the dot seemed to be two people—a man and a woman with indistinguishable facial features but familiar builds.

Is that my dad and the Skyfate Princess? Didn't they say the two of them were dead?

"Tianming, they seem to be in the Divine Capital..." Mo Yu said with a hoarse voice.

"Where in the capital?"

"I can't say for sure. If they don't want to be found, it'll actually be quite hard to encounter them. I also heard that the Cyclic Map has nothing to do with the actual Cyclic Mirror, so this locating function might be fake as well."

"That can't be!"

Tianming turned back and saw a pair of footprints behind him. He knew that the man was still observing him from afar.

"Why won't you come out to meet me in person? Why?!" What reason could there be for his father to avoid meeting his son at this juncture? Tianming felt a little troubled by how he was trying to keep a distance from him.

"You may leave," he said.

"Understood." Mo Yu sighed with relief and left.

Tianming let his gaze linger on the Cyclic Map for quite a while. Only after Feiling held his hand and consoled him did he snap out of it.

"Ling'er, why do you think he's doing this?"

"Big Brother, I know he definitely won't do anything to harm you. One day, he'll appear before you and answer all your questions," Feiling said.

"Alright. I'll trust in that." He looked at his surroundings and continued, "Perhaps he's watching over me from afar."

"That must be it!"

"Then I better do my best."

"Me too."

Tianming stroked her head before returning to the courtyard together.

"Great Granduncle, I am Muyang's son. I'll help you move somewhere else where people will take care of you. What do you think?"

"Muyang's son?" The old man's eyes glowed as if he was lucid again.

"That's right."

"Are there beautiful, elderly ladies where you live?" he asked sneakily.

"There are quite a few, I'd say." Since the relatives of the warriors lived near the Dark Hall, he would have company.

"Then move me there quickly!"

"Great."

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It was twilight again. An old man walked amidst the ruins of the Divine Capital, stumbling along the way. His eyes were bloodshot as he traced his hand in the air.

"Where are my descendants... Where are my theocrats?" He stumbled and fell, getting mud all over himself as he spat out a mouthful of blood. He couldn't stop vomiting to the point that his face paled.

"This is weird. Where are they?"

He was crawling between a sea of corpses. The whole of the Divine Capital was awash in a river of blood wherein chunks of organs or fingers could be found.

Suddenly, the old man saw a sword some distance ahead, upon which a human head was staked through. The head seemed to be looking at him blankly.

"Ninth? Daddy here was wondering where you were. You're here playing hide and seek, are you? Naughty, naughty!" The old man smiled as he climbed to the head and picked it up. He laughed as tears of blood flowed from his eyes.

"Tell daddy which naughty boy took your head off. I'll go give them a stern talking to," he mumbled with a hint of despair and abject terror on his face. "Who is it? Well? Tell me! Why are you so cowardly, Ninth? You were afraid of a mere dog at the age of three! Do you expect me to believe you're actually my son? The son of Dongyang Qian?"

He grew even more restless as he spoke. "Who is it? Tell me. TELL ME!"

With great effort, he flung the head to the ground, smashing it apart. He then proceeded to hammer the ground madly, causing it to shake and crack apart.

"Hahahahaha!" Lying flat on the ground, he looked straight up at the skies. "Where has my clan gone?! Did the hundred thousand elites all get killed by dogs? Huh? Someone! Tell me!"

Not a single person remained in the Divine Capital. Every single member of the Decimo Dao Palace had retreated into the formation. There was nothing the old man could do but whine like a wounded dog.

But then, a deep sound came ringing from the shadows. "Dongyang Qian, you truly are a failure."

"Hehehe! Hehehehe!" Autarch Qian continued to laugh like a madman.

"Still reminiscing, huh? There's no need for that anymore."

"I'm just frustrated. How could this happen?" Had he known something like this would happen, there was no way he would've left for somewhere so far away.

"This is pointless..." The man came out of the shadow. He looked ahead and said, "So that's the Evil Suppression Formation? Let's just go straight in. If I were you, I'd kill every single one of them. An eye for an eye."

"An eye for an eye? Hahahahaha... Nonononono, it's not that simple, you see... An old man like me... can't take the shock... They drove me mad! No more Mister Nice Guy! If I can't make them give me at least ten eyes for each one they've taken, I'd rather off myself!"

"Go ahead then. What are you waiting for?"

"Well... Even with you around, we won't be able to do much by entering the formation. We still have to lure them out. This time, I'm going in for a big bet! Xuanyuan Xu, what you deserve will eventually be yours. All I have left is my pathetic life. I am going to fall and become a demon, so you need to help me." His face was a contradictory mix of bloody tears and a maniacal smile.

"We'll do as we have planned then. What's your next step?" the shadow asked.

"There are eighteen compounds around the Divine Capital, each with a million people within. I will slaughter them all one by one until they come out to stop me. Even if you don't help me, I can still force them to die in despair."

"You really are messed up. What if they don't come out? Are you going to kill more than ten million people? Your clan has surprised me time and again. If not for the Canal of the Dead forbidding access to your Theocracy, the Nine Divine Realms would have ended you long ago."

"Are you jealous?"

"Of course, I am. I am jealous that even with your level of power, you're still able to occupy a territory as large as half a divine realm and call yourself king."

"Nothing is impossible in this world. Well, I need to calm down... Breathe in, breathe out..." Autarch Qian stood up and stretched comfortably.

"Let's go. I can't wait to see the Grand-Orient Sword, Prime Tower, and Evil Suppression Pillar. I wonder how powerful these divine artifacts are."

"You'll definitely be in for a great show."

"Haha..."

The two of them vanished amidst the twilight mist.

"Xuanyuan Xu... I was unlucky to have met someone like you at the Canal of the Dead, but then again, I was lucky to have met you there."

"I see."

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Northblock City was sandwiched between the Divine Capital and Dazzling City with a population of two million. But as a result of the chaos in the Divine Capital, nearly half of the citizens had left. That day, an old man came to the city amidst a drizzle. He ran swiftly in his tattered sandals as he sang, "With but a coir raincoat, a whole lifetime can be spent in the rain! Wonderful! Wonderful!"

The old man was standing outside the city under the light rain as a few people were about to enter. There was a field outside where a few children played around, trying to catch some frogs.

"Old man!" cried a little girl riding a pig as she came to him. "I didn't think I'd meet you again! Did you manage to catch any fish?"

"Darling, this old geezer didn't come here today to fish. I will drain the water dry! There's fish everywhere here, and old me here is going to cook up a delicious meal. It'll smell so good that even the people at the Divine Capital will smell it!" he said with a doting look.

"Wow, you use such big words, old man! Youyou doesn't understand!" she said with admiration.

"Is your dad here in the city, darling?"

"He is! He's part of the garrison!" she said with pride.

"How impressive."

"Old man, I want to apologize for my daddy. He was very mean to you back then! I scolded him when we got back!"

"It's fine. Grandpa here won't take what a fish says to heart."

"Do you live here too?" she asked, tilting her head.

"Oh, no, but I'll be making soup here."

"I want to drink some too!"

"Haha, then you better watch and learn," he said before he headed toward the gate. The little girl followed behind, riding her pig.

"Youyou!" A young man came running out of the city. He glared at the old man and said, "Who are you? Why is an old man like you talking to a child? Leave her alone."

He marched angrily towards them.

"Watch closely, darling!" The old man walked slowly towards the guard yet seemed unstoppable. The little girl watched as he stretched out his hand to lift the man by his neck.

"This is how you hold a fish by its gills." Splat! He pushed his other hand through the guard's stomach and pulled out his innards. "And this is how you remove the guts!"

Then, his hand flashed across the guard's body, flaying the skin off him. "And this is how you descale a fish."

The guard's body fell to the ground. His eyes were wide open; nay, he didn't even have eyelids left to close.

"And that's how you prepare a fish before cooking it. Did you get a good look?" he asked as he turned around with a smile. He then stretched out his bloodstained hand with guts still sticking on them and stroked her hair. "To live is to suffer. Don't be too naive in life."

Chapter 564: Mastering Myriad-Demise Sword

Li Wudi was currently training in seclusion within Decimo Sacred Hall. That day, the weather suddenly got extremely stormy as the earth shook. Spiritual energy rampaged all over the place as it spewed from the geysers in the ground before being absorbed into the dao palace. It was as if a dragon was pulled forcefully by its neck towards Decimo Sacred Hall.

"What's going on?"

"Something huge is happening. Is it a result of cultivation?"

Many people looked in the Dark Hall's direction with doubt and worry.

"It's said that since ancient times, breaking through to become an empyrean saint requires a near-endless amount of spiritual energy to the point that abnormal weather patterns would manifest."

"It must be Li Wudi!"

"It could only be him. He's breaking through to become an empyrean saint."

"It'll only get rowdier from here on!"

"Only empyrean saints are true saints who can live up to five centuries."

As expected, dark clouds loomed over the sacred hall as streams of spiritual energy kept pouring inside. Within the hall, the cries of a kungpeng could be heard. The Primordial Bloodbane Kungpeng was currently metamorphosing into an empyrean beast.

"Once one becomes an empyrean saint, the body becomes far more powerful. If Li Wudi succeeds at such a young age, he will be at his most vigorous. Meanwhile, Autarch Qian is already aging. Even the Cyclic Mirror isn't able to stop his life force from seeping away."

"Li Wudi is forty now. If he can live for five centuries, that'd make him the equivalent of us when we were in our twenties."

Bai Mo and Ye Yi discussed the event with excitement.

"It's really going to be the end of Autarch Qian, right?"

They looked at each other with confident gazes. To become an empyrean saint was a pivotal bottleneck. Once Li Wudi broke through, he would only be one stage lower than Autarch Qian. However, his Bloodfiend Transformation was more than enough to make up for it. The only uncertainty that remained was the Cyclic Mirror.

"At the very least, we'll have someone on our side who can hold up against the autarch," Ye Yi said. It was certainly a cause for celebration.

"Then the autarch is definitely doomed!" With how much future potential Li Wudi has, there was no way Autarch Qian could compare.

"Autarch Qian has missed his final chance to kill Li Wudi," Bai Mo said.

"That's right. We also have Feng, who has been supporting the formation and cultivating at the same time. With the Soulfierd guiding him, he's improving quickly."

"The young ones these days really are impressive."

Gradually, the commotion caused by Li Wudi's breakthrough grew even fiercer. Even the walls of Decimo Sacred Hall began to crack.

"To think that the hall would crack even though it's reinforced by heavenly pattern formations... I wonder how much more terrifying this fellow will become after one year of explosive growth..."

The rumbling grew even stronger as the hall's doors swayed strongly from the influx of spiritual energy. Soon, a blood-haired man walked out of it. Each one of his steps sent chills down the two elites' spines. It was as if a gigantic beast was coming their way. The sensation of being oppressed by a higher lifeform was discomforting, to say the least.

Behind him, a kunpeng surrounded by a bloody aura stepped out and soared into the skies. The bloody aura caused bloody clouds to manifest around it. Then, a loud thunderous bang startled countless people in the dao palace.

"Did you succeed, Wudi?" Ye Yi anxiously asked.

"Yes. The transformation at the empyrean saint stage is far bigger than I had imagined," Li Wudi said as he stretched.

"Your bloody aura is through the roof. I was very young when the palace lord made her breakthrough. But I can feel that your aura is at least five times denser than hers," Ye Yi said.

"Haha, not bad... not bad..." Li Wudi was quite satisfied with his current transformation. He knew that becoming an empyrean saint wasn't the end of his journey. While his peak cultivation age had passed, he still had at least two centuries left to grow. He could definitely reach heights nobody in the history of the Theocracy had ever touched.

"How's the current situation looking?" he asked.

"Most of the Divine Capital is dealt with. Some surrendered, and the rest were killed. Apart from the autarch, nobody from the Nineshades Clan survived. We made sure to wipe them all out," Ye Yi said.

Even if Weisheng Yunxi were able to awaken from her coma, she would choose to abdicate and let Li Wudi become the next palace lord in favor of a relaxing trip in the future. So, while Bai Mo and Ye Yi were Li Wudi's seniors, they obeyed his orders.

"What about Skyreach River?"

"The hostages have been rescued and are being sent back to the Grand-Orient Realm. However, sending these ten million people back will take quite a few months. I've sent a few of my men to work on it," Bai Mo said.

"What about Tianming's relatives?"

"They've been brought to the dao palace. Your mother has also been here to see you," Bai Mo said.

"Alright."

"Wudi, the autarch should have returned, right? Is he hiding in the Divine Capital?" Ye Yi asked with worry. It had been ten days since the last great battle here, so the autarch should've returned, but there was no sign of him. The worst threats were those that couldn't be heard coming. Even during Li Wudi's breakthrough attempt, nobody had come to interrupt him.

"He seems to be at Richwater City," Li Wudi said.

Richwater City was also one of the Divine Capital's satellite cities. It was quite large, second only in size to Dazzling City and the Divine Capital.

"What's he doing there?"

"I don't know."

"I'll send someone to check," Bai Mo said.

"Alright. By the way, where's Tianming?"

"He should be at the Nature Arts Hall, training Invincible Sword Body at the sword ki pool. He's probably trying to master Myriad-Demise Sword. His Invincible Sword Ki will definitely become even stronger. Since Autarch Qian is still alive, Tianming doesn't want to waste even a second."

"I'll go check on him before heading to Richwater City to visit our autarch then!" Li Wudi said with a fierce glare.

"Shouldn't you wait it out? The more time you have, the closer your strength will be to his," Ye Yi said.

"There's no need. Let me give it a try. I have a feeling this old guy won't just take it lying down. There's no way he'll let things go our way now that his entire clan is wiped out. Perhaps he's up to something sickening at Richwater City."

"Don't die, alright?" Bai Mo warned.

"Of course." Li Wudi then went to the Nature Arts Hall.

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Sword ki surged within the pool, raging chaotically as it charged towards Tianming. Just like Ying Huo, he had jumped directly into the pool to train the technique. While it was more efficient to do so, it was painful beyond comprehension. Tianming's goal was to achieve Myriad-Demise Sword, and he was fusing every single strand of sword ki in his body.

"There's only nine hundred and eighty left! I need to hold it in! Aaaaaagh!"

"Aaaaaagh!"

The man and bird cried out in pain at the same time. Their shrieks would scare even the most hardened of warriors.

"What kind of freaking battle art is this? I'm never doing this again! Even with my amazing comprehension skills, I still have to be tortured like this!" Ying Huo said as it jumped around in pain.

"Eight hundred and fifty more!" Tianming spent at least half the time he was there in the pool.

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"Of course."

"Then why'd you jump inside?"

"I have to keep soldiering on as long as the autarch still lives. The potential disaster he can cause is too large to ignore. Even with my godfather standing up to him, I can't let my guard down. I have to give it my best." He had seen hell at Dazzling Pavilion. He didn't want it to repeat ever again.

"That makes sense. That madman is a freaking lunatic. There's no way he'll just sit still now that all his descendants are dead." Ying Huo sighed before jumping into the pool again, resigning itself to the painful screams once more. "This battle art really makes you taste despair, doesn't it?"

Tianming felt pain all over his body. His expression couldn't turn grimmer even if he wanted it to. He watched as the strands of Invincible Sword Ki tussled about in his body. If not for Prime Tower, his body would've long been torn to shreds.

By now, he could unleash a thousand strands of sword ki from a single fingertip. He could even kill just by looking. His whole body was now just like a sword ki pool, with countless colorful strands of sword ki rampaging within.

"Five hundred more!" The closer he was to his goal, the more he gritted his teeth to muster his willpower. The pain grew exponentially with the strands of assimilated sword ki to the point that his blood seeped into the pool.

"We always have a choice to slack off and back away in fear. But even that luxury is deprived of us when our enemies come looking to kill us. If I endure just this one bit more, I can achieve even more things. I used to be unable to protect Midas. Now, I don't want to relive that pain of being unable to protect my loved ones any longer. That's why I'll take one more strand! One more! With greater power comes greater responsibility! Only the one who races with destruction against time is worthy of winning it all! If we grow complacent, we'll forever be useless no matter what kind of benefits we receive! The only path of heaven is one that is paved through the battlefield of life and death!" He had never felt that his talent was anything extraordinary. Just like others, he had but one life to struggle with. Not to mention, geniuses set themselves against deadly odds far more often than normal people did.

"I want to master Myriad-Demise Sword!" His blood filled the pool, but the glow in his eyes didn't dampen even one bit. He cried out in pain, but that cry was a sign of his unyielding willpower.

Willpower was formless and abstract, but it was the most valuable possession for any man. It was nourishment for Imperial Will. It was the core of his being. His unyielding willpower was to overcome

fate by walking the most righteous path and earning the respect of all sentient beings. By wielding the sword of justice, he would not be wronged by the denizens of the world.

"Only a hundred more!"

"Only ten more!"

Chapter 565: Autar Qian's Lis

He was counting down towards the achievement of Myriad-Demise Sword. "Ten... Nine... Eight..."

Undoubtedly, this was the most difficult part of mastering Invincible Sword Body. The closer he was to reaching ten thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki, the closer he was to a complete change and the tougher it would get for him. Now, his whole body, including his veins, tendons, eyes, and organs, were all filled with sword ki. The brain was still too tender, so he chose to avoid putting any there. Having no other choice, he sent the ten remaining strands into his nether regions.

"Aaaaaagh!" That shriek of pain had come from the depths of his manhood. Fortunately, it still worked well. In fact, it seemed to be far more perky and devastating than before.

"Darn it... If even it can shoot sword ki out... I wonder if Ling'er's body will be able to take it." Tianming was blushing hard at the embarrassing display.

"Three!" His face was now completely flushed.

"Two!" He was now only one short of ten thousand strands.

"One!" Once this last strand assimilated, he would finally master it.

"It worked!" Tianming gritted his teeth and endured the pain. He could clearly feel that his body had undergone a complete change after the final roadblock.

"Myriad sword unity!" The sword ki from all over his body gathered in his palm, causing a flash of colors to form in his hand. That was the Myriad-Demise Sword!

"Its power is truly terrifying." While Tianming wasn't harmed by it as he was the controller of the sword ki, he knew how dangerous it could be. It was a wild beast with the power to rend the skies. With myriad strands of sword ki, the power his body could unleash was greater than the sum of its parts. It wasn't just marginally more powerful than nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine strands, but much more.

"Invincible Sword Body truly is an amazing battle art. Empyrean-ranked battle arts aren't even comparable to it. It can be used in addition to all other battle arts. I can even continue to absorb more strands of Invincible Sword Ki. I wonder if I'll become even stronger then... The Shenxiao Sword Art is a prototype empyrean-ranked battle art, but when used with Invincible Sword Body, it should far exceed the level of empyrean-ranked battle arts... If my saint ki is comparable to Autarch Qian's, I'll be able to kill him instantly with Myriad-Demise Sword."

It was an instakill technique. Tianming had emerged from the bloody sword ki pool with so many holes in his body that he looked like a pincushion. However, his wounds quickly recovered when the Prime Tower worked its magic. Right then, he heard Li Wudi's voice coming from outside.

"Tianming, my son, I've become an empyrean saint! Come, lick my boots!"

Tianming cracked a smile when he heard this. He could tell that Li Wudi was heading toward the underground compound.

"Duck!" Tianming stretched a finger and shot out a colorful beam using Myriad-Demise Sword towards him.

"Dang!" Sensing the danger, Li Wudi let out a shocked cry. With a loud rumble, Myriad-Demise Sword exploded and shook the underground compound.

"What happened?" someone from the outside exclaimed as they came to check on the Nature Arts Hall. All they could see was a large amount of earth being blasted out of the sword ki pool before a red figure haggardly came flying out and landed on the ground. It was the Bloodfiend-formed Li Wudi.

"Who caused you to use Bloodfiend Transformation?" someone asked. The others watched as a man and fowl jumped out of the underground compound.

"Hahahaha!" Seeing how desperate Li Wudi was, Tianming laughed.

"What did you shoot at me just now? I was almost impregnated by you!" Li Wudi cried.

"Phrasing, please! I'm not Ye Shaoqing, that boyfriend of yours. It was the Myriad-Demise Sword."

"Hey, Tianming! Don't insult my reputation!" Ye Shaoqing said from a distance.

"That's right. Ahem." Li Wudi came closer and gave Tianming a good look. "What is this? Is this the power of Invincible Sword Body when cultivated fully? I should give it a try myself."

"I worry you won't be able to reach Hundred-Sword Demise."

"Hoho? Looking down on me, punk?"

"Did you really become an empyrean saint?" Tianming could feel that Li Wudi was now a higher lifeform based on the primal fear that his aura instilled.

"Impressed?"

"Can you defeat Autarch Qian?" Tianming solemnly asked.

"I'll give it a try. I was about to go after him once I checked on how you were doing."

"I'll go with you."

"Did you have other breakthroughs?"

"Not yet, but I'm almost there. My saint ki is dense enough, so I only need my heavenly will to grow a little more." Thanks to the Omniscient Will he received the last time, his Imperial Will grew substantially. With the heavenly patterns of the Prime Tower and Grand-Orient Sword guiding him, he grew infinitely closer to the next stage in the past ten days.

"You're still not a match for an empyrean saint at your level," Li Wudi said.

"It's fine. I'll sneak attack him with Myriad-Demise Sword from afar to make openings for you."

"That is fine and all, but let's wait and see first. If you see that I can't hold my own against him, you shouldn't show up either," Li Wudi said after some thought.

Just as they were about to leave, Bai Mo and Ye Yi frantically came charging at them.

"What's wrong?" Li Wudi asked. The relaxed atmosphere immediately tensed up.

"We just got word that Autarch Qian used his Cyclic Mirror to carry out a genocide on the citizens of Northblock City! Not a single living soul remains!" Ye Yi said with a hoarse voice.

The air immediately stilled. The autarch was further gone than they had expected. With his power, no normal person would be able to stop him if he chose to kill ordinary folk.

"He has completely turned into a demon," Bai Mo said with a sigh. This was what they had been most worried about, and it had come to pass without them being able to do anything about it.

"Autarch Qian inscribed a name list at the gates of Northblock City. He left a message that if anyone on the list doesn't show up, he'll continue his genocide until not a single subject of the Theocracy remains." Ye Yi gripped his fists hard as killing intent leaked from his eyes.

"Who is on the list?" Li Wudi asked with a grim look.

"You, Tianming, Bai Mo, Feng, and I," Ye Yi said. The autarch didn't care one bit for the others. As long as these five were dead, the autarch would be able to single-handedly kill everyone in the dao palace even without any help from his descendants. The other sky saints of seventh-level and below wouldn't be able to match up to him at all. Adding Feng to the list meant ending the dao palace for good.

"His second stop is Richwater City. Let's head out immediately. This is the end of the road for the Nineshades Clan! We cannot let him sacrifice the innocent any longer," Li Wudi said. He then called his Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng over and mounted it. "I'll go to Richwater City first. You don't have to come with me. But if you do, you don't have to show your face."

To go there meant fighting to the death. Once he said that he disappeared beyond the horizon.

"There are three million people in Richwater City. We'll need more men if we're to stand a chance to save them," Bai Mo said.

"That's right." Ye Yi immediately rallied the troops. "Every fourth-level sky saint and above, assemble!"

The troops of the Dark Hall swiftly heeded the order.

"Prepare to depart for Richwater City! Get on Bai Mo and my lifebound beast!" Ye Yi said.

"Understood!" It would be a tight ride with all three hundred plus of them.

"Get a hundred of them to join me," Tianming said. There was a river in the Divine Capital called Richwater River, which happened to pass through the dao palace's entrance and led to Richwater City. Lan Huang's body was far larger than the Astral Emperor Tiger, and it could travel in the water much faster.

"Depart!"

They didn't say anything unnecessary owing to the urgency of the situation.

"Brother Tianming!" Ye Lingfeng cried just as Tianming was about to follow Bai Mo, Ye Yi, and the rest. The Evil Suppression Formation had suddenly stopped functioning. Ye Lingfeng came to him with the Evil Suppression Pillar in hand; he seemed to have familiarized himself with the weapon well.

"Since only the autarch remains, there's no point in keeping the formation up. Let me come with you. The Soulfierd might be of some help."

"I think it's better for you to hold the fort."

"Brother Tianming, I want revenge." He had missed the chance to kill members of the Nineshades Clan back then from having to maintain the formation. So, he wanted to fulfill his wish now.

"Alright. Let's go!" Tianming respected his opinion. Not to mention, the Evil Suppression Pillar and Soulfierd might come in handy at a crucial juncture. He went to pick up Feiling before rushing to Richwater River. The beastmasters then got on Lan Huang's back. Despite the sheer number of people, it was doing fine thanks to its impressive strength.

Once in the water, its nine kui seas spun quickly and accelerated it to frightening speeds. Perhaps they might arrive at the city much sooner than the other two.

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"Brother Tianming, the Soulfierd says that there's something on your body," Ye Lingfeng said.

"What is it?" He looked around and couldn't see anything of note.

"It's the soul from the Tomb of the Ancients."

"The soul servant of the Primordial God Race?" Tianming recalled his breakthrough back then that caused it to appear before it vanished without a trace. Yet, the Soulfierd seemed to suggest it had been on his person this whole time.

"That's right. But don't worry. The Soulfierd says that you are the soul servant's master. It should be protecting you."

"Alright." He nodded and looked towards their destination. "It's millions of people again!"

He could never forget the sight he saw in Dazzling City, and it was about to come to pass again.

"There can't be a second time. This time, we must send them to hell, Big Brother," Feiling said.

"I know! I know!" Tianming lowered his head like a ferocious beast. "Human lives aren't statistics. He has committed an unforgivable, cardinal sin!"

Tianming didn't think of himself as a saint, but he believed that all men should have a ruler to measure the laws of the world and the ways of men. If someone were a raving mad demon that didn't have any lines they wouldn't cross, they deserved to be cursed with an eternity of nightmares.

Chapter 566 - Friends From the Archaion Divine Realm

Richwater City.

It was a fine day, and the sun was blazing. Under the glaring rays, everything seemed to glow with dazzling brilliance. Autarch Qian raised his head and stared directly at the sun, then squinted his eyes.

"The sun really warms the heart." He grinned.

He stood on a tall building facing the ruins. In the center of the ruins was a vast, deep pit filled with river waters from Richwater City, forming a huge quagmire.

"Start on the second pot right away," smiling, Autarch Qian nodded at the autarch beast in the distance.

The nine intact heads of the autarch beast first roared, cleared their throats, and then made a melodious sound that swept through Richwater City. As soon as this melodious sound made its way through the city, people left their houses with smiles and started walking towards the quagmire.

"No lifebound beasts were killed. This pot of soup isn't pure. But it doesn't matter. I won't drink it today. I shall sacrifice this pot of soup to the descendants of the imperial family. I've let all of you down."

Autarch Qian shook his head, bursting into tears.

"It's easy to get emotional as one ages. I can't control my tears like I used to. Who says I have no feelings? I'm full of them," said Autarch Qian.

"Stop muttering to yourself. It's annoying. Hurry up!" The autarch beast said impatiently.

"Even you're annoyed with me. I'm helpless!" Rising to his feet, Autarch Qian patted the dust from his clothes.

He looked down and found more and more residents of Richwater City in the quagmire.

"What a big pot of soup! Richwater City has about three million people, right? It's a huge city indeed. Just wonderful!"

An hour later, the quagmire was filled with people.

"Not so crowded! We don't want to smother the fish before I show off my cooking skills!" said Autarch Qian.

In a good mood, he stretched himself.

"Let's begin." He announced.

"You fucking beast!" Suddenly, a roar exploded in Autarch Qian's ears from the ground. He turned around, only to see a red gleam in the distance that shot towards him. In that instant, he was greeted by the blade.

"We have guests." He grinned.

A mirror appeared in his hand, shielding him. As the power of the two empyrean saints collided, Li Wudi's attack sent Autarch Qian flying. With several turns, power poured out of the Cyclic Mirror, allowing the latter to steadily descend to the ground. At the same time, a blood-red peng swooped in. With a flap of its wings, a bloody storm swept the autarch beast.

The beast let out a miserable wail, interrupting the psychedelic sound, and letting the people in the quagmire gradually sober up. Many sank into the water. This inexplicable encounter caused widespread panic. When the people in the water looked up, they saw Autarch Qian's lifebound beast. Having heard about the events in the Divine Capital and Dazzling City, most of them knew what they were about to experience.

"That's the Cyclic Mirror!"

"Autarch Qian actually wants to use our fate souls to cultivate!"

"He's going to kill us!"

"He wants to slaughter the entire Richwater City!"

"I'm a Jiang, member of the imperial family. There are five hundred thousand of us in Richwater City. What is he doing?!"

Despair filled the air.

"Run! Run!"

After finally regaining their senses, they tried to escape.

"The one who saved us is Li Wudi of the Decimo Dao Palace. I never imagined our own autarch would harm us, and to think Li Wudi actually came to rescue us!"

"Die, Theocrats! Autarch Qian, your end is here!"

The masses were filled with grief and indignation. For the descendants of the Jiang clan, it was even harder to accept the fact. Would there even be a future with such an imperial family and autarch?

What made them despair even more was that despite leaving the quagmire, the surrounding area was shrouded by a heavenly pattern formation. The strongest men in Richwater City were sky saints. Unfortunately, these experts had been killed by Autarch Qian before this, and earth saints had no way of breaking the heavenly pattern formation before them.

"Quick, let's break the formation together!"

"Hurry up!"

In order to survive, the people of Richwater City desperately fought for their lives. However, the heavenly pattern formation remained intact.

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The duel between the two great empyrean saints caused the collapse of the buildings in Richwater City. Most of the damage came from the two beasts—the Thunderflame Regalfiend Hydra and the Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng—and their abilities. The autarch beast had the same properties as Dongyang Fengchen's lifebound beast. Both possessed the power of thunder, fire, and poison—the most formidable types among the hydra.

"You've reached Empyrean Saint?" Autarch Qian widened his eyes in shock.

Li Wudi had undergone Bloodfiend Transformation. Both man and lifebound beast had tougher scales and physique. Li Wudi resembled a human-shaped lifebound beast. Even without the use of saint ki, the power of his punch could shake the earth.

"Is it enough to claim a low-life like you?" Yuwen Taiji, whom Li Wudi once hated, seemed like a good man compared to the one before him.

Had he arrived any later, all three million residents of Richwater City would have perished.

"How interesting! What other means do you have? Go on, show them. You'll make this old man really happy!" Autarch Qian smiled.

Li Wudi had assumed Autarch Qian would be reduced to a crazy demon, fighting desperately upon meeting him. Surprisingly, the old man could still laugh after his descendants had all been slaughtered. He was on a whole other level.

"You old devil, what other tricks do you have?"

Blood surging, Li Wudi held the Firstbane Saber in his hand and struck with the First Hegemon Sword. Although the two had a cultivation gap of one level, Li Wudi was young, vigorous, and bursting with energy, while the other was old and withered. If Autarch Qian didn't possess the Cyclic Mirror, there was no way he could stop Li Wudi.

Even the people of Richwater City could see how Autarch Qian and his lifebound beast struggled under Li Wudi's attack. Autarch Qian strained to resist, relying on the Cyclic Mirror.

"Autarch Qian, let me be honest. People like you, who have spent their whole life and cultivation relying on a divine weapon, don't have a real martial dao! The human body is the strongest weapon. Without the Cyclic Mirror, you're nothing!" Li Wudi said contemptuously.

"So, you mean the same is true for your son, Li Tianming?" Autarch Qian remained composed. No matter how Li Wudi and the Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng attacked, he blocked with the Cyclic Mirror, which was equivalent to an indestructible shield, thus placing him in an invincible position.

"He's different. To him, the Grand-Orient Sword is just the icing on the cake." Li Wudi basically understood how powerful his opponent was.

This time, his breakthrough and transformation were huge. It was no longer possible for Autarch Qian to crush him like last time. As long as he managed to restrain Autarch Qian, the latter wouldn't be able to use the Cyclic Mirror to harm innocents again.

Although Li Wudi had killed many people, there was no way he could ever point his weapons at the old and weak or the women and children.

"Autarch Qian, everyone has to pay the price for their sins. I once punished an old friend with a life worse than death. This time, your punishment will be ten times, no, a hundred times worse!"

"Oh, it sounds so scary. Keep going. Aren't you going to defeat me?" Autarch Qian laughed.

Li Wudi was so angry that steam was coming out of his ears.

"It's amazing how shameless one can be!"

Li Wudi admitted that defeating Autarch Qian wasn't easy. However, he had time. Anyway, he wouldn't allow Autarch Qian to kill again. Since his opponent possessed the Cyclic Mirror, there was no way to make this quick.

He glanced at the autarch beast.

"The autarch beast doesn't have a Cyclic Mirror!"

Li Wudi and his Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng shared a spiritual connection, so they knew what the other was thinking. But how could Autarch Qian be unprepared? Both man and beast were almost glued together, fighting side by side, so Li Wudi had no opportunity to take advantage of his opponent's weaknesses.

"Li Wudi, your idea of attacking one by one is silly. Don't you have any other tricks up your sleeve? If you don't, I'm about to surprise you!" Autarch Qian laughed.

Li Wudi narrowed his eyes, the flames of fury rolling in his chest. He didn't believe Autarch Qian had any other trump cards. At most, his words were simply meant to frighten.

But the good news was, he actually found Tianming standing behind Autarch Qian. Having just arrived, Tianming was still hiding in the corner, watching Li Wudi and Autarch Qian with cold eyes.

Li Wudi swept his gaze across. To his satisfaction, Tianming immediately understood what he meant. He stood in the shadows, the power of the Myriad-Demise Sword already brewing and aimed at the autarch beast.

The Myriad-Demise Sword suddenly shot towards the autarch beast at a terrifying speed. At this moment, the autarch beast was fighting head-to-head with the Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng, its three heads tearing a large piece off its opponent's wing. However, the kunpeng powered through the pain, firmly holding down the autarch beast.

Tianming's Myriad-Demise Sword whizzed through the air, piercing the autarch beast's abdomen. Blood poured out of the wound. Its bones and even internal organs were visible. Ten thousand Invincible Sword Ki exploded like scattered celestial flowers, tearing more wounds in the beast's flesh before returning to Tianming's hands.

The autarch beast screamed in pain as it madly attacked the kunpeng with Primordial Blood Tribulation, repeatedly retreating.

It possessed a stubborn vitality, perhaps due to the efficacy of the miraculous herbs in its body. Although this bloody wound wasn't considered severe damage, it would significantly affect its state in battle.

The balance had been broken. Right now, Li Wudi had a better chance of killing the autarch beast first. This brought him great joy.

"Tianming hasn't disappointed me!" He smiled.

Autarch Qian turned around and glanced at Tianming, his lips curling into a smile.

Then, his sinister, deranged laughter seemed to drown out Tianming's laughter. In the distance, Bai Mo, Ye Yi, and hundreds of powerhouses from the Decimo Dao Palace surrounded the place.

"Has he gone mad? The autarch beast is injured, and he's at the end of his life. How can he still laugh?"

Everyone found it incredible. Surrounded by their contemptuous gazes, Autarch Qian's laughter sounded extremely harsh.

"Friends from the Archaion Divine Realm, your Grand-Orient Sword, and Prime Tower have been delivered to your door," he shouted.

"Xuanyuan Xu, won't you come out and accept them?"

Chapter 567- Die With You!

Autarch Qian's mad laughter drove them into confusion.

"Friend from the Archaion Divine Realm? What do you mean!?" Tianming felt an ominous premonition.

Obviously, Autarch Qian didn't seem crazy. In fact, his current state suggested he was sure of revenge.

He truly possessed a trump card! He was already the strongest person in the Theocracy and owned the Cyclic Mirror. How could he have an ace up the sleeve that could decide everything? The answer would be revealed momentarily.

Instantly, a middle-aged man dressed in a black brocade walked out of a very ordinary building. With his bunched-up hair, a beard, long, narrow eyes, and a sinister temperament, he appeared to be an evil man at a glance. What made them frown was the man's bloody and devastating aura. He had his hands behind his back and a smile on his lips. From the moment he appeared, the battlefield was completely under his control.

"This man is an empyrean saint!" Bai Mo exclaimed, his expression altering drastically.

"That's impossible. People from the Archaion Divine Realm have never been here..." Ye Yi's expression was equally ugly.

In the battle in the Divine Capital, the Decimo Dao Palace slaughtered all of Autarch Qian's descendants. Having witnessed Autarch Qian's decline, they never imagined that he had found a powerhouse from the Archaion to reverse the situation.

"Don't be so surprised. And don't worry, all of you will die. The one with the talents must die!" Xuanyuan Xu said with a smile.

As soon as the words left his lips, his eyes flashed, and a dim yellow spear appeared in his outstretched hand. The spear was densely covered in saintly heavenly patterns, its tip resembling the teeth of a giant beast. Everyone soon realized this was a weapon with ninety-nine saintly heavenly patterns, which was equivalent to Three-Thousand Starfield.

"Xuanyuan Xu, help me kill Li Wudi first, and then you can play with them as you please." Autarch Qian put away his smile, his eyes gleaming brightly.

"That's a given. We're friends, after all." Xuanyuan Xu smiled faintly. With a jolt of his feet, he turned into an elusive phantom, instantly attacking Li Wudi.

Just how arrogant was this man? He hadn't bothered to release his lifebound beast!

With such strength, the spirits of the Decimo Dao Palace powerhouses sank to the bottom.

"He's at least a third-level empyrean saint," Bai Mo said hoarsely.

They had to admit the fact was despairing.

"Autarch Qian must have come across this man when he was looking for the herbs. Autarch Qian certainly isn't his opponent. If he was defeated, he would definitely give away the Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower to bring him here!"

In truth, the reason was no longer important. The important thing was that Xuanyuan Xu crashed into the Theocracy like the sun and was about to bring a devastating blow to the Decimo Dao Palace who had just won a small victory.

Li Wudi knew better than anyone else how difficult the current situation was. His eyes deepened as they collided with Tianming's.

"Take everyone and leave! The farther you escape, the better. I'll hold them off!" Li Wudi's voice resounded like a bell, tinged with a fearlessness in the face of death.

As he once said, he would be responsible for everything.

"Tianming, I want you to take them away! My fate isn't as good as yours. Stop being all wishy-washy. It'll only make me look down on you. Now go!"

While Li Wudi was still speaking, Xuanyuan Xu had already flashed towards him with his spear while Autarch Qian attacked from the side. A life and death crisis descended upon him.

"Go!"

Li Wudi roared, breathing fire from his eyes. The Firstbane Saber collided with Xuanyuan Xu's Antediluvian Spear. His Bloodfiend Body crackled as he resisted the suppression of the Cyclic Mirror with his flesh. He was then sent flying and slammed into a tall building that collapsed on impact.

The moment the building fell, a blood-red figure dashed out and shot towards Xuanyuan Xu. The speed at which he got up was admirable. But what was the use of such admiration?

"Tianming, I'm handing my daughter over to you. I'm begging you!" Wiping the blood from the corner of his lips, Li Wudi intercepted Xuanyuan Xu and Autarch Qian like a wild beast.

He never thought he would be in such a desperate situation. But that was life; you surprise your opponent, and they return the favor at some point. Proper behavior was based on reciprocity. The variables of life were so cruel.

"No way!"

The response he received was these two decisive words.

"Why do you get to play the hero while I'm forced to drag out an ignoble existence?" said the young man behind him.

"Do you want to die together?" Li Wudi growled.

"Why not? Godfather, dying with you isn't a bad thing at all."

His words shocked Li Wudi.

"How can I ever deserve that?" The ferocious man had tears in his eyes.

"Godfather, my ancestors must have accumulated merit for me to have met you," said Tianming with a fiery gaze.

Time seemed to freeze here. With a fire-like will, the father and son built each other up.

Li Wudi took a deep breath and turned to those behind him. "Bai Mo, Ye Yi, you know what to do, don't you? I'll leave Qingyu to you. I can't stop Tianming. Let's not waste any more time. They've been watching our little show."

"It's okay, keep going. I like watching a good parting. You go, you go, everyone goes. Oh, it's so moving I'm about to cry." Xuanyuan Xu grinned while fiddling with the spear in his hand.

When Li Wudi saw Bai Mo and Ye Yi taking action, he finally felt relieved. In truth, if they remained here, they would surely die. Someone had to clean up the mess in the Theocracy. Ye Yi and Bai Mo had plenty of burdens to bear and couldn't stand beside Li Wudi through life and death like Tianming.

Tianming hoped they would quickly leave as well. It was best if they could take Ye Lingfeng away. But when he turned around, he found Ye Lingfeng rooted to the spot like a pillar. No matter how Ye Yi tried to drag him away, he stared at Tianming wordlessly, red-eyed and motionless.

"Hall Master, let go of him," said Tianming.

Ye Yi was helpless.

"That's right. This one can't leave. He has the Evil Suppression Pillar," Xuanyuan Xu said with a smile.

"Are you done? I can't hold it anymore. My tears are falling. Any more emotions and I won't be able to boil my fish soup," Autarch Qian cheerfully said.

They stood together before Tianming, like two insurmountable peaks of death. There was no way out of this catastrophe. Forget about Autarch Qian; Xuanyuan Xu's cultivation was almost a stage higher than Tianming. How were they supposed to fight?

Autarch Qian wasn't going to let Bai Mo and Ye Yi go. Seeing that they were preparing to evacuate, he exchanged a meaningful glance with Xuanyuan Xu and charged toward them. The response they received was Li Wudi and Tianming's courage to face death.

"Tianming, the Li Saint Clan live hard lives. Looks like we've reached a dead end. Let's give it our all and see if we can take one of them with us," said Li Wudi.

"Yes!"

Tianming took a deep breath. He glanced at the man who promised to shoulder everything. His heart burned with passion.

"Strength and might will always be the truth of the world! I thought that I would always be able to protect my loved ones, but the reality is the cruelest slap in the face!"

He understood Li Wudi was equally upset. After 14 years of overcoming a disaster, he swore an oath to become invincible, so he would never lose his loved ones again. Two people with the same oaths were fighting for each other, like moths to a flame before these two mountains of death. If they managed to hold on for a while, perhaps their loved ones would have the chance to escape. This was possible because of Tianming's fearlessness.

The two of them shared the same determination, both from the Li Saint Clan, both with lifesbane. Because of this, they appeared alike, like two bloody beasts without the slightest fear in their eyes.

"Amazing! You can also be a genius in the Archaion with a will, courage, and cultivation like yours in your twenties," said Xuanyuan Xu.

He noticed the Grand-Orient Sword in Tianming's hands, his eyes red. He strode towards Tianming.

"Xuanyuan Xu, help me first!" said Autarch Qian.

"Sure." Xuanyuan Xu was a little impatient, but he knew that Li Wudi was difficult to deal with. As he stretched out his hand, a huge lifebound beast shot out of his lifebound space.

The giant beast rolled in the sky. Tianming looked up to see a total of ninety stars in its eyes, which surpassed the entire Theocracy. That was a ninth-order empyrean beast! It was only one step away from the legendary hundred-star saint beast and had one more star than the autarch beast. This was the power of the Flameyellow continent, the core of the Nine Divine Realms, where the supreme gods were once born.

"Unfortunately, I'm afraid I won't have the opportunity to meet the famous geniuses and top powerhouses of the center of the Nine Divine Realms." Tianming was unmoved.

The more unwilling he was, the more he burned with anger. This was a third-level empyrean saint's ninth-order empyrean beast—a true dragon. It was covered with faint yellow scales and enveloped with gray clouds. With red eyes, it resembled a wildbeast. As soon as it appeared, it stared fixedly at Tianming.

Its name was the Infernal Viledragon.

"Take him down." Xuanyuan Xu said indifferently.

He wasn't excited at all. He could deal with these two supposed opponents on his own. The Infernal Viledragon roared, rising into the sky and charging at Tianming.

Li Wudi couldn't help Tianming because he had to face both Autarch Qian and Xuanyuan Xu. As for his lifebound beast, it was currently entangled in a battle with the autarch beast. The dragon's hot breath burned before it reached Tianming. Its body was even bigger than Lan Huang's.

A yellow flame spewed from its mouth, spraying across so there was nowhere to hide. A black formation suddenly appeared in front of Tianming, blocking him from the Infernal Viledragon's abilities.

It was the Evil Suppression Formation!

Chapter 568 - Your Life Ends Here!

Tianming turned around. The Soulfriend was supporting the Evil Suppression Pillar while Ye Lingfeng sat on the top of it. Ye Lingfeng was currently a sixth-level sky saint, slightly stronger than Tianming.

The Evil Suppression Formation was the Evil Suppression Pillar's first ability. With the power of Soulfriend, he completely expanded the formation, reaching a kilometer in range, which was several times larger than Tianming's Impereal Sword Formation.

"Amazing! A mere sky saint is actually able to resist my abilities. Looks like it's a tribulation artifact." The Infernal Viledragon roared with laughter that sounded like thunder.

Before it, Tianming and the other two were as small as ants. It was in no hurry at all. Circling in the air, it headed straight for the formation. All at once, it was tangled in Primitive Demon Ki. Unfortunately, it caused the dragon little damage.

"There's another Prime Tower. Where is it? Pull it out. I'm taking them," said the Infernal Viledragon. "Not going to listen?"

The dragon was a little angry. As soon as it spoke, the white-haired young man at its feet pointed his finger and colorful sword ki shot out.

"Is this a joke?" Laughing, the dragon stretched a claw and gently flicked.

The seemingly insignificant Myriad-Demise Sword instantly pierced its claws, causing an explosion of blood in the sky. The dragon cried out in pain.

"Do you feel good?" Tianming asked with bloody eyes and gritted teeth.

"Courageous indeed. How interesting. I do, and the reason for that is over there."

The Infernal Viledragon pointed in a direction. On the other side was Li Wudi's battlefield.

In the fight between the three empyrean saints, the lesser half of Richwater City had been completely destroyed. Countless buildings collapsed, and the people in the quagmire screamed in despair. The confrontation between the top powerhouses frightened them.

In their eyes, Li Wudi resembled a demon as he battled two men all alone.

The three figures constantly changed.

"Your ability isn't bad, especially since your Li Saint Clan's Bloodfiend Transformation has greatly strengthened your physical body. It's a pity you're only a first-level empyrean saint. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to defeat you," sneered Xuanyuan Xu.

"Dongyang Qian, hold him down!"

"Sure thing."

With both hands, Autarch Qian threw out the Cyclic Mirror and rammed it onto Li Wudi's head. Li Wudi was forced to his knees by the terrifying suppressing force.

"Is this a salutation? You don't have to be so polite!" Autarch Qian laughed.

Teeth clenched, Li Wudi forcibly rose to his feet and slashed at Autarch Qian.

"Don't struggle. Have you forgotten? Weisheng Yunxi knelt before me like this and hasn't woken since." Autarch Qian laughed madly.

"Shut up. What are you proud of? Once he gets what he wants, you'll lose the Cyclic Mirror as well. You won't live either," said Li Wudi.

"Trying to sow discord? What inferior means." Although Xuanyuan Xu sounded cold, this was, in fact, a sensitive issue. As a person in control of everything, he was unwilling to discuss it. He became even more vicious, his attacks growing increasingly brutal.

"Dongyang Qian, I told you to hold him down!"

"Alright!"

Autarch Qian exploded in strength, the Cyclic Mirror in his hand continued to expand and cover the sky. Li Wudi was once again subjected to terrifying suppression. In that instant, blood continuously spilled from his lips.

"Go to hell!" Xuanyuan Xu's ever-changing Antediluvian Spear shot towards Li Wudi.

With a flick of the arm, he swept the Firstbane Saber backward. Then, taking advantage of the Cyclic Mirror's suppression, Xuanyuan Xu attacked once more. His spear pierced through Li Wudi's chest.

If Li Wudi hadn't resisted the spear, the weapon would have pierced his heart! Even so, this was a heavy blow.

Drawing out the spear, Xuanyuan Xu smiled contemptuously.

"You're too weak. Pathetic! Can you change anything?"

Blood poured from Li Wudi's chest. Autarch Qian continued to suppress him with the Cyclic Mirror, all the while laughing hysterically. Li Wudi was forced to his knees once more.

"Xuanyuan Xu, aren't you going to kill him?!" asked Autarch Qian.

"He's been severely injured. I'll leave him to you. You can slowly have your way with him. I'm going to get the treasures." Xuanyuan Xu smiled coldly.

He didn't seem keen on helping Autarch Qian solve the problem so quickly. What if Autarch Qian ran off first?

Autarch Qian was startled.

Li Wudi swept the Cyclic Mirror aside. He was already covered in blood which made him appear even more ferocious. The Firstbane Saber in his hand was pointed at Autarch Qian once more.

"A filthy villain like you isn't worthy enough to kill me! Even if I die, I'll take you with me!"

Like a madman, he let out a bloody roar. Despite the heavy injury, he hurtled towards Autarch Qian once more, all the while bleeding out his chest!

"Are these your last words, Li Wudi?" Autarch Qian snickered.

What the hell was this man thinking? He was already wounded in the chest!

"Do you really think the Li Saint Clan are immortals?" He laughed.

"You'll find out." Li Wudi's voice was so cold it sounded as if it came from the depths of hell.

Now that he was heavily injured, he no longer cared about Tianming. Making Autarch Qian pay was the fuel for his indomitable fighting spirit.

...

Xuanyuan Xu slammed into the Evil Suppression Formation. With a glance, he locked onto Tianming.

"It's your turn." He sounded very excited as his gaze focused on the Grand-Orient Sword in Tianming's hand, his expression greedy. "Who would've thought that I, Xuanyuan Xu, would have such luck! Oh, how the wheels of fate turn!"

He was completely drawn to the Grand-Orient Sword. There was no Tianming in his eyes. He grinned as soon as he entered the formation, darting towards Tianming. The spear in his hand was pointed at Tianming, his movements fast as lightning.

Even with Temporal Field, Tianming couldn't zoom in on his position.

"Your life ends here."

As soon as the words left his lips, Xuanyuan Xu's spear suddenly appeared before Tianming, aimed straight for his eyes.

This was irresistible power!

The spear sliced through the air. It wouldn't be surprising if Tianming were killed with a single blow.

In this desperate moment, Tianming couldn't raise his sword to fight Xuanyuan Xu; that would undoubtedly result in death. Instead, he summoned the Prime Tower, placed it in front of his eyes, and stimulated its greatest transformation, using it as a shield.

A harsh clangor sounded. His eardrums were about to burst! Tianming felt a majestic force rushing into his body and was sent flying.

However, he noticed Prime Tower stood still. Xuanyuan Xu's spear was tossed aside by the tower.

This was Tianming's last resort. His control over the Prime Tower was weak at best. However, it offered the protection of the Soul Tower and Purple Tower once Tianming had opened the first floor. The towers could even appear outside.

"Return!"

Relying on the connection between him and the Prime Tower, it returned to his hands with a mere thought. Escaping from death was hair-raising.

"Is this the Prime Tower? Not bad indeed. Unfortunately, it can only block my attack this time." Laughing sinisterly, Xuanyuan Xu struck with his spear once more.

Although the Prime Tower could block an enemy's attack, killing Tianming was easy as long as Xuanyuan Xu moved quickly enough to bypass the tower. Yet another deadly crisis was headed toward Tianming in this hopeless battle. The Prime Tower couldn't block the enemy's complicated moves.

Based on his connection to the tower alone, it was difficult to apply the tower to the extent of the Grand-Orient Sword.

"Bring it here!" Xuanyuan Xu bypassed the tower and aimed with his spear.

A harsh sound rang once more.

Tianming was taken aback because he discovered that the Prime Tower, which Xuanyuan Xu had just shaken off, appeared in front of him on its own. And at this critical moment, it blocked Xuanyuan Xu's attack yet again.

"What just happened?"

Both Xuanyuan Xu and Tianming were puzzled. Did the Prime Tower move on its own?

Instantly, Tianming learned the truth. It was the soul servant!

Tianming finally noticed an invisible figure hidden in the Prime Tower. In other words, it had merged with the tower.

"Is this the soul servant's ability?"

Before he could recover from the shock, the Prime Tower automatically transformed. Not only had it moved, but it had also changed in size, blocking Xuanyuan Xu's attack several times!

"The soul servant is from the Primordial God Race, originating from the Primordial God-Emperor. It should have nothing to do with the Prime Tower. But it can control the tower. Could controlling divine artifacts be the soul servant's ability?"

This was just Tianming's speculation. The connection and control between him and the Prime Tower remained unbroken, yet the soul servant could move the tower on its own. This was an incredible ability. In the midst of blocking an attack, the soul servant actually moved into the spear, causing a deviation in its path of attack.

"What the hell?" Xuanyuan Xu was stunned.

It took him a great amount of strength to force the soul servant out of his spear. However, he couldn't see the soul servant at all. In the blink of an eye, the soul servant had returned to the Prime Tower.

"The Prime Tower automatically protects its master?" Xuanyuan Xu's eyes gleamed.

Right then, the Infernal Viledragon easily tore the Primitive Demon Ki apart. Waving at it, Xuanyuan Xu said, "Come here at once! Hold the Prime Tower down. It's stopping me from killing him and seizing the treasures!"

"Alright!" The dragon chased after the tower.

After a round of destruction, it finally managed to trap the Prime Tower between its teeth.

"It's over." Xuanyuan Xu attacked once more.

This time, Tianming was really finished. At Xuanyuan Xu's speed, he would soon reach Tianming. The latter didn't even have time to catch his breath. The spear shot towards him like a hot knife through butter. Even Li Wudi had been pierced in the chest, so what more was there to say about Tianming?

Eyes blood-shot, Tianming condensed all his strength in the Grand-Orient Sword, hoping to fight against his fate. Xuanyuan Xu twirled his spear, avoiding Tianming's Myriad-Demise Sword and Impereal Sword Formation. Tianming had no way of resisting this attack.

"Goodbye." With the spear in hand, Xuanyuan Xu laughed coldly.

At this moment, Tianming was sure of death.

He had many regrets, but that was how life was. No one could win indefinitely, and fate was sometimes cruel. No one could stop unexpected events outside of their plans. Even if Tianming gave it his all, he still couldn't change the ending.

At this moment between life and death, Tianming suddenly heard the whistle of sword ki.

All of a sudden, the glint of a sword flashed past his ear, instantly hitting Xuanyuan Xu's hand. Xuanyuan Xu cried out in pain from losing a finger.

"Who the hell is it!"

They both wondered.

Xuanyuan Xu quickly retreated a distance, his eyes widening as he stared behind Tianming.

Chapter 569: Sword of Mortality

Li Tianming turned back, having just evaded death and wanting to give it all a good look. A black-haired man was standing upon the ruins in the distance. He stood ramrod straight, and his hair hung elegantly along his back, much like his refined expression. Even then, that didn't dampen the domineering aura that man gave off one bit. His eyes even resembled two mirrors that seemed to reflect whatever he saw. Tianming was dazed with the sight.

"Uncle Yang?" Wasn't the one that suddenly appeared to save him Mu Yang? Apart from his eyes, everything about him was the same as before. However, he realized a huge change in his aura. Mu Yang now felt like an empyrean saint.

How could the Heavenly Will Mu Yang become an empyrean saint after traveling with his mother for a year? It was already far beyond his common sense. He continued to stare blankly before Mu Yang

turned to meet his gaze. It was hard to discern his expression from his reflective eyes, but that didn't make him seem cold at all. His lips curved into what seemed to resemble a smile.

"Long time no see, Tianming."

"Uncle Yang? Your power..."

Right at that moment, the autarch shrieked. "Li Muyang?!" He had stopped attacking and was looking at Mu Yang like a fool.

"You have decent eyesight. I didn't think you'd recognize me," Mu Yang said.

"Impossible! You're dead! I killed you myself! You died with Jing'er!" He rolled his eyes in disbelief.

"I've managed to reincarnate."

Tianming didn't know what was going on at all. He was just as shocked as the autarch was.

"What kind of joke is this? It's impossible! Even gods can't reincarnate. What kind of bullshit is a mere mortal like you trying to make up?!" Xuanyuan Xu said, fuming at his loss of a finger. He didn't know who Li Muyang was, but that didn't matter. This man was getting in his way of claiming his three divine artifacts.

He didn't believe the claims at all, yet Autarch Qian's gaze was still fixed on Li Muyang. He was so stunned that he didn't even help his lifebound beast as Li Wudi and the Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng ganged up upon it. "Impossible! Impossible!"

Back then, he had personally killed Li Muyang and sealed him in the ice cavern for four decades. Just recently, he had personally turned his corpse into ash. How could he still be alive?

Tianming, however, knew that Li Muyang was alive all this time, but how did it turn out to be Mu Yang? "Are you really my dad's reincarnation?"

"It would be more accurate to say that you're the son of my current incarnation. I'll explain it to you when we get back, Tianming," Li Muyang said before turning to Xuanyuan Xu. "How dare you try to kill my son? Now that I'm here, you're as good as dead."

"Nonsense! No matter who you are, you'll be nothing once you're dead!" Xuanyuan Xu snapped.

With a loud boom, Li Muyang pushed Tianming a whole kilometer away. He didn't say anything else to him and began fighting Xuanyuan Xu with a normal weapon that only had some ten saintly heavenly patterns. His lifebound beast was the same Ink Qilin from back then. Even though it now had around forty stars, it still couldn't be compared to the Infernal Viledragon. Yet, he and his qilin were able to hold their ground against Xuanyuan Xu. They seemed to be fighting on even ground.

Not to mention, he used nothing but the Demise of Man-Earth-Heaven the whole time, but each strike of his was infused with a hint of the supramortal. His abilities almost seemed to equal Li Wudi's, who was a first-level empyrean saint, but his weapon and lifebound beast grade were both inferior. Even then, his sword strikes were so arcane and ethereal that even Xuanyuan Xu couldn't quite grasp it. With the simplest of sword arts, he had managed to unleash sword intent on the level of masters. Even his

lifebound beast's attacks were far more intricate and technical than the dragon's. It seemed to be using every ounce of its abilities without any wastage.

"Uncle Yang is my dad?!" Tianming finally accepted that fact as they fought. "So Mom was serious when she said I'd have to call him dad the next time we meet?"

He recalled the first time he met Mu Yang. Back then, he would've never imagined him to be the person who had abandoned Wei Jing for twenty or so years.

"That can't be. He's Mom's childhood friend. If that person in Easton Domain was him, why would he abandon Mom for two decades?"

His mind was a mess, but all he could do was wait for things to pass until he got an explanation.

"I sure hope he can deal with Xuanyuan Xu." Only then would Tianming stand a chance of survival.

"Alright, let's not overthink this. Godfather is hurt, and we don't have much time left."

With his biological father coming to protect him, he used this chance to charge towards the autarch and Li Wudi. "Autarch Qian's far easier to deal with than Xuanyuan Xu, and Godfather is hurt, so he'll need the help."

But by the time Tianming came to his aid, it was a little too late. Li Wudi's chest had been pierced through. It was already frightening that he managed to hold until now. Thankfully, Autarch Qian was still flabbergasted from the revelation. That sliver of hope fueled Li Wudi as he unleashed another barrage of attacks. "Die!"

While he couldn't kill Autarch Qian because of his Cyclic Mirror, he could at least kill the autarch beast.

The Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng and the autarch beast were entangled in a web of exploding abilities. Li Wudi was completely stained in blood like a god of death as he swung the Firstbane Saber towards the beast's chest where Tianming's Myriad-Sword Demise had struck before with the full force of an empyrean saint.

The autarch beast shrieked as its organs were torn apart. The eyes on all its nine heads darkened that instant as it struggled and fell to the ground. While it wasn't dead yet, its injuries were ten times worse than Li Wudi's. It was already on its last breaths, and if it died, the autarch would no longer have any future potential. This was the fullest extent of what Li Wudi could accomplish after being wounded by Xuanyuan Xu.

"Just die for me, would you?" Li Wudi swung his blade a few more times, hacking into the autarch beast's flesh. It shrieked as it suffered from pain a few times worse than Li Wudi's, but it soldiered on. It was still able to resist and cry to its master for help.

"You're asking to be killed!" Though Autarch Qian was still preoccupied with Li Muyang, he couldn't help but snap out of it to help his beast. But when he turned around, it was already on the brink of death. "Li Wudi, you will die today!"

The tables had turned with Li Muyang showing up. Now, the autarch was once again in grave danger. However, it wasn't time to panic. His first priority was to kill Li Wudi. As Li Wudi was slashing away at the autarch beast, he slammed the Cyclic Mirror on his head.

The sheer pressure coming from the mirror caused Li Wudi to spout another fountain of blood. He had been holding on with nothing but sheer willpower and focused all his efforts on killing the autarch beast without trying to defend against the strike in the slightest.

"Die! Die! Die! Be wiped clean! To hell with your reincarnation bullshit!" Autarch Qian was crying tears of blood as his rage boiled over.

"You're afraid..." Li Wudi said with a smile as he held onto dear life.

"What am I afraid of?" "You're afraid of him... Li Muyang... Hahahahaha..."

"What a joke!"

"So what if you kill me, old fool? As long as Tianming lives, he'll wipe out the Nineshades Clan for good, including the scars your clan left on the world. Once Xuanyuan Xu dies, you're next. So what if you found a crook to help you? You're gonna end up dead either way."

"Shut up!" He continued bashing Li Wudi's head with the mirror, applying the Cyclic Stigma on his forehead and causing him to faint. It was only then that he finally collapsed. As he did, he saw Tianming attacking the autarch from behind.

Live on... That was his final thought.

The autarch turned around in the nick of time to stop Tianming's blow, backing away tens of meters as he did so. He even grabbed the unconscious Li Wudi while he was at it.

"So what if Li Muyang came back? He died by my hand forty years ago, and he will die again today. The two of you will accompany him!" He tossed Li Wudi away into the muddy swamp nearby where three million citizens of Richwater City were.

"Godfather!" Tianming's eyes were bloodshot. He glared at the old man with seething rage. It was too bad that Li Wudi wasn't able to hold on any longer. He had used up all he had in an attempt to kill the autarch beast. He was so stubborn that he would do anything to piss the autarch off, even if it meant his death. Now, the autarch beast was as good as dead.

"I'm sure Li Wudi's empyrean saint soul tastes super delicious. Since he dared touch my lifebound beast, I'll use his soul and the other three million fishes to heal it!" Autarch Qian laughed as he forced the Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng away with his black sword and tossed the Cyclic Mirror into the swamp.

"Time to cook the soup!" Now, he was trying to drag his lifebound beast from the brink of death. As he fought to push the kunpeng back, the autarch beast slowly crawled into the heavenly pattern formation.

Meanwhile, the mirror had sunk to the depths of the swamp, with Li Wudi floating right above it alongside three million other panicked folks.

"What is His Majesty going to do?"

"He's trying to kill us to extend the autarch beast's life!"

"Oh heavens, no! That's three million people! His Majesty's gone insane!"

"Let me out! Waaaaah!"

Cries and wails could be heard as all of them despaired in their final moments.

Chapter 570: Cyclic Mirror Fractures

Li Muyang's appearance was only enough to hold Xuanyuan Xu temporarily at bay. Now that Li Wudi was heavily wounded, nobody could stop the rampaging autarch. All Tianming could do was watch the despairing folks in the swamp stare at the Cyclic Mirror that began to shine a bright white. Soon, their souls would be converted into nourishment, and all three million of them would die a horrible death. Li Wudi, being right above the mirror, would no doubt be the first one to die. The autarch was laughing maniacally as he held the kumpeng at bay.

"Save me! Save me!"

It was only just starting, but many of them were already suffering from a headache as they rolled around in the swamp. They let out harrowing shrieks as their faces turned pale.

"Aaaaaaaaaaagggggghhh!"

The shrieks continued to no end. All of Richwater City seemed to have turned into hell on earth. One might be convinced that the water in the swamp was actually boiling oil instead.

Right at the peak of despair, a white-haired youth smashed the heavenly pattern formation with his fists before charging inside it.

"It's useless! Your soul will only be sacrificed to the Cyclic Mirror!" the autarch said with glee.

By now, the autarch beast had hidden on the surface of the mirror, which had already begun absorbing souls. It was said that nothing would be able to halt that process. This was the highest level of mastery the Nineshades Clan had of the mirror.

Right as the autarch's words landed, Tianming rammed into the mirror's surface, his eyes laser-focused on Li Wudi. "Godfather!"

While they weren't blood relatives, they were no doubt family. Seeing Li Wudi with the Cyclic Stigma on his forehead as he was tossed into the Cyclic Mirror at the brink of death caused him to seethe with rage.

"Cyclic Mirror!" That was the root of all evil. Something like that should never deserve to be called a divine artifact. Right after Tianming entered the formation, he felt a pull at his soul that resulted in mind-numbing pain. However, he was aided by Prime Tower and Soul Tower. Almost instantly, the Soul Tower stabilized Tianming's soul and mitigated the effects of the pull.

"Tianming, smash it with the three divine artifacts! The mirror is really weak in its vortex state!" Li Muyang's voice rang in his mind somehow.

"Alright!" He had initially come in to try to interrupt the ritual, but now, it seemed he could destroy the mirror itself, and he was all too ready to oblige. He wielded the Grand-Orient Sword in one hand, and Prime Tower floated beside him thanks to the soul servant. Ye Lingfeng, on the other hand, had been dragged inside by him. He and his Soulfriend had strong souls which allowed them to resist the mirror's pull.

"Go, Feng!" This was a one-in-a-million opportunity for them to destroy this demonic item that had caused utmost grief across aeons. The Grand-Orient Sword, Prime Tower, and Evil Suppression Pillar landed on the mirror's surface simultaneously.

All of a sudden, a clear cracking sound could be heard. Tianming actually saw a hairline crack on the mirror spread across its surface before it shattered the next moment. This was a momentous occasion. Tianming couldn't help but yell as he rejoiced, venting his pent-up rage and frustration. "The mirror's now gone. Autarch Qian is nothing without it!"

Then, he lifted Li Wudi to check on him. Fortunately, his pulse was still there despite him being unconscious. The Soulfierd immediately came to swallow him up. At the very least, his wounds wouldn't worsen as quickly when he was within its body.

Next, something even more wondrous happened: the shattered mirror pieces gathered together and shot towards Li Muiyang.

"No! My Cyclic Mirror! My mirror!" the autarch yelled like a madman. The pain he felt was far worse than when he found out about his clan's extinction.

"Waaaaaaah!" He actually broke into tears as ultimate despair filled him. His heart was broken a dozen times over as he watched the pieces of the mirror enter Li Muiyang's eyes. Only he knew what was going on now. Even so, that didn't change how angry the autarch felt about it. He had officially lost everything and vomited blood on the spot.

"I'm going to kill you! Kill you!" he yelled as he charged over like a demon, but the Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng wouldn't let him touch Tianming.

Right after, Tianming received the Omnisentient Will coming from the three million citizens of Richwater City. They had witnessed him coming to their rescue as they despaired and saw him shatter the mirror and save them. Ironically, their primeval autarch was the one who was trying to kill them all. The supposed child of sin, Tianming, was their hero and savior, and he received the Omnisentient Will of the staggering three million lives he helped save.

"He is Li Tianming!"

"He saved us! He broke the mirror!"

"He's the true sovereign!"

Tianming could see the burning passion in their tears and felt it wash over him. His eyes could see the Omnisentient Will gather up and nourish his Imperial Will, fueling its rampant growth. Shattering the Cyclic Mirror was the best thing that had happened to his soul.

"The Nineshades Clan came to prominence thanks to the Cyclic Mirror, so they shall fall with it too!"

Now, his eyes burned with a glorious light. He was already on the brink of breaking through, and his sudden surge of the heavenly will caused him to reach the fifth level and near the sixth. His saint ki was filled to the limit with the sudden influx of spiritual energy.

Tianming took out a saint crystal and swallowed it. This was the method he had used with Ying Huo to absorb spiritual energy. While it was crude, he didn't bother with keeping up an image at this critical juncture.

The energy within his body surged before he reached peak power. All the while, the autarch was still entangled with the kungpeng ahead of him.

"Autarch Qian!" Tianming's eyes blazed with anger. He stood beside the dying autarch beast that was desperately trying to wriggle away before hacking away at its heads. In almost an instant, all eight of them were slashed off, but it was still alive. "You have also committed grave sins, but it's not time for you to die yet."

After that, he joined Ye Lingfeng, his Soulfriend, his three beasts, and the kungpeng in ganging up against the autarch.

"Feng, activate the Evil Suppression Formation."

"Got it!" He knew the most optimal thing for him and the Soulfriend to do now was support them. The main fight counted on Tianming and the kungpeng, who was on par with Li Wudi as far as battle capability was concerned.

"Autarch Qian, I had never imagined I would be the one to face off against you. It must be ordained by the heavens. I am the one anointed to purify your sinful existence! I shall repay you a thousand times over for the Cyclic Stigma you gave my godfather!" Tianming roared like a beast as he charged towards the empyrean saint. Meanwhile, the three million victims scrambled for the chance to escape.

Bai Mo and Ye Yi were still there. They couldn't bring themselves to leave. By the time Tianming made his way before the autarch, Ye Lingfeng had deployed the formation with the help of the Soulfriend in a practiced manner. He sat cross-legged on the pillar and shot towards the sky while the Soulfriend remained at the other end of the pillar near the ground. Before long, the black formation spread out over a kilometer, locking the autarch in.

Tianming had just broken through, and his Sword Imperealm Formation's range increased to three hundred meters. Anyone beside him now would be attacked by the two types of sword ki that raged within it. Coupled with the Primitive Demon Ki of the formation, it was truly terrifying.

"Is Ye Lingfeng also part of the Li Saint Clan?" the autarch asked with a hoarse voice, seemingly aging years within moments.

"No, he's a member of the Infernal Soul Clan!"

Twenty thousand years, eighty thousand souls, all infused within the soul of a single youth. Ye Lingfeng's cultivation wasn't particularly high, so all he could do was give it his all to maintain the formation. Primitive Demon Ki gathered around the Soulfriend as it grew in size. Its three heads roared as it blocked the autarch's path of retreat alongside the kungpeng. Then, Tianming, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang surrounded him.

"Infernal Soul Clan?" He seemed to pale at their mention. It was as if he had tasted the same thing he had done to their clan, with his Cyclic mirror gone, lifebound beast at the brink of death, descendants all

wiped out, and Li Muyang coming back to life to take on Xuanyuan Xu. Yet, on top of all of that came the Infernal Soul Clan.

"Aaaah! Aaaaaaaah!" he groaned as he spat out even more blood. "So, it's now my turn to fight to my bitter death, huh? I'll bury you all with me! Darn you, heavens, and your stupid fate!"

He gripped his sword—Primeval Styx—hard and fixed his gaze on Tianming. Without warning, his sword swept towards him, but Tianming had struck first. Lan Huang unleashed Azure Oceanic Purgatory, causing the waves to slam against the autarch. At the same time, Ninefold Chaos Thunderscape slammed down the moment the autarch stepped into the area walled off by Feiling. She threw in Temporal Field for good measure. Chaos Disaster was also unleashed a few times alongside Soulchasing Hellthunder, burrowing into the autarch's body.

"Take this, you old monster!" Ying Huo came descending from the skies with countless Infernal Haze clones and Sixpath Infernal Lotus, clashing together with Lan Huang's ability and eliciting a fierce reaction of polar opposite forces. It then unleashed sword strikes with its clones, infusing them with some five thousand strands of Invincible Sword Ki.

Then, the Soulfierd carrying all that Primitive Demon Ki appeared before the autarch. Its angry, bestial face roared as it hammered out nonstop with its six fists. The punches, infused with the ki, could corrode the flesh and dazzle the soul. Meanwhile, the formation gave the Soulfierd a further boost. While it wouldn't be enough to take on Xuanyuan Xu or his dragon, it was still potent enough against the autarch.

Then, the Primordial Bloodbane Kunpeng used Bloodfierd Disaster, causing thousands of bloody bird figures to manifest before slamming against the autarch, leaving him no room to take a breather. Each and every attack in the barrage was quite powerful.

"Hahahahaha!" The autarch laughed madly and focused on nobody but Tianming alone. He ignored all the incoming abilities with the goal of killing nobody else but him.