

## The Ages 601

### Chapter 601 - Number One Sword Art of the Flameyellow Continent

"I will be going to the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock now. Li Tianming, follow me," Feiling said as she rose.

"Understood." Tianming also gradually stood up.

Like a gust of wind, she approached him. Fang Qingli and Xuanyuan Dao followed quickly behind, ensuring that they were always within three meters of her, as if they were her personal bodyguards.

"You don't have to be wary of him. Had he wanted to kill me, I wouldn't have been able to make it here," Feiling said.

Fang Qingli lowered her head and said, "Your Eminence, care is paramo—"

"Enough!" Feiling snapped.

"Understood."

They ignored Tianming, but still didn't leave the two alone. There was no way for him to initiate a private conversation with her at all, so all he could do was follow behind. Once she left Soulburn Hall, tens of Samsara stage elites of the Xuanyuan house formed three lines of defense around her.

It seems that our trip to Archaion will be a dangerous one. We aren't able to catch a break at all. Do the powers of the other eight divine realms want to kill her to prevent her from reaching godhood and bringing Archaion to prominence again? Tianming thought with a cold expression.

Both Ling'er and I are in for a hard time. We must endure. If I can really stand tall in Archaion one day as the strongest disciple of the sect, I might be able to gain some negotiating power as well. Ling'er's life is also my life. Anyone that tries to kill her will be killed by me! One day, nobody on this whole continent will be able to control any aspect of our lives.

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They were walking on an icy path beneath Xuanyuan Lake. A few hundred guards were manning the entrance and Feiling was led by the ten plus most powerful ones down the path, with Tianming following behind.

"Sect Master, can you indulge one question of mine?" Tianming asked.

"Ask away."

"If the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock is a legacy of the Hexapath Sword God, why's it here in the Archaion Sect instead of in the Hexapath Sword Sect?"

"We took it."

"Took?" Tianming was once more startled by the Archaion Sect's strength.

"Yes. They are dreaming of taking it back even now."

"Amazing...." It was definitely not easy to take something so precious. However, that probably meant relations between the sects were horrible.

"Not many people know this, but the Tai'e House of Jian in the Hexapath Sect descended from the same clan as the Draconis House of Jian. However, they broke off and eventually gave rise to the Hexapath Sword God. Being of the same line of descent, it isn't a big deal for us to cultivate his sword art," Jian Wuyi said.

"I see." Tianming had no idea about the Archaion Sect's actual might. But one thing was for certain: the divine realms' numbered names weren't reflective of their actual strength ranking. "Is the one trying to kill Her Eminence powerful?"

"I told you not to ask too many questions," Jian Wuyi said, shooting him a glare.

"Alright."

"I don't understand why Her Eminence wants to bring you to the stone. You're just a young disciple with nothing to your name. Historically, few have managed to understand the Hexapath Sword God's sword intent. Even I only managed to break through the fourth level of the Sword Formation to learn the Four Seasons Sword Art."

"What is the Sword Formation?"

"It is a top-grade heavenly pattern formation made by the sword god himself. Only those with exceedingly high comprehension of the sword can pass through and obtain his legacy."

"Heavenly pattern formation?" Tianming smiled. "Sect Master, there might be a good reason why Her Eminence is bringing me there."

"You're that confident, eh? Do you know what the true essence of the sword god is? If someone like you can pass the first level of Sword Formation in a few years, it'll be a miracle." Jian Wuyi looked at Tianming with disapproval, as if he thought him an overconfident fledgling.

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The Hexapath Sword Palace was located at the bottom of the lake, accessible only through the crystalline path. Feiling and the other elites squeezed inside the palace, followed closely by Tianming.

He was greeted by a huge, empty expanse. Looking around, he saw a stone placed in the middle of the grand hall. It looked rather plain and seemed no different from a normal rock taken from a riverbank, but it was undoubtedly the legacy of the Hexapath Sword God.

"Legend says that the Hexapath Sword God sat on that stone when he conceived the number one sword art on the Flameyellow Continent," Jian Wuyi said, not for Tianming's benefit but rather out of respect for the legendary figure.

"What sword art?"

"You're someone from Archaion. How could you not know what sword art is the strongest on the Flameyellow Continent?"

"Sect Master, if I weren't born in a rural area, I would've been at the Samsara stage by now," Tianming said with a smile.

"I see." Jian Wuyi was a little displeased by Tianming's overestimation of his capability, but continued, "It's the sword art that's believed by all sword wielders of the Flameyellow Continent to be the strongest. The Hexapath Sword God used it to sweep his foes clean, completely unmatched. It's called the Hexapath Samsara Sword."

"How amazing. Those who lived in the same era as him must've been overshadowed."

"Overshadowed is a severe understatement." Jian Wuyi's eyes were full of worship. He seemed rather proud that his lineage was related to the Hexapath Sword God, someone who was even stronger than the first god of the Archaic House of Xuanyuan.

"Has anyone managed to learn that sword art?"

"Are you joking? Nobody since the sword god himself has managed to master it, though most people simply didn't even get a chance to obtain it."

"Why's that?"

"The Hexapath Samsara Sword is embedded within this stone. One needs to first go through six levels of the Sword Formation to obtain it. So far, even the strongest swordsmen in both the Archaic Sect and Hexapath Sword Sect have only managed to pass through five levels and obtain the Fivepeak Sword."

"Interesting...." Tianming turned to his black left arm. Sky Plunderer Clan, huh?

"Li Tianming, come here," Feiling said, standing beside the stone. The elites surrounded her from a distance. Only Xuanyuan Dao and Fang Qingli were in the inner circle.

"Understood." Tianming and Jian Wuyi entered the inner circle. Tianming stood four meters away from her, unable to get any closer without earning a glare from Fang Qingli. They really see her life as far more important than their own.

Feiling pointed at the stone and said, "Try and pass through the Sword Formation to obtain a sword art."

"Understood. I'm grateful, Your Eminence." He met her gaze. Though it was just an instant, he knew what she intended. She knew about his arm as well as its origins, after all.

Taking a deep breath, he took a step forward and stood before the normal-seeming rock. He knew that the elites behind him weren't paying attention to him. There had been far too many who believed their own comprehension to be far superior to others that had attempted to use the Sword Insight Rock, but the heavenly pattern formation the sword god had personally crafted was far beyond them. Perhaps not even the strongest of patternscribes would be able to break the formation without any understanding of sword intent, as was proven when a top-grade patternscribe couldn't even break through the first formation.

"Quick. Don't waste Her Eminence's time," Fang Qingli said.

"Yes!" The whole time, Tianming had uttered nothing but affirmatives. He wasn't the main character today. The rest had come to accompany Feiling in her own attempt to comprehend the sword. If he

didn't get anything from it, Jian Wuyi would swiftly take him away and he would never have a chance like this ever again.

A formation? Tianming stretched his left hand out and touched the stone. It's not just a normal rock!

The stone was not as it appeared on the surface. It was, in fact, formed from layers of heavenly pattern formations made using an incomprehensibly complex technique. Despite knowing something about patternscribing himself, he felt like he was sinking into an ocean of heavenly patterns the moment his left hand touched the first Sword Formation. It was so dense that it was hard to navigate, all of it woven together using a complicated technique to form an ocean-like formation.

Normal people need to comprehend the sword intent hidden within this ocean. They first have to feel the Hexapath Sword God's passion and drive for the way of the sword.

The concept of the sword was, in itself, a kind of heavenly will. Tianming's Imperial Will was shaped like the Grand-Orient sword, after all. He vaguely sensed the sword intent of 'breaking through the ocean with a single sword strike' within this ocean. Only those with unparalleled talent and comprehension would be able to break through the formations with the sword god's guidance to obtain the sword arts within. The process of breaking through the formations was in itself a training session. Being able to achieve it meant obtaining a basic mastery of the technique.

There was a technique granted upon breaking through each layer. For instance, there was the Four Seasons Sword Art at the fourth, the Fivepeak Sword at the fifth, and the Hexapath Samsara Sword at the sixth, the most powerful sword art of all. Tianming could feel in the ocean of the first formation that it would be insurmountably difficult for a sky saint to rely on talent alone to clear the formations.

Talent in the sword is only one part of breaking through the formations. The larger part is the benefits one's received, and I stand a far greater chance than most elites and geniuses in that regard.

It would already be an occasion worth celebrating if a disciple of the Archaion Sect were able to break through one formation. That was the reason the others merely looked at Tianming with listless expressions, not expecting anything no matter how much Feiling had praised him. It was only common sense.

However, common sense rarely applied to Tianming.

## **Chapter 602 - Plundering Everything With One Arm**

Who was Tianming? He was a member of the Sky Plunderer Clan, who were proficient in plundering in the world; nothing could escape them. Li MUYANG was someone who had even stolen the Primordial Chaos Beasts, and even Tianming had broken the formation back in the Divine Tomb with his left arm.

Compared to Perpetia City, Tianming felt that the Sword Insight Rock was nothing. That was what he felt, but he had no idea about the exact difference in their level.

What did that mean? Others had to research the principles behind the Sword Formation, while Tianming could unlock it straight away.

"I never imagined that the method my father passed on to me would be so amazing..." Tianming reached out with his black arm, touched the Sword Formation, and his crimson nails easily plunged into it.

"Oh!" Tianming suddenly grinned. He didn't need to comprehend it at all, and could just unlock it. With the Sky Plunderer Clan's innate talent, Tianming tore a hole in the Sword Formation.

He successfully resolved the first Sword Formation without comprehending the Sword Dao within it. The Sword Insight Rock suddenly trembled under his black arm and started turning white. The rock was suddenly enveloped in a white mist, which devoured Tianming.

Everything happened too suddenly. Xuanyuan Dao, Fang Qingli, and Jian Wuyi were still chatting about the 'rat,' but they were stunned when they saw the Sword Insight Rock's changes.

"What's going on?" They raised their heads and looked at the white rock. The three were dumbfounded, along with all the masters of the Hexapath Sword Palace.

"How long did he take?"

"I think it was just a few breaths?" Fang Qingli replied.

"Is the Stone Insight Rock broken?"

"How's that even possible?"

"Jian, how long did you take to pass the first Sword Formation?" Xuanyuan Dao asked.

"Three years when I was in my twenties!" Jian Wuyi shook his head. He was wondering if his eyes were messing with him. He was a powerful swordsman in the Archaion Sect, and he belonged to the same clan as the Hexapath Sword God. So he knew how unbelievable this scene was before him.

To be honest, Tianming would have an impressive talent in Sword Dao if he could even cause a fluctuation to a certain degree, and they would be willing to let him comprehend Sword Dao there in the future.

"It only took him a few breaths to break through the first Sword Formation?" Fang Qingli finally recovered from the shock. Even with her usual equanimity she couldn't help exclaiming, which frightened everyone present.

"That's the Sword Formation left behind by the Hexapath Sword God, right?"

"I've used swords since I was a child, and I spent two hundred years to break the third Sword Formation. I spent eighteen years on the first formation alone!"

Everyone was still in shock and hadn't realized it earlier. But it was terrifying now that they thought about it. After all, how would they know that a group of formation plunderers existed in the world, and Tianming's ancestors could even plunder the sun, moon, and stars?

Honestly speaking, even Tianming had only realized how terrifying the Sky Plunderer Clan was at this moment. At the very least, he hadn't encountered any formation that could stop him. And it just so

happened that powerhouses tend to have a habit of keeping their treasures and inheritances in formations.

Tianming didn't even have to comprehend the Sword Formation, since he could open them with his 'key' to achieve the same effect. At that moment, the first sword art left behind by the Hexapath Sword God appeared before his eyes.

It was a glowing book, and it would drive any disciple ecstatic. It was the First Yang Sword Art, and it was a lot more powerful than many sword arts in the sect.

But Tianming merely took a look at it. He thought, why should I stop here if he could get something better? The First Yang Sword Art seemed like a book, but it wasn't. There was no way it could be brought out, and it could only enter Tianming's sea of consciousness.

Tianming was worried that his sea of consciousness wouldn't contain other sword arts if he obtained this one, so he wanted to continue.

A white mist appeared beneath the Sword Formation. It was an ocean of clouds—the second formation. But it wasn't as simple as an ocean of clouds. With the eye on his black arm, Tianming saw all the lifeforms down below.

"Incredible...." These were all created by heavenly patterns? Tianming saw billions of lifeforms, all of them realistically living their own life. But in reality, they were just heavenly patterns. The scene left a great impression on Tianming.

"The Dao of Men, Omniscient Sword Intent," a voice suddenly echoed in Tianming's ears, tearing his eardrums apart. Tianming couldn't tell who was talking to him, but he could see billions of lifeforms raising their heads to look at him.

"You have to comprehend the omniscient to break the second formation," the voice sounded once more.

Comprehend the omniscient? There were so many, so how was he going to comprehend them? Get to know every single one of them? That would take at least a decade!

What a cheapskate, making it so difficult to obtain your inheritance, Tianming said inwardly. He wasn't here to comprehend today, but to see if his black arm could continue breaking through the formations.

He reached out to the second Sword Formation. His hand turned into a colossal palm appearing above the heads of all the 'lifeforms.'

"Open!" Everything snapped like bamboo and the second Sword Formation broke.

"What?!" Everyone looked with their eyes wide. They saw the second Sword Formation breaking and the third Sword Formation appearing. At the same time, the Sword Insight Rock turned black. It had only been twenty breaths!

Xuanyuan Dao, Jian Wuyi, and Fang Qingli's faces all turned pale.

"Is the Sword Insight Rock broken?"

“It’s never been broken. The Sword Insight Rock is constructed from heavenly patterns, so how can it possibly be broken?”

“The other Gods have also taken a look at it before.”

The Hexapath Sword Palace instantly fell into silence.

“Your Eminence, I’m impressed by your foresight,” Xuanyuan Dao suddenly said.

“Yeah.” Feiling nodded her head faintly. Despite how composed she appeared, she was rejoicing in her heart. Everyone had been looking down on Tianming, and today they were given a great shock. She had known that Tianming might use his innate talent when using the Sword Insight Stone.

But she never thought it would be successful. If there weren’t so many people in the surroundings, she would have jumped up and hugged Tianming by now. She secretly peeked at the Archaion Sect’s powerhouses, looking at the shock on their faces. They were always wearing stern faces, and she had never thought the day would come when they would have their faces slapped.

“But is Big Brother still going to continue?” Feiling blinked and continued watching.

Tianming was naturally going to continue. He wanted to see his limits. The deeper he went, the higher his position would be in the Archaion Sect. Along with Feiling behind him, who would look down on him again? Since he had an opportunity to soar to the sky, he would naturally not give up on it.

As a result, he continued toward the third formation, and the voice echoed out once more, “The Hungry Ghost Dao, Ghost Sword Intent.”

The third formation was comprised of countless evil spirits. There were jiangshi and souls who met with a tragic death. Their screams eerily echoed out in the third formation.

“Get lost. I’m not here to comprehend the Sword Dao.” Tianming already knew the way. Raising his ‘key,’ he continued unlocking the third formation. With that, the third sword formation broke.

“Holy shit!” Jian Wuyi finally lost his composure. He belatedly realized that it was inappropriate for him to behave this way with the God around.

“Is he a monster?”

“Is he still a human?!”

“Your Eminence, he’s not the Hexapath Sword God’s direct descendant, right?”

“Wait, that doesn’t sound right. There’s tons of Hexapath Sword God’s descendants, and we’ve never heard of something like this happening!”

If breaking the second formation had shocked them, breaking the third formation made their world collapse. Jian Wuyi knew the most about sword intent, and his eyes were wide open as his face drained of blood.

“What does that mean?” Xuanyuan Dao asked.

“How would I know?” Jian Wuyi glared back.

Honestly speaking, they would believe it if someone said that Tianming was a God reborn. After all, even Gods needed a few visits to break the first formation, and they had never seen someone so terrifying. Most importantly, would the third formation be Tianming's limit?

Subsequently, the fourth formation, Animal Dao's Myriad Beast Sword Intent, broke and Tianming came into contact with the Four Seasons Sword Art.

Jian Wuyi watched with his lips twitching. Everyone was silent as they looked at Tianming. In the next moment, Tianming broke the fifth formation, the Asura Dao, Divineghost Sword Intent.

This scene made Jian Wuyi stagger as he took a few steps back and nearly fell to the ground. A young man had managed to tie the highest record on the Flameyellow continent in just half an hour? The entire Hexapath Sword Palace fell into silence, and only Feiling wore a smile on her face.

"Tianming, why don't you stop here? Look at how sore the sect master of the Human Branch's face is," Ying Huo laughed.

"I'm not slapping his face, I just want to know what's in the sixth formation!" Tianming said with his eyes blazing. He was curious about the strongest sword art in the Flameyellow continent, and he was already filled with thirst for it.

While everyone was dumbfounded, Tianming continued breaking the formation with his black arm. He finally arrived at the sixth Sword Formation, the Purgatory Dao, Samsara Sword Intent.

The formation had constructed eighteen levels of hell, which appeared before him. There were the Yellow Springs, Forgotten River, Infernal, Frostbite, Avici, and many other hells. It was a terrifying scene, and it was a sword intent that contained everything.

"Break!" Tianming was unfazed after coming so far. His claw pierced through the eighteen levels of hell. The next second, the eighteen levels of hell disappeared and the Sword Intent Rock started changing.

Everyone saw the Sword Intent Rock transforming into a dried-up white-browed elderly man seated on the ground.

"The Hexapath Sword God!"

Exclamations sounded out from the surroundings when they saw the elderly man.

### **Chapter 603 - Faction Battle Starts**

Turbulent sword ki suddenly enveloped Tianming and the white-browed elderly man, isolating them from everyone else. It was like a vast ocean, and aside from the whistling sword ki echoing in the Hexapath Sword Palace, nothing else aside from heavy breathing could be heard.

Other than Feiling, nobody could move their feet. Their eyes were wide, and their expressions were frozen on their faces. They looked in Tianming's direction for a long time. Fifteen minutes later, Jian Wuyi opened his eyes and let out a long breath.

"My worldview that was constructed over the past hundred years is all broken now. Your Eminence, can you tell me why? How can a sky saint break the six Sword Formations that are unprecedented in history?" Jian Wuyi asked with a hoarse voice.



Breaking the six formations wouldn't increase Tianming's cultivation, but it was significant for swordsmen in the Flameyellow Continent. Tianming was brought back by their 'god', so they could only look at Feiling in search of an explanation.

They couldn't figure out how Tianming had accomplished this, and wanted to gain a balance in their hearts. Logically speaking, this was a piece of good news to the Archaion Sect. But they would rather see a God accomplishing this feat.

"There are many things beyond your imagination in this world, so there's no need to be too surprised by it. How can your vision be compared to mine?" Feiling replied. Shortly after, she secretly laughed in her heart. Wow! I didn't know I had a talent for acting!

"Yes...." Xuanyuan Dao, Jian Wuyi, and the others couldn't help but lower their heads.

"Remember..." Feiling suddenly added.

"Please instruct us!"

"Only the people here today will know about this, including Fang Taiqing. So I'll hold all of you responsible if news of this spreads out!" said Feiling.

"Please be assured. Everyone here is a core member of our Archaic House of Xuanyuan. Every one of us is the first god's direct descendants, and most of us are from the Trioptic True Dragon Branch. Everyone is here after careful selection, and there aren't any traitors among us," Xuanyuan Dao replied nervously with the third golden eye on his forehead blazing.

"Okay." Feiling nodded her head. She didn't want Tianming to attract the attention of the other eight divine realms, and these people here were guards selected by Xuanyuan Dao to protect her. They were absolutely loyal to the Archaion Sect.

"Please be assured, Your Eminence. Whatever Tianming gets from the Hexapath Sword God belongs to him, and no one will take it away. Furthermore, even if he obtains the Hexapath Samsara Sword, it can only be considered his luck if he manages to learn it. Furthermore, it won't help him break through in his cultivation. He won't be able to bring out the Hexapath Samsara Sword's true power if his cultivation isn't high enough. So it doesn't matter even if outsiders know about it. It will only cause a sensation at best," said Xuanyuan Dao.

"That makes sense. After all, it's only a sword art," Feiling commented. But to be honest, the shock in everyone's heart was too intense.

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Tianming looked at the illusory old man within the turbulence of the sword ki. He knew that this wasn't a genuine person, but another Sword Formation. He was the seventh Sword Formation!

"Who the hell told me there's only six Sword Formations?" Tianming was speechless.

This was the last Sword Formation, the Divinegod Sword Intent! The seven Sword Formations had names starting from the second formation, which formed six Daos at the seventh formation.

“You’re the Hexapath Sword God?” Tianming asked, but he didn’t receive a reply. When he looked at it closely, even the brows of this elderly man were made of tens of thousands of heavenly patterns.

“Don’t blame me for being rude, since you’re only a Sword Formation. I don’t have time to comprehend, and I can only use my claw to tear your head apart.” Tianming then reached out to the Hexapath Sword God’s head and tore it apart. With that, the seventh formation was broken.

Suddenly, the Hexapath Sword God opened his eyes and looked at Tianming with sword ki surging in his gaze.

“Sit down.” The Hexapath Sword God looked at Tianming.

“Alright.” Tianming listened obediently.

“It’s impressive that you can comprehend the seven Sword Formations I left behind. That means you must be approaching godhood soon,” said the Hexapath Sword God.

“Are you stupid?” Tianming asked, waving his hand before the Hexapath Sword God. But he didn’t receive a reply. “So there’s no dialogue function....”

Then again, that made sense, since the Hexapath Sword God was already dead. The Hexapath Sword God continued, “You’ve broken through my seven Sword Formations, which proves that you’re eligible to inherit my Hexapath Samsara Sword. I’ll pass on my life’s knowledge to you, and I only have one request for you. Don’t embarrass me!”

“I won’t,” Tianming replied. He was wondering inwardly if the Hexapath Sword God would vomit blood in hell if he knew that Tianming had only managed to get past the formations with his ‘key.’

Then again, plundering was also a Dao. Since Tianming was fated to learn the Hexapath Sword God’s sword art, Tianming wouldn’t embarrass the deceased god, at the very least.

The Hexapath Sword God had left behind his sword art, hoping that someone could inherit it. Although Tianming had used a trick to obtain it, learning it would take a great deal of effort.

Stealing it was one thing, but learning it was another. If Tianming couldn’t learn it, then his efforts to break the six formations would be for nothing. And just when Tianming was in deep thought, the Hexapath Sword God suddenly stretched out his hand and placed it on Tianming’s head.

“The Hexapath Samsara Sword uses samsara as the foundation. I will pass on the first move to you, the Mortal Dao Sword.”

Boundless sword intent rushed into Tianming’s mind. He hadn’t comprehended the second Sword Formation, so his mind nearly split when he suddenly sensed the boundless sword intent rushing into his sea of consciousness.

The Mortal Dao, Omniscient’s Path, began to show itself before his eyes. Tianming could see an elderly man standing before all living things. When he brandished his sword, it split the ocean and mortality. Observing how the elderly man swung his sword, Tianming felt his soul being torn apart.

"I nearly killed myself there." Tianming was fortunate that he had the Soul Tower to suppress the might of this sword. Suddenly, the sword intent began forming words in Tianming's mind. He couldn't recite them, but he roughly knew what they meant, and guessed that he could barely practice it.

It didn't seem possible for him to pass it on to someone else, and others probably wouldn't be able to learn it without the elderly man showing it to them. Didn't they say that the Hexapath Samsara Sword's first move was the First Yang Sword, and many people had comprehended it?

"Do you have any insights? On the day you manage to learn it, you'll be facing me before I teach you the second move," said the Hexapath Sword God.

"The first sword is already so complicated, so when can I learn it?" Tianming asked.

"The Hexapath Samsara Sword has a total of six moves, which reflect the six realms of samsara," explained the Hexapath Sword God.

"Okay, I got it. I'll go back and practice it. Let me out now," said Tianming.

"Each move can be separated into the life and death sword. The life sword is endless, while the death sword can kill with one blow," the Hexapath Sword God continued.

Tianming finally remembered that the Hexapath Sword God before him was only a program.

"That's enough. Thank you. I'll definitely live up to your expectations," said Tianming.

"Yeah, you can go now," replied the Hexapath Sword God.

Those words left Tianming confused. Could it be...

"Senior, are you able to hear me?"

"Yeah, you can go now."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you can get out now," The Hexapath Sword God repeated while stroking his beard.

"Then I'll take my leave now?"

"Yeah, you can go now."

"I'm your father."

"Yeah, you can go now."

Tianming was just joking. After all, he was still filled with respect for the Hexapath Sword God. He immediately left the place when the surrounding sword ki dissipated.

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Tianming was standing before Feiling, Fang Qingli, and two others in the Hexapath Sword Palace. Both parties were staring at each other, and Feiling finally broke the silence. She asked, "How was it?"

"I was lucky to break the formations and obtained the Hexapath Samsara Sword," Tianming honestly replied.

His reply dropped a bomb in the surroundings, and everyone fell into silence. Even though they had already been prepared for it, they still fell into silence when they heard it from Tianming. On the other hand, Feiling was happy, since Tianming finally had something he could use to suppress them now.

"Very well. You're allowed to come and comprehend the Sword Dao any time you want. Furthermore, what I said before still stands. I'll take you in as my disciple if you can become the strongest disciple," Feiling said while rejoicing inwardly. She wasn't bothered about taking Tianming in as a disciple, but at the very least, he could come here any time he wanted and no one would suspect a thing.

"Thank you, Your Eminence. Long live Your Eminence!" Tianming said.

"Not bad. At least you can be taught," Feiling smiled.

Tianming was sweating when he heard that. He wanted to tell Feiling to control herself.

Feiling subconsciously realized that she had 'given it away' and coughed to maintain her prestige. But she was fortunate that Xuanyuan Dao, Jian Wuyi, and the others were too shocked to realize it.

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On the way back, Jian Wuyi said, "Tianming, don't let anyone know about the Hexapath Samsara Sword without her eminence's consent."

"Understood."

"Just give it a try for now. After all, it's useless if you can't learn it," said Jian Wuyi.

"Okay."

"However, you've won me over with your ability to break through the six formations," Jian Wuyi patted Tianming's shoulder.

"Thank you for your appreciation, Sect Master."

"Work hard and catch up to your peers in your cultivation. Otherwise it's useless, even if you have the strongest sword art," Jian Wuyi continued.

"I will imprint your teachings today in my mind."

Looking at Tianming leaving, Jian Wuyi trembled and muttered, "What a monster!"

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With his increased access to the Old Deepstar Path, Tianming's cultivation was so much faster than before. Five days later, he stepped into the ninth level of the Sky Saint stage. He was only one step away from the Emyrean Saint stage now. Aside from his cultivation, he spent his remaining time practicing the Ninenether Fiendgod Claw and Hexapath Samsara Sword.

His progress in the Ninenether Fiendgod Claw was still great, but the same couldn't be said for the Hexapath Samsara Sword. While he recalled the Hexapath Samsara Sword taught to him by the

Hexapath Sword God, he would communicate with Ying Huo about it through his soul. But even so, he was having great difficulty making progress in it.

Ever since they could communicate through their soul, Tianming had been getting Ying Huo to ponder over sword techniques. After all, if Tianming could cultivate it, Ying Huo also could learn it. But not even Ying Huo could understand the Hexapath Samsara Sword.

While they were pondering over the Hexapath Samsara Sword, the faction battle was finally beginning. Early in the morning, Jian Xueyi's voice echoed out, "Tianming, come out as cannon fodder!"

#### **Chapter 604 - Dimensional Battlefield**

It had been cold, practicing in the snow over the past few days. Tianming returned to his residence after he made a breakthrough to the ninth level of the Sky Saint stage, and Xuanyuan Ganggang and Gu Shaoyu never came looking for him again. But it didn't feel comfortable to have someone targeting him from the dark, so Tianming was waiting for the faction battle. "Chop that pig into pieces first if there's a chance!"

Jian Xueyi was yelling outside, and Tianming simply tidied up. When he opened the door, Lin Xiaoxiao also came out from the residence next door.

"What's your level now?" Tianming knew the moment he looked at her pale countenance.

"Third," Lin Xiaoxiao replied.

"You should take it easy. Don't kill yourself. Why are you in such a rush?" Tianming asked.

"I'll get used to it in time," said Lin Xiaoxiao. She was a little surprised by Tianming's concern. Wasn't he trying to kill her when they first met?

The two of them came before Jian Xueyi. Jian Xueyi urged, "It's just the two of you left. It was hard to find the two of you, and the brothers nearly left you two out. I only remembered you two just when I was about to head out. Quick, don't waste my time."

"How can that be? How can someone as famous as myself not have any presence?" Tianming said.

"Haha, you're only a chief in name." She accelerated when she said that, and Tianming and Lin Xiaoxiao followed behind.

"Faction lead— I mean, goddess, you came to pick me up in person?" Tianming felt flattered.

"I hate how slow they are."

It looked like Jian Xueyi was an impatient person. With that, Tianming followed behind her to the place where the disciples of the Swordking Faction were gathered. There were forty or fifty thousand disciples gathered together.

"Faction lord!" everyone greeted Jian Xueyi.

"Disciples of the Swordking Faction, move out!" Jian Xueyi was a decisive person and left immediately after calling everyone along.

“Who are those two? The faction lord is actually late to fetch them?”

“The flashy one with the white hair is called Li Tianming. It’s rumored that he killed the Dragonmight Faction’s Gu Qingyao, and the faction lord values him greatly.”

“Holy shit, our goddess wouldn’t fall for someone like him, right?”

“What the hell are you talking about? The goddess likes macho men like me. Didn’t you see my eight-pack abs?”

The huge party from the Swordking Faction moved out, and they were all sky and empyrean saint disciples.

“If these people were in the Theocracy of the Ancients, they’d be a godlike army,” Tianming exclaimed while he and Lin Xiaoxiao mixed into the crowd.

“By the way, where are we going for the faction battle?” Tianming asked.

“Dimensional Battlefield,” Lin Xiaoxiao replied.

“This Dimensional Battlefield must be massive to contain hundreds of thousands of people, right?”

“It’s not too big, but there’s a nine star heavenly pattern formation in the battlefield. It’s an illusory formation with a size roughly comparable to ten Taiji Peak Lakes inside. It can fit hundreds of thousands of disciples. Disciples can even rely on the terrain to set up strategies,” said Lin Xiaoxiao.

“Ten times the size of Taiji Peak Lake?”

“Yeah.”

The Taiji Peak Lake covered the entire Archaion Sect, and ten times that size was enormous. Putting it in a nutshell, it would be a magnified version of the realm war.

“A nine star heavenly pattern formation? I wonder if my Insightful Eye can see through the illusion like before,” Tianming narrowed his eyes into slits.

Jian Xueyi’s voice sounded up ahead, “Brothers and sisters, this battle is related to our dignity and future cultivation resources. Whether the Swordking Faction can raise our heads in the Human Branch will depend on this battle! This time, many senior brothers and sisters from the Earth and Heaven Branches will be observing the faction battle.

“There will also be many seniors, and you can be accepted as their disciples if you have an outstanding performance. I hope that everyone gives it their all in this faction battle to change your destiny! With our swords in hand, we will crush our enemies! Fight for our Swordking Faction!”

Everyone cheered and raised their swords high into the sky. Only then did Tianming know that most of the disciples in the Swordking Faction used swords. Their fighting spirits were boiling with passion, and it was time for them to write their youth and dreams.

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The Dimensional Battlefield was located at the border of the Human and Earth Branches. It was said that the battles between disciples in the Earth Branch were also held in the Dimensional Battlefield.

Today, many people were observing the faction battle, and even many seniors had come. The hundred thousand seats were almost full.

The faction battle was only limited to the Human Branch, and the Earth Branch didn't support having such a large-scale war. Many disciples from the Earth Branch were there to watch the show, and there were even Heaven Branch disciples around.

When they arrived at the Dimensional Battlefield, they waited outside. To the spectators, they were equivalent to performers. And during the wait, the other factions arrived one after another.

The Human Branch had more than thirty factions of various sizes. The smaller factions only had thousands of people. The top three in the last faction battle were taken by the Dragonmight Faction, Swordking Faction, and Azureriver Faction. Right at that moment, a mass of about forty thousand came over.

"It's the Azureriver Faction! They're here!"

"I heard that our faction lord reached an agreement with the Azureriver Faction to target the Dragonmight Faction. I wonder if that's true."

"Probably, but it won't be easy for us to let go of our differences. After all, the Dragonmight Faction is too powerful, and we only have a chance against them by joining our forces together."

"But I heard that many small and medium factions have surrendered to the Dragonmight Faction."

"There's a lot of uncertainties in this battle...."

The faction battle wasn't restricted to the Dimensional Battlefield. Before the faction battle, all kinds of suppression, alliances, and temptations were allowed, and almost expected.

In other words, the faction battle had already started long ago.

Through their conversation, Tianming got to know the names of the Azureriver Faction's faction lord and deputy faction lord, Fang Hongxuan and Fang Bihan.

They were twin brother and sister. It was rumored that they were from the Sterling House of Fang, the clan that the hall lord of the Godservant Hall, Fang Qingli, and sect master of the Heaven Branch, Fang Taiqing, belonged to.

Tianming memorized their appearances. He didn't care who they were, or which faction they belonged to. He only wanted to be the 'First Faction Lord' to obtain the tribulation pattern spirit hazards and Archaionfiend Eye.

## **Chapter 605 - Hunting**

The crowds had gathered at the Dimensional Battlefield along with many respectable figures who sat up on high, chatting as they watched the disciples from above. The faction battles of the Human Branch

were but a circus show for those of the other two branches. The audience members all seemed like they were in a different class from the rest.

The faction battles would start soon, and the contestants would be entering the battlefield in the order established according to the last event. Factions that ended up lower on the ranks would have to enter the battlefield earlier. That way, they would have more time to establish their formations or secure advantageous positions and wait in ambush for a better chance at surviving. According to the rules, the Swordking Faction would enter just before the Dragonmight Faction.

"If Dragonmight is allowed to go in first and set an ambush at the entrance, the others wouldn't even stand a chance."

There were a hundred thousand members in Dragonmight, while Swordking and Azureriver only had less than ninety thousand combined. In total, that made for about two hundred thousand disciples at the start. Even though that was a lot of people, they were managed quite efficiently. By the time an hour had passed, all members of Azureriver had entered the battlefield, and Swordking would come next.

"Disciples of the Swordking Faction, follow me into battle!" Jian Xueyi announced. She would be taking the vanguard position, while Zhao Yijue would be the rearguard. As for the five hall lords, they were evenly spread across the whole group. Tianming saw about a hundred seniors giving out something and checking their spatial rings at the entrance of the illusory formation. They wanted to make sure that the disciples had no trump cards that obviously weren't acquired with their own abilities.

"What are they giving out?" Tianming asked.

"One star heavenly pattern tomes, specifically, Scarletflame Tomes. Each disciple gets one."

"What's it good for?"

"Don't you know the rules of the faction battles yet?" Lin Xiaoxiao asked.

"Is it too late to ask? I worry that your tongue will rust from lack of use."

"Fine." She scratched her forehead and said, "The rules are: upon entering the battlefield, if you drip blood on the tome, a ring of fire will surround you. It's a sign that you've chosen to surrender. Once you trigger that signal, a senior will come to take you away from the battlefield."

"Ah, so it's a tome for surrendering then. However, it's only for individual surrender rather than the whole faction."

"That's right. However, the ranking of the factions is based on the number of lit Scarletflame Tomes."

"How so?"

"It's calculated by dividing the number of surrendered disciples by the total number of members in the faction. The higher the ratio, the lower the rank."

"I see. So, the more survivors there are, the higher the rank."

These were rather interesting rules. For Dragonmight, if twenty thousand of their hundred thousand members surrendered, they would have a surrender ratio of twenty percent. If twenty thousand of



Swordking's fifty thousand surrendered, it would be a ratio of forty percent. Under such circumstances, the former would be ranked higher.

"With there being so many in Dragonmight, wouldn't it be hard to lower the ratio against theirs?" Tianming asked. If it were a true group battle, the ratio shouldn't matter more than the actual number that survived.

"The rules are meant to be biased in favor of factions with more members. After all, numbers equal strength."

"I see." Tianming now knew how hard it truly was for the Swordking Faction to emerge on top. Defeating Xuanyuan Yufeng wouldn't help; he had to overcome tens of thousands of his opponents instead.

"Now that's exciting!" Ying Huo said.

"What if we lose but don't light the tome?" Tianming asked.

"Then nobody will be held liable for killing you."

"Oh. That's intense. As expected of the Archaiion Sect." Having disciples fight it out so seriously was surely a first, in his experience. It's no wonder there's so many people in the audience. This is a bloody gladiatorial show.

The faction battles would last half a month. Within that time, more than thirty factions would be conducting combat in a sealed battlefield in a display of valor and wits. Everything should be used to one's advantage, and a myriad of alliances and grudges would form. The largest faction had a good chance of being ganged up upon.

"Just you wait, Dragonmight."

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Tianming was at the entrance of the illusory formation. There was a white-robed middle-aged man who tossed him his tome. "Hand your spatial ring over," the man said coldly. Usually, disciples would automatically hand it over, and the slower ones would be chided.

Tianming took out an emblem to show to the man.

"The Human Sacre—" The man nervously attempted to kneel.

"Sssh, don't move and make a commotion. Let everything proceed as normal and don't say anything," Tianming said.

"Yes!" The man respectfully nodded to Tianming.

Tianming then kept the tome away and entered the battlefield.

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Soon, everyone in the Swordking Faction had entered the formation. Tianming saw a boundless world with mountains and seas. It was easily ten times the size of Taiji Peak Lake. In actuality, the Dimensional

Battlefield wasn't that huge, and their actual distance from others wasn't that long, but to the disciples who were in the illusory formation, it was a world in itself. The actual dimensions of the Dimensional Battlefield barely mattered to them.

"Swordking Faction, assemble and follow me. Scout units, spread out and gather information!"

"Understood!"

The army of fifty thousand under the command of Jian Xueyi, aided by the five hall lords and fifty plus chiefs, immediately scattered into the mountains. As lifebound beasts were normally huge, they didn't summon them. Stealth was a huge advantage in the faction battles, after all.

Apart from Dragonmight, the other disciples' main imperative was to minimize their losses and boost their survival rate. Dragonmight, being the strongest faction, would have to take the initiative to attack. They couldn't even afford to ignore the smallest faction. While the illusory formation was huge, it was hard for thousands to completely avoid combat encounters.

The disciples of Swordking were well trained, and traveled without much fuss. There were thousands of men in each scout unit, all of them spreading out in pairs. They were the eyes and ears of the faction, spreading out for reconnaissance. If they encountered enemies or ambushes, they would be able to inform the rest to minimize losses. That was why scouts were at least empyrean saints and above, and incredibly fast.

"Faction Lord, I don't have any assignments, so I'll work with the scouts," Tianming said.

"Alright. Be careful." Jian Xueyi was really busy and carried lots of responsibility. Any decision she made could gravely affect the tens of thousands of disciples in her faction.

"Rest assured. Xiaoxiao, come with me."

"Okay!"

Lin Xiaoxiao was now a third level empyrean saint. If her Archaiionfiend was willing to fight as well, she would be able to take on other chiefs. The combination of her and Tianming would serve as Swordking's sharpest blade.

"Dragonmight is still entering the battlefield, so we have to take our positions swiftly. In half a month's time, our priority isn't to engage in combat, but rather spread out our scouts and take our positions!" Jian Xueyi ordered.

Tianming was already quite far off by then. "It looks like the faction battles aren't just about might. We have to plan our clashes too. However...."

He stood atop a snowy mountain. First, he watched the other disciples of Swordking buzz past. Then, he stretched his left arm out and opened his third eye, using Insightful Eye. He hadn't spent too much time on the eye techniques, but he had at least gradually improved Insightful Eye. He was now much more familiar with it than during the realm war back in the Grand-Orient Sect. However, this was a nine star heavenly pattern formation, which made it far more difficult to see through than the Realm Battlefield.

"I can no longer see the entrance of the battlefield from here, but...." Tianming's Insightful Eye gradually revealed the true form of Dimensional Battlefield to him. He looked up and saw that there were at least a hundred thousand elite disciples and seniors of the sect chatting and enjoying the show.

"There's so many people...."

His eye swept across and saw around a hundred thousand disciples entering the battlefield. There were quite a few people, and not too much space for each of them individually.

"The amazing part of this heavenly pattern formation is that as long as anyone within doesn't meet, they won't meet in the real world, either." Compared to the realm war, this event was much larger in scale.

He watched the troops of Dragonmight enter in droves. As the strongest faction, their members seemed rather relaxed and confident. They had the most elites and numbers, and had nothing to fear. They could even afford to fight less. Soon, all of them had entered the battlefield. Then, a voice rang throughout the Illusory Battlefield, "I hereby announce the start of the faction battles. It will end in half a month. Fight, disciples of Archaion Sect!"

A loud cheer came from the audience. While Tianming didn't much care for the rewards of the event, those were things that could fundamentally change lives. The more people in a faction, the more thinly spread the rewards would be. So, taking first place to get the most rewards was imperative. That was why Swordking, Azureriver, and the other factions were pumped.

"Kill!" Such hot-blooded cries could already be heard throughout. The snow seemed to shake from the sheer volume of the cries.

Though Tianming had planned to remain in the scout unit, he suddenly turned to Lin Xiaoxiao and said, "Come, let's go hunting!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just follow me and don't ask."

"Okay!"

Swordking's current strategy was to lay low and try not to engage. The onus to fight weighed heavier on Dragonmight, after all. However, Tianming decided to do the opposite. This was just his style; he had already found his prey.

Dragonmight's scout unit was huge, making up a tenth of their total number. It was akin to a huge beast with countless tentacles that could stretch incredibly far. Ten thousand people made up a whole hall in Dragonmight. This particular one was Greenvoid Hall, which meant that Gu Shaoyu was the leader of the scouts. He was the eyes and ears that Dragonmight would use to seek out other factions to crush. There was no need for the strongest faction to hide after spotting their enemies, after all.

"If not for the Human Branch actively encouraging competition among the disciples, most of them would probably have joined Dragonmight long ago."

Tianming smiled as he targeted Gu Shaoyu. "It's this piggy that caused me to have no home to return to. Since you're Dragonmight's Eye, I'll pluck you out!"

## Chapter 606 - Slaughtering Pigs

Tianming did the same thing he did back during the realm war: course correction. He made minor adjustments in the direction he traveled from time to time.

"What are you doing? Circling around?" Lin Xiaoxiao said, feeling a little dizzy from all the turns.

"Just follow me and you'll know."

"You're really annoying, you know."

"I'd like to hear you say that after you find out what happens later." He could see Gu Shaoyu leaving their main force with another female chief. He then left to command the troops at the fringes as the leader of the scouts.

The Dimensional Battlefield was so large that nobody noticed a white-haired youth zipping straight through the battlefield toward his nearest opponent. For all they knew, Tianming was merely heading in the general direction of his foes. However, he was actually pinpointing Gu Shaoyu's location with his Insightful Eye. Right now he was like a wolf, tracking his opponent nonstop.

"You're insane. There's a hundred thousand of them ahead, you know," Lin Xiaoxiao said.

Tianming ignored her and kept correcting his course. "The scouts will be spread out, looking for people to fight."

Within the illusory world, Tianming closed his third eye and stealthily circled around a mountain. Looking down into the valley, he smiled.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Just look."

"Gu Shaoyu! Shouldn't we run? Wait... you came here looking for him! You can find enemies in the illusory world?"

"Amazing, right?"

"It is. But what are you planning? He's a fifth-level empyrean saint, you know."

"I want to slaughter pigs." He chuckled and drew Brightnight, then placed it on the ground before he grabbed her by her clothes. "Let's go snow surfing!"

"Aaaaaah!" she cried.

Tianming sped down the snowy mountain at breakneck speed. Within the valley, Gu Shaoyu's fat lips were smacked against that female chief's.

"A hundred thousand people are watching you do the deed. I bet it's very exciting," Tianming said as he tossed Lin Xiaoxiao to the side and drew his sword, then charged toward Gu Shaoyu.

"Li Tianming?! Why are you here?!" This was the flank of their army!

"I've come looking for you." Tianming took out his Scarletflame Tome.

"What are you planning, fool?!" Gu Shaoyu let out a smirk. However, all he saw was Tianming tossing that tome then slashing with Brightnight. The tome was now all torn up as it scattered across the snowy ground. It was a sign that he would never surrender, much to Gu Shaoyu's shock.

"I'm here to kill you!"

Gu Shaoyu couldn't help but chortle. Even the female chief in his embrace was bending over in laughter.

"Would you dare tear your Scarletflame Tome up?" Tianming asked.

"Sure thing!" Gu Shaoyu spat on the ground as he tore up his own tome.

"Great. Now that's guts." Tianming shot the female chief and said, "Hey, I prepared an opponent for you, so don't get in the way."

"Hall Lord?"

"Go."

"Alright!" The chief's shy expression turned cold the moment she saw Lin Xiaoxiao.

"Tianming, you—" Before Gu Shaoyu could finish, he saw a flash of stars and felt a whack on his face. His chubby cheeks jiggled from the impact.

"Did I ask you to talk?" Tianming lashed out three more times, causing him to yelp each time.

"Damn your ancestors! If I don't skin you today, I'll take your surname! Dammit!" Gu Shaoyu's raging face was redder than a tomato. He now regretted not killing Tianming the first time they met in Dragonmight Hall.

Right as he finished, Tianming's three lifebound beasts appeared. The snowy terrain changed into the sea with the activation of Azure Oceanic Purgatory. Shocked, Gu Shaoyu sent out his own beast, whose size rivaled even Lan Huang's. Though it was a wild boar, it was easily the most terrifying one Tianming had ever seen. It seemed to be covered in metal and had two long spear-like tusks. Its empyrean gold body made it incredibly tough. It had more than a hundred and thirty stars in its eyes, making it a proper tribulation beast. Only tribulation manna could allow a lifebound beast to evolve to that level. Its body could easily be far stronger than a beastmaster's.

"Ultimate Warhog, kill them!" Gu Shaoyu ordered.

"Now that's a badass name!" Tianming said with a chuckle.

The next instant, the warhog and Lan Huang clashed, causing the two-headed dragon to be sent flying. The oceanic terrain was gone in an instant.

"Now that's fearsome." Tianming exchanged glances with Ying Huo. He had planned to have Meow Meow help him, but it seemed that it would take all three of his beasts to deal with the warhog's empyrean gold body.

"Hold on and wait for me. Let's go!" Ying Huo said. With the three of them all using their different techniques, it would be enough to take on the warhog. However, Tianming still had to defeat Gu Shaoyu as quickly as he could.

Gu Shaoyu wielded a greatsword that seemed heavier than mountains. It was a tribulation weapon called Unparalleled Slasher. His charge almost seemed to make the earth itself shake. "Die! Without your tome, let's see who'll come save you!"

"Greensteel Blazesun Body?" Tianming saw how his foe's skin had turned into green steel. Empyrean gold bodies were terrifying indeed. Swiftly, Tianming crossed swords using Brightnight, only for him to notice that his Invincible Sword Ki couldn't pierce his opponent's steely skin.

"Damn, you have thick skin!" Tianming immediately swapped Brightnight out for the Grand-Orient Sword. There wasn't anyone around to see him use it, not to mention the audience was far away outside.

"Your puny skills can't pierce my defenses!"

"Is that so?!"

"Just try it!"

"Stretch your neck out then!" The Grand-Orient Sword was also a greatsword that could hold its own against the tribulation weapon. He immediately activated the Imperealm Sword Formation and gathered all of his strands of Invincible Sword Ki into the sword. As Gu Shaoyu came charging at him like a mountain again, Tianming somehow recalled the Hexapath Sword God. Cultivate my Hexapath Samsara Sword with your life!

At that moment, it clicked and the intricacies of the technique flooded into his head. The first strike was called Mortal Dao Sword. It contained the essence of humanity, sentient beings, and all citizens. Needless to say, sudden bursts of potential were the most terrifying in a fight to the death, and he had comprehended the technique at just the right moment.

He split the Grand-Orient Sword in two and said, "One sword for life, one sword for death! The death of mortals shall fuel the cycle of reincarnation, perpetuating life for eternity!"

Just because he had a sudden epiphany didn't mean he had mastered the strike. Nevertheless, it changed his stance drastically from before, when he was planning on using the fourth Shenxiao sword strike.

"Sentient beings?" Gu Shaoyu was stunned when he saw billions of phantasmal people standing behind Tianming, all of whom were watching him before stabbing out at him. "What?!"

With a loud clink, Tianming's gold sword broke his tribulation weapon. That was the sword of life. The next was the black sword of death that pierced through his throat.

"Aaaaagh!" Gu Shaoyu cried with his eyes wide, but his voice didn't travel far. "I... I..."

He was struggling like a drowning man. However, nobody could escape the countless hands that dragged them into the vortex of death. He was terrified out of his mind by the countless people he saw. What kind of sword strike was that? It was definitely far beyond a samsara-ranked battle art.

"Darn you, Li Tianming! Waah!" Before he managed to finish his last words, Tianming's gold sword sent his head flying.

"Shut up, will you?" He received no reply as Gu Shaoyu's corpse fell to the ground. "So what if you've got a Greensteel Blazesun Body?"

While it couldn't be pierced by Invincible Sword Ki, it was like butter to the Grand-Orient Sword. Tianming turned back with both swords in hand, ignoring the turmoil he had caused in the Dimensional Battlefield. All he cared about was whether that warhog was dead.

He was greeted by the sight of Ying Huo, Meow Meow and Lan Huang covered entirely in blood. However, there was a dead tribulation beast with its guts split open on the ground. They hadn't needed his help at all.

"Remember this in your next life, piggy! If you want to refine your body, you'd better start with the balls!" Ying Huo said. Tianming could only imagine what method they used to win.

Meanwhile, the female chief stopped fighting and stared at Tianming blankly.

"Goodbye." Tianming called out to Lin Xiaoxiao and left with her.

Crude is the hat the forlorn hero wears, sharp is the treasured sword he wields,  
Fast is the brilliant white steed he rides, as he streaks like a meteor through the fields.  
He halts not from fear across miles and miles, a kill every ten strides, culling the weed,  
Swiftly leaving after the deed, leaving neither name nor creed. [1]

Moments later, the chief's cry was heard piercing the clouds. "The Hall Lord of Greenvoid Hall has been killed!"

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"Faction Lord, the Greenvoid Hall Lord is dead," reported the female chief as she knelt.

"Come on, stop joking!" The others merely laughed.

"This is his head," she said as she took it out of her spatial ring, instantly silencing tens of thousands of others.

"Who did it?" Xuanyuan Yufeng said, his third black eye glowing fiercely.

"Li Tianming of the Swordking Faction!"

1. First few stanzas of Li Bai's poem, Xia Ke Xing, or 'Ode to Gallantry', written during the Tang Dynasty.

### **Chapter 607 - Watch Your Words**

A commotion was heard from the audience high above the Dimensional Battlefield when Gu Shaoyu's head rolled. He had made some name for himself.

"He must be quite daring to kill right at the start of the faction battle."

"Who is it? I saw his sword split in two. Is it some kind of tribulation artifact?"

"We can't see the tribulation patterns, but it definitely has more than one, given that it even shattered the Unparalleled Slasher."

"How can a mere empyrean saint have a tribulation artifact with more than two tribulation patterns?"

They couldn't tell that Tianming was just a sky saint from afar, for auras could only be discerned from up close. This battle had drawn quite a lot of attention from the rest.

However, that level of power still didn't warrant any attention from the disciples in the Earth and Heaven Branches. As for his Hexapath Samsara Sword, none of them had actually seen it in action before. Not even Jian Wuyi could tell for sure whether that was the first strike of the strongest sword art on the continent.

The show was only beginning.

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In a dark corner was the white-clad Xuanyuan Yuheng. He had his back against the wall as he opened his third eye and spotted the white-haired youth in the illusory formation. "It seems like he's trying to cause trouble for my faction, Muxue."

There was a girl standing behind him. Her dress fluttered elegantly, highlighting her beauty. She seemed to be eighteen years of age, but her gaze was as enchanting as a mature lady's. Her finely chiseled nose and the dimples at her cheeks were only further highlighted from the light that reflected off the sparkling snow. She also had a third eye between her brows, but it was icy blue. It was as if a stare from that eye was enough to freeze someone's soul.

"Big Brother Yuheng, is he the one Her Eminence brought back?" Xuanyuan Muxue asked.

"Yes."

"A sky saint?"

"He was when I first saw him. He's probably an empyrean saint now."

"How can he defeat a fifth-level empyrean saint if he only just broke through?"

"I don't know, but he surely has some special quality since he's so valued by Her Eminence."

"That makes sense. But if he's only an empyrean saint at his age, he seems a little weak. That means his parents weren't at the Samsara stage when they gave birth to him. He probably started training at the Beast Vein stage. Without talented parents, there's practically no way for children to change their fates."

"We'll see." Xuanyuan Yuheng's golden third eye seemed to strike fear in others. That was part of the reason why nobody else was around them. Nobody dared to disturb those two, the highest ranked disciples in the faction.

"Big Brother Yuheng, do you dislike him because he is valued by Her Eminence?" she gently asked.

"You can't put it that way. I'm just skeptical about his potential for growth. Not to mention, I don't like how rambunctious he is. Her Eminence is too sacred and doesn't know the ways of lowly people. I am



simply afraid that he'll besmirch the name of our sect and sway others in devious ways using Her Eminence's name."

"Brother Yuheng, you've been with the Godservant Hall Lord since your youth to protect the divine blood. Your shock after seeing Her Eminence can't be helped, since she's the object of your faith," Xuanyuan Muxue said.

"That's right. Her Eminence isn't in a good position right now. We have lots of trouble ahead of us. Before meeting Her Eminence, I thought that you were the prettiest, Muxue."

"There's no way I can compete with Her Eminence. She's the one you've been idolizing since your childhood, so you should know better."

"But in the end, an idol of worship definitely deserves it. Only after seeing her did I know that kind of goddess existed...."

"Brother Yuheng, you should watch your words." Her expression was cold as ice. Though she was young, she was known in the sect for her cold ruthlessness.

"That's right. To be honest, you should get your brother to stop hanging around the Human Branch after the faction battles. It's a waste of his time. So what if he's the faction lord of a hundred thousand disciples? Can a hundred thousand pieces of trash match up to a samsaran?" Xuanyuan Yuheng said with discontent.

"Well, all people have their own places and roles to play. If he joins the Archaion Army in the future, our house will promote him to general and prepare him for the battlefield. We need excellent leaders on top of powerful elites to keep the divine realm stable, after all."

"Guess we'll have to see how he performs in the faction battles. You're right, everyone has their own role to play."

After a period of silence, Xuanyuan Muxue said, "Brother Yuheng, the Deepstar Pool of the Old Deepstar Path will open soon. I'd like to fight for the opportunity."

"Is there anyone that can compete with your talent?"

"Most of them are older than me."

"Then do your best. It's said that one can form the strongest empyrean gold body within the pool. I hope you'll be able to gather thousands of stars in your body one day."

"I will do my best."

"The body-refining technique using the pool will be really painful. You'd better be prepared." He reminisced and smiled confidently. "The more pain you can take, the better off you'll be."

.....

Tianming didn't actually leave after his previous encounter. He kept the Grand-Orient Sword away and used the razor-thin Brightnight instead as he dashed across the snowy ground. There was a black cat zipping across the ground with him while a colorful flaming phoenix perched on his head. Lan Huang

alone had returned to the lifebound space, because of its size, and was playing with the fourth egg. Lately, they had fallen in love with hide and seek. One time, the egg had hidden on Lan Huang's back the whole day without being spotted.

"You're too fast.... Wait for me," Lin Xiaoxiao said with ragged breath.

"Go back if you can't keep up," Tianming said.

"No!"

"Then stop complaining." He streaked across the ground and saw two people ahead of him in the deep valley. "Those are Dragonmight's scouts." With so many of them, it hadn't taken him long to spot them with his Insightful Eye.

"Are you going to seek them out and kill all their scouts?" she asked.

"Yes. Once their scouts are spread out, they'll be separated from the main force. We'll have ten thousand of them to pick out, and won't have to return to our faction. Instead, we'll tail the scouts. I want to practice my swordsmanship with all ten thousand of them until they stop sending them out."

If he could really do that, Dragonmight would be flying blind. He was deeply impressed by the power of the Hexapath Samsara Sword during his previous fight, but he had only executed it in a daze. He wasn't familiar with the details, so he came up with the method of training the strike against all ten thousand scouts.

I'm also training my Imperial Will while I'm at it. It grew a lot during the battle at the Divine Capital, after all. Even my godfather managed to become an empyrean saint after killing a hundred thousand enemy troops, so why can't I? His eyes burned with passion as he zeroed in on his target.

"You're a hell of a weirdo," Lin Xiaoxiao mused.

"What was that?!"

"Umm... nothing." She avoided his gaze.

"Watch and learn, young one," he said as he gave her head a pat.

"Ouch, it hurts!" The moment she looked back up, he was already gone. He charged toward the two scouts with Meow Meow and Ying Huo. No matter how powerful they were, Tianming somehow managed to use Brightnight to overcome them with his new sword art.

"Striking out with the will of all sentient beings with one sword, huh?" It just so happened to fit his Imperial Will, which was related to all life. After all, Omniscient Will could be converted into Imperial Will. As such, he had a much easier time training the first strike, compared to other arts. It was as if the Mortal Dao Sword was created for him. As for the rest in the series, he had no idea where to start.

Brightnight cut through the wind with an audible whoosh. "Who is it?! Aaaaah!" But by the time they noticed him, it was too late. The thin sword was already pointed at their throats before they could react. They immediately placed their Scarletflame Tomes against their chests and surrendered.

Tianming's strike shifted and knocked them flying. He simply turned and left. "That wasn't the right move. I have to try again."

This was only his first step. If it were that easy, he would have learned much more than just the first strike.

"Six cycles of reincarnation, Six realms of rebirth.... The human realm is the realm of mortal dust." Now, he was a training demon who thought of nothing but the sword. "Next one. To crush ten thousand people, I have to take on a thousand per day, meaning five hundred pairs."

With there being so many others still on the battlefield, he didn't really have to rely on his Insightful Eye. There were opponents no matter which direction he went. Now that he could even kill Gu Shaoyu, few others could take him on. Thus began his swordsmanship-honing journey.

He dragged Lin Xiaoxiao along and kept appearing around Dragonmight's main force. Soon, two more Scarletflame Tomes were ignited.

"No, this isn't right either! That's not how it felt when I fought Gu Shaoyu!"

Like a ghost, he haunted the battlefield and scared the living piss out of everyone he encountered. While there were other disciples that also defeated Dragonmight's scouts, they weren't nearly as fast, as they neither had the Insightful Eye nor did they dare to go too far. Though, Tianming's third eye was only a small help. He mainly relied on his power to take out the scouts.

"Xuanyuan Xixi and Gu Qingyin?" he muttered when he finally found the next group. That evening, he had crushed more than five hundred scout pairs, killing five in the process who had wanted to fight him to the death. They didn't even bear a grudge against him and only knew what he looked like, but that hadn't earned them Tianming's mercy and he killed them all the same.

Gu Qingyin was the acting chief of the Greenmaple Chapter, as well as one of the scouts. While Xuanyuan Xixi wasn't part of Greenvoid Hall, she was probably working with him in a pair.

"Li Tianming, you have to die today! I'll crush your bones to ash and scatter them! You won't even have a burial! I will avenge my sister!" Gu Qingyin raged on like a mad demon, despite being only a fifteen-year-old youth.

### **Chapter 608 - Sword Practicing, Sword Practicing**

"Qingyin, run!" Xuanyuan Xixi said nervously.

"Run? I want his life!" Gu Qingyin charged forth.

"Li Tianming, Gu Qingyin will soon be taken by a divine mentor as a disciple. He's a future disciple of the Heaven Branch, so you can't touch him!" Xuanyuan Xixi threatened.

"I can't touch him even if he wants to kill me?" Tianming asked.

"You can't!"

Right at that moment, Gu Qingyin arrived before Tianming, and Tianming's sword flashed like a bolt of lightning and penetrated Gu Qingyin.

“U-u-uh....” Gu Qingyin collapsed onto the ground.

“On what basis?” Tianming asked, looking at Xuanyuan Xixi.

“You’re dead!” Xuanyuan Xixi yelled and activated her Scarletflame Tome. According to the rules, Tianming was forbidden from attacking now.

“You’re welcome to deliver your head anytime,” said Tianming.

“My Second Brother will let you die a terrible death!” Xuanyuan Xixi stared at Gu Qingyin lying on the ground in a daze. He was a genius, and he was gone just like that?

“Qingyin’s divine mentor will definitely claim your life when you get out! You’re finished!” Tianming smiled and turned away.

After she left, Xuanyuan Xixi fell onto the ground before being transported out of the illusory battlefield, while Tianming continued practicing his sword art.

“Finally, some progress.” Tianming had been searching for opponents to use the Mortal Dao Sword on.

“This is a mortal sword, one that contains everything and embodies the omniscient. The strike is too profound, and it’s impossible to understand without possessing omniscient will. This is a sword art that I’ve stolen, and I can only use tricks to learn it since I didn’t comprehend the seven Sword Barriers.”

No wonder Jian Wuyi felt that Tianming couldn’t accomplish anything with it at his age even after obtaining it.

“Continue!” With that, the Dragonmight Faction’s nightmare began.

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“Reporting! Faction lord, I have no idea what Li Tianming did, but he’s been taking down our scouts along the way. Just today alone, a total of one thousand and two hundred people surrendered, and they were all forced by Tianming!”

“Report! The chief of the Greenmaple Chapter has been killed.”

“Faction lord, take down Li Tianming first. Didn’t he sacrifice his Scarletflame Tome?”

“He can even defeat Hall Lord Gu. There’s only three people in the Dragonmight Faction who could take him down. Who do you want me to send? Don’t they have to command the army?” This was the most embarrassing part of the Dragonmight Faction at this moment.

“The faction lord and deputy faction lord have gone out to search, but they couldn’t find Li Tianming.” Tianming’s presence had cast a shadow over the entire Dragonmight Faction. Most importantly, he was someone who should belong to the Dragonmight Faction.

“It’s all because of Gu Shaoyu! If it weren’t for him, would we be facing this situation now?” said a Hall Lord.

“Shut up! That person is an ingrate, and something would happen sooner or later if he stays in the Dragonmight Faction,” said Xuanyuan Ganggang.

“Then at least put him under our control. Otherwise it’ll be miserable on our scouts, and nobody can fight as planned!”

“Silence!” Xuanyuan Yufeng pursed his lips together. His voice wasn’t loud, but it had instantly shut down the entire Dragonmight Faction.

“Continue searching for other factions.”

“Roger!” That meant Xuanyuan Yufeng had decided to ignore Tianming.

“Faction lord, it’ll be uncomfortable to leave him around. He’ll make us a laughingstock, and what’ll the audience think?” Xuanyuan Ganggang said with indignance.

“Why don’t you tell me what I should do right now?” Xuanyuan Yufeng asked.

Xuanyuan Ganggang lowered his head and couldn’t answer.

“I don’t believe he can face a hundred thousand of us alone.” Xuanyuan Yufeng sneered.

“Faction lord, we found the Bloodsmear Faction. There’s eight thousand of them hiding in the Windchime Valley!” a scout came in to report right at that moment. The role of the scouts had finally come into play.

“Dragonmight Faction, listen up!” Xuanyuan Yufeng’s eyes lit up.

“Yes!”

“Come with me and put the Bloodsmear Faction in last place!” The Bloodsmear Faction was ranked eighth, previously, and they had eight thousand people. It wasn’t a small number. Most importantly, they were one of the few factions who disobeyed the Dragonmight Faction.

“Kill!” A hundred thousand Dragonmight Faction members charged into Windchime Valley. The Bloodsmear Faction had already started to retreat when they discovered the Dragonmight Faction, but how could they possibly escape now that their whereabouts had been discovered?

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On the Dimensional Battlefield, Xuanyuan Yuheng said, “Did you guys manage to see it? He can see through the illusion and accurately find his opponent.”

“Yeah. I returned earlier and told the few Senior Brothers about it. It’s already spread out,” replied Xuanyuan Muxue.

“How many people know about his identity?”

“Which one?”

“The identity that the eminent gave him.”

“Not many people know about that right now. The elders won’t let anyone talk. So they’re studying how this disciple from the Human Branch managed to break through the formation,” said Xuanyuan Muxue.

“It’s impressive that he can see through the illusion,” said Xuanyuan Yuheng.

“Isn’t that the same as cheating?”

“How is that cheating? It’s his ability that lets him do it. More importantly, he has the strength to match his fighting prowess. Otherwise, it’d be nothing,” said Xuanyuan Yufeng.

“That means you’re admitting his fighting prowess?”

“Well, he can be considered an outstanding disciple in the Human Branch. But he’ll be nothing in the Earth Branch,” said Xuanyuan Yuheng.

“Speaking of which, you seem pretty concerned about him.”

“I do?”

“Yeah.”

“I nearly crippled him back then, and he’ll definitely remember to take revenge on me,” Xuanyuan Yuheng smiled.

“So, you’re scared?”

“Muxue, don’t make such jokes. It’s boring.”

“Fine.” Xuanyuan Muxue brushed her hair back with a smile on her lips.

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Back in the illusory battlefield, Tianming stood on a high mountain in the Windchime Valley and watched the hundred thousand disciples from the Dragonmight Faction charging into the valley. When they summoned their lifebound beasts, their army instantly grew to more than two hundred thousand.

“That’s at least ten times as big as the Bloodsmear Faction.” Tianming could tell that the Bloodsmear Faction was pretty unlucky to be used by the Dragonmight Faction as a punching bag.

The ground trembled from the battle, and the Dragonmight Faction’s charge scattered the Bloodsmear Faction’s formation as Scarletflame Tomes began igniting one after another.

“I surrender!”

“Don’t kill me. I surrender!”

Under the Dragonmight Faction’s charge, three thousand of the Bloodsmear Faction got away, while the remaining five thousand surrendered.

“How mighty.” This was the Dragonmight Faction’s true power, and it was the display that the Dragonmight Faction’s disciples wanted.

“This is just the beginning. Now all the other factions will tremble beneath our feet!” the Dragonmight Faction’s disciples’ cheers echoed. They could feel their blood boiling under Xuanyuan Yufeng’s incitation.

The Dragonmight Faction only lost about a thousand people. For a large faction like them, the odds of their members surrendering weren't high. In just one day, the factions clashed continuously in battles, and even the Swordking Faction lost a few hundred people.

This was just the first day, and none of the three factions were ranked at the top. But that didn't matter. However, the Bloodsmear Faction's ranking, at least, was eye-catching. Furthermore, their surrender rate reached an astonishing 60%!

Tianming alone had taken down over a thousand Dragonmight Faction disciples, but their surrendering rate was less than 2%.

"I'll have to defeat fifty thousand people to pull their percentage to more than 50%." Tianming sneered and continued hunting down the scouts. "Sword practicing, sword practicing. It's the best time to deal with them since they just obtained a victory!"

### **Chapter 609 - Empyrean Saint Stage**

The Dragonmight Faction was rejoicing so much that they forgot what they had suffered at the hands of Tianming. A white-haired ghost haunted the Dragonmight Faction. One by one, the Dragonmight Faction's disciples had no choice but to use their Scarletflame Tomes when facing death.

"Li Tianming!"

"ARGGGH!"

"Don't kill me! I surrender!"

Tianming would charge forth with the Hexapath Samsara Sword whenever he encountered a disciple of the Dragonmight Faction, and he kept to his rhythm on the second day. Another thousand disciples were defeated that day, and his hands were trembling by the time the sun went down.

"Ling'er is in such a dangerous situation, and how can I gain a footing in the Flameyellow continent without any strength? How can I afford to relax? Furthermore, I won't be truly free as long as I haven't become a god. The pursuer won't be polite with me, and at that time, it'll be tough even if I want to die."

The immense pressure made Tianming temper himself like a lunatic. It was all for the loved ones in his heart. Whether it was his family, lover, or lifebound beasts, they were all indispensable in his heart. That was life, and he could only bear it for his loved ones.

The number of defeated or dead Dragonmight Faction disciples began accumulating—three thousand on the third day, four thousand on the fourth day, and five thousand on the fifth day. On that day, everyone in the Dimensional Battlefield knew that he was a lunatic who was practicing his sword. It was unprecedented for anyone to defeat five thousand by himself.

"He's gone mad!"

The Dragonmight Faction had to maintain the number of their scouts at all times to find other factions and consolidate their position in first place.

“But this person is especially targeting the scouts, which placed the Dragonmight Faction in an uncomfortable position. All the scouts are afraid of him now.”

“The Dragonmight Faction only managed to crush four factions over the past five days, and their efficiency is far lower than before. Not only did they fail to claim the first, but they also had their surrender rate increased to 5%!”

“Xuanyuan Yufeng has to get rid of this person before the Dragonmight Faction’s rhythm is affected. They have to get rid of him to suppress all the other factions and claim the top.”

“How can they deal with him? This fellow can even see through the illusion, and there’s no way Xuanyuan Yufeng can find him.”

“It can’t be resolved.”

“Let’s see how Xuanyuan Yufeng will resolve this issue, and if he wants to increase the number of scouts.”

Everyone observed for another day. They saw that after Tianming had taken out five thousand scouts, not only did Xuanyuan Yufeng not reduce the number of scouts, but he even increased the number to twenty thousand.

“Is he insane? Is he giving them to that person by having them leave the main army?”

“No. This is the right move.”

“What do you mean?”

“The scouts are the Dragonmight Faction’s eyes and ears. If they’re reduced, the Dragonmight Faction won’t be able to take out all their enemies. And by doing this, even with Li Tianming’s efficiency, he can only deal with ten thousand people in half a month at most. But the Dragonmight Faction will have eighty thousand people remaining, and they can still find their rhythm. Although they’ll lose 10% of their men, they’ll still emerge victorious.”

“So Yufeng has brains?”

“That’s right.”

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Tianming noticed that the number of Dragonmight scouts had increased, and none of them were afraid of him. Many of them were fearlessly running around to find opponents for the Dragonmight Faction.

“Whatever!” Tianming was only focused on practicing his sword. After all, strength was fundamental to everything and he was going after two goals over the past few days. One was to reach lesser mastery in the Mortal Dao Sword, and the other was reaching the Emyrean Saint stage.

Over the past five days, he had gained some insights after defeating five thousand people, and his hunt continued. In the blink of an eye, it was already the tenth day.



“Ten thousand people...” Tianming looked up at the clouds in the sky, which condensed together and formed words. That was the ranking right now. The Dragonmight Faction was ranked in ninth place, with a surrender rate of 11%!

At the very least, Tianming had increased their surrender rate to 10%. He still had no idea that he was now the focus of attention in the Dimensional Battlefield; everyone outside was practically talking about him.

“The Swordking Faction is ranked on the second? Not bad.” Tianming was exhausted after defeating ten thousand people. He stood atop the Azure Mountain and watched the Dragonmight Faction rampage like a giant beast.

After Tianming had taken ten thousand people and sending another twenty thousand as scouts, the Dragonmight Faction was only left with seventy thousand in their army. But even so, they could still defeat any factions out there.

Xuanyuan Yufeng had practically ignored him, treating him like a fly, and focused on crushing other factions. The effect was great and they managed to reach ninth place, with their ranking improving daily.

“There’ll be a big battle in the next five days.” Tianming closed his eyes. Brightnight traced a mysterious path in the air. He could see a wider world while standing in a higher place, and he had been thinking about the sword art over the past ten days.

The blade pierced the void and couldn’t be detected. He performed all ten thousand strikes again from the beginning. After defeating ten thousand opponents, Tianming felt that he no longer needed an opponent; his opponent was now himself.

“Life is the color in the world, and my experience back in the Divine Capital is the foundation of this sword.” He recalled how Dongyang An had used his Omniscient Will, and it was different for everyone.

“One sword that contains billions of swords.” This was the Mortal Dao Sword. At that moment, Tianming smiled because he had an idea.

“How difficult...” Tianming stabbed out, and even split mortality. His strike finally looked similar to the Hexapath Sword God’s now.

“Finally, I’ve reached lesser mastery. But even if it’s just lesser mastery, it’s terrifying enough.” Tianming’s gaze surged. When he turned around, he saw Lin Xiaoxiao looking at him in awe.

“Xiaoxiao, look out for me,” said Tianming.

“What are you trying to do now?”

“I’ll be making a breakthrough into the Empyrean Saint stage here.”

“Ah? Okay.” Tianming sat under a cedar tree and went into meditation.

He’s really daring. After all, the Dragonmight Faction’s scouts might come any time, Lin Xiaoxiao thought to herself.

“Xiaoxiao!” The Archaionfiend’s voice sounded out.

“What’s the matter?”

“Take this opportunity to kill him!” the Archaionfiend said emotionally.

“No.”

“You’re messing with me?”

“I don’t dare, and I can’t kill him. You can do it if you’re capable. Don’t use ‘them’ to threaten me. It won’t be good for anyone if I struggle with my life on the line, right?” replied Lin Xiaoxiao.

“You’re a masochist.”

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Spiritual energy began converging and formed a vortex that poured into Tianming. His flesh and blood was transforming. Making a breakthrough into the Empyrean Saint stage required the growth of his Imperial Will, and Tianming’s comprehension of his sword art had brought his Heavenly Will to the Empyrean Saint stage.

“First level of the Empyrean Saint stage!”

“I now have five hundred—wait, fifty years of lifespan!” It sounded sad, but Tianming had finally broken free from the Aeonic Grandbane. At the very least, he wouldn’t be dying anytime soon. But he had no idea how his Aeonic Grandbane would torture him with the samsara tribulation added to it.

At the very least, when the spiritual energy poured into his body and he formed the empyrean body, he sensed the transformation in his flesh and blood. His sky saint ki was converted to empyrean saint ki, becoming more powerful and condensed. It could now support Tianming to challenge someone at higher cultivation.

Saint ki surged from his three saint springs. Not only him, but Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang were all making unprecedented progress in their cultivation. They were still weak. They wouldn’t gain empyrean gold bodies until the fourth level, and empyrean saint springs to empower their abilities until seventh level. If they could evolve into tribulation beasts, they could even fight with him, relying on their physiques.

“The future is full of hope.” Tianming had never felt so powerful before when his empyrean saint ki coursed through his body.

“Hey,” Lin Xiaoxiao called out.

“What’s wrong?”

“The commotion you caused is too big, and someone was attracted over,” Lin Xiaoxiao replied.

When Tianming looked back, he saw a hundred people rushing toward him, with Xuanyuan Ganggang leading the party. He even had two hall lords beside him, and they seemed to be called Tang Lingshan and Wen Haocheng. Tianming saw their ‘tombs’ back in Dragonmight Hall, and they were all Xuanyuan Yufeng’s trusted aides. Three hall lords with over a hundred empyrean saints at least in the second level.

“He doesn’t have a Scarletflame Tome! Gang up on him!” Xuanyuan Ganggang yelled as they came over.

“Are we going to run?” Lin Xiaoxiao asked nervously. There were too many people, and it would be troublesome if they were besieged. Just the abilities of lifebound beasts being thrown around were enough to be a headache.

“Why are you so timid?” Tianming sneered.

“Then I’ll take my leave first. You hold up!” Lin Xiaoxiao turned and ran. But Tianming didn’t retreat when he turned back. On the contrary, he even rushed toward the incoming enemies.

“Hey!” Lin Xiaoxiao suddenly turned around.

“Remain where you are and bask in my awesomeness!” Tianming said.

“Oh.” Lin Xiaoxiao held her forehead. She had no idea that Tianming wasn’t only telling her that, but was also telling everyone in the Dimensional Battlefield. After all, he had finally reached the Empyrean Saint stage.

I can finally do whatever I want now, right? Tianming stared at Xuanyuan Ganggang, who was riding a golden dragon with more than a hundred and thirty stars. It was clearly a tribulation beast called the Three-Headed Saintfire Dragon.

It had a total of three heads, one more than Lan Huang. The dragon was entirely gold, which made Xuanyuan Ganggang look like an incarnation of a golden wargod. Under the power of his body-refining battle art, Xuanyuan Ganggang dazzled with a golden radiance that blinded many people’s eyes. Suddenly, dragon scales began appearing on Xuanyuan Ganggang’s body, transforming him into a draconian. One could imagine how tough his body was, and he was charging forth with a saber.

“Li Tianming, you defeated ten thousand of our brothers, and today I’ll kill you!” Xuanyuan Ganggang’s roar caused an avalanche. Behind him were over a hundred people, along with their lifebound beasts.

“Keep it down.” In the next second, Tianming clashed with Xuanyuan Ganggang. Brightnight flashed, executing the Death Sword of the Mortal Dao Sword. It was a sure-kill sword.

His sword flashed like a bolt of lightning, crashing down on Xuanyuan Ganggang. The intent behind it far exceeded the Empyrean Saint stage, and Xuanyuan Ganggang couldn’t react in time even with his body-refining battle art.

“Uh?” Xuanyuan Ganggang dazed off. He wasn’t even able to raise the saber in his hand before he was reduced to dust by Tianming’s sword ki. Before his death, Xuanyuan Ganggang felt like he was in a nightmare, and his face was colorful.

Was he insta-killed? He didn’t even have the time to scream! His blood splattered around and drenched the faces of those behind him.

“Hall Lord Xuanyuan!” Everyone stopped right where they were and looked at Tianming in fear. Their knees immediately went soft, and they knelt on the ground.

## **Chapter 610 - The Final Battle Arrives**

Tianming never imagined that he would frighten so many people by insta-killing Xuanyuan Ganggang. Just how badly were they frightened?

“Use your Scarletflame Tomes and get lost.” Tianming descended to the ground and put away his sword.

The hundreds of empyrean saints from the Dragonmight Faction had beads of sweat rolling down their foreheads.

“Kill!” Wen Haocheng suddenly yelled, and all of them acted at the same time. They wanted to take advantage of Tianming dropping his guard and kill him. They might be frightened, but they might have a chance of killing Tianming with their advantage in numbers. The next moment, over a hundred empyrean saints charged forth with their lifebound beasts.

“Impudence.” Tianming reacted swiftly and brought out his lifebound beasts. Lan Huang immediately threw out the Mountainsea World and Azure Oceanic Purgatory. Tianming sank into the water, dodging many of the divine abilities.

Suddenly, the Three-Thousand Starfield shot out from the ocean and whipped a few people, causing them to yell out in pain from pools of their own blood.

“Go at him together!”

Tianming held Brightnight in his right hand and the Three-Thousand Starfield in his left. He used them at the same time, and no one could stop him. He didn’t even need to use the Hexapath Samsara Sword, because the Myriad-Demise Sword was more than enough.

Brightnight stabbed forth and sword ki shot out, hitting anyone who didn’t use their Scarletflame Tome.

“I’ll kill whoever who dares to attack me.” Tianming said, leaving many people intimidated and causing even more to run for their lives.

“Cowards! Stop running away!” Wen Haocheng roared, but there was nothing he could do to change the fear that the Dragonmight Faction’s disciples felt toward Tianming. Over the past ten days, his reputation had grown to the extent that it had become their nightmare.

“How can he possibly be so powerful?” Tang Lingshan exclaimed.

“Even the faction lord and deputy faction lord wouldn’t be able to insta-kill Xuanyuan Ganggang, right?” said Wen Haocheng.

“Gu Shaoyu, that idiot! He gave such a genius to the Swordking Faction!”

“What level of the Empyrean Saint stage is he in right now?”

“I don’t know. Wasn’t he in the Sky Saint stage?”

“How can his cultivation be so fast? Or does he have a way to pretend to be a sky saint?” They couldn’t figure it out.

“Stop running. I saw you guys.” Tianming suddenly focused on them. Beside him, Ying Huo and Meow Meow also exploded with stunning lethality in their attacks.

“It doesn’t matter who you are, but you’ll die a terrible death if you go against our Dragonmight Faction!” said Tang Lingshan.

Her lifebound beast was at home in the Azure Oceanic Purgatory, and it was also a tribulation beast. It was a huge octopus with thousands of tentacles, and every tentacle had a blue ring on it.

It was a Myriad Blueringed Octopus, and was extremely poisonous. It had instantly turned the Azure Oceanic Purgatory into a toxic ocean. But it was a pity that poison didn’t have much effect on Lan Huang. On the contrary, it poisoned the beastmasters and lifebound beasts on Tang Lingshan’s side.

“The Dragonmight Faction? Bullshit.” Tianming suddenly appeared before Tang Lingshan and attacked with the Ninenether Fiendgod Claw. When his claw came into contact with Tang Lingshan, it made her yell out in pain. She was in the fifth level of the Empyrean Saint stage, but Tianming left wounds that exposed her bones.

“Holy shit, you finally learned this squeezing dragon claw?!” Ying Huo was dumbfounded.

“Shut up!”

Tang Lingshan was scared out of her wits and immediately used her Scarletflame Tome.

“Run!” Wen Haocheng’s face turned pale at the sight and immediately ran for his life. But the Three-Thousand Starfield tangled around his body and tightly bound him.

“I surrender! I’m a piece of garbage!” Wen Haocheng finally submitted and dripped his blood on his Scarletflame Tome at the very last minute.

But just when Wen Haocheng relaxed, he suddenly took a hit. When he turned around, he saw Ying Huo staring at him as it folded its wings.

“I’ve already surrendered, yet you still dared to attack me?” Wei Haoxuan touched his back and found that it was all covered in blood.

“What? You’re unhappy?” Ying Huo asked.

“No, I’m not unhappy.” Wen Haocheng submitted. After all, it would never be too late to take revenge.

Tianming, Ying Huo, Meow Meow, and Lan Huang continued on their way, and no one could stop them. There were only a hundred Dragonmight disciples there, and it was difficult for them even to surrender.

“Li Tianming!!” an enraged roar echoed out. Tianming raised his head and saw thousands of people rushing at him, with the deputy faction lord of the Dragonmight Faction leading the party.

“Xiaoxiao!” Tianming called out and turned to run.

“What?”

“I’ll be leaving first. You tie up loose ends.” Tianming continued running.

“Hey, why are you like this?!” Lin Xiaoxiao was dumbfounded.

“Run, or you’ll be crushed,” the Archaionfiend said without any emotion.

“Wait for me! Tianming, you bastard!” Lin Xiaoxiao ran with her life on the line.

“Why don’t you go face them yourself?” Lin Xiaoxiao said while she caught her breath.

“It’s not time yet,” said Tianming.

“There you go acting tough again. If you can fight thousands of them by yourself, I’ll take your surname,” said Lin Xiaoxiao.

“Li Xiaoxiao?” Tianming laughed. “Wait for it then.”

“Are you done practicing your sword art? What’s next?” Lin Xiaoxiao asked. She knew Tianming’s plan. He wanted to go to the Heaven Cauldron, and there was nothing she could do to stop him aside from chasing right behind his tail.

“Continue? After all, I’ve taken down 10% of them over the past ten days, and I can do another 10% in the next five days. Taking 20% of them down by myself is already my limit,” said Tianming.

“You want to take down another ten thousand people?” Lin Xiaoxiao was dumbfounded.

“What, are you afraid? Then you don’t have to follow me.”

“I’ll come along!”

“You’re pretty determined.”

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Back in the Dragonmight Faction.

“Faction lord, out of four hall lords, two were killed, and two surrendered. Xuanyuan Ganggang was insta-killed by Li Tianming....”

“Just how powerful is he? Did he conceal his strength, or has he progressed so much in just a few days?”

“How can he conceal your strength? Can he conceal an empyrean body’s aura?”

“Who knows.”

The person they once chased away was now causing such a headache for them.

“Faction lord?” Everyone turned to look at Xuanyuan Yufeng, waiting for his decision. However, Xuanyuan Yufeng was just looking into the distance.

“That Li Tianming is simply a lingering dog!” someone blabbered. They hoped that Xuanyuan Yufeng could take him down. Otherwise, it would be uncomfortable to have someone right on their tail all the time.

As for how they were going to take Tianming down, that would be up to Xuanyuan Yufeng. After all, he was the faction lord and it was his job to command the army and turn the tables around. To put it bluntly, even an idiot could get the Dragonmight Faction to first place with their numbers.

However, Xuanyuan Yufeng only remained silent, his eyes gloomy.

The army continued pressing forth, and they heard people screaming out from time to time. Then Xuanyuan Yufeng smiled when he saw a green light shooting into the sky.

“Finally! Everyone from the Dragonmight Faction, listen up! Prepare for battle!” Xuanyuan Yufeng’s voice sounded out. Everyone was still at a loss. The scouting team hadn’t found anyone, so who were they going to fight?

“Faction lord, we’re not going to target Tianming?” asked a hall lord.

“Why do I need to care about him after defeating the Swordking Faction?” Xuanyuan Yufeng asked.

“What do you mean? The Swordking Faction is up ahead?” Everyone was confused because no one had seen the Swordking Faction’s tracks.

About fifteen minutes later, a scout came in to report.

“Faction leader, we’ve found the Swordking Faction and Azureriver Faction’s coalition army up ahead. There’s ninety thousand people in total, and we’re evenly matched!”

“What? They joined together?”

“It’s troublesome now that they’ve joined together. Let’s not confront them for the time being and let them fight among themselves as time passes. After all, they have to decide who’ll be first and second on the ranking.”

“Faction lord, are we going to withdraw?” Everyone was nervous.

“Withdraw?” Xuanyuan Yufeng grinned. “Everyone from the Dragonmight Faction, listen up! Ignore the Azureriver Faction and target the Swordking Faction! This is the final battle, so follow me and kill!”

Despite many people having doubts in their hearts, they didn’t question his authority. After all, he was the faction lord and he never made a mistake.

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The Silverriver Valley was a hidden place in Taiji Peak. It was a silver river that passed through the valley toward Taiji Peak Lake.

The Swordking Faction and Azureriver Faction had arrived there a day ago and decided to work together to fight the Dragonmight Faction. The higher hierarchy of both factions had spent the last day discussing how they should proceed. There wasn’t any news passed around on the battlefield, so they had no idea how Tianming had placed the Dragonmight Faction in an awkward position.

On a high slope, Jian Xueyi, Zhao Yijue, and five other hall lords met up with the Azureriver Faction’s Fang Hongxuan and Fang Bihan. Fang Hongxuan was dressed in black, with a tall and skinny frame. His younger twin sister, Fang Bihan, also had a slender figure, with a faint azure glow in her eyes and a cold air around her.

They were both juniors of the Sterling House of Fang, and they had a high position in the Human Branch. The Azureriver Faction wasn’t inferior to the Swordking Faction at all.

“That’s weird. Judging from the ranking, the Dragonmight Faction seems to have faced some sort of obstruction that made them stop at ninth place. There’s only five days left, and they’ll surely do whatever they can to catch up.” Jian Xueyi stood on the mountain, looking down at the Silverriver Valley.

Her brothers from the Swordking Faction were hiding in the valley, while the Azureriver Faction was outside, since they had come from afar.

“That’s right. It’ll be more stable if we take them down,” said Fang Hongxuan.