

The Ages 731

Chapter 731 - Unity Makes Us Impregnable

Jiang Wuxin's hell barrier formation had been destroyed, and his lifebound beast was killed. Additionally, Chu Xiaoqi had died in battle.

That meant the Hexapath and Biritual disciples, who had the most friction with the Archaion Sect, had received the same ending as the Quadform Oceanic Sect. They were completely crippled!

Jiang Wuxin and Chu Xiaoqi had originally posed a huge threat to the disciples of the Archaion Sect at the defense line. And now, they were gone, while Tianming had risen! Together with his lifebound beasts, Tianming rushed to the entrance of the cave and began slaughtering the enemy.

Most of their opponents consisted of Nonahall disciples. The Archaion Sect disciples struggled to resist them as they desperately charged into the cave. Almost everyone was injured and beyond exhausted. Tianming broke through the crowd at that moment, providing timely assistance.

"Die!!"

As long as there was a chance for a one-on-one, wherever Tianming swung the Grand-Orient Sword, no one could stop him. The power of the Imperealm Sword Formation exploded, tens of thousands of sword ki strands forming a fortress that blocked the entrance of the cave. The violent sword ki crisscrossed, allowing his opponents to enter, but not leave.

"Kill!!"

This was the time to counterattack. Having defeated Jiang Wuxin and slain Chu Xiaoqi, Tianming had brought the team's morale to new heights.

As he charged forth, the others were boiling with passion, their eyes filled with resistance and vengeance. One by one, they burst out with terrifying combat power. On the other hand, the remaining Biritual disciples were already defeated in spirit.

They were powerful, but the balance had been broken by Tianming. If Tianming and Xuanyuan Yucheng had perished instead, the Archaion Sect's defenses might have collapsed.

With the current situation, the opponents still rushed forward desperately, regardless of the advantage the Archaion Sect had over them. Thus, only one ending awaited them: being slaughtered!

Replacing the Grand-Orient Sword with Archfiend, Tianming brutally attacked with the Eight Desolation Fienddragon Whip. The whip flew out at the fastest speed, slamming out their hell barrier formations one by one and smashing them into the heart of the mountain.

Several unlucky ones had their hell barrier formations immediately destroyed, and were then torn into two. This battlefield was bloody, cruel, and shocking! Everyone behaved like madmen with not an ounce of mercy.

"Die!"

Aside from Tianming, many Archaion Sect disciples did their fair share of slaughtering. Their overwhelming victory wasn't surprising. Tianming cast his gaze past the entrance and looked outside.

Hei An, the black-robed minor ghoulish king, Changsun Xingyue from the Heptastar Aerial Sect, and Jiang Wuxin, who was severely injured, were too frightened to continue. Jiang Wuxin's eyes resembled the dead.

"We have lost!" All it took was one glance at the battlefield for Changsun Xingyue to realize they wouldn't make it past the defenders.

He quickly stopped the remaining Heptastar disciples; there were only eleven of them left on the battlefield.

"Are you afraid?" Hei An looked at him with dissatisfaction.

"No, but if we continue attacking, what's left of us will die. I suggest we discuss this with Yama and Bai Rao," Changsun Xingyue, his expression ugly.

In fact, Tianming's uninterrupted bloodbath had terribly frightened him. He An looked uncertain.

"Let's regroup first! Retreat!"

After fighting for a while, Hei An himself didn't dare to attack Tianming with so many opponents around. Thus, he decided to reconsider their strategy. With so many dead, the cost was far greater than they had originally imagined. Many Nonahall disciples were at a loss.

They were here to slaughter! But why did they get the feeling it was the other way around? There were almost no Quadform, Hexapath, or Biritual disciples left. About a dozen Heptastar remained. Even Nonahall had lost more than twenty people and around thirty lifebound beasts. On the other hand, their enemy's losses seemed insignificant in comparison.

"How embarrassing!"

"They've run away!"

Amidst the Archaion Sect disciples' ridicule, Hei An took his people away, his face ashen.

"They might regroup on the other side. I'm heading there right now," Tianming said to Fang Yuewei. Together with Ying Huo and Meow Meow, he went over to meet up with Lan Huang and Xian Xian.

A fierce battle was still in progress, but word of Tianming's accomplishments had spread over there. Many disciples had witnessed him killing Chu Xiaoqi and now regarded him as their cornerstone.

"Brother Tianming is here!"

As soon as Zhao Tianxing shouted, the disciples were filled with vigor.

"Let's kill them together!"

"Four of their sects have been almost completely wiped out. All that's left is Nonahall. Let's kill them all!"

"Brothers, now that we have the advantage in numbers, we're stronger than them!"

Morale among the disciples soared.

Even if the two minor ghouls entered the narrow hole, they would have to face the joint attack of all these disciples. Xian Xian's branches, leaves, vines, and roots covered the entire battlefield. It was Xian Xian who had helped these disciples, making their continued resistance possible.

When Hei An and his team left for the other side, the Archaion Sect left a small group of people at the cave entrance to defend against a sudden attack. Everyone else left to support the disciples at the other entrance. They currently had the advantage. In fact, they might not necessarily lose, even in a head-on confrontation.

Our determination unites us and makes us impregnable, Tianming thought to himself.

Those unafraid of the strong would explode in astonishing power during a crisis, especially after having been oppressed. For revenge, the disciples of the three great clans had become red-eyed, bloodthirsty madmen.

"Kill! Kill them all!"

Under the murky sky, a chaotic battle covered the dark grounds. Tianming and Xian Xian joined forces. Whenever anyone charged into the cave, he would be the first to attack. Corpse after corpse fell to the ground at his feet. So far, they had managed to maintain their defensive line and their opponents were still stuck at the entrance of the cave, forced to withstand a siege of sorts.

"Who says we'll be at their mercy!"

"Isn't the Nonahall Ghost Sect very domineering and confident? So you can die as well?"

"Weren't you still shouting earlier? Are you still going to toot your own horn? Take a good look around and see how many of you have died!"

Zhao Tianxing, Lin Xixi, and the others had avenged their dead brothers.

"The entire Pentaphase Divine Realm will be proud of our bravery!"

The Triflair, Pentaphase, and Octagram Divine Realms were relatively small, but that didn't mean that they could be trampled on!

"Sooner or later, you'll have to pay for looking down on us and treating us as pigs and dogs!"

They had all this anger bottled up inside. But now that immeasurable rage had erupted, transforming into their will to fight. Together with Tianming, they mercilessly slaughtered their opponents.

This was a heart-rending battle. In the end, they were all covered in blood. But at least they persevered. Not only did they persist, they killed even more. They had unknowingly killed thirty of the original eighty Nonahall disciples. There weren't enough of them left to break through the entrance of the cave.

The four major sects had also suffered some damage. Many had their hell barrier formations exposed or had fallen with their opponents. However, the heart of the mountain was Tianming's territory. Once their hell barrier formations were exposed, someone would immediately help them break the barrier formation so they could rejoin the battle. On the other hand, once the Nonahall disciples had their

barrier formations exposed, their opponents would destroy the barrier formation and bombard them with joint attacks.

That was the fundamental reason why the number of eliminations from the two sides was similar, but the number of their opponents who died was much higher than theirs. It was all due to the advantage in terrain.

In this way, when the enemies' hell barrier formations were exposed, they were finished. Since the disciples of the four great sects occupied the cave, they could rejoin the battle, only further increasing the disparity in numbers.

On this kind of terrain, the attacking party was disadvantaged. Unless they could crush their opponents, they would suffer a defeat if the four-sect alliance resisted.

Before Tianming and Jiang Wuxin's confrontation, the Archaic Sect had almost been overwhelmed. If they were defeated, then what was previously an advantage would become the exact opposite and everyone would be finished! But they had persevered and ushered in the dawn of hope.

"Kill!"

Even though they were no longer protected by their hell barrier formations, many disciples were still fiery. With Xian Xian around, their enemies were beaten silly and their energy ran dry. Once the balance began tipping to one side, it began to snowball.

Yama, Bai Rao, and Hei An quickly withdrew from the battlefield. Bai Rao had sustained three injuries across his body, all of which were caused by Archfiend.

"Yama, we can't keep fighting! We've lost," Hei An anxiously said.

"There's no way to keep playing. Our hell barrier formations have been exposed and our people will die once they fall. Their people can still get up and continue fighting. We've lost thirty people, but they've hardly lost any." Changsun Xingyue said.

The Nonahall disciples looked gloomy.

It had all happened so fast. From rage and aggression to hunting and slaughter, and now being so brutally attacked that they suffered heavy casualties. There were originally so many of them, yet only fifty still remained standing. The others had all died in battle.

In fact, they already knew the outcome. Their plan to intimidate by way of massacre was an utter failure. On the other hand, the four divine realms had managed to defend the entrances, their eyes fierce and gleaming with the intention to counterattack.

"It's all because of Li Tianming. By defeating Jiang Wuxin and killing Chu Xiaoqi, those two losers, he boosted their morale. We almost made it in earlier," said the minor ghoulish king dressed in white.

She was a woman, but her large white robes concealed her nubile figure. She had concealed her face the entire time, but now that her hood was torn, they discovered that her appearance was no worse than Chu Xiaoqi's, and perhaps even more mature and captivating. However, her skin was almost too pale. Though she was beautiful, she looked frightening. Her white robes were torn in many places, vaguely revealing an impressive figure.

"Jiang Wuxin and Chu Xiaoqi aren't losers. This man has to be capable if he's the goddess' disciple." The gray-robed Yama was the most calm of them. He had withstood the bulk of the attacks, but wasn't wounded.

"My suggestion is to give up. The Nether Battle is a miserable loss, and the goddess' disciple has displayed quite a few moves. Now that they have the advantage in numbers, it'll be even more difficult to defeat him. Let's wait a few days for the final battle. We must kill him in a one-on-one battle to maintain our dignity. Otherwise, we'll have humiliated the Nonahall Ghost Sect," Hei An said coldly.

Chapter 732 - Hot Tears

"Let's retreat and see if they come after us. If they do leave the cave, we stand a chance of defeating them," said the gray-robed Yama.

"Alright."

They put their plan into motion at once. Like a beaten army in total collapse, they could only retreat and flee, even feigning weakness and enervation. In fact, there was no need to pretend—they were a sorry sight indeed.

Every single one of them looked ashen, as if they had received a huge blow to their egos, which formed a sharp contrast with their previous arrogance.

How wretched indeed! In fact, they had yet to recover their senses. Never mind the fact that they had failed to break through the entrances; what they could never have imagined was losing so terribly. They had paid a heavy price for underestimating their enemy.

"Here's a question: are we easy targets trapped in one place, or have we blocked your attack and destroyed you?" Zhao Tianxing erupted in laughter as the Nonahall disciples flushed in embarrassment.

The only comeback they could muster was to threaten them with punishment by their divine realm once the Number One Summit ended.

In the heart of the mountain, Zhao Tianxing asked, "Should we go after them and finish the job?"

His eyes were fiery; clearly, the thought had crossed his mind.

"I don't think it will work. They're pretty strong, and those remaining are their top disciples, not to mention how difficult the three minor ghouls will be to stop. They can certainly cause a lot of casualties. We mustn't be conceited. This time we won purely by relying on the terrain and our unity, as well as Tianming's ability to turn the tide. Once we leave, we will be giving up our advantage. If we fall into their trap, we lose everything," said Lin Xixi. She was a thoughtful, pragmatic girl.

"I agree with Xixi's statement. We won, so why pursue a cornered enemy? They should be the anxious ones, not us." Xuanyuan Yucheng was pale, his voice weak.

"You're right, we won!"

"Yes, there's only about fifty of them left. We've avenged our fallen brothers and sisters!" said Zhao Tianxing.

"Tianming, what do you think?" Xuanyuan Yucheng asked.

"I'll go after them and see how many I can kill. You stay here and help the wounded first," said Tianming.

"Can you fight alone?" Xuanyuan Yucheng asked with concern.

"It's alright, I'm quick. It'll be like taking a walk in the park. I'll make sure they suffer over the next few days," said Tianming.

Only four days had passed since the start of the Nether Battle; they had six days to go.

"Yes, there's only a few days left. We can stay here," Xuanyuan Yucheng replied.

"If anything comes up, I'll return and notify you. I'm going after them first. I'll look for an opportunity to destroy Nonahall's hell tree after that," said Tianming.

With that, Tianming left and the others looked at each other in dismay.

"The goddess' disciple is a god himself," Zhao Tianxing sighed.

"Yes, our elders said he has the potential to become a god in the future! He's only twenty years old, while Yama and the others are almost thirty. How can they compare? Tianming is now the number one genius in the Flameyellow Continent. He's unparalleled!" Beigong Qianyu proudly said.

"He's amazing," admired Lin Xixi.

"In this situation, one man alone turned the tide. What else can I say? The entire world can only look up to him," said Dongfang Zichong.

"Everyone." Xuanyuan Yucheng looked at them, his eyes fiery. "No matter what the future of our divine realms are, I won't forget about fighting with all of you here today. Thank you."

"Unforgettable indeed!"

"I hope our elders will be like us. However, Nonahall is really too strong. Biritual and Hexapath are no worse than the Archaion Sect either," Lin Xixi sighed.

"What's there to be afraid of? We have Her Eminence!" said Beigong Qingyu.

"If Her Eminence becomes a god, will she destroy us?" Zhao Tianxing asked.

"I wouldn't. Even if we're fighting for unity, why should we kill those who aren't our enemies? A god would be even more concerned about the common people and the world," Xuanyuan Yucheng replied.

"I hope so."

In fact, as their sects were caught between both sides, they were equally uncomfortable. Knowing when to advance and when to retreat was proving to be a dilemma.

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In the Dimensional Battlefield, there was dead silence in the Yinyang Demon Sect's area the moment Chu Xiaoqi died.

"Unfortunately, she was weak," Sect Master Qin Fengyang sighed, shaking his head.

"Yes." Li Caiwei blinked, her eyelashes lightly trembling.

"Lunar Master, I'm sorry for your loss," said Qin Fengyang.

"It's saddening indeed. When the time comes, you must help me kill more of them to avenge Qi'er," said Li Caiwei.

"Of course."

Having heard their conversation, the other powerhouses didn't dare chime in. However, they could only imagine the uproar in the Biritual Divine Realm.

As the goddess in the hearts of their young disciples, Chu Xiaoqi's death had caused a sensation. Within a day, there were hundreds of millions of people who wanted to kill Tianming.

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Because the Human Branch Dimensional Battlefield was located in the Human Branch, it had the most seats and the largest battlefield. Almost all of the Archaion Sect disciples were gathered there, including the Earth and Heaven Branch disciples.

Tianming had defeated both Jiang Wuxin and Chu Xiaoqi, turning their situation around, and killed almost all the disciples of the five divine realms. In that instant, loud cheers erupted from the crowd. Countless disciples burst into tears as they shouted his name.

In fact, Tianming was grateful to them. It was their Omniscient Will that allowed his successful progress into the second life phase.

Many of his acquaintances were among the crowd—for example, Jian Xueyi and her brothers and sisters of the Swordking Faction. The moment Chu Xiaoqi perished, they embraced each other. Xuanyuan Muxue stood in the corner, watching for a long, long time. After watching her elder brother, Xuanyuan Yucheng, almost dying in battle and witnessing the disciples of the Archaion Sect desperately fighting, tears pooled in her eyes.

"You've done it, for me and my brother both."

There were many others who shed tears as well. Today, Tianming had led the disciples of the four major sects, with his sword in hand, mercilessly killing their enemies and teaching those arrogant, self-righteous bastards the will of the Monorigin Divine Realm. This was a deeply moving moment that would be recorded in the annals.

"Your Eminence, did you see? Brother Yuheng, can you see all of this from the netherworld? We won!"

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Joy and excitement swept through the entire Archaion Divine Realm. This battle was a reminder that the future held even more terrifying dangers, but this group of youths had used their wisdom, bravery, and talent to prove to the entire world that they would never admit defeat!

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Back in the Nether Battlefield, Tianming rode on Meow Meow's back, chasing after the disciples of the Nonahall Ghost Sect. The remaining Nonahall disciples were clearly disappointed that the others had stayed in the cave.

That meant they had no chance of turning defeat into victory. Aside from that, they had a relentless tail behind him, eyeing them like a tiger watching its prey.

Just as their attention was focused elsewhere, a chain shot toward them. There were several disciples without hell barrier formations who, if they were hit, would most likely die.

"What the hell do you want?" asked Yama, his gaze vacant.

"To kill," said Tianming.

"You're courting death!" Both Hei An and Bai Rao went after Tianming.

Noticing the situation, Meow Meow sped off. Once Meow Meow had reached the second-level life phase, it was impossible for anyone to catch up to it.

Tianming's scoundrel-like behavior made them very uncomfortable. He fled the moment they chased after him, but returned if they left him alone. If they allowed their attention to wander, they might lose another disciple as he only targeted the wounded.

"Why bother? You've won, so stop being so annoying. The final battle will be one of life and death." Yama narrowed his eyes.

"That's all in the future. I'll kill as many as I can now. There's still six days left for all of you to slowly enjoy," Tianming said with a fake smile plastered on his face.

They were furious, but they couldn't do anything about Tianming.

"Jiang Wuxin, you deal with him!" Hei An shouted.

Although Jiang Wuxin's lifebound beast was dead, he still retained his cultivation. Jiang Wuxin ignored Hei An, his eyes dull.

The nuisance continued. Tianming didn't attack often, but every time he did, he killed with one blow! It was either death, or the destruction of their hell barrier formation.

Forced to form a formation, they watched Tianming at all times. But nothing worked, not even chasing after him. For the remaining days of the battle, their spirits were tense, their lives were miserable, and their dignity was gone.

The three minor ghouls were furious and filled with killing intent. However, there was nothing they could do to stop such a shameless opponent. Tianming's whip became their nightmare.

The ordeal finally ended on the sixth day. For the past six days, Tianming had used this irksome approach to keep a close watch over them and kill whenever the opportunity arose. He killed two or three each day for six days, a total of more than a dozen people! There were only five Heptastar disciples left. Nonahall had lost thirty people in the battle, leaving only fifty behind. What catastrophic damage! The days were full, but the Nonahall disciples were seething with anger.

Finally, the ten-day battle was over. It was clear who the winners and losers were.

Tianming sat on Meow Meow, studying his opponents. There weren't many of them left. The most important ones were Yama, Bai Rao, and Hei An.

"Hey, Minor Tortoise Kings, I'll see you in the Dimensional Battlefield." Tianming smiled.

"Yes, make sure to prepare two coffins, one for you and one for your goddess," Yama laughed.

Before Tianming's meteoric rise, Yama was recognized as the number one disciple on the Flameyellow Continent.

It was rumored that he had all kinds of ruthless means, some of which Tianming had personally witnessed. They were frightening indeed. Bai Rao and Hei An were just as impressive, and both were stronger than Chu Xiaoqi.

Tianming couldn't wait to fight them and find out who lived and who died.

Chapter 733 - The Three Treasures And The Blood Of The Specter

When time ran out, the Number One Battlefield Formation that had enveloped the Skyorigin Battlefield and Nether Battlefield closed and everything suddenly disappeared.

Only two groups of disciples remained. The first consisted of disciples from the four major sects, headed by the Archaion Sect, with about ninety people still alive, and about thirty people in the second group that consisted of Nonahall and Heptastar disciples.

More than four hundred top geniuses had entered the battlefield, but only a hundred and twenty remained. Among them were many who had been crippled, like Jiang Wuxin. The brutality of the battle was obvious.

In fact, this had been the most ruthless Number One Summit ever held. Friends in need were friends indeed.

Tianming and Xuanyuan Yucheng hugged each other. Many disciples had tears in their eyes. They had withstood a most cruel hunt by fighting on the edge of life and death. But in the end, they had won! Not only was it their victory, they had also regained their dignity.

At this moment, the young people were embracing each other, regardless of which sect they originated from. As Xuanyuan Yucheng had said, no matter what the future holds, they would never forget this battle.

"A warrior dies for like-minded friends. Goodbye everyone."

"I hope we're still be friends when we meet again."

"I hope so too!"

Zhao Tianxing, Dongfang Zichong, Lin Xixi, and the others gathered together.

"Li Tianming, we're counting on you for the final battle! You must win! In my heart, you deserve to be number one." Zhao Tianxing admired Tianming very much. Patting his shoulder, he condensed a thousand words into those two sentences. Tianming smiled and shook his hand.

All eyes were on him.

"You can't lose and you mustn't die!"

This was what they believed.

On the other side, the Nonahall disciples had already returned to their elders. Ashen and boiling with rage, they gloomily left.

The elders of the Hexapath Sword Sect, Quadform Oceanic Sect, and Yinyang Demon Sect had already left after cleaning up their juniors' corpses.

"Everyone."

The palace lord of Deepstar Hall, Yi Xingyin, was already waiting for them.

"Congratulations. The sect is proud of all of you."

His voice sounded rather hoarse. Under the leadership of their elders, the four sects bade farewell to each other. They knew their union didn't necessarily mean that their respective sects were united; the future was beyond their control.

"The final battle will take place in the Heaven Branch Dimensional Battlefield three days from now. The list of the top thirty-two has already been released. When the time comes, you'll battle from beginning to end. The one with five consecutive wins will be number one!"

As expected, Tianming was first on the list. His score in the Nether Battlefield was more than ten times that of second place. His score was unprecedented; however, all Tianming wanted was a place in the finals.

Tianming, Xuanyuan Yucheng, and Fang Chenjing had all made it onto the list.

"Tianming, we're mostly counting on you. You're the only one strong enough to take on the three minor ghouls," said Yi Xingyin.

"Yes!"

"Let's go."

"Where to?"

"To Soulburn Hall to see Her Eminence. You'll have a full schedule over the next three days."

"Alright."

Yi Xingyin made a special trip to Soulburn Hall with Tianming. Tianming was extremely important to the Archaion Sect but perhaps his current strength wasn't enough.

At Xuanyuan Lake, they passed the Human Branch Dimensional Battlefield. Tianming saw more than three hundred thousand disciples there; not one of them had left. His name resounded through the battlefield.

"Like a hero, your performance conquered the entire sect. Right now, they think of you as a god!" said Yi Xingyin.

"A god?"

It was no wonder he had acquired Omniscient Will from them.

"Tianming, Her Eminence hasn't said anything. But we all know that choosing you to conquer the world was her intention."

"I'll make sure to uphold her expectations," said Tianming.

As he had expected, the better he performed, the more profound Feiling would appear. And for those who suspected she wasn't a god? The thought must be terrifying to those with such conjectures.

...

The Heaven Divine Hall was where the guests from the other eight divine realms were staying. It was very large, so they weren't affected by one another. Before the Nether Battle, it had been very lively, but today it was cold and cheerless.

The wind howled and heavy snow covered the grounds. In one of the courtyards, a thick layer of snow had accumulated and the pavilions were covered in white. In the evenings, the snow fell harder. Apart from the howling wind, there was only dead silence in the Heaven Divine Hall.

The Nonahall Ghost Sect occupied the northernmost Nonahall Pavilion. Within a black pavilion, three young disciples knelt on the ground. In front of them stood a man in red robes. Against the dusky sky, the man looked extremely strange, shrouded in red with a bloody peony embroidered on his chest.

Yama, Bai Rao, and Hei An stuck their foreheads to the cold ground, motionless.

"Look up," said the man.

"Yes, Ghoul King." The three obediently raised their heads.

"Here are three different treasures. Go back and refine them. They'll help you grow stronger. It's such a waste to use such excellent treasures on you, so you should know what you're supposed to do after using them," said the man.

"Yes. Kill Li Tianming, take first place, and win the Kilostar Domain," Hei An solemnly replied.

"If something goes wrong and the sect's plan is ruined, you know what'll happen to you, don't you?" asked the man.

"We'll die and never be reincarnated." Bai Rao's voice trembled, sweat dotting her forehead.

"Relax. These treasures have different uses, but they'll give you a lethality beyond your abilities. And they're all allowed, according to regulations. If you use them well, you'll be rewarded."

The man in the red robe gave each of them a jade box. Coincidentally, the boxes also came in three colors—gray, black and white. Obviously, these treasures had long been prepared for them.

"We thank you and the sect, Ghou King." The three carefully put away their treasures, their eyes fiery. These treasures were items they desired.

"Judging by the strength Tianming showed in dealing with Chu Xiaoqi and the others, you're all strong enough. However, the Kilostar Domain is of great importance, so it's better to be on the safe side. According to the rules of the final battle, no matter which of you runs into him, you must win. Do you understand?" asked the man.

"Yes!"

"Here are three spatial rings which are connected to mine. Once you've killed him, you must immediately place his sword and tower into your spatial ring."

The man handed out the items.

Spatial ring in hand, the three looked at one another.

"Ghou King, are we allowed to openly take his possessions on the Dimensional Battlefield?" Yama asked curiously.

"We'll deal with that. Just take the sword and tower." The man in red smiled.

"Yes!"

It was obvious how domineering their sect was, and their confidence grew.

"Yama, Bai Rao, and Hei An, you lost so miserably in the Nether Battle. Despite stripping the sect of dignity and causing a dip in morale, we haven't held you accountable, but given you treasures and placed our hope in you. This is a chance to atone for your sins. If you fail, your life, your parents' lives, and your elders' lives will be finished. Do you understand?" asked the man.

"Yes!" the three responded. Their hearts raged; their path was one of no retreat.

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At the same time, a man dressed in green sat cross-legged on the grounds of a courtyard within the Hexapath Pavilion, where the Hexapath Sword Sect resided. Hands clasped together, he closed his eyes as strands of sword ki roiled around him, as many as tens of millions. Each of the strands was as fine as a hair.

There was only silence. Suddenly, a shadow descended outside the windows. This shadow was attached to the window paper, as if they had merged together.

"Ying'er, what is it?" Feng Qingyu asked.

"Give me your disciple. He has our sacred blood." The shadow's voice was female and sounded very cold.

"What sacred blood?" Feng Qingyu kept his eyes closed, as if playing with the sword ki around his body.

"That's not something you need to know. Just know that it's Nonahall's divine artifact," said Ying Zi.

"He's crippled and lost his lifebound beast. Are you going to take him back and remove the sacred blood?" asked Feng Qingyu.

"No. The sacred blood chose him and bestowed its inheritance. We can't take it from him. But we can help him tap into the power of the sacred blood and turn him into a peerless powerhouse without a lifebound beast. It won't take much time at all," said Ying Zi.

"A peerless powerhouse?"

"Yes, one equal to you," said Ying Zi.

"A peerless powerhouse, or a puppet, a killing machine?" Feng Qingyu retorted.

"Is there a difference? Anyway, he'll be better than he is now. What's the difference between his current situation and being dead?" said Ying Zi.

"But I can't give you a peerless powerhouse for nothing," asked Feng Qingyu.

"Then get straight to the point. Let's negotiate the terms."

"And your words represent the Nonahall Ghost Sect?"

"At the moment, yes."

"Alright, since you're sincere about this, then let's be honest with each other. First of all, there's no such thing as sacred blood in this world. The drop of blood that fused with my disciple comes from the Nonahall Specter. The Nonahall Specter is very mysterious. However, I happen to have cultivated in the Nonahall Ghost Sect for a period of time, and even visited his tomb. I know about Fiendgodmorphize," said Feng Qingyu.

"So, you already knew he had the blood of the specter?" Ying Zi seemed surprised.

"Yes, and I know the blood can't be taken away. I know you speak the truth, and above all, I know you're capable of unearthing its potential," asked Feng Qingyu.

"And what about that?"

"You should show some sincerity when negotiating terms. My disciple can help you. If you want to take him away, don't try fooling me with useless promises," said Feng Qingyu.

"What do you want?" asked Ying Zi.

Chapter 734 - Star Map of the Kilostar Domain

"What can you offer me?" Feng Qingyu asked.

The shadowy figure paused for a moment. "Before coming here, we made the ultimate compromise and agreed to give the entire territory of the Monorigin Sect to you."

"Does that include Taiji Peak Lake? The original agreement stipulated that we'd split the territory in half with the Yinyang Demon Sect, with Taiji Peak Lake going to them."

"That's right, it now includes Taiji Peak Lake as well."

"What does Li Caiwei think about that?"

"After this, she'll no longer have the right to speak. Everything will be decided by us."

"I see. You're too powerful, so you're calling the shots. You could easily force me to leave, as you will the Yinyang Demon Sect after the war, and take all the territory for your Nonahall Ghost Sect too."

"You can't put it that way. We have a better relationship with you than with Biritual. Li Caiwei can't match up to you yet."

"There's no point in promising to give me something you don't even have yet. I want something tangible that I can get now."

"If you have anything in mind, feel free to say it."

"What I want is the Star Map of Kilostar Domain."

The figure thought in silence.

"Will you give it to me?" Feng Qingyu asked.

"It isn't something I have the right to decide. I'll go back for now, and if we come to some conclusion you can bring Jiang Wuxin directly to us."

"Deal."

"I'll take my leave then."

"Wait." Feng Qingyu finally opened his eyes. "Don't tell me you can't even get the peak tribulation manna of Kilostar Domain."

The figure merely laughed softly, then disappeared beyond the sliding door. After she left, Feng Qingyu stood up, walked through a long corridor, and reached a snow-covered courtyard. Nothing but a few plum blossoms could be seen above the snow. The plum trees that grew at Taiji Peak Lake had heavenly patterns; some even had saintly heavenly patterns. There was another white pavilion there that was half covered in snow, within which a black-clad youth sat staring blankly into the distance.

"Wuxin," Feng Qingyu said sternly.

"Master." Jiang Wuxin snapped out of it and knelt with both knees on the snow.

"How does it feel?" "I feel more dead than alive."

"Can you be an unfeeling person from now on?"

"I can, but there's no longer a point."

"There is. I can give you a final chance at revenge."

"Master..." he looked up to Feng Qingyu with a heavy gaze, "I'm already a cripple. What else can I do?"

"As long as your heart survives, there's hope. You have experienced so many lifetime partings and have become stronger than anyone else. This loss was so horrible that it made you lose everything, but that's just the nature of life. One day, you'll be thankful for what you have now."

"Master, please enlighten me," Jiang Wuxin said, taking a deep breath to control the agitation he felt.

"The Nonahall Ghost Sect noticed that the blood of the Nonahall Specter flows within you. They can turn you into a soulless, mindless killing machine, a powerful weapon they'll control for their own ends. You'll lose even more than you already have, but one thing is certain: you'll become far more powerful than before."

"Lose even more? Master, I have nothing left to lose."

"You mean to say you're willing to become their weapon?"

"I am. As long as I can grow stronger and have my revenge, I'm willing to do anything. It doesn't matter if I'm no longer myself. As long as everyone remembers my name, it's enough for me." His eyes were red as tears dropped onto the ground.

"That day will eventually come."

"Master, will you leave the Hexapath Sword Sect if I agree? You're my benefactor, and I worry that Nonahall will turn me against you."

"That depends on you."

"What do you mean?"

Feng Qingyu pursed his lips and said, "Child, Nonahall is hell. Even if it's an opportunity for you, as your master, I'll never allow you to lose yourself."

"Then what should I do?"

"They'll be using the power of the Nonahall Specter's blood to make you lose your soul and turn you into a puppet, but I can teach you a part of the Hexascript Sword Mantra left by the Hexapath Sword God. Just chant it daily and you'll be able to stabilize your soul and maintain your sense of self. That's the only way you can stay your own person. Never give up, Wuxin. As long as you're alive, you should soldier on, even if you have to be someone else's dog."

"Thank you, Master!" He began fervently kowtowing nonstop.

"To be honest, I'm not sure it'll work. It's a bet, at the end of the day. Whether you succeed and rise again will depend on you alone. If you manage to rise back to prominence, I believe that nobody will ever be able to stop you again."

"Definitely!" he yelled hoarsely with all that was left of his energy. Though he was sobbing and crying, his gaze was filled with endless courage and a spirit to fight to the death.

Feng Qingyu patted him on the head and sighed. "Wuxin, no matter where you end up, remember that the Swordsoul Mountains will always be your home."

"Understood! You're my master from now to eternity! If I let myself return to harm the Hexapath Sword Sect, may the heavens strike me down! I'm a native of the Hexapath Divine Realm in life and in death. I'll never forget this debt that I can never pay back."

Feng Qingyu laughed and pinched Jiang Wuxin's ear. "Foolish child, don't speak in such absolutes. I'm making a bet using your life. If you do lose your mind and come to kill me, I'll let it happen."

"No, no! My soul will persist for eternity!" Jiang Wuxin swore like a madman.

"Alright, fine!" Feng Qingyu helped him up. "Child, there are too many gods rising up in this world. If the heavens refuse us, I shall become a fiend with you."

The blizzard raged on, but Jiang Wuxin felt warmer than ever from the fire that burned in him whenever he thought of the white-haired youth.

"Die! Die! Die!" he cried soundlessly. Before he knew it, Feng Qingyu had left him lying on the ground to be swallowed up by the snow. "Yin'er, Yu'er, I'll never forget the two of you."

Chapter 735 - Onward with the Human Emperor's Dragonhide

Feiling asked the others to leave Soulburn Hall. Nowadays, it was much easier for her to meet with Tianming alone. They sat shoulder to shoulder within the hall. Though the snowstorm hadn't abated, it was quite warm inside and they sat by the windowsill with wine warmed from a small brazier.

"It's really cold...." Feiling turned to look at Tianming with her beautiful eyes and a smile on her face, her hair pushed to the side of her head. She was a little flushed from the wine she had drunk, making her look puffy and cute. "I want a hug."

Tianming wrapped his arms around her waist and let her rest her head against his shoulder. Her scent wafted into his nostrils, ever so familiar. He had finally experienced what it meant to part for a short time that felt like an eternity. "Ling'er, do you know what makes me drunk the easiest?"

"What?"

"The thought of staying with you now and forever."

"Urp...." She almost regurgitated the wine she just drank.

"Touching, isn't it?" Tianming confidently said.

"Hahahaha!" Her face beamed with laughter.

Tianming sighed, "Such are the woes of a man too handsome for his own good. Not to mention all that talent I have. It's no wonder you've fallen so hard for me."

"That sounds so reasonable that I don't even know how to argue against it."

Now that they were finally alone together, they didn't talk about the worrying things and merely enjoyed each other's company. Tianming tightly hugged the goddess that so many people revered, feeling the warmth of her body contrasting against the cold of the outside.

"I really want us to be like this forever, Big Brother," she said, biting her lip in worry.

"Just wait a little longer. After the Number One Summit, I'll spend time with you every day."

"Okay!"

"It'll definitely return to normal."

"It will. Let's do our best together."

"Definitely." He gripped her hand tightly in his own. Soon, two hours had passed without them noticing.

"It's about time that I leave."

The final phase would be the true ending of the summit.

"I'll wait for your return, Big Brother." Her sweet smile and cute prayer gesture was enchanting, to say the least. The snow falling in the backdrop only made for an even better picture.

"Alright." He turned and left without hesitating or stopping. He was off to off even more of his foes.

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The moment Tianming left Soulburn Hall, he saw Xuanyuan Dao waiting for him outside. "Greetings, Sect Master."

"You really are amazing, Tianming." There were many things he wanted to say, but couldn't, so all he could do was smile.

"All I can say is that I was lucky to have survived."

"No matter what others might say, I personally think you saved our sect this time around."

"The sect has given me much, I'm just fulfilling my obligation to repay it." Without Xuanyuan Dao's generosity, he wouldn't have managed to achieve what he had.

"Well, let's not bring up old debts. I have some good news for you instead," Xuanyuan Dao said.

"Oh? What is it?"

"I have a suggestion which all the tribulation elders have agreed to. During the last three days before the start of the final phase, you may train in front of Great Emperor Xuanyuan."

"Umm.... Does it have any special effects?" Tianming had been planning to spend that time in the Old Deepstar Path instead. Three days wasn't enough for him to achieve much, though, not even at the Old Deepstar Path.

"It isn't something that can be revealed. You'll have to experience it for yourself. If you benefit from it, it'll be your luck. If not, it's fine as well. After all, you aren't a descendant of Great Emperor Xuanyuan, so that wouldn't be entirely unexpected."

"So, there's something more special about him other than the imperial tribulation?"

"You'll have to find out for yourself. There's no point asking me, as not even I know what it is."

"Alright."

"Let's go then."

Tianming followed Xuanyuan Dao toward Heaven Sacred Mountain.

Xuanyuan Dao said, "What you did during the Nether Battle increased the solidarity between our sect and the other sects. There's a much greater chance that we'll be able to form alliances with them."

"I'm glad I was able to help."

"Of course you were able to. At the very least, our enemies can no longer force us into handing Her Eminence over."

"Very well." In other words, Feiling was safe for now.

"However, the summit isn't over yet. Now, you're our symbol. If you lose, our current edge will be gone and things will only get harder from there. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes. I can only win, I can't lose. Losing means the end of everything. The victory isn't just mine, it's also a symbol of our divine realm's struggle with the others."

"It seems you understand that much. This trip to the Heaven Cauldron will be our sect's final gamble."

Soon, they arrived at their destination.

"Oh, my fellow poet is here," Ouyang Jianwang said, face flushed from his alcohol. "Sleep comes hard in spring, victory comes fast to Tianming."

"Come spring returns the frosted petal's luster, that's when insects come to muster."

"A battle-worn armor, when polished, is bright and gleaming; Sect Master Xuanyuan's face, now refreshed, is bright and beaming," Ouyang Jianwang said to Xuanyuan Dao.

"Eternal prosperity or desolate loss? A look and I know that you should get lost," Tianming said with a wink.

"Dammit!" Ouyang Jianwang snapped. "I ain't doing this anymore! I won't open the door."

"Please don't! I'll come up with another then. On and on I pondered in thought, high-strung, but fathom I can't, someone better than Ouyang Jianwang."

"That's more like it!" He broke out laughing.

"You've got nothing better to do?" Xuanyuan Dao glared at them before stepping into Heaven Cauldron, followed by the other two. Soon, the entrance inside the cauldron opened once more, but not all of them were going in.

"After you go in, we'll seal the door until right before the final phase. No matter whether you benefit from this or not, you must always remain calm. We're only trying our luck here, understand?" Xuanyuan Dao said sternly.

"Yes!"

"Now enter." He pushed Tianming in and sealed the entrance with Ouyang Jianwang.

"How daring of you. You're the only person to toss an outsider in to meet Great Emperor Xuanyuan alone in your house's two hundred thousand years of history."

"Who said he was an outsider? Great Emperor Xuanyuan is the Progenitor of Humanity. Every human is his descendant."

"Fair point. Then there's no reason I shouldn't be let in as well."

"In your dreams."

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Tianming landed stably on the ground. His surroundings were so dark that it felt like he had fallen into pure nothingness. Xuanyuan Dao hadn't gone in with him, and there was no longer any light within. He couldn't see where Great Emperor Xuanyuan was, let alone the five dragons. Even after he tried scanning his surroundings with his third eye, he couldn't see anything.

"Where's Great Emperor Xuanyuan's body?"

It was as if there was nothing here. He was quite taken aback, having hoped that he would get something huge out of this. I can't be hasty. If it comes, it comes.

He decided to walk around to see if something would happen, so he picked a direction and took out the Grand-Orient Sword. "Show me the way."

He knew that the feeling he got from the emperor was similar to the one from the Primordial God-Emperor, so perhaps they were related in some way. At the very least, they seemed to be the same kind of people. Tianming closed his eyes and walked with sword in hand. Even so, the sword only softly glowed, like a firefly in complete darkness. But at the very least, he was moving forward.

"The sect's survival hinges upon the results of this Number One Summit. Progenitor, this humble disciple, Li Tianming, is a traveler on the imperial path. My oath is to protect my subjects as a sovereign would. If there is chaos in the realm, I'm willing to sacrifice myself to quell it!" These words had come from his heart. It was the purest expression of his desire, and he would honor it by walking wherever his sword would take him.

Soon, a day or two had passed and he felt that he didn't have much time left. "I can't afford to panic. Even if I don't get anything out of this, I'll walk this path to the end."

He took a deep breath; he was already quite proficient at regulating his mental state. By the third day, he occasionally began to worry and waver, but every time, he managed to calm himself.

"All I can do is to tread the path laid by my betters. The road ahead is filled with countless mysteries, but why should I care? I'll just walk it to the end!"

He shifted from walking to running as he put his sword away. He felt like a child running freely through the plains, feeling the wind on his face and enjoying the sights of nature. He felt alive, he felt free! His legs moved faster and faster.

"Run, run, run!"

His hair fluttered in the darkness. All of a sudden, a human voice sounded so loud that it shook his ears.

"Behold the dark skies, the golden earth, the grand and desolate universe;

"The waxing sun and the waning moon, the countless astral constellations;

"The cycle of water, rising and falling, the forming of dew that frosts the leaves.

"The golden rivers and jaded mountains;

"Grand is the Imperial Sword, soft is the night glow of the pearl;

"Dragon Master, Flaming Emperor, Phoenix Principal, Human Emperor." [1]

"Human Emperor, Human Emperor!"

When Tianming was running his fastest, he suddenly saw a bright flash. He raised his head and saw a sovereign clad in a dragon robe, seated high up on his dragon throne as he looked down solemnly at him.

"Progenitor!" Tianming cried. Great Emperor Xuanyuan had appeared! Behind him were the five dragons corresponding to metal, wood, water, fire, and earth, all of them also sternly looking at him.

He could hear their loud roars ringing in his ears. Countless draconic scales scattered from the five dragons, numbering in the millions as they piled up and shrank, gathering on his body and forming a draconic armor.

"Young man, tread onward with the Human Emperor's Dragonhide!"

1. The author quotes a few phrases from the Thousand Character Classic here, the translation of which has been adapted loosely to fit the story.

Chapter 736 - Blizzard on the Battlefield

"The Human Emperor's Dragonhide?" Tianming was overwhelmed at the sight of the five-colored dragonscale armor formed from millions of individual pieces. It spanned his entire body, containing a complete set including a helmet, gorget, pauldrons, breastplate, robes, war skirt, boots, and even a five-colored cape. To say it looked imposing would be an understatement. The parts near the head, hands and legs looked like parts of a dragon, complete with horns and claws, each having distinct colors of gold, green, blue, red and brown.

Currently, he stood tall and mighty and was filled with a draconic aura, making him look like an incarnation of the emperor of all humans himself. He felt his defensive capabilities increase as the armor formed around him, especially with the dragonforce it contained. It boosted his powers even more, much like the Grand-Orient Vortex in his sword in terms of speed, defense, power, and explosiveness. Tianming felt it was not unlike the effects of Spiritual Attachment.

"Impressive!" He was shocked at the seemingly boundless power of dragons. Just like the Grand-Orient Vortex, however, the amount of power that flowed through his body was actually only a small part of it. He gripped his left fist and punched the air, causing a sonic boom.

But after some time, he felt a little fatigued. "Perhaps it's because I haven't taken full control of the Dragonhide yet, so it's really draining on my soul. I guess I can only use it during crucial times for an explosive burst in power. No matter, I can practice with it when I get more time in the future."

If he hadn't even mastered the Prime Tower yet, there was no way he could master this armor in the time that he had. Not to mention, he felt that his connection with the armor was only very minute at best. When he willed it, the armor began receding into his heart, seemingly making it stronger and causing dragon blood to be pumped into his body. "It's stored in my heart? How can I summon it then?"

As he thought that, the armor gave him the answer. He smacked his chest heavily and caused the armor to manifest in an instant, imbuing him with the glory of an ultimate fiendgod. With Dragonhide on, his abilities would all be boosted, especially his defense, though he wouldn't be able to wear it for long. He took a deep breath and willed the armor to return to his heart.

"Was this divine artifact given to me by Great Emperor Xuanyuan?" He looked up and was shocked to see that the five dragons no longer had scales. All of them had gone into making the Dragonhide.

"They must've ascended to godhood as well!" How impressive would the armor be, formed from a million of their scales? He had a feeling that the benefits he had noticed were just a small drop in a wide ocean. The whole time he was there, the emperor kept his eyes shut. Finally, everything began calming down.

"Progenitor, I will not let you down." He knelt and kowtowed to show his respect. Back then, all he wanted was to ensure Feiling's survival. But now, his fate and the Archaion Sect's were bound together.

"I will definitely not allow your descendants to be exterminated by others! So I will fight, and emerge victorious in the summit!" Since he'd received their aid, he would definitely repay them. When he calmed down, the door above him opened. The day of the final phase was finally here.

"Tianming, it's time," Xuanyuan Dao said.

"Yes!"

Tianming bade the emperor goodbye and flew upward, after which the door was sealed once more. The interior of the Heaven Cauldron resumed its eternal silence.

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The snowstorm was brewing strong outside, to the point that there was barely any daylight. Any snow that approached Xuanyuan Dao and Ouyang Jianwang vaporized into steam.

"How is it?" Xuanyuan Dao asked.

"The Human Emperor's Dragonhide," Tianming said plainly.

The other two looked each other in the eye, then Ouyang Jianwang laughed uncontrollably as he shot him a thumbs up. "Brilliant. You've made history. The only other person to be able to obtain the Dragonhide was the goddess herself." In other words, Xuanyuan Xi from a hundred thousand years ago.

"This is the best possible outcome, Tianming. I find it hard to believe that you really aren't a descendant of the Xuanyuan house. Why don't you just marry into our family then?" Xuanyuan Dao said.

Tianming chuckled, wanting to ask if he could marry their precious goddess. The cheers of everyone in the sect could be heard coming from all over. Even the strongest of blizzards couldn't cool down their burning passion.

"Has it begun?" Tianming asked.

"It will right away. Come with me to the Heaven Branch Dimensional Battlefield."

"Okay!"

The three of them hurried there and arrived in due time. The commotion was mostly coming from the Dimensional Battlefield in the human branch; the one in the Heaven Branch was actually rather quiet, as none of the seniors there were speaking.

When Tianming entered, he saw that they were at least tribulation elders and above. The only others there were the final thirty-two participants, including Xuanyuan Yucheng, Fang Chenjing, and the geniuses from the other divine realms.

The surrounding tension seemed to freeze over on the eve of the final battle. Like before, everyone would be able to see everything through the Skyeye Formations, but only those in the Heaven Branch's Dimensional Battlefield could witness it live. All the others in the Archaion Sect were watching from the Human Branch, a total of more than 4.5 million people. Their cries even reached the Heaven Branch.

Meanwhile, there was an audience at the Hexapath Sword Sect's Swordsoul Mountains, the Heptastar Aerial Sect's Heptastar Cavern, and the Nonahall Ghost Sect's Specter Mountains. They were all watching in fervent anticipation. It was the ultimate showdown between the disciples of these sects. It wasn't just a fight for the ultimate tribulation manna; their lives, pride, and dignity were also on the line!

Tianming seemed able to hear the cries from those all around the continent. He had killed far too many and formed too many grudges. There were at least millions in the other divine realms cursing his name.

"Die, Li Tianming!"

"May the Monorigin Sect be eradicated!"

Their combined will was so powerful that he could feel the pressure. There were far too many watching who were unhappy with him, scheming to take the position of number one for themselves.

"Tianming," Fang Taiqing called out.

"Sect Master."

"You're aware that just because we obtained victory in the Nether Battle, that doesn't mean we've won the whole thing, right? Everything still depends on the final phase. Additionally, the ultimate tribulation mana from the Kilostar Domain is key. Rumor has it that it's the key to the secrets of the Kilostar Domain. If you obtain it, our situation will change greatly."

"I understand."

"We are now facing pressure on many fronts. Hopefully, you'll be able to fight for all of us in the Archaion Divine Realm to rise back to prominence."

Tianming nodded. He knew that people like Fang Taiqing would willingly hand over Feiling to the other sects once the pressure began mounting on them. While he had done well in the Nether Battle, the final phase was the most important one. It was a desperate fight, and only the winner would have the last laugh. If he won, there would be more weight to Xuanyuan Dao's words, which in turn meant that others in the sect would hold Fang Taiqing with less regard. To ensure Feiling and the sect's survival, he had to ensure they were united.

"I will bring hope to Archaion no matter the cost."

His heart bubbled with hot-blooded passion. There was a miniature formation floating above the Dimensional Battlefield: it was Number One Battlefield, and its main function was to randomly assign matches for the participants.

The entire area was covered in pure white snow. Tianming figured that even the slightest drop of blood would stand out against the landscape. The lightning in Ignispolis, the rain in the Divine Capital, and now the blizzard in the Archaion Sect were all unforgettable sights. Now, he stood amidst the blizzard and let his hair and robes bask in the snow, feeling the frost on him. His enemies were right before him, and everyone across the continent was intently watching them.

Fang Taiqing rose and announced in a clear voice, "The final phase of the Number One Summit shall commence!"

Though it wasn't particularly loud, it was heard all over Taiji Peak Lake and even Soulburn Hall. Countless disciples cheered with passion.

"Li Tianming!" The chants from the Human Branch were heard echoing throughout the entire Archaion Sect as the formation in mid-air began flashing and randomly assigned matches for the upcoming battles.

Chapter 737 - Son of Heptastar

The participants would be fighting to the bitter end today. Everyone tensed up as the moment approached and the Skyeye Formations from all over the continent focused on the lights that circled around the thirty-two participants before it settled on a single person.

"Heptastar Aerial Sect, Changsun Xingyue, step up!"

A young man in a starry robe descended to the snowy battlefield and roared, inciting the Heptastar disciples at their home in Heptastar Cavern to cry out as well.

"We're number one!"

Even though it sounded a little embarrassing, many of them shouted the slogan nonetheless. Who wouldn't want to be number one?

"Who's going to be his opponent?"

As the strongest Heptastar disciple, Changsun Xingyue was impressive in his own right. The geniuses of the Heptastar Divine Realm and the seniors watching from the Heaven Branch set their sights on him. The person the second ray of light illuminated would be his opponent.

Gradually, the light slowed down and stopped, immediately ushering in a round of silence. It had landed on a white-haired youth with black and gold eyes that shone imposingly in the blizzard.

"Monorigin Sect, Li Tianming, step up!" When the Number One Battlefield's formation announced the match, Tianming descended to the battlefield as well. As he stepped forward in the snow, his eyes glinted menacingly.

"That's a horrible first match...."

Many people snapped out of it and the tension boiled over. Among the strongest disciples in the five divine realms, Jiang Wuxin, Chu Xiaoqi, and Long Xiaofan had lost to Tianming. It remained to be seen whether those from Heptastar and Nonahall would be able to match up, and now it was Changsun Xingyue's turn to prove himself.

The crowds from the two sects were incensed when the matchup was announced. This would be a test of their might, a proxy war to prove their superiority. Their gazes met each other's as the snow fell all around them.

"Do you think I'll be that easy to deal with?" Changsun Xingyue said, squinting. His eyes were rather long and thin, but the glow in them was bright and brilliant.

"Won't you?"

"I'm sorry to tell you that I've broken through to the fifth-level life phase, so I'm not one bit weaker than Chu Xiaoqi or Jiang Wuxin. Since they couldn't take you down, it's my turn to take your life."

"Very well. It'd be boring if you were too weak."

"Hehe, do you think someone like you deserves to act so arrogantly?"

"I don't know, but I know that it isn't up to you to decide either!" Tianming firmed his stance in the snowy ground, wielding his sword in both hands. Now that there was no hell barrier formation, he only needed one fatal strike to kill.

"You are doomed to fail. You overestimate your abilities. Today will be your last!" As Changsun Xingyue spoke, his lifebound beasts appeared above his head. They were starbeasts, which were quite unique across the Flameyellow Continent. The Heptastar Deity had relied on them to rock the entire continent during his time.

Starbeasts weren't beasts, strictly speaking. They didn't have eyes, ears, or noses, and could only communicate telepathically with their beastmasters. Changsun Xingyue's starbeasts looked like three meteorites, one flaming, one crackling with lightning, and one with a metallic sheen. Those three 'stars' had more than four hundred stars on their surface; they weren't in their eyes but spread all over their bodies instead. It could be said that those of Heptastar cultivated with the stars themselves, rather than beasts.

The stars also had beast veins, spirit sources, saint springs, and even lifesprings and could be considered half-corporeal entities, which allowed them to fuse with one another.

The three stars fused into one and formed a superstar, with different elements exposed on different parts of its body. It looked like a whole mountain floating above Changsun Xingyue's head and it seemed much harder and tougher than normal lifebound beasts. Like the many powerful bloodlines across the nine divine realms, those of Heptastar had their own unique advantage that had allowed them to propagate through history. Changsun Xingyue and his superstar looked utterly imposing.

"Son of Heptastar, kill him!" That was what the many fellow disciples of his sect called him. Changsun Xingyue's gaze turned cold as he charged straight toward Tianming with such speed and intensity that the entire battlefield shook. The duel was finally beginning!

Facing the pressure, Tianming didn't seem the least bit perturbed. He held his gigantic sword with both hands and, in the next instant, let his power surge with a single thought. The Impereal Sword Formation and strands of tribulation sword ki covered the entire battlefield.

He then loosened his left hand's grip and pointed the red eye on his palm at Changsun Xingyue, using the Soulshaker Eye on him and instantly causing his vision to darken. The ghastly red eye shook the 'Son of Heptastar's' soul and caused him to fall into a momentary panic. He quickly struck with his palm and shattered the illusion, only to see Tianming appear right in front of him.

"Crush him!" His superstar starbeast came crashing down with enough power to shatter the whole battlefield, but a white tower suddenly appeared above Tianming's head and pierced straight at it!

The collision sent sparks flying, causing a screeching noise to reverberate far and wide. The combined star had come crashing down with utmost force, only to crash into the immovable Prime Tower. The fatal blow had been completely stopped, but that wasn't all.

Tianming completely ignored the starbeast and unleashed his full power into the Grand-Orient Sword, slashing it downward like a wild beast with the sword intent containing the arrogance of rulers and the rage of the ruled.

Mortal Dao Sword!

"You?!" Changsun Xingyue hadn't thought Tianming would be so ferocious. Armed with a blade and shield with seven tribulation patterns, he quickly raised them to block the strike. With a loud clang, Grand-Orient Sword crashed into his shield and shattered it. "How could this be?"

Was Tianming really that much more powerful than him, or was it just that his weapon was stronger? Nobody knew the real answer as Tianming's next sword strike came slashing down with ferocious intensity with the essence of the sword of death in rapid succession, forcing Changsun Xingyue back.

Chapter 738 - They Call Me the Venomfiend

Changsun Xingyue was being pushed back horribly from the very start of the fight! He hurriedly summoned his superstar back and had it use its ability to circle around the tower to strike Tianming, but by then, Tianming had broken his blade. Both his weapons were now gone! "You...."

Even though he was a fifth-level life phase samsaran, he was performing pathetically against Tianming, who hadn't even summoned his beasts to join the fray. That was so aggravating that he was on the edge of going mad!

Tianming came in with another sword blow. "Die!"

The Grand-Orient Sword descended toward Changsun Xingyue's head. In a flash, it struck the ground and created a crevice thousands of meters in length and more than fifty meters in depth, splitting his body into two even halves. They fell apart on the ground and gushed blood nonstop, blooming into a flower of blood on the snowy ground. Changsun Xingyue was dead! It wasn't even a fight—it was a complete slaughter!

Tianming was sent flying by the starbeast, but he soon got back up and charged toward it with the combined might of the Grand-Orient Sword and Prime Tower.

Everyone expected the starbeast to be killed soon. Though the fight hadn't strictly concluded, the ones watching from the Archaion and Heptastar Divine Realms were hyped up to the high heavens. One side cheered for their imminent victory, while the other raged at their helpless plight.

It didn't take long before the starbeast was pierced through thousands of times. It exploded into chunks that scattered all across the snowy ground, dotting the arena with its blood. This was the fight that started the final phase, and it was a bloody omen of the battles that were to come.

Loud cheers from the Human Branch crying out Tianming's name could be heard. They seemed to begin deifying him as Omniscient Will began forming, and that wasn't limited only to the disciples! All sentient lifeforms in Archaion contributed to the Omniscient Will.

On the other hand, everyone in the Heptastar Divine Realm could only throw loud tantrums. Chaos was breaking out all over. The strongest disciples of Birtual, Quadform, Hexapath and Heptastar had been felled by Tianming, save for Jiang Wuxin, but as far as the others were concerned, he was as good as dead. Tianming steadied himself and walked away in the heavy snow.

.....

The intense emotions coursing through the crowds still hadn't settled, as the final phase had just begun. Now all that mattered was the battle between the final four, so more than half of the participants surrendered without even fighting. For instance, Fang Yuewei got matched with Hei An and didn't even show, since the obvious result would be her death. This wasn't a friendly match where both sides could stand to learn from each other through fighting, after all.

The first rounds soon came to an end, leaving only sixteen participants remaining. The next round would be the same kind of elimination fights as before. With most disciples surrendering before the fights, the

audience wondered when it would be Tianming's turn to fight the three minor ghouls. Everyone else was just a distraction.

Tianming's opponent in the second round was Fang Chenjing, from the same sect. The latter was a fourth-level death phase samsaran and didn't want to fight at all, surrendering and letting Tianming join the top eight. Eventually, the eight strongest disciples that made it were Tianming, Hei An, Bai Rao, Yama, Xuanyuan Yucheng, Dongfang Zichong, Zhao Tianxing, and Lin Xixi. While Xuanyuan Yucheng hadn't fully recovered yet, he was matched with weaker opponents and easily made the cut.

"If only the minor ghouls would be matched against each other."

"That's right. They should take each other out and only leave one to fight Tianming."

"Let's hope Tianming faces us in the next round so we can send him to the top four right away."

The four of them had decided they would surrender to Tianming if they were matched with him.

Soon, the third round of battles began. The first one to fight was Tianming. Among the seven others who were left, four were his allies, so his odds of easily entering the top four were better than fifty-fifty. The worst case scenario was that he would have to fight all three minor ghouls to take the title of number one.

Shockingly, that was exactly what happened. The second fighter to be chosen was Hei An, much to everyone's shock.

"That means Tianming has to defeat him to make it to the top four," Xuanyuan Yucheng said.

"As for the remaining six, it doesn't seem that there's much of a chance for Bai Rao to be matched with Yama, so those two will join the top four as well. Even if Tianming wins this fight, he'll still have to overcome two other minor ghouls. There's a good chance he'll have to fight three times consecutively," Lin Xixi said.

"Should we fight and drain his opponents as best we can? We can at least even the odds a little," Zhao Tianxing said.

"Please don't," Tianming said, "I'll be fine. It's best to not risk your life for me."

"Alright, we trust you, Tianming."

Hearing that, Tianming was relieved. "Alright, I'll be going now."

"Don't lose, don't die!" the others said.

"I won't!" He resolutely stepped into the arena. The battle everyone had been waiting for was about to begin. Nonahall was the strongest of the nine sects on all fronts, while the Archaion Sect was like an old, decrepit beast. Nonahall would prove to be a formidable obstacle for them to overcome.

.....

The Nonahall Ghost Sect was constructed at the Specter Mountains. From above, the mountain range almost seemed like a sleeping giant that had a head, a body, and four limbs. The dense spiritual energy

there seemed to emanate from the giant's body, upon which nine clusters of buildings were constructed.

When Hei An stepped onto the battlefield, the disciples all across the Specter Mountains went wild with anticipation and roared angrily toward the skies. At the location near the giant's mouth was a large pillar, upon which countless names were carved. It was the Ghost Ranking of their sect, upon which the prowess of their disciples was ranked. Hei An's name was in the glorious third spot, and now he would be representing his sect in the fight.

Even though they thought it would be a breeze, they didn't think that a sole Tianming would be able to wipe out the strongest disciples from the other sects. The entirety of Nonahall already couldn't stand the sight of him.

The fervent disciples chanted Hei An's name nonstop.

"Nonahall is number one!"

"Conquering the world is our destiny!"

"To hell with the goddess' disciple!"

.....

In Nonahall's viewing sector in the Dimensional Battlefield, a shadowy woman sat near the left corner. "How'd the refinement of those three treasures go?" she asked.

"It went perfectly," said a man in red.

"This shouldn't be a problem then."

"The Monorigin Sect really is naive, though. They don't know how much the world has changed and only defend their ancient traditions and treasures, leaving us to basically obtain all the new treasures that have come into existence over the past hundred thousand years. There's so much more beyond the Kilostar Domain."

"Even so, the Kilostar Domain is still really important. It's an opportunity that only comes once in a hundred thousand years."

"Then why did you suggest giving Feng Qingyu a copy of the starmap?"

"He's only one person. No matter how strong he is, there is a limit to what he can do. He won't even be able to rival the Monorigin Sect alone."

"What about Jiang Wuxin?"

"He seems rather promising. Once the children get the title of Number One and the key to the Kilostar Domain, we'll spare some effort and resources to nurture him."

"Understood." The man turned his gaze to the arena below. Despite the rampant blizzard, people were too anxious to take notice of it. "That child Hei An might seem simple on the surface, but he's actually really ruthless. He was the only survivor among the hundred thousand children from Bloodslay Valley, right?"

"That's correct."

"He's pretty lucky to be matched with the goddess' disciple. If he manages to defeat him, perhaps we can elevate his status even more."

"How? Bai Rao is that fellow's daughter. Do you think you can elevate him above her?" the shadow asked.

"Haha, I was just considering it."

.....

Tianming observed the youth that seemed as black as coal standing before him. The killing intent he was giving off was shockingly dense; he seemed like a black hole that would absorb the souls the short staff in his hand claimed.

Gradually, the powerful aura grew stronger and stronger, even turning the snow around him black. The black snow spread throughout the entire battlefield like a shadow unfolding itself. "Li Tianming, you didn't dare fight me in the Nether Battlefield, and even ran a few times. This time, I'll show you what the Nonahall Ghost Sect is really like."

His voice made it sound like he was whispering right beside Tianming's ear. "Nonahall? Oh, you mean those poor souls that died by my blade?" he mocked.

The evil aura around Hei An spread all over, like a venomous poison in the air. It could seep into innards, especially hearts and lungs. "Do you know what they call me?" Hei An said with a smile.

"Do enlighten me."

"They call me the venomfiend."

"Why?"

"Everything on my body is poisonous. My parents died at my birth. My siblings and my entire family also died of poison. My touch poisons everything!"

"Why doesn't that include yourself?"

"Because I'm immune to all poisons. They say I'm a higher lifeform. Li Tianming, I wonder if you've noticed... but the toxin has entered your body even as we spoke!"

He snickered sinisterly as the snow continued falling around them.

Chapter 739 - Bat

"Poisoned?" Tianming didn't feel anything off about his body. Not only did he have an Ancient Deepstar Godbody, it was also a fusion of Primordial Chaos Beast physiques. No normal person could possibly compare to him in terms of constitution and growth potential.

But his reaction was completely within Hei An's expectations. The two of them were fire and water; their killing intent for each other was so intense that they seemed to be able to swallow the other whole. "That's right. Just like that, I have your life in my hands and you didn't even notice!"

As he said that, he summoned his lifebound beasts. Even though it wasn't the first time they were seen, the two beast's appearance caused many disciples to gasp in fear. There were countless vile beasts in the Nonahall Divine Realm, and Hei An, as one of the top disciples of his sect, had some of the most nightmarish lifebound beasts.

Both of them had more than five hundred stars, making them fifth-order tribulation beasts that eclipsed even the sunscourge fiendwolf. The one on the left was a red beast that resembled a rat with wings, but with a much uglier face and threatening fangs sprouting from its mouth. It was a blood-colored bat with many bony spikes on its wings. The worst part of it was the countless black eyes that grew on the wings, all trained on Tianming. As it flapped its meaty wings, a poisonous mist began covering the entire battlefield, causing the black snow to turn red and filling the entire area with a bloody stench. It was a myriadeyes bloodbat, a toxic enemy to all things living!

And as if that wasn't already shocking enough, the other lifebound beast was just as harrowing. It was a humanoid beast that looked gigantic, even with its hunched back. It had a huge, ugly body and the hooves of a cow. Sharp fangs protruded from its green face and its ugliness was exacerbated by a flattened nose, greenish-purple eyes, and bat-shaped head. The rest of its body was covered in black fur. It wouldn't be wrong to call it a bat in human form, but what differentiated it from a normal bat was the lack of wings. Instead, they were replaced by eight powerful arms, each one having blood-red claws and a bloody mouth in its palm. It was known as an eight-armed rakshasa!

Tianming had encountered it on the battlefield before. It was just as venomous as it was proficient in close combat. Its height of sixty meters made it insurmountable for most beastmasters to overcome, as expected of a beast with such a high star count.

Hei An turned into a black shadow and stepped onto the rakshasa's shoulders. The blood bat flew around the area with terrifying speed. All of them had a stench about them that polluted the entire battlefield with vile poison; Hei An's confidence was well-deserved.

He pointed a short staff that had eight tribulation patterns at Tianming. That was about as strong a weapon as any disciple could hope to obtain. It was known as the Mourning Soul, a rather famous weapon in the Nonahall Ghost Sect.

Hei An seemed to dominate Tianming, with his beasts and weapon out. The Nonahall disciples cheered wildly back at their sect. Comparatively, Tianming's beasts were much simpler. He had a rainbow-colored phoenix perched on his shoulder, a black cat lazily sleeping in his embrace, a gigantic, jumpy two-headed dragon that roared loudly at its enemy, and a large tree that spread its roots all across the battlefield with two prominent, blooming flowers, one of which had tens of thousands of blood-colored petals and the other was pure white. Lastly, there was a cute little spiritform with petal-like wings floating above Tianming's head. All of his beasts were out now, unlike the time he had fought Changsun Xingyue without summoning even one of them. His lineup of beasts was astronomically rare.

"How ugly!" Ying Huo said, "That ugly mug isn't even in the same league as mine!" It went without saying that a beautiful rainbow bird seemed far more attractive than a bloody bat.

"Let's see who's uglier when I eat you up and shit you out," said the bat.

"You little rascal!" Ying Huo raged, then started the duel by engaging the bat.

All eight of them, two beastmasters and six beasts, clashed in a chaotic melee. Tianming, with more numbers on his side, could gang up on his enemies. Ying Huo took on the blood bat while Lan Huang turned to the rakshasa, as Tianming had instructed, with Xian Xian supporting them from the side, using Radiant Vines to tie the blood bat down and Bloodrain Swords to take care of the rakshasa's onslaught. Tianming ganged up on Hei An with Meow Meow.

However, the battlefield was chaotic in nature. Even though Tianming wanted to maintain the initiative, Hei An wouldn't just let him. The blood bat used its ability to target Tianming and all of his beasts, his tree especially! The venomous bat opened its mouth and let out a horrifying screech that instantly spread throughout the battlefield. Chaosdeath Wail was a purely sonic attack. Even without any soul damage, it was still terrifying nonetheless. In an instant, their ears felt like they had been stabbed. Even though Xian Xian didn't technically have ears, it was still really uncomfortable, causing its spiritform to return to the lifebound space. That move alone stunned the entire group, allowing Hei An to take control of the battlefield with a confident smile.

"Lan Huang!" Tianming called out telepathically. It was really enraged after being tortured by that sound and immediately used two abilities. It first used Primordial Soundwave. While it wasn't able to neutralize Chaosdeath Wail, it did damage the myriadeyes bloodbat enough to cause it to stop wailing. Then Lan Huang followed it up with Azure Oceanic Purgatory, turning the snow on the ground into a sea in an instant, allowing its heavy body to swim about with great agility. It rode the waves and crashed into the rakshasa.

Right before it fell into the water, Hei An flew up. "You want to deal with me using water? Don't you know toxins spread even more easily in liquid?" His pitch-black face contorted into an ugly smile as the ocean beneath them turned entirely black; the rakshasa had been letting toxins out through the mouths on its palms with its Eightvenom Mist! The toxic mist that came out turned into countless little snakes that turned the fresh water into still, stagnant water. Would Lan Huang still be able to dominate in a poisoned pool like that? Its Mountainsea World was being eroded by toxins from all sides, not to mention some of Xian Xian's roots were underwater. The poison would no doubt affect it negatively as well.

The rakshasa was turning the battlefield into its home turf. Now, it no longer worried about anything and got on Lan Huang's back, hammering it with all eight arms as it continued unleashing ability after ability. Not only was it able to control the battlefield, it also excelled at single combat!

However, Lan Huang wasn't fighting alone.

"I'll save you, Tortoise Bro!" Xian Xian stretched out countless vines and used the Eight Desolation Fienddragon Whip that Tianming had taught it, then rained down Bloodrain Swords on the rakshasa. A few hundred of them struck it, causing it to bleed and cry out in agony. More and more vines began wrapping around it.

"You think you don't have to worry about toxins just because you're a plant?!" The rakshasa roared in anger as the mouths on its hands bit the vines and injected venom into them, turning most of them black. They soon crumbled as the toxin continued spreading.

At the same time, the bat was blasting Blackblood Venombeams all over the place, putting Tianming and all of his beasts in great danger. The beams were fired from the bat's many eyes, each of them crimson red and poisonous. They traveled at such shocking speed and intensity that the large Lan Huang and Xian Xian weren't able to block them all from hitting them as they began suffering from the beams' toxic rot. Fighting an opponent like Hei An and emerging unscathed was nigh impossible; his reputation for being a master of poisons was definitely well deserved. He made a huge impression on everyone watching.

"Shut your eyes, you!" a little firebird shouted at the bat as it was about to turn around to help the rakshasa break free.

Chapter 740 - The Stygian Club

Armed with the Infernal Armor. Ying Huo had managed to block most of the Blackblood Venombeams. Seeing that Lan Huang and Xian Xian were being attacked, it flew into a rage and shot toward the myriadeyes bloodbat, smashing right into the bat's Blackblood Venombeam.

"You dare lay a finger on my younger siblings? I'll poke you blind!"

Ying Huo unleashed Skyscorch Featherblast, exploding in countless sword-shaped feathers. Although becoming a hairless chicken was rather unsightly, it didn't care at the moment.

Its Skyscorch Featherblast was made from Skypiercing Diablos Feathers, containing its own Skypiercer Ki as well as a hundred strands of tribulation sword ki. The feathers covered the sky; it was Ying Huo's ultimate move.

The myriadeyes bloodbat looked down at the tiny fellow in front of him. Unexpectedly, Ying Huo displayed a terrifying lethality.

The sharp feathers had at least five hundred targets: the bat's eyes on its wings. Coincidentally, the wings weren't particularly thick. With the addition of tribulation sword ki and Skypiercer Ki, the feathers pierced almost five hundred of its eyes. What was even more uncomfortable was Ying Huo's Infernal Blaze, which burned the bat's wings.

Using Chaosdeath Wail, the bat let out a terrifying scream, trying to scare Ying Huo away.

"Do you think I'm afraid?!"

Retrieving the feathers that failed to hit the target, Ying Huo immediately attacked with the Hexapath Samsara Sword. Although Xian Xian had been poisoned, it wrapped its Radiant Vines around the bat, tightly entangling it.

"Break!" the bat shouted as it struggled.

A poisonous blood-red flame enveloped its body and Xian Xian was forced to let go. At that moment, Ying Huo swooped in with a stab to the bat's bony wing.

"Keep crying, you ugly bastard!" Ying Huo flew away.

With Xian Xian's assistance, Ying Huo was rather relaxed. This time, it would definitely deal a heavy blow to the myriadeyes bloodbat. It had already condensed the power of its Infernal Blaze and punctured the bat's bones, which were the support for its wings.

The bat's left wing suddenly exploded, causing a thunderous sound that shook the heavens as countless flames erupted. Its wounds were clearly visible as the shattering of its bones had resulted in a mangled and mutilated wing. At least five thousand of its eyes had been blinded.

The bat screamed in pain, its shrieks assaulting Tianming's ears and causing a headache.

"Shut up!"

With Infernal Haze, Ying Huo ascended into the sky, blasting a mouthful of Sixpath Infernal Lotus directly into the bat's mouth. The lotus-like flame exploded, turning its flesh into bloody, rotten pieces. Its cries no longer had their previous effect.

"Have you learned to shut up yet?" Ying Huo raged.

As a Primordial Chaos Beast, it was indeed terribly strong, and was especially skilled with the Hexapath Samsara Sword. For other lifebound beasts, such a move was completely unavoidable.

After learning many battle arts, Ying Huo was proficient in various combat moves and techniques. Those were its combat advantages. Compared to its younger siblings, Ying Huo was more like the perfect warrior, perhaps even more perfect than Tianming. After all, Tianming didn't have abilities.

In this close combat, Ying Huo and Xian Xian cooperated to find an opening and inflict severe injuries upon the bat. That way, it became easier on Lan Huang, who continued fighting the eight-armed rakshasa in the venom sea.

On the other side, Tianming and Meow Meow blocked Hei An, forcibly separating him from his lifebound beasts. Man and beast attacked together. In its usual form, Meow Meow was simply an untouchable streak of black lightning. Chaos Disaster rained down, then, using Misty Hellthunder, Meow Meow sealed the battlefield and trapped Hei An with its Soulchasing Hellthunder and Myriad Thundernet.

Although Hei An could hold up against this frenzied bombardment and protect himself with his life tribulation energy, he still had to deal with Tianming. Under siege, Hei An only hoped that his lifebound beasts could gain the upper hand with their venom and abilities. However, he had underestimated Ying Huo's lethality. Right now, not only had the myriadeyes bloodbat failed to poison its opponents, it had even lost a wing to Ying Huo!

"Hei An, you're finished!"

Sword ki surged within the two Grand-Orient Swords. Under the cover of Meow Meow's thunder, Tianming broke through wind and snow.

Mortal Dao Sword! The two swords synchronized, erupting almost at the same time.

Hei An's expression turned gloomy. Without a word, he held the Mourning Soul in his hand, unleashing the second-origin samsara battle art, the Stygian Club. Anyone below the age of thirty who could master a second-origin samsara battle art was a peerless genius. Hei An seemed as if he had risen from the clutches of death—a difficult man to deal with.

The Stygian Club, Stygian Skyfall! Tianming's guess was right. The Mourning Soul was a weapon to suppress the soul, but it was completely ineffective against him. For him, the Mourning Soul that had lost its superimposed effect was no better than a tribulation artifact with seven tribulation patterns.

Sword and club collided.

"Die!!"

The moment the sword bore into its target, the power of the black sword overwhelmed Hei An. Currently entangled by Meow Meow's Myriad Thundernet, he had received lightning strike after lightning strike. Expression turning ugly, Hei An shoved the black sword with the Mourning Soul, but he failed to achieve the desired result.

The sword pierced his shoulder blade. Tianming was just about to channel the Imperial Sword Prison into his body, but Hei An reacted too quickly.

Even though it meant tearing his flesh, Hei An slammed the Mourning Soul into Tianming, hoping to force him aside. The Imperial Sword Prison had a minimal effect on Hei An, sealing only ten percent of his strength.

"What power is this?"

Eyes widening, Hei An expressed disbelief.

"The power to kill you!"

For Tianming, it didn't matter if his target couldn't be killed with the first attack. As long as the balance was broken, as long as he was stronger than Hei An, he could continue attacking. Hei An suddenly retreated, running in the direction of the myriadeyes bloodbat. Tianming mercilessly chased after him, resembling a demon with white hair.

In this frosty world, under the gaze of all beings, he proved his strength with his own means. Who could deny the goddess' disciple was the top genius in the Flameyellow continent, considering his age?

"Hei An!"

As Tianming's sword approached, Hei An danced dangerously on the edge of death.

"Let me tell you this! Whether it's you, Bai Rao, or Yama, you'll all die here today! This is the Archaion Sect. This is our territory. Even the Nonahall Ghost Sect will have to die for your wayward behavior here. The entire Nonahall Divine Realm will have to pay with their lives in return for threatening Her Eminence!!"

Ever since the Skyorigin Battle, Tianming had long been fed up with their oppression. From their domineering behavior alone, everyone knew exactly what they were planning. Tianming had spared no effort to catch up to them, all so he would be qualified to fight them here. Although he might not be

able to contribute in the war between the divine realms, he would kill their strongest disciples in the Number One Summit.

This intimidation wasn't merely meant for them, but also for the Archaion Sect. He would use the boldness of a young genius to teach the elders what the courage to fight to the death was.