

## The Ages 891

### Chapter 891 - Dog from the Three Slave Houses

Biritual's forces were distraught.

"Sect Master, what's going on?"

Li Caiwei hadn't led her troops on the charge yet. Now, they didn't dare to step past the border of the sixth layer. "The situation has changed! We have to retreat!" she ordered.

"Nonahall ordered us to attack! We can't leave now!" Qin Fengyang argued.

"Go fuck yourself! Scram!" Li Caiwei rolled her eyes at him. When she left, the two hundred thousand tribulation elders, almost all of Biritual's army, left with her. Only around a thousand remained by Qin Fengyang's side.

"So... Solar Master, do we charge?" they asked.

"Charge your ass!" Qin Fengyang prepared to leave to report this to Nonahall.

"Qin Fengyang, if you dare make that report, I'll exterminate every single one of you Qins," Li Caiwei said in a casual tone.

Qin Fengyang stood in place and didn't move from it.

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To the south of Taiji Peak Lake, Di Zang, Po Suo, and Zi Xiao led four hundred thousand fighters from their sect in a charge into the sixth layer of the formation.

"Retreat!" Fang Taiqing's roar echoed throughout the battlefield. When they finally retreated to the seventh layer, the remaining layers of the formation finally started working again, which was a sign that the Tribulation Tower had been stabilized. The elites of Archaion began counterattacking, causing the battlefield to reach equilibrium once more. However, the two most terrifying ghoulish kings had now come to Fang Taiqing.

"The Sterling House of Fang, one of the three slave houses...." The fabulously handsome Di Zang squinted as he looked at Fang Taiqing, his flowing dark hair fluttering in the wind. "You must be really curious who the turncoat in your sect is, right?"

"Well? Who is it?" Fang Taiqing said. Even though epic battles were occurring nearby, nothing disturbed the two. They were like an oasis of peace amidst a desert of carnage.

"I don't even need to tell you. Just look."

Fang Taiqing turned back and saw three third-origin tribulation elders from the Draconis House of Jian exiting the formation. "Weren't those three supposed to be inside the Tribulation Tower?"

Then, he saw all the third-origin tribulation elders from the Jian house gather together. Some of them ordered, "Everyone from the Draconis House of Jian, the Tribulation Tower has been infiltrated by the enemy! We need to go to their aid urgently!"

As it was an order by third-origin tribulation elders, it carried a lot of authority.

"Understood!" Most of the Jian house fighters immediately went to them.

"Qianyu, come with me!" said one of the third-origin tribulation elders.

"No." Beigong Qianyu waved him away.

"Qianyu, the house king is only giving you one chance!" the elder raged.

"One chance? What's that supposed to mean?"

"Very well, you missed your chance! You're a Beigong, after all!" That elder immediately turned to leave.

"Stop, don't tell me Jian Wuyi was the one who sabotaged the formation!" Her eyes immediately turned red and she found it hard to breathe, but everyone ignored her. The members of the Draconis house all retreated to follow the third-origin tribulation elder. Fang Taiqing saw everything, his expression shifting multiple times throughout.

"Do you see now? They're using protecting Tribulation Tower as an excuse to get everyone from their house to retreat and join up with the Tai'e House of Jian. Jian Wuyi truly is smart. What about you? I heard you're far more decisive than he is," Di Zang said.

"Are you insulting me or extending an invitation?" Fang Taiqing said.

"It's both admonishment and invitation."

"What about Biritual?"

"As long as you retreat, Li Caiwei will listen to our arrangements."

"Do you think I'm a newborn child? Listen up, you undying mummy, I'll make sure you lose at least three hundred thousand of your number before you pass through these four formation layers!" First, Di Zang had called them slaves, and then he demanded them to surrender. If that wasn't humiliation, nothing was.

Hearing Fang Taiqing's stern reaction, Di Zang smiled and applauded. "You guessed right. I don't really care much for you. If you want your Sterling House of Fang to perish right here and now, feel free. I have a gift prepared for you, so you'd better enjoy it."

Di Zang immediately vanished before his eyes and unleashed his full power as the first ghoulish king on the tribulation elders of Archaion, easily dominating them. Though Fang Taiqing wanted to give chase, he suddenly felt a chill behind him. When he turned back, he saw an odd-eyed youth appear behind him.

"Jiang Wuxin!" What was with that fellow? How could a mere fifth-level samsaran give him such a strong feeling of terror? But when he saw the youth charging at him, he immediately understood that the pressure came from his physical body, rather than his cultivation. "How could his body be powerful to this degree?! He can't be human!"

Not even gods could possibly have such a powerful body. Little did Fang Taiqing know, Jiang Wuxin's body was a dense and compressed form of his actual monstrous body of five thousand meters in diameter! He watched as Jiang Wuxin made a simple charge and punched toward him. His fists immediately broke the sound barrier, closing the distance rapidly. Fang Taiqing used all the power he could muster to block it with his palm.

With a loud boom and a snap, Fang Taiqing cried out in pain as he was sent flying, his arm broken. Right after that, his four lifebound beasts unleashed their abilities, yet one of the phoenixes was almost immediately suppressed by a black figure. It cried out in agony; Jiang Wuxin had pulled out the phoenix's intestines from its body, immediately killing it.

Fang Taiqing finally understood that Nonahall didn't just have Jian Wuyi as a trump card. The bestial youth before him was a huge factor in the reason Nonahall decided to attack Taiji Peak Lake! Turning back, he saw that the tide of battle was turning after the ghoulish kings had joined the fray. The death of one of his lifebound beasts felt like being pelted by freezing water.

He had no time to spare! As his thoughts went wild, he thought of the woman that raised him and the boy he had raised, and immediately stood up, using his house's 'special ability'.

"Hear me, those of the Sterling House of Fang! Follow me to go to the Tribulation Tower's aid!"

All the fighters on the battlefield except the Jians and Fangs were dumbstruck. They all knew what this meant: it was over for the Archaion Sect. Though they still stood a chance, once the eighty thousand Fangs left, the balance would tip and they would lose all hope. Nobody doubted the authority Fang Taiqing held in his house. Right after he made that announcement, all the tribulation elders of the Fang house went to him.

As those from the sect continued to fight, the Fangs turned traitor and escaped with Fang Taiqing leading them. The battlefield immediately fell silent. Even the flowing rivers of blood didn't seem as shocking anymore. Many wondered how a spineless coward like that could have been blessed with such amazing talent. How could the Sterling House of Fang have ever risen to prominence in the sect in the first place? They were proof of the claim that nurture hardly ever beat up nature.

After suffering more than two hundred thousand casualties and losing the fifty thousand Jians and eighty thousand Fangs, there was no longer a point for the remaining fighters to persist, especially not with the three ghoulish kings in the picture. The only ones that remained were the two hundred thousand Xuanyuans and other fighters from the sect.

A time of chaos was like a mirror that reflected people's true nature. Those that remained were struggling against destiny itself to protect their homes and loved ones. Yet cruel and indifferent fate had stabbed them in the back twice over. Now, they all began wondering if they still had any trace of hope in this despairing predicament.

"Fang Taiqing, so now you finally accept your true nature? You're nothing but a mere dog... and a disloyal one at that. Pathetic."

Di Zang and Po Suo looked at each other and smiled.

**Chapter 892 - Death of the Specter Crown Prince**

Within the five-colored star in the realm called the Ninefold Hell, a white-haired youth flew among the misty clouds. Beside him was a blazing phoenix and an onyx cat. He wielded a pair of longswords, one gold and the other black, and both of them were covered in blood, albeit green, blue, and white instead of red.

"There's more there! Let's go!" Ying Huo cried. Tianming immediately flapped his wings and changed direction.

From the direction he was headed before, a wave of black humanoid creatures about three or four meters in height came swarming over. They were all specters. Tianming didn't even dare to let Xian Xian and Lan Huang out to ensure he had the highest possible mobility.

Even though the specters were large, ugly, and fierce, they were incredibly calculating and intelligent, and all too happy to vent their combined hatred of all humanity on Tianming. Ever since he had been discovered, they started coming at him in a suicidal fashion.

"How many have we killed?"

"Around ten thousand, Big Brother," Feiling said in a tired voice.

"If it weren't for the Greenspark Tower, I would've died a hundred times over!" He gasped coldly at the prank fate was playing on him. Fate was a cruel and callous mistress indeed.

"We're blocked off from above! Head down! Let's pray that none of their elites are on my tail!"

There were definitely even more terrifying beings within the Ninefold Hell. Tianming was forced into low altitude. There were at least a hundred thousand specters behind him, most of them samsarans. Although they didn't have lifebound beasts, they could still cultivate. Even more terrifying was that they had stars within their eyes, a sure sign that they could evolve using manna.

All sorts of abilities began to rain down on him nonstop.

"What's that?" He suddenly noticed a lot of gigantic cocoons scattered all over the ground. A good number of them gave off signs of life, while most others seemed incredibly weak. "Let's give it a try!"

He unleashed the Imperealm Sword Formation and blasted the cocoons apart, causing fresh blood to spill.

"Are they dormant?!" Tianming was shocked. They were indeed non-human and had all sorts of interesting appearances he hadn't seen before. "So it must be some sort of hibernation..."

He stopped thinking too much and went down to slaughter them. The cocooned specters had no way of resisting at all. Wherever his sword ki went, death followed, causing the specters chasing him to go even wilder with rage.

"Kill him!"

"It's a human! A human managed to get in!"

"He might have the secret to leaving this place!"

Tianming was like a fire that set everything ablaze wherever he went. All of a sudden, he felt a fatal premonition. Furrowing his brow, he managed to avoid a white beam. He turned back and saw a specter that made him feel a really bad omen. The specter didn't look too old, and was about Tianming's size. Oddly, he looked far more human than specter. He was entirely pale white, including his hair and eyes, and looked almost sickly. Though, despite his human-like appearance, the aura he gave off was demonic, to say the least. He was definitely an elite specter.

"Crown Prince!" All the specters immediately knelt.

"He's a human!"

"Surround him," said the pale-white man.

"Crown prince, eh?" Tianming narrowed his eyes as he observed him. No matter how the specter society was organized, anyone that could bear that title was definitely of a supreme bloodline. Despite his youthful appearance, his aura was a sure sign of the threat he posed.

Tianming narrowed his eyes. "It'll take some time for me to unravel the formation and leave. I'll only stand a chance if I take him hostage first!"

The moment he had that thought, he charged straight in for the kill.

"Move aside. I'll take him down!" the prince said. He grasped in the air and a white, bony warblade appeared in his hand. It had fifteen tribulation patterns. Without another word, his blade clashed with Tianming's Animacorpus Eradication. An ear-piercing clang rang out as sparks flew.

"How powerful! It isn't just tribulation force, but his physical body too!" Even though Tianming's Ancient Deepstar Godbody was powerful, it couldn't compare to the prince's.

"Hmm, you don't look that old, yet you're so powerful...." The crown prince seemed just as impressed. "Gang up on him!"

The fellow was quite smart and immediately decided not to fight alone. "This human's trying to take me hostage."

He was immediately able to figure out Tianming's intentions. However, that didn't mean he could do anything about it. There was only one chance!

"Go!" Tianming, Meow Meow, and Ying Huo locked their gazes on the prince. "Make way!"

Ying Huo's flames and Meow Meow's lightning spread out immediately as Tianming donned the Dragonhide and flapped his Celestial Wings. Then, he used the Soulshaker Eye! Now that he had absorbed the Archaionfiend Eye, the ability had improved at least ten times in power.

The next instant, the crown prince bled from both eyes. Tianming used the Ninesky Beastsoul Formation. The transcendent sword formation came striking with full force. The specter prince coldly watched it unfold. Knowing that he couldn't escape, he immediately counterattacked.

Thousands of specters launched their abilities at Tianming. Tianming relied on Dragonhide to weather the damage and break out of the encirclement, then finally reached the crown prince, battered, bleeding, and charred all over.

"He's still alive despite all that?!" The prince was genuinely shocked.

Their blades crossed, once more sending an ear-piercing clash reverberating throughout. The bone warblade shattered, but that was just Tianming's first strike. He followed up with a second strike, the power of the sword formation instantly boring nine holes in the prince's body and dyeing his pale figure red.

"Ughhh..." groaned the prince. Before he could react, Tianming held one of his swords to the crown prince's neck and pointed the other at the rest. Ying Huo and Meow Meow were badly injured, having taken most of the abilities the other specters launched, and returned to the lifebound space.

"Stop now or your crown prince's head will roll!" Tianming spat out a mouthful of blood and glared at all the rest, who immediately stopped.

"Let the crown prince go!"

"Get out of my way!" Tianming charged upward with his sword pointing up. Initially, nobody wanted to give way, so he cut off the prince's left arm, causing him to cry out in agony and order the rest to leave.

Being in the Ninefold Hell was no joke. If Tianming didn't play his cards carefully, he would be dead for sure. Covered in blood of varying colors, he looked like a god of war as he dragged the crown prince along.

"Human, are you going to take me out of here?" The prince smiled coldly.

"Oh, you bet." Tianming returned the smile in kind and immediately began using his left arm to unravel the formation when he reached the borderline. Hundreds of thousands of specters were all gathered behind him, cursing and threatening him nonstop. However, the moment they dared to approach, Tianming would cut off the prince's head. He wasn't messing around, and his enemies weren't either. Finally, he tore an opening large enough for him to squeeze into.

The specters must think that just because I can leave from here, they'll be able to as well. Little do they know that openings made by my Plundering Arm close back up automatically! Tianming wasn't breaking the door and leaving, he was using a key to unlock it instead. Since the door was left intact, it could be shut again!

As he squeezed through the formation, the specter prince looked at the opening with a fervent gaze. This was the dream they had held for more than two hundred millennia, and it was happening right before his eyes!

"Do you want to leave?" Tianming asked.

"I do! I do!" the prince answered zealously.

"Alright, I'll take you out of here!"

Tianming swung his sword and took the prince's head, then threw the headless corpse back to the crowd. The crown prince died right there with his eyes wide open.

"Wonderful. Keep your eyes open just like that as you witness the outside world!" Tianming turned and left, leaving an explosive commotion behind him.

"The crown prince is dead!"

"Why is the overlord not here yet?!"

"He's awakening the others...."

"Oh no, the soulpearl is in the crown prince's eyes! That human took it away!"

"What?!"

That instant, their expressions changed completely.

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An army of five million troops from Nonahall stepped into Pentaphase's territory at the border between their divine realms.

"Brothers, the tribulation elders are attacking Taiji Peak Lake! It's our turn to make it big!"

"Apart from Monorigin, Pentaphase, Triflair, and Octagram have no imperial sons to fight us back, right?"

"Hahaha, the elites of their sects have all gone to help Taiji Peak Lake!"

"Our other brothers have gone to the other two divine realms!"

"Everyone, remember: the ghoulish king ordered us to kill only beastmasters! Leave the lifebound beasts alive!"

"Understood!"

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In front of the Nine Dragon Formation at Taiji Peak Lake stood a man dressed in gold. He glared at the battle in front of him with his three golden eyes, and there was a glowing trident stabbed into the ground beside him. He watched as Jian Wuyi, Jian Wufeng, and Jian Qingyuan charged toward him with swords raised.

### **Chapter 893 - Regalsoul Dragons And The Firmament Godsword**

As Jian Wuyi and the others approached, they jumped from their swords, and nimbly held the swords in their hands. Before them was an angry Xuanyuan Dao dressed in dragon robes, his three eyes filled with rage, chin and beard quivering.

However, he suppressed all his emotions. In this desperate moment, anger would make him lose his reason and ruin everything. Jian Wuyi and the others swept their gazes across the Kilostar Photondragon.

"The imperial son actually gave you this divine artifact? Aren't you two close!" Jian Wuyi's smile contained sarcasm.

"He's one of us, yet you've abandoned your ancestors. Jian Wuyi, you're not worthy of the Draconis House of Jian." Xuanyuan Dao slowly stretched out his hand, wrapping his thick palm around the Photodragon. "There's no point in saying all this now. How meaningless."

Pointing outside, Jian Wuyi said, "So Fang Taiqing escaped with the Sterling House of Fang. Congratulations, you've become the only sect master of Archaion. If you don't take command of the sect's army, you'll all be dead."

"Leave and allow you to enter Xuanyuan Lake?" Xuanyuan Dao's eyes were bloodshot. As he spoke, he pulled the Photodragon from the ground, the weapon's brilliant starlight dazzling Jian Wuyi's eyes.

"Don't worry, I'm only going to take away the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock that belongs to the Jian clan. I won't touch your goddess. Go lead your army. I'll take my people away, and from now on we'll have nothing to do with each other. We each take what we need, no hard feelings, right?" Within Jian Wuyi's cold voice, madness was breeding.

"Jian Wuyi, they say that when a repressed man finally does something crazy, he's in a state of excitement. Aren't you going to challenge me while you're all riled up?" Raising the Photodragon, Xuanyuan Dao pointed the weapon at Jian Wuyi.

"I do have that thought. But since you have the Photodragon, I'll forget about it. We can keep going like this. Let's see who has more time." Jian Wuyi pointed to the last four layers of the formation that were on the verge of collapse.

"You shameless bastard!"

Xuanyuan Dao bowed slightly, his legs trembling as he raised the Photodragon and charged towards Jian Wuyi.

"I won't say anything about teaching you a lesson on behalf of your ancestors. All I want to do is kill you! I have enough time to kill a ruthless, unconscionable villain like you!"

Xuanyuan Dao's roar resembled lightning striking the ground.

In response, Jian Wuyi furrowed his brows.

"It's fine. We'll just waste some time. With no one presiding over the situation, he'll have to leave eventually." Jian Wuyi exchanged a meaningful look with Jian Wufeng and Jian Qingyuan.

Eyes cold, the three joined hands and attacked together. They each possessed swordbeasts, so their lifebound beasts could merge with their swords. Not only could they demonstrate their abilities via their swords, their explosive powers were greatly enhanced. Although it seemed like there were merely three of them, they each had several lifebound beasts within their swords.

The moment they clashed, two enormous dragons shot out from Xuanyuan Dao's left and right side. They were his lifebound beasts, which had been lying dormant nearby. These two dragons—one gold and the other black—possessed more than nine hundred and seventy stars in their eyes. Xuanyuan Dao's dragons, along with Dugu Jin's blooddragons, were perhaps the four largest dragons in the Flameyellow Continent.



Although the Quadform seadragon king, Long Cangyuan, had four dragons, they certainly couldn't compare to Xuanyuan Dao and Dugu Jin's dragons in terms of strength. Pure and majestic, the gold dragon possessed the power and prestige of an emperor. When it was up in the air, golden mist permeated the sky and its roar shook the earth. It was known as the ancient regalsoul dragon. Dignified and imposing, the huge black dragon was not at all gloomy. Like a king of the night, it brought ease to the people. It was the darknight regalsoul dragon.

The two dragons symbolized the fair and honest, simple and kind, and fierce and loyal nature of the Xuanyuan clan, principles that had been inherited for over two hundred thousand years. Xuanyuan Yucheng and Xuanyuan Muxue had also inherited this character. In truth, this was the most important thing Great Emperor Xuanyuan had left to their clan.

This was also the reason the powerhouses of the Archaion Sect were more than willing to follow the Xuanyuan clan. For example, the Sterling House of Fang didn't possess such qualities.

Now that the Fang and Jian Clans had either rebelled or fled, the powerhouses in Archaion, such as Yi Xingyin, still followed the Xuanyuan Clan and supported them on the battlefield, a testament to their clan's prestige.

The Archaic House of Xuanyuan wasn't high profile at all. On the contrary, they had been plagued by disasters, stepped across life and death countless times, and experienced numerous ups and downs, yet they'd always risen once more relying only on their strong will. Only in this way had the Archaion Sect grown to such heights over the past two hundred millennia.

A cautious and conscientious clan that requited evil with good and never resorted to shortcuts or cheap tricks. They might seem inflexible, but their passion, loyalty, and spirit of brotherhood never failed to attract true warriors and allies like Tianming. However, Jian Wuyi didn't appreciate these qualities.

"In truth, I can't figure out why my clan should be loyal to a clan that's inflexible and obstinate, and lacking in ambition and boldness for two hundred thousand years. The Jian clan has had many talents. Just by branching out, the Hexapath Sword God was born. Do you know what that means, Xuanyuan Dao? It means that the Xuanyuan clan isn't worthy! The Jian clan doesn't have to be as crazy as Nonahall, but we don't have to be benevolent, righteous, and loyal, claiming to be on the right path, but weak and incompetent in reality!"

He had suppressed these thoughts for too long. At this moment, he couldn't control himself and wanted to speak out.

"Xuanyuan Dao! Even an outsider like the Sterling House of Fang managed to climb on top of your heads. What are the descendants of Great Emperor Xuanyuan if not rubbish?"

With the sword in hand, Jian Wuyi collided with Xuanyuan Dao.

The ancient regalsoul dragon and darknight regalsoul dragon slammed into Jian Wufeng and Jian Qingyuan, sending them ever closer to death. Even though both the Tribulation Artifact Hall palace lord and divine marshal were at the tenth death phase and their lifebound beasts were present, they were forced to retreat when facing the suppression of the two dragons.

Xuanyuan Dao rarely attacked, but when he did, it was powerful and unstoppable.

He chose not to respond to Jian Wuyi's heartless scorn. Perhaps he, too, was caught in the dilemma involving benevolence and righteousness. It was cruel to be betrayed by the people he had respected and trusted, whose actions might result in the sect's total defeat.

"Jian Wuyi, no matter how unbearable the Xuanyuan clan is, your ancestors have followed us for two hundred thousand years. Today, my clan is in such desperate straits because of you. You're to blame, it has nothing to do with us! You're a cruel, unscrupulous dog, yet you dare question others for treating you well? How hilarious! When you're dead, you can look for your father and ancestors for answers. Only then should you talk about right and wrong!"

Xuanyuan Dao understood that talking was meaningless. With the Photondragon in hand, he focused all of that boiling rage in his palms.

"Ancestors, Your Eminence, no matter how these villains sway our will, we'll definitely find a way out!"

The Archaic House of Xuanyuan had never lacked faith.

Outside Xuanyuan Lake, the Photondragon crossed with Jian Wuyi's sword, causing a harsh grating noise to sound out. Their cultivation levels were equal; although the Photondragon had the advantage, Jian Wuyi had four great swordbeasts within his sword, which could almost make up for the disparity in weapons.

"You aren't going to save them? Are you going to stubbornly remain here and waste your time with me?" Jian Wuyi was smiling, but he was anxious inside.

There wouldn't be many opportunities for him to seize the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock. Xuanyuan Dao responded with the Photondragon.

Xuanyuan Skyshaker Art! In the air, the Photondragon shone with starlight. A golden light burst out of Xuanyuan Dao's third eye, transforming into a dragon that rushed toward Jian Wuyi. In that instant, the Photondragon turned into a dragon forged from thousands of stars. Tearing through the air, the dragon roared as it slammed into the traitorous former sect master.

Brows furrowed, Jian Wuyi flicked the sword in his hand and the swordbeasts within the Firmament Godsword burst forth. A series of blue lightning bolts resisted Xuanyuan Dao's ocular art.

"Break!"

After breaking through to this stage, the sword underwent manifold transformations. His gaze was icy.

Wuyi Invisible Sword! With the invisible sword, a net consisting of sword ki was formed. The thousand-meter-long sword ki exploded, covering the sky and earth.

Dense threads of sword ki violently collided with the thousand-star dragon, resulting in fiery sparks. The Photondragon shattered the sword ki with a terrifying force and the impact pounded Jian Wuyi's body. Spewing a mouthful of blood, the man collapsed to the ground.

Under the impact of the astral dragon, cracks appeared all over his body, including his face. He was dripping with blood; there was no doubt of his defeat. However, having just broken through, Jian Wuyi was filled with arrogance. Rising to his feet, he held his sword once more.

"Xuanyuan Dao, I didn't lose to you. I lost to the Photondragon!" His mouth was covered in blood.

"You've lost your entire life, yet you never cared about it before. Why should you care this time?" Xuanyuan Dao pointed out.

Jian Wuyi stared blankly as his brother, Jian Wufeng, and the divine marshal of the Arcana Sword Legion, Jian Qingyuan, were slain by the two dragons. At that moment, the two men and their lifebound beasts had perished in battle.

"Pay for your sins!"

Without waiting for Jian Wuyi's reply, Xuanyuan Dao struck once more. The stars shone brightly and Jian Wuyi's brows were wrinkled together in a pronounced frown, a clear indication of his unwillingness. However, he had to admit that he'd been defeated.

"The Hexapath Sword Insight Rock will have to wait."

As long as the Jian clan continued growing, there was hope of obtaining the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock. The situation was constantly changing. Perhaps the Nine Dragon Formation would be destroyed next. Jian Wuyi might still have a chance.

With that thought, he made his decision. Right when Xuanyuan Dao came for him, he turned and fled. Although Jian Wufeng had been his blood brother, Jian Wuyi left without so much as a backward glance.

#### **Chapter 894 - A Race Between Life And Death**

"Xuanyuan Dao, you're the only one left in the sect. When the formation is broken, the ghouls, Feng Qingyu, and Dugu Jin will split you up. You'll see. You're about to die!"

Jian Wuyi shook his sleeves and left. Although he was wounded, it wouldn't be that easy for Xuanyuan Dao to kill him as the two were on equal levels. Xuanyuan Dao also had more important matters to deal with.

As expected, Jian Wuyi soon discovered he had no pursuer.

"Wufeng, Qingyuan, wait for me to avenge you...."

He stood on the snow and looked around. This was the sect where he had grown up and lived for nearly two hundred years. But now he had betrayed them, and personally sent his home to hell. Was he right or wrong? His heart was filled with stormy waves.

"Perhaps one day, I'll miss the snow in Taiji Peak Lake. But at least I'll have gotten my wish, right?"

He pierced the ground with his bloodstained sword, clutching his chest and roaring with laughter as he looked up to the sky.

Five layers out of the Ninefold Formation had been shattered and the remaining four were on the verge of collapse. Obviously, the Archaion Sect was finished.

He heard the tragic sound of Nonahall's ruthless killing and his acquaintances still desperately fighting to protect this place. Blood soaked the battlefield. He seemed to have seen this magnificent snowy landscape being swallowed by blood and corpses in just half an hour.

"Although it's a pity, good things will eventually come to an end. Goodbye, Taiji Peak Lake!"

Scooping up snow with both hands, he smeared it on his bloody face. The pain made him scream, but he was happy inside.

"Today is the most wonderful day of my life. My only regret is not being able to get my hands on the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock for the time being. But he and the rest of our clan are waiting for me."

Jian Wuyi looked toward the east with a joyful smile, his blue robes almost blending with the snow. Gathering speed, he rushed toward the place he longed for.

At that moment, a young man in black appeared in front of him. He wasn't very tall and looked ordinary except for a pair of strange eyes with four pupils.

"Are you Nonahall's secret weapon? Since you're here, that means the formation can't hold up much longer. You're fast indeed."

Narrowing his eyes, Jian Wuyi had a hunch that once the two ghoulish kings perished, Jiang Wuxin would be a great enemy to the Jian clan.

"Is Xuanyuan Lake up ahead?"

Jiang Wuxin's gaze was vacant, his voice somewhat inarticulate.

"Are you going to attack Xuanyuan Lake? I'll go with you!"

His hopes of obtaining the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock were rekindled.

"Yes." Jiang Wuxin nodded.

Jian Wuyi turned to lead the way, but at that moment, he sensed a deadly threat from behind. In that instant, he felt a chill. He drew his sword, then turned around and swung his weapon.

The sword pierced through flesh and blood, stabbing Jiang Wuxin's shoulder blades. Sword ki erupted and tore out a gaping wound. However, Jiang Wuxin's fist landed in Jian Wuyi's face. The impact practically flattened his head. His facial features were twisted from this one punch.

Jian Wuyi fell to his knees, exhausting all his strength just to breathe. His hands trembled as he reached out to grab Jiang Wuxin's trousers.

"W-why?"

It took all his energy just to utter this word.

"No reason. My masters say that I can kill everyone in this world, except for the three of them."

Crouching down, Jiang Wuxin grabbed Jian Wuyi's head with both hands.

"Your lifebound beasts are very strong. I want to eat them."

As soon as the words left his lips, he twisted Jian Wuyi's head a hundred and eighty degrees. Jian Wuyi's body slumped to the ground.

Blood dyed the snow red. In the pool of blood, the black-haired man's reflection showed him slaying Jian Wuyi's swordbeasts with the Firmament Godsword.

Corpse after corpse landed next to Jian Wuyi's body. The blood had formed a river. Of his four swordbeasts, three had fallen by his side.

As the cold wind blew, springtime suddenly seemed a little chilly. Perhaps it was about to start snowing again.

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At Xuanyuan Lake, Xuanyuan Dao summoned a third-origin tribulation elder after putting away the Photondragon.

"Xuanyuan Yao, notify the Tribulation Tower and Ninefold Formation of my orders!"

"What are your orders, House King?" Xuanyuan Yao said solemnly.

"First of all, let the Tribulation Tower make an all-out effort so the fourfold formation is operating at maximum capacity to temporarily stop the enemy. Secondly, the tribulation elders within the formation are ordered to leave the formation and return to Xuanyuan Lake. This includes our allies from Triflair, Pentaphase, and Octagram. Lastly, get our compatriots in Taiji Peak Lake to withdraw and escape from the sect. Our enemies don't have an army; they only have powerhouses, so their goal is us. They don't have the resources to deal with the masses, so they can evacuate."

Xuanyuan Dao issued three orders at once.

"House King, are you asking us to give up the fourfold formation and make our last stand at Xuanyuan Lake?!"

Xuanyuan Yao was dumbfounded.

"Yes. We've managed to gather the sect's resources in Xuanyuan Lake, and the remaining layers of the Ninefold Formation won't last long. Once we're forced into retreat, we'll suffer heavy losses. Time is running out. Get to it now!"

Xuanyuan Dao was determined.

"Yes! House King, you are courageous indeed!" Xuanyuan Yao said with reverence. Giving up the formation in order to protect their people in such a situation took a lot of courage.

"Go."

Xuanyuan Yao left immediately.

Xuanyuan Dao stood on the edge of Xuanyuan Lake. Now that they were all returning to Xuanyuan Lake, he didn't have to leave. Taiji Peak Lake was trembling; the sect had reached the moment of life and death.

Xuanyuan Dao closed his eyes.

“Ancestor, are you watching? We’ve remained standing through two hundred thousand years. I don't want to see our house annihilated! If my death can save us from this catastrophe, I’m willing to sacrifice myself for Xuanyuan!”

.....

Xuanyuan Dao's orders were quickly announced. After giving up the Ninefold Formation, the people of Archaion, Triflair, Pentaphase, and Octagram urgently retreated to the Nine Dragon Formation. Xuanyuan Lake was their last refuge; now, it would protect everyone.

This was the right decision. Now that the four sects were weak and scattered, they would be wiped out one by one. There was still hope as long as they retreated to the Nine Dragon Formation, even if it meant losing Taiji Peak Lake.

The first to receive the news was the Tribulation Tower. They had to trap the enemy’s army in the dregs of the Ninefold Formation to buy time for their people to retreat. This wasn’t very difficult to do. Even if Jiang Wuxin and the others managed to break into the formation, the other powerhouses of Nonahall would still be restricted.

Next up was a race between life and death.

#### **Chapter 895 - Hero Of The Heaven Cauldron**

Fortunately, the Yinyang Demon Sect and Hexapath Sword Sect had stopped attacking, so the formation had some breathing room.

“Go!”

The four sects retreated in all four directions.

“Spread out, don't let them catch us all!”

Those Samsara powerhouses, as well as hundreds of millions of common folk from Taiji Peak Lake, brushed past one another. Because of their difference in strength and status, the people fled out of the sect while the powerhouses rushed into its depths. They were headed in different directions, but it was all for the purpose of survival.

Just as Xuanyuan Dao had expected, he and Ouyang Jianwang were the real targets of the Nonahall Ghost Sect. Not even Feiling was as critical a target. Therefore, the common people were basically safe.

Outside Xuanyuan Lake, Xuanyuan Dao had already opened the Nine Dragon Formation and was currently waiting for everyone to fall back. Different from the Ninefold Formation, the Nine Dragon Formation was a “self-sourced” formation with steady power that didn’t require energy from the masses. Because its formation nucleus could be carried around, Xuanyuan Dao could directly control the entire formation.

The formation was the crystallization of the wisdom of the Archaic House of Xuanyuan's ancestors, and was the final defensive shield left to protect their descendants. It could be considered the most complicated third-origin tribulation pattern formation—a rarity in this world.

At that moment, nine dragons were born in nine different directions within the formation, each of them thousands of meters long. Surging upon Xuanyuan Lake, they roared, their vast dragon power shaking the earth as they gradually solidified into being.

The Ninedragon Symbiosis was the formation's strongest state. The self-powered formation's energy would certainly be consumed at a certain point, so it couldn't maintain this state indefinitely. Thus, it wouldn't be activated until they reached a critical time. If they were going to activate it, it would be operated at its most powerful.

With the Kilostar Photodragon in hand, Xuanyuan Dao stood inside the formation, accompanied by the ancient regalsoul dragon, the darknight regalsoul dragon, and nine thousand-meter-long dragons.

"Ancestors, Dragon Spirit, follow me in this battle to the death!"

With a fiery heart, Xuanyuan Dao sensed the vast power of the formation dragons.

The nine dragons were each formed from fifteen different spirit hazards which consisted of the nine divine powers—wind, fire, water, earth, light, darkness, lightning, ice, and wood. The birth of these dragons shook Xuanyuan Lake. The ice completely melted as the roars of the dragons spread throughout the entire sect.

The children of the Xuanyuan clan heard the call to go home.

"Come back!" shouted Xuanyuan Dao.

He saw people from the four sects withdrawing from the battlefield within the Ninefold Formation. However, among the crowd were also several Nonahall powerhouses that were hot on their tails. Fortunately, the numbers weren't enough to intercept their retreat.

One by one, people rushed into the Nine Dragon Formation.

"Hurry!"

Xuanyuan Dao guided them in.

Right then, he sensed a deadly stare outside the southern part of the formation. At the same time, the entire formation started shaking, a sign they were facing a huge threat. The nine dragons once again descended beside Xuanyuan Dao, eyeing the man outside the formation.

Xuanyuan Dao turned around and saw a young man dressed in black standing outside Xuanyuan Lake. He held a bloodstained sword in his hand, and his shoulder was soaked with blood. Lips curling into a smile, he said in a hoarse, mechanical voice, "You have the key, don't you?"

"Jiang Wuxin?"

How did a young man whose lifebound beasts had died in battle come to possess such terrifying power in such a short period of time? He wasn't Tianming!

However unbelievable this was, Xuanyuan Dao had to believe it. The young man didn't even wait for a reply before forcibly breaking into the Nine Dragon Formation.

The formation had been in its protective state and would be difficult for ordinary people to break into, but had little offensive power. But now, it was in its battle state. Entering was easy. However, the ancestral dragon spirits would lock on to all enemies. The moment Jiang Wuxin stepped in, the dragons let out a thunderous roar and surrounded him.

"Jian Wuyi's sword?" Xuanyuan Dao frowned.

"Give me the key!"

Jiang Wuxin swung the Firmament Godsword, attacking Xuanyuan Dao without any particular technique.

"House King, be careful. This man defeated Fang Taiqing!" the people behind Xuanyuan Dao reminded him.

"I understand. Get everyone in!" Xuanyuan Dao growled.

Fortunately, Jiang Wuxin's goal was him so the others were safe. But if Xuanyuan Dao died in battle, there wouldn't be any hope for the Archaiion Sect, or the three sects that had come to support them. Xuanyuan Dao clearly knew that the young man in front of him was strange, powerful, and bloodthirsty.

However, Xuanyuan Dao and the nine dragons still went head-to-head with Jiang Wuxin. The Photondragon clashed with the Firmament Godsword once more, the impact sending Xuanyuan Dao barreling backward. His arms were numb and his hands bled between the thumb and index finger.

"What terrifying physical power! He's no man, he's more like a giant beast thousands of meters wide!"

Xuanyuan Dao's ancient regalsoul dragon was three hundred meters long, but its power was obviously less than a tenth of Jiang Wuxin's strength. That was why Jiang Wuxin was so powerful, despite only being a fifth- or sixth-level samsaran

His physical strength had surpassed the limit of the human race! Thus, he couldn't be human.

Although Xuanyuan Dao retreated, they still had the nine ancestral dragon spirits, which were the fundamental power of the formation. The huge dragons burst forth, entangling and biting. In no time at all, Jiang Wuxin was covered in blood and could no longer proceed. Only the Nine Dragon Formation could stop such a monster.

"He's strong!"

Despite the shock, Xuanyuan Dao shot out once more, attacking with the formation.

With a history of tens of thousands of years, the Nine Dragon Formation was much stronger than Yi Xingyin's Sun-Moon-Star Formation. Because the ancestral dragon spirits far surpassed the power of the Solunar Blast, they were able to stop Jiang Wuxin. In fact, there was a similar formation in the Specter Mountains. However, it couldn't be moved. If they wanted to conquer other territories, they must have the power to subdue their opponents and kill in their defensive formation to seize their lands.



The confrontation was earth-shattering. Xuanyuan Dao fought so the four sects could retreat to Xuanyuan Lake. The dragons roared and the spirit hazards raged. Their power surged into the sky.

“Hurry up!”

Every moment was a race against death.

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Yi Xingyin had left for Xuanyuan Lake. Only Ouyang Jianwang remained in the Heaven Cauldron on Heaven Sacred Mountain. Before leaving, Yi Xingyin asked him why he wouldn't go.

Ouyang Jianwang smiled and said, "Brother, I can only be considered a top warrior when I'm next to this thing. Now that the sect is fighting a life and death battle, I'll stay here and accompany it. You've been a hero. I'd like to give it a go."

“Is it worth it?” asked Yi Xingyin.

“Of course. Without the Archaion Sect, there would be no me, Ouyang Xiaoyu!” Ouyang Jianwang chortled.

Yi Xingyin laughed as well.

Such a strong man, yet such a delicate name—Ouyang Xiaoyu. With such an embarrassing name, Ouyang Jianwang would jump every time it was mentioned. He forced everyone to call him Ouyang Jianwang, but today, he used his real name.

“It's true. If I hadn't come here, I'd still be farming in my hometown, or perhaps already dead. Don't you think I should repay this grace?”

“Stay alive, Ouyang Xiaoyu.” Yi Xingyin gave him a thumbs up.

“Fuck off!” Ouyang Jianwang raised his middle finger in reply.

Eyes glittering like stars, Yi Xingyin stared fixedly at him. “I'll be waiting for you at Xuanyuan Lake.”

With that, he turned and left. Back facing Ouyang Jianwang, Yi Xingyin grit his teeth and his eyes turned red.

“See you again.”

Ouyang Jianwang sat on the Heaven Cauldron, shaking his legs.

Half an hour later, his enemies finally appeared. He looked up and saw a man in purple robes and more than a dozen third-origin tribulation elders.

“A weakling like you dares to show up with a bunch of losers?!” Ouyang Jianwang laughed.

“Where are those old ghouls, Di Zang and Po Suo? Are their bones too old to move?” he added.

Of course he knew that the two ghouls were the most threatening. Jiang Wuxin was already at the Tribulation Tower, and naturally the two ghost kings were sealed off with all their strength.

Glancing at Ouyang Jianwang, Ghoulish King Zi Xiao ordered, "Kill him. Find that key, even if it's hidden in his internal organs!"

"Yes!"

More than a dozen third-origin tribulation elders, five of them at the same cultivation level as Ouyang Jianwang, charged to kill. Naturally, Zi Xiao was at the forefront.

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Tianming sat atop Meow Meow, galloping through the sky above Taiji Peak Lake at the fastest speed.

"What's this?" He shook the specter crown prince's head in his hand. Its pale eyes had turned liquid and trickled down, finally condensing into a white sphere.

Tianming held it up and studied it with his Plundering Eye.

"Why is this similar to caelum?"

There seemed to be numerous caeli within.

"Never mind for now."

Putting away the bead, Tianming stood on Meow Meow's back.

"We're not too late. The Ninefold Formation hasn't broken yet!"

A huge formation appeared before them, enveloping the sky above Taiji Peak Lake. For the time being, it was unclear how many layers the formation consisted of.

Just as the words were spoken, the formation exploded. An undefended Taiji Peak Lake emerged on the vast land.

They were too shocked for words.

"How could it be broken? The enemy has no army or corpse puppets!"

Disbelief was pointless. Tianming had returned with the most critical information. After sending Meow Meow back to his lifebound space, Tianming spread his Celestial Wings and swooped down.

"Wait for me!"

### **Chapter 896 - The Demon Sect's Decision**

As the Celestial Wings fluttered, Tianming slammed into the sky above Taiji Peak Lake like a meteor, urgently sweeping his gaze across with his Plundering Eye. He had roughly determined the current situation.

"The Ninefold Formation is broken, and the four sects are rushing back to Xuanyuan Lake with the Nonahall Ghost Sect fiercely pursuing them. Because they aren't being targeted by the enemy, the masses gathered in Taiji Peak Lake have begun making their escape."

That meant there would be a big battle in the Nine Dragon Formation.

“How could the Ninefold Formation be so easily broken!”

According to Tianming's estimate, the formation should have had no problems lasting at least two weeks. In fact, the five divine realms might not even survive the battle.

“Investigating the cause is meaningless right now.”

Tianming flew to Xuanyuan Lake at lightning speed. Everyone was rushing into the Nine Dragon Formation.

It was the dusk of the early spring. The north wind howled in his ear as the chilly current blew south, cold enough to chill bones. It seemed it would snow again. Archaion Sect had yet to see the ice and snow melt.

“Li Tianming!”

He hadn't gotten very far before he was noticed by a large group of people on the side. All at once, a group of powerhouses came to intercept him.

“Get him!”

At least forty third-origin tribulation elders and thousands of second-origin tribulation elders surrounded Tianming. Owing to their discovery, a group of tribulation elders with more than two hundred thousand troops had turned and led their lifebound beasts in encircling Tianming.

Tianming looked up and saw a middle-aged man in fiery red robes in front of him. Staring arrogantly at Tianming, he ordered, “Kill him!”

Upon his command, countless others made their move.

“Stop.”

A gentle voice sounded from behind the crowd. The speaker's majesty overshadowed Solar Master Qin Fengyang; it was Li Caiwei. As soon as Tianming turned around, he caught sight of her slender, enchanting body. Surrounded by a group of elders, she was domineering, like a peerless queen. Her pink eyes stared condescendingly at Tianming as she exerted pressure on him. This was the biggest group of powerhouses among the five divine realms after the Nonahall Ghost Sect, the Yinyang Demon Sect.

“Lunar Master, catch him! We can't let him escape! If we hold Li Tianming hostage, we'll have greater leverage. We can fight for more territory!” Qin Fengyang loudly roared. Under his encouragement, many Yinyang Demon Sect powerhouses were thinking the same thing.

“I entered the five-colored star.”

The situation was urgent so Tianming went straight to the point.

He held up the specter crown prince's head, placed it in front of them, and said, “Look at what this is.”

“A severed head? What about it?” Li Caiwei warned, “Don't try to play tricks. You can't escape from my hands.”

"This is the specter race, that is, the demon race! They called this man their crown prince. I escaped after beheading him." Tianming's gaze was fiery. "Li Caiwei, the Nonahall Ghost Sect are the remnants of the specter race. Their purpose here is to break Great Emperor Xuanyuan's divine body along with the sealing formation of the five-colored star. The star is called the Ninefold Hell, and there's countless members of the specter race slowly awakening, waiting to descend upon this world!"

The moment these words were spoken, the crowd fell silent, then burst into laughter.

"You randomly take a head, paint it, and say it's the specter race? Do you think we're idiots?" Qin Fengyang bent over laughing.

Li Caiwei was the only one who looked at Tianming solemnly.

"With your intelligence and wisdom, I'm sure you know what the truth is. I don't have time. See for yourselves!"

Tianming pulled out four-meter-tall corpses from his spatial ring; they were all from the specter race. The ordinary members of the specter race were completely different in appearance from the human race. They weren't beasts, either. They had green and blue blood, and were easy to identify.

Anyone with a bit of knowledge of historical records could see what these corpses were. Tianming had long expected that no one would believe him, so evidence was the most important. Whenever he had killed something in the Ninefold Hell, he put the bodies away if he had the chance.

"Do you believe me now?"

When the Yinyang Demon Sect saw these terrifying corpses, their laughter abruptly stopped. Their expressions were stiff and dazed. There were no words to describe how they felt. Then, they drew a cold breath.

"As long as the Nonahall Ghost Sect gets the keys and destroys Great Emperor Xuanyuan's divine body, the specter race that enslaved the human race two hundred thousand years ago will return to this world!"

Tianming turned and looked at Li Caiwei as he articulated each word, "So what's your decision? Will you personally hand over the entire Flameyellow Continent to the specter race and let the people of the Yinyang Divine Realm become Nonahall's livestock, or will you join me in doing what a human being should do?"

Li Caiwei stared blankly at him for a long time.

"Hurry up! Stop wasting my time!" said Tianming.

Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, Li Caiwei raised her hand and her voice trembled as she spoke. "Everyone, I have long harbored doubts about the sudden appearance of the star. In the Kilostar Domain, I suspected the Nonahall Ghost Sect's impure purpose in breaking the star's formation. Now, the truth is finally revealed! I'd like to ask all of you to look into the mirror and ask yourselves who you are. There's no wrong in wanting to take Taiji Peak Lake and contending for a piece of this world. But we'll be the real beasts if we end up being used by Nonahall and killing all of our compatriots. I don't think I need to tell you what to do, do I?" she asked.

The news was too shocking. Upon hearing Tianming's conjectures, many were still laughing. But now that the corpses of the specter race were right in front of them, the evidence was conclusive.

"Sect Master, we must live by our conscience!"

"As the human race, it doesn't matter if we fight amongst ourselves. But if the specter race returns, we'll all be finished."

"This won't just affect us for a short period of time, but for millions of years!"

"Sect Master, we must stop the specter race at once!"

From the moment someone expressed their opinion, the entire Yinyang Demon Sect was quickly unified. Qin Fengyang couldn't stop staring at the corpse in his hands with a dazed look upon his face.

When everyone had finally made a decision, he couldn't help but add, "Yes, this is a great matter! What is a Taiji Peak Lake, compared to the life and death of the human race? In the face of such matters, we're all compatriots. There are no grievances between us!"

Tianming sighed in relief. He was afraid these people would continue this internal strife, so obsessed with the war that they would even ignore the specter race. Although Li Caiwei was from a different camp, she had always been very cautious. At present, there were no wounds or traces of battle on the Yinyang powerhouses. It was clear they hadn't attacked the Ninefold Formation.

Li Caiwei finally declared, "Hear my command! Protect the Archaion Sect!"

"Yes!"

"How domineering!" Tianming commended.

With her long hair fluttering in the wind and a fierce force of personality, this woman was swift and decisive.

"Go!" She stared at Tianming.

With the Yinyang Demon Sect leading the way, Tianming and Li Caiwei rushed toward Xuanyuan Lake.

"So you do have a conscience. I'll forget our past grievances," said Tianming.

"Don't be happy just yet. After the specter race is dealt with, we'll still try reclaiming Taiji Peak Lake." Li Caiwei rolled her eyes at him—a woman of various temperaments indeed.

"That's fine. When this is over, you can be as much of a villain as you like," said Tianming.

"You're the villain, you little brat!"

Li Caiwei muttered an expletive, her gaze focused on the front, breath fluctuating and expression unreadable.

"By the way, how did they manage to break the Ninefold Formation?" asked Tianming.

"Your Human Branch sect master, who was in control of the formation nucleus, destroyed it himself."

“Jian Wuyi? How could it be him? I’d believe it if you said Fang Taiqing!” Tianming said with an incredulous look.

“I don't know the details, but I heard that the Draconis House of Jian has joined Hexapath. Perhaps Jian Wuyi and Feng Qingyu are planning on merging the Jian clan and dividing up territory with the Nonahall Ghost Sect. But now that the situation’s changed, it looks like Feng Qingyu and Jian Wuyi will gain nothing,” said Li Caiwei.

“Hopefully, Feng Qingyu regains his senses. Where’s Fang Taiqing?” Tianming had an ominous premonition. Could that man accept such a loss?

“I heard that he escaped with eighty thousand Sterling House of Fang tribulation elders and didn’t look back. We have some people monitoring them, we’re just waiting for the end of the battle to slay that group of traitors!” At the mention of Fang Taiqing, Li Caiwei was enraged and disgusted.

“You really can’t count on that fucking bastard!”

Of the three sect masters, one had defected, and the other fled. No wonder the Archaion Sect had fallen into such a dangerous situation.

“Sect Master Xuanyuan and Ouyang Jianwang should both be at Xuanyuan Lake. With two hundred thousand Yinyang Demon Sect powerhouses as reinforcements, we should be able to resolve this crisis!”

All that was left was to see on which side Feng Qingyu, Dugu Jin, and Changsun Shenqiong would stand.

.....

East of Taiji Peak Lake, the formation was broken and the two Jian clans collided into each other. Of the Hexapath Sword Sect’s hundred and eighty thousand warriors, at least a hundred thousand were from the Tai'e House of Jian. There were more than forty thousand samsarans from the Draconis House of Jian marching up to Feng Qingyu, led by their third-origin tribulation elders.

“Welcome to the reunification of the Jian clan!”

The Jian clan had known about this for quite some time. Jian Wuyi’s rebellion against the Archaion Sect and letting go of his pride as the original clan to merge with the Tai'e House of Jian had already gained their respect. Thus, the Jian clan had expanded!

## **Chapter 897 - Two Grand Houses Past the Point of No Return**

With two elites as powerful as Feng Qingyu and Jian Wuyi, and around forty thousand extra members from the Draconis House of Jian, Hexapath was now far stronger than the Yinyang Demon Sect. It was all as Feng Qingyu had predicted, and he had never intended to fight too much to begin with. He was waiting for Jian Wuyi to come back with the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock, then he would immediately leave. However, as far too many people from the Draconis House of Jian weren't aware of Jian Wuyi's plans, many of them apart from the third-origin tribulation elders were immediately taken aback.

"What does this mean?"

"The joining of the Jian houses? The Tai'e House of Jian are traitors!"

"What in the world? Why would we ever join them?"

"Oh heavens, have you all forgotten the warnings of our ancestors?"

"They said that House King Jian Wuyi caused the formation to fall! Is that true?"

"The house king must've gone mad!"

The members of the Draconis House of Jian immediately fell into chaos and confusion, raging at the insanity of the situation. Most of them didn't even want to approach those from the Tai'e House of Jian. "Everyone, listen to me. The house king will come and explain everything to you. Fellow brothers and sisters of the House of Jian, let's not see each other as enemies any longer. This is the chance for our house to reign supreme over others. Let go of our differences so that we can climb to the top of the Flameyellow Continent!" the third-origin tribulation elders immediately explained.

"Climb to the top? Then who'll be the king? Only the Jians can lead us, not the Fengs!"

"Where's Jian Wuyi?! He has to give us a satisfactory explanation for this!"

Many second-origin tribulation elders of the House of Jian were around four or five centuries old, so Jian Wuyi was their junior, in terms of age. They were so pale and furious that some even vomited blood from the rage.

"Jian Wuyi that ungrateful wretch... he sold his house for glory!"

"He'll definitely be punished by the heavens! All the ancestors of our Draconis House of Jian from the past two hundred millennia will ensure that every single bone in his body will be broken!"

Those from the Tai'e House of Jian watched blankly as the people they had welcomed so warmly cursed and screeched. Their enthusiasm was almost immediately dampened. Even though those that actually reacted with outrage numbered few among the Draconis House of Jian, the rest were still filled with hate and resentment for their estranged brethren, being from the proper house themselves. It was far worse than Feng Qingyu had imagined. Reality always found a way to ruin beautiful ideals.

"Everyone, hear me out. Let's go look for Jian Wuyi together. The two of us will give you an explanation after that." Feng Qingyu didn't throw his weight around and spoke with utmost sincerity.

"Leave! Fuck off!" someone cried.

Feng Qingyu's expression immediately chilled. The Ninefold Formation has fallen, and everyone left for Xuanyuan Lake—I wonder if they've obtained the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock yet. "Everyone, follow me to Xuanyuan Lake! Trust in me and Jian Wuyi. We'll give you a satisfactory explanation!"

The tribulation elders of the Draconis house were still trying to convince the rest. "Everyone, please snap out of it. It's a fact that we've already betrayed the sect. There is no way they will take us back. They're going to fall anyway, so what's the point in staying loyal to them? The Jians can be their own masters!"

By now, the ones from the Draconis house that resisted the idea were standing together. They knew that their rebellion was already an established fact, as much as they didn't want to admit it.

"Let's get Jian Wuyi to tell us that himself!"

Just like that, the two hundred thousand Jian house members didn't leave, but headed toward Xuanyuan Lake instead.

.....

North of Taiji Peak Lake, near the snow-covered wilderness, eighty thousand people gathered. The drizzle that came down soon froze into snow. It was just as moist as it was cold. Every one of them stood blankly on the ground.

"What happened to the house king...."

They looked up toward the mountains and saw a man in a flaming green robe.

"After he buried Luan Wang, he started cultivating with his three remaining lifebound beasts."

"Cultivating at this point in time?"

"Aren't we going to keep running? We're still pretty close to the battlefield."

The eighty thousand members of the Sterling House of Fang were really confused.

"Come to think of it, is it really right for us to run? We'll become the laughingstocks of the whole world once more."

"What do you know? Didn't you hear? The mother of the house king, the palace lord of Godservant Hall, was killed by Her Eminence because she provoked her wrath!"

"That's right! Her Eminence is the goddess of the Xuanyuans. She doesn't care about us at all."

"Even if we risk our lives for her, there's no saying whether she'll have us killed. After all, we're stronger than her descendants! We're a threat to their hegemony!"

"The palace lord is truly pitiful.... She dedicated her whole life to the goddess! Sigh."

They huddled together, bonding over their lamentations. They, of all people, knew how it felt to be vagabonds.

"Actually, I can understand our house king's perspective. He gave his all to serve the sect, only for his mother and son to end up dead thanks to the Xuanyuans' machinations. If it were me, I'd rebel too."

"Everyone listen up. While our house isn't that powerful in the grand scheme of things, that's all the more reason for us to stand united and support the house king! We now stand alone and away from the sect!"

"Trust the house king! He'll lead us on a path to true glory! A path that defies our destiny!"

"That's right, we'll make sure nobody looks down on us ever again."



Throughout history, they had drifted from one place to another, never having a proper place to call home. Even after they rose to prominence in the Archaion Sect, the sect would still belong to the Xuanyuan house after the return of the goddess. It was something they couldn't ever change. They would always be subservient to someone else!

Soon, the snowfall intensified as the temperature dropped. The clan of the phoenix huddled together even closer. Their shared history of hardship, humiliation, and destiny bound them together like a powerful rope.

"From now on, we'll rely only on ourselves!" many of them swore.

Divine Marshal Fang Shenyu of the Origin Phoenix Legion and Fang Yuqing stood halfway up a snowy hill, watching the man who sat cross-legged at the peak. He was covered in green flames that burned strong even in the blizzard.

"He's been at the eleventh-level death phase for years, right?" Fang Shenyu asked.

"That's right. He used to be filled with ambition, thinking that he'd break through to the twelfth-level life phase quickly and catch up to Feng Qingyu. But as time went on, he began to lose more and more hope...." Fang Yuqing watched the blazing flames with a warm and pained gaze.

"I guess even the house king used to be a hot-blooded youth once."

"That's right. He never thought of himself as any bit inferior to Feng Qingyu. He was just born a dozen years later." Though Fang Yuqing wasn't Fang Taiqing's wife, she was the person who understood him the most.

"The Samsara stage is far too terrifying. The difficulty of advancing from the eleventh-level death phase to the life phase of the next level is only comparable to advancing to godhood at the twelfth-level death phase. He's paid too high a price for this to fail," Fang Shenyu said.

"That's right. That's why you should know how shaken he was after he was defeated by a young man like Jiang Wuxin. In fact, even Dugu Jin, who used to be inferior to him, has now surpassed him. He really did want to be the most powerful man on the continent." She began tearing up as she spoke.

"The house king's efforts will be worth it one day. If he wants to cultivate, all eighty thousand of us will wait for him. We'll be with him through life and death."

"Even though he's a selfish and cold person, he always gives it his all when it comes to us, his kin."

"Of course! There's no way we'd willingly serve him otherwise!"

If it weren't for the love for his own kin, there was no way he would have decided to betray the sect when they were under severe threat.

"Actually, we really didn't have a choice. We're just a small, weak group. We can never overcome any deathly trials, only struggle to survive them. Everything he's had to do was by no means simple."

"Let's hope that we'll be in a better place once all this is over."

"It'll depend on him." Fang Yuqing closed her eyes and prayed to the heavens.

Right at that moment, flames suddenly spread across the snowy ground. Everyone turned to look and saw a green tower of flame stretching a thousand meters into the sky and piercing through the clouds. Sharp cries of phoenixes came from the pillar of flames. Three flaming phoenixes soared into the sky alongside the man in green robes. "The heavens have not yet forsaken me!"

A cheerful laughter reverberated throughout. It was Fang Taiqing's voice.

"He finally reached the final level!" Fang Qingyu cried tears of joy as she took it all in, her face beaming with utter bliss.

## **Chapter 898 - The Fiendgod And The Dreamheart Mirror**

"Yes! It's been really difficult! The heavens haven't let him down! He's lost one lifebound beast, but when one door closes, another one opens! Twelfth life phase—that's the same cultivation level as Feng Qingyu, isn't it?"

Gaze fiery, Feng Shenyu roared with laughter.

"The twelfth life phase is the safest! It's just a little short of the twelfth death phase in terms of strength. As long as he doesn't enter the death phase, he can live for at least three hundred years, unlike Ghoul Kings Di Zang and Po Suo, who have little time to live. Even Dugu Jin has taken that last step, so he'll either become a god or die. It's better not to enter the death phase!" Fang Yuqing laughed with tears in her eyes.

She was both excited and relieved witnessing the middle-aged man finally fulfill his dream. As the woman who had remained quietly by his side for two hundred years, the joy she felt surpassed everything. She couldn't even control her tears. All eighty thousand people of the Sterling House of Fang soon knew what had happened.

"Congratulations, House King!"

Cheers and laughter swept away their previous gloomy haze.

The raging fire of the Sterling House of Fang burned amidst the ice and snow. Since the snow wouldn't melt on its own, they would melt it with their fiery heart. Everyone knew that Fang Taiqing's breakthrough was fundamentally different from Jian Wuyi, who had possessed the qualifications to enter the eleventh death phase for quite some time but deliberately held on, similar to Feng Qingyu's situation. However, Fang Taiqing had been reborn from death, a real breakthrough under pressure. This was the last level of the life phase, accompanied by its boundless vitality.

They all raised their heads and looked at the sky with heated gazes as a man dressed in cyan phoenix robes descended from the sky like a true god. His robes fluttered in the wind, eyes ablaze. Only three colors remained in his long hair, yet it appeared even more splendid.

There was no doubt that his skin had become firmer, and his body had filled with power. There was a youthful vitality on his face, making him look much younger than Feng Qingyu. Apart from becoming a god, going from the eleventh death phase to the twelfth life phase was the biggest breakthrough in

terms of transformation. Only when one had reached the twelfth life phase did they have the hope of becoming a god.

It was common knowledge that the two ghoulish kings had no hope of becoming gods and could only struggle at death's door. In the future, those who were truly likely to become gods on the Flameyellow Continent, apart from Tianming and Feiling, were Dugu Jin, Feng Qingyu, and Fang Taiqing.

Jiang Wuxin's cultivation level was too low, for the time being. There was no way he could become a god purely by relying on his physique. No matter how much he ate, he would forever be stuck at his current strength.

"Congratulations House King for becoming the first twelfth-level life phase samsaran in the history of the Sterling House of Fang!"

Yes, he was the first one. The Sterling House of Fang had continuously strengthened and grown to their present scale. Now, having taken that last step, Fang Taiqing was the best among the clan. Under their watchful gazes, Fang Taiqing landed before them, eyes brimming with tears.

"Yuqing." He stretched out his arms.

They weren't young anymore; time was merciless. Fang Taiqing had had a wife, but she had passed on. And now, during this moment of celebration, he embraced Yuqing.

Everyone watching held back their tears.

"Everyone." Facing the crowd, Fang Taiqing bowed deeply. "Thank you all for being willing to follow me even into death. I will never let you down!"

Not even the cold could dampen their enthusiasm.

"House King, tell us, where should we go?" asked Fang Shenyu.

"Let's go back to Taiji Peak Lake and catch them off guard!"

"Fight for the Archaion Sect?"

"No!"

Fang Taiqing stared at Taiji Peak Lake with a scorching gaze. He wasn't willing to crawl out of Taiji Peak Lake like a dog. Ghoulish King Di Zang's ridicule and the words "three-faced house pets" was a sting that had penetrated his heart. How could he ever forget that?

Since he had a hope of becoming a god, he thought to himself, It's not clear yet to whom the divine realm belongs. Perhaps it's my turn?

Pointing his spear at Taiji Peak Lake, he roared, "Let them fight amongst themselves. When the shepherd quarrels with his flock, the wolf has a winning game!"

.....

The Nine Dragon Formation was just ahead. Tianming, Li Caiwei, and more than two hundred thousand Yinyang Demon Sect powerhouses stopped outside the formation.

“The Yinyang Sect is here! Send some manpower to the south!”

“Lead them over, Lin Yuntian!”

There was great chaos inside the Nine Dragon Formation. Right now, the four sects were still urgently retreating. Without the Sterling House of Fang and Draconis House of Jian, there were less than four hundred thousand powerhouses in the alliance. Most of them had already returned to the Nine Dragon Formation and formed a phalanx, ready to meet the enemy.

At present, a large group of Nonahall powerhouses had followed them into Xuanyuan Lake and were battling the four sects. There were more than four hundred thousand powerhouses from Nonahall alone. If it weren't for the fact that most of them were restricted by the formation, Xuanyuan Lake would be under tremendous pressure. They could still resist before Biritual, Hexapath, Quadform, and Heptastar's arrival.

However, there was still a terrifying killing machine at Xuanyuan Lake; that is, Jiang Wuxin! He alone took on all the firepower of the Nine Dragon Formation. At this moment, Xuanyuan Dao wielded the Photodragon and had gone head-to-head with Jian Wuxin in an earth-shaking battle.

Xuanyuan Dao retreated steadily, holding up against Jiang Wuxin solely by relying on the formation. If it weren't for the fact that Jiang Wuxin had targeted him alone for the key, everyone else would be in grave danger. The Yinyang Demon Sect arrived under such circumstances, adding fuel to the fire. Just as the powerhouses within the formation were urgently being mobilized, a white-haired young man suddenly appeared outside the formation.

“Sect Master, there's been a change. I've discovered the secret of the five-colored star! The Yinyang Demon Sect is now our ally. Don't worry, let them in!”

Tianming's appearance attracted the attention of many.

“Li Caiwei, don't try to trick me with this!” Octagram's Lin Yuntian said coldly.

“I'm over here.”

Right after Lin Yuntian spoke, Li Caiwei appeared next to Tianming.

“Sect Master Lin, look! It's me!”

Tianming immediately pulled out his signature Grand-Orient Sword at the same time as Ying Huo and Meow Meow came on the scene.

Although Li Caiwei could use the Dreamdemon Arcana, she couldn't conjure up his lifebound beasts.

“Tianming?”

“Let them in!” Tianming shouted.

“Lin Yuntian, trust in the imperial son! Let them in!” Xuanyuan Dao's urgent voice sounded from behind.

In the midst of Jiang Wuxin's onslaught, Xuanyuan Dao faced continuous lethal attacks that threatened his life. In fact, his trust in Tianming and his subsequent decision saved himself. Although Lin Yuntian didn't understand, he still made way.

More than two hundred thousand Yinyang warriors rushed in and began forming a defensive formation.

"What's going on?" asked Lin Yuntian.

"Li Tianming will explain it to you. In short, the Nonahall Sect is involved in a terrifying conspiracy, so we've decided to leave them," said Solar Master Qin Fengyang.

With the threat of the specter race looming over the Flameyellow Continent, even this guy appeared pleasing to the eye.

While they were talking, Tianming and Li Caiwei made their way to Xuanyuan Dao. They had previously spoken about Jiang Wuxin.

"It's very likely he's lost all ability to think and been reduced to a killing machine controlled by the Nonahall Ghost Sect. His current mission is to kill Xuanyuan Dao and take the key! You must know that he's already killed Fang Taiqing! Now's not the time to wonder what happened to him. We must stop him!" said Li Caiwei.

Tianming had a million questions; he couldn't figure it out at all. Lin Xiaoxiao had broken through so quickly because the Archaionfiend was devouring caeli. Just how had Jiang Wuxin become so powerful?

There was no need to ponder. One glance was all it took.

"He possesses a strong physique that's surpassed the limits of the human race?" Tianming narrowed his eyes. Jiang Wuxin's physical strength reminded him of the specter race.

"He's most likely one of the specter race!" said Tianming.

"I see!" Glancing back at Tianming, Li Caiwei said, "Move aside and watch me subdue him!"

"You?"

As far as Tianming could recall, Li Caiwei had just entered the eleventh-level death phase. Logically speaking, she couldn't defeat Jiang Wuxin. But at that moment, her dress fluttered in the wind as she whizzed away. A round mirror appeared in her hands, expanding as it suddenly appeared over Jiang Wuxin's head. Then it sank and merged with the whole of Xuanyuan Lake.

"That's a divine artifact!"

Tianming's guess was right. This was the Dreamheart Mirror, left behind by the Biritual Fiendgod. In his eyes, Li Caiwei's long dress seemed to float as she descended into the center of the Dreamheart Mirror and then danced enchantingly like a dream or a fantasy. A soft, mellow melody began spreading throughout Xuanyuan Lake as she gracefully danced.

"Ghosts and spirits, Dreamheart World, open..."

The melody resembled a whisper that resonated with the soul.

"This divine artifact has its own formation. It appears to be a hallucinatory formation of the highest level."

Tianming's conjecture was correct. The Dreamheart Mirror couldn't be used as a weapon. Its only use was creating the Dreamheart World. Such a weapon was sometimes very weak, but at other times, extremely powerful.

When he didn't use his Plundering Eye, he could see the bewitching body undulating in front of him, her figure constantly confusing the mind. Her wrists, slender legs, and pliable waist seemed almost boneless.

As soon as he blinked, Tianming thought he saw tens of thousands of beautiful girls on Xuanyuan Lake dressed in pink. They floated above the lake, sad and obscure.

"What a beautiful dance!" Tianming sighed.

"Why don't you join her then?"

Feiling's voice rang in his ear.

"My mistake!"

Clearing his throat, Tianming looked outside.

At that moment, the red-eyed Nonahall army, as well as the legions of Hexapath, Quadform, and Heptastar appeared in front of the Nine Dragon Formation. Ghoul King Di Zang, Feng Qingyu, and Dugu Jin were all present. The only one missing was Ghoul King Po Suo.

### **Chapter 899 - Slaying One Man Every Ten Steps!**

Half an hour ago, the Heaven Cauldron had rumbled and shook on Heaven Sacred Mountain. Countless strands of tribulation sword ki burst from within, whizzing around the cauldron and wreaking havoc.

"Dog Bro, hold on!"

Ouyang Jianwang's roar shook the heavens.

On the Heaven Cauldron, a big yellow dog with disheveled fur was resisting more than thirty opponents. Among them were third-origin tribulation elders and their lifebound beasts. An outstanding hero in this bloody battle, the yellow dog was mighty with more than eight hundred stars in its eyes. Despite being weaker than some of its opponents, it was extremely brave, roaring and biting, unleashing its abilities as its claws and teeth ripped through its opponents' flesh.

Upon closer inspection, one might notice the Heaven Cauldron pattern in the center of its eyebrows. This pattern appeared to be the center from which black ripples originated, enveloping the dog's body like armor. The vibrating Heaven Cauldron behind it was visible through the layer of armor. With each quake, huge power poured into the yellow dog. This was the reason for its courage.

The nether cloudsky dog was Ouyang Jianwang's lifebound beast. The power that the Heaven Cauldron had bestowed upon it was known as the Heaven Embodiment, which fully enhanced its abilities in all aspects. As long as the dog remained in the vicinity of Heaven Cauldron, its strength would be eye-popping.

Although the Heaven Cauldron could originally move, it couldn't be placed into a spatial ring due to its size. But now, after the emergence of the five-colored light column, the Heaven Cauldron was completely immovable. Otherwise, Xuanyuan Dao would definitely have dragged it into Xuanyuan Lake, much like what they had done with the Old Deepstar Path.

The Heaven Cauldron was a special existence among all the divine artifacts on the continent. No one could control it; it had chosen its own guardian, Ouyang Jianwang. Although he was known as its guardian, he usually served it instead. But at this moment of crisis, the Heaven Cauldron didn't disappoint. In fact, this was Ouyang Jianwang's first time using the Heaven Embodiment.

Ouyang Jianwang didn't need to look up to know that the Ninefold Formation had completely collapsed. The Archaion Sect had reached a dead end, and everyone was fleeing for Xuanyuan Lake.

"Who would've thought we'd lose so miserably! Never mind, I'll kill as many as I can to help Xuanyuan Dao shoulder the pressure!"

Like the nether cloudsky dog, he, too, had a cauldron pattern in the center of his eyebrows that extended throughout his body and stretched into his weapon. When the patterns vibrated, his entire body seemed to have turned into the cauldron itself.

The sword in his hand was already covered in blood. In the presence of blood, the cauldron pattern fluctuated and seemed to have increased the tribulation patterns on the Intoxicant Godsword. It had originally had fourteen tribulation patterns, but seemed to have more than twenty now. Of course, the cauldron pattern wasn't the same as tribulation patterns.

Roaring with laughter, Ouyang Jianwang soared into the sky. When he looked around, he realized that the Archaion Sect was doomed. This white wonderland was stained with too much blood.

His eyes turned red. Their home was destroyed, dyed red by the wanton spilling of blood.

"You shouldn't have stretched those hands of sin to defile this paradise!"

Anger boiled in him like a volcano on the verge of eruption. His hand that wielded the sword was already shaking and several corpses had fallen under his feet. With the enduring blessing of the Heaven Cauldron, the Intoxicant Godsword was almost unstoppable. His lifebound beast beside him had also slaughtered numerous third-origin tribulation elders.

"Ghoul King, he has the help of the Heaven Cauldron. He's too strong!"

"Let's retreat first!"

With Ouyang Jianwang hunting them, the enemy tribulation elders began panicking. They watched many of their companions being split in half by Ouyang Jianwang, their blood dyeing the cauldron red.

"Fuck off!"

Ghoul King Zi Xiao stared wide-eyed, unable to believe that Ouyang Jianwang alone was able to force him into such a disadvantage.

"I didn't expect the endowment from the Heaven Cauldron to be this powerful. But the key!"

Although it was a blow to his pride and self-esteem, Zi Xiao still held his Purplemoon Ascension firmly in his hand and besieged Ouyang Jianwang together with the other third-origin tribulation elders.

Infinite Cloud Ascent! With a wave of his spear, countless purple rays burst forth and enveloped Ouyang Jianwang's head.

Ghoul King Zi Xiao was just as powerful as Xue Yi. He had three lifebound beasts, each with more than nine hundred and fifty stars in their eyes—gigantic purple eagles with nine heads, known as nine-headed purplesky eagles.

The eagles were ferocious and cruel, and formed a triangle around Ouyang Jianwang. Lightning intertwined on their nine heads, the purple snakes of electricity flickering. Their identical abilities—the Purplesky Seal—combined to form a net that covered the sky, blasting down on Ouyang Jianwang.

"A nameless nobody like you who relies on the Heaven Cauldron isn't worthy of dominating us!" Zi Xiao sneered.

Amidst the Purplesky Seal, the spear formed a purple crescent moon that rotated at lightning speed as it fell from the sky. The lifebound beasts of the dead third-origin tribulation elders swarmed around Ouyang Jianwang.

With his life on the line, Ouyang Jianwang laughed coldly and shot toward Zi Xiao.

"A nameless nobody?"

Because of his humble background, because he wasn't born in one of the three great clans, he had never been respected by these people his entire life.

"Who cares about that? If I kill Ghoul King Zi Xiao, my name will be known far and wide, won't it?"

Ouyang Jianwang raised his sword, the black cauldron patterns rippling and resonating with the patterns on his body and condensing within his flesh.

"My sword is peerless, and the heavens and earth boundless!"

He completely transformed into black sword ki, countless strands of tribulation sword ki bursting out of his body and gathering in his sword. With the endowment of the black cauldron patterns, the tribulation sword ki became more powerful and fierce. At the final juncture, Ouyang Jianwang drained his jar of wine in one gulp and spewed it onto his sword.

"Die, you bastards!!"

Drunken Sword Art! The man wasn't intoxicated, but the sword was.

Under the bombardment of lightning strikes, both Ouyang Jianwang and his sword danced erratically. Faced with one deadly attack after another, he wandered and swayed, seemingly drunk, but in fact, every step and move of his perfectly evaded those attacks.

The image of the wobbling sword sank into the heart.

"Ahh!"



Blood splattered everywhere. There were afterimages of a drunken man staggering through the crowd. Wherever his sword went, a dead body followed. With the cauldron pattern, the tribulation sword ki easily pierced their armor and killed them in one blow.

“Slaying one man every ten steps gives your mum ecstasy, eh!” The sword danced and the man laughed. Ouyang Jianwang was on cloud nine; he had never experienced anything this thrilling. Corpses were strewn all around him.

“Who else is there?!” The sword swept across, shattering the purple moon. The malicious third-origin tribulation elders in front of him exploded, their corpses fragmenting; only Zi Xiao was left. Face pale and stubborn, body covered in blood, he stood before Ouyang Jianwang. His nine-headed purple sky eagles, behemoths comparable to the heartscourge fiend and skyscorch bloodfiend, had been bitten to death by the big yellow dog.

“Zi Xiao, when you reach the gates of hell, make sure to tell your departed brothers and sisters that it was I, Ouyang Jianwang, who slaughtered you!”

When the sect fell, millions of deaths occurred. Only Xuanyuan Lake remained of the huge sect, but was in its death throes. They were struggling to survive. As the only person guarding Heaven Sacred Mountain, there was only one thing on his mind—kill!

The sword in his hand illustrated the Drunken Sword Art. With every mouthful of wine he spewed, the wine and blood melted into each other.

“Archaion Sect, I live and die with you!”

Even if he was just a lonely hero, he would shine with a brilliance that penetrated the clouds on this battlefield that belonged to him alone. Thousands of strands of tribulation sword ki condensed into one.

“Die!!”

Ouyang Jianwang shot toward Zi Xiao, his sword ki swaying and bending in a disconnected manner. But in an instant, ten thousand swords reintegrated and erupted.

“The Heaven Cauldron is too powerful....”

Ouyang Jianwang’s current state made Zi Xiao’s scalp tingle. He finally admitted he had lost!

“What’re you excited about? I didn’t lose to you!”

Zi Xiao turned around and fled. As long as he left the range of the Heaven Cauldron, he would be able to pinch Ouyang Jianwang to death, much like crushing an ant.

“You’re scared!” Ouyang Jianwang laughed.

One man bolted, while the other pursued. Sweating profusely, Zi Xiao exhausted all his strength in trying to escape, chills crawling up his spine.

“Too bad!” Ouyang Jianwang’s roar sounded from behind. “You’re too slow!”

Sword ki tore through the air. The violent tribulation sword ki pierced Zi Xiao’s flesh right before he descended down the mountain and a gaping hole a dozen centimeters wide appeared in his chest.

Bowing his head, Zi Xiao reached out to cover his wound. How could this be possible?

“I-I....”

The Nonahall Ghost Sect was on the verge of victory, yet he himself was killed just one step short of witnessing the reemergence of the specter race. He would have soon become one of the specter race; he had already considered himself one of them and was working for the other side at the expense of his own race. But now, his death was most miserable! Only a step away, yet he had fallen into the abyss. At that moment, tears streamed down his cheeks.

“I want to be a specter....”

With such yearning, he crashed down Heaven Sacred Mountain, becoming a mass of mangled flesh at the bottom. The man who had thought himself a specter was forever dead. When he fell to his death, all the Nonahall powerhouses and their lifebound beasts on Heaven Sacred Mountain had perished in battle.

Ouyang Jianwang returned to the top of the cauldron with his sword in hand. Killing Zi Xiao gave him no excitement, only anger and sadness.

“Dog Brother....”

Stroking the big yellow dog on the head, he looked out at Xuanyuan Lake with fiery eyes. The sect was destroyed. Tears soaked his lapel.

“Are we going to just wait here?” The dog seemed restless.

“There’s more people on their way here,” said Ouyang Jianwang.

“Why?”

“I heard they want the key.”

“Who do you think is coming?”

“She.”

Ouyang Jianwang felt his eyelids twitch.

He pointed to the sea of clouds ahead, where a gigantic beast was flying toward the Heaven Cauldron.

“That’s the whirling beast!”

## **Chapter 900 - The Whirling Beast And The Amnestic River Voidbanner**

Before the whirling beast arrived, it began snowing. But upon a closer look, it wasn’t snow, but some kind of white powder. All of Heaven Sacred Mountain was covered in this powder in a short period of time; except for the Heaven Cauldron, everything had turned white.

Upon looking up, Ouyang Jianwang saw a pale beast descending from the sky. It was an enormous white moth that resembled a cloud. In its cold, apathetic eyes were nine hundred and ninety-seven stars. The moth was flapping its wings, spreading the powder everywhere.

"If it weren't for the Heaven Cauldron's protection, I would've been poisoned by this powder!"

When Ouyang Jianwang stretched out his hand, he saw the white powder devouring the cauldron pattern as if it were alive.

"Who would've thought that the second ghoulish king would personally come to kill me?"

Taking another sip of wine, he laughed in a self-deprecating manner.

Above the pale moth stood a fair-skinned woman with perfect curves, wearing very little, her white ribbons fluttering in the wind. Her jade-like eyes stared condescendingly at Ouyang Jianwang.

"Where's Zi Xiao?"

"I killed him," said Ouyang Jianwang.

"How useless. But all the better. There'll be one less person to share the benefits with."

As Ghoulish King Po Suo spoke, the moth descended from the sky like a sea of clouds. When it flapped its wings, white powder fell like pouring rain. Not only did the air fill up with the powder, the entire Heaven Sacred Mountain turned white from it.

"Give me the key."

Po Suo stretched out her slender hand.

"I'll trade your head for it."

Raising his sword, Ouyang Jianwang expelled a mouthful of wine onto his sword, thoroughly cleaning the blood off. The nether cloudsky dog fiercely glared at the moth, barking continuously.

Po Suo snorted in contempt, then plunged from the sky, flickering like a white light. A white flag appeared in her hand. In that instant, the chilly wind howled.

"Are you surrendering? Raising the white flag?" Ouyang Jianwang grinned.

Despite the smile on his face, there was a stormy sea in his heart. This white flag was known as the Amnestic River Voidbanner. It was one of the two divine artifacts of the Nonahall Specter, and dated back to a hundred thousand years ago.

Aside from Xuanyuan Xi, only five of the nine gods of the Flameyellow Continent had left behind divine artifacts. They were the gods of Monorigin, Biritual, Quadform, Hexapath, and Nonahall. Among them, the Amnestic River Voidbanner was one of the most powerful. Pulling out this divine artifact to deal with Ouyang Jianwang meant Po Suo had set out to kill.

"The key is so important to them!"

The white flag fluttered amidst the chaotic world. When the flag was raised, resentful faces suddenly appeared on one side.

Po Suo was completely different from Zi Xiao; she didn't want to speak a word. However, the deadly threat from this woman, as well as the fear she caused, was enough to send chills up Ouyang Jianwang's spine.

Her ghostly white figure drifted before him. At the same time, the moth in the sky sprayed out pale mist that turned into rings and wrapped around the yellow dog.

As Ouyang Jianwang waved his sword once more, countless strands of tribulation sword ki condensed into one.

Po Suo's figure seemed to morph and her cold killing intent violently surged. With the suppression of the Amnestic River Voidbanner, the tribulation sword ki resembled a stone sinking into the sea.

A harsh noise seemed to pierce Ouyang Jianwang's soul. As soon as the white flag was unfurled, it was as vast as an entire world. And in that world were hundreds of millions of hidden people, demonstrating the brutality of this weapon. Who knew how many dead souls had been sacrificed a hundred thousand years ago to forge such a weapon? From what he could see, there were at least hundreds of millions!

The era when the Nonahall Specter ruled the Flameyellow Continent was the most brutal period in history. The descendants of the first eight gods, including the Archaic House of Xuanyuan, were almost completely annihilated and had to flee elsewhere. It wasn't until the Nonahall Specter reached the end of his life that they returned one by one. It took a full hundred thousand years for the Archaion Sect to regain its vitality.

The eight gods before the Nonahall Specter had also ruled the Flameyellow Continent, but none of them had ever slaughtered to such an extent. The white flag gave Ouyang Jianwang a glimpse into the past.

"It seems human life is really worth nothing to them...."

The suppression from the flag sent him crashing into the Heaven Cauldron. Ouyang Jianwang vomited blood, feeling as if his flesh and bones were crushed.

"It seems I can't defeat her."

Eyes red, he slid down the Heaven Cauldron and climbed to his feet.

"Where's the key?" a faint voice sounded in his ear.

With such a pale complexion, Po Suo resembled an evil spirit crawling from the depths of hell.

Ouyang Jianwang laughed.

"If you don't answer, I'll look for it, even if it's hidden in your skull."

Pursing her lips, Po Suo crossed a hundred meters in a flash. The shadow of death had already enveloped Ouyang Jianwang.

War, bloodshed, defeat, calamity—just the thought of those words made it hard for Ouyang Jianwang to breathe. His eyes turned red. Behind him was the Heaven Cauldron; there was no retreat! The nether cloudsky dog beside him was overpowered by the white moth's abilities. The big yellow dog was now dyed white, its flesh putrid and decayed.

“Dog Bro, are you alright?” asked Ouyang Jianwang.

“Are you blind?! I’m about to go bald from all the rubbing!” shouted the dog.

“Then....”

Ouyang Jianwang stared intently at the woman and moth in front of him. His back to the Heaven Cauldron, he frantically absorbed its power.

“Dog Bro, lend me a hand!”

“Go!”

A thunderous boom resounded as the Heaven Cauldron vibrated.

“The fit is even better now!”

Majestic power rushed into Ouyang Jianwang.

“Brother, if we can't kill Po Suo, we'll slaughter her lifebound beast and cripple her!”

The two switched targets. Just as the Amnestic River Voidbanner turned into a spear and shot toward Ouyang Jianwang, he activated the power of the Heaven Cauldron and burst forth.

“Attack!”

With his sword in both hands, he zipped through the air, followed by the nether cloudsky dog that had transformed into a black and yellow flash. Like a Heaven Cauldron, it slammed into the white moth.

More than a hundred thousand strands of tribulation sword ki exploded and Po Suo’s expression turned ugly. The Amnestic River Voidbanner blocked more than half of the sword ki, while Po Suo was forced to dodge the other half.

However, Ouyang Jianwang's goal was the moth behind her. His sword ki condensed into a beam of light that soared into the sky. Entangled in battle with the dog, the moth was completely defenseless against the sudden onslaught of the sword ki.

This time, Ouyang Jianwang had infused the explosive power of Heaven Cauldron into his attack, aiming to kill with one blow. Although the moth had many stars in its eyes, it was weaker than he had expected.

It was no surprise when his sword pierced the beast. The moth exploded into white powder that sprayed all over the sky. If the previous scene had been a downpour, then what was now falling was a mountain of white powder that swallowed the entire Heaven Sacred Mountain.

Having killed Po Suo’s lifebound beast, Ouyang Jianwang was content with his life.

Unfortunately, there was no time for excitement because the Amnestic River Voidbanner was about to reach him.

As the flag floated across, Ouyang Jianwang was covered in blood. The cauldron pattern covering him was completely destroyed. Had it not been for the cauldron’s final protection, he would have been slaughtered like the whirling beast.

He suffered severe pain and bleeding. White powder poured into his body, corroding his flesh and blood. There was no doubt he was about to die.