

The Ages 901

Chapter 901 - Dugu Jin's Proof Of Allegiance

Even at such a moment, Ouyang Jianwang was still laughing.

"Old Ghoul, you've been crippled!"

In the powdery sky, Po Suo raised her head and stared blankly, then broke out in laughter.

"Now that it's dead, I should return to how I was before. The blood pact has bound me for so many years. Do you think I'll be sad?"

"What do you mean?" Ouyang Jianwang frowned.

"You don't have to understand anything."

As she spoke, her body underwent a terrifying transformation, stretching and growing to more than three meters tall. She turned into a pale humanoid monster, her hands becoming claws. What was more amazing was that nine hundred and ninety-nine stars had appeared in her eyes.

"What the hell?" Ouyang Jianwang gasped.

"What on earth is this?!" The big yellow dog that had returned to his side stuck out its tongue, eyes widened in astonishment.

"My ancestors had a higher-level blood pact with lifebound beasts to conceal ourselves. From then on, our cultivation level was restricted by our lifebound beasts. Now that my contract beast is dead, I can no longer hide my identity. But with your key, I don't have to hide at all."

Po Suo was muttering to herself, so Ouyang Jianwang couldn't hear her clearly at all. And even if he had, he wouldn't have understood a word she was speaking as he didn't have the relevant information. After all, Ye Bodhi had been killed by Tianming before his lifebound beast.

Po Suo's body finally completed its transformation. White hair grew all over her so she resembled an ape. It was hard to imagine that this thing was once a beauty. She stretched her limbs and locked on to the severely injured Ouyang Jianwang.

"Die!"

There was no one else on Heaven Sacred Mountain, so she had nothing to fear. Ouyang Jianwang's cauldron pattern had also been broken. Now that Po Suo had exposed her true body, how could she let Ouyang Jianwang live, even if he didn't understand what was going on at the moment? She stretched out her paw.

Ouyang Jianwang was rooted to the spot, mind sluggish from the shock. Death was coming for him. If he stayed here, he was destined to fight to his death and make a heroic sacrifice.

"Logically speaking, I must die heroically after this to achieve a sensational effect. But did you think I was Yi? The key is so important, why wouldn't I leave myself a way out?"

Despite the crisis, Ouyang Jianwang suddenly burst out laughing and quickly returned the big yellow dog to his lifebound space.

“Sword! Heaven Cauldron, activate escape mode!”

With the Intoxicant Godsword in hand, he stepped onto the cauldron.

“Man and sword become one! Let’s soar into the sky!”

The Heaven Cauldron immediately responded, vibrating with power for the last time. That explosive force sent Ouyang Jianwang whizzing away like a sword.

Destination: Xuanyuan Lake.

In the blink of an eye, Ouyang Jianwang disappeared in the sky, leaving behind the words, “If the wind isn’t right, run!”

A thunderous boom sounded the moment Po Suo pounded the Heaven Cauldron, almost hitting Ouyang Jianwang. If she had landed the blow, it would have torn his flesh apart. She froze for a moment. It felt as if she was being toyed with. When she turned around, her eyes were blood red.

Her sturdy legs jolted and she let out a deafening roar, then shot after the disappearing sword light that was Ouyang Jianwang.

Ouyang Jianwang’s laughter echoed in the wind.

“I, Ouyang Xiaoyu, protected the key and fled from danger! What emotions! What circumstances! Why not recite a poem?”

“Listen carefully—

I have wine in a jar so great, in which you shall also partake

Though I had but taken a sip, your drunk face is already hidden jar-deep

A toast to the shortness of life, a toast to the shameless lowlives

As fine wine goes dry, the drunk dogs start to decry

The stench of wine, mixed with blood raining divine

Dragons' howls drown out the agonizing cries

Lugging my wine jar with sword in hand

I asked for a drinking buddy, my offer still stands

To whine about suffering, or something else bland.”

Po Suo was about to cry. After all that posturing, the man still had the time to recite a poem?

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Within the Nine Dragon Formation, Jiang Wuxin unexpectedly burst out with a roar louder than Lan Huang's. God knows how big his lungs were! His contenders were Xuanyuan Dao, the ancestral dragon spirits, Li Caiwei, the Dreamheart World, and Li Caiwei's lifebound beast, the cloudveil illusory fox.

The fox was a snow-white nine-tailed fox demon with glossy, white fur that had a touch of pink in it, a pair of clear, yet enchanting pink eyes, a graceful body, and dreamlike movements. Its nine tails resembled slender, beautiful legs. Nine tails meant the highest talent in the history of their clan. The beautiful fox had Ying Huo staring foolishly.

"I understand now," Ying Huo said with feeling.

"What do you understand?"

"No wonder I'm not interested in those beautiful little phoenixes from the Sterling House of Fang. It turns out that true love happens across different species!"

"Fuck off!"

Tianming frowned; Jiang Wuxin was too powerful. Fortunately, the Dreamheart World had a certain restrictive effect on him and had temporarily trapped him in the illusion. Otherwise, he would have caused more destruction.

However, his flesh was extremely tough. Even with the Kilostar Photondragon, Xuanyuan Dao had failed to kill him, which demonstrated just how hard it would be to deal with Jiang Wuxin.

More importantly, the enemy legions had all assembled.

"It's great they've arrived at the same time, so I won't have to repeat myself. We'll see what kind of men Feng Qingyu, Dugu Jin, and Changsun Shenqiong are!"

Next to Tianming were Sect Masters Lin Yuntian, Jiang Yuanjun, and the coral and rose fairies. The coral fairy's expression was gloomy. Jian Wuyi's betrayal had hit her hard. Although she was under great pressure at the moment, she managed to hold on.

"Please lend me your support."

Without Fang Taiqing and Jian Wuyi, Tianming was forced to rely on the sect masters for protection.

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Outside Xuanyuan Lake, the legions of Nonahall, Hexapath, Quadform, and Heptastar had gathered. Eight hundred thousand samsaran powerhouses surrounded the Nine Dragon Formation. Di Zang, Dugu Jin, and Changsun Shenqiong were the first to arrive. Across the crowd, Dugu Jin exchanged a meaningful look with Ghoulish King Di Zang before walking toward him.

The two conversed in a low voice.

"Where's Ghoulish King Po Suo?" asked Dugu Jin.

"She went to get the other key. Its guardian is stationed at the Heaven Cauldron," said Di Zang.

"We have to be careful. He's rather formidable with the Heaven Cauldron," Dugu Jin replied.

"She 's probably already gotten the key. Xuanyuan Dao is the only one left." Turning to look into the depths of the formation, Di Zang locked on to the Heaven Branch Sect Master.

"Why'd Li Caiwei betray us?" asked Dugu Jin.

"She thinks she's very smart, but she'll only end up bringing about her own destruction. It doesn't matter. Regardless of her betrayal, the outcome will be the same, won't it?" said Di Zang.

"Yes, it will." Dugu Jin laughed ambiguously.

"You deal with the last key and I'll lead our legions in breaking the formation. I'll leave Xuanyuan Dao to you," Di Zang said generously.

"I can't thank you enough," Dugu Jin said excitedly.

"That's your proof of allegiance. Make good use of it and your future will be limitless," said Di Zang.

Right then, they were joined by Changsun Shenqiong.

"What're you two talking about?" he asked curiously.

"I've pledged my allegiance and asked him if I can join the Nonahall Ghost Sect and become a ghoulish king." Dugu Jin smiled.

"With your abilities, how could Ghoulish King Di Zang refuse?" Changsun Shenqiong laughed.

After Changsun Shenqiong joined the conversation, their voices grew louder and many people overheard them. The scene was abuzz.

"If Brother Dugu is willing, we would of course welcome him. But what about your Quadform Sect?" asked Di Zang.

"We'll merge with Nonahall!" said Dugu Jin.

Everyone burst out laughing. This was obviously a joke that no one took seriously. After all that laughter, Di Zang cleared his throat and his expression regained solemnity as he said, "Most of us are here, so listen up! We'll take Xuanyuan Lake in one go, seize total victory, and divide up the land!"

When he turned around, he saw more than four hundred thousand Nonahall powerhouses whose eyes had turned red from all the carnage. At that moment, they drove their lifebound beasts along, their roars shaking the earth. They were waiting for Di Zang's orders. This was the moment they would change history!

"Attack! Kill!!!"

"Flatten the Archaion Sect beneath our feet! Annihilate the Xuanyuan clan!"

Their fierce roars shook Xuanyuan Lake; they had all bared their fangs.

At that moment, Feng Qingyu descended before them.

"Has anyone seen Jian Wuyi?" he asked.

Di Zang and Dugu Jin exchanged a look.

"I haven't seen him. Wasn't he going to get the Hexapath Sword Insight Rock? Could he have been killed by Xuanyuan Dao?" said Dugu Jin.

"Ghoul King, we found the corpses of Jian Wufeng and Jian Qingyuan, but not Jian Wuyi!" Someone brought their bodies up.

Feng Qingyu frowned upon seeing their corpses.

"There's not much time left. Your whereabouts are obvious, yet Jian Wuyi hasn't looked for you. There are only two possibilities: he was either killed or captured by Xuanyuan Dao," said Dugu Jin.

"If you want answers, fight your way in and ask Xuanyuan Dao," Di Zang said most 'sincerely.'

Feng Qingyu didn't want to continue mingling with them. But now, Jian Wuyi's life and death was still uncertain. His indifferent gaze bore through the formation and landed upon Xuanyuan Dao. However, it was Jiang Wuxin's inhuman strength that gave him a sinking feeling.

"Brother Di Zang." Feng Qingyu looked back.

"Please speak."

"What'd you do to turn Jiang Wuxin into this?" asked Feng Qingyu.

"Brother Feng, the star map is in your hands, and he's ours now. You shouldn't be asking questions, should you?" Di Zang laughed.

"You're right." Feng Qingyu smiled.

He turned around and stared at the Firmament Godsword in Jiang Wuxin's hand, his heart heavy with unease. No one knew that he had gifted this sword to Jiang Wuyi.

"Wuyi...." What had happened?

Feng Qingyu felt dark clouds gathering above his head. He was afraid to think of what might have happened.

At this moment, Di Zang raised his hand to mobilize the violent, raging army of eight hundred thousand samsarans.

"Ladies and gentlemen, although the Nine Dragon Formation is strong, it's only one formation and merely possesses the ancestral dragon spirit. Now that Jiang Wuxin has restrained the dragon spirits, Xuanyuan Lake basically has no formation. Dugu Jin, Feng Qingyu, and I will lead you to level Xuanyuan Lake and slaughter the powerhouses of Monorigin, Triflair, Octagram, and Pentaphase. From today on, the nine divine realms no longer exist. Only five divine realms will remain under the heavens and on this continent! The goddess, Xuanyuan Xi, must die! Now listen to my orders—KILL!!!"

The legions boiled with passion.

To their surprise, a white-haired young man rushed out of the Nine Dragon Formation before the battle could begin. He tossed countless corpses out of his spatial ring, piling them up in front of them. There were thousands of them! More importantly, these people had never seen such corpses.

Chapter 902 - The Truth About Ancient Times

“What are those?”

The strange appearance of the corpses, along with the blood and aura of the specter race, coupled with Tianming's special identity to attract the attention of all eight hundred thousand warriors of Nonahall, Hexapath, Heptastar, and Quadform. The legions that had been about to rush into Xuanyuan Lake suddenly stopped in their tracks. They stared wide-eyed at the details. These corpses had stars in their eyes. They were very strange in appearance; some were a combination of man and beast, some had extra arms and legs, and others had two heads, one big and the other small.

Green, blue, and white blood was more in line with certain terrifying beings described in ancient records. Rumor had it that these beings had controlled the Flameyellow Continent for millions of years and enslaved the human race. Although there were many questionable areas in the historical records, they were accurate overall, and could prove everything.

On scene were Samsara powerhouses, most of whom were over a hundred years old so their knowledge wasn't superficial. There were also elders that specialized in the study of the demon race. Many third-origin tribulation elders, including those of Nonahall, exclaimed at once.

“The demon race!”

Those three words had all of Xuanyuan Lake in shock. Even Nonahall's troops were shaken, their eyes wide as they drew in a cold breath. Many people rubbed their eyes in disbelief.

"Green blood, blue blood, multiple arms, an average height of more than three meters, hideous appearance, boundless vitality, powerful physique, and feeds on lifebound beasts. This... this is the demon race that's recorded in the 'Ancient Times'."

"There's also such a description in the 'Ancient Classics.' Unfortunately, most people still think it's complete nonsense!"

“The demon race actually exists? Li Tianming, where'd these corpses come from?”

In that instant, everyone in Xuanyuan Lake looked at Tianming with shock and caution.

It was clear that even in Nonahall, there were only a few ghoulish kings that actually knew the truth about the Ninefold Hell. Their third-origin tribulation elders had all been kept in the dark. The most frightening thing was the fact that the remnants of the specter race had secretly flourished in Nonahall for a hundred millennia, ever since the time of the Nonahall Specter. They must have a perfect way to conceal themselves, since they remained undiscovered for so long.

Of course, even if certain people had discovered them, they must have been dealt with. The fear and prudence toward the demon race was exactly as Tianming had predicted. Fear of enslavement and being brutally butchered for millions of years existed in their blood.

The moment they saw the specter race, every human being present felt their scalp tingle. Although they personally had no memory of being enslaved, they had instincts inherited from the blood of their

ancestors. It was just like how lambs instinctively trembled in front of the lion. Even if the lamb had never seen a lion before, it knew to run the moment it came upon the lion.

Amid the deathly stillness, Tianming glanced at Ghou King Di Zang. Just as he had expected, the moment the man saw the corpses, his expression drastically altered. His narrowed eyes turned red.

Rage and killing intent filled his being. Tianming could immediately tell that this man was one of the specter race. Before Tianming could speak, Di Zang snorted contemptuously and shouted, "Everyone, don't be tricked by Li Caiwei's illusion. They're trying to scare us. The demon race has been extinct for two hundred thousand years. Is this kid hoping to protect Xuanyuan Lake with this cheap trick? What a joke! Everyone, listen up. Don't stop, commence fighting at once! Christen your swords with the blood of our enemies!"

With that, he suddenly shot toward Tianming, aiming to kill the white-haired youth as well as destroy the corpses.

It doesn't matter where these corpses came from. As long as you die, the corpses are destroyed, and our legions rush in, there will be no looking back! Di Zang sneered.

Under such circumstances, could the corpses of the specter race destroy their hundred-millennia plan? Dream on! Who would care about the specter race once they started killing?

However, Di Zang was furious at the other three sects' inaction. Even among the Nonahall warriors, only half of them had responded. A large number of their third-origin tribulation elders frowned and stared at each other, still hesitating. At their cultivation level, they could certainly tell if this was an illusion.

"Brother Di Zang, why not give him a moment and let him explain? We can still kill him after." a cold voice sounded from behind him.

Di Zang didn't need to look to know it was Feng Qingyu that had spoken. His gaze had been fixed upon the corpses for a long time. Glancing at Li Caiwei, he suddenly recalled the conversation between them—it turned out to be the truth!

When Feng Qingyu closed his eyes, he sensed the instinctive fear inherited from his ancestors. It was a feeling similar to a cat's piloerection, and it made his scalp tingle.

"Yes, give him a chance to speak. I sense something wrong about this," Changsun Shenqiong whispered.

"Are you afraid, Ghou King Di Zang? The existence of the demon race is a matter of life and death for all races, surpassing our struggle for dominance, internal fighting, and internecine strife! Figuring out what's going on is beneficial for everyone!"

"Tianming, tell us, where did these demon race corpses come from?" The Octagram Sect Master, Lin Yuntian, patted Tianming on the shoulder.

Tianming stepped forward.

"Seniors, Elders, please allow me to explain everything. Before that, look at the sky, at the five-colored star guarded by the Heaven Cauldron. It originated from the Kilostar Domain and was originally a grey star. I witnessed its birth. It's called the Ninefold Hell. So where did the corpses come from? In fact, I broke through the five-colored formation and entered the Ninefold Hell, killed the descendants of the

specter race who'd been imprisoned for two hundred thousand years, and fled for my life. If you don't believe me, you can take these corpses and study them with your own eyes. Their blood is still warm! These corpses were all freshly killed!"

With his loudest voice, Tianming made sure everyone heard every word clearly. As he spoke, he stared at Di Zang, whose expression was strange. Learning that Tianming could sneak into the Ninefold Hell was a bolt from the blue for him.

This meant that the young man could release the specter race without needing to destroy the divine body. What a surprise!

Tianming's words caused a sensation. He added, "Keep listening, everyone. I'm going to tell you the real secret behind the Kilostar Domain and the earth-shattering conspiracy of the specter race that has remained among us since two hundred thousand years ago, as well as the true identity of the Nonahall Specter! I believe anyone who's capable of reaching Samsara isn't a fool and should be able to judge what's true and what isn't. Most importantly, I'll reveal the truth behind today's battle. The purpose of the remnants of the specter race is to destroy Great Emperor Xuanyuan's divine body in the Heaven Cauldron, break the final restrictive formation of the Ninefold Hell, release the specter race back to our world, and enslave the human race for millions of years to come!"

Tianming's voice echoed through the battlefield.

"What?!"

Those words were startling. In an instant, the entire audience was in chaos, everyone staring at Tianming. His words were obviously well-organized. Everyone could judge if he was telling the truth.

Then, Tianming quickly and concisely explained the truth about the Kilostar Domain, the Blooddragon Sealing Formation Enchantment, the treasures left by Great Emperor Xuanyuan, the task he had been entrusted with, as well as the two keys to the Heaven Cauldron. The only thing he left out was the Divine Moon Realm.

After all, Great Emperor Xuanyuan had instructed him to only seek help from the Divine Moon Realm when the specter race reappeared. As he spoke, Tianming laid out the treasures from Great Emperor Xuanyuan, including the caeli of the man and five dragons. Xuanyuan's caelum was certainly strong proof of the authenticity of his words, and the warm corpses of the specter race was even better proof. As long as they could think, these people could evaluate the truth of the matter.

The five-colored star in the sky was without a doubt the nest of the specter race that had treated the human race as livestock two hundred thousand years ago. Tianming had even mentioned the giant cocoon, which was clearly a sign of awakening from their deep sleep.

"None of us could ever have imagined that the specter race has been lurking among us, undiscovered for two hundred millennia, more careful than any of us in order to make a comeback. Even if someone discovered them, they were most probably killed! For them to be able to dictate this battle shows that they have an elevated status and are extremely powerful! So you should already have the answer to their identities!"

As he spoke, his eyes and finger were pointed at Di Zang.

Everyone turned to look at Di Zang, especially the stunned Nonahall powerhouses. Only ghoulish kings were allowed to participate in the core matters of the sect.

The Nonahall powerhouses and remnants of the specter race were two completely different things. If a secret was known by many, there would be a risk of exposure and a cover up would be of no use when that happened. Therefore, apart from the ghoulish kings, the Nonahall powerhouses had been kept unaware of the truth.

Some of their ancestors had died bizarrely, yet the murderers were never found. Those people might have been silenced for inadvertently discovering the secrets of the specter race.

For a while, there was only silence. Then, someone pointed out, "No! Li Tianming, you're wrong about this. Ghoulish King Di Zang isn't a remnant of the specter race. Those specters have stars in their eyes and no lifebound beasts. All nine ghoulish kings have lifebound beasts." The speaker was a third-origin tribulation elder of Nonahall.

"Yes, Ghoulish King Di Zang has a lifebound beast. He isn't one of them," Changsun Shenqiong echoed.

"The real remnants of the specter race must be well-hidden, and have never shown themselves."

"But how can they manipulate the situation if they don't appear?"

"So we haven't been manipulated. They were hiding, waiting to take advantage of Xuanyuan Xi's death!"

"It can't be Ghoulish King Di Zang. I've seen his lifebound beast with my own eyes. We've all seen it."

"Forget about blood pacts! How can such a lifebound beast evolve to have more than nine hundred stars? How can they become ghoulish kings? They'd have to thank the heavens if their beasts had more than fifty stars!"

Voices debating the matter came from all around.

"Why don't we ask Ghoulish King Di Zang for an explanation?" Feng Qingyu suggested.

Chapter 903 - They Are The Specter Race

Clearing his throat, Ghoulish King Di Zang said, "After everything Li Tianming has shared, I personally think the specter race exists. And they want to take advantage of our battle to fish in troubled waters. Since Li Tianming suspects I'm one of them, I'll prove myself to you! First of all, I don't have stars in my eyes."

He swept his eyes across the crowd. They were sure of this.

"Secondly, please take a look at my old brother. Since I was born, it's been with me till this day. It's ridiculous to call me a remnant of the specter race!"

As Di Zang spoke, his lifebound beast appeared. Endless black mist spread out, soaring into the sky and rolling in the clouds. It was a terrifying beast whose appearance couldn't be seen clearly.

Furious, it shouted, "Look carefully. I have lived in symbiosis with Di Zang for so many years. Although I'm old now, I fought my way up back then. How can I have nine hundred and ninety-nine stars from a blood pact?!"

Its thunderous voice proved Di Zang's innocence.

"Come back, Brother."

Di Zang said with a smile, his tone flat as if he had calmed down.

Tianming was about to explode.

"What an old fox!"

The evidence was conclusive and the truth had been revealed. At that point, everyone was aware the remnants of the specter race were planning for the race's return. However, Di Zang had cleared himself of any involvement with the specter race. Although it seemed trifling, his lifebound beast did indeed prove everything. Even if Tianming told them there might be a different kind of blood pact, no one would believe him. After all, the blood pact between Lin Xiaoxiao and the Archaionfiend was certainly different.

Di Zang didn't give him a chance to continue. His eyes burst with cold light as he stared at Tianming.

"The two keys are in the hands of the Archaion Sect, but with the sect's current vulnerability, it's impossible to protect them. There's a risk of the specter race's return. So I suggest that we continue to take down Archaion Sect and let the stronger side hold the keys! In order to avoid suspicion, Nonahall won't be in possession of the key. We'll give one key to Dugu Jin and the other to Feng Qingyu. What do you think of that idea?"

Dugu Jin was one of them, while Feng Qingyu was still an ally. Although it would be rather troublesome to take the key from him, it was still better than leaving the keys in the hands of the enemy. He looked around.

"That's right, Xuanyuan Lake is all that's left of the Archaion Sect. Even the Ninefold Formation has been broken. How will you protect the key? With Xuanyuan Dao and one ordinary third-origin tribulation elder? If we leave the keys in your hands and the remnants of the specter race show up, we'd be playing with the safety of the human race! Separating the keys and giving them to the top powerhouses of the human race is a much better idea!" said Changsun Shengqiong.

"Don't forget Archaion still has a Xuanyuan Xi. We've broken the sect's protective formation. Once she regains her godhood, we'll all perish! It's better to kill Xuanyuan Xi and hold the keys in your hand."

"This way, the specter race has no chance of returning. We'll be more at ease, won't we?"

"But if we fight, won't the specters take advantage and find an opportunity to get the keys?"

"No, they can't be that strong. Otherwise, they'd have seized the keys a long time ago."

"We'll be assured to know the keys are in the hands of Dugu Jin and Feng Qingyu!"

The situation had completely changed.

The old fox had used his lifebound beast as proof of his identity and inspired their faith in him. He was clearheaded enough to think of proving his innocence, since the matter of the specter race was already a given.

He had guessed right. Tianming didn't know how he managed to transform into a human. It was the secret behind that allowed them to stay hidden for two hundred thousand years.

"Ghoul King Di Zang, how will you explain away the fact that you and Ghoul King Po Suo created a black and white formation outside the five-colored star to speak to your emperor?" Tianming gritted his teeth.

"What a joke! Did anyone see us do that? Do you think you can incriminate me just by making things up?" Di Zang said angrily.

With that, he gave his orders. "There's no point continuing this nonsense with them. Follow me to get the keys for Dugu Jin and Feng Qingyu. Our sect has been infiltrated by the specter race. In order to prove our innocence, we won't go anywhere near those keys!"

"Yes!"

After all, Di Zang still wielded great authority within the sect. Many people respected him as they would a god, while Tianming was the enemy they were eager to kill.

Even though Tianming had presented them with the truth, it was difficult for them to make a truly rational judgment when their rage and passion had gone to their heads, especially since Di Zang had proven his innocence and made a reasonable decision. However, only half of the Nonahall powerhouses and the clown-like Changsun Shengqiong, with a small number of people from Heptastar, were actually prepared to fight. It was rather awkward.

More importantly, neither Dugu Jin nor Feng Qingyu made a move. The Hexapath powerhouses believed that a battle at this time would easily give the specter race a chance to act.

Even if only a few of them attacked, Tianming would still be forced to face a murderous Di Zang. He had to return to the Nine Dragon Formation. As long as Di Zang continued attacking, more would eventually rush into Xuanyuan Lake and fight to the death. They were still facing a crisis.

But at that moment, something incredible happened. Sword light flickered in the sky and a disheveled drunk covered in blood fell from above. Like a meteor, he came smashing down right before Tianming.

Maintaining a sturdy horse stance, Tianming stretched out his hands and pulled the man into his arms to prevent him from falling to the ground.

"Damn it! The Heaven Cauldron collapsed because it doesn't have enough power! Take me into the formation, Tianming!"

It was Ouyang Jianwang. Everyone knew that he had a key.

"Why're you still fooling around outside?" Tianming was exasperated. He had assumed Ouyang Jianwang was hiding inside Xuanyuan Lake.

Ouyang Jianwang's appearance had stopped Di Zang once again; he was stunned. Then, something even bigger happened! A white light blasted from the sky, shooting toward Ouyang Jianwang with an angry roar.

"Run! I've already cursed all eighteen generations of her ancestors. Hurry up! She's mad with rage!"

Tianming quickly carried Ouyang Jianwang into the Nine Dragon Formation.

A loud boom sounded as a humanoid monster more than three meters tall slammed into the ground, causing cracks in the earth. It was shaped like a white-furred ape, with more than nine hundred stars in its eyes. From its deafening roars, it was clear the monster was furious.

Eyes bloody, she bit her lip and her claws ripped through her own chest. An explosive power swept out. She was irritable at the moment, as if her entire family had been insulted by Ouyang Jianwang.

She was Ghou King Po Suo.

No one knew what Ouyang Jianwang had said along the way to make her so angry. She had lost her sanity. Perhaps this was one of the specter race's shortcomings when they were in their original form. The moment she hit the ground, millions of astonished gazes fell upon her.

Di Zang was forced to stop. There was complete silence once more.

Po Suo gasped heavily. She was about to continue chasing after Ouyang Jianwang, but after a few steps, her pace began slowing down. Then her expression changed drastically as she turned around in amazement.

She happened to meet Di Zang's bewildered gaze. This time, he was truly stupefied. "You haven't obtained the key?" asked Po Suo.

How long had it been? With so many people on their side, they should have already destroyed Xuanyuan Lake. She never would have imagined that Tianming would stop Di Zang's attacks by announcing the truth. If no one knew the truth, they wouldn't suspect anything even if she rushed here looking like this, killed Ouyang Jianwang, and grabbed the key. After all, no one would associate the sudden appearance of this monster with Ghou King Po Suo and the remnant specter race.

As long as she got the key, she could have retired after her meritorious contribution. However, they hadn't even started attacking Xuanyuan Lake. But not only had they failed to fight, even the truth of the specter race had been completely exposed. In that instant, she became the focus of the masses, especially since she had spoken to Di Zang as soon as she descended.

Only then did she see the corpses of the specter race strewn all over the ground.

"What's going on here?"

Po Suo was completely stumped.

"The specter race!"

"A live one!"

For a moment, everyone stared at her before they started screaming.

"What specter race! This is Ghoul King Po Suo. I killed her lifebound beast by borrowing the power of the Heaven Cauldron. Then she became like this and stars appeared in her eyes!" Ouyang Jianwang shouted angrily as he left Tianming's embrace.

"Ghoul King Po Suo!"

"She became like this after the death of her lifebound beast?"

Everyone all drew a cold breath, then turned around and cast their gazes upon Di Zang.

They clearly recalled what the monster said to Di Zang—"You haven't obtained the key?"

What did that mean? Everyone understood at once! She thought that Ghoul King Di Zang had already retrieved the key.

So Di Zang's main goal turned out to be the key? Wasn't it clear what he was?

At that instant, chaos broke out. All four hundred thousand of Nonahall's powerhouses were livid.

"The first and second ghoul kings we worshiped and respected for hundreds of years are members of the specter race!!"

"Shut up! Who can prove what Ouyang Jianwang says is true? Who can prove this specter is Ghoul King Po Suo?"

Several people put forward differing opinions.

"My dog can prove it."

The moment Ouyang Jianwang spoke, the crowd fell silent.

Then, the nether cloudsky dog appeared.

"As everyone knows, my lifebound beast is a yellow-haired dog. But now, it's been dyed white by Ghoul King Po Suo's lifebound beast. If you don't believe me, you can go to Heaven Sacred Mountain and see for yourselves. The entire mountain is covered in skycloud powder at least a meter thick. If you still don't believe me, get Ghoul King Po Suo to show herself. She isn't senile. It shouldn't be difficult for her to show her face."

Ouyang Jianwang's words completely silenced all those who were speaking for Ghoul King Di Zang. Evidence was the most important thing right now. And now, all the evidence proved that Di Zang and Po Suo were part of the demon race.

"By the way, I also killed Ghoul King Zi Xiao, but that guy doesn't seem to be one of them."

In other words, except for Di Zang and Po Suo, the rest of the ghoul kings were dead. Amidst all the tension, Tianming stood up with a white head in his hand.

"Ghoul King Di Zang!" He yelled.

Everyone saw the head in his hand, including Di Zang and Po Suo.

"Look what I have!"

Chapter 904 - I Ask for the Release of Death

"Do you recognize it? It's a specter I killed in Ninefold Hell! They called him the crown prince! In other words, he was slated to be a future overlord of your race! Are you shocked? Pissed? Shitting yourselves? Come kill me then!" Tianming's words completely stunned the whole battlefield.

Ouyang Jianwang's sudden arrival had helped him a lot, allowing him to put the final nail into the specter race's coffin. No matter how cunning Di Zang was, even he couldn't help but howl in anger when he saw the crown prince's severed head. The same was the case with Po Suo. And now that they had given up the game after seeing the dead crown prince, nobody would believe them any longer—not even Changsun Shenqiong, who hurriedly took a few steps back.

Lips shuddering, he mumbled, "I... I almost helped the specters return to the human realm to enslave us. If my ancestors found out about this, I'd be cursed to death! Thankfully, the truth is out now!" He was tearing up so hard his entire face was covered in salt.

Humans had desires and fears. They wanted land, resources, huge achievements.... However, their primal fear was being enslaved by the specters again. But fear and desire had a really odd relationship. After the horrifying truth came out, the desperate fear they'd had of a fate worse than death had turned into a desire for victory.

After their natural predators had come, not even sheep would continue fighting each other for grass. Even if they outcompeted the others, they would only end up killed by the beasts anyway.

Changsun Shenqiong harshly gave himself a slap on the face.

Many elders knelt to him and pleaded, "Sect Master, please don't mess around! Those specters are no joke! It's been recorded in history that they treated humans like livestock!" If he chose to continue helping Di Zang, no one would help him any longer.

"Who'd want to be treated like livestock when we can be masters of our own lives?!" Changsun Shenqiong proclaimed, still shaking. Now, Heptastar's stance on this matter was clear. This wasn't something the sect master alone could decide. No matter how foolish he was, he knew that if he chose to continue attacking the Archaion Sect, everyone in his sect would turn and run.

It wasn't just Heptastar; even those from the Nonahall Ghost Sect were completely horrified by the turn of events. Even with how cruel and savage those tribulation elders were, they were still humans and shared a primal fear toward their natural predators. Learning that the Nonahall Specter their realm had worshipped for a hundred thousand years wasn't even a human to begin with immediately caused their faith to collapse, and they writhed in pain. Even those that weren't able to let go of their faith couldn't help but gasp when they saw Po Suo's current appearance.

Now that they already had a taste of the fear, it gripped them so tightly that they could no longer control themselves, much like someone who jumped at the sight of ropes after being bitten by a snake. There were some wounds that even two hundred millennia couldn't heal. The rift between the races was unbelievably huge, and those who could look past it were definitely in the minority.

"Kill the remnants of the specters!" Tianming roared from within the Nine Dragon Formation.

Right after his roar, the tribulation elders within the formation also cried out. "Kill them!"

It was echoed by many among Heptastar, Quadform, and Hexapath outside the formation too. Now the elites from Nonahall were caught in an awkward position. They found it too hard to accept that their sect had actually been formed by the remnants of specters that had escaped being sealed away. Even so, many among them roared with rage.

They were those who had joined the sect during later stages, and weren't too loyal to it. Now that they had taken the first step, the others could no longer stay back and watch the unbelievable nightmare the specters would bring unfold once more. It was a complete turning of the tides.

The million or so samsarans were directing their anger toward Di Zang and Po Suo, calling for their deaths. The two ghoulish kings could no longer turn black into white. But even so, their strength was not to be underestimated. They still seemed calm, despite what had just happened.

"Take the keys!" They decided to go all out. The two of them were quite close to the formation and immediately zeroed in on Ouyang Jianwang and Xuanyuan Dao. Now, the two twelfth-level death phase samsarans, the top two strongest on the Flameyellow Continent, charged directly into the formation.

Even without their grand army, the two of them working together still made for a really terrifying threat. Those that came to intercept them within the formation were immediately sent flying. Even Lin Yuntian, the coral fairy, and many others were swatted away by Po Suo, and nobody knew whether they still lived.

Taiji Peak Lake had few people to begin with, and dealing with two peak elites of that caliber would be no easy task for them. Di Zang's lifebound beast charged toward Xuanyuan Lake and immediately started spewing black smoke toward the army of a hundred thousand. Meanwhile, Jiang Wuxin kept applying huge pressure on the Nine Dragon Formation. Even more pressing was how the two ghoulish kings completely ignored the other normal fighters and were fully intent on taking down their targets.

Without their lackeys, it was rather difficult for them to make their way straight to Xuanyuan Dao and Ouyang Jianwang, but they were specters, and thus posed a huge threat even to people of those two's caliber. Ouyang Jianwang, in particular, was basically unable to continue fighting.

"Protect them!" Many of the elites from outside the formation clamored—aside from those of Nonahall, who were still awkwardly deliberating their next action. The other three sects, including the Draconis House of Jian's members, came to their aid. It was a shame they were unable to catch up to the two ghoulish kings at all.

Still, their violent charge resulted in rivers of blood. Given the density of people around them, many of them didn't dare haphazardly unleash the abilities of their lifebound beasts in fear of inadvertently harming others.

"Go!" Tianming flapped his wings and quickly retreated with Ouyang Jianwang. Po Suo immediately changed directions and homed in on them. Meanwhile, Di Zang and his lifebound beast charged through a thousand enemies toward Xuanyuan Dao.

Xuanyuan Dao was still trying to hold back Jiang Wuxin with Li Caiwei. the moment Di Zang reached where they were, Jiang Wuxin would be released and things would get troublesome. The two ghoulish

kings were no longer concerned about their own survival now. All things considered, the attention soon fell on Feng Qingyu and Dugu Jin, among the two most powerful people there.

"Hexapath Swordfiend! Go help them! You can stop them!"

"Why're you just standing there?! Move!"

"Are you not going to act? What kind of elite are you? Didn't you call yourself the strongest on the continent? Where's your pride?"

"That's right! Don't forget, Jiang Wuxin was his disciple!"

"What kind of disciple did you raise? Now he's serving the specters! You took part in creating him! You'd better atone for your mistakes!"

"If you end up dooming the world because of this, your name will be besmirched for aeons to come!"

The criticisms came heavier and heavier. It felt like one blade after another was piercing into his heart.

"Feng Qingyu, you brought up Jiang Wuxin to be a devil! It's your own doing! It's unforgivable!"

Soon, Feng Qingyu began to sway. He glared at the divine sword in Jiang Wuxin's hand, the Firmament Godsword. "Where in the world is he...."

Throughout the chaos, Feng Qingyu hadn't spotted a hint of Jian Wuyi. They had agreed they would meet once more after the battle, but where was he?

At that moment, a bloodied eagle flew to Feng Qingyu. "Where's Wuyi?!" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"He... was killed by your disciple! My other brothers were consumed by him, too," the eagle moaned.

Jiang Wuxin had consumed three swordbeasts and ran. With all hope of reunion with Jian Wuyi now gone, Feng Qingyu finally snapped out of it.

"Feng Qingyu, he's your disciple! Deal with it! You were the one who doomed Wuyi! If you hadn't raised Jiang Wuxin and traded him for a starmap, he wouldn't have become a demon!"

Those enraged words struck Feng Qingyu like bolts of lightning. "I was the one who doomed him!"

He took three steps back, face pale as the gigantic eagle spat out Jian Wuyi's corpse, whose head was snapped to the back.

"Urghh...." Feng Qingyu stumbled towards the blue-robed corpse and held it tight in his arms. "Aaaaah! Aaaaaagh! Aaaaaaggghh!"

His deafening cries tore at the heart. "I was the one who killed him! Me!"

His tearful sobs soon turned into painful laughter, then heavy shaking. The worst part was how all of this had resulted thanks to him handing Jiang Wuxin over to Nonahall. He looked once more at the bloodied corpse in his arms. His future plans, everything, gone just like that. "Wuyi... Wuyi... tell me... what meaning is there left in my life? Am I really a powerful elite?"

Many people were shocked to hear that. They weren't even relatives! Why was Feng Qingyu acting like he had lost the person most dear to him? Nobody would understand how the sword maniacs had seen one another. Back in the old days, there was nothing between them and their swords. They smiled wholeheartedly under the setting sun, but those days would never return.

Feng Qingyu closed his eyes as waves of power were unleashed from his body. "Today, I wish for death. I wish for atonement. Wuyi, wait for my moment of reckoning."

He no longer held back from the death phase. Three decades ago, he had already met the requirements to break through, but he'd wanted to finish achieving his ambitions before embarking on the path to godhood. And now, he effortlessly undid the chains that bound him, stepping into the final phase of Samsara as everyone watched.

The Hexafirmament Eradicator appeared, sending booming wails across the battlefield. The crack on one of the swords didn't affect its power at all. His three remaining swordbeasts fused into the swords and caused the power within them to surge.

Feng Qingyu placed Jian Wuyi's corpse on the ground before heading toward the Nine Dragon Formation, glaring at the bestial Jiang Wuxin.

"Everyone... this is the fruit of my own doing. I accept all the consequences on my own. I will make sure to not owe a single one of you any debts as a result of the consequences of my actions!"

Chapter 905 - Three Hundred Million Souls Excluded from Reincarnation

No matter how terrifying Feng Qingyu's current aura was, everyone was relieved to see him charging into the Nine Dragon Formation after his disciple. Even though the specters here were mere remnants of their race, they were basically invincible to anyone who hasn't achieved godhood. Not even a sect master like Lin Yuntian could take a single heavy blow from Di Zang or Po Suo. Xuanyuan Lake was in desperate need of peak elites that would be able to hold those two down. Once that happened, they would be able to take advantage of their vast numbers.

"Feng Qingyu, I'll tell you one more thing. Before we marched, the ghoulish king had Jiang Wuxin devour fifty million lifebound beasts in ten cities of the Nonahall Divine Realm! There's a good chance that he's a specter himself, too! Fifty million humans were essentially crippled through the loss of their lifelong partners. If you don't kill Jiang Wuxin, we'll come to you for this debt of blood!"

That was utterly shocking news, and nobody doubted its veracity, for the one who said it was a third-origin tribulation elder of Nonahall.

"The specters really are the bane of humanity!"

"Given how cruel the two ghoulish kings were to their own, they've long abandoned the side of humanity."

"Did fifty million lifebound beasts really die?"

"Which cities? My family lives in Anling City!"

"Anling City is one of them."

That news had been suppressed before the battle began. But now, the fighters from Nonahall were even more disappointed in Di Zang and Po Suo.

"Everyone, let's help them too! The specters are the real demons! Let's wipe them out!"

Nonahall still had around a hundred third-origin tribulation elders above the tenth level, thirty of whom were at the death phase. They finally coordinated themselves to act against the two ghoulish kings. Only third-origin tribulation elders were powerful enough to barely hold back the three specters, and they were all grieving and angry at the death of all those lifebound beasts.

With Hexapath, Heptastar, and Quadform's tribulation elders joining in with the other tribulation elders on Archaion's side within the Nine Dragon Formation, the number of third-origin tribulation elders was around a hundred and fifty. All of them summoned their lifebound beasts and entered the formation to fight as one. This was a turn of events that nobody could have predicted when the battle began.

Even though they used to be nemeses, they banded together against the nightmarish specters. At the very least, humanity was able to put aside their differences when faced with an existential threat.

Now, all those elders teamed up against Po Suo, who was trying to chase down Tianming and Ouyang Jianwang. Though she was nigh unstoppable by any individual alone, the group finally managed to stop her in her tracks. Tianming had already taken quite a number of fatal claw strikes from Po Suo for Ouyang Jianwang and almost lost his organs, though the Greenspark Tower had helped regenerate them.

"Enter Soulburn Hall! There's an inner formation there!" Tianming said agitatedly.

"But that isn't that appropriate, right?" Ouyang Jianwang said.

"Who cares?!" If Ouyang Jianwang stayed there despite his injuries, he would only just be holding the rest back. Tianming gave the old man a kick and sent him flying into the building. Then he turned back and saw Po Suo being bombarded with attacks from all those elders.

"Damn, seeing a sight that I never would've imagined would come to pass is bringing a tear to my eye," Tianming marveled.

"Well, nobody wants to be an absolute dipshit that dooms their own race, after all," Ying Huo said.

"Did you see Po Suo's Amnestic River Voidbanner?"

"Yeah. What's so special about it?"

"Would you believe it if I told you that the sin that divine artifact gives off is ten times more than Ghoulish King Si Ling's?" Tianming had almost fainted when he saw it with his Eyes of Judgment. It was far too terrifying.

"What does that mean?" Ying Huo asked.

"It's the divine artifact the Nonahall Specter forged more than a hundred millennia ago! There are at least three hundred million vitae trapped within that banner. It's said that once people die, their vitae will re-enter the cycle of reincarnation, during which their memories are wiped before they reincarnate. The Amnestic River Voidbanner, on the other hand, traps the vitae and prevents them from

reincarnating forever. I believe my dad trapped Autarch Qian in the Cyclic Reflector using the same method, though the purpose of that was to punish him. The banner, on the other hand, uses all those vitae to increase its power. In other words, there's three hundred million souls inside who're prevented from reincarnating. However, the users of the banner have definitely consumed quite a few of them over the years, so over five hundred million have fallen prey to that horrid weapon." Tianming's voice grew colder and colder as he spoke on.

Was this pure evil, or simply an irreconcilable difference between different species? There were many things in the world that didn't have straightforward answers. Who were the arbiters of what was good and evil? Were humans evil for eating animals by the billions? How was it different for specters to do the same by treating humans like livestock, apart from the fact that humans were sentient? Who decided that it was bad to eat sentient beings, and if so, why? If humans could kill each other in endless wars throughout the aeons, who were they to judge specters that were trying to kill them for food and survival?

What was common sense for most people was nothing other than a human-centric view of the universe. As far as the rest of the universe was concerned, the joys and sufferings of humans didn't matter in the least.

This was part of the truth Tianming was searching for on his path of cultivation. However, the more he thought about it, the more confused he became. Every time that happened, however, he would calm his mind by recalling Li Muyang's words: what should matter to him at the end of the day was whether or not he followed his heart.

"As long as I don't turn against my own heart and conscience, I'll continue living as myself to the fullest extent possible! Every justification should come from my own being! The Primordial God-Emperor was probably a human, and I, Li Tianming, am also a human! Which side I take and which views I adopt should be based on what blood flows within my veins! I see good and evil from the point of view of a human! I am human, and that's a core part of my being. Anyone that tries to massacre my species will have to endure my wrath! And traitors to humanity are the absolute worst! The path of the sovereign is the ultimate destiny of humanity. Since the Eyes of Judgment deem the Amnestic River Voidbanner as an evil object, then it's evil to me! The three hundred million vitae that aren't able to reincarnate will definitely be thankful to me if I free them from their torment. I can already see the endless amount of good karma I'll receive...."

Having calmed his thoughts, he was able to continue fighting even after witnessing all the cruelty the universe had to offer. "Ghoul King Po Suo!"

Now that other third-origin tribulation elders were holding her back, there was nothing Tianming had to fear. He charged into battle with his lifebound beasts and dual swords in hand! Nobody knew all the things that had flashed through his mind at that moment. The epiphany was his and his alone. After all, nobody knew the tragedy that lay behind the Amnestic River Voidbanner.

Specters didn't care about human lives and would use them like cattle to enhance their weapons. That just pointed to the fact that there was an irreconcilable grudge between humans and specters. Tianming finally understood why Great Emperor Xuanyuan would plead with him. After seeing the truth for himself, even he would do the same. Not to mention, the specters had been sealed away for more than

two hundred millennia. Once they returned, the Flameyellow Continent would be bathed in blood and fire once more.

"Begone!" He executed the Ninesky Beastsoul Formation; Po Suo was surrounded and being bombarded with countless abilities, making for the perfect opportunity!

Chapter 906 - Your Death is My Eternity

On the other side of the battlefield, Di Zang charged toward Xuanyuan Dao with his lifebound beast. Currently, the power of Nine Dragon Formation and Dreamheart World was concentrated on Jiang Wuxin alone. His Regal Specter Bloodline had made him so much stronger after consuming fifty million lifebound beasts. Needless to say, the crown prince of the specters definitely had a similar bloodline, the only difference being that he hadn't consumed a single lifebound beast before. Who knew how many generations of specters had come and gone in the two hundred thousand years they had been imprisoned. They were all malnourished and starved in the Ninefold Hell, so they were far from their peak strength.

Di Zang's arrival immediately broke the coordination between Xuanyuan Dao and Li Caiwei.

"Come with me to kill this person so I may take the key!" Di Zang shouted to Jiang Wuxin, who poked his head out of Li Caiwei's Dreamheart World. Shocked, he blankly looked at the surroundings.

"Jiang Wuxin, obey your master!" Di Zang hollered once more.

Finally, Jiang Wuxin managed to break out of the Dreamheart World, though that only caused Li Caiwei to use it on Di Zang instead.

"Jiang Wuxin!" Di Zang was getting more and more furious at seeing Jiang Wuxin blanking out like that. This was the perfect chance for them to take the key!

Right at that moment, Jiang Wuxin shot a glare to where Po Suo was; that was where the white-haired youth fought. Almost immediately, Jiang Wuxin's eyes began to bleed a stream of bloody tears.

"Aaaaah! Aaaaaagh!"

He pressed his head as he writhed and cried in pain. Then he charged to where Tianming was fighting.

"Jiang Wuxin, come back and help me!" Despite Di Zang's roars, Jiang Wuxin could see nobody but Tianming.

"Hehehe... hehehehe...." He giggled like a madman as he charged, only to be stopped by a sudden longsword that came thrusting from his flank. He immediately deflected it with the Firmament Godsword, sending sparks flying, but was sent stumbling away.

A green-robed swordsman appeared before him, exuding such boundless sword ki that it made him difficult to even look at. The man glared at him in pain and rage. It was none other than Feng Qingyu!

"Out of my way!" Jiang Wuxin growled like a beast as he glared at him.

"Wuxin, stop acting. The fact that you reacted like that after seeing him means you're no longer under their control. The Hexascript Sword Mantra managed to snap you out of it. You're far more resolute than I imagined." Feng Qingyu then pointed the Hexafirmament Eradicator at his former disciple.

Jiang Wuxin wiped away the blood from the corners of his eyes. Though clarity seemed to return to his expression, the light from his four irises still seemed savage and feral. "Master, I only want to avenge them. Don't stop me, alright?" he said with a hoarse voice, his unshaven jaw shaking.

Feng Qingyu looked at Tianming and back at Jiang Wuxin. "Tell me one thing—why did you kill Jian Wuyi?" His hands shook at the mention of the name.

"Master, I'll give you one last chance. If you make way for me, I'll still respect you. I'm in a huge rush now. My chance for vengeance is gnawing at my flesh like countless bugs. I'm sick. My destiny... my antidote... is ending his sorry life. Please allow me to at least do that." His teeth began chattering as he peeked at Tianming past Feng Qingyu, both of his hands shaking with rage.

"You're giving me a chance?" Feng Qingyu said, taken aback, then chuckled. "If I don't move aside, do you think you're capable of killing me? Your own master? Wuxin, I'm asking you one last time. Why did you kill Jian Wuyi? You knew what he meant to me! You knew what our relationship was like!"

"Killing my master?" Jiang Wuxin laughed maniacally before he turned to lock gazes with Feng Qingyu. Tightly gripping the Firmament Godsword, he pointed it at Feng Qingyu. "Master, I'll answer your question. These were your own words. You said that people without hearts know no pain. You said there's no room for sentimentality on the way of the sword.

"Those were your teachings, Master. Those were the words that saved me from falling past the edge of despair. That was how I managed to live through all that suffering and struggling. It was all for the day I'd finally get my revenge. Can you even imagine what I had to go through, spending all those days in the Blood Cauldron?

"You really had it easy, didn't you? You tricked me and traded me for a starmap, then casually taught me the Hexascript Sword Mantra, thinking that would solve all my problems. You were the epitome of a heartless person! Do you think that mantra helped at all? No way in hell!" His shoulders shook from another bout of manic laughter that forced even more bloody tears out.

"You will never understand this feeling. In a time of peak despair and agony, only boundless rage and hate could sustain me! Sustain my being! Allow me to remain as myself, Jiang Wuxin! Master, you were the one who trained me in the way of the sword! You were the one that made me a monster! That's why I both love and hate you! Even though those choices were my own to make, I knew deep down that you cared more for the starmap than my life!

"How I wish I could just cast my sentimentality away and focus on the way of the sword! No matter how heartless, it's the path you chose to tread! The path you preached, right? So I'm very curious as to how a purportedly heartless swordsman like yourself can even feel pain for the death of Jian Wuyi.

"The only reasonable explanation is that you've abandoned your way of the sword! Or, don't tell me you were never practicing what you preached in the first place? If even you can't do it, how can you expect me to, you hypocrite?! Do you have the answer you want now? I killed Jian Wuyi to mess with you and

expose your hypocritical falsehoods! You're someone that can care about someone after all! But like all the other dogs, you never cared about me!"

Jiang Wuxin grasped his head and started laughing like mad once more. "But there's one thing you were right about, even if you didn't do it yourself. Someone that casts away their heart will never lose sight of their goal. They'll never be swayed, nor will they ever feel hurt. That's why I came to an epiphany! My suffering in the Blood Cauldron felt like it lasted a thousand—no, ten thousand years! Since being a human is so painful and hard, why bother? The only good thing about this ugly, dirty, and cruel world was them. Only they cared about me, nobody else! So now that they're gone, why should I care about any other humans at all? The world owes me too much, and the debt shall be paid!

"And now, it's perfect. I'm a royal specter. Perhaps one day, I'll even be king of the Ninefold Hell. I'm no longer human and can no longer be hurt. There's no reason I shouldn't start enslaving you and treating all of you like livestock! Since it's all going down anyway, I'll take everyone down with me.

"Once I finish dealing with Li Tianming and avenging my girls' deaths, I'll no longer have any weaknesses. That's why, Master, if you don't stop me here, I might even consider leaving your corpse intact. That's right, I was planning to kill you after Tianming! You want to know why? That's because you're the largest obstacle I still have to face in this world. Your death will be my eternity."

He began approaching Feng Qingyu with his sword raised. "Did you forget what you told me back on that snowy day at Taiji Peak Lake? You said you'd sell your soul to demons with me. It must've been easy to tell a plain lie like that. However, I'll make sure to hold you to your word. Your death will complete me. Do you dare to make that sacrifice? Do you know how painful it was to eat fifty million lifebound beasts? Can you imagine eating your own swordbeasts? If you can't, don't even bother lecturing me about good and evil.

"I said that I'd be loyal to the Hexapath Divine Realm in life and in death, but what I am now can't be called alive! I'm not even human anymore! I'll ensure that the whole world dies with me. Doesn't that just sound wonderful?"

It didn't sound like he was looking for a genuine answer at all.

"Master, you might not understand what I mean. No worries, you will after I show you my true form." He giggled wildly and immediately began expanding into a gigantic mound of flesh five kilometers wide above Xuanyuan Lake. Countless tentacles sprouted from his body, all covered in countless suckers. Apart from the gigantic, bloody mouth, he looked like a fusion between a sea urchin and a squid.

Chapter 907 - Sword and the Mortal World

"What's that?!"

Everyone started when they saw Feng Qingyu being forced back by a gigantic beast. However, Jiang Wuxin quickly compressed himself and reassumed his human form, wielding Firmament Godsword and charging straight toward Feng Qingyu at a speed that resulted in sonic booms.

"Master, you have a heart, but I, like my name Wuxin, have none! Let's see who's better when it comes to the heartless way of the sword!"

The Firmament Godsword clashed with the Hexafirmament Eradicator. During that clash, Feng Qingyu's outfit began tearing apart and his long hair fluttered about, but his body didn't move one bit. Jiang Wuxin landed, smirked, and charged again.

"Wuxin," Feng Qingyu charged back in kind, "at this point, we both have our reasons for doing what we do. I don't blame you for this. Since it is destiny that demands we fight it out until one of us falls, let the way of the sword decide who shall be the last one standing, then. However, I want you to know one thing: I wasn't lying when I said the Hexascript Sword Mantra actually works."

Jiang Wuxin merely laughed mockingly at hearing that. "I've recited it tens of millions of times, but the pain never faded! And you're telling me that it works?!"

Their clash was terrifying to behold for the others within the formation. Wherever the two figures went, others quickly ducked aside to avoid getting caught in the crossfire of sword ki and having their bodies eradicated.

Feng Qingyu's techniques were mysterious and ethereal. Each strike sent sword ki as far as a kilometer away, wreaking havoc wherever it passed. Jiang Wuxin, on the other hand, was far more direct in his attacks, mainly using brute strength. No matter what arcane technique Feng Qingyu used, he didn't defend against it and only focused relentlessly on attacking. Each of his attacks were aimed toward Feng Qingyu's heart.

Almost immediately, the ground cracked apart and people were chaotically thrown around. Their fight had carried the two to Xuanyuan Lake, then outside the formation, forcing Nonahall's army to quickly move aside. Then they even brought their fight airborne. The clash was far more impressive to behold than the other battles occurring at Xuanyuan Lake, with blinding flashes of green parting the clouds.

Compared to when Feng Qingyu was at Tianming City, he was definitely stronger now. Otherwise, there was no way he would be able to hold a specter like Jiang Wuxin back on his own. Their heated battle then brought the two back into the Nine Dragon Formation, even disrupting the third-order tribulation elders' barrage on Po Suo. It was truly a fight between the strongest players on the battlefield.

With a loud wham, Jiang Wuxin was slammed down into the ground, resulting in a crater forming around him. However, he immediately charged back out. Despite being covered in bruises and cuts, he wasn't really that badly injured. Instead, he looked all the more excited about the fight like a wild animal.

"So this is what it feels like to be strong! Master, I finally understand why you're so proud. Even though eating lifebound beasts and hearing their cries of despair is disgusting, it was all worth it in the end. This is the fairest deal the heavens have given me for the suffering I endured. I deserve all of this!"

The swords clashed almost methodically, creating a rhythmic beat. He tore apart Feng Qingyu's green lotus of swords and immediately went for a quick stab. "Master, anyone who stops me shall be killed!"

The two swords continued flashing nonstop. Feng Qingyu's gaze wavered as he thought, Have... have I betrayed my own way of the sword? Everything that had happened up until now was being replayed in his mind. Is it only possible to ascend to godhood by unfeelingly perfecting the sword?

Seeing the demonic Jiang Wuxin reminded him of Jian Wuyi. This was a mistake. He had never been a heartless person; he'd just sealed off his own emotions and kept on going down the mistaken path, thinking the unfeeling way was the right way. He had lied to himself and harmed many others based on that faith of his. His single sword strike that killed a hundred thousand innocents at Tianming City was the culmination of his sword of heartlessness.

"You're right. If I was truly as unfeeling as I have claimed, I wouldn't be suffering so much for the loss of Jian Wuyi." The willpower behind his way of the sword had collapsed. He saw Jiang Wuxin in front of him, someone who was called the devil of the sword by many, walking his own path with his own convictions and ending up losing his mind. The death of more than fifty million sentient lifebound beasts in the Nonahall Divine Realm was also a result of Feng Qingyu's actions.

"I, the Hexapath Swordfiend, have lived a life of falsehoods. It's truly laughable. Now, I shall put down what I have raised with my own two hands!" He closed his eyes, and by the time he opened them again, he had unleashed tens of thousands of strands of sword ki. "Wuxin, I'll send you to the afterlife! I, as your master, once promised to walk the path of the devil with you, but now I'm promising to stay with you even in death!"

The sky seemed to be falling as terrifying power gathered around Feng Qingyu. He was the grandmaster of the way of the sword, and he was about to prove it! He split the Hexafirmament Eradicator into its six component swords and unleashed a storm of strikes.

"Break!" Jiang Wuxin struck like a venomous dragon with the Firmament Godsword, sending sparks flying, followed swiftly by a succession of five piercing sounds. Five of the six swords had been sent flying, but the last one—the one that had a crack on it—glowed bright as it pierced into Jiang Wuxin's chest. Blood sprayed all over the place as the blade found its home in his heart! Then, all the swords flew back to Feng Qingyu, one of them now bloodied.

"Die!" At the final moment, Jiang Wuxin used the last remaining energy in his pure muscles to thrust the Firmament Godsword toward Feng Qingyu's heart. It was a fatal strike, and Jiang Wuxin wanted to at least take Feng Qingyu down with him. However, the strike actually hit his abdomen instead. Even though it didn't pierce Feng Qingyu's saint palace, the terrifying force behind the strike was enough to heavily injure him, causing his blood to rapidly spill.

Feng Qingyu hadn't blocked the strike at all. Whether he couldn't, or just didn't want to, was anyone's guess. The entire world seemed to fall silent at that moment. Jiang Wuxin had been spewing out blood as he glared at his master.

"Ugghh...." Even though he wanted to say something, his voice was hoarse. All he could do was clutch his chest; he couldn't even keep his grip on the Firmament Godsword. Then, he knelt and lowered his head, blood dripping from his mouth.

"Ma—master...." He breathed laboriously as the figure in green appeared before him. Using the last of his energy to raise his head, Jiang Wuxin saw Feng Qingyu looking at him with tears in his shaky eyes.

"Wuxin, do you believe me now? I'm the Hexapath Swordfiend, the strongest there is. You lost."

"Ugh...." Jiang Wuxin pulled on his robes, but couldn't say anything. He merely opened his eyes wide and stared.

Feng Qingyu knelt to get to his eye level. "Do you believe me now? I really did care for you as your master," he said as his tears flowed.

"No... I don't...." Jiang Wuxin continued glaring at him, mustering all the energy he had left in an attempt to kill him.

"Who knows? Maybe death isn't the end of the road. We'll have more than enough time to catch up as master and disciple." Feng Qingyu pressed down tightly on his six swords that were fused into one. His swordbeasts were desperately trying to exit the sword.

Jiang Wuxin kept staring, wondering what his master had in mind.

"This life of mine wasn't particularly good. I hope I can remedy all my regrets in the next one. You know what? The mortal world is actually rather beautiful. I won't keep my emotions suppressed like I used to ever again." He stroked his disciple's head with one hand and held the Hexafirmament Eradicator in the other.

"You—you!" Jiang Wuxin's expression suddenly changed. He tried grasping at Feng Qingyu, but was too late. The man was already approaching Jian Wuyi.

"Life is too lonely without him. I'll go look for Wuyi at the Yellow Springs, or even hell itself, so I may once more cross swords with him." The sight of the man slitting his own throat and collapsing was too unreal to even imagine.

"Ma—" When Feng Qingyu fell, Jian Wuxin took two steps before stumbling onto the ground and ceasing all movement.

It was over, and everyone was a witness to what had happened. While they didn't know how or why it had happened, two things were certain: Jiang Wuxin was dead, and Feng Qingyu had killed himself next to Jian Wuyi.

None of those watching could understand why Feng Qingyu, who could now rightfully claim to be the strongest man alive after killing a specter, would take his own life, just like how they would never understand how much a soulmate with whom to confide in the way of the sword was. As the blizzard grew stronger, the three swordbeasts began grieving their fallen partner. The three corpses would soon be swallowed up by the snow and vanish before the eyes of the rest as if they had never existed in the first place.

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Even without any context, anyone who saw that would feel the grief behind the events that had just transpired. Only one person couldn't help himself and laughed out loud: Dugu Jin. Seeing Jiang Wuxin and Feng Qingyu's corpses, he turned to Di Zang and Po Suo, beaming with delight.

"What're you laughing about?" Long Youyue asked. "I was urging you to act."

"Interesting..." Dugu Jin said.

"What do you mean?"

"The strongest two died before the main event, and those two old ghouls are the only ones still struggling. It looks like fate will be delivering the harvest all to me before I've even lifted a finger." He shrugged as his third blood-red eye glinted sinisterly.

"Come to think of it, I still don't know what your plans are," Long Youyue said.

"You'll know when the time is right. Well, you wanted to see me get on stage, right? It's about time I made my appearance."

By now, Po Suo and Di Zang were clearly aware of what had happened to Jiang Wuxin, but their expressions were cold as usual; it was as if they weren't the slightest bit affected by his death. Po Suo swept her gaze to Dugu Jin and yelled, "Dugu Jin, what're you waiting for? Our overlord agreed to grant you his very bloodline! You can be half royal at least!"

Those words sent shockwaves through the battlefield. The terrifying Jiang Wuxin had just been neutralized by Feng Qingyu, and now they had to go straight to dealing with Dugu Jin. Not to mention, it was plain to them that Dugu Jin was planning to betray humanity and become a specter. It was something that sent chills down their spines.

Would Dugu Jin deny any association with the ghouls? When everyone was looking at him, he was looking straight at Po Suo. "Long live the overlord! I, Dugu Jin, will serve the specters. I'll even sacrifice my life to ensure the return of my race!"

Chaos broke out once more after his proclamation.

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Somewhere on the battlefield was the corpse of a black-robed youth. Amidst all the outrage, his finger twitched ever so slightly.

Chapter 908 - Be My Own God

"Dugu Jin is human, but working for the demon race!"

The entire battlefield was in an uproar.

"What's he planning? To become one of them?"

"Is he crazy? He's human, but he wants to become a specter?!"

"Stop him!"

"Jiang Wuxin is dead, but now the Hexapath Swordfiend isn't around to stop Dugu Jin."

They all stared in disbelief as Dugu Jin and his two enormous blooddragons rushed into the formation. Although they wanted to stop him, almost all the third-origin tribulation elders had entered Xuanyuan Lake and their presence would only cause greater chaos in such a limited space.

The two ghouls could be said to have dealt a fatal blow. Many people chased Dugu Jin but couldn't catch up to his explosive speed. The moment he entered the formation, the two blooddragons turned

and spewed a surging ocean of bloody flames that turned into a barrier, temporarily blocking the powerhouses from all sides.

"Oh no!"

In an instant, Dugu Jin stepped onto the battlefield.

If his goal was to destroy all the powerhouses of the four sects, he would certainly have a hard time. However, assisting the two ghoulish kings in snatching the keys, as well as killing Xuanyuan Dao and Ouyang Jianwang, would be much easier.

"Dugu Jin, give me a hand first!" shouted Po Suo.

Di Zang had the help of his hell soulbeast, which was hidden in the ground. Its countless barbed tentacles drilled their way out of the ground, easily piercing its opponents if they weren't paying attention.

Even with the support of the formation, Xuanyuan Dao and Li Caiwei were struggling to resist Di Zang, and were faced with numerous lethal attacks. Di Zang didn't completely fall into the illusion of the Dreamheart World, either.

"Yes!"

Dugu Jin and his dragons joined the battle, reducing the pressure on Po Suo.

"Dugu Jin, you made the right choice." Po Suo smiled with satisfaction.

"I'm ready to risk life and limb for the specter race!"

With the Godbane in hand, Dugu Jin and the two dragons resisted the joint attacks of multiple lifebound beasts, fully demonstrating the lethality of a twelfth-level death phase samsaran. He even seemed more powerful than Po Suo.

"Very well, hold on for a while. I'll kill Li Tianming first, break out of their encirclement and chase Ouyang Jianwang!"

The three-meter-tall Po Suo laughed malevolently as she held up the Amnestic River Voidbanner and locked onto Tianming.

"No problem!" Dugu Jin shouted.

His strength and treachery made the powerhouses despair. In this formation, Dugu Jin seemed more terrifying than the barbaric Jiang Wuxin. He alone was withstanding the pressure of hundreds of third-origin tribulation elders.

No one could stop Po Suo, who had turned into a white shadow and was flickering toward Tianming.

"Die, thief! You can be the damn imperial son in hell!" Her gloomy laughter echoed throughout the battlefield.

Tianming was in an extremely dangerous situation; it was yet another race between life and death. Tianming could already smell the cold stench of death.

At this moment, something most unexpected happened! Just as Po Suo shot toward Tianming, Dugu Jin gave up all resistance. As a result, the blooddragons were injured by the tribulation elders' attacks. Dugu Jin turned his attention to Po Suo instead.

The two blooddragons suddenly spewed blood-red fireballs, blasting toward Po Suo and sandwiching her in the explosion. The flames condensed into chains, trapping her.

At the same time, Dugu Jin appeared behind the ghoulish king, the Godbane in his hand suddenly expanding.

"Remnant of the specter race, die!"

Dugu Jin's weapon slammed into the back of Po Suo's head.

In that instant, her head almost burst apart. Dugu Jin immediately caught up the moment she hit the ground. The Godbane erupted with devastating power.

The third eye between his eyebrows burst with a bloody light that pierced Po Suo's back, boring through her spine and heart. Her limbs were shattered by the Godbane.

Po Suo's screams resounded in the sky.

All of her attention had been focused on Tianming. The Amnestic River Voidbanner had just flown out of her hand and turned into a spear that was hurtling toward Tianming.

In her most unsuspecting moment, Dugu Jin had launched a fatal attack, employing a most frightening approach. The back of her head exploded, her internal organs shattered, and her limbs were smashed into pulp. Even if she wasn't dead, she was a hair's breadth away from death.

Such a scene drove the crowd into deathly silence. The people who had originally resented Dugu Jin stopped everything at that moment. They all looked at him in shock, even Tianming. The Amnestic River Voidbanner embedded itself in the ground right in front of Tianming, still buzzing and shaking. If it weren't for Dugu Jin, Tianming wouldn't have had any means to fight Po Suo, except for the Prime Tower.

"Dugu Jin killed Ghoulish King Po Suo...."

It had taken no time at all for Dugu Jin to go from joining the battlefield to slaying Po Suo. The situation had reversed itself twice in a row, thanks to this man. Everyone gasped in amazement. Di Zang screamed mournfully when he laid his eyes upon this scene.

"Dugu Jin, you deserve a miserable death!"

He finally realized that he had tricked, thoroughly played with.

"Why...."

When Dugu Jin turned Po Suo over, she turned ashen, white blood spilling everywhere. There was despair in her eyes as she directed her final question to Dugu Jin.

"Why?"

Dugu Jin leaned in and laughed faintly. "What you want to ask is this: why did I lie and pretend I wanted to be a specter?"

He patted her face and said, "Old Ghoul, your clan has been hiding for two hundred thousand years. Do you still have the superiority of a specter? Must I, Dugu Jin, act like my ancestors and betray my race in order to become one of you? It's different now! Back then, Great Emperor Xuanyuan ruled over everyone. Even if the Blood Progenitors had reached the Ascension stage, we were still forced to be his subordinates. We ended up losing even our family name. But I'm different! Feng Qingyu is dead. You've been exposed, and will die sooner or later. With the help of a hundred thousand ancestors, I have an eighty percent chance of becoming a god! I can be the sole god in the Flameyellow Continent and rule the world. Everyone will revere me. There'll be no one to stop me. So why should I release your clan and become a subordinate? Don't you understand such simple logic? This world is perfect. There's beauty, there's wine, and there's no one left that can suppress me. I'd be crazy if I ever yearned to become an ugly monster like you. I'll destroy the Archaic House of Xuanyuan to avenge my ancestors. But why should I repeat their mistakes? Just to extend my lifespan by two or three hundred years? If I become a god, I'll live even longer. Do you understand now? I want to be my own god! The Flameyellow Continent will be mine! I want to rule the world! This is best way to repay my ancestors!"

Dugu Jin repeatedly slapped Po Suo as he spoke.

Po Suo bared her teeth, trying to curse but failing to speak. In her current state, it was a miracle she had managed to last till the end of his speech.

With Dugu Jin's final slap, Po Suo breathed her last.

"Another one of the specter race is dead!"

"I understand now. Dugu Jin must've pretended to be on their side so he could find an opportunity to sneak an attack on Ghoul King Po Suo and kill her with one blow!"

"Having killed Ghoul King Po Suo, his contributions are immeasurable."

How could the specter race accomplish anything with only Di Zang remaining?

"It seems the human race will win!"

"Dugu Jin has done a great job. He played her like a fiddle. Ghoul King Po Suo was in such disbelief!"

Hearing these words, Dugu Jin grinned from ear to ear.

Di Zang didn't have them wrapped around his finger like they thought. The specters had a strong sense of superiority and were used to being obeyed. The other seven ghouls that had all dreamed of becoming specters were good examples. Po Suo had never imagined Dugu Jin would have such confidence in becoming a god. All along, he had only been patiently waiting for the best time to act.

After Jiang Wuxin and Fen Qingyu had died in battle, it was his chance to shine. Before that, he was inconspicuous, but now he had amazed the world with his amazing feat. His name echoed throughout the battlefield.

"Dugu Jin, help Xuanyuan Dao kill Ghoul King Di Zang," Many urged.

Once Di Zang was dead, the terrible disaster would be completely resolved. There was no need to fear the reemergence of the specter race. However, Dugu Jin wouldn't heed their urging.

Raising Po Suo's corpse, he swept his gaze across the crowd and said, "Nonahall, Hexapath, Heptastar, and Quadform, please leave Xuanyuan Lake with me. I have something important to announce."

They all looked at one another

"What about Ghoulish King Di Zang?" they asked.

"They can deal with him on their own." Laughing coldly, Dugu Jin soared into the sky with his dragons.

"Go!"

"Keep up with him."

The Heptastar powerhouses turned to look at Changsun Shenqiong, who frowned before following Dugu Jin.

In the end, only Hexapath remained. Jiang Wuxin and Feng Qingyu's tragic duel had shocked them to the core. It was a tragedy that had completely torn Hexapath apart. Aside from the third-origin tribulation elders, most of the Draconis House of Jian stood still. Feng Qingyu's swordbeasts were still outside. They looked at one another and chose to leave Di Zang to the four sects in Xuanyuan Lake.

Tianming and the others were all forced to join forces to attack Di Zang and the hell soulbeast, as well as protect Xuanyuan Dao. At that moment, Dugu Jin had already left the formation with Po Suo's corpse.

He tossed the corpse before the crowd. For a moment, all the Samsara powerhouses of the five divine realms looked at him with fiery gazes.

"Dugu Jin!"

His name resounded.

"Everyone, the remnants of the specter race are bound to die. We don't have to worry about their return. Please give me half an hour to analyze the situation with all of you. Our lives entirely depend on what we do next!"

Chapter 909 - Rising From The Ashes

The Nonahall, Quadform, Heptastar and Hexapath legions, as well as their third-origin tribulation elders, withdrew from Xuanyuan Lake and gathered outside the Nine Dragon Formation. In Xuanyuan Lake, the four sects were still engaged in a fierce battle with Ghoulish King Di Zang.

Dugu Jin, who had gained the reputation of killing Ghoulish King Po Suo, quelled the masses with just a wave of his hand. More than eight hundred thousand Samsara warriors raised their heads to look up at him and the two domineering blooddragons beside him. The enormous blooddragons possessed unparalleled power and brutality. They were a mix between good and evil—not as malevolent as the ghoulish kings' lifebound beasts, but more menacing than the dragons of the Archaic House of Xuanyuan. They shared the same temperament as Dugu Jin. Such a man was destined to become emperor.

"First of all, I'd like to introduce myself. You can all see my third eye. Yes, I belong to the Archaic House of Xuanyuan! My ancestors had the surname. Two hundred thousand years ago, the Blooddragon Clan used to be the strongest branch of the Archaic House of Xuanyuan! There is no record of the clan throughout history because after Great Emperor Xuanyuan defeated the specter race, he slaughtered all a hundred thousand of my ancestors and created the Blooddragon Sealing Formation with their souls. It's been two hundred thousand years since the specter race was defeated, and they were only liberated after the formation was destroyed. They who made me who I am today. They want me to tell the world about the Blooddragon Clan's great contributions in the war against the demon race and how a tyrant slaughtered them, resulting in their miserable deaths. Their glorious achievements should never have been erased. I stand here today to give my ancestors their rightful name. More importantly, I want the tyrant's descendants to pay for his evil deeds!"

Dugu Jin's eyes had turned red. His words caused a huge reaction.

"So this is the truth?"

"Two hundred thousand years! How tragic! I never imagined Great Emperor Xuanyuan, the Progenitor of Humanity, would have such a barbaric side. He let his brothers down!"

"It's not surprising. History is written by the victor. These sordid events are immeasurable. God knows how badly the losers are demonized."

"Pity the Blooddragon Clan...."

Compassion was a human instinct. Dugu Jin knew that the moment he had their sympathy, he had everything.

He was smiling inside, but continued speaking with sorrow. "You must have guessed that I infiltrated the remnants of the specter race in the name of betraying the human race. I've long known about their plans. But because they had three top powerhouses on their side, I've been waiting for an opportunity to expose them. Li Tianming has indeed helped me with this. Don't doubt my hatred for the specter race! Ghoul King Po Suo's demise is the best proof of that!"

"Don't worry, Dugu Jin. You've chosen a difficult path, but the outcome is wonderful. You've done a great job!"

"That's right. The fact that you had them fooled means you did well."

Many Nonahall powerhouses praised him.

"Although that may be the case, I must come clean. With regards to this, I have good news to share with all of you," said Dugu Jin.

"Please speak." They all pricked their ears.

"With the help of a hundred thousand blooddragon souls, I've made great progress. In about two or three years, I'll become a god!" Dugu Jin declared.

As he spoke, Dugu Jin unleashed the power of a hundred thousand dragons from within his third eye. Their majesty and supremacy shocked the masses. Two blooddragons roared into the sky, their mighty voices reverberating in the air.

Dugu Jin and Feng Qingyu were both powerful and vigorous, unlike Di Zang and Po Suo, who had clearly reached the end of the road, or Jiang Wuxin, who merely possessed power of the flesh. With their strength, they had real hope in reaching Ascension. They possessed a stronger momentum.

It was a pity that Feng Qingyu had chosen to leave. Dugu Jin seemed to be the only one left. His words caused great shock.

"Become a god in two or three years?"

"The Flameyellow Continent's eleventh god?"

"Oh my goodness! If someone told me a few years ago that the eleventh god of Flameyellow Continent would be Dugu Jin, I wouldn't have believed them."

"Just a year ago, Dugu Jin was still the top tribulation elder of Tribulation Peak and Fang Taiqing's subordinate."

"Fang Taiqing is a joke."

"Life is full of change. Who rises and who will surrender remains to be seen. How exciting!"

"A god... Dugu Jin is so powerful!"

Whether true or false, his words had caused incredible changes in their hearts. Dugu Jin was pleased with this effect.

Opening his arms, he continued, "As you all know, I don't have to work for the specter race. After all, isn't it better to become the god of the Flameyellow Continent instead of turning into a monster and having to bow to others?" Dugu Jin asked with a smile.

"Yes! You don't have to explain anymore. We believe you."

"Dugu Jin, get to the point!"

In fact, many of them knew in their hearts that he had laid all of this out in preparation for his real purpose

"Alright."

Sweeping his gaze across the gathered powerhouses, he said solemnly, "Brothers of Nonahall, don't forget what our purpose is today. We're here to destroy the Archaion Sect, defeat the four sects and divide up the world! Now that the threat of the specter race is gone, the keys that control the destiny of the human race are still in the hands of two weaklings, Xuanyuan Dao and Ouyang Jianwang. Doesn't that worry you? Most importantly, why'd we choose to attack the Archaion Sect? For the remnants of the specter race, their goal is the return of their race. But for us, it's because of Xuanyuan Xi's rebirth. She's bound to become a god in the future! And what's her relationship to us? Our Nonahall Sect is the number one sect in the world. We've destroyed the Ninefold Formation. But how many of our Nonahall brothers did Archaion kill in Tianming City?"

The words "our Nonahall Sect" were rather thought-provoking.

"Even if the specter race wasn't mixed up in our alliance, our enmity with Xuanyuan Xi and the four sects is undeniable! If we leave like this today, Xuanyuan Xi will become a god in the future and the Archaion Sect will grow stronger. They'll definitely settle their grievances with us. The Archaic House of Xuanyuan will make a comeback and kill everyone. None of us will escape. You're all aware of how terrifying the power of a god is. The feud between Nonahall and Archaion isn't just a matter of the remnants of the specter race. Between the two sects, only one will emerge on top. Aside from Ghou King Di Zang, Nonahall has lost all its ghou kings. You're without a leader. Even if you return to the Specter Mountains, even if Nonahall flourishes, you'll be the first to be destroyed in the absence of a top powerhouse. I, Dugu Jin, have an irreconcilable enmity with the Archaic House of Xuanyuan and Xuanyuan Xi. All this time, my only wish has been to annihilate the Archaic House of Xuanyuan. We're on the same side. Furthermore, the Nonahall Ghost Sect was created by the Nonahall Specter, a remnant of the specter race. It's very likely the top ghou kings were all specters. I believe you don't want to serve the specter race any longer. The Nonahall Ghost Sect has never been a glorious one. You must be very depressed at the moment. But it's alright, it's just a name! Perhaps—"

Raising the volume of his voice, he swept his gaze across the crowd once more.

"Perhaps I, Dugu Jin, will have the fortune of creating a glorious and prosperous world with my Nonahall brothers and sisters. We'll forget all about this embarrassing history involving the specter race, and together, we'll create a new divine realm! Everyone knows that I've been alone, my only support from Quadform. If I'm able to realize my dream, I swear I'll never forsake any brother who stands with me today! Nonahall is the most prosperous of all the divine realms. We shouldn't leave in embarrassment, living in the shadow of Xuanyuan Xi. Instead, we should revamp ourselves, rise from the ashes, and create a new era that belongs to us! If you're willing, Quadform will merge with Nonahall at once. We'll still remain the best. Together, we'll slaughter Xuanyuan Xi and the supposed imperial son. We will hold the keys and be in control of our own destiny! Let's wash away the humiliation of the specter race and create a golden age. If you're willing, I'll lead you in conquering this world! Time waits for no man. Please, give me your answer! Whoever stands by my side first will receive half of this land!"

Although half the land was an exaggeration, Dugu Jin's sincerity was obvious to all. His words seemed to have stolen every one of their hearts.

First of all, the nine ghou kings were dead and they had no leader. A tenth-level death phase samsaran couldn't control the overall situation. There would be chaos if this went on. Secondly, many of them had worked for the remnants of the specter race for generations, which was an embarrassment. Dugu Jin's promise to revamp the sect, rise from the ashes, and completely abandon the past was extremely tempting. Thirdly, a powerhouse who could become a god in two or three years, had courage and strength, and came with Quadform was certainly worthy. Fourthly, he showed enough respect for the Nonahall powerhouses. And lastly, the phrase "half of this land" was so attractive that they fought to outdo one another.

Chapter 910 - The Birth Of The Flameyellow Imperial Sect

Dugu Jin was speaking to the Nonahall powerhouses. They had hundreds of third-origin tribulation elders, all originating from different clans within Nonahall. Their decisions would affect the direction of the entire divine realm.

"Dugu Jin, I'm willing to follow you!" The moment Dugu Jin finished speaking, a third-origin tribulation elder, one of Nonahall's divine marshals, immediately stood up. The others were anxious at once.

"Count me in."

"Brothers, think this through. There will be two gods in the future, both enemies. We must pick the right side."

"Xuanyuan Xi is still very weak at the moment. Their formation is the only thing able to stop Dugu Jin. No one else can. Don't you know what to do?"

"The Nonahall Ghost Sect doesn't exist anymore. It's a joke. Everyone, it's time for a change."

"Pick a side? Of course I'll pick the stronger side! Isn't it obvious who's more powerful? Dugu Jin alone could take on a hundred Xuanyuan Xis. The so-called 'goddess' is too afraid to even show up. She must be trembling somewhere."

"That's right. The Nonahall Ghost Sect no longer exists and the Nonahall Specter isn't the ninth god!"

"The sect is gone. What's the point in being a tribulation elder?"

"Dugu Jin has convinced me!"

"We will all follow you. Toss the old name and pick a new one. I'm embarrassed to even hear it!"

"Times have changed!"

Everything was under Dugu Jin's control. He winked at Long Youyue.

Long Youyue covered her red lips, tears streaming down her cheeks. The man she had waited for for so many years had finally realized his dream.

"From now on, no one will look down on you." She cried tears of joy.

"If your father learns of what happened today, would he break out of his coffin?" Dugu Jin laughed.

Long Youyue chuckled. She brought all hundred thousand Quadform Samsara powerhouses to merge with Nonahall. There were close to six hundred thousand of them altogether! It seemed that the Nonahall ghost Sect wasn't destroyed, but had grown stronger.

"Everyone, Nonahall and Quadform are now history. Starting from today, let's stop ranking the divine realms. We're all pioneers of the new era. Since this is the Flameyellow Continent, we will call this the Flameyellow Imperial Divine Realm. Our new sect will be the Flameyellow Imperial Sect! From this day on, we're all members of the Imperial Sect, and I, Dugu Jin, will be the first sect master of our sect."

What a domineering name that spoke of his ambitions to dominate the continent.

"Greetings, Sect Master!"

All six hundred thousand warriors knelt down. Nonahall and Quadform were now the Imperial Sect. This way, they could all forget that they had once followed the remnants of the specter race. Dugu Jin finally had prestige. He enjoyed their enthusiastic cheers, but wasn't carried away by them. He wouldn't forget his roots.

"Thank you for believing in me. I promise to live up to every one of you."

"Long live the sect master!"

The thunderous screams toppled the mountains.

Dugu Jin had achieved instant success. As the first sect master, his status was higher than the former Ghoul King Di Zang. But was that it? Not at all.

After accepting the Imperial Sect's support, he turned to look at Changsun Shengqiong. At this point, all of Heptastar were shocked by what they had witnessed.

"Brother Changsun, although the name of our sect has changed, the friendship and alliance between the Imperial Sect and Heptastar Sect remains the same." Dugu Jin smiled.

"Of course, Brother Dugu." Changsun Shengqiong nodded.

The winds of change had arrived. Some would soar into the sky while others would fall into the abyss. Changsun Shengqiong was dumbfounded by all of this.

"Our alliance and the Archaion Sect are like fire and water. Heptastar can't stay out of the coming war." Dugu Jin smiled.

"Of course not!" Changsun Shengqiong shouted.

"Are you interested in merging with the Imperial Sect? We'll only be stronger when the sects are integrated into one. You'll be the deputy sect master, Brother Changsun. If we destroy the four sects, perhaps we'll unify this land," Dugu Jin said solemnly.

Changsun Shengqiong stumbled, but behind him were the Heptastar tribulation elders.

"What do you think, Brother Changsun?" asked Dugu Jin.

"Please give us a moment to discuss this, Brother Dugu!"

Changsun Shengqiong turned around and joined the sect's third-origin tribulation elders.

"If we merge with the Imperial Sect, the Heptastar Aerial Sect will no longer exist, Sect Master! That's a hundred thousand years of inheritance!"

"That's true, but what if he achieves godhood in three years? If we don't merge with the Imperial Sect, we might offend him. When the time comes, he'll make life difficult for us."

"Can't we stay within our formation and ignore matters of the world?"

"What formation can stop a god?"

“Every time a god was born in the Flameyellow Continent, all sects were forced to abandon the protection of their formations and faced with two choices—either run, hide, and struggle at death’s door, or serve the god and preserve their bloodlines. The sect will cease to exist, but our clan will persist. Even if the Imperial Sect is gone in the future, we can rebuild the Heptastar Sect.”

“What about joining the Archaion Sect?”

“Are you an idiot? Now that Fang Taiqing has fled, only Xuanyuan Xi remains. She’s said to need at least ten years to achieve godhood. Very soon, she’ll be slain by Dugu Jin.”

“Believe me, Dugu Jin is more courageous than anyone else. Being able to subdue the Nonahall Sect is proof of his abilities. The weaklings who are all that’s left of Archaion Sect aren’t his match. This is the time when he needs support the most. If we join him now, we’ll have some say in the future. Given our sect master’s strength, if we don’t join Dugu Jin, we’ll be finished when he destroys the four sects.”

Changsun Shengqiong was outraged.

“Aren’t I capable?”

“You have yet to reach the twelfth-level samsara stage.”

Dugu Jin was still waiting for their answer.

“Sect Master, most of us have decided to surrender in order to survive. We’ll take a gamble! Unlike the two old ghoulish kings, Dugu Jin is likely to become a god! Pick a side! If you’re going to stand beside him, then be decisive. Hesitation on our part will breed ill-feelings and disdain,” they all said.

“This is a decision we made together. Don’t blame me if anything happens in the future!” said Changsun Shengqiong.

“Fine, stop trying to rid yourself of responsibility. Won’t you benefit from being the deputy sect master of such an enormous sect?”

Changsun Shengqiong was resolved.

A great era was approaching.

Turning around, he boldly declared, "Sect Master Dugu, I’ve decided to lead Heptastar in merging with the Flameyellow Imperial Divine Realm. We’ll join you in creating a new era that belongs to us. Heptastar will become the most loyal members of Imperial Sect!"

Dugu Jin laughed as he hugged Changsun Shengqiong.

“Brother Changsun, my closest brother!”