

The Ages 1921

Chapter 1921

In the Sky Palace Formation, Tianming came out from the core. He was using clothing to cover his left arm so that others wouldn't be able to see that it had been scorched to the point that it was like a red-hot iron.

After the continuous tempering in the nova source's inner core, he could feel the changes to his Fiendsky Arm. It was an all-around strengthening of the flesh and blood. The changes didn't just stop at hardening its hexagonal scales, but every bit inside was strengthening beyond his Primordial Chaos Beast body. Together with the strong regenerative properties of the Greenspark Tower, the upper limit of his Fiendsky Arm may be above other members of the sky plunderers.

Tianming's hand was looking more and more like a demonic claw. The honeycomb-like hexagonal scales, blood-red fingernails, and the Plundering Eye all combined gave it a very fierce impression.

He used the Godsins to test out the arm's hardness. As a grade-nine divine artifact made mainly from formless glacier, the Godsins could be considered the sharpest weapon on the sun. The Godsins could currently still cut the black scales and draw blood; however, ordinary grade-six and -seven divine artifacts couldn't do anything to this arm. He could catch weapons with his bare hands, now.

"This is just the start. As I continue tempering it, this arm will one day be comparable to grade-eight and -nine divine artifacts. Together with my sword body and its divine hazards, my Fiendsky Arm can be considered a pinnacle weapon." Although the process was painful, Tianming was giving it his all for that Skypierce Finger that could stab through stars. "I can progress in the Fiendsky Arm step by step, but the ninth sword strike is more troublesome." That was what he was depressed about. He had no direction to speak of, and the more anxious he was, the less successful he was.

Skywolf was almost there. Although he wouldn't be the one fighting them, he couldn't remain calm in the face of a nova source war that impacted hundreds of billions of living things. "Now isn't the time to put everything aside and train my sword arts." Training his sword and danger had become a conflict.

Tianming looked up, his heart heavy.

Fortunately, the Saintdragon Emperor sent him some good news at that moment. They had successfully accepted the gods from the Voidword Shrine and Dreamless Celestial Nation, two of the top three powers on the sect rankings.

After the battle at the Myriaddragon Mountains, the Emyrean Sword Sect and the rest retreated without a fight. Only the Voidword Shrine and Dreamless Celestial Nation were left. They were like headless dragons and ended up collapsing without being attacked, which led to two billions gods becoming homeless.

The Voidword Shrine and Dreamless Celestial Nation's situations weren't exactly the same, but they shared one common point: in each of those two massive factions, the core clan was only a small minority. For example, most of those within the territory of the Dreamless Celestial Nation were myriad sect natives, except that they were ruled by the dreamless celestials. The Voidword Shrine's middle and lower tier were also sun natives.

Now that the dreamless celestial emperor had perished, the top level of the Voidword Shrine had been eliminated by the sun emperor, and their sect protective formations had broken, they were in the same predicament as their myriad sect fellows—they'd lost their homes.

The Saintdragon Emperor and the rest had worked hard during this time to communicate with the splinters from the two factions that were wandering around. They found out that they wanted to enter the Sky Palace Formation and follow Tianming as well.

Thus, their efforts had borne fruit!

Apart from the Blueblood Starocean and wargodeans, which had fallen for good, the rest of the top ten factions of the myriad sect ranking had joined the Sky Palace led by Tianming. A large majority of the dreamless celestials had also chosen to follow him upon Weisheng Moran's advice. Hence, the Sky Palace Formation had also accepted a batch of dreamless celestial experts.

The number of gods in the formation had now surpassed twenty-two billion!

It was now the truly united myriad sects.

Tianming wasn't worried that the newcomers would suddenly turn traitor at a critical moment. That was because Yin Chen had always been watching, from the moment they gave up their homes, to when they wandered around lost, and all the way up until they panicked and their desire grew for the safety provided by the Sky Palace Formation and Tianming.

After the two factions lost their pillars, the piles of loose sand left behind had returned to their roots as sun natives and were easily accepted by Tianming.

"This is the most united we've ever been in history."

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Within the formation, everyone had found their groups and the atmosphere was good.

"I suggest that after our myriad sects finally seize back our territory, we don't split up again. We should make Tianming our emperor and establish a super dynasty that covers half the sun. The Myriaddragon Mountains, Somnium, and so on will be the ten megapolises. The empire will administer and unify us all, while we all work together. That's the only way we can protect our later generations and topple the celestial orderians!"

The words weren't Tianming's; they had been spreading within the Sky Palace lately. While some weren't used to it, no one opposed it. Even many sect leaders of small sects voiced their support. Practically everyone in the formation was connected to Tianming through an omniscient thread. The reversal at the Myriaddragon Mountains and the opening of the Sky Palace Formation had let him gain everyone's approval. It was even enough approval for them to abandon their old sects and follow him in establishing a new empire!

Honestly, that had been Tianming's end goal the entire time. Only a united world would let go of internal strife as everyone worked together. Only such a myriad sects could hold their heads up proudly on the sun.

However, there were still two major obstacles: the celestial orderians and Skywolf! There would never be a Tianming Dynasty on the sun if those two mountains weren't moved away.

The Sky Palace Formation may be big, but turtling up wasn't a viable plan for countless generations! That wasn't why Tianming couldn't rest now that Skywolf's advent was imminent.

Tianming returned inside the formation and appeared in front of the twenty billion gods. There were people everywhere inside the formation. Their gazes were passionate; all of their emotions and passion were entrusted to him.

He could only get them to maintain a constant state of battle-readiness to fight for the sun and myriad sects. He had also established an army of thirty million, made of the elite of the elite of the myriad sects. Each of them was at least an eighth-level constellier, such as the Azuresoul Palace's hundred thousand swordpupils. All of them were the backbone of the twenty billion present. Many were sect leaders.

He activated the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb and brought the thirty million elites into the astralship. It was much more spacious now that he had removed the saplings. They could freely move around, and would also be able to exit very quickly once the tomb's nine gates opened up.

Then Tianming broke them down even further, creating nine separate armies that were named after the nine dragon palaces. They were the Blazedragon, Silverdragon, Blooddragon, Blackdragon Army, and so on. The strongest was the Imperialdragon Army, which had three hundred million people. They were mostly the powerhouses of the Ninedragon Army. The nine armies combined were Tianming's new Imperial Tomb Army that would follow him to battle.

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The Saintdragon Emperor and the rest hurriedly helped Tianming establish the nine armies based on the specialties of each sect's beastmasters. He had basically drafted all the experts in the Sky Palace Formation.

"The sovereign isn't letting me interfere after activating the Flameyellow Guard Formation. Hence, all I can do is bring along the Myriad Solar Sect cultivators and have the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb act as a mobile base that can react to any changes."

There was a limit to the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb's space, so Tianming had chosen the most agile and strongest thirty million people. If there were too many people, it would just slow down their dispatch speed. With thirty million working together with Tianming and the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, he would still be able to respond to an emergency if something occurred on the celestial orderian side.

As for whether the gods left behind in the Sky Palace would join this nova source war, they would have to see how the situation unfolded. "They'll suffer both the threat of Skywolf and the celestial orderians. I won't deploy them lightly. The Sky Palace Formation is an extension of the fusion formation, hence its requirements for spiritual threads are less. Even if I'm not inside, they should be safe." That was why Tianming dared to leave along with all the experts.

There was a second reason, which was that the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb had transformed from a mere transportation tool to a superweapon! Its attack, defense, and speed had all undergone a metamorphosis. It wasn't limited to just passively taking beatings now. Just the power stored up in its

miniature nova source was fifty percent higher than the total stored in both of the Divine Sun Palace's 'eyes' combined.

Tianming had a rough gauge of its power. He recalled Sovereign Greenvoid; as long as he didn't exit the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, the sun emperor couldn't do anything to him! Furthermore, once his omniscient threads reached twenty billion, he wouldn't necessarily fear the sovereign. "He really doesn't have any advantages now except for the Flameyellow Coffin and Flameyellow Guard Formation." That was why Tianming had decided to ride the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb out of the Sky Palace Formation along with his thirty million troops.

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"Set off!" Ye Lingfeng, Li Qingyu, and Weisheng Moran were by his side, as well as Yu Ziqian, who had hollered about joining the great battle. Long Wanying was there as well.

As for the seniors like the Saintdragon Emperor and Northdipper Swordsage, they had stayed behind in the Sky Palace Formation to take care of the rear.

Before setting off, Tianming had transplanted all of the saplings in the Voidsky Realm. They had been neatly arranged in rows, and had taken root and germinated. Now that the tomb had its own nova source, they were no longer needed. Taking root, germinating, absorbing nova source, and maturing before finally bearing divine herbs was their new life's mission.

"Based on the Azurecloud Divine Tree's efficiency, they're a multiplier of a nova source's effectiveness. They can bear many fruits and bless many lives. As long as these thirty-five Azurecloud Divine Trees can mature, the inside of the Sky Palace Formation will never be lacking divine herbs again. The Azurecloud Divine Tree was already so effective on the barren Azurecloud Continent last time, so they'll definitely have an even better future now that they've been planted in the best spot on the sun." That was Tianming's accounting toward the Azurecloud Divine Tree. At the very least, it was very safe inside the Sky Palace Formation.

He recalled the tree's tumultuous coexistence with humans back at the Azurecloud Continent. "The sun is just too hot, which makes everyone here short-tempered. However, the divine tree can bring down the temperature and provide vitality and shade. It's pretty nice to be able to bring harmony between people." Tianming was upbeat when he imagined their future. For that beautiful dream, they had to do their best to fight for it and protect it.

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The flames of the Voidsky Flame Pillar rushed to the skies as a giant ship with nine dragons came out and flew toward the clouds. The new Ninedragon Imperial Tomb had nine dragons wrapped around it, all covered in thick scales. Countless divine patterns moved on the scales, forming a top-tier mobile formation that looked impregnable.

Inside the tomb, the thirty million experts' eyes were lit up with passion as they were ready to battle anytime. The nine armies were split across the dragon heads, each of which had about three hundred thousand people, as Tianming had brought those closest to him into the inner part of the tomb itself.

While manipulating the tomb to fly below the flaming clouds, he looked at the current state of the myriad sects' territory. Now that everyone was in hiding, the once prosperous world looked desolate, apart from the celestial orderians near the Flameyellow Divine Pillars.

The tomb flew over the Myriaddragon Mountains. Even now, corpses littered the ground. Skywolf's astralship, the Greenvoid Abyss, had been taken away as well.

"Is this the Flameyellow Guard Formation?" Tianming increased the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb's altitude to right below the flaming clouds and he saw countless gold and red divine patterns swimming around the clouds. There seemed to be countless beasts roaring inside the sea of fire. The flaming clouds supported the formation, turning it into a moat of death.

Tianming and the myriad sects had been imprisoned on the sun with no way out. He didn't dare to enter the Flameyellow Guard Formation when there were so many unknowns.

"If we don't get through this formation, we'll never know the situation above, nor anything about Skywolf. All of our life and death will be determined by him alone. It'll be fine if he wins, but if he loses, others can attack our fusion formation and we'll soon face disaster. And that's the most likely conclusion when Skywolf is eight times stronger than the celestial orderians." Long Wanying was full of worry.

Eight times! How had they calculated it? Simple, they had used nova source quantity. The two Skywolf worlds added together were four times the size of the sun, and the celestial orderians only had half of the sun's power. Tianming had no idea where the sun emperor had the confidence to go up alone.

"It's probably the Flameyellow Coffin and this formation, but can things from millions of years ago really be that helpful?" Long Wanying was prudent and maintained her doubts.

"No one can see through the sovereign. Sometimes, we don't know if he's really that terrifying or just too arrogant." Many people had that opinion.

Tianming didn't say anything. He only drove the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb and slammed it right into the Flameyellow Guard Formation.

"What're you doing?" Long Wanying hurriedly asked.

Tianming replied in a low voice, "The tomb is an inheritance of the Flameyellow Imperial Star, too. Maybe the formation won't block it?" He had that guess as he hadn't suffered any rejection from the flaming clouds when the tomb had flown beneath them. Such a guardian formation would certainly have at least some response, even if it didn't automatically attack. Of course, he had also only dared to try because of his confidence in the current Ninedragon Imperial Tomb.

"Hang tight!" he shouted.

Everyone was stunned, because this clearly looked like a joyride.

The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb rushed into the clouds. "Just as I thought!" His face brightened with happiness.

That was actually quite normal. The tomb and coffin were both divine objects of the flameyellow divinities. Why would their formation block their own divine objects? Tianming hadn't thought of that

point earlier because of how anxious he was. If there was no obstruction, the hundreds of thousands of meters of cloud would be easily traversed by him.

Flames roiled everywhere as thousands of giant beasts gathered behind the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, all letting out excited roars. They followed behind as if they had found the king of beasts.

The next moment, the tomb broke through the clouds. Tianming stopped it before it completely exited, as he could already see the outside. His eyes stung from all the white. A massive white star had appeared right above his head. The flames burning on it looked even fiercer than the sun.

Countless human silhouettes were moving on it, arranged into dense armies that flew into space in an orderly manner.

Tianming had already known that the nova source war would come soon, but he hadn't expected it would begin right now!

Chapter 1923

A massive, blazing golden head was swimming through the flaming clouds, countless dragon-like strands of hair fluttering around its head. They were in perfect harmony with the head without any clash in style. Perhaps the Divine Sun Palace had also come from the dualgod bloodline era.

Tianming had asked the Saintdragon Emperor for verification, and the conclusion was that the Primodragon Cave being the origin of dragons was an unrealistic legend. In other words, the Xuanyuan Dragon Sect was likely not only descended from the flameyellow divinites, but had once been a main pillar of theirs.

For dualgod bloodlines, the most powerful manifestation was having dragons and totems. In the painting in the wooden building, the most common and powerful dualgod bloodlines Tianming had seen were those that dual cultivated as both dragon beastmaster and totemancer.

Of course, the Primodragon Cave, dualgod bloodline, and dragon beastmasters might still have a link. The Ninedragon Emperor seemed to have some kind of connection with that place.

The outer appearance of the Divine Sun Palace couldn't be altered. Inside the Divine Sun Palace, a coffin with crimson and golden flames burning on it was tightly shut inside the main hall.

Suddenly, the coffin moved as its lid flew off. When it finally crashed down, it was like there was a tombstone erected in the hall, making it rumble.

Two stalwart men were facing each other inside the giant coffin, their hands placed on each other's shoulders. The two were lying down in a burning hot, golden-red liquid metal. Countless divine patterns were flowing between their bodies.

Suddenly, the golden-haired stalwart man opened his eyes. His hands let go and he got up, then he jumped out of the coffin. His golden eyes were letting out piercing light. A gentle and graceful woman soon appeared in the hall. She was carrying imperial robes, which she quickly dressed the man with.

The man was naturally the sun emperor. After he was dressed, a spherical formation core appeared in his hands. He focused his attention on it and the Divine Sun Palace was suddenly madly accelerating, rushing through the sea of flames.

"Are we about to battle?" the empress softly asked. Her voice was meek, more like a serving girl's rather than a wife's.

"Not yet. Those wolf cubs want to show their might, first." The sun emperor looked ahead with a fiery and irritated gaze.

"Then what now?" The Divine Sun Palace was advancing like a hunter on the move, so there was surely some target.

"The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb has entered the Flameyellow Guard Formation." The sun emperor grit his teeth. While the corner of his lips seemed to curl up into a smile, it was too ferocious to be one.

"How's that possible? Didn't you say no one could enter the formation without your permission?" the empress doubtfully asked.

"There's only one possibility," the sun emperor said.

"Which is?"

"The tomb isn't from another star. It's a relic from that era, too. In fact... I never could find the core of the Flameyellow Fusion Formation. Although the tomb is an astralship, if even the Flameyellow Coffin can serve as the core for the Flameyellow Guard Formation, why can't an astralship?" The flames in his eyes burned even brighter now.

"Doesn't that mean that the child's initiative is even more than yours now? Everyone knows the fusion formation is even more important than the guard formation." The empress was worried.

"Not necessarily. I've had the Flameyellow Coffin since I was young, and analyzed it my entire life. He's only had the tomb for a few short years. Not even a talent like the Ninedragon Emperor could accomplish more than me when he had it. The brat will find it hard to understand when he doesn't know the matters of history," the sun emperor said in a low voice.

Tianming hadn't announced what he had found out about the Flameyellow Imperial Star from the wooden building. Only a few core people knew.

"But if he does? For example, the Sky Palace Formation. You never said it could expand so much."

"That formation is an extension of the sun's fusion formation. He killed the Voidheart Worm and obtained the solar core, so it's normal for him to expand it. I just didn't expect he could kill the Voidheart Worm...." The sun emperor was aware of how tricky the Voidheart Worm was when it was in its lair.

"I actually thought the Voidheart Worm would help you get rid of him," the empress complained.

The sun emperor didn't reply, but the Divine Sun Palace accelerated even more!

"So are you trying to seize the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb now? It doesn't have any combat functions and only has ordinary defenses. If it runs into the Divine Sun Palace, which has full power now, we have a chance. Once we have it, it'll be like the entire sun is under your control. It's also more suitable for you to research the tomb." The empress' expression got more excited as she filled up with expectations.

"I heard the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb started to absorb and compress nova source. That's the foundation of his courage to come out. We'll find out if it's really powerless when we give it a try... But you're right. As the core for the Flameyellow Fusion Formation, it'll be my property sooner or later. It's the most important step of my grand plan!" The sun emperor's voice was growing more hoarse.

"Then, do you want to mold him into your weapon?" the empress asked.

The sun emperor lowered his head, then finally shook it. "It may be the influence of Li Wudi's vita that made me want to use that kid. The real purpose is to drag it out so he has the chance to.... So that's the true goal of that 'dead person'! I'll kill him if I have the chance, and stop getting influenced." He turned around and looked at the red-haired man sleeping in the coffin, his gaze complex.

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The empress also turned to look. "Is he really another body of yours?"

"Of course. The power of the Flameyellow coffin is that miraculous. It isn't the end of life, but the start of life!" The sun emperor deeply inhaled. "If I want to open my eyes, he'll open his, too. No words are needed."

The red-haired man inside the coffin opened his eyes and came out of the coffin, draping an arm around the empress' shoulders and even pinching her face, saying, "Get it now?"

"Yes. The vita, which controls both bodies, is inside the coffin. And the main vita in the coffin is yours, because you devoured his." The empress lowered her head. Honestly, she wasn't used to another man so casually touching her body.

However, the sovereign himself didn't care. Only the empress was still in the habit of thinking the golden-haired man was the 'real' one. Hence, she subconsciously stuck closer to him.

While that was going on, they had arrived at their destination and the sea of flaming clouds ahead dispersed.

Deep within the flames, a war machine covered in thick draconic scales appeared in front of the Divine Sun Palace, accompanied by the roaring of nine dragons. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb had completely changed; it had gone from looking like a massive city to looking like a massive beast made from nine dragons!

Chapter 1924

The nine dragon heads were raised up high, staring coldly at the golden head. Tianming appeared in the mouth of the dragon head representing the Imperialdragon. With his white hair fluttering and his body a vessel for the power of the people, his presence was naturally tremendous.

He stared at the Divine Sun Palace and loudly said, "A great enemy approaches. Why are you here, Sovereign, instead of leading your troops to battle?"

The Divine Sun Palace's mouth opened. Two stalwart men stood there, one golden-haired and one red-haired. They stood there, their presences radiating divine majesty!

Both of them looked at the new Ninedragon Imperial Tomb with scorching gazes. Then, they spoke in unison, "Skywolf invades the land of Orderia, yet your Myriad Solar Sects merely turtles up behind the Sky Palace Formation, waiting for death. If so, why not lend this Ninedragon Imperial Tomb to me so that I may resist the enemy and defend the sun?"

Tianming couldn't resist bursting into laughter when he heard that. Still, his laughter was short-lived. He still felt discomfort when he looked at 'Li Wudi'. He also couldn't imagine how Qingyu would feel when she saw her father standing there like a puppet. "Cut the bullshit. Anyone can protect the sun. You're still using such an ambitious attitude with me even now. We'll do things separately. If the sun survives, our Myriad Solar Sects will have a decisive battle with you, you tyrant. I'll also make you pay on behalf of my godfather and sister." Having finished speaking, he intended to close the dragon's mouth and return inside. There was no point in speaking more.

However, when he turned around, the sovereign behind spoke up. "Speaking of your sister, my precious daughter must've been suffering recently. Please relay my words to her: the rainbow can only be seen after the rain. After she overcomes this, she'll be a new miracle and my most perfect work."

It wouldn't have mattered much if only the sun emperor said it. However, both spoke at the same time. It was tragic to hear such words from Li Wudi's mouth and Tianming immediately felt his blood boil! Skywolf was mobilizing their troops, yet the sun emperor was still here wasting time. He shut the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, and the moment he did so, the temperature suddenly spiked—a fiery aura had locked onto the tomb.

Tianming checked and found that both of the 'sun emperors' had returned inside, too.

The Divine Sun Palace approached the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb like a predator, a Divine Wrath charging up in its mouth at the same time!

"This sovereign misses his daughter, so I think I'll see her myself!" The sovereign's voice reverberated within the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb.

"Hah, still think the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb is your Divine Sun Palace's prey like back at Fushen Valley months ago?" They might not have escaped if the Divine Sun Palace hadn't run out of energy. However, Tianming didn't flee this time. He didn't intend to pretend to be cordial when the sun emperor attacked him like this, despite enemies being at the gate.

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"This is good, I also wanted an opportunity to test out the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb's offensive power!" This was the perfect chance! He had originally intended to direct the tomb's fury onto Skywolf's army. "I brought enough miniature nova source today, so it's fine if I give you a hit!"

All of the experts inside the tomb felt anticipation now that the tomb was going to attack in the capacity of an astralship.

It was a clash of astralships!

Everyone watched as Tianming's wheel formation transformed into a giant barrel. The divine patterns of the astralship practically connected to his hand.

“Aim!” Coincidentally, he had the Plundering Eye on his hand. It was perfectly suited for aiming, thus he could accurately target the constantly moving Divine Sun Palace. “I may be a rookie in steering a ship compared to you, but I can still hit you!” That was partially related to Tianming’s Plundering Eye.

“Activate!” The Imperial Ninedragon Tomb shook. A flood of power exploded from the tomb’s nova source, flowing toward the nine dragon heads. The power passed close by everyone. The massive disturbance caused them to lose their footing while shock and excitement battered their hearts.

The might of the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb accumulated. Outside, differently colored energy balls appeared in each of the dragon heads. The energy balls continued to expand and power up until they came into contact and began to merge.

The astralship formation forced the nova source to continuously compress and transform into destructive power. Even as the Divine Sun Palace constantly moved, the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb stayed stationary. A super energy ball formed; it had nine layers, each a different color. They only coexisted in temporary harmony. Once unleashed, the nine layers would collide and immediately destabilize into raw destructive power.

The Divine Sun Palace was also preparing its Divine Wrath! Neither it nor Tianming released their payload. The transmitted power only grew stronger and stronger. The upper limit was a hundred breaths.

At the thirtieth breath, the Divine Sun Palace had already arrived in front of the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. It had transformed into a massive sphere of fire. At that moment, a thick pillar of flame shot out of its body toward the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb and, for a moment, the world was dyed red by the Divine Wrath. Such might caused everyone within the tomb to tense up. They all looked at Tianming, only to see him coldly laughing as he accurately aimed at the Divine Sun Palace.

“Ninedragon Apotheosis!” That was the name of the energy ball, and it had a similar concept to Tianming’s Skysword Apotheosis from the Ninedragon Tribulation.

The nine-layered, nine-colored ball flew forward, its radiance filling the sky. Where it passed, the flaming clouds were extinguished and a gap appeared in the Flameyellow Guard Formation.

Even the citizens on the sun’s surface could see the light through the clouds, as if a hole had been torn open in the sky!

Chapter 1925

An endless sea of fire spread out the moment the Divine Wrath and Ninedragon Apotheosis met. Fire rained from the clouds, pouring down onto the continents below and setting the world aflame!

Even Skywolf could see the nine-colored vortex that appeared in the flaming clouds from their position.

In the face of such an explosion, even the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was knocked back. Tianming’s people were thrown around as they suffered the collision force, the powerful shockwaves even making some people’s organs churn.

Despite that, Tianming was smiling. He had clearly seen that the Divine Sun Palace had come out worse. Relying on a Divine Wrath that relied on a backup core had caused the Divine Sun Palace to lose. The

nine-colored energy sphere had exploded near the palace, knocking it out of the sky. It landed on one of the sun's seas, creating a splash of magma as large as the Myriadragon Mountains.

Regardless of whether or not the Divine Sun Palace had taken damage, it was a fact that, without the Solar Wheel, the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was stronger than the Divine Sun Palace! It also outstripped the Kilostar Capital, Primary Sphere, and the Greenvoid Abyss!

And that wasn't even its final form....

It was a heartening scene for all the Myriad Solar Sects. Before Tianming had appeared, it was exactly the Divine Sun Palace that had allowed the sovereign to suppress the myriad sects. They weren't much weaker, otherwise.

After the information made it to the Sky Palace Formation, there was a surge of faith. Even the newcomers from the Voidword Shrine and Dreamless Celestial Nation were pulled along with the flow and dragged into Tianming's whirlpool of faith, joining him on his path as the Myriad Solar Sects' momentum hit an all-time high. Thus, the seed of a super empire was born in the Sky Palace Formation.

The celestial orderians had undoubtedly received advance warning of Skywolf's invasion. However, their information network was poorer. Not many saw the Divine Sun Palace lose, so the celestial orderians were all preparing for a battle above the flaming clouds. That was why Tianming didn't continue to use the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb to go in for the kill.

As expected, the Divine Sun Palace had suffered some damage, but it wasn't that easy to really destroy it. Tianming saw it quickly make its way back to the flaming clouds in front of Tianming.

Within the palace, the sun emperor was loudly laughing and acting nothing like the defeated. Instead, he was even more excited. "It was as I predicted."

The words were unexpected.

"Not bad, Li Tianming. You're even more troublesome than I expected. Your Ninedragon Imperial Tomb is rather strong." The sovereign began clapping like a madman.

"So?" Tianming said.

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"It seems that I can't take you down right now. Your strength has won my respect. Coming here today, it seems you want to contribute your strength to defend the sun. Very well then! I declare a temporary truce between the celestial orderians and the Myriad Solar Sects from now until Skywolf is beaten back!"

His words would have some credibility to the celestial orderians, but the Myriad Solar Sects wouldn't believe in such a truce. After all, the sun emperor was a shameless man who never showed his cards and might renege on his words anytime.

"I don't need your permission to defend the sun. Our myriad sects can do it ourselves. Those that aren't of the same path should part. I'll let you off for now, since enemies are at the door," Tianming sneered.

The sovereign was no longer laughing. “Fine. Since you can brag so much, go to the south. Skywolf Frost is invading from there. They’ll descend soon, so I’ll leave that side to you,” the sun emperor provocatively said.

Skywolf had two stars. The larger one, which was covered in white flames, was Skywolf Blaze. The smaller one, which was covered in white frost, was Skywolf Frost. The giant white star Tianming had seen when he first arrived was Skywolf Blaze. It was three times the size of the sun, and the main attacking force of Skywolf.

Sovereign Greenvoid and the Greenvoid Abyss were from Skywolf Frost. They were attacking the sun from the other side in a pincer attack.

“You sure?” Tianming asked with gritted teeth.

“I’m leaving the trash to you. Isn’t it like poetry?” the sovereign coldly laughed.

“Big words,” Tianming said.

“Well, I killed that old wolf that time like he was a rabbit, so there’s one sovereign left. If you can’t handle it, you shouldn’t have the face to meet the elders of the myriad sects.”

Tianming knew he couldn’t continue this fight today. Neither of them could now—Skywolf was the priority. Tianming had seen them gather just now, so there wasn’t much time left for the myriad sects. He couldn’t be bothered wasting more time. He turned the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb away and flew southward. It quickly disappeared from the golden head’s view.

“Come, little child, let’s see who kills more wolves.” For a moment, his expression carried some appreciation for a genius. However, it was quickly replaced by bloodlust.

The snarling of wolves on the hunt could already be heard. The invasion had begun.

Killing intent, much thicker than when he had targeted the myriad sects, appeared in his eyes.

“Exterminating the myriad sects was, in the end, an internal conflict. Even I felt some uncertainty. But a bunch of bandits dare to rashly wave their claws in front of me and want to drink my blood and eat my flesh? Last time, when my Flameyellow Imperial Star was still ignorant and uncivilized, we were able to stop your massacre. This time, we’ll let you beasts know who is the hunter and who is the prey in this astralscape!” The sovereign emotionally looked down at the lands below. “This star has pretended to be a sheep for too long. From now on, everyone will know that our people are carnivores!”

The Divine Sun Palace shot into the flaming clouds. The Flameyellow Guard Formation shone even brighter as it entered a combat state.

“Celestial orderians, listen to my command! Defend your home and kill the demon wolves!”

The sun emperor was truly a warrior at that moment. He led half of a heliacal class world’s forces in battle against a force eight times greater without any hesitation as he courageously advanced! And if it weren’t for him, the celestial orderians would have already collapsed. The sun was like a rabbit in front of Skywolf, at best. How difficult could it be for two wolves to bite a rabbit to death?

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Troops were already gathering on Skywolf Blaze. The two stars probably planned to execute their attack at the same time, so the troops of Skywolf Frost should be heading out as well. Since the sun emperor had decided to take on Skywolf Blaze, Tianming and the Myriad Solar Sects would take on Skywolf Frost.

"As we still don't know how useful the Flameyellow Guard Formation will be, we still have to be wary against Skywolf." With his target determined, Tianming immediately went to stop them.

The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb blazed through the flaming clouds at the fastest speed possible. After gaining a proper miniaturized nova source, it could travel much faster than before, up to fifty percent faster than the Divine Sun Palace!

The nine dragons danced across the skies above. Currently, the changes on the sun were felt by those living in it. Even newborns could instinctively feel that something ominous was happening to their home. This would be a battle of continued existence, and was in a completely different league compared to the recent internal conflicts.

"If we lose, we'll probably end up like that dead star where I hid the solar wheel...." That lonely and lifeless star was one way this tragedy could end. Having seen the worst outcome, Tianming now had a proper appreciation of what it meant to fight to their deaths.

The reputation of Skywolf was already incredibly bad. Based on his understanding of them, there was no way they would be merciful and spare the denizens of the sun if they won. The fighting spirit of the Myriad Solar Sects was represented by the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb.

The storm was about to break out at any moment. The 'rear' side of the sun just so happened to be where the Azurecloud Continent was located. As most astralguard formations were made of two halves, their weakest points should be the equators, in Orderia's case, the border between the celestial orderian and Myriad Solar Sects' territories. In other words, the skies of the Azurecloud Continent would be the main battlefield of this astral war.

"Skywolf probably knows that the voidheart worm is already dead. For them to still press the attack even after seeing the astralguard formation manifest shows how determined they are this time." If the sun didn't even have a formation guarding it, then all of their preparations would be child's play. Perhaps the most Skywolf felt about the new barriers was that they were nothing more than a minor obstacle for their little game of conquest.

Tianming came to realize that the astralguard formation had manifested beneath the Flameyellow Guard Formation. In other words, the sun emperor had used his half of the solar core to activate the astralguard formation, giving the sun two layers of protection. The main fights would take place near the Flameyellow Guard Formation, while the astralguard formation would be a contingency to prevent the specters from actually entering the sun.

"Since that's the case, I have to contribute as well." Tianming didn't want to split hairs over matters like those. He also used his solar core to activate his half of the lower layer of the astralguard formation. The complete formation looked like a gigantic white barrier in the sky, which didn't look completely in place as it had been made by the sky plunderers. The Flameyellow Guard Formation, in contrast, looked like it was native to the sun.

The normal folk on the sun felt much better now that both formations were active. However, that didn't change how Tianming felt about the sun emperor using Li Wudi as a clone. It was a grudge that he would temporarily suppress, but never forget. "We'll settle our debts once all this is over."

.....

Within the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, thirty million elites were ready to be deployed in battle, all of them waiting with bated breath. Skywolf Frost could easily have double the number of troops of the myriad sects, or even the celestial orderians, which was a huge gap to bridge. Hopefully, the Flameyellow Guard Formation and Ninedragon Imperial Tomb could make up for it. Regardless, it was still hard to fight off potentially a hundred million enemies with only thirty million, however unavoidable that may be.

Tianming was more concerned about Qingyu. She was only brought to the battlefield because they also needed Lingfeng's help in battle. That said, she was quite safe in one of the many secret rooms within the ship.

As they were heading toward the Azurecloud Continent's airspace, Lingfeng asked Tianming for some help. "What is it?" Tianming asked.

"Qingyu's body is changing," he said with an ominous look.

"What kind of changes?"

They were at Silverdragon Palace, which was quite well equipped with all the necessary living amenities. Suo Yue was lying nearby, dispirited. As a result of symbiotic cultivation, it had also been somewhat affected by Qingyu's condition. Ying Huo used to think of Suo Yue as the most beautiful lifebound beast ever, thanks to its snow-white feathers. But lately, much of its feathers had fallen off and its body was also covered in red, giving it a demonic, wildbeast-like appearance. It looked even worse than the voidheart worm, though it was undoubtedly stronger than it used to be. But just like Qingyu, it didn't like to see people in its new form.

"Maybe it's because I saw my dad just now and received a bit of shock, which triggered it even more," Qingyu said, feigning a pained smile.

"Let me take a look." Tianming had her raise her arms while Lingfeng rolled both her sleeves up. Her arms looked purple-green, with veins like those of leaves. The way they appeared on the skin made her arms look a little like an insect's. Even Tianming had a hard time looking at the arm, let alone Qingyu. He truly felt bad for her.

He could understand how Lingfeng must have felt, having to endure his rage and console Qingyu the best he could at the same time. It was only a matter of time until he went berserk. Tianming turned his attention to her bane-rings. She used to have nine that looked like silver moons, four on one side and five on the other, that perfectly complemented her moon-white hair. The more powerful she grew, the more beautiful she became, resembling a moon goddess.

After the change, though, her bane-rings maintained their round shapes, but had manifested nine different ghostly faces. Some looked like infants, some had ghostly fangs, and some had long tongues.

Even the strongest of minds would have a hard time looking at them without flinching. Tianming felt like the faces were roaring at him, as if they were about to crawl out of the bane-rings to curse him.

On the flip side, Qingyu had improved by leaps and bounds lately without even having to cultivate. Her cultivation level had caught up to Tianming, Lingfeng, and the rest. No doubt, the demonic totems she had also greatly boosted her combat capabilities. Even Suo Yue had been powered up. However, no sane person would be able to accept the side effects of the old gods' ancient blood. Tianming had always felt pain on her behalf at the sight of her current state.

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However, there was something new in the fourth bane-ring on her left arm this time around. Tianming had the same number of bane-rings on both arms, while Qingyu only had nine, so her right arm had five while her left had four. However, at the point closest to her palm, a black bulge could be seen where a fifth bane-ring would be, yet it wasn't one! It was hard and covered in spikes like a porcupine's back! It even felt like it had two eyes that glared at Tianming and the rest.

"Big Brother, I want to borrow your Godsin to cut this off. It looks like a seed, and its roots have spread throughout my body...." Her voice shook more and more as she spoke.

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"Dig it out?" Tianming shook his head. "The roots are already inside your organs. That won't remove them." Despite saying that, he took out Godsin. It was the sharpest weapon in his possession and as thin as a cicada's wings. The most troubling part right now was that the old gods' blood was far too mysterious. There were no records of what it was, so they didn't know what was happening to Qingyu, nor did they know what the consequences of their tampering would be. The only thing he could feel good about was that Sovereign Starfeather had called it a blessing. It had its side effects, but it was no doubt a blessing. Even so, that bulge looked like a huge, unsightly boil.

"Let's give it a try!" Even though the roots couldn't be pulled out, he could at least try extracting the huge black mole.

Tianming pierced his sword into it.

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"Ah!" Qingyu looked like she was in incredible pain and pulled her arm back. "It hurts really bad! Forget it... at least it won't kill me." That simple prick must have hurt a lot, or she wouldn't have given up so easily.

"Let me take a closer look." Tianming held her hand close, but couldn't figure anything out given his limited experiences. At that moment, the sound of killing could be heard from the Flameyellow Guard Formation, a sign that the war had begun.

"Big Brother, Feng, you two should get to your work. I'm already used to weird things happening to my body. Since it isn't going away anytime soon, you should prioritize defending the sun. We're in far too much danger!" she said, pulling her arm back. "Big Brother, go help Feng out. He needs you. I'll stay here and chat with Yin Chen. It'll tell you if anything happens, right? Suo Yue's here too." She didn't want to keep him from fulfilling his duties. Lingfeng was the one who had called him over in the first place.

The divine astralship was just about to reach the sky above the Azurecloud Continent. Tianming said, "Alright, we'll settle things with the sun emperor after this war is over!" That would include finally dealing with what the old gods' blood was doing to her.

"Don't worry, I'll have Little Fish come here," Tianming assured Lingfeng. He was talking about Weisheng Moran, who had brought the dreamless celestial nation troops into the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb with her. She was currently with her forty-nine mute sisters, so Lingfeng was quite relieved that they would be keeping Qingyu company.

"Wait for me to come back," he said to her with a deep look in his eyes.

"Okay! I'll be waiting, so don't mess around!" Qingyu said.

"I promise." His feelings were simple. He would endure any adversity by her side and never abandon her. Qingyu was slightly older than he was, so she took on more of an elder-sister role in their relationship. Their eyes locked with each others'. The way they still felt so strongly for each other after so much hardship was truly enviable.

"Let's go," Tianming said. He gave Weisheng Moran some instructions before he left the Silverdragon Palace for the frontmost part of the ship, where thirty million elites were waiting for him.

Lingfeng also understood that he would be facing off against an abyss of death after parting with Qingyu. He followed behind his white-haired brother, letting out the killing intent he had been keeping pent up. His dark-red eyes devilishly shone and the Primordial Gate in his chest spun nonstop, spreading a dark aura across his body that caught quite a lot of attention. Everybody knew that he had almost been killed by the sun emperor alongside Tianming. The two youths were the cornerstones of the faith the others still held for the Myriad Solar Sects.

The next moment, the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb finally arrived at their destination. Tianming was finally back at the Azurecloud Continent. He hadn't had time to go back to see the sights. His Ninedragon Imperial Tomb looked like a grand beast that rose above the astralguard formation toward the Flameyellow Guard Formation, swimming with the countless beasts in the sea of flames. A rumbling cry could be heard from further up from the specters of Skywolf Frost.

"They're coming!" Tianming piloted the ship toward the core of the attacking forces and the ship cruised straight through the Flameyellow Guard Formation into the astralscape above. Swathes of flames were pushed out of the flaming cloud layer, still burning all around the divine astralship and giving the nine dragon heads a sinister appearance.

It greatly contrasted with the astralscape as its backdrop, but the troops of Skywolf Frost were even more imposing! Like the name of their star, they were incredibly cold and frosty. The bleak ocean of enemy warriors seemed to hide countless bones of their enemies that had sunk beneath them in ages past. They were sinister and dangerous, bringing with them an omen of death. Chilling winds and icy fog flowed through the torrent of death across the surface of the star.

The star had been far too close to the sun and looked like it was baring its bloody fangs at it, like a wolf that was about to consume the sun! Thankfully, the common folk's view had been covered by the Flameyellow Guard Formation, sparing them the fright of seeing their impending doom. From where Tianming was, he didn't just see the enemy star, but their troops as well.

After the flaming clouds thinned from their sights, the troops of Skywolf Frost came swarming toward them. They seemed completely endless in number, far more than six hundred million. Even the total forces of the celestial orderians that had attacked the Myriadragon mountains only numbered three hundred million. Six hundred million bestial specters were too many to deal with!

They howled in unison like wolves, signaling the start of their invasion. They charged toward the sun like a universal storm, furious and with flair. Tianming saw their expressions and knew they were there to take everything they could get their hands on without regard for any laws or morals. They were even more defiant than the celestial orderians, having a worldview that consisted of nothing more than take or be taken from. Everything in this world was between them and their prey, and killing a single person or exterminating an entire star world made no difference to them.

They were completely amoral and deferred only to the law of the jungle! Might, for them, was right! Like wolves that sprinted across the plains, the only thing that crossed their minds was sating their hunger. Tianming knew there was no avoiding this fight—no amount of rhetoric would work on amoral beasts like them.

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A true astral war involved no trash talk between the sides. Nobody would be able to hear a single word in a battlefield on a scale like this. Tianming only saw two golden eyes scathingly peering out toward him as the howls of wolves echoed through the stormy universe.

"Let's see who gains the upper hand and hunts the other!" He reckoned that an enemy like this understood nothing else but might and domination. Only by fighting more furiously than the foe would they stand a chance to win. Of all the times he could show mercy, this was on the very bottom of that list. If he allowed these animals to breach the two astralguard formations, they would go straight for the civilian residents of the sun and feast upon their flesh.

Faced with six hundred million skywolf specters, Tianming's Ninedragon Imperial Tomb seemed a little insignificant. Tianming piloted it and activated the divine astralship formation, covering the ship in nine layers of dragon scales. It was completely armored up and armed with threatening spikes! However, the spikes were no match for the Ninedragon Apotheosis.

The divine astralship accelerated, turning into a ray of nine-colored light and shooting out like a lance thrown from the sun! Not even the sun emperor dared to emerge from the Flameyellow Guard Formation, and for Tianming to do that showed how much trouble he would be for the enemy!

While Skywolf had received news of a divine astralship when they sent their own as probes months before, they hadn't heard anything about the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, especially in its current form. The astralscape was largely filled with nothing, allowing most of the troops to see the ship suicidally charging toward them.

"Are you trying to die?!" Specters had perfected their physical bodies with a slant toward incredible toughness. Most of them were more than ten meters tall, and could even strengthen and grow themselves more! Not to mention, they were also capable of using abilities, which made them rather confident in direct confrontations. Seeing Tianming's ship charge toward them that audaciously only served to anger them. They howled and gathered together, intent on stopping the ship right there.

"Hold them back! Kill everyone inside it and take their divine astralship!"

Tens of millions of specters unleashed their abilities in one single wave. It looked like a flower of energy had bloomed in a corner of the universe, enveloping the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb in mere instants.

As it charged forward, the heads of the divine astralship gathered balls of different colored energy. All of them fused together into a huge nine-layered sphere that entirely covered the ship, giving off a light that was even brighter than that of stellar sources. It looked like a minor sun of nine colors, shielding the ship from the abilities of the specters.

Colorful fireworks bloomed between the two stars, causing a commotion like no other. Even those that lived on the Flameyellow Continent saw a colorful vortex forming between the suns in their skies, the sound of which reverberated across the lower level of the astralscape and even shook the Flameyellow Continent itself. Countless mountains crumbled and the seas raged. Clouds were torn asunder from the sheer aftershock of an astral war between higher lifeforms. The shockwave alone seemed to threaten to end the world as they knew it.

Countless lives were shocked into hiding, reminded of the difficulty of survival. Life was precious, yet paradoxically insignificant at the same time. Perhaps it was a matter of difference between subjectively and objectively evaluating the value of life. Cold reality held no sentimentality for life, yet for Tianming, it was something he earnestly tried to defend.

"Ninedragon Apotheosis, fire!" The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb had entered the fray with the specter troops, unleashing its blast where the enemy was most numerous. A beam of colorful lights created an even larger vortex that exploded, contorting the space around it. Even the tough specters were reduced to nothingness from the blast, not leaving any ashes behind. Millions of specters had been extinguished just like that, unable to even cry out for their lives before they were eradicated. A void of death had been left in the wake of the blast.

Apart from the ones that were outright deleted from existence, there were many more who were maimed or wounded. Blood fell toward the sun like rain before it was burnt away by the Flameyellow Guard Formation. This was the most people Tianming had ever killed in one go. He felt a little disoriented from the rain of blood; he used to think that life was precious and believed that karmic laws regulated their taking. Yet there was nothing else he could do in the face of an invasion.

"In the face of war, good and bad karma doesn't exist. Or rather, perhaps good karma means defending our own while eradicating the enemy.... But who'd be held accountable for the loss of countless lives in war? The invaders? Or the circumstances the universe itself puts us in? Am I committing just as much of a sin by wiping out those from Skywolf?" The doubts gnawed away at him, yet he didn't let them stop him. Killing the enemy now was a role he had to fulfill. If he didn't, he would be the one to die, followed by those he was trying to protect. In fact, if the sun ended up perishing, life on the Welkin plane would wane as well from the cessation of spiritual energy from the sun. Mortal worlds didn't illuminate themselves, after all. Without light and spiritual energy, they were no different from dead stars. Tianming couldn't afford to back off, so he didn't even have the time to wallow in doubts.

Though the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb had managed to wipe out nearly seven million specters at once, that was mainly because they hadn't understood the extent of the divine astralship's power. This time

around, they scattered to minimize their losses. After all, space was high in abundance in the astralscape. That was a weakness of the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb.

Blood continued raining down from the sky and Lingfeng could see the endless souls fluttering about all over the place. Like Tianming, his eyes were bloodshot. Despite the sights, the thirty million elites in the ship cheered.

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The Myriad Solar Sects didn't spare any sympathy toward their invaders at all, for doing so would be betraying the very same ancestors that had faced them in previous astral wars.

"Kill them all!"

"Long live Li Tianming! May they be wiped out by his wrath!"

They fervently cheered, preferring to use Tianming's name rather than calling him Imperialdragon Princeps. His name also had a double meaning, representing the fate of the heavens.

"The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb is invincible!"

They weren't necessarily wrong. In their experience, the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb had indeed been indestructible. Not to mention, the previous wave of Ninedragon Apotheosis hadn't even been fully charged, yet that was enough to strike fear into the specters.

Yet Tianming found that the specters were no doubt more terrifying than the celestial orderians. They almost seemed like astral wildbeasts! Those casualties had done nothing more than ruffle their feathers, enraging them even further. Their roars sounded even more ferocious, reminding him of the flute notes he had heard at Fushen Valley.

More and more specters smashed into the surface of the ship with their own bodies, wildly attacking it with their weapons and abilities like a swarm of ants. While a few of them wouldn't be much of a problem, there were so many surrounding the ship that the ship itself was no longer visible. They hammered on the hull nonstop with manic fervor, shaking the interior of the ship so starkly that the cultivators within could feel it. Their howls echoed throughout the ship.

"Haha!" Tianming didn't mind that they were sticking close. It was much better than allowing them to run and scatter to directly attack the sun. As they latched onto the ship, they influenced its course to the point that it was touching the frosty layers of Skywolf Frost. But in the next instant, Tianming siphoned even more energy from the miniaturized nova source, fueling the divine astralship formation even more. The countless specters that smashed away at the dragon scales saw nine balls of nova source gather near the dragon heads, eradicating even more of their ranks that were nearby.

"Aaaaagh!" Swathes of specters were wiped out again just like that with a single blast. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb itself looked like nine minor suns. In fact, it looked even more sun-like than the Divine Sun Palace. The sheer force forced the specters on the ship to flee, but most of them couldn't make it and were vaporized as a result. The suns glowed brighter and brighter, finally making the specters feel true fear.

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"Come on! Don't go!" Tianming grabbed the firing controls like a madman. If he could really scare them away and not have to kill so many, that would be the ideal result, but he knew that wasn't something that would come to pass. His black and gold eyes burned even brighter.

The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb looked like a gigantic astral wildbeast, ramming around as it charged up for the next blast, splattering countless specters. Even then, there were far too many enemies. Tianming gave up on resisting his urges and continued the slaughter.

The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was so powerful that nobody could do anything about it. Unsurprisingly, the specter army had learned their lesson after being turned to paste by the ship twice.

"Scatter!"

"Don't stick together!"

"Its nova source reserve is limited! Don't clump together and become a target!"

"Everyone, make way! Leave it to Sovereign Sanctquility!"

"That's right! Leave it to the Sanctquility Ghosttrain!"

In a few short moments, their formations spread out in the space between the two stars. Tianming was no longer able to kill that many by ramming alone, and the effectiveness of the Ninedragon Apotheosis would be ten times lower.

"All we have to do is to attack the sun! There's no need for us to fight that ship!"

"That's right! One single ship won't be able to do much! Our Sanctvoid Guard Formation is already active!"

"Greenvoid Army, Sanctquility Army, focus your attacks on the sun!"

The orders spread throughout the ranks in a chain of howls. The troops immediately changed their focus to the Flameyellow Guard Formation. That was something Tianming was powerless against—it was time for the Flameyellow Guard Formation to be tested.

If he were honest, he believed that they wouldn't stand a chance without the Flameyellow Guard Formation, even though he had the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. Fortunately, the sun was big enough, so it would take quite some time for the enemies to make their way to the formation.

From the vantage point of the Flameyellow Continent, the sun and Skywolf Frost seemed closely stuck together, but there was actually quite a vast space in between for individuals to cross without divine astralships. Tianming piloted the ship toward the place with the largest concentration of specters to harass them as best as he could. Wherever the ship went, specter blood was spilled.

Just then, a large white mechanical wolf emerged from the frosty currents of the other star. It looked similar to the Greenvoid Abyss, but seemed more agile. Unlike the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, it was made of divine ores of all sorts, making it Yin Chen's favorite. However, it had its own divine astralship formation, which was more resistant than weapons. It wasn't possible to devour it unless the formation was down. This ship happened to be the same one Yin Chen had seen on the other side of the sun in celestial orderian territory.

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Back then, it had used the opportunity provided by the ongoing conflict between the celestial orderians and Myriad Solar Sects to head to the north of the sun, wreaking massive havoc in the absence of the celestial orderian forces. After that, it had escaped back to Skywolf to deliver the information it'd gathered.

Sanctquility and Greenvoid were both large specter lines. The Sanctquility Ghosttrain and Greenvoid Abyss were both divine astralships, commanded by the strongest elites of those two lines, Sovereign Sanctquility and Sovereign Greenvoid.

The army that was currently in front of Tianming was the Sanctvoid Army, the combined forces of the subordinates of Sovereigns Sanctquility and Greenvoid, and numbered six hundred million in total. It was a shame that Sovereign Greenvoid had embarrassingly died during a preliminary scouting mission. That incident had greatly enraged Skywolf as a whole. Back then, the voidheart worm was still active and the astralguard formation of the sun hadn't been deployed yet. The death of a sovereign had brought a new goal to Skywolf's conquest: revenge.

Even with Sovereign Greenvoid gone, the greenvoid specters still had three hundred million in their ranks, which were largely unaffected. Not to mention, the Sanctquility Ghosttrain had come to counter the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. It was charging in the direction of the Flameyellow Guard Formation. Amidst a booming crescendo, a glowing, pure white mechanical wolf sprinted across the starry sky like an arrow freshly loosed from a bow toward the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb. But based on their relative sizes, the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was far superior in that regard.

"Since the Sanctquility Ghosttrain appeared, we can assume that Sovereign Sanctquility is also on the divine astralship." Tianming felt his veins popping. "Kill!"

There was no need to waste words. The nine heads of his ship roared as it fiercely accelerated. Almost instantly, the two divine astralships crashed into each other! The Sanctquility Ghosttrain was sent flying as fast as it had come cruising. There was even a huge dent in the hardest part of the ship which looked like the head of a wolf. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb, on the other hand, merely spun around slightly before stabilizing itself. Its divine astralship formation also seemed powerful enough to shield it from all the damage it should have taken from the collision. That alone showed the disparity in power between the two ships. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb was likely at least 1.5 times better than the Sanctquility Ghosttrain in all aspects, a fact that Tianming found great confidence in.

"As expected of a treasure from the days of the Flameyellow Imperial Star!" He didn't waste a single instant. Immediately, the nine dragon heads began charging up another Ninedragon Apotheosis while Tianming piloted it and locked onto the enemy ship. "I wonder if a divine astralship is capable of utterly destroying an enemy divine astralship and also cleanly killing everyone on board?" He doubted that the Divine Sun Palace would be capable of such a feat, but he was eager to try with the Ninedragon Imperial Tomb.

The pressure of the battle began mounting as sanity drained away with each successive kill. The Ninedragon Imperial Tomb leaped toward the silvery white wolf like a feral beast once more. At that moment, a small figure could be seen standing on the snout of the ship, waving toward Tianming. While the figure was small, a voice could be heard coming from it. Tianming looked closer and saw that

Sovereign Sanctquility was actually a woman. She had a head of long, waist-length white hair and looked incredibly well put together. Her alluring figure was draped in leathers and her malt-colored skin gave him the impression of wildness. Her skin looked incredibly bouncy to the touch and she had a pair of prominent canines that seemed to cut past her lip, shaving off some of the skin. Unquestionably, she could be regarded as a beauty, especially by the standards of Skywolf. Her wild aura was only accentuated by the long, white wolf tail that hung off her waist. It swayed seductively, yet also seemed to suggest unbridled battlelust.

Tianming now knew that Skywolf was affiliated with the Voidsky Organization, which had originated from the mysterians. Since his showy antics in the wondersky realm, they had already sent people to look for him, and they would probably arrive at Violetglory sooner or later. Personally, Tianming found them distasteful. If he really ended up being brought to the Mysterium Cluster, he would probably be vulnerable to countless hidden threats there.

"The Voidsky Organization is the one that carries out the dirty jobs of the mysterians behind the scenes, so they don't really make public appearances. In fact, they spend most of their time outside the Mysterium Cluster. My reputation is really starting to catch up with me.... Though it isn't likely for the Voidsky Organization to connect my name with my fame in the Mysterium Cluster. Skywolf doesn't necessarily have frequent communications with the mysterians, after all." It was hard to say how much information about Tianming had been sent back to Skywolf after their scouting mission.

That aside, he had considered one question before: if the Flameyellow Guard Formation fell and exposed the sun in danger, could he announced himself as the ruler of the sun in the wondersky realm to the mysterians and solve the issue? Would they give up attacking the sun to draw in a genius like him, and perhaps even help him fight the sun emperor? While that possibility wasn't out of the question, counting on foreign favors was a path of no return. He would effectively be binding his own fate with that of the mysterians. Not to mention, he had a gut feeling that the shady mysterians who were hunting others using a shady organizational front as the Voidsky Organization wouldn't be the kind of people he could count on. The important stuff was always in details like those.

Even so, an opportunity for a conversation with Sovereign Sanctquility had still presented itself, so he reckoned that he could try to weasel some information out of her to see whether the people of her world had already heard of him before, and whether they were aware he was a nonabane or decabane. Tianming had shown himself to be a nonabane in the Astraldome, which was something the mysterians could still believe and accept. However, he had already revealed himself as a decabane on the sun. He wanted to know if Skywolf had managed to obtain that kind of information.

"At the very least, there's a slight chance for me here. If the sun really falls, I'll probably just seek out help from the mysterians." If they still thought that he was a nonabane, they wouldn't humor his demand for them to leave the sun alone, as it could still generate nova source for millions of years to come. But they might cave in if they learned that he was a decabane.

Thus, he proceeded to steer the divine astralship closer to the Sanctquility Ghosttrain and emerged from it, facing the feral nymph that was Sovereign Sanctquility.