

## Desolate 111

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 11: The Netherwurm in the Dark Fog**

The thick black fog surrounding Dong Ziqi's group made it so that they couldn't see too far away at all. If the black fog was to disappear, they would discover, to their amazement...that a completely black, enormous dragon that was more than ten kilometers long was currently coiled around the entire Oxhorn Mountain. At the same time, the head of the Netherwurm was staring directly at them.

Unfortunately, they weren't able to see it. This was the reason why Ji Ninefire had set up this black fog bewildering formation.

"Come. Come." Ji Truekeep stared at them from far away. Twelve distant, faint figures could be seen far away in the black fog. These were created through Ninefire's control over the fog; they were used to tell Truekeep and the others where everyone's approximate locations were.

Truekeep himself was within the enormous black draconic head.

After being transformed by the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation, the elemental energy of the five had given birth to a powerful draconic energy. At the center of the Dragonhead Formation, Truekeep was naturally able to borrow this power, and he could feel his own strength ready to explode.

"Truekeep, wait a bit longer. Don't be impatient." A voice rang out by his ear.

Truekeep nodded.

All the major formations, including the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation, was controlled by the Patriarch. Only the Patriarch could effortlessly speak mentally to them; the others, including Ji Ning, weren't able to see too far through their eyes. They all needed the Patriarch to assist in guiding them.

.....

Ninefire was halfway up the mountain, within the body of the enormous Netherwurm. He could see everything within the grand formation clearly, and the black fog served as his eyes.

"They are all quite cautious." Ninefire stared at them. "There are twelve Zifu Disciples, and they all belong to the same sect. They definitely have combination formation techniques...if we were to ambush them now, the chances of success probably wouldn't be that great. In a short while, they will discover that this black fog formation isn't an exceptionally clever one. And once they slightly lower their guard...the power of the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation will definitely make them suffer bitterly."

Ninefire was sufficiently patient. He was able to wait, wait for the best opportunity. Only then would he reveal his teeth and fangs...

Dong Ziqi and the rest of the twelve Zifu Disciples were indeed very vigilant when they entered the formation, all of them staying within the Eight Trigrams Blood Dragon Formation. At the same time, they kept the elemental energy in their bodies activated, prepared to launch a combination attack at any time.

“There’s nothing particularly special about this black fog bewildering formation. I’ve already discovered some of its secrets!” One of them, a black-haired elder, spoke out.

“I found a few hints as well. However, senior apprentice-brother Zha is more formidable than me when it comes to formations. I imagine that in an even shorter period of time, he would be able to defeat this formation.” A silver-haired cultivator said with a laugh. As Immortal practitioners, especially ones at the Zifu Disciple level...given that they were trapped at the Zifu Disciple level, the most fundamental level, and were unable to make a breakthrough, they naturally would spend their time researching other methods.

Formations? Poisons? Golem arts? They would research anything that was useful to them in enhancing their power. Generally speaking, these old fellows who had been alive for three or four centuries would be specialized in several areas.

These branch sect Zifu Disciples who had left the main sect had almost no hope of breaking through. Most of them thus spent some degree of time on formations, and some of them were even more formidable in formations than Ji Ninefire was! Only...although setting one was easy, breaking one was difficult! They naturally weren’t confident in their ability to defeat the formations that Ji Ninefire had laid down.

However, there were still some formations which they could defeat; only, it wouldn’t be as simple as it was for Nong Zidao.

“I only need as much time as is needed to boil a kettle of tea to break this formation.” The black-haired elder smiled.

“Then we’ll have to trouble you, senior apprentice-brother Zha.”

“We will first break this bewildering formation. There is no need to rely on senior apprentice-brother Zidao to deal with these small formations. We are enough.” These Zifu Disciples clearly felt quite relaxed now. When first entering the black fog bewildering formation, the short line of sight made them grow wary, but upon understanding how simple this formation was to break, they clearly were starting to feel more confident.

The black-haired elder nodded. “I will analyze this formation. Everyone, please stay on your guard.”

“Leave it to us. Senior apprentice-brother Zha, focus on breaking this formation.” Dong Ziqi and the others said.

Moments later.

“Right up ahead.” The black-haired elder’s eyes lit up. He was completely confident. “I’ve already seen through this formation.”

“Excellent.” All of them grew excited.

Dong Ziqi continued to maintain his Eight Trigrams Blood Dragon Formation, and the group of Zifu Disciples advanced at high speed. The fog up ahead seemed to be a bit thinner, and Dong Ziqi’s group saw, not too far away, a flag planted into the ground. The flag was grey, and covered with many black diagrams.

“The formation flag!” They revealed looks of delight on their faces.

.....

“Truekeep, just wait there quietly.” Ninefire sent mentally. “In a short period of time, those Zifu Disciples of Snowdragon Mountain will arrive at your position. When I give the order, kill them.”

“I’ve been waiting for this the entire time.” Truekeep’s eyes were flashing with cold light.

“Excellent. Just listen to my orders.” Ninefire was eager as well.

....

As Dong Ziqi’s group of twelve Zifu Disciples saw the distant flag, they failed to notice that within a hundred meters of them...an enormous draconic head was staring directly at them.

“The formation flag!”

The twelve Zifu Disciples were all wildly overjoyed, and the black-haired elder couldn’t help but reveal a hint of smugness.

Right at that moment...

“Attack!” Truekeep, who had been hiding there for quite some time, finally heard the Patriarch’s voice.

Whoosh!

Just as the group of Zifu Disciples saw the formation flag and were feeling overjoyed, an enormous draconic head suddenly emerged from the nearby dense black fog. The draconic head was incomparably large; in the black fog, they were only able to see several draconic whiskers and scales. The Netherwyrms’ head opened its maw, chomping down towards them.

“Careful.” Dong Ziqi, being in control of the Eight Trigrams Blood Dragon Formation, was the first to notice it, and he hurriedly called out in surprise and fright.

It was too late.

It came too fast!

The distance at which one could see within the black fog was simply too short. The Netherwyrms were ten kilometers long. How enormous must the head thus be? As the draconic head charged towards them...it moved at a speed that was probably more than ten times faster than that of the Zifu Disciples. The draconic head, with a rumble, blasted into and broke through the Eight Trigrams Blood Dragon Formation. With a crunch, rumble, boom, and terrifying roar...the Netherwyrms’ head came howling towards the enemies!

In that howling instant...

Truekeep was right in the center of the head. As the Netherwyrms’ head bit down, Truekeep seemed to have gone berserk as the nine sharp awls hovering around his body were filled by the draconic energy generated by the formation. Those sharp awls moved at an astonishing speed, attacking at three of the Zifu Disciples who were closest to and caught offguard by the Netherwyrms’ frontal attack.

Supported by the formation, Truekeep's current level of power was even more powerful than that of most peak Zifu Disciples.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Simply too fast. Two of the Zifu Disciples had giant holes blasted through their chests and their corpses fell into the Netherwurm's devouring mouth. As for the other Zifu Disciple who had been attacked, he kicked backwards, his body flashing like azure light and instantly moving tens of meters away.

A single sudden ambush had killed two Zifu Disciples. The primary reason was that the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation itself was simply too powerful. In addition, all five of its formations had a Zifu Disciple standing guard at the center, making it so that this Netherwurm seemed to have sentience, making it all the more incomparably, astonishingly powerful.

"While they are ill, go for the kill!" Truekeep then moved towards and attacked two other Zifu Disciples who had somewhat pulled away from their comrades.

"Kill."

The sharp awls howled!

The black draconic head was like a nightmare.

"Assemble the formation."

"Assemble the formation." As the howls rang out, Dong Ziqi and the others had already begun to prepare their formation. These Zifu Disciples were no fools; they knew that they couldn't move too far away from their comrades. This was because once they moved too far away from each other within this bewildering formation...they would be separately defeated by the Ji clan.

But the problem wasn't that they moved too far away; it was that the strike of the draconic head had knocked some of them flying!

The power of the Netherwurm's attack was simply too great!

"Formation, link."

"Formation, link."

A white light suddenly sprang up, instantly circulating around the bodies of each of the Zifu Disciples. Soon, eight enormous trigrams made of white light had appeared out of nowhere, with the eight Zifu Disciples separated in each part. Actually, this technique of Snowdragon Mountain's only required six Zifu Disciples to be completely linked up.

"Where is senior apprentice-brother Zha?"

"Where is senior apprentice-brother Fang?"

Dong Ziqi and the rest of the eight, after setting up the formation, discovered to their amazement that although they had previously numbered twelve Zifu Disciples, only eight now remained. The other four could not be found.

“Senior apprentice-brother Zha.”

They all called out loudly, and their voices echoed within the formation. If the other four were still alive, they would be able to reply verbally.

“Dead. The four of them are all dead.” Dong Ziqi gritted his teeth.

“Too terrifying. Too powerful.” The silver-haired cultivator had a look of disbelief on his face. “Prior to this, I vaguely saw some draconic scales. It was the head of an incomparably large dragon. How could the Ji clan have access to something so powerful? Could that have been a true dragon?”

“There’s no way it could have been a true dragon. If it was a true dragon, we would have discovered it long ago! In addition, how could a true dragon be so enormous? It must be a formation!”

“But how could the dragon produced by a formation be so powerful?”

This group of Zifu Disciples were still in a state of shock. That earlier attack had simply been too powerful. Although they had all been overjoyed upon seeing the flag and had relaxed slightly, they were still within the Eight Trigrams Blood Dragon Formation, after all. In their hearts, they also remained vigilant. Who would have imagined that this sudden ambush would have blasted through them, forcing them all to retreat and knocking some of them flying!

This ambush had killed four of them!

“We can no longer see the formation flag either.” Dong Ziqi swept the surrounding area with his gaze. He was now unable to see the formation flag. “When we were struck by that enormous black dragon, we were all knocked backwards and driven farther away from the formation flag.”

“The illusion isn’t that important. That enormous black dragon is the true disaster.”

“We must have senior apprentice-brothers Jadechild or Nong Zidao come.” The silver-haired expert flipped his hand and retrieved a jade seal. This was the seal Nong Zidao had given him. He clenched it. Crunch! The jade seal disintegrated.

....

On the outside. Jadechild and Nong Zidao, along with the other five Zifu Disciples, were waiting. They were in no rush to enter the formation.

“What sort of techniques could this sort of small clan have?” Jadechild laughed. “Our twelve Zifu Disciples of Snowdragon Mountain have entered, and they have access to a combination formation technique...that is more than enough to utterly sweep and dominate the enemies.”

“Right. The formations of a small clan like this can’t possibly be very powerful. Our fellow apprentices also have studied formations. They, too, are capable of breaking formations.” Nong Zidao felt relaxed as well. As he saw it, the combined power of those twelve fellow apprentices....should indeed be more than enough to easily dominate this sort of small clan.

Suddenly...

Nong Zidao’s face changed.

“What happened?” Jadechild immediately asked.

“The jade talisman I gave him.” Nong Zidao said in a soft voice. “One of them was just crushed. It seems they encountered some sort of danger. Otherwise, they wouldn’t ask us to save them.”

“This puny little Ji clan was able to force them to beg us to save them?” Jadechild couldn’t believe it. Prior to this, Nong Zidao had given them a jade talisman...primarily because this was a habit of the disciples of the sect. None of them actually thought it would be used.

“Come, let’s enter the formation.” Nong Zidao said.

The other five nearby Zifu Disciples had heard their conversation. They, too, were surprised. The twelve comrades who had entered had actually been forced to shatter a jade talisman? Still, upon seeing Jadechild and Nong Zidao by their side, they felt completely confident.

“You wait here. If any comrades of our Snowdragon Mountain comes here, tell them that we have already entered the formation.” Nong Zidao waved his hand, then produced a wooden golem. The wooden golem had a green light within its eyes, and it just listened, then nodded obediently. “Yes, master.”

“Let’s go.” Nong Zidao said.

Immediately, Jadechild, under Nong Zidao’s guidance, led the group of seven Zifu Disciples and two Zifu-level spirit-beasts into the black fog that surrounded Oxhorn Mountain.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 12: The Secret Killer Weapon – Ji Ning**

The enormous scales atop the draconic tail were all incomparably clear. Ji Ning sat within the draconic tail, surrounded by those enormous scales.

“Hrm?” Ning suddenly heard the sound of explosions and angered shouts.

“Assemble the formation!” “Formation, linked!” Cries of surprise and terror rang out from afar. Ning’s ears twitched, and he laughed. “IT has begun.”

Per their original strategy, Ning was in the strongest position of all, out of the various experts of the Ji clan! He would only be unleashed at the critical moment...there was no need for him to engage yet.

Moments later.

“Whoosh!”

A figure flew over. It was Ji Yichuan, dressed in a white fur robe.

“Father.” Ning rose.

“Take it!” Yichuan produced six flying swords out of nowhere, which hovered there above his palm.

“These were acquired by your Uncle Truekep after executing four Zifu Disciples. One of them was a Zifu Disciple who controlled multiple flying swords; we acquired five from him alone. Thus, the four of them had a total of six flying swords.”

Ning didn't hesitate, immediately accepting them.

"Perfect timing." Ning was incomparably excited. Prior to this, everyone had already traded for some magic treasures. Some of them were useless to him, but were very important to others! At such a crucial, life-and-death juncture, nobody would be shy; everyone acted quite forthrightly. For example, Ning gave the venomous bugs he had acquired from Bei Zishan to Ji Ninefire, while Ninefire, upon learning that Ning desperately needed ranked flying swords, had managed to scrape together five of them.

Bei Zishan had left behind two; combined with those five, Ning had seven. That wasn't even enough for a single formation base of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]! But now that he had six more...he had enough.

"These six flying swords are all ranked magic treasures." Yichuan said.

"Right." Ning nodded. "With these six ranked flying swords, my power is going to rise significantly. Later, I'll have to have a nice little 'battle' against these Zifu Disciples of Snowdragon Mountain!"

Yichuan had a rare look of delight on his face as well. "This has truly been wonderful. And it is all thanks to the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation you brought out! In a single ambush, we killed four enemy Zifu Disciples. Without the aid of this formation, we would probably lose someone on every attack."

"Right." Ning nodded.

The Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation had been acquired by Ning from the Aquatic Estate. Naturally, it was quite powerful.

"Make your preparations. Once you are needed, the Patriarch will immediately notify you mentally." Yichuan instructed, then transformed into a ray of light and left.

Ning immediately filled his elemental energy into the flying swords, seizing every moment of time and hurriedly binding them. Although it was true that, as the spirit of the Aquatic Estate had said, it would be best if the flying swords which served as the core of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] all came from the same source, the current Ning, unfortunately, had no right to be choosy. It was already quite good for him to even be able to have enough ranked flying swords.

.....

The black fog hung everywhere.

Nong Zidao, Jadechild, and the others were advancing carefully through the black fog. The Fairy Crane and the Landwurm were all in human form now, accompanying Nong Zidao and Jadechild.

"This black fog bewildering formation isn't even worth discussing." Nong Zidao finally spoke. "I've already completely seen through its mysteries. I can sense the direction in which Dong Ziqi's group lies as well. Now, act according to my instructions...and we will soon reunite with them."

"We will listen to you, senior apprentice-brother Zidao."

"Senior apprentice-brother Zidao is as formidable as ever." The other Zifu Disciples previously had ugly looks on their faces, but now they finally looked pleased.

Prior to this, upon entering the formation, they had immediately shouted, and the distant voices of Dong Ziqi and the rest of the eight Zifu Disciples had naturally responded to them...and through the discussion, Jadechild and Nong Zidao learned that four of their comrades had actually died! This caused Jadechild and Nong Zidao to become incomparably enraged and cautious.

Nong Zidao said in a clear voice, "Junior apprentice-brother Ziqi, we are coming over right now. We will soon arrive."

"Boom!"

"Kill!"

"Kill that old bastard of the Ji clan!"

A series of angry roars rang out from afar, causing Jadechild and Nong Zidao to be startled. But then, the warcries and sounds of battle came to a halt.

Jadechild shouted with a frown. "Dong Ziqi, are you alright?"

"We are fine." The voice came from far away. "The eight of us stayed in formation the entire time, not relaxing at all. Just now, an enormous draconic claw attacked us...it was even more powerful than the first attack. We were at a slight disadvantage, but by joining forces, the eight of us were able to defend well enough that none of us perished."

"Alright. We will immediately come over." Jadechild said.

"Let's hurry over." Jadechild looked towards Nong Zidao by his side. "Prior to this, it was the dragon's head. This time, it was the dragon's claw. This puny little Ji clan actually has access to such a technique..."

Nong Zidao said solemnly, "Most likely, in the past few thousand years, the Ji clan must have acquired this formation through a stroke of great fortune. It seems to be quite powerful. Let's quickly reunite with them."

Right at this moment...

Whoosh!

The surrounding black fog suddenly grew denser, and a bone-piercing, insidious cold seemed to fill it.

"Go forward. Stop. Turn left...stop." Nong Zidao guided them easily, but then his face suddenly changed. "Eh?"

"What is it?" They all looked towards him, awaiting his directions.

"It changed."

Nong Zidao had an ugly look on his face. "There are multiple layers of formations, formations within formations. I've become baffled by an even more powerful formation."

"Can it be that even you can't break it?" Jadechild looked at him.



“It will be very difficult.” Nong Zidao looked at the surrounding area. Waving his hand lightly, he could sense that insidious, bone-piercing chill within the fog.

“How long will you need to break it?” Jadechild asked.

“I don’t know!” Nong Zidao shook his head. “If I’m fast, an hour. If it takes a long time, one or two days.”

The faces of the surrounding Zifu Disciples all changed. Jadechild said, shocked, “That long?”

.....

Ning sat in the lotus position within the enormous tail of the Netherwyrms. Around him, more than seven hundred sword-type magic treasures were floating about, nine of which were particularly dazzling to behold. The white light covering those nine was much stronger. The hazy white light continuously thrummed through the swords, quickly coalescing into a sword light in front of Ning.

“Right. With these nine ranked flying swords as a formation base, they can now serve as the core for the other seven hundred-plus flying swords of my [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]. The power clearly has grown dramatically.” Ning revealed a look of delight. “Only, the ranked flying swords put a lot of pressure on my soul as well.”

Unranked flying swords made up the majority of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation].

The difference between using them and using ranked flying swords in the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]...was quite significant and apparent. The difficulty in controlling them rose dramatically, but so too did the power!

“I’ve only added nine ranked flying swords. After gaining insight into my Sword Domain, my soul has grown much stronger. I’m still able to use the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation].” Ning had the feeling that if he were to add a few dozen ranked flying swords or a few hundred ranked flying swords...the total number of swords he was able to control would drop sharply!

“Ji Ning!” A powerful voice echoed forth.

“Patriarch.” A look of delight appeared on Ning’s face.

“We are in trouble now.” Ninefire’s voice rang out.

“What sort of trouble?” Ning was worried as well.

“The second group of Zifu Disciples of Snowdragon Dragon have just entered the formation. Amongst them there is one person in particular, Nong Zidao, who even I have heard of! Nong Zidao is extremely skilled in formations. He is able to easily defeat the black fog bewildering formation, and so I was forced to use the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation to trap and bewilder him.” Ninefire transmitted.

Ning’s face changed.

The Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation...it had the secondary effect of being a bewildering formation. It was far more exquisite than the Ji clan’s own bewildering formations.

“They also have someone known as Jadechild. I haven’t heard of him, but his power is extremely great.” Ninefire sent mentally. “In our Ji clan, your power is the greatest, while the second strongest is our old

servant, Ah Xing. Just now, when Ah Xing ambushed Dong Ziqi's group of eight, Dong Ziqi's group was able to maintain their formation, and Ah Xing wasn't able to do anything to them. However, I've discovered that Jadechild and Nong Zidao haven't joined together in a formation. I ordered Ah Xing to attack as I thought we had an opportunity...but who would have imagined that despite riding on the claws of the Netherwyrms, Ah Xing was blocked off by Jadechild alone!"

"Blocked by him alone?" Ning was shocked.

"He is extremely powerful. Ah Xing launched a sneak attack, then immediately retreated." Ninefire said. "Right now, there are a total of two groups in the formation. The second group is clearly far more powerful than the first one. Thus, we need to immediately eradicate the first group; otherwise, if they combine, we won't be able to do anything against them."

Ning nodded.

"You are the most powerful person in our group. Immediately go out and attack Dong Ziqi's group. I will direct you. Prepare to listen to my commands." Ninefire said.

At the same time, the black fog in front of Ning began to part, revealing a corridor.

"Wonderful. I've grown impatient long ago!" Ning sprang to his feet, then shot forward at high speed through the corridor.

.....

Dong Ziqi and the rest of the eight advanced carefully, always maintaining their formation. That white glow surrounded the eight trigrams which covered them.

"Fellow apprentices, be careful. This is the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation!" Nong Zidao's frantic voice rang out from far away.

"Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation?" Dong Ziqi and the others looked at each other, all of them seeming puzzled.

The distant Nong Zidao said in a loud, frantic voice, "We just suffered an attack from a draconic claw as well. Your senior apprentice-brother, Jadechild, forced it to retreat. I could immediately recognize this as being the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation. This Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation is an ancient, powerful formation! There is a complicated version of the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation, and a simplified version of it...according to legend, the Marquis of Stillwater has access to a Heaven-rank Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation. This formation which the Ji clan is using must be a simplified Mortal-rank formation. But even a Mortal-rank formation...is astonishingly powerful. We are in true danger this time. We have to conserve our power; otherwise, we will be in danger of dying."

"Your senior apprentice-brothers, Jadechild and myself, will focus on breaking the formation. We won't be able to divide our attention and take care of you for now. Take care of yourselves, the eight of you." Nong Zidao's voice echoed.

Dong Ziqi and the rest of the eight looked at each other, their faces unsightly.

For this formation to force Nong Zidao and Jadechild to completely focus their efforts on breaking it...one could imagine how terrifying it was.

“I’ve never even heard of this ‘Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation’. Only someone like senior apprentice-brother Nong Zidao, who has studied many formation manuals in the main sect, would know of it. How could the Ji clan have acquired such a powerful formation?”

“Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation?”

The look on Dong Ziqi’s face was very ugly.

“We will do our best.” Dong Ziqi looked at his seven comrades. “This is a life-and-death battle. Either the Ji clan dies or we die! Everyone, if you have any life-protecting measures, use them. Don’t save them.”

Their attitudes had all changed.

At first, all of them were simply toying around. The sudden deaths of four comrades had shocked them, but they trusted that once Jadechild and Nong Zidao joined them...all the danger would dissipate like smoke, like the clouds. But now, Nong Zidao had said that this game had just turned deadly.

“If I knew that I’d risk my life, I wouldn’t have entered Swallow Mountain.” They all felt misery in their hearts, but with death staring at them, all of them prepared to fight to the death.

Three hundred meters or so away from them.

An enormous draconic tail was coiling there. Ning was in the center of the draconic tail, and the seven hundred flying swords were all hovering around him, prepared to begin the slaughter.

“Ji Ning, attack!” Patriarch Ninefire’s voice rang out within his mind.

“Kill!”

A fierce light flashed through Ji Ning’s eyes.

Swoosh!

Instantly, the entire, enormous Netherwyrms whipped its tail out, and its tail struck forward towards those eight nervous, guarded Zifu Disciples.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 13: Terrified By the Slaughter**

The black fog swirled about like mist. The eight Zifu Disciples of Snowdragon Mountain were constantly staying in their formation and moving about within it.

“This Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation...even senior apprentice-brother Zidao is unable to break it. What else can we do? Let’s just run around wildly. Senior apprentice-brother Jadechild and Zidao are within this formation as well. Perhaps we might run into them.” The eight Zifu Disciples clung to this hope as they advanced.

They all clenched their various Dao-seals in their hands, prepared to do battle at any moment.

Suddenly...

Rustle...

A gentle sprinkling of rain suddenly began to fall. The rain fell like fine, silken threads that were incomparably soft. Dong Ziqi and the rest of the eight, upon suddenly encountering the rain, were greatly shocked. "Rumble..." A layer of white light appeared on their bodies, which directly blocked those ordinary drops of rain.

"It's simply rain. Don't make a fuss over nothing." The hawk-nosed cultivator said coldly.

"Why is there rainwater within this formation?" Dong Ziqi frowned.

"Perhaps it is currently raining outside. This bewildering formation only has the power to bewilder; it isn't able to block out the rainwater from the outside world." A silver-haired cultivator spoke out.

Dong Ziqi and the others all nodded.

They were cultivators. They could clearly sense that this rain was falling naturally; it wasn't poisonous liquid generated by the formation! For the moment, they didn't think of the possibility of it being a Dao Domain; generally speaking, someone who had reached the Dao Domain realm could, with a thought, convert the surrounding area into their own Domain. Different Daos would naturally result in different Domains.

Some could, with a thought, transform the surrounding area into boundless flames. Others could transform the surrounding area into a field of lightning. As for Ning, what he generated was the descent of rainfall.

"Let's be careful nonetheless. Don't let this rainwater soak us." A gray-robed elder said.

"Junior apprentice-brother An's words are reasonable. We are trapped in the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation; we should be careful."

These Zifu Disciples would rather do too much than to be careless.

.....

Whoosh!

An enormous black draconic tail swept towards them as fast as lightning. In the midst of the draconic tail, there was a fur-clad Ji Ning, who stood there silently. The area around him was filled with more than seven hundred flying swords, nine of which were ranked. The nine ranked flying swords served as the nucleus, and the converted energy of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] was incomparably shocking.

The Rainwater Sword Domain had already been set up!

An elemental energy that was greater than any peak Zifu Disciple's, activated through the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]...although only nine of these seven hundred-plus flying swords were ranked, this was still the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]! Sometimes, quantity was a form of quality!

"Die." Ning's eyes flashed with a killing light.

Swish!

The sword light in front of him suddenly pierced through the skies, instantly transforming into a line of rainwater. At this moment, Ning was using all his might. The ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation], supported by the formation and the Rainwater Sword Domain...all of these things made it so that the power of this sword of Ning's was at an incredibly high level.

.....

"Let's keep moving." Dong Ziqi and the others were continuing to advance while blocking off the descending rain. Just as they were walking forward calmly...

Suddenly...

"Eh?" The face of the hawk-nosed black-robed cultivator changed. In that instant, he vaguely felt a tremendous danger descending. This was something that he gained only after becoming an Immortal practitioner; he could sense when a dire threat was descending. Unfortunately, this danger sense always came quite late; it would only appear when the threat had already drawn very close. Despite that, it had still saved his life a few times.

"Fogswirl Umbrella!" An umbrella suddenly appeared around the hawk-nosed black-robed cultivator. The umbrella spread open, completely protecting the hawk-nosed man's body.

A seemingly ordinary line of rainwater gently swirled and flew over, lashing out towards the triangle-pupiled cultivator.

The triangle-pupiled cultivator was staring in astonishment at his comrade, who had suddenly used his protective magic treasure. A sense of danger suddenly descended.

"Not good." As a line of rain drew close to him, the triangle-pupiled cultivator suddenly felt a sharp ripple come towards him. He hurriedly waved the longsword in his hand, wanting to block, but it was too late...

That line of rainwater had come too close!

And his sword techniques were too ordinary. How marvelous were Ning's sword techniques? With a gentle twist, the rainwater moved past the longsword, then scraped past his head!

"Rumble..." The formerly hazy white light of the Eight Trigrams Formation suddenly grew blindingly bright.

"We are under attack!" Dong Ziqi and the others were all shocked. After suffering an attack, the formation would naturally explode with power.

Bang!

The head of the triangle-pupiled cultivator, his eyes still filled with shock, went flying into the air.

One of the eight Zifu Disciples had died!

"What?!" Dong Ziqi and the others were all terrified and shocked. One of their comrades had been killed while they had been maintaining the formation. How sharp did the enemy's attack have to be?!

"Assemble the formation!"

“Assemble the formation.”

The remaining Zifu Disciples called out in terror. With one of the eight dead, the earlier formation had already disappeared. For one of them to have been killed after setting up the formation...if they didn't set it up again, wouldn't they all be dead for sure?

“Bang!” That line of rainwater, after killing the triangle-pupiled cultivator, had used up most of its power, but the other seven cultivators currently weren't being protected by the grand formation. Naturally, the line of rainwater flew forward agilely. It swirled past...cutting apart the protection of a set of magic armor, sending yet another head flying, this one of the silver-haired cultivator. Only then did the line of rainwater vanish.

“Rumble...” The white light appeared once more as the six surviving Zifu Disciples reformed the formation.

“Rumble...”

The enormous draconic tail came sweeping over again.

“Kill.”

“Kill him.”

“Kill.”

The six Zifu Disciples, upon seeing the draconic tail, seemed utterly enraged and berserk. Green vines, bolts of lightning, blasts of flame, phoenixes...they threw everything forward towards the draconic tail that was sweeping towards them.

“They really have gone berserk.” Ning was shocked.

“I'm going.” The black wings behind Ning trembled, then sent him flying in a solitary arc, far into the distance. Only the lightning bolt and the fiery phoenix were able to strike him. The strikes from the lightning bolt and the fiery phoenix allowed Dong Ziqi and the others to see Ning's true appearance...Dong Ziqi was shocked and amazed. He immediately recognized that this was the genius of the Ji clan, 'Ji Ning'.

Rumble...the powerful attacks sent even Ning hurtling backwards, disappearing into the distant black fog.

Dong Ziqi and the rest of the six Zifu Disciples felt dread in their heart.

“Quick.”

“Assemble the formation.”

“Let's go all out.”

An enormous Eight Trigrams Blood Dragon Formation suddenly appeared around Dong Ziqi, and the eight blood dragons began to swim about.

That hawk-nosed cultivator, standing outside the formation, hurriedly threw out three flags. The formation flags fluttered, then quickly formed into an enormous hazy aura of light. This white aura of light seemed like a pyramid that enclosed the six.

“Grow.”

Many vines suddenly emerged, wildly sprouting about in the surrounding areas. These vines criss-crossed each other, completely filling the surrounding area.

“Children, go.” A dense cluster of venomous pests began to fly about in the surrounding area, filling the skies and blocking out the sun, completely filling the nearby region.

“Come.”

The gray-robed elder produced an enormous banner that fluttered with a bloody light. One enormous after another phantom flew out from the banner; some were four-legged beasts, while others were flying creatures. Nine enormous phantoms emerged into the surrounding area.

These six Zifu Disciples were all sweating. They brought out all of their best techniques, completely and tightly sealing off the surrounding area...

They looked at each other, their eyes filled with amazement and dread.

“We won’t be able to leave. We have to wait here.”

“We can’t keep walking.”

“We’ll guard here.”

These techniques of theirs were virtually all used for defending a particular location. The long, growing vines, the grand formation, and the other techniques weren’t able to be maintained while moving!

“Who is that person? Who attacked us just now? By his appearance, he should be young.” The gray-robed elder clutched at his bloody banner as he looked at Dong Ziqi.

“Right. Who was that? How could he be so powerful? Before this, we suffered the attacks from the dragon’s claw and the dragon’s head...this should have been the dragon’s tail. Why is it so powerful?” The hawk-nosed cultivator looked at Dong Ziqi as well. The other cultivators also stared at him.

These people felt hatred.

This was supposed to be an easy, relaxed journey. Who would have imagined that they had actually bitten down on such a terrifying, tough bone? First of all, they had even never heard of this ‘Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation’; only Nong Zidao had. The Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation was one thing; after all, the power of a formation depended on its users. They felt no fear towards those other two who had relied on the power of the formation to attack them. But that young, slender youth that had just appeared was truly terrifying. Even while maintaining their formation, he had still killed two of them...

Dong Ziqi said hurriedly, "The Ji clan has in total six fairly powerful figures. They are Ji Ninefire, Granny Shadow, an old servant, Ji Yichuan, Ji Truekeep, and Ji Ning! Ji Ning is the genius of the Ji clan...when he was eleven or twelve years old, he killed junior apprentice-brother Bei Zishan."

"He killed Bei Zishan when he was twelve?" These people all revealed looks of amazement.

"This year, he should be sixteen." Dong Ziqi said. "Just now, the person who launched that attack was Ji Ning! However, prior to this, Ji Ning and I exchanged blows; he wasn't able to do anything to my Eight Trigrams Blood Dragon Formation. His strength is only slightly superior to Ji Ninefire and the others, which is why I didn't hold him in any regard. I didn't imagine that with the support of the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation, his strength would reach such a terrifying level."

"If he is only one level higher than Ji Ninefire in strength, how could he explode with such power?"

"A monster who was able to kill junior apprentice-brother Bei Zishan at the age of eleven or twelve...how can we use common reasoning to explain him? Most likely, this Ji Ning made some sort of a breakthrough." The gray-robed said in a hoarse voice. "This sort of monster...he was able to kill two of our comrades, even when we were in formation. Now, all we can do is stay here and wait."

.....

Ning was knocked flying backwards a great distance, and he smashed into a region of loose rocks and grass.

"Good heavens." Ning crawled painfully to his feet. The wounds on his body rapidly healed, leaving behind not even a scar.

"Those Zifu Disciples seemed to have gone berserk. They applied all of those extremely powerful Dao-seals and threw them at me! That fiery phoenix in particular...it even chased after me, and it was also very powerful. It blew a large hole into my chest. I wonder what sort of a Dao-seal that was?" Ning cracked a smile, feeling very confident. "Still, I killed two of them. For me to be able to kill two out of eight of them...only six are left! I'll keep killing."

"Ji Ning!" A voice suddenly rang out.

"Patriarch." Ning was startled.

"Well done, my good fellow! Ji Ning, hahaha, you truly are formidable. You killed two of them at one go. Now only six are remaining. However, don't be too impatient. Wait for me to finish talking, then attack." Ninefire sent hurriedly. "Dong Ziqi and the others are terrified by the way you killed them, and so they have set up layers of techniques and are staying on guard. Let me describe these techniques to you. After listening, you can make your decision."

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 14: Crushed**

Ji Ninefire sent, "We are already familiar with Dong Ziqi and Muse, out of those six. Those two have already set up the Eight Trigrams Blood Dragon Formation and those growing green vines! The hawk-nosed cultivator used a formation to protect the surrounding area! The black-clothed female cultivator



released a large amount of venomous bugs. The gray-robed cultivator is holding a large banner which has released a large amount of monster wraiths.”

“Eight Trigrams Blood Dragon Formation? Green vines? Formation? Venomous pests? Banner? That’s only five; the sixth cultivator?” Ji Ning asked softly.

“The sixth cultivator hasn’t done anything for now.” Ninefire sent. “I’ve told you everything now. You should consider how you will attack. Remember, don’t let yourself fall into any danger.”

“Don’t worry, Patriarch.” Ning laughed.

And then, Ning began to ponder.

Prior to this, although he killed two Zifu Disciples in his surprise attack, he hadn’t acquired any magic treasures, because as soon as he had charged over, he had been blasted backwards. The items of those two Zifu Disciples were still in the hands of Dong Ziqi’s group.

“Five types of techniques?”

“Hmph!” Ning’s eyes had a cold light flash through them. “No matter how they struggle, they will die!”

Suddenly...

“Senior apprentice-brother Jadechild, senior apprentice-brother Zidao.” A voice suddenly called out.

“We just suffered the attack from the dragon’s tail of the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation! The genius of the Ji clan, Ji Ning, is in command of the dragon’s tail. The power of it is tremendous. He killed two of our fellow apprentices! All we can do for now is stay on guard. Senior apprentice-brothers Jadechild and Zidao, remember, beware the rain...beware the rain!”

“The six of you need to be careful as well. Delay as long as you can.” A voice rang out from the other side.

Hearing the distant shouts, Ning frowned slightly. “I have to eliminate those six as soon as possible.”

Nong Zidao was very formidable!

He was even able to recognize at one glance that this was the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation. Although Ning was very confident in the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation, he still worried that if they were permitted to slowly analyze it, they might truly be able to break through the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation! If the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation was destroyed, then the Ji clan’s members would, one by one, have their formations broken, and Snowdragon Mountain would easily annihilate the Ji clan’s side.

“Kill.” Ning, riding on that enormous draconic tail, once more charged towards those six.

.....

Venomous pests were flying around the outer perimeter.

A hazy pyramid of light stood on guard, and atop it was coiled a large number of green vines.

The pyramid of light had eight blood dragons swimming about within it. It also had various enormous phantasmal birds and beasts moving about, each one of them filled with murderous auras.

“If we just defend, no matter how powerful they are, they will find it hard to break through.” The black-clothed female cultivator said in her cold voice.

“Right.” Dong Ziqi nodded.

These defensive measures were different in nature; they each compensated for the weaknesses of the others. They could be described as an impenetrable wall.

“Even though he is a Fiendgod Body Refiner, and even though his swordplay might be formidable, he can forget about entering.” The gray-robed elder clutched that large banner and spoke in an icy voice.

Rustle...

Thin, sparse droplets of rain began to fall. The rain was as fine as silk, gentle and breezing. Drizzling rain and fog...these two were beautiful things, but the rain that fell in the midst of this black fog made the faces of Dong Ziqi, Muse, the gray-robed elder, the black-robed woman, the hawk-nosed man, and the skinny man change. They grew nervous.

“He’s coming.”

“The rain came.” Dong Ziqi’s group of six held their breaths.

Prior to this, when the rainwater fell, two of their comrades were silently ambushed and slaughtered.

“Chopchopchopchop...” The large number of venomous pests that had been swirling around the outside were suddenly chopped apart by the rainwater, one after another. The silk-like rain...every single strand of rain was as sharp as a knife. Countless lines of rain flew about, wildly chopping apart these pests. Rainwater was everywhere. Although there were many venomous pests, because they were outside the perimeter, many of them were instantly slaughtered.

Every single line of rain contained a hint of the power of the Dao!

Waterflame Lotus; this technique was developed based on control over natural fire and water, which Ning gained through his comprehension of the Dao.

These lines of rain were also formed from natural water. Given Ning’s comprehension of the Dao, their killing power approached that of the Waterflame Lotus now! To use them to break through the formation and kill these Zifu Disciples wasn’t practical, but to kill the venomous pests was simplicity itself. The venomous pests swarmed about in dense clusters; naturally, each of them were individually weak. When Ning had battled against Bei Zishan in the past, he was able to effortlessly crush and kill many venomous pests with his Waterflame Lotus. Ning’s insights into the Dao were now far greater than they had been in the past.

“Rustle...” The rain continued to fall.

“Chirpchirpchirp...” The flourishing swarm of venomous pests let out agonized cries, but then they were annihilated. The outer perimeter, which had been guarded by those dense clusters of venomous pests, had now become very clear. All of the venomous pests had been annihilated.

The black-robed female cultivator's face was ashen. She said frantically, "Why didn't you let my bugs return?" Prior to this, when her bugs suffered the initial attacks, she had immediately wanted to control her bugs to make them fly back and hide within the pyramid of white light.

"The pyramid formation has been set up. How can we possibly disperse it for the sake of your venomous pests?" The hawk-nosed cultivator shouted. "The rainwater has already descended. Ji Ning can appear at any moment! How can I disperse the pyramid? And even if I did disperse it, only a small portion of your venomous bugs would be saved. Since that was the case, it was best not to disperse it."

The black-robed female gritted her teeth in rage.

"Junior apprentice-sister Lu, don't be angry. It is true that the pyramid cannot be dispersed."

"The power of this rain is too formidable. Every single line of rain actually has the power to attack."

"Can it be that this is some sort of rainwater technique? Generally speaking, water-based techniques are used for defense. This sort of rain which descends from the heavens...rain which is completely formed from nature...how can it be used in a technique?!" They were stunned at the power of the rainwater. Those venomous pests were able to bite through a Zifu Disciple's protective armor, after all. Although they were individually weak, to kill them wasn't that easy either.

"Can it be a Dao Domain?" The gray-robed elder suddenly said slowly.

"Dao Domain?"

"Rainwater Domain?"

The other cultivators all called out in shock.

"How can that be possible? Impossible. Ji Ning is only sixteen! He's merely a Zifu Disciple. How can he have developed a Dao Domain? Many Wanxiang Adepts are unable to do this."

"Impossible!"

These Zifu Disciples didn't dare believe it.

Right at this moment...

The black fog in the distance began to grow sparse. An enormous draconic tail slowly began to move, and right in the middle of it was a fur-clad youth. The fur-clad youth was surrounded by more than seven hundred flying swords. Smiling slightly, he walked forward, step by step, towards them.

"Ji Ning."

"It is Ji Ning." Dong Ziqi and the rest of the six stared at the fur-clad youth. At the same time, they felt astonished that Ji Ning dared come walk over openly.

Dong Ziqi shouted, "Ji Ning, ambushing us is one thing, but you come openly...you are seeking death."

Ning slowly strolled forward. Suddenly, beneath his feet, a lotus flower appeared. A beautiful, enormous Waterflame Lotus suddenly bloomed, making Ning appear to be the seed within the lotus...the Waterflame Lotus petals swiveled around him, and around the petals were the seven hundred-plus

flying swords. Beyond even them was the enormous shadow of a draconic tail. And beyond the tail...was the boundless rainwater.

In this moment, Ning seemed to have become the center of the universe.

Even Dong Ziqi and the others felt as though their souls had been stirred.

“Junior apprentice-brother Muse, stop him.” Dong Ziqi shouted.

“Leave it to me.” Muse’s normally cold face was filled with a murderous aura. Instantly, many of the thick, sturdy vines began to wildly coil about and fly towards Ning. These vines weren’t the vines that Ning had encountered when he had fought against Muse the first time. Those vines had been suddenly grown, but the vines that Muse was now using against him had been growing for quite some time; they had already reached an astonishing degree of toughness.

Ning continued to smile.

“Rustle...” The enormous Waterflame Lotus swiveled about him. After gaining insight into the Dao Domain level, the power of Ning’s Waterflame Lotus had risen yet again.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Countless lines of rain seemed to chop down like countless blades, wildly chopping at the vines. Countless thin vines were shattered and minced into peaces, leaving behind only the thick main vines, which had many wounds atop them. But upon touching the Waterflame Lotus, they were instantly ground apart.

“Rustle...”

One lotus flower after another bloomed, with Ning at the center. The lotus flowers continuously bloomed freely, and even the leaves of the lotus flowers continuously expanded.

The swiveling, crushing power continued unabated.

Those vines weren’t able to draw close to Ning at all.

“Break.” Ning looked at the white pyramid of light, then spoke in a soft voice.

Roar...

A faint draconic roar rang out. The enormous draconic tail suddenly swept forward, smashing viciously against the white pyramid of light. The draconic scales on the draconic tail were all clearly visible, and the power of the tail was astonishing. With an exploding sound, it smashed against the white pyramid of light, crushing it and shattering it. As soon as it did, the rainwater instantly fell down upon and uprooted the three formation flags.

Ning had already effortlessly broken through the third layer of the five layers of defenses they had set up.

“Go. Devour his soul.” The gray-robed elder waved the banner in his hands. This banner wasn’t like Bei Zishan’s, which had been created through refining countless mortal souls into dread wraiths. He used the souls of powerful monstrous beasts, and so comparatively speaking, the amount of sin he had

accumulated was much smaller. The power of this banner, although inferior to a dread Myriad Wraiths Banner, was still much more powerful than Bei Zishan's half-complete banner.

These monster wraiths emitted soundless shrieks as they charged towards Ning, completely ignoring the rainwater and the blocking Waterflame Lotus flowers, instantly invading Ning's body.

Ning continued to smile.

Within his consciousness, an image of Lady Nuwa emitted boundless light. When the light touched those monster wraiths, smiling looks of relief appeared on the faces of the formerly incomparably savage wraiths. They all bowed towards Ning and towards the divine image of Lady Nuwa, expressing their gratitude, and then disappeared, returning to the cycle of reincarnation.

.....

"What?!" The gray-robed elder watched as the colors of his banner began to grow dim and dull. His face instantly changed. "The monster wraiths were all killed?"

The others, including Dong Ziqi, had been eagerly looking at the gray-robed elder. Hearing this, though, their hearts turned cold.

Ning strolled forward.

The Waterflame Lotus continued to swivel...the rainwater continued to fall...

"You can die now." In front of Ning, a sword light suddenly formed. When it flew out, it merged into the rainwater and vanished. And then, yet another sword light appeared. Ning was releasing one blast of sword light after another, without stopping.

Bang!

How powerful was Ning's sword light now? A single sword light was enough to pierce through the eight blood dragons and annihilate them all. As for the others, such as the gray-robed elder and the hawk-nosed man, they all began to howl savagely. They saw that their death had come. They all took out their Dao-seals or unleashed their magic treasures, preparing to go all out.

"Bang..." "Boom..."

The rainwater that swirled around them seemed like an crushing wall of copper or a rampart of steel. The Waterflame Lotuses continued to expand in layers as it attacked them.

Ning had used everything available to him, and he completely crushed these six Zifu Disciples.

"Bang!" Accompanying a miserable, unwilling screech, Muse's head was the first to go flying. Ning had, at one go, unleashed nine blasts of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] sword light, transforming them all into rainwater and merging them into the boundless rain of the surrounding region. He began to easily kill them, one by one.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 15: Spare No One**

“Junior apprentice-brother Muse!” Dong Ziqi and the others, upon seeing Muse’s head go flying, all turned cold. Prior to this, two of their group of eight Zifu Disciples had been killed despite being in formation by Ji Ning. And now, their six-man formation...Ning had shattered their layered protections, and for him to kill them now was indeed quite easy.

“Kill.”

“Go all out against him.”

The hawk-nosed man, the gray-robed elder, the black-robed female cultivator...they all seemed to have gone mad. It wasn’t that they didn’t want to flee; trapped within the grand formation of the Ji clan, where could they flee to? Only by staying here did they have a chance to live.

“If you struggle, you’ll just die tired.” Ning walked forward, and the formerly savage, wildly coiling thick vines seemed to rapidly transform into nothingness.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

The rain dropped down like lines of silk. Within the rain, there were strands of [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] sword light that had transformed into incomparably sharp ‘rain’.

“Ahhh!” Although her body had been protected by that golden light, the black-robed woman’s eyes suddenly widened as a sword light chopped straight through her neck, sending her beautiful head flying.

Yet another one had died!

“Go die.” The Dao-seal in the hands of the gray-robed elder suddenly transformed into an enormous fiery phoenix which once more spread its wings and flew towards Ning. But a curtain of water formed from the rainwater around Ning blocked the advance of the fiery phoenix. Bang!!! An violent explosion blasted apart the watery curtain, and even Ning’s Waterflame Lotus trembled.

Ning himself, however, continued to walk forward.

“Die.” Ning stared at the gray-robed elder, whose face changed. He swung the banner in his hands backwards, because yet another strand of rain was striking towards him.

Slash!

A different strand of rain whipped past the gray-robed elder’s forehead, piercing straight through his head. His eyes were filled with a look of terror, shock, and rage...and then, he collapsed.

“I simultaneously attacked you with two strands of sword light. Did you think you wouldn’t die?” With a thought, Ning then controlled the strands of sword light to strike towards the others.

“Junior apprentice-sister Lu, senior apprentice-brother An, junior apprentice-brother Muse.”

“Junior apprentice-sister Lu!”

The remaining three, the hawk-nosed disciple, Dong Ziqi, and the skinny man, all had ashen looks on their faces. The six of them had lost three of their number in a flash! The power of those rain lines formed from sword light was simply too great, especially with the support of the formation and the

Sword Domain. These were attacks of the Wanxiang Adept level. For them to face these attacks by themselves was impossible.

“Ji Ning! You will definitely die!” Dong Ziqi had gone berserk. He stared at Ji Ning. “You killed the disciples of Snowdragon Mountain. Snowdragon Mountain will not let things end here!”

“You will definitely die.”

“Snowdragon Mountain has many more disciples. We will definitely eradicate your Ji clan.”

The three of them had all gone berserk.

Slash!

Slash!

The hawk-nosed man and Dong Ziqi were simultaneously sliced at by three lines of rain formed from sword light. If they had only been struck by a single flash of sword light, they would have been able to resist, but three lines of rain formed from sword light swirled about them. How could they resist? Their foreheads were pierced through, and their eyes became filled with terror, anger, and disbelief.

“I, Dong Ziqi, am the number one expert of Swallow Mountain. I, I actually died in the hands of Ji Ning. I’m unwilling to accept this. I’m unwilling to accept this!!!”

“Detestable, detestable! If I had known, I wouldn’t have come here.”

The two of them had both been heroic figures of their eras. Actually, if it hadn’t been for the support of the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation, given that Ning only had early-stage Zifu-level energy, either of the two would have been able to battle with Ning for quite a long period of time.

But with the support of the great formation, they died in a single exchange.

“Snick.” The remaining person, the skinny man, had his neck severed as well, but then flesh grew out of his neck as it instantly healed.

“A Fiendgod Body Refiner?” Ning lifted an eyebrow.

“Ji Ning, can you spare my life?” The skinny man took a step back and looked at Ning. Although he was a middle-stage Fiendgod Body Refiner, he no longer felt any confidence. The difference in power between them was too great...with the support of the formation and the Rainwater Sword Domain, Ning absolutely had the power of a Wanxiang Adept. He could crush him!”

Ning laughed softly. “Given how far this has gone, you tell me. Will I spare you?”

Bang!

The black wings on Ning’s back trembled, and he suddenly shot towards the skinny man.

“Ji Ning!” The skinny man howled with rage as he gripped a long black staff in his hands. “Ji Ning, our Snowdragon Mountain will definitely annihilate your Ji clan and kill you!”

Slash!

Slash!

Three flashes of sword light slashed across his body. Although the skinny man's body was durable, he was still quadsected by the sword flashes of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]. As for Ning, who charged towards him...the Waterflame Lotus swiveled around him, grinding down that skinny man, making it so that the man's corpse was instantly ground into mincemeat. Although the mincemeat struggled to solidify into a whole, they were only able to resist the Waterflame Lotus for a few breaths before completely dissipating.

The surrounding area was now completely silent.

The rain still fell in a drizzle, and the Waterflame Lotus continued to slowly swivel back and forth. Ning, standing in the middle of the lotus, swept the surrounding area with his gaze. Dong Ziqi and the others lay fallen on the ground, none of them breathing, all of them dead.

"Dead." Ning said softly. "This group of Zifu Disciples has been completely exterminated. Only the other group of Zifu Disciples remain."

Two badges of Zifu Disciples from Snowdragon Mountain had entered the formation.

The first batch of twelve Zifu Disciples had been completely annihilated!

It wasn't that they were weak; it was that Ning was too powerful!

Although, for the Ji clan, even though they had the help of the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation, for them to kill these twelve was still quite hard. Prior to this, when Ji Truekeep and the old servant Ah Xing had tested their attacks, they found that aside from being able to kill those four people in the first ambush, they were no longer able to achieve much success after Dong Ziqi's group of eight had set down their formation.

As for Ji Ning, he was able to use the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation to make up for his own weakness in elemental energy. He also had the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] and his Rainwater Sword Domain, which allowed his power to reach the Wanxiang Adept level. And this was what had allowed him to crush them and slaughter them all...

Halfway up the mountain.

Ji Ninefire, in control of the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation, revealed a look of shock and amazement on his face. He was so excited, his entire body was trembling.

"Patriarch?" The nearby Ji Yichuan looked at Ninefire.

"Victory. Ji Ning won." Ninefire was incomparably agitated. "Dong Ziqi's group has been completely killed by Ji Ning. The first group of twelve Zifu Disciples of Snowdragon Mountain has been completely annihilated. None are left."

Yichuan, hearing this, felt his heart tremble as well. "The first group is completely dead?"

"Right." Ninefire nodded repeatedly.



They were both excited as well as in a state of disbelief...they were merely the Ji clan, after all, just a clan of the Swallow Mountain region! What they faced was an enormous organization Snowdragon Mountain. The enemy's group of Zifu Disciples who had hastened over here would have utterly terrified any ordinary clan. Even Ninefire had only wanted to delay until an Celestial Envoy of the Grand Xia Dynasty arrived.

They hadn't thought that they would actually be able to kill twelve Zifu Disciples in a row, without a single member of the Ji clan dying!

"Now, only one remains." Ninefire said. "Jadechild and Nong Zidao's group of Zifu Disciples."

"Once we kill them, our victory is assured." Yichuan said hurriedly. "Nong Zidao in particular. If we kill Nong Zidao...I refuse to believe that Snowdragon Mountain would be able to find a second expert in formations in a short period of time."

"The second group holds Jadechild, Nong Zidao, and others. As long as Nong Zidao dies, our Ji clan will have won for certain." Ninefire nodded as well.

Snowdragon Mountain might have other Zifu Disciples who would hasten over...

But experts in formations were rare. Nong Zidao had only come to give face to Jadechild. In the region nearby Swallow Mountain, aside from Nong Zidao, Snowdragon Mountain had no other experts who were particularly skilled in formations.

.....

Within the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation. An abyssal aura wafted about.

Nong Zidao was frowning as he was analyzing the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation. He seemed to have completely absorbed himself in calculating the positions of the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation.

The other Zifu Disciples all stared around them, on high alert.

Jadechild stood by Nong Zidao's side, with the aura of a general who would block anything and everything which came.

Suddenly...

"Ji Ning!"

"It is Ji Ning!"

"Junior apprentice-brother Muse, stop him!" A series of shouts rang out from afar.

"Go all out against him!"

"Junior apprentice-sister Lu, senior apprentice-brother An, junior apprentice-brother Muse!" Fierce, grief-stricken shouts rang out from afar.

"Ji Ning, you will definitely die!"

“Ji Ning, our Snowdragon Mountain will definitely annihilate your Ji clan and kill you!” A berserk, desolate curse rang out.

And then, utter silence.

There was no longer any sound that could be heard.

Nong Zidao had already opened his eyes, and a look of utter solemnity was in Jadechild’s gaze. The other nearby Zifu Disciples all had extremely ugly looks on their faces.

“Junior apprentice-brother Dong.” Jadechild called out in a loud voice which echoed within the formation.

No voice replied.

Not a single voice!

“Dead.” Nong Zidao said hoarsely. “All dead.”

“We, we...senior apprentice-brother Zidao. Senior apprentice-brother Jadechild...” The red-haired cultivator stuttered. The other cultivators all looked towards Jadechild and Nong Zidao. Prior to this, there had been twelve Zifu Disciples in that group, but all of them had been killed. How could they not worry? How could they not feel uneasy?”

Jadechild growled, “Obey my orders. Junior apprentice-brother Zidao, continue analyzing the formation. Fairy Crane, Landwurm, continue to protect junior apprentice-brother Zidao. Myself and the rest of the six, we will set up the formation and protect junior apprentice-brother Zidao.”

“Yes.”

Instantly, the formation lit up.

“All you need to worry about is defense.” Jadechild’s eyes were glowing with a golden light as he swept the surrounding area with his gaze. “If that Ji Ning truly does come, let me handle him.”

“We’ll entrust everything to you, senior apprentice-brother Jadechild.” Nong Zidao said. At the same time, he set up eight formation flags within an area of ten meters. A black tower of light instantly sprang up, layering protections around him. The only people within the black tower of light was Nong Zidao, the Landwurm, and the Fairy Crane.

“Don’t worry.” Jadechild’s eyes were calm, but his baleful aura surged to the heavens.

As someone who had become a peak Zifu-level Fiendgod Body Refiner long ago, and one who trained in a divine ability and thus was able to fight at the Wanxiang Adept level, how could he fear Ji Ning?

.....

The Golden Crow hung high in the sky.

Within the governor’s mansion, inside an enormous city.

One of the two elders of the Dong clan, Dong Fanyu, was seated there. Next to him there was a youth, who laughed and said, “Senior Dong, please wait momentarily. The Patriarch will arrive shortly.”

“No rush, no rush.” Dong Fanyu laughed as well.

Four members of Snowdragon Mountain’s Swallow Mountain branch had gone out to invite people; the two elders of the Dong clan, Muse, and Ju Nianxiong. Of the four, Muse had gone to invite Jadechild and Nong Zidao, which he felt was enough, and so he had returned earlier. Based on their original plans, each of them needed to invite roughly ten or so Zifu Disciples.

The two elders of the Dong clan and Ju Nianxiong had invited many, but some of the Zifu Disciples they wished to invite had already gone to Snowdragon Mountain. Thus, they continued to go out and invite more; only after each of them had successfully invited ten over would it be enough. They had no idea as to what was happening in Swallow Mountain.

“Senior apprentice-brother Fanyu.” A deep voice rang out. A silver-robed, middle-aged man walked out. “Last time I saw you, senior apprentice-brother, you were back at Swallow Mountain. In the blink of an eye, more than a hundred years have gone by. Earlier, senior apprentice-brother, you told my subordinates that there is something important you wish to discuss with me. What is it?”

“A wonderful affair!” Dong Fanyu’s face was all smiles.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 16: Wanxiang Adept**

“A wonderful affair?” The silver-robed man had a puzzled look on his face.

Dong Fanyu said, his face all smiles, “I’m not going to hide this from you, junior apprentice-brother Wu. This time, we’ve come to deliver you a chance to render some major merits. At my Swallow Mountain region, we’ve just discovered an enormous elemental ore mine. This elemental ore mine has a circumference of four thousand or so kilometers...” Dong Fanyu spent quite a period of time praising the elemental ore mine.

“Elemental ore mine?” A clear, cold voice rang out, and a young man dressed in a long, beautiful black robe emerged from a side door of the hall. This young man had long, narrow eyes and a tall nose. He looked like a viper, and his gaze alone made Dong Fanyu tremble.

Dong Fanyu hurriedly rose to his feet, then asked in a low voice, “Junior apprentice-brother Wu, this is...?”

The silver-haired man had already risen to his feet early on, bowing towards the young man with incomparable respect. “Master!”

“Master?” Dong Fanyu was very shocked.

“This is my master, Adept Xu.” The silver-robed man said.

Dong Fanyu, upon hearing his junior apprentice-brother Wu address this person as ‘master’, immediately knew who this young man was. Immortal practitioners...couldn’t be judged from their outward appearances. The more powerful a person was, the more often they tended to look young. If you were to run into a young Immortal practitioner who looked like a child, one would have to be very careful!

Dong Fanyu was a disciple of Snowdragon Mountain, after all; he knew that his junior apprentice-brother Wu was a student of a core disciple of the main sect, 'Xu Li'.

They were both students of the main sect, but the difference in their status was very different.

Snowdragon Mountain would divide up students based on their innate talent and potential. Some people who had the potential to break through to become Wanxiang Adepts or even had the chance to become Primal Daoists. Naturally, they would be heavily invested in. Xu Li was a core disciple, and had in fact reached the Wanxiang level more than sixty years ago.

"Dong Fanyu pays his respects to Adept Xu." Dong Fanyu immediately bowed and saluted.

"You were speaking of an elemental ore mine?" Adept Xu said calmly. "Your Swallow Mountain branch actually discovered an elemental ore mine...so why have you come to invite my disciple?"

Dong Fanyu said hurriedly, "I don't dare to hide anything from you, Adept..." He described what had happened in detail.

Adept Xu nodded lightly, a hint of a smile at the corner of his lips. "So that's how it is. I didn't expect that on this leisure trip of mine, I would encounter this sort of wonderful affair. Wu Qi, accompany your master on a trip to Swallow Mountain and take over the elemental ore mine."

Dong Fanyu said, delighted and surprised, "Adept, if you go, then this matter will be settled!"

But although he was delighted on the outside, he was cursing inwardly. Discovering the elemental ore mine was a great accomplishment, but if the Swallow Mountain branch was actually able to take it over, that would be an even greater one! But for a Wanxiang Adept to now intervene...Wanxiang Adepts were extremely important members of Snowdragon Mountain. After all, the highest ranking Primal Daoists rarely involved themselves in worldly matters.

Thus, for Adept Xu to intervene and take over the elemental ore mine meant that when the main Snowdragon Mountain sect divided up accomplishments, the percentage that Adept Xu would receive would be very high.

For a Wanxiang Adept to intervene...it meant that every single Zifu Disciple would lose a majority of their potential rewards!

"How could a puny Ji clan necessitate a Wanxiang Adept to intervene." Dong Fanyu felt misery in his heart, but on the surface, he looked incomparably excited. He didn't dare say a single word of complaint.

Adept Xu gave this old fellow surnamed Dong a sidelong glance. He couldn't care less about him. "Come. Let's go to Swallow Mountain."

Whooooosh.

A sailboat suddenly appeared beneath his feet. Adept Xu, Wu Qi, and Dong Fanyu all boarded the ship. Wu Qi then sent a message to the Zifu Disciples of his own clan: "I'm making a trip to Swallow Mountain. I will return in a few days."

Swoosh. A white sail fluttered atop the sailboat, and then it transformed into a streak of light, piercing through the skies at an astonishing speed.

“So fast.” Dong Fanyu was in a state of shock. This was the first time he had flown on a flying magic treasure controlled by a Wanxiang Adept.

“We’ll only need two hours to reach Swallow Mountain.” Adept Xu said calmly.

Swish!

The sailboat left behind just a speck of light in the horizon, then completely disappeared. As for Dong Fanyu...he didn’t go invite any other Zifu Disciples. After all, since a Wanxiang Adept was taking part, why bother go asking any Zifu Disciples to come?

.....

Within an ancient city. Within a hall that was in a rather remote location. There were five jade strips glittering with azure light. The jade strips were all the size of a palm and very slender, seemingly quite exquisite.

There were two servants seated within the hall. They were chatting amongst each other, bored.

“Bang!” “Bang!” Two of the jade strips suddenly shattered, one after the other.

The two servants were both startled.

“What was that? Was that a mouse?”

“How odd.”

They looked around with mystified looks on their faces. And then, one of them saw that two of the jade strips in front of them had completely shattered. He was so terrified that his face changed. “Life...life...” The other servant, seeing the look on his face, couldn’t help but mumble, “Why are you so scared? This is the governor’s estate. How could there be any dange-...life...life...” He, too, stared in terror at the shattered jade strips.

“The life tablets!”

“The life tablets are shattered!” The two servants stared at each other, their eyes filled with shock and terror.

“Quick, quick, report this.”

The two of them charged out wildly.

This was a major event!

Just moments later!

“Whoosh!” A ray of light surged into the skies, and standing above the ray of light was an old man with triangular pupils. His eyes were filled with savagery as well. “Two Zifu Disciples died? What exactly is going on in Swallow Mountain?!”

.....

“The life tablets, the life tablets are shattered!”

.....

“Life tablets!”

.....

In the instant that Ji Ning killed those eight Zifu Disciples, in the commandery cities around the Swallow Mountain area, one clan after another discovered that life tablets of their Zifu Disciples had just shattered. If the life tablet was shattered, that meant the Zifu Disciple was definitely dead! Naturally, these clans were shocked and enraged.

Some of the other Zifu Disciples even began to fly at high speed towards Swallow Mountain.

.....

Within Swallow Mountain. Oxhorn Mountain, located eight hundred kilometers outside of the City of Ten Thousand Swords. The entire area was covered with black fog.

Ji Ning stood there, and around him was a group of Zifu Disciple corpses, including Dong Ziqi's.

“Hrm?” Ning frowned. He could sense a savage, fierce aura constantly pouring into the Darknorth swords in his hands. Earlier, he had relied on the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] to kill, but to be safe, Ning had also kept the Darknorth swords in his hands. However, that ferocious aura coming from the corpses actually was drawn into the Darknorth swords.

“The Darknorth swords are weapons that have undergone the Fiendgod Bloodforging rites! They are able to absorb baleful auras, murderous auras, necromantic auras...but you have to personally kill someone.” Ning understood this. The boundless earth was filled with baleful auras in many places; for example, when Bei Zishan had tortured countless people to death, that place became filled with a tremendous amount of baleful auras and murderous auras. But because those countless people hadn't been killed by Ning, Ning hadn't been able to absorb those baleful auras.

But Ning had personally killed all eight of these Zifu Disciples.

The Darknorth swords were able to actively draw from them.

“How strange. Why is it that they can only absorb the baleful auras created by those I personally killed, and not other baleful auras?” Ning shook his head inwardly. He thought back to the Fiendgod Rites of Bloodforging, and to that ancient, powerful aura which descended that was unfathomably more exalted than even the 'Dao'. “It makes sense. If it can grow just by absorbing any type of baleful aura, then it would be far too easy for Bloodforged weapons to grow in power.”

“Eh? In my body...?” Ning lowered his head.

Surges of savage auras were constantly entering his body; or, to be more precise, Ning's Zifu within his body was drawing it all in.

Within the Zifu, that region which was filled with violet energy in the shape of a lake. That lake was formed from elemental energy, and above that lake of elemental energy there were various magical treasures, such as a flying boat, flying swords, and other items that temporarily didn't need to be used. Amongst them was one of the Darknorth swords, which hovered there...

Given that he was holding two of the Darknorth swords in his hands, there was one of them that was still stored within his body.

Before establishing the Zifu, there was no way for a person to store magic treasures within the body! But upon doing so, ranked magic treasures and the Bloodforged weapons could be stored into his body. As for those unranked magic treasures, there was no way they could be drawn in.

"Crackle..."

The three Darknorth swords. Two were outside, one was within his Zifu.

They shared the baleful auras, wildly devouring them. As they did so, on the surface of the Darknorth swords there appeared a common character, from the Fiendgod language... 'Kill'. The Darknorth swords themselves were evolving; after they had undergone the Rites of Bloodforging, this was the densest collection of baleful auras which the Darknorth swords had ever devoured.

After all, the baleful aura generated from killing a Zifu Disciple was far denser than the aura generated from killing ten thousand ordinary mortals.

"All done." Moments later, the three Darknorth swords all emerged to hover in front of Ning.

The glow of the Darknorth swords seemed to be even deeper.

He used his divine will to control those three Darknorth swords to slice through the air. Swishswishswish...

Ning even stretched out his palm to allow the Darknorth swords to slice against it. Three wounds appeared, then rapidly closed.

"They did indeed grow much sharper." Ning revealed a look of surprise and delight. "It seems that to nurture these powerful Bloodforged weapons, there really is a need for much slaughter." Ning, by nature, disliked wanton killing, but if someone was to violate and offend him and give his Ji clan no chance for survival, Ning wouldn't show a hint of pity.

"Patriarch." Ning said. "How should I attack the other group of Zifu Disciples?"

"Ji Ning." Patriarch Ninefire sent back. "The other group has a total of seven Zifu Disciples and two Zifu spirit-beasts. The most powerful of them are Nong Zidao and Jadechild. Nong Zidao is a formations expert; he isn't frightening in open battle. The other Zifu Disciples, even combined, are unable to do anything to you. The biggest problem for you will be that Jadechild."

"Jadechild?" Ning nodded lightly.

"Jadechild should be an Fiendgod Body Refiner. I am always watching him. From their conversations, I can tell...that they are very confident in Jadechild. They know that twelve Zifu Disciples have died, yet still have full trust in Jadechild! I also heard those Zifu Disciples mention the phrase 'divine ability'. If my

guess is correct, Jadechild should be a peak Zifu Disciple who has learned a divine ability.” Ninefire sent. “A peak Zifu Ki Refiner who has a divine ability...his power will absolutely be at the Wanxiang Adept level. You must be careful.”

Ning nodded.

Wanxiang Adept level?

By relying on an elemental energy that was more powerful than the peak Zifu level, the Rainwater Sword Domain, and the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]...Ning, too, could be said to have the combat ability of a Wanxiang Adept!

The enemy was a Fiendgod Body Refiner and had a divine ability?

“If you can’t kill Jadechild, do your best to kill Nong Zidao.” Ninefire sent. “Nong Zidao is their one and only formations expert. As long as Nong Zidao dies, there is no way they will be able to defeat our Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation. We will still be able to hold on until the Grand Xia Dynasty’s Celestial Envoy arrives.”

“Fine.” Ning nodded. “I understand.”

Whoosh!

Ning waved his hand, and a large number of storage-type magic treasures, flying swords, wings, banners, and other magic treasures appeared. These were all magic treasures that had been left behind by these eight Zifu Disciples.

“I’ll first retrieve all the ranked flying swords these people carry. After I bind all of them, perhaps my [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] will gain further in power. And then, at full strength, I will go battle that Jadechild.” Ning’s eyes were filled with a killing intent.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 17: Ji Ning Battles Jadechild (Part 1)**

A sailboat was sailing through the endless horizons of the sky.

Adept Xu Li, Dong Fanyu, and Wu Qi were seated in the sailboat. Dong Fanyu suddenly pointed in surprise towards the distance. “That’s junior apprentice-brother Lu.” From afar, a ray of light was advancing at high speed, but clearly it was far slower than them.

“He seems to be headed towards Swallow Mountain as well?” Wu Qi was surprised.

“Apprentice-nephew Lu?” Adept Xu Li revealed a rare smile on his face. Instantly, that flying sailboat drew closer to the ray of light. A few breaths later, it had moved next to it.

The ray of light had a middle-aged man standing atop it.

The middle-aged man had a hint of urgency in his eyes. Upon seeing the sailboat block his way, he was forced to slow down. But upon seeing Adept Xu Li standing atop the sailboat, he immediately bowed with respect. “Lu Huang greets uncle-master Xu. I didn’t imagine I’d run into you here, Uncle-Master.”



Upon seeing Dong Fanyu by Adept Xu's side, Lu Huang's eyes instantly turned red, and he roared angrily, "You old bastard, Dong Fanyu!"

"What's this about, apprentice-nephew Lu?" Adept Xu asked.

"Junior apprentice-brother Lu, previously, I went to visit you and we chatted happily. Why do you curse at me upon seeing me now? I came to deliver to the Lu clan a chance to obtain a great merit." Dong Fanyu felt completely puzzled.

Lu Huang was enraged. Pointing at Dong Fanyu, he said furiously, "Uncle-Master Xu, this Dong Fanyu previously came to my place to tell me about the elemental ore mine. Thus, our Copperwater branch sent two Zifu Disciples, one from my Lu clan and one from the An clan. But just a short time ago, the life tablets of both the member of the Lu clan and the nearby An clan were both suddenly shattered. My own little sister died. Dong Fanyu claims that this is a chance to render great merits, and claims that the puny Ji clan isn't worth worrying about. But in reality? Two of the Zifu Disciples of our Copperwater branch are dead! I'm heading straight for Snowdragon City to investigate this clearly and get some answers!"

"What, all dead?" Dong Fanyu was shocked.

"What's going on?" Adept Xu frowned as well, and the nearby Wu Qi was growing angry as well.

If this matter grew nettlesome, it would no longer be a chance to render a merit; it would be a calamity.

Dong Fanyu said frantically, "I didn't lie. It really is just the Ji clan. There are no other enemies. In addition, our Swallow Mountain branch invited quite a few Zifu Disciple comrades of our organization. How can...how can..."

"But it is a fact that the two Zifu Disciples which our Copperwater branch sent both died!" Lu Huang roared.

"I, Dong Fanyu, swear that if I lied to you, junior apprentice-brother Lu, then let my soul be shattered and never return to the cycle of reincarnation." Dong Fanyu said frantically.

Only after hearing this oath did Lu Huang's face become less ugly.

Immortal practitioners wouldn't easily swear oaths.

"Hmph." Lu Huang let out a cold snort.

"It seems Dong Fanyu didn't lie." Adept Xu said calmly. "That means something happened at Swallow Mountain. Apprentice-nephew Lu, follow me there."

Adept Xu no longer seemed as casual as before; instead, he was a bit cautious.

Swish!

The sailboat immediately pierced through the skies, advancing towards Swallow Mountain at high speed.

.....

Oxhorn Mountain. Within the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation.

Ji Ning was seated in the lotus position.

Flying swords were hovering around him. When he had previously killed those eight Zifu Disciples, he had searched their storage magic treasures...and had found fifteen flying swords. The most pleasant surprise for Ning was that hawk-nosed cultivator; the hawk-nosed cultivator's storage treasure actually held a total of nine flying swords...and it seemed as though those nine flying swords came from the same source. They all carried a frigid, icy aura.

Upon finding this, Ning was immediately overjoyed. "Good, good, good. They come from the same source. The formation base they can create will be much stronger. This hawk-nosed man...was the hardest to kill of the eight. I didn't expect he would have so much treasure."

Although Ning didn't know the hawk-nosed cultivator's name, he knew that when he had first launched the assassination attempt against them, the hawk-nosed man seemed to have sensed the oncoming danger and had suddenly used a giant umbrella to protect himself. Ning had planned to make him the first target, but was forced to instead switch to a different one. Afterwards, when they fought head on with their most powerful attacks, Ning had to release three sword lights to kill him.

"Prior to this, I had thirteen ranked flying swords. Now I acquired fifteen more ranked flying swords, and have a total of twenty eight...that's enough to create three formation bases."

Ning naturally immediately began to bind these flying swords, wasting no time.

Without question, his [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] would now have those nine frigid flying swords that came from the same origin as the core.

"Whew." Ning opened his eyes. "Done."

The fifteen new flying swords had all been bound.

"Let me test them."

Ning willed it...

Whoosh...

Seven hundred-plus flying swords appeared in the air, with twenty seven of them being ranked that formed three formation bases! The nine frigid flying swords formed the core, controlling and guiding the entire [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation].

"Eh?" Ning's face changed; his head hurt as though it were about to split apart.

To divide one's mind sufficiently in order to control so many flying swords and to set up the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] simply required too much out of the soul, especially with ranked flying swords involved...to control a single ranked flying sword was more difficult than controlling ten unranked flying swords!

“There’s no way I can activate the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]?” Ning’s first attempt resulted in failure. He was unable to activate it fully. “I simply added eighteen more ranked flying swords, but I’m unable to use the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]?”

“That’s not right.”

Ning continued to test it.

The flying swords around him began to move about, changing their locations.

“Yin and Yang transform, endlessly engendering each other!” Ning suddenly thought of the critical barrier needed to break through the seventh stage of the [Crimsonbright Diagram of the Nine Heavens]. The book discussed ‘Yin and Yang transforming, endlessly engendering each other’. Now, while analyzing this formation...he suddenly began to understand this principal. If he were to focus on gaining insights at this moment, in perhaps just an hour or just a few days, he would break through to the seventh stage of the [Crimsonbright Diagram of the Nine Heavens]!

But Ning didn’t choose to meditate, because even if he rose in strength as a Fiendgod Body Refiner, it wouldn’t increase his power much!

This was because he was borrowing the power of the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation...his elemental energy was a good deal stronger than even a peak Zifu Adept’s. He also borrowed from his Sword Domain and the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation], which was why he was capable of such power. Even if he rose in power as a Fiendgod Refiner, it wouldn’t help him much in battle. Moreover, he didn’t have the time at all to leisurely meditate on these matters right now.

“Yin and Yang transform, endlessly engendering each other.” Ning stared at those twenty seven flying swords.

The nine frigid flying swords served as the core.

The other flying swords in the formation bases swirled around these nine frigid flying swords. They slowly swirled about them, and even began to slowly intersect with them. The power of the formation began to activate, and two formation bases slowly merged into one.

“Right.”

“Yin and Yang mutually transform...” Ning’s eyes lit up. “One serves as the core. Two serve to supplement. The others serve as everything else.”

Rumble...

The seven hundred-plus flying swords hovered around Ji Ning. A faint, incomparably powerful ripple suddenly formed. In front of Ning, an incomparably fierce, sharp sword light had taken shape. This sword light was now completely in the shape of a flying sword; it was nothing more than a flying sword that flashed with light.

“Ahhhh!” Ning felt his head hurt, as though he were being stabbed. Still, his face had an excited smile appear on it. “Hahaha, success, success.”

Although he had gained insight into the mysteries of how Yin and Yang transform and endlessly engender each other, making it possible for him to use the now much stronger ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]...Ning was still at his absolute limit. Clearly, his soul felt tremendous pressure right now.

“Best to use the eighth level.” Ning quickly removed eighty one ordinary flying swords, but continued to maintain the hovering formation.

“Sword light.”

Ning once more formed a ray of sword light.

This was sword light formed from the eighth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]. The sword light still appeared like a flying sword, except the sword was not as clear as before.

“I feel as though the power is still a bit greater than it was when I used the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] to kill Dong Ziqi’s group.” Ning revealed a hint of joy on his face. When he had killed Dong Ziqi’s group, his [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] had nine ranked flying swords, but he now had twenty seven...back then, he was using the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation], but he was currently now using the eighth.

The current eighth level was even more powerful than the former ninth level.

Actually, the reason why the improvement was this noticeable was primarily because...the core was now those ranked frigid flying swords that came from the same location.

“Swoosh!” Ning collected the flying swords, then hurried at high speed towards the Patriarch.

He quickly arrived.

“Ji Ning.” Ji Ninefire and Ji Yichuan both looked at the suddenly arrived Ning.

“Patriarch, these are the magic treasures, Dao-seals, medicine pills, and other items that belonged to those Zifu Disciples I killed.” Ning said. “I’ve kept these things, but the others are useless to me. I’ll give them to you, Patriarch...some of these spirit pills are able to replenish elemental energy. They are very useful to us.”

Ninefire nodded. Not hesitating, he accepted the bracelet that Ning handed over.

“I’ll go deal with Jadechild now.” Ning said.

“Be careful.” The nearby Yichuan warned.

“Don’t worry, Father.” Ning cracked a smile, then turned and, under the guidance of Ninefire, moved through the parted black fog and hurried towards Jadechild.

.....

The Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation was filled with that abyssal aura.

“Why hasn’t he come yet?” Jadechild stood there like a Fiendgod, his aura rising to the heavens, his long azure hair unbound, and surges of divine power thrumming through him. He was currently in the

formation of the enemy, after all; he had to keep his divine power flowing, so as to be able to release his most powerful combat abilities at any moment.

“Senior apprentice-brother Jadechild, Ji Ning is only sixteen years old. Prior to this, when he killed our other fellow apprentices, he must have used some tricks. But you, senior apprentice-brother, are a Fiendgod Refiner and have a divine ability. Those tricks will be useless against you. He’s probably afraid.”

“He is almost certainly afraid and hiding.”

Those Zifu Disciples all agreed.

Jadechild just stood there, his gaze sweeping into the darkness ahead of him. He couldn’t help but wonder as well...was Ning truly afraid? If he wasn’t, given that he knew that Nong Zidao was currently analyzing how to break the formation, why had so much time passed after Ji Ning killing Dong Ziqi’s group of Zifu Disciples? Why hadn’t he come?

He had no idea that Ning was currently binding flying swords.

“Hmph. The more we delay, the more confidence junior apprentice-brother Zidao will have. Once we break this Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation! Without the formation, you will all die.” Jadechild said with great confidence.

Suddenly...

Rustle...faint lines of drizzling rain suddenly appeared out of nowhere. The rain was icy cold, and it fell down like foggy mist, spreading outwards. It was, however, blocked by the six mation formation and rendered unable to advance at all.

“Rainwater!”

“It is rainwater!” The other Zifu Disciples revealed looks of shock on their faces. Prior to this, Dong Ziqi had told the others that this rainwater...signified danger and perhaps death.

“Rainwater!” A golden light flashed in Jadechild’s eyes. He let out an angry growl, and then his body emanated a dazzling golden as the entire body began to increase in size. Rumble...he transformed into a nearly two-story tall giant. The Zifu Disciples next to him were only as tall as his kneecap. His breaths created tempests that caused the surrounding space to crackle and explode. His footsteps caused the entire world to seem to tremble.

Divine ability – Heavenly Transformation!

The pupils of the eyes of this giant shot out golden light, and the giant roared loudly, “Ji Ning, come out and do battle!”

This deep voice caused his voice to echo, even within his own chest.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

## **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 18: Ji Ning Battles Jadechild (Part 2)**

The drizzling rain drifted down gently.

Jadechild's entire body was covered with a layer of golden light. He looked like a gold armored Fiend, and his eyes were filled with solidified golden light. His very breath caused the surrounding area to tremble.

Crackle! Crackle! Crackle!

The formerly soft, gentle rain suddenly became as sharp as knives. The countless raindrops wildly chopped towards the giant Jadechild, but the hazy golden light covering the giant Jadechild's body effortlessly deflected them. He swept his gaze towards the surrounding areas. Suddenly, a ripple caught Jadechild by surprise. Without hesitating at all, he sent a fist smashing over!

A wheel-sized golden fist smashed against one particular line of rain. This line of rain was the transformed sword flash of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation].

His fist was covered with a black glove, but it was also covered by that hazy golden light right now. Only if one looked closely would one see that beneath the golden light, there was a glove.

His most powerful magic treasure was that glove!

"BANG!" An explosive sound. The giant Jadechild couldn't help but be knocked a step back by that attack, and his backwards step caused the ground to tremble violently and fracture repeatedly.

"What an impressive Ji Ning." The giant Jadechild narrowed his eyes. That line of rain had actually contained such astonishing power. It was definitely at the Wanxiang Adept level. No wonder that earlier group of Zifu Disciples had all been killed.

"Formidable."

"He was actually able to make senior apprentice-brother Jadechild take a step back."

The hearts of the other Zifu Disciples instantly grew taut. They understood that the difference between Ji Ning and their senior apprentice-brother Jadechild probably wasn't that great.

"You are Jadechild?" A clear, cold voice rang out. From within the black fog, an enormous draconic tail began to move, and in the center of it was a fur clad youth. The fur clad youth was wielding a sword in each hand, and around him, a lotus flower was blooming and swiveling. Surrounded by the Waterflame Lotus, he walked over.

"Ji Ning!" The giant Jadechild stared at this youth. He could sense an incomparably deep, profound mystery from that blooming lotus flower. He vaguely understood that in terms of the 'Dao', the youth in front of him probably had an even deeper understanding than he did.

A monster!

He was only sixteen years of age, but had actually reached such a deep level of understanding when it came to the Dao.

.....

Wielding the Darknorth swords in his hands, Ning strode forward. But upon seeing Jadechild, Ning was greatly shocked. A golden light covered that massive, cliff-like, two-story high body. That invisible,

powerful Fiendgod aura made even Ning feel pressure. Ning was probably only as high as the enemy's kneecaps.

"This is the Heavenly Transformation?" Ning mused to himself. He had heard of this divine ability long ago, as this was known to be the most famous of the divine abilities.

Divine abilities were very precious and very rare.

Generally speaking, only supreme clans, sects, and cults had access to them. However, the majority of them used this ability, 'Heavenly Transformation'! Even in the Raindragon Guards, this divine ability was extremely famous. As the most widespread divine ability, if one wanted to learn it, naturally, the difficulty level would be a bit lower.

But this didn't mean that the Heavenly Transformation divine ability was weak! The prerequisites for this divine ability was low, but when trained to a very high level, it was comparable to some truly formidable divine abilities! When the Fiendgods of the primordial eras battled, they loved to use the Heavenly Transformation ability. With a single movement, one could increase to three hundred meters, three thousand meters, or even thirty thousand meters in height.

Those towering, cliff-like Fiendgod bodies could even pick up a mountain range that was thousands of kilometers long as easily as picking up a strand of straw. For them, overturning a sea or flipping over a river was just like taking a bath!

From this, one could see how powerful this divine ability was...

But of course, those were simply ancient myths, like the myth of Houyi shooting down the suns. It was far too distant from them!

"Ji Ning." Suddenly, a gentle voice rang out.

Ning, who was about to do battle with the giant Jadechild, was suddenly startled. Ning looked over to the origin of that voice. Within that tower of black light, there was an old man with simple clothes and unbound hair. That man was smiling as he looked at Ning. "Your talent and potential is truly astonishing. But what is even more precious is that you were able to reach this level despite being in an ordinary, regional clan. You are certainly a rarely seen piece of unpolished jade. Your value far outstrips the value of this elemental ore mine.

Ning frowned.

The giant Jadechild was startled, as were the other Zifu Disciples as well.

"If you are willing, then I am willing to swear an oath that I will guarantee your entrance into our Snowdragon Mountain sect." Nong Zidao said with a smile. "Given your talent, you will definitely become one of the most important and most core disciples, the 'heir-disciples'. Upon entering our school, your status will be no lower than that of a Wanxiang Adept. Our Snowdragon Mountain will definitely expend tremendous effort in training you, making you become a true, supreme expert. In the future, even becoming a Primal Daoist...is possible!"

Jadechild was startled, but then he too said in a low voice. "Ji Ning, since junior apprentice-brother Zidao is willing to swear an oath, then you don't need to worry about this. If you join our Snowdragon

Mountain, we naturally won't hold any grudges about what happened before this. But if you refuse...then don't blame me for being ruthless!"

Ning was surprised.

They were trying to pull him into Snowdragon Mountain?

"I killed so many of your fellow apprentices, but you'll let me enter your school?" Ning said coldly.

"If they died, they died." Nong Zidao shook his head. "You are different from them. Our Snowdragon Mountain has plenty of those average, ordinary Zifu Disciples! But your talent and your current level of comprehension...I truly have never seen anyone like you in all my life. As long as I make the introductions, the Primal Daoists of our Snowdragon Mountain sect will definitely accept you as a disciple."

Ning, too, had heard his parents say that given his talents, it would be utter simplicity for him to take roof under any of the major powers. Even the spirit of the underwater estate had clearly shown a markedly better attitude towards him after he had comprehended his Rainwater Sword Domain.

To gain insight into the Rainwater Sword Domain at age sixteen...

This sort of talent was indeed monstrous.

"The results of this grudge between your Ji clan and my Snowdragon Mountain have been the deaths of Snowdragon Mountain disciples only. Within this formation, not a single member of your Ji clan has perished. I imagine that you have no reason to feel hatred towards my Snowdragon Mountain." Nong Zidao then said, "Since we have no hatred for each other, while you yourself come from a regional clan and have a completely clean history, and are so monstrously talented, why wouldn't the main sect use all of its efforts to cultivate you? In a few hundred years, it's even possible that you will become the Sect Leader of our Snowdragon Mountain."

The giant Jadechild also spoke out. "If you join our Snowdragon Mountain, then what happened before will be of little consequence. But if you do not join Snowdragon Mountain...given how many of our fellow apprentices your Ji clan has killed, for the sake of our face, Snowdragon Mountain will definitely annihilate your Ji clan. Consider this carefully."

"Consider this well." Nong Zidao said as well.

Two options.

One to join them; that would make them all one family. As for the dead? That would have simply been a case where a heir-disciple of extremely exalted status killed a few outer disciples. A small matter.

The other option was to refuse. To have killed so many disciples was an affront to Snowdragon Mountain.

"Hahaha..." Ning laughed. How could he join Snowdragon Mountain? Just now, Nong Zidao had said that there was no enmity between their sides, and that Ning's history was clean, that he was monstrously talented, and that Snowdragon Mountain would focus on training him...

But loyalty would be the number one thing a sect would consider in cultivating its disciples.



Before accepting him as an heir-disciple, Snowdragon Mountain would definitely do a thorough, close investigation of his history. By then, the events which happened to Ji Yichuan and Yuchi Snow would probably be revealed! Snowdragon Mountain had caused the deaths of Ning's mother and uncle...given what a huge enmity lay between them, Snowdragon Mountain would never dare to train Ning, no matter how talented he was. Instead, it would want to destroy him as soon as possible, to prevent him from becoming a problem in the future!

"Cut the crap." Ning barked. "Don't even think of trying to dissuade me."

"Ji Ning, you..." Nong Zidao, within that black tower, shook his head. "One step wrong leads to countless steps wrong. If you join Snowdragon Mountain now...it isn't too late yet."

"Kill!"

Ning didn't waste any more words.

Just on the basis of the 'loyalty' issue alone...Ning would be finished once they ran a background investigation on him. It was best to follow his previous plans; annihilate all of these fellows immediately, and delay until the Grand Xia Dynasty's Celestial Envoy arrived! Once the Celestial Envoy arrived, they would have the protection of the Grand Xia Dynasty...even if Snowdragon Mountain was a hundred times as bold, they would never dare to do anything. They would have to swallow it.

As long as he had enough time...Snowdragon Mountain? He would eventually rip them apart!

"Then die!" The giant Jadechild smiled savagely as he stomped hard against the ground.

Rumble...

The earth trembled, and countless shattered rocks and sand flew about. Within the flying sand and rocks, there could faintly be seen countless granules of sand that flashed with golden light. These golden specks of sand wildly swirled about like a giant whirlpool which surrounded the giant Jadechild, with a portion of the golden sand wildly charging towards Ning.

This was the magic treasure which the giant Jadechild often used...the 'Stellar Sands'!

"Thud! Thud! Thud!" The giant Jadechild stomped on the ground, leaving behind a giant golden blur as he charged towards Ning with crushing force.

"Hmph."

The rainwater surrounding Ning formed itself into a resilient curtain of water. The translucent water curtain was constantly swirling...when the golden sand struck wildly against it, they were all forcibly stopped by the watery curtain.

"Die!" A wheel-sized golden fist smashed through the watery curtain. In the fact of that punch, even the blooming Waterflame Lotus seemed incomparably weak.

"What astonishing speed." Ning's face changed slightly as the black wings behind him suddenly trembled.

Divine ability – Windwing Evasion!

Whoosh!

The golden fist smashed through the Waterflame Lotus and pierced past Ning's frame, but there was no hint of delight on the giant Jadechild's face. This was because it was just an 'afterimage' that his fist had punched through. Ning's speed was simply too fast, and he was too agile; he had instantly dodged.

"There's no use. You won't be able to escape." The giant Jadechild took a step forward, causing the earth to crack. He himself once more transformed into a golden light as he charged towards Ning, and his fist easily tore apart the watery curtain and the Waterflame Lotus.

"Too fast." Ning was forced to dodge again.

Whoosh...

After having used the Windwing Evasion three times in a row, Ning finally managed to pull away from him. Ning discovered that...in terms of straight line movements, this giant Jadechild was actually even faster than he was! After having executed the Heavenly Transformation and increased in size, Jadechild's speed and strength rose to an astonishing level. Ning didn't dare face him head on.

This was because, when he had used the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] earlier, the enemy had used his fist to block it, and had only been forced a single step back. From this, one could tell how powerful that fist was.

Fortunately, Ning had the Windwing Evasion, and so had a bit of an advantage in terms of agility. He was also more nimble to begin with, given his smaller size, while the giant Jadechild was so large that his turning ability was naturally inferior.

"[Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]." Seven hundred flying swords suddenly appeared round Ji Ning, but amongst them, only six hundred or so glowed with white light. Ning had only activated the eighty level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation].

A sword flash materialized in front of his chest.

"Go."

"Go."

"Go!"

While using the Windwing Evasion to dodge, Ning simultaneously released six rays of sword light. The six rays of sword light merged into rainwater, then disappeared, transforming into lines of rain...silently, soundless, the six went sweeping towards the direction of the giant Jadechild.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

## **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 19: Ji Ning Battles Jadechild (Part 3)**

"Crackle..."

The countless golden grains of the Stellar Sands were swirling around the giant Jadechild. When the six rays of sword light that had transformed into lines of rain wished to pass through them, the Stellar Sands would naturally be knocked flying away.

The giant Jadechild roared loudly, "Ambushing me?"

His fist suddenly unclenched and expanded into his giant, fan-shaped palm. Whoooooosh. He swiped out towards the surrounding area, as fast as a blur. His two giant palms instantly formed a protective barrier around himself.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" Consecutive explosive sounds.

The six rays of sword light had all been stopped!

"What a fast palm technique." The distant Ning, seeing this, was astonished. "Although his body increased in size after using his divine ability, resulting in him becoming a bit less agile, his palms are still astonishing fast!"

"Ji Ning, accept death!" The giant Jadechild's body transformed into a golden blur as he charged straight towards Ji Ning.

"Go." The black wings behind Ning's body trembled, and at the same time, a sword light formed in front of him.

Boom!

As soon as the sword light flew out, it was smashed apart by the giant Jadechild.

"Die." The giant Jadechild was like a fiendish god, his face savage. His twin fists swung out towards Ning like a pair of meteors!

Back! Back! Back!

Ning used his Windwing Evasion at full strength. Because the giant Jadechild was much faster, Ning had to rely on his agility to dodge. He wasn't able to pull away at all; it was like dancing atop a steel wire!

If one walked too long by the sides of a river, eventually, one's shoes would grow wet!

"Whoosh!" The giant Jadechild was clearly to the right, but suddenly his fist suddenly appeared and smashed straight towards Ning.

Bang! The rainwater was knocked flying!

Whoosh! The blooming Waterflame Lotus was completely crushed!

Ning wielded two swords in his hands, and they transformed into two streaks of flowing water. The light of his swords was soft and gentle as they struck forward to welcome the oncoming, attacking golden fist. "Bang!" A giant collision. Jadechild felt as though his fists had smashed into something that was incomparably slick and soft, that couldn't be affected by his power. He had the feeling that his punch had missed, or that it had been pulled astray.

“Bang.” Ning himself was knocked flying back tens of meters, and a wound had appeared at the joints of his palms, although it then quickly healed.

“What a fellow.” Ning was shocked by the power of that punch.

He had power that surpassed that of a peak Zifu Ki Refiner, and also the Rainwater Sword Domain. The Darknorth swords also surpassed ordinary Mortal-rank magic treasures. In terms of close combat, although he was a bit weaker than when using the sword light of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation], he was probably still close to the Wanxiang Adept level. And yet, when they clashed head on, even when he focused on defense, he was knocked flying.

“He actually didn’t die!” The distant, giant Jadechild stared, astonished.

.....

When the giant Jadechild had struck Ning, the nearby Zifu Disciples, including Nong Zidao, were all extremely excited. But upon seeing that Ning was simply knocked flying without being damaged at all, all of them were incomparably disappointed.

“How could it end up this way?”

“Senior apprentice-brother Jadechild used the Heavenly Transformation divine ability. How powerful much his punches be? How could this person not have been smashed to death?”

All of the Zifu Disciples felt a chill in their hearts.

“Senior apprentice-brother Jadechild, we will help you.”

“We will help.”

These frantic Zifu Disciples all unleashed their own techniques.

.....

As Ning was sent flying dozens of meters back by Jadechild, a fierce look flashed through his eyes. All of the seven hundred-plus flying swords around him lit up. This was the first time during Ning’s battle with Jadechild that he had used the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation].

His head instantly felt a splitting, piercing pain!

“Go!” The sword light that had appeared in front of Ning, shaped like a true sword, transformed into a line of rain.

“Go!” “Go!” “Go!” “Go!”

Ning, relying on their earlier exchange of blows, pulled farther away, then launched five attacks of the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]. And then, he immediately came to a halt. Just launching five attacks of the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] had made his soul almost unable to take it any longer. Naturally, he halted.

“Die!” Ning’s eyes were filled with eagerness.

This was his most powerful, supreme attack. It had to succeed.

“Useless.” The giant Jadechild was surrounded by those countless flying specks of Stellar Sand. Ordinary raindrops were completely unable to break through them. When the first sword light under Ning’s control pierced through the Stellar Sands, the giant Jadechild glanced at the line of rain, then smashed over with a giant palm atop that rain line.

BANG!!!

The giant Jadechild shook violently. Boomboomboom...he took three hurried steps back, causing the surrounding ground to tremble violently.

The other four rays of sword light attacked from up ahead and from behind.

“How can he be so strong?” The giant Jadechild felt as though his arm was turning numb from pain. However, given the astonishing regenerative speed of his Fiendgod body, he wasn’t afraid. He hurriedly exerted his strength to block the other sword light rays.

Bang! Bang!

Each time he blocked them, he took several steps back. This impacted his agility. He wasn’t careful, and so two lines of ray still chopped past his fists, slicing directly towards his chest. Crackle...the rain line chopped down against the giant Jadechild’s body like a knife. However, his body, covered with that hazy golden light, was incomparably tough. By the time the sword light chopped through his protective armor and began to chop against his body, it found it quite difficult to advance.

Crackle...it just barely managed to leave a large wound on Jadechild’s body, then vanished.

The other flash of sword light also simply left a wound before disappearing.

“What!” Ning stared, wide-eyed.

He understood now.

While activating the ‘Heavenly Transformation’ divine ability, Jadechild’s body had increased tremendously in size. And thus, the level of difficulty for chopping Jadechild’s body in half had risen as well. This was because Jadechild’s body was simply too thick, and every single strand of flesh and muscle had also risen in strength and endurance. The ninth level of his [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] had only been able to leave a wound on Jadechild’s body.

“You injured me?” Jadechild bellowed as he charged over.

“Senior apprentice-brother Jadechild, we’ll help you.”

“Ji Ning, prepare for death.”

The other distant, spectating Zifu Disciples all unleashed their various magic treasures and techniques as they flew towards Ning.

“Retreat.” Ji Ning hurriedly activated his wings and retreated at high speed.

The surrounding rainwater began to swivel, spinning into layers of protective curtains that blocked these magic treasures. The magic treasures of these Zifu Disciples...weren’t able to penetrate these layers of protection at all. From this, one could see how terrifying Ning’s ‘Rainwater Sword Domain’ was.

As for Jadechild, he smashed straight through the protective curtains of rain.

“Retreat.” Ning had completely changed his strategy.

While controlling the rainwater to form one layer after another of resilient water to block and slow down his opponent, Ning also generated Waterflame Lotus around Jadechild! The Waterflame Lotus around Ning...served as a form of protection. But once the Waterflame Lotus appeared around Jadechild, they served as a form of binding.

“Break.” Jadechild forcibly smashed apart the Waterflame Lotus, then through one watery curtain after another, seeking to chase after Ning.

Ning used almost all of his concentration on controlling the rainwater and the Waterflame Lotus. Once he focused his energy on controlling them, it was only natural that the Waterflame Lotus could constantly bloom and spread out, blocking his foe. Those watery curtains continuously formed as well, one after another...faced with so many layers of bindings, the giant Jadechild’s speed naturally dropped dramatically. He wasn’t able to catch Ning at all.

“Dao Domain.” The distant Nong Zidao, secreted within the black tower of light, narrowed his eyes. “It really is a Dao Domain. That rainwater forming into one protective wall after another is actually this powerful...Dao Domain. Only sixteen years ago, and yet he has gained insight into a Dao Domain. What a monster!”

Prior to this, he wasn’t yet certain.

But once Ning focused all his power on unleashing the might of his Dao Domain, using countless amounts of rainwater to block, Nong Zidao and Jadechild, these two experts with tremendous amounts of experience, knew for certain that this was a Dao Domain. If this wasn’t a Dao Domain, how could it be so powerful?

The Waterflame Lotus just bloomed, one after the other.

But the Rainwater Sword Domain was everywhere. Every single curtain of rainwater was somewhat weaker than a Waterflame Lotus, but there was too much rain. This was quality born from quantity; Jadechild’s speed naturally dropped.

“If you have any ability, fight me head on.” Jadechild roared savagely. “What sort of ability is this, to rely on this sort of technique?”

“To be able to lock you down is a form of ability as well.” Ning laughed coldly. “And in addition, by locking you down, I’ve ensured your death.”

Jadechild’s face changed.

“Indeed...” Ning saw the look on Jadechild’s face. A thought came to his mind; he had guessed correctly.

Previously, when they had fought head on, Jadechild’s strength had been simply too overbearing. Even by going all out and using the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation], Ning had only been able to make him take three steps back. Even when he had landed a blow on Jadechild’s body, the sword light had only been able to leave behind an injury on that two-story-tall figure, then vanished. But the heavens were always fair.

The Heavenly Transformation divine ability allowed one to gain in strength and speed. Even one's endurance would rise dramatically, and one's size would increase as well...

With so many advantages, could it be that it had no disadvantages?

The disadvantage was...it used up an enormous amount of divine power! To maintain the Heavenly Transformation state used up an astonishing amount of divine power.

Ning had trained in the divine ability, 'Windwing Evasion'. Windwing Evasion was different from the Heavenly Transformation technique. The Windwing Evasion...focused on technique! But the Heavenly Transformation divine ability...was a sort of divine ability that relied on one's ability to control one's body.

The Windwing Evasion was a divine ability technique meant for flying about and evading. Those paintings of the giant Roc contained an incomparably deep and exquisite profoundness to them, while also a technique for using divine power! When Ning had been battling Bei Zishan, he had used up his divine power to activate the Windwing Evasion.

When one used divine power to activate a divine ability, the divine power could increase tenfold or a hundredfold in power, naturally making the divine ability powerful as well.

But Ning's 'divine power' in his Fiendgod body was only at the peak Xiantian level, while his elemental energy surpassed that of a peak Zifu-level Ki Refiner. By using his elemental energy to control the wing-type magic treasures in accordance to the intricacies of the Windwing Evasion, naturally he was still quite fast.

"Maintaining the Heavenly Transformation will use up astonishing amounts of divine power. I want to see how much you have." Ning mused to himself. "As for myself, the amount of energy I'm using up is negligible. Both the Rainwater Sword Domain and the Waterflame Lotus relies on activating the power of the heavens in order to take form.

"Ji Ning!"

The giant Jadechild bellowed. "All you are capable of is using these despicable methods."

Ning just focused whole-heartedly on controlling the Rainwater Sword Domain and the Waterflame Lotuses, frantically trying to entangle his foe. The giant Jadechild, as Ning had predicted, was using up an extremely astonishing amount of divine power while using his divine ability. The giant Jadechild didn't dare to return to his normal state either, as if he did, Ning's sword light would probably instantly chop apart and slaughter him.

.....

Roughly an hour later.

This was the last hour of Jadechild's life. During this hour, he came to a halt, no longer going to smash against the Waterflame Lotus or the curtains of rain. By not attacking, he was able to lower his expenditure of divine power. However...when he stopped moving, Ning would begin to control his sword light to attack. After Ning's sword light left a wound on his body, he would have to use a large amount of divine power to heal.

Not battling wasn't an option. Battling also wasn't an option.

Jadechild's divine power was finally used up, and reluctantly, his body returned to the size of a normal person's.

Crackle...

A line of rain slashed past, and Jadechild's head went flying, then landed on the ground. Given how his divine power had been completely used up, there was no way he could heal his wounds any longer. Naturally, he lost his life.

"Senior apprentice-brother Jadechild died."

"Senior apprentice-brother Jadechild!"

The other Zifu Disciples were all incomparably terrified, but within the Netherwurm Heavenlock Formation, they were completely unable to flee.

"It's all over." Within the black tower of light, Nong Zido stretched his hand out to stroke the Fairy Crane by his side. A hint of pain and pity was in his eyes. "Crane, I'm sorry. This trip to Swallow Mountain was in error. I'm unable to save you. Let us end our master-servant relationship now. I hope that the Ji clan will spare your life!" Within his other hand, a Dao-seal suddenly appeared.

Whoosh.

Suddenly, a spatial vibration appeared, then Nong Zidao's body disappeared from within the tower of black light, leaving behind only the other five Zifu Disciples, the Landwurm, and the Fairy Crane.

The Fairy Crane let out a griefstricken bird call as tears began to flow from its eyes.

### **The Desolate Era**

#### **Book 6: Breaking Through the Cocoon, Becoming a Butterfly Chapter 20: Lesser Teleportation Dao-Seal**

"Nong Zidao disappeared?" Ji Ning frowned.

The other five Zifu Disciples were utterly terrified as well. Ning, with the assistance of the grand formation, was absolutely at the Wanxiang Adept level of power. The five of them weren't even enough to join into a formation of their own.

"Ji Ning, please spare our lives."

"I offer to you all of the magic treasures that I am carrying. My clan will also offer up magic treasures in exchange for my life."

"Ji Ning..."

The five of them were all begging, without any hint of a martial spirit.

Ning swept the five of them with his gaze.

"Ji Ning." A voice suddenly rang out by his ears. "We've destroyed these two groups of Zifu Disciples, but two more days will pass before the Grand Xia Dynasty arrives...within these two days, more disciples of Snowdragon Mountain might arrive. There is no way for us to watch over and guard these people. Kill



them all. As for those two Zifu-level Diremonsters, if you are able to make them submit, do so. If not, kill them!”

Ning nodded.

The Patriarch’s words were reasonable.

“All of you, accept death.” Ning looked at them and spoke calmly.

In front of his body, that flashing sword light suddenly transformed into a line of rainwater and flew towards them. It was immediately followed by yet another flash of sword light.

These were all only at the eighth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]!

“Ji Ning, Snowdragon Mountain will definitely avenge us.”

“Ji Ning, you will die a miserable death!”

These five seemed to have gone berserk. All of them wanted to go all out, but given that they weren’t able to join in a formation, even though they threw out some powerful Dao-seals...upon encountering that curtain of water, they immediately exploded, unable to touch Ning at all.

Within a few moments, all five of them perished.

“Do you two spirit-beasts submit?” Ning swept his gaze towards the still-living Landwyrm and Fairy Crane.

The Landwyrm and the Fairy Crane looked at each other, and then the Landwyrm transformed into a large, azure-armored man, while the Fairy Crane transformed into a white-robed maiden. The azure-armored man and the white-robed maiden all immediately fell to their knees. “We are willing to submit!”

Although Zifu-level Diremonsters were incomparably arrogant and hard to tame, when they were faced with only two options, to perish or to submit...they would generally submit, especially when the opponent’s power completely surpassed their own.

“Follow me.” Ning’s gaze flashed, and the falling rain disappeared. Immediately afterwards, a surge of blazing fire swept out, rendering the corpses of the five Zifu Disciples into ash, leaving behind only their magic treasures, which Ning easily collected.

“Yes.” The Landwyrm and the Celestial Crane all followed after Ning.

Soon, they passed through the layers of black fog and arrived in front of Ji Ninefire.

“Eh?” Ning was surprised. In front of him, aside from the Patriarch and his father, Ji Truekeep, Granny Shadow, and Ah Xing had all arrived as well.

“I asked them to come.” Ninefire laughed. “Both groups of Zifu Disciples are dead. For now, we have no opponents, so I had them all come over.”

“Ji Ning. Formidable.” Truekeep’s eyes were shining.

“Formidable, formidable.” Old servant Ah Xing’s face was filled with delight as well.

Granny Shadow laughed and nodded as well.

All of them were very happy.

This was because, in just two or three short days worth of time, Snowdragon Mountain would only be able to invite some Zifu Disciples from nearby regions to come over...and as for the main Snowdragon Mountain Sect, it was simply too far away. There was no way they would be able to make it over in two or three short days. Having killed eighteen Zifu Disciples and tamed two spirit-beasts, the threat level had dropped dramatically.

“Unfortunately, we allowed Nong Zidao to flee.” Patriarch Ninefire shook his head.

“Patriarch, how did he escape? Why did he suddenly disappear?” Ning asked hurriedly. Granny Shadow and the others all looked towards the Patriarch as well. They had just gathered together, and so they hadn’t had a chance to ask about these things in detail.

Ninefire shook his head. “I don’t know either. He simply disappeared. There’s no trace of him in the entire formation. However, if we ask his spirit-beast, I imagine it will know.”

The eyes of Ning and the others lit up. Right. Ask the spirit-beast.

“Fairy Crane.” Ninefire looked at the white-robed maiden. “How did Nong Zidao escape?”

The white-robed woman said respectfully, “My former owner was skilled in formations. He was valued by his master, and so was given a ‘Lesser Teleportation Dao-Seal’. This Dao-seal, upon being used, will instantly allow one to teleport to any location within ten thousand kilometers.”

“A Lesser Teleportation Dao-Seal?” Ning and the others looked at each other.

Ning quietly memorized this name. It seemed as though this Lesser Teleportation Dao-Seal was the same thing as his so-called ‘Traceless Talisman’. The Traceless Talisman had been acquired in a fortuitous encounter by an ancestor of the Ji clan of the West Prefecture, who had used up two, leaving only one behind. Because it allowed one to teleport within ten thousand kilometers without a trace, it had been named the ‘Traceless Talisman’.

“Patriarch, what should we do with these two spirit-beasts?” Ning looked at Ninefire. The other five all looked at each other as well.

“Ji Ning, are you willing to accept them?” Ninefire asked Ning.

Ning looked at the Landwurm and the Fairy Crane. Zifu-level spirit-beasts were very precious. Ordinary Zifu Disciples wouldn’t be able to acquire them, but in truth...Ning didn’t care about these two Zifu spirit-beasts. If Ning took some time to focus on his insights, in anywhere from a few hours to a few days, he would break through to the seventh level, as a Fiendgod Body Refiner.

In but a few years, he would reach the ninth level as an Fiendgod Body Refiner of the [Crimsonbright Diagram of the Nine Heavens]! By then, Zifu-level spirit-beasts would truly be useless to him; in fact, they would slow him down.

“I have no need.” Ning shook his head.

“Since that’s the case...” Ninefire nodded. “Then I will temporarily accept them. After we overcome this tribulation, I will then divide them up.”

“Fine.”

“That’s what we’ll do, then.”

Truekeep, Granny Shadow, Yichuan, and the others all nodded without any debate. It was too early to discuss who the spirit-beasts would go to. Nobody knew which of them would survive this tribulation.

“These are the magic treasures left behind by that Jadechild.” Ning waved his hand, and a large amount of magic treasures immediately appeared on the ground. “Everyone, take a look and see which are useful. If you find any flying swords...various elders, please help me prepare them for binding. I need to find a place to train; just now, in battle, I gained some slight insights.”

“Alright. Leave it to us.” Ninefire and the others didn’t hesitate at all.

“Right.” Ning’s body flickered as he immediately departed at high speed.

The Landwyrm and the Fairy Crane, in the form of the azure-armored warrior and the white-robed maiden, were both rather disappointed. In truth, they desired to become Ning’s spirit-beasts.

First of all, they bore no hatred for Ning, as the Landwyrm had, for example, been forcibly subdued by Jadechild in the past. Although the Fairy Crane did have a close relationship with Nong Zidao, since Zidao had given her up and fled for his life, it could be said that the karmic binds between them had come to an end.

Secondly, Ning was only sixteen years old. A monster like this would have unlimited potential; if they followed a master like him, their own future would be bright as well.

Unfortunately, Ning wasn’t willing to accept them.

.....

Ning was seated in the lotus position within the mountainous forests, surrounded by dark energy.

“Yin and Yang transform, endlessly engendering each other.” Ning murmured to himself, then closed his eyes and began to meditate on it. Prior to this, when he had analyzing the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation], he had come to a realization...that all of the great Daos of the world were, in truth, similar. Formations, swordplay, magic, divine abilities...they all contained the ‘Dao’.

The Dao was the same. Only, the paths of the Dao were different.

Ning understood this principle...and so naturally, it now became much easier for him to break through, from the sixth to the seventh stage of the [Crimsonbright Diagram of the Nine Heavens].

“Yin and Yang transform!” Ning, his eyes closed, began to activate the divine power in his body...

In midair, a thousand kilometers away from Snowdragon City, space suddenly rippled, and a figure appeared out of nowhere. It was a fur-clad Nong Zidao.

Nong Zidao’s eyes were filled with grief.

“If you encounter a formation, be cautious. Be cautious.” Nong Zidao let out a soft sigh. “This is the most simple of principles, but we disciples of Snowdragon Mountain had all forgotten about it.”

If you encounter a formation, be cautious. This was something all Immortal practitioners knew.

This was because formations were intricate and marvelous. No one could know what was within a formation, and upon entering it, one wouldn't even be able to flee! For example, the Wanxiang Adept, Adept Mu Xiao, knew that Bei Zishan was hidden within the formation, but because Bei Zishan had set up a formation, Adept Mu Xiao had chosen to instead wait patiently outside, rather than enter the formation.

But these disciples of Snowdragon Mountain had truly held their foes in too little regard.

Although they knew that upon encountering a formation, they should be cautious, they hadn't held the Ji clan in any regard at all. The Ji clan was nothing more than a local clan, and they had an understanding of the Ji clan's power. They didn't believe that the Ji clan would be capable of any powerful formations at all. In addition, they had Jadechild as well as a formations expert, Nong Zidao. They also had nearly twenty comrades...

Their power was simply too great.

They believed that they would completely dominate and crush a puny clan like the Ji clan. Because of their over-confidence, they had underestimated their foes, and so had become trapped in the formation, with no way to escape!

Jadechild. Even with the assistance of the Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation, Ning was only on par with Jadechild in power; Jadechild had only died after all of his divine power had been exhausted, rendering him unable to use his divine ability. If they had fought outside the formation, upon seeing that the situation was turning grim, he could've fled. But within the formation, there was no place to run!

“If you encounter a formation, be cautious. But if we didn't enter...should we have simply allowed the Ji clan to delay? Watch as the Celestial Envoy of the Grand Xia Dynasty came?” Nong Zidao shook his head and sighed.

“Formations...Ji Ning...”

“The Netherwyrms Heavenlock Formation, and a monster who gained insight into a Dao Domain at age sixteen. For me to encounter both these things in such a puny little local clan? My defeat was not an unjust one!” A flying ship appeared beneath Nong Zidao's feet, which immediately tore through the skies, flying at high speed towards Snowdragon City.

“No matter what, I have to go warn my other comrades, who are probably heading this way as well.” Nong Zidao mused.

Of the first group of Zifu Disciples, the sole survivor was Nong Zidao.

If he didn't go warn the newcomers, in the future, when the main sect investigated this matter, he, Nong Zidao, would be censured.

.....

Moments later.

A distant city appeared within his field of vision.

“Eh?” Nong Zidao, atop the ship, saw that there were people in the air above the distant city.

That person flew over, as fast as a ray of light.

“Dong Fanyu?” Nong Zidao immediately recognized this old man.

“Senior apprentice-brother Zidao.” Dong Fanyu, upon seeing Nong Zidao, immediately asked impatiently, “I heard that you, senior apprentice-brother Zidao, along with senior apprentice-brother Jadechild and a group of others all went to Oxhorn Mountain. Why have you come here, senior apprentice-brother Zidao? Also...the life-tablets of quite a few people who headed to Oxhorn Mountain have shattered. Even the life-tablet of my own Dong clan’s Patriarch, Dong Ziqi, has shattered. What happened at Oxhorn Mountain?”

Nong Zidao shook his head. “I feel ashamed. Aside from myself, every single one of our fellow disciples who went to Oxhorn Mountain perished.”

“What?! All perished?!” Dong Fanyu was shocked. “So many fellow disciples all, all...”

“Aside from me, all of them died.” Nong Zidao sighed. “I’ve come to warn you that Oxhorn Mountain is incredibly perilous. No matter what, do not enter. I don’t want any other fellow disciples to suffer.”

Dong Fanyu said frantically, “Can’t be entered? But just now, Wanxiang Adept, Adept Xu Li, personally led a group of Zifu Disciples to head towards Oxhorn Mountain.”