

Desolate 1211

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Book 35: The Aeonian Race Chapter 9: Omnigeddon Bloodfruit Tree

“The Flamedragon branch of the Aeonian race will generally send people once every million chaos cycles to harvest some fruit from this omnigeddon bloodfruit tree.” The sea dragon leader’s voice was quite calm: “That’s because every million chaos cycles, this omnigeddon bloodfruit tree will be filled with a complete harvest of fruit. They’ll either send their own Daolords or ask some extremely powerful Daolords to help out.”

Ji Ning and Ninedust both nodded. Generally speaking, every two or three ‘eras’ there would be a Daolord on par with the current Ning. Some would have techniques like the [Heartsword] art, some would have Universe treasures, some would have other special weapons. Daolord Dreamlore, for example, had a very unique ‘bloodblade’, while Ning had an incredibly powerful Hegemon armor which was on par with the bloodblade in might. However, the Hegemon armor was obviously meant for defense. Another good example would be the six lifeblood weapons which Ning wielded; all of them had been raised to incredibly high levels.

Powerful Eternal Emperors lived extremely long lives and generally were able to raise their lifeblood weapons to extremely high levels, but Daolords had short lives. It was generally very hard for them to upgrade their lifeblood weapons significantly... but every so often, there would be a freak like Ning. Ning’s Northbow swords were incredibly powerful weapons; by now, they made his Heavenbreaker stance and Blood Drop stance five times more powerful than normal! If the Daolord himself was also quite powerful, it was entirely possible for the Daolord to reach the same level as the Archons of the eight Sacred Cities.

“If my guess is correct... you weren’t invited here by the Aeonians, were you?” The sea dragon leader smiled.

“What?”

“They weren’t invited by the Aeonians?”

“How is this possible?” Quite a few of the airborne beasts were astonished. Most of them had assumed that Ning and Ninedust had to have been invited here by the Aeonians.

Ning and Ninedust felt their hearts lurch.

“From the moment you arrived,” the flaming equine leader added, “I could tell that you know almost nothing about this place. If the Aeonians invited you here, you should be quite familiar with this place and its rules... but you didn’t even know the basics about the trials and its rules.”

Ning and Ninedust felt resigned. They really didn’t know anything about this place. Ninedust sent mentally, “Darknorth, if these beasts attack us I’ll lead you in an immediate escape.”

“Don’t worry, you two. We’re here on the Autarch’s orders to protect this place and will bar any Daolords or Emperors who seek to approach,” the sea dragon leader said with a laugh. “We won’t stop any who pass our trials. Whether you are an Aeonian or not is none of our business.”

“Don’t worry, if we wanted to kill you, we would’ve done so long ago.” The flaming equine leader could also tell that Ning and Ninedust both had misgivings.

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Ning and Ninedust were confident in their abilities. They were carrying the treasures they had acquired from the Sithe ruins, and they had the Autarch’s medallion on them; their chances of fleeing were quite good.

“As juniors, we naturally will believe your words, seniors. Dare I ask... is that fruit tree over there truly an omnigeddon bloodfruit tree?” Ning asked.

“Of course it is,” the flaming equine leader said.

“But... why does it seem different from the ones I’m aware of?” Ning was puzzled. “I’ve heard that omnigeddon bloodfruit trees are much smaller and only have three fruits at most.”

“This omnigeddon bloodfruit tree is a hundred times more precious than ordinary ones,” the flaming equine leader said. “Every single fruit is also far more marvelous than the ones from ordinary trees in the outside world. Haha... words don’t suffice. Once you harvest the fruit and give it a close examination, you will understand.”

Ning and Ninedust were speechless. Moments later, Ning grew excited. A hundred times as valuable? A single true omnigeddon bloodfruit tree was a priceless treasure that even Hegemons would go crazy over! Something a hundred times more valuable... Ning estimated that it had to approach the value of Crimsonwave Temple in worth. Even if it wasn’t quite that much, it wouldn’t be too far off.

“This tree is probably worth more than the networth of most Hegemons, right?” Ning couldn’t help but ask.

“Of course! The Aeonian race in the Flamedragon Realmverse treat this fruit tree as something more valuable than their very lives,” the flaming equine leader said.

Ning immediately came to the decision that he not only was going to harvest the fruit, he was going to uproot this tree! He was going to uproot this mysterious, unique omnigeddon bloodfruit tree and take it away with him at all costs! This mysterious tree might be enough to ask an Autarch to revive his wife. His goal was within his sight; there was no way he wasn’t going to give it his all.

“Darknorth, are you thinking of uprooting the tree to save your Dao-companion?” Ninedust sent mentally.

The fact that Ning wished to rescue his lover wasn’t exactly a secret. When Ning had met the leaders of the six major organizations after exiting Crimsonwave Temple, he had already asked about the price needed to reverse the flows of spacetime and revive his beloved Dao-companion. Ninedust had been present and had heard everything.

“Yes. This omnigeddon bloodfruit tree sounds as though it is quite valuable; I should be able to use it to ask an Autarch to help out! I have to take this risk!” Ning sent mentally, “Let’s keep this a secret for now. If I mention taking the tree away, these two races might move to stop us. I’m planning on uprooting it at the very end. After doing so, we’ll leave right away.”

“Alright, I’ll listen to you!” Ninedust felt happy for his friend. The omnigeddon bloodfruit tree might be quite valuable, but Ninedust really didn’t care that much about it.

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Ning and Ninedust began to walk towards the tree. The two clan leaders led the way in front of them, with the sea dragon leader rumbling, “We won’t move to stop Daolord Darknorth, but Daolord Ninedust, you haven’t passed our trials yet. We’ll only permit you to stand next to him and watch. You are forbidden from taking part, much less harvesting any of the fruit. If you dare to do so, don’t blame us from moving to exterminate you.”

“I understand,” Ninedust acknowledged. In his heart, he felt quite resigned... because his title was Daolord Redwater, not Daolord Ninedust! Alas, he didn’t want to argue over it. They were going to leave soon and most likely would never meet again. Why even bother?

Soon, Ning and Ninedust arrived before the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree. “Whoah.” Both of them felt quite stunned. The entire tree had to be over three million meters high, and its trunk was as thick as the pillars of heaven. As for its twisted branches, they were like sinuous dragons that were covered with glowing, vitality-filled leaves. And the fruits? It must be understood that the two of them were able to sense the rippling auras of the fruits from far away. Now that they were much closer, those ripples surged straight into their hearts and minds. Even their breathing was affected by it.

“What a fine treasure,” Ning said with a praiseful sigh.

“This is far more stunning than the fruit trees we saw in Crimsonwave Temple.” Ninedust sighed in amazement as well. The feeling this mysterious fruit tree gave him surpassed even the majestic aura of Hegemons!

“Only by combining all of those trees would you have something which surpassed this one. Of course it is stunning!” Ning’s heart was surging with excitement.

The nearby sea dragon leader said, “The Aeonians have set up many layers of barriers around this tree. Do you have a technique to open those barriers up?”

Ning and Ninedust were startled. Ning waved his hand, sending a wave of Immortal energy out and causing the formerly invisible and hidden barriers to immediately light up. Countless runes flowed on the surfaces of those barriers, causing Ning’s face to tighten. They weren’t invited here by the Aeonians; they naturally had no method for opening it up.

“But they don’t seem to be too strong,” Ning suddenly realized with surprise. Based on what he just saw, he should be able to destroy these barriers within a short period of time with his sword-arts.

“Of course they aren’t. Only Daolords have come here, and so these were personally set up by the Daolords who did make it inside,” the sea dragon leader said. “They brought many formations and barriers, but unfortunately they are on automatic mode. No one is actively managing them, which weakens them even further.”

Both Ning and Ninedust nodded. Formations which were actively controlled would be far more powerful. Without a controller present, they would be set to automatic and would thus naturally be much weaker.

There was nothing the Aeonians could do. Were they supposed to send Daolords to guard this place? Daolords only lived for 108,000 chaos cycles at most! Send Emperors? Eternal Emperors had zero chance of passing the trials.

“Although they aren’t all that strong, there are quite a number of them. Based on what I know, the Aeonians have set up a total of over 80,000 formations here,” the sea dragon leader said. “If you know the technique for unlocking the barriers, you can go through with ease. If not, you’ll have to break through all 80,000+ barriers before you can move next to the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree.”

“If you can’t break through the formations, you won’t be able to harvest so much as a single fruit,” the flaming equine leader said with a laugh.

Both the clan leaders smiled as they looked at Ning. They wanted to see just what this young fellow would do.

“More than 80,000?” Ning’s face tightened. Just now, he was able to sense that the outermost formation was quite weak. He would probably be able to destroy it with his sword-arts, but... 80,000? How long would that take? If some of the inner barriers were tougher, things would be even more difficult.

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Book 35: The Aeonian Race Chapter 10: Uprooting the Tree

The nearby Ninedust sent mentally, “Darknorth, should we use our Hegemonic treasures?”

“No, we don’t have that many of them to begin with. Once we use them up, we’ll be out,” Ji Ning refused mentally. “We’re keeping those to keep ourselves alive at critical moments. I’ll try a few things out first. Even if it takes me a million years or a hundred million years, that’ll be better than wasting a Hegemonic treasure. Besides... even if we did use it, it wouldn’t be of that much use to us!”

Ning knew that by now, he might be at a disadvantage when fighting against an actual Archon of the Sacred Cities but he was definitely on their overall level! His Omega Sword Dao – Heavenbreaker was capable of unleashing enormous power with a full-strength spike... and yet, it still probably wouldn’t be able to burst open one of those barriers instantly. Although the Hegemonic treasures were formidable and on a higher level of power than Ning, and they would most likely be able to shatter through a number of barriers, it was likely that they would at most be able to shatter through just a thousand barriers with each go. Unfortunately, there were over 80,000 barriers here!

“Let me try first.” Ning’s body blurred as he transformed into his three-headed, six-armed form and drew his six Northbow swords. Ninedust stepped back to watch from the side; all he could do was watch and wait. There was nothing he could do to assist.

“Omega Sword Dao – Blood Drop!” A cold light flashed through Ning’s eyes as he immediately executed his most penetrating attack.

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

Six streams of mist-formed energy consecutively stabbed against the exact same spot upon the barrier in front of Ning. The powerful piercing force instantly caused the outermost layer of formations to flicker with light as countless runes began to flow over its surface.

“Omega Sword Dao – Heavenbreaker!” Next, Ning switched to a different stance. There were differences amongst barriers as well; some were extremely flexible and soft, making brute force useless and requiring penetrative power to break through. Others were extremely rigid and unyielding; in this case, the overwhelming power of the Heavenbreaker stance would be the most appropriate and effective. Some barriers were actually illusory!

This was very different from when he had to defeat the formations at Crimsonwave Temple. Those formations were there as part of a test! The formations here, however, had been set down by the Aeonians as a defensive measure to prevent others from stealing their treasures. They naturally poured everything they had into these formations.

“Haha, without anyone controlling these formations, they won’t be able to heal as quickly as I deplete their power. The end result will definitely be their destruction.” Ning quickly discovered a weakness in the formation, then immediately used his Blood Drop stance as the primary attack to break through it.

Just a single hour later, the barrier fell. Although it was able to automatically regenerate, it wasn’t able to keep up with the rate at which its power was being depleted. After breaking through the formation, Ning casually destroyed one of its formation-bases! If he didn’t do so, the formation would quickly regenerate and trap Ning inside of it.

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One formation after another. Some were actually linked together, making it very hard for Ning to break through them. He was actually forced to use his Immortal energy to control the Northbow swords in attacking different formations in different regions simultaneously.

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Break, break, break... one layer of barriers after another was breached by Ning’s attacks. Although the Aeonians had paid enormous prices to set up these barriers, they were weakened by the fact that they were unmanned.

Time slowly passed on. One year, two years, three years... ten years, a hundred years, a thousand years...

While breaking through the formations, Ning continuously worked on his sword-arts. He felt as though he was virtually sparring with these many generations of departed formations masters. Some of these formations had been set up by the Aeonians themselves, while others they had purchased from the outside. Every single formation was difficult to breach, and while doing so Ning gained more and more insights into his sword-arts.

“A pity that my [Heartsword] art has yet to make a breakthrough. It seems as though going from the tenth stance to the eleventh stance truly is difficult,” Ning sighed.

Every single strike of his was reinforced by the [Heartsword] art, which showed itself as a mist-formed layer of sword energy. It must be remembered that when one truly trained in the [Heartsword] art, the

eighth to tenth stances were considered part of the first stage. The eleventh and twelfth stances were part of the second stage, the thirteenth and fourteenth stances were part of the third stage, and the fifteenth stance was the final stage.

Ning was still stuck in the first stage, and breaking through to the second stage was very, very difficult. Although the three hundred-plus Hegemonic legacies he had gained included a few similar techniques which also involved fusing heartforce with divine power and Immortal energy, in the end Ning was an expert of the Dao of the Sword; studying through this Dao was the fastest solution, making the [Heartsword] art the most appropriate art for him. The others could at most be used as references to use.

After reviewing the other techniques, Ning understood that gaining true mastery of the [Heartsword] art was possible only through one way – true and utter devotion to this Dao!

However, knowing and doing are two completely separate concepts. He knew what he had to do, but he still was unable to make the necessary breakthroughs. If breaking through was that easy, Emperor Heartsword wouldn't have been the only person in all of history to have been able to truly master this [Heartsword] art.

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More than eighteen million years went by.

The six Northbow swords were hanging in the air, furiously stabbing downwards in an illusory manner. Finally, with a popping sound, the last barrier was broken through by Ning.

“Success.” The distant Ninedust revealed a delighted look.

“He was actually able to break through over 80,000 barriers with just sword-arts.” The two clan leaders were both rather startled. These formations encompassed every type of barrier possible, including bewildering and illusory ones. Thankfully, Ning was a Heartforce Cultivator and thus wouldn't be misled by them. Otherwise, he probably wouldn't have been able to resolve those formations.

The white-robed Ning just stood there, his six Northbow swords hanging in the air. The swords descended in unison, flying back into the sheath on his back.

“Whew.” Ning let out a sigh of relief. He could sense that the past eighteen million years of formation-breaking had been a form of tempering for his sword-arts. He now had gained quite a few new insights into them.

“But I still have no clue as to how I am going to reach the fourth stage with the Omega Sword Dao. Becoming a Daolord of the Fourth Step truly is difficult,” Ning sighed to himself. He really didn't have much hope; all he could do was to continuously advance. Sooner or later, he would break through.

“My young friend Darknorth, these fruits are all quite extraordinary. They are far more valuable than ordinary omnigeddon bloodfruits,” the sea dragon leader said.

Ning turned to glance at it. The two clan leaders were both staring at Ning, as were the nearly two hundred beasts off in the distance. To them, the past eighteen million years had been nothing at all.

Ning and Ninedust exchanged a glance. Both of them knew what had to be done.

“Be careful,” Ninedust sent mentally.

“Don’t worry,” Ning replied mentally.

Boom! Ning’s body blurred as it suddenly expanded dramatically in size. He instantly became the size of a towering mountain that was three million meters tall, the same height as the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree itself.

“You grew pretty big,” the flaming equine leader said with a laugh.

“It makes harvesting easier.” Ning reached out with his hand, easily plucking one of the flame-colored fruits at the very crown of the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree, then putting it away.

There were some fruits which could only be harvested in certain ways; for example, there were certain fruits which would vanish when touched by the hand. The omnigeddon bloodfruit, however, could only grow if they underwent ten thousand tribulations during their growing process! It was fine to harvest them by hand; they weren’t delicate at all.

Soon, the thirty-six fruits growing throughout the tree were completely harvested. Ning lowered his head to harvest the final fruit located at the base of the tree. He pulled the fruit into his estate-world with a thought, then reached out with both hands to grasp the trunk of the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree. He immediately sent out his divine power to cover every inch of the tree, protecting its roots and branches.

“Get up.” Ning exerted his power, allowing his full might to be unleashed. Boom! In the end, the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree was nothing more than a tree; the Azureflower Estate world’s fruit trees had been warded by the master of the estate, which was why Ning was unable to damage them. In fact, he had been restricted to harvesting just a single fruit. The omnigeddon bloodfruit tree, however, was ‘only’ protected by those 80,000+ barriers. By now, Ning had long since destroyed those barriers, and without them blocking his path he was able to easily harvest all of the fruit from the tree.

Whoosh! The entire massive omnigeddon bloodfruit tree was uprooted from the earthy ground. Countless roots began to rise up out of the earth, but the layer of divine power covering the tree ensured that it was completely undamaged.

“Ah?”

“This...”

“He’s...” the two clan leaders and all of the spectating beasts stared in amazement at this sight. The massive tree had just been uprooted by the similarly massive Ji Ning, who moved so fast that they weren’t even able to react in time.

“In you go.” With but a thought, Ning easily drew the uprooted omnigeddon bloodfruit tree into his estate-world.

“Ah?!” After putting away the tree, Ning had been feeling quite excited and planning to flee alongside Ninedust. In fact, Ninedust had already flown towards him like a streak of light... but the look on Ning’s face had changed.

Boom! After he uprooted the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree, an enormous crevice had revealed itself underneath him. This enormous crevice was extremely deep, and at the very bottom of it there was a small pool of red liquid! This small pool of what looked like congealed blood was also thirty thousand meters in size! It rolled about like a miniature red sun.

Previously, the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree had been blocking it out, with Ning not having sensed its aura at all. Now that Ning had already uprooted the tree, he could sense a stately and ancient power instantly emanate outwards.

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Book 35: The Aeonian Race Chapter 11: Autarch's Blood

Ji Ning felt as though he was an ant who was facing the vast, starry night sky. Ning instantly turned pale, finding it hard to breathe as that aura of power swept outwards. It was simply terrifying. The aura of that glob of blood... it vastly surpassed the auras of any of the Hegemons Ning had met thus far! Although Hegemons had incredible auras, they couldn't even compare to the blood-red 'sun' that was glowing before him.

At Ning's current level of power, he was strong enough to smile and jest in the presence of Hegemons. But when faced with this pool of red blood, he felt utter terror from every fiber of his very being!

"What is that?!" Ninedust came charging over. He had been planning to take Ning away and flee, but he was instantly dazed when he saw that large pool of blood-red liquid, roughly thirty thousand meters in size.

"Darknorth, my young friend... it is useless for you to take away that omnigeddon bloodfruit tree." The sea dragon leader began to laugh. "The reason why that tree was so marvelous was all due to this drop of blood."

Ning and Ninedust stood next to each other. They could leave this world whenever they wished, and so they were in no haste to flee just yet.

"I uprooted the bloodfruit tree. Don't you care?" Ning asked.

"Why should we care?" The sea dragon leader laughed, "Long ago, this world didn't even have the bloodfruit tree in it. For you to uproot it does nothing to us at all."

"If this world originally didn't have a bloodfruit tree in it... where did it come from?" The nearby Ninedust asked, "And... did you just say that this giant pool of liquid is a drop of blood?"

"Yes, a drop of blood. This is a drop of blood which Autarch Bolin created after pouring tremendous amounts of work and essence into it, and it is filled with boundless mysteries," the sea dragon leader said.

"An Autarch's blood?" Ning and Ninedust were enlightened. This wasn't just a random drop of blood from Autarch Bolin; it was something which Autarch Bolin had spent tremendous effort in refining. No wonder it was so terrifying!

"Long, long ago, Autarch Bolin left behind this drop of blood. We have been here on the Autarch's orders, and we are to prevent all cultivators from reaching it. Daolords, Emperors... everyone must pass

the trials before gaining access to this drop of blood,” the sea dragon leader said. “Later on, the Aeonians discovered this place and came here.”

“They realized that the Autarch’s blood was simply too powerful! Thus, they came up with a way to graft the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree, a tree with tremendously strong vital energy, on top of it. The tree naturally rooted itself around the Autarch’s blood, and over the course of many years it began to slowly evolve and transform before it finally managed to draw some of the essence from the blood.”

“After absorbing some of the Autarch’s blood, it began to grow larger and larger while giving birth to more and more fruit. Now, it has finally reached a size of three million kilometers and can give birth to a crop of thirty-six fruit at a time,” the sea dragon leader said. “Every single fruit is far more special than ordinary omnigeddon bloodfruit, because they were grown from an Autarch’s blood.”

“This tree has spent more than thirty million chaos cycles absorbing the blood and has already transformed. It shall always produce thirty-six fruits with each harvest. However, now that you have uprooted it, it no longer has access to the Autarch’s blood and so the fruit it produces shall most likely be nothing more than ordinary omnigeddon bloodfruits. That makes the value of this tree much lower than before.”

Ning’s face tightened. True. Ordinary omnigeddon bloodfruit trees produced three fruits per harvest, while this one produced thirty-six! This made it comparable to twelve ‘ordinary’ bloodfruit trees. However, the fruit only possessed miraculous properties due to having absorbed blood from the Autarch. That was the reason why the tree could be described as having a hundred times the value of an ordinary tree!

“Just ten or so times?” Ning knew that he couldn’t be too greedy, but he still felt rather disappointed. This sort of treasure was not nearly enough to ask an Autarch to help out.

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The sea dragon leader suddenly said, “The Autarch said that if one day, someone arrives who is capable of taking away this drop of blood, our two races shall regain our freedom. Darknorth, my young friend, you can try for yourself whether or not you can take the Autarch’s blood away.”

“Yes, if you can take it away, we shall regain our freedom.” The flaming equine leader grew excited as well, as did the hundreds of beasts within the world. Life here was simply too boring. Many of them had been born here, but the oldest ones had been sent here by Autarch Bolin himself. They knew just how lively the outside world was, whereas this place was incredibly dull and lonely.

“Take it away?” Ning and Ninedust were intrigued.

“It was created by the Autarch, who poured all of his effort into its creation. It is incomparably precious, far more than a hundred times more valuable than the tree you just uprooted. Most likely, even other Autarchs would very much desire to acquire this drop of blood and learn some of Autarch Bolin’s secrets from it.” The sea dragon leader continued to describe how valuable this drop of blood was, causing Ning to feel even more eager.

“Darknorth, give it a shot.” Ninedust looked at Ning and sent mentally, “You’d definitely be able to revive your Dao-companion if you acquire this drop of special Autarch’s blood.”

“I’ll give it a shot.” Ning didn’t hesitate at all, immediately flying into that enormous crevice. As he moved closer to it, he saw that the round pool of blood was beginning to swivel and emanate auras of increasing power. Ning had to clamp down upon his fear.

Although he couldn’t prevent himself from feeling terrified, he didn’t feel any sense of danger at all. This meant that this blood drop wouldn’t cause any harm to him. Autarch Bolin had left it behind for future generations of cultivators to benefit from, not die from.

Whoosh. Ning exerted his will, causing a divine power clone to appear next to the pool. The clone reached out with its right hand to touch the giant pool of blood. Ning wanted to be careful; this way, he would at most lose a bit of his divine power rather than his own life.

“Eh?” The drop of blood was incredibly cold, but it didn’t cause Ning’s clone any harm at all. “Arise.” The divine power clone tested out applying a bit of power to it.

Rumble... the drop of blood immediately began to shake and shudder. Silken lines began to appear all across this entire vast planet, with all of the lines converging upon the drop of blood. Ning’s divine clone was completely unable to move it at all.

“Arise!” Seeing this, Ning moved his true body over to the pool. He manifested three heads and six arms, then reached out with all six arms while using his Hegemon armor to cover and protect his hands as they delved into the pool of blood.

Ning pulled, hard. Boom! It was like an ant trying to shake a tree; the countless lines across the world connecting to this blood drop fought against him. If Ning wanted to move this blood drop, he would have to be able to overcome the might of this entire planet.

“Lift it up! Move it away!” The two clan leaders and the hundreds of beasts all watched eagerly. The day this drop of blood was taken would be the day they completed their responsibility to test the cultivators who came to this place. Only then would they be able to leave.

“Arise. Arise. Arise!” Ning did his utmost, but there was no way he could overcome the full power of this entire planet. This was an estate-world which had been created by an Autarch, after all; it was incredibly stable and not something which the likes of him could shake.

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Inside the Aeonian Kingdom. There was a beautiful, ancient palace here which served as the central temple for the entire kingdom.

A handsome youth was seated atop the royal throne within the temple, dressed in elegant black robes. His aura was awe-inspiring and remote. He was the true supreme leader of the Aeonian race... Emperor Anchen. He had been protecting this place since time out of mind, because this temple was connected to the five most important ancestral grounds of the Aeonian race. Every single one of the five was extremely important... but of course, the most important was the ‘first ancestral ground’. This was because it had been left behind by Autarch Bolin himself.

Rumble... suddenly, a tremor swept through the palace. Emperor Anchen was connected to all five ancestral grounds as their protector; he naturally noticed it and immediately turned pale. “The first ancestral ground! Its shaking!?” This was a world which had been created by Autarch Bolin, and the

Aeonians knew it well; the only thing which could cause that entire world to shake was if someone was acting against the Autarch's blood, the most important treasure of all.

"Emperor Islehide, Emperor Duug, there may be invaders within the first ancestral ground. Come right away!" Emperor Anchen sent frantically.

Just a few seconds later... swoosh! Swoosh! Two figures simultaneously appeared. One was the handsome, red-haired Emperor Islehide; the other was the tall, skinny, and pale-faced Emperor Duug. The two had been shocked by what they had just heard and had immediately hastened over.

These three were the three most powerful Emperors of the Aeonian race here in the 'Endless Territories'.

"There are invaders in the first ancestral ground?" Emperor Islehide and Emperor Duug were both anxious and filled with murderous intent.

"Yes, go in right away," Emperor Anchen shouted.

"Let's go."

"Let's go." The bodies of the three Emperors began to blaze with flames. These flames were generated by the igniting of the Aeonian blood. To open the link to the first ancestral ground was extremely difficult; an enormous price would have to first be paid. However, now that something strange was going on inside they could no longer afford to worry about it.

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Book 35: The Aeonian Race Chapter 12: Devastating Rage

The three most powerful Emperors of the Aeonian race were all covered in blazing flames which began to reach out and connect to each other, slowly forming a strange diagram of a giant claw-shaped hand. This looked like the technique which Autarch Bolin had left behind in that beastworld.

Rumble. The flames from the ignited Aeonian blood instantly reached out to cover all three Emperors. Swoosh! They were teleported straight into the estate-world.

"Let's move as fast as we can." The three Emperors stared at the void around them, then turned to look at the astral river. They knew that they had already arrived, and Emperor Anchen shouted anxiously, "If we're late, things will be even more difficult."

"Let's go." Whoosh! Emperor Anchen generated a dimensional wave and led the other two Emperors with him as he instantly vanished.

This world was extremely stable; not even Hegemons would be able to forcibly tear through spacetime, much less them! However, mere dimensional teleportation was much simpler, as it was merely an evasion-art which rode dimensional waves across fairly short distances.

"There we are." After the third dimensional wave, they appeared in the skies above that enormous, strange planet within the astral river.

“No...!” Emperor Islehide’s face instantly turned pale, and his scarlet eyes instantly turned blood-red. “The tree! Our omnigeddon bloodfruit tree has vanished!”

Emperor Anchen and Emperor Duug stared as well. They saw that off in the distance, there were ripples of energy spreading outwards and pushing aside the surrounding mist. The three of them were able to see that nothing more than a giant crater was left where the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree had been, and within the crater was a giant figure which was holding onto the Autarch’s blood and seeking to take it away.

“Not only did he take away our omnigeddon bloodfruit tree, he also wants to take away the Autarch’s blood?” Emperor Anchen was so enraged that he ground his teeth to the point of shattering.

“That’s Daolord Darknorth and the Ninedust Sectlord!” Emperor Islehide immediately recognized that Ji Ning was the one holding onto the Autarch’s blood, while the figure next to the crater was that of Ninedust. Emperor Islehide had met the two of them after the Waveshift Realm adventure, and he had even purchased some fruit from Ning. Now, however, they had become mortal enemies!

“These two are nothing more than Daolords... yet they dare to try and steal one of the foundations of our Aeonian race?” Emperor Anchen only grew even angrier. “Kill!”

“Kill them both,” Emperor Duug growled as well.

“Kill.” Emperor Islehide felt just as murderous as the others. They held these two Daolords in no regard at all. They were the three most powerful Emperors of the Aeonian race! They normally viewed Daolords as young children; they were so powerful that eating Daolords was of very little help to them. Weaker Emperors like Melobo, however, did like to eat the Daolords of the Dao Alliance, as did the other Daolords of the Aeonian race. This was why the Dao Alliance and the Aeonians were mortal enemies.

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Ning had transformed to become utterly titanic, and his six arms had reached out to grab the drop of Autarch’s blood as he sought to seize it. With each attempt, he saw those countless connecting lines appear throughout this entire world.

“These threads?” Ning stared at them carefully. He wanted to try and discern just how this drop of Autarch’s blood was connected to the rest of the world and how he could separate them. If he could come up with a way to sever the connection, it would be much easier for him to take away that drop of Autarch’s blood.

Ning had spent over 10 million years breaking through those 80,000+ formations. He had already grown accustomed to analyzing and dissecting his problems.

“The Aeonians!” Ninedust let out a startled cry from the skies above Ning.

Ning was startled upon hearing this. He turned his head, only to see three figures charging through the skies towards him with looks of absolute murder on their faces. Ning immediately recognized one of the three as Emperor Islehide, who had negotiated with him previously. Although he had never met the other two before, he had learned of them long ago and knew them to be extremely powerful Emperors of the Aeonian race named Emperor Anchen and Emperor Duug.

Emperor Islehide, Emperor Anchen, and Emperor Duug. These three were all comparable to the eight Archons of the Sacred Cities. But of course, much like 'first-tier' Daolords there were differences in power within this general stratum and amongst these three Aeonian Emperors.

Different weapons, different secret arts, different ultimate attacks... in short, there were many things that could cause a difference in power. Thanks to their Aeonian bloodlines, all three of these Aeonian Emperors were extremely strong. The youthful-looking black-robed Emperor Anchen was the strongest of the three, the most powerful member of the Aeonian race! Supposedly, his techniques were incredibly frightening and he had access to a Universe treasure. He probably wasn't much weaker than a Hegemon in might.

"Clan leaders," Ninedust sent anxiously, "You said that any cultivators who come here must pass your trials. The three Emperors of the Aeonian race should also have to pass the trials, right?"

"Of course." The sea dragon leader nodded.

"Agreed." The flaming equine leader nodded its massive head as well.

The sea dragon leader flew into the skies, coiling around itself in midair as it let out a deep, rumbling bellow: "Halt, Emperors."

"If you do not halt, you shall be attacked by both of our races at the same time." The flaming equine stood there on the ground, its entire body blazing with flames as it let out a furious, awesome roar.

"HALT!" There were nearly two hundred beasts in this area, and they roared out this word in unison with unstoppable majesty.

Swish! Swish! Swish! The three Emperors who had been diving downwards through the skies came to a screeching halt, ugly looks on their faces.

"He's uprooted our omnigeddon bloodfruit tree, and now he wants to take away the Autarch's blood!" Emperor Anchen stood there in the skies, staring angrily at the distant sea dragon leader as he bellowed, "We Aeonians are definitely going to kill these two thieves! Daolord Darknorth, Ninedust Sectlord... the two of you really are quite bold! How DARE you steal treasures from the ancestral grounds of the Aeonian race?!"

"Ancestral grounds?" Ning flew over to Ninedust, and the two stared back at the three Emperors. With the two races of beasts standing guard over them, they didn't panic.

"Our two clans are here on the Autarch's orders to protect this place. Anyone who wishes to benefit from the Autarch's blood must first pass our trials. Our young friend Darknorth has done so, which means that we are in compliance with the Autarch's orders. Even if he wishes to take the blood away, there's nothing wrong with that," the sea dragon leader said. "But you three? If you also pass the trials, we won't interfere if you want to kill these two... but if you cannot, we have no choice but to protect our young friends."

"B-but..." Emperor Islehide spluttered furiously.

"Just pass the trials. Easy, right? Come one at a time and defeat both of our races, that's all you have to do," the sea dragon leader said.

Emperor Anchen and the others had ugly looks on their faces. Defeat the two races in succession? Every single one of the flaming equines and sea dragons had reached the Archon level, with the clan leaders being even stronger. Only a true Hegemon would have a chance at surviving an assault from so many of these creatures. Emperor Anchen had already given it a try long ago, but he wasn't even close to being able to succeed.

"But we are the Aeonians. This is our territory!" Emperor Anchen said furiously.

"No, this is the AUTARCH'S territory. The only thing we know and care about is the Autarch's command," the sea dragon leader said.

"B-b-but... but that omnigeddon bloodfruit tree belongs to our Aeonian race!" Emperor Anchen said.

"Hahaha! You were all too weak and unable to make much use of the Autarch's blood, which was why you planted that omnigeddon bloodfruit tree here all those years ago. Over the course of countless aeons, you have harvested countless fruits from this tree... and the value of those fruits vastly exceeded the value of the original tree itself." The sea dragon leader continued, "You've earned enough. Since our young friend Darknorth has passed our trials, he gets to decide what to do with the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree, not you."

"But its ours! It belongs to the Aeonians!" Emperor Islehide was growing anxious as well. The omnigeddon bloodfruit tree had undergone a thorough transformation. Even if it lost access to the Autarch's blood, it was still comparable in value to twelve ordinary trees. It truly was a marvelous treasure.

Most importantly of all... when it was able to absorb essence from the Autarch's blood, the unique fruits it gave birth to were more than ten times more valuable than normal ones, making the tree close in value to Crimsonwave Temple! The Aeonians absolutely viewed it as important as life itself. Once they lost this tree, they'd have to wait millions of chaos cycles before any new tree they planted over the blood would have absorbed enough essence to transform.

But... in roughly a million chaos cycles, the Yin-Yang Samsara Wheels would destroy the Endless Territories! There was no way they could rear a second tree. This marvelous tree was literally one of a kind. They had already started to accumulate fruits long ago, as once the Yin-Yang Samsara Wheels destroyed everything this entire world would probably be devoured and destroyed as well. They would no longer have access to any more fruits! In the final million chaos cycles, they were planning to absorb as much of the essence from the Autarch's blood as they could... and they were even planning to shatter the tree apart and drain the essence the tree had taken in from the Autarch's blood.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 35: The Aeonian Race Chapter 13: Mortal Enemies

The essence of the Autarch's blood would greatly benefit the Aeonian bloodlines of the Aeonian race. To normal cultivators, this tree which Ji Ning had just taken away was nothing more than a tree that would allow for larger-than-normal harvests of fruit. To the Aeonians, however, the Autarch's blood essence within it was worth more than ten million chaos cycles worth of fruit! It was something they absolutely could not afford to lose.

“No point talking too much. Our young friend Darknorth has passed the trials, which means we shall protect him. If you want to act against him, you can simply attempt the trials as well,” the sea dragon leader said coldly.

“If you want to fight, let’s start. Otherwise, hurry up and beat it,” the flaming equine leader roared as well.

Emperor Anchen and the others were enraged, but there was nothing they could do. Ning and Ninedust both let out sighs of relief when they saw this.

“It seems there’s nothing they can do to us,” Ninedust said with a laugh.

“Once we leave, they’ll probably do everything they can to hunt us down,” Ning said.

“The Endless Territories are vast, while the Aeonians are mortal enemies of the Dao Alliance! These three Emperors wouldn’t dare to act too rashly.” Ninedust was quite relaxed.

Ning nodded. Once they left this place, they would be like wild geese disappearing into the skies. Given that the two of them had access to the [Vitalis] art, they could easily mimic the truesoul auras of others. They could literally go anywhere they pleased; there was no need for them to fear these three Emperors at all.

Suddenly...

“Good, good... good!” An utterly enraged laugh rang out, echoing in the heavens.

Ning and Ninedust both raised their heads, surprised, to stare at the three leading Emperors of the Aeonian race. The leader of the three, Emperor Anchen, was so enraged he was laughing. He let out a furious growl, “If that’s the case... estate-spirit, come out immediately!”

Whoosh. A ripple of power manifested, causing the light in the skies to coalesce into the form of a white-haired woman with an extraordinary aura. An enigmatic smile on her face, she asked, “What is it?”

“The spirit of the estate?” Ning and Ninedust were both shocked. Suddenly, they remembered that when they had been in the beastworld with the Autarch’s Dao, that world held an estate-spirit within it. It wasn’t unreasonable for this world to have an estate-spirit of its own as well.

“Spirit of the estate, this was a world for us created by our ancestor. These are our ancestral lands! But these two outsider Daolords have not only stolen away our omnigeddon bloodfruit tree, they even seek to steal the Autarch’s blood. Please intervene and slay these two interloper Daolords, estate-spirit!” Emperor Anchen said loudly.

“Ancestor?” Ning was surprised.

“Emperor Anchen, did you just say ‘ancestor’? Was this place created by Autarch Bolin?” Ninedust called out loudly with surprise.

The distant Emperor Anchen glanced downwards, a hint of a cold smile on his lips. “The members of the mighty Aeonian race are the descendants of Autarch Bolin!”

Ning and Ninedust were both rather stunned. The descendants of Autarch Bolin? Were the Aeonians really this incredible?

“Any member of the Aeonian race who has been Awakened shall possess the bloodlines of our almighty ancestor, Autarch Bolin!” Emperor Anchen said proudly, “The Aeonian bloodline is special... because it is the bloodline of an Autarch! This is a world which Autarch Bolin created for us; it is our ancestral lands. The Autarch’s blood was left behind for us by the Autarch as well.”

Ning and Ninedust were both stunned. It made sense. The Aeonians did possess an incredible bloodline; supposedly, after becoming Eternal Emperors they could use their bloodline to slowly improve in power even further. It must be understood that for most Emperors, improving in power was incredibly difficult.

“Spirit of the estate, you can go ahead and slay these two interlopers.” Emperor Anchen looked anxiously at the estate-spirit.

The white-haired woman let out a cold snort. “I am unable to intervene.”

“Unable to intervene? How can you be unable to intervene?” Emperor Anchen was starting to grow frantic. He knew just how powerful the estate-spirit was; within this estate-world, the estate-spirit was virtually invincible! Even Hegemons would probably be weaker than it in power.

“I must inform you that this world was not, in fact, created for you Aeonians,” the white-haired woman said. “During the Dawn War against the Sithe, Autarch Bolin was worried about our side being defeated and so he left behind many backup plans to help the cultivators rise to power again in the future. He created this estate-world for that purpose, and those three hundred-plus Hegemons willingly passed down their legacies as well. This was all for the sake of the countless cultivators who would be born in the future. It wasn’t just for you Aeonians!”

Emperor Anchen was stunned.

“Afterwards, we won the war. Autarch Bolin’s life grew peaceful once more, but he eventually grew lonely and so developed the Aeonian bloodline, creating your Aeonian race. The Autarch left behind a single undiluted drop of the original Aeonian blood in this place, hoping that some of the many descendants of the Aeonian race would be able to grow powerful enough to absorb it. Alas... this branch here in the Flamedragon Realmverse is far too weak. Despite the passage of countless years, none of you have been able to absorb this blood.” The estate-spirit chuckled.

Emperor Anchen, Emperor Islehide, and Emperor Duug all felt rather ashamed.

“Are you saying this isn’t the Autarch’s blood?” the distant sea dragon leader asked, puzzled.

“It is the Autarch’s blood, but it was formed after countless unique processes were applied to it. This blood was part of the original blood which gave birth to the Aeonian bloodlines and race, which was why I referred to it as the ‘original Aeonian blood’,” the white-haired woman said. “If any of the Aeonians were able to reach Hegemony, he would more or less be able to absorb this drop of Aeonian blood. Once he did so, he would finally and truly be qualified to refer to himself as a true child of Autarch Bolin, and he would be far stronger than ordinary Hegemons in power.”

“Unfortunately... this lot here is completely useless.” The white-haired woman shook her head, then turned to look at the still-stunned Ning and Ninedust.

“As for you two? You came into my estate-world using the Autarch’s medallion,” the white-haired woman said. “This naturally counts as being here with the Autarch’s commission. I won’t act against you two! However, the Autarch’s blood was the font for the entire Aeonian race. Ordinary cultivators like yourselves cannot absorb it, no matter how hard you try. Also... Daolord Darknorth, there’s no need for you to waste your efforts trying to move it. I am in control of this estate-world, and I absolutely will not permit anyone to take it away!”

“If someone wishes to take it away, the only method permissible is absorption... but only Aeonians can accomplish it. Hegemon-level Aeonians, at that.” The white-haired woman glanced sideways at Emperor Anchen. “You were given every advantage in the world, but you made nothing of it. The exalted Aeonians actually ended up having such useless progeny... what a pity. Hmph.” As she spoke, she began to vanish.

“Wait! This realmverse is about to be destroyed soon!” Emperor Anchen called out frantically, “When that happens there will be no way for this estate-world to exist by itself.”

“Relax. An estate-world which was laboriously created by Autarch Bolin will not be so easily destroyed,” the white-haired woman said. “However... when the Yin-Yang Samsara Wheels destroy this area, this estate-world shall vanish from it. The ties of destiny which link us together shall have come to an end, and I will go search for a different branch. Hmph... Autarch Bolin left behind many branches throughout the vast Chaosverse, and many of those branches were given no chance to absorb any of the Autarch’s blood. I gave you more than thirty million chaos cycles, but you weren’t able to make the best of this opportunity. Don’t blame anyone but yourself.”

Emperor Anchen and the others began to grow frantic. Become a Hegemon? Easier said than done! There had been quite a few supreme Daolords in the history of the Aeonian race in this realmverse, but their chances of succeeding in the Daomerge were absolutely miniscule. Thus far, not a single one of them had ever succeeded in the Daomerge and becoming a Hegemon.

As for existing Emperors who were at the Archon level to reach the Hegemon level? That was even harder. The Aeonians knew a great many things, but they had only heard of a single Hegemon known as the ‘Paragon of Pills’ who had started off as an ordinary Eternal Emperor but then managed to train all the way up to the Hegemon level.

“Haha, the beastworld we visited previously ended up flying away as well. It seems as though this estate-world is also capable of independent movement,” Ninedust sent mentally. “The Autarch’s blood truly is terrifying, though... apparently, only Aeonian Hegemons are capable of absorbing it. How powerful would they become upon doing so?”

“So this is what an Autarch is capable of.” Ning stared at the swirling globe of blood inside the massive crater. Its aura dwarfed that of any Hegemon; how strong would one become after absorbing it? Alas, Autarch Bolin had left it behind for the Aeonians alone.

“So what should we do next?” Ninedust sent mentally.

“What can we do? Since we cannot earn the Autarch’s blood, we might as well leave,” Ning sent mentally.

Right at this moment, Emperor Anchen's voice rang down from the skies above: "Daolord Darknorth, Ninedust Sectlord... all you need to do is leave behind the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree and swear a lifeblood oath not to divulge any of those three hundred-plus Hegemonic legacies to outsiders! If you are willing to do this, then the three of us would also be willing to swear oaths to never attack or pursue you through any means at all."

"The Hegemonic legacies? Haha, I'm a member of the Ancients! For the sake of all these legacies, the Ancients would definitely do everything in their power to protect me. Do you really think I'm afraid of you Aeonians?" Ninedust snickered.

Ning raised his head to stare into the skies as well. If he eventually failed in his Daomerge, these Hegemonic legacies were the most important thing he could leave behind for the Three Realms in the future.

"Darknorth, are you going to reject our offer as well?" Emperor Anchen growled.

"These three hundred-plus Hegemonic legacies were left behind for all cultivators, not just you Aeonians. By what right do you demand an oath from us?" Ning replied coldly. Not even the Hegemons themselves had demanded Ning swear a lifeblood oath; what made the Aeonians think they had that right?

"Damn them."

"They are courting death." The nearby Emperor Duug and Emperor Islehide were infuriated as well.

Emperor Anchen said furiously, "This is your final warning. Hand over the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree and swear the lifeblood oath! Otherwise, we Aeonians will use everything at our disposal to hunt down and kill you two. We won't stop until you are dead!!!"

Whoosh.

Ning vanished into thin air. As for Ninedust, he lifted the Autarch's medallion up and activated the power within it. A ripple of might surrounded him... and a heartbeat later, he vanished without a trace, having left this estate-world.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 35: The Aeonian Race Chapter 14: Secluded Cultivation

Emperor Anchen, Emperor Duug, and Emperor Islehide were all stunned. They had just issued a dire threat to pursue Darknorth and Ninedust until they were dead... but they had left without even saying a word in response? This attitude indicated that they truly felt no fear towards the Aeonians at all.

"Estate-spirit, how could they have just left like that? Did you let them out?" Emperor Anchen turned to glare furiously at the distant white-haired woman. When Aeonians wished to leave this estate-world, the estate-spirit had to teleport them through spacetime out of it.

The white-haired woman said calmly, "I already stated that they came in via the Autarch's medallion. They left using the same method! It had nothing to do with me at all. Besides, even if I did send them away I would at most be able to send them to another world within the domain of the Aeonian Kingdom! However, they used the Autarch's medallion to flee far, far away."

"The Autarch's medallion?" Emperor Anchen and the others felt both enraged and helpless. They had never heard of this medallion before, but the estate-spirit's words were beyond question. They couldn't help but sigh to themselves. *Oh, Autarch... since you made this world, you should've just left it to us, your children. Why did you have to leave behind a medallion for outsiders to use?*

In truth, however... Autarch Bolin had first created the medallions, and only then had created the Aeonian race!

"Please send us out," Emperor Anchen said.

"Very well." The white-haired woman nodded. "You still have over one million chaos cycles left. Your branch still has a chance at absorbing the Autarch's blood. When this realmverse is destroyed, it'll be time for me to leave."

"We understand," Emperor Anchen said, although in his heart he was unwilling to accept this. Whoosh. The white-haired woman waved her arm, causing a dimensional ripple to spread out and cover all three Emperors. They were teleported through spacetime to the planet outside of this estate-world.

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The three Emperors reappeared within the ancient temple.

"Eh?" Emperor Anchen closed his eyes, sending out an invisible ripple of power which completely merged into every part of the Aeonian Kingdom.

"The Aeonian Kingdom just informed me," Emperor Anchen said as he opened his eyes, "That no living beings have entered it via the first ancestral ground. It seems as though the estate-spirit was right; Darknorth and Ninedust have already teleported away to an extremely distant place thanks to their Autarch's medallion."

"Damn."

"I've never heard of this medallion. They're able to enter and exit our first ancestral ground by using it?" The other two Emperors didn't want to accept this either.

"The Yin-Yang Samsara Wheels are going to destroy the Flamedragon Realmverse soon. To successfully absorb the Autarch's blood in the next million or so chaos cycles... our chances are quite low," Emperor Anchen said. "We've harvested many fruits over the years, but we've used up many of them to help rear all of those Daolords. We absolutely have to acquire the large amount of Autarch's blood essence which was distilled into the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree."

"Agreed." The other two Emperors nodded as well. The Autarch's blood was the wellspring for the Aeonian bloodline, and the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree had drawn upon the essence of that blood for over thirty million chaos cycles. This had caused the tree to undergo a fundamental transformation. When they fully absorbed all of the essence within it, it would be of tremendous benefit to them. This mattered to the Aeonians more than anything else.

"Duug," Emperor Anchen commanded, "Immediately mobilize all the forces we have available to find as much information as we can regarding Daolord Darknorth and the Ninedust Sectlord. Once we find any trace of them, move to kill them and take that tree back."

“Agreed.” Emperor Duug said seriously, “I’ll oversee this matter personally!”

“Islehide,” Emperor Anchen instructed, “You’ve made quite a few friends amongst the Emperors of the various races. Come up with a way to convince them to help us track down Darknorth.”

“Very well.” Emperor Islehide nodded. Although the Aeonians and the Dao Alliance were mortal enemies, the Aeonians were still the weakest of the six powers. The Brightshore Kingdom, the Aberrants, and the Ancient cultivators each had a Hegemon, while the Dark Kingdom consisted of many cultivators from another realmverse who had all gathered together, allowing them to survive despite being ostracized by all five of the other organizations. This was a testament to how deep the Dark Kingdom’s foundation was.

Winesage, Daolord Skyshatter, Daolord Owlblack... they all belonged to the Dark Kingdom. The number of elite Daolords they had was another testament to their power.

As for the Dao Alliance? That went without saying. 99% of the Endless Territories was under their control, and they had countless Daolords and many publicly acknowledged Emperors, with even more being in seclusion. The Dao Alliance didn’t care about the other powers at all.

The Aeonians were different. At the top end, they had no Hegemonic cultivators. In terms of raw numbers, they had very few people! It was all thanks to the Aeonian Kingdom that they hadn’t been wiped out. But of course, if a particularly incredible figure arose within their ranks who succeeded in the Daomerge and became a Hegemon, that person could absorb the Autarch’s blood and vault the entire Aeonian race to become the pre-eminent power in the Flamedragon Realmverse. Alas, the Aeonians had never been able to produce a Hegemon.

As a result, the Aeonians were the weakest of the six major powers... and the enmity between them and the Dao Alliance was deep and unabiding. As a result, the high-level Aeonians did their best to try and befriend high-level members of the Dao Alliance, trading them treasures and so forth. This was one of the reasons why the Dao Alliance hadn’t declared an all-out war against the Aeonian race.

In fact, the high-level members of the Dao Alliance held a certain belief; they viewed the existence of the Aeonians as a good way to help temper the countless Daolords under their rule.

Emperor Islehide was the primary point of contact for making friends with the Emperors of the other races and organizations.

“Legacies from over three hundred Hegemons, and the essence of the omnigeddon bloodfruit tree! Both things are supremely important to our Aeonian race.” Emperor Anchen’s eyes flashed with sharp light. “From this day forth, Darknorth and Ninedust shall be the greatest enemies of the Aeonian race. We have to find them.”

“We won’t let them escape,” Emperor Duug said.

“Sooner or later, they’ll fall into our hands.” Emperor Islehide narrowed his eyes as well.

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Whoosh. Ninedust appeared out of nowhere within an empty patch of space which was incredibly far away from the Aeonian Kingdom. He then waved his hand, allowing Ning to appear next to him.

Crack. The medallion in Ninedust's hand began to break apart. "The power's been used up." Ninedust shook his head helplessly. "A pity. Even if we weren't able to use it to re-enter the Aeonian Kingdom, it still would've been an excellent escape mechanism. It's gone now though."

"Yes, it is indeed an incredible treasure for escape. Not even a host of Hegemons would be able to stop it," Ning said. "And it really does allow one to teleport quite a long distance through spacetime." If Ning had to rely on his own powers to traverse spacetime, it would probably take him half a year to travel such a great distance.

"Darknorth, what are you planning to do next?" Ninedust asked.

"We've really won quite a few things for ourselves," Ning said with a laugh. "Those three hundred-plus Hegemonic legacies are particularly important! The Aeonians are going to go all-out in searching for us, be it for the sake of those legacies or for the sake of that omnigeddon bloodfruit tree. In the end, they are still one of the six top organizations in the Endless Territories, and they've been around for a very long time. They'll probably have quite a few methods they can use to search for us."

"Agreed." Ninedust nodded solemnly as well. "Right. We have to be careful. We shouldn't tell anyone at all where we are."

Ning agreed: "Only the two of us can know where we are. We can't tell anyone at all. As for those legacies... we didn't have enough time in the estate-world to really meditate on them properly. We should find a suitable place to go into seclusion and train."

"Very well." Ninedust laughed. "I also feel that we need more time to train."

The two quickly departed. After traveling for another ten-plus years they were deep within the Dao Alliance's territory, at which point they chose a planet to go into.

"Let's pick that planet." Swoosh. Swoosh. Ning and Ninedust descended upon the surface of that planet.

"Clouds, come!" Ninedust stood at the top of that planet, letting out a loud shout. Instantly, a thick layer of clouds began to manifest over the planet, with a series of runic seals beginning to appear within the clouds. This separated them from the outside world, creating an independent local realm. Ning and Ninedust wanted to avoid their auras from leaking outwards. Powerful World-level cultivators and Daolords would often do something similar when they established an estate within a particular planet.

Fogstone, one of the planets Ning had visited when he had first entered the Badlands Territory, was a good example.

"Rain, descend!" Ninedust let out another loud shout. Instantly, a large amount of rain began to cascade downwards. Soon, lakes and even oceans began to form atop the formerly parched planet.

Given Ning and Ninedust's abilities, it took them just three days to completely transform this planet. It now had an atmosphere, clouds, lakes, oceans, countless types of vegetation, and even some simple insects and bugs were beginning to take form.

"Go." Ninedust waved his hand, instantly causing some of the living beings he carried within his estate-realm to emerge into this new world. This included tens of thousands of ordinary humans, as well as many types of animals, fish, and birds.

Now, this planet truly was suitable for them to reside within.

“We didn’t spend enough time within the Autarch’s estate-world; we didn’t really analyze many of those Hegemonic techniques in detail.” Ninedust said eagerly, “After we do so, we might make great gains. Perhaps my chances at the Daomerge can be improved even further.”

“I might be able to make some breakthroughs as well once I meditate on these Hegemonic legacies.” Ning was stuck at the final step and had been unable to break through to the last stage. Once he did, he would become a Daolord of the Fourth Step, at which point he truly would be able to roam the Endless Territories with impunity. Most likely, only the three mighty Hegemons would be stronger than him... but that final step was incredibly hard to take.

They were now being pursued by the Aeonians. As a result, they decided to thoroughly study all of the three hundred-plus Hegemonic legacies and entered secluded meditation.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 35: The Aeonian Race Chapter 15: The Modern Three Realms

Shortly after Ji Ning entered secluded meditation, he received word that his master Patriarch Subhuti had returned to the Three Realms alongside Windfiend. The two were planning to break through to the Samsara Daolord level.

The Three Realms. Serpentwing Lake. Brightheart Island.

The black-robed Ning, Subhuti, and Windfiend were seated close to each other, drinking wine and chatting.

“Brother Windfiend and I have spent hundreds of millions of years wandering the outside world. We have benefited greatly from our experiences and feel that it is time for us to break through to become Samsara Daolords,” Subhuti said with a laugh.

“Haha... we’ve wandered the Badlands Territory and even a number of the nearby territories. I don’t want to brag, but it is quite hard for us to find any World-level cultivators who are our equals.” Windfiend seemed quite smug as well.

“Oh?” Ning was surprised. “Windfiend, Master... can the two of you give me a demonstration and show me the level you have reached?”

“Very well.” Windfiend smiled as a series of additional Windfiends began to appear in the area around them. Dozens of them appeared, all with different expressions and postures.

Seeing this, Ning nodded slowly. “For you to have reached such a level in the Dao of Wind... you must have mastered a Supreme Dao.”

“Now watch Master’s abilities.” Subhuti put down his wine cup. Instantly, spacetime in the surrounding area began to ripple. Space itself seemed to transform as though this area was severed from the rest of the universe, and the speed of time began to change as well. It was like the three of them were aboard a small vessel, with the outside world being a river of spacetime.

“Given Master’s mastery over the Dao of Spacetime, he probably mastered a Supreme Dao as well.” Ning was rather stunned. It must be remembered that he had only left quite ordinary techniques to the Three Realms in the past. Those were all techniques he had acquired from Vastheaven Palace, and there was nothing particularly impressive. For example, there were no Hegemonic legacies! How was it that his master and Windfiend had both mastered a Supreme Dao each?

It must be remembered that Ning had only gained his Omega Sword Dao thanks to his experiences in Vastheaven Palace, in the Archaeus Region, and many other places. If it hadn’t been for all of those things, he probably would be just slightly superior to Subhuti and Windfiend.

“Master and Windfiend truly are monstrously talented,” Ning sighed secretly in amazement. In truth, all of the Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realm were freakishly talented. Originally, they had no legacies at all... but they had managed to develop their own incredible techniques. Three Purities, Tathagata, the Three Sovereigns of Mankind, Houyi, Subhuti... they had all developed techniques that allowed them to fight those at a higher level, which meant that they vastly surpassed those on the same level in terms of insight into the Dao. Even the slightly weaker ones like Sun Wukong, Daoist Jade Cauldron, or Maitreya were still at a higher level of enlightenment than those in the outside world.

“Windfiend, Master... do not be in a rush to break through just yet,” Ning said solemnly. “I have just left a few truly top-tier techniques within the Three Realms Archives! Go and check them out first.”

“Truly top-tier techniques?” Subhuti and Windfiend were both startled.

“The techniques you gave us previously were already quite good.”

“Are there even better ones now?” The two both looked at Ning. The two were incredibly talented, and as soon as they reached the World level they immediately reached a level of power where very few of their peers were able to defeat them. However, their experiences simply weren’t as incredible as Ning, nor did they have as many fortuitous encounters. Thankfully, Ning had gifted the Three Realms with many techniques; otherwise, their talents would’ve gone to waste.

“You’ll know once you go take a look,” Ning said with a laugh. He didn’t explain in detail.

“Alright.”

“We’ll go take a look first.” Both of them were deeply intrigued by Ning’s secretive attitude, and they both hurried over to the Three Realms Archives to take a look.

The new additions Ning had just added into the Three Realms Archives... included the World-level parts of the Hegemonic legacies which Ning had gained!

Ning watched as his master Subhuti and Windfiend departed. His body flickered. Whoosh! He arrived in the void outside the Three Realms, where he stood by himself.

“More and more, I’m beginning to get the feeling that the Three Realms is an extraordinary place.” Ning stared at the many spread-out planets in the Three Realms, including the three thousand major worlds and the trillions of minor worlds.

“When I was out adventuring through the outside world, I began to understand how unique the Three Realms are... but I didn’t realize just how amazing it was. After a few hundred million years, though... the Three Realms have completely changed,” Ning sighed in amazement.

The Three Realms had undergone a gradual transformation, which was why Ning hadn’t noticed anything at first. After hundreds of millions of years, however, the difference was quite drastic and apparent.

Many years ago the most dazzling figures of the earlier eras, such as Daoist Three Purities, the Three Sovereigns of Mankind, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Houyi, and Demonheart had all perished in battle. The survivors who were on par with them, Subhuti and Windfiend, were now close to becoming Samsara Daolords... and extraordinary ones at that!

As for the many elite figures like Sun Wukong, Buddha Maitreya, or Yang Jie? After hundreds of millions of years of cultivation, they had all broken through to the World level as well. Even Brightmoon had improved! Although she wasn’t quite that talented, she had still been able to break through to become a Celestial Immortal thanks to her own efforts. Under Ning’s guidance, she had actually reached the Elder God level.

What’s more... the success rates for Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realms breaking through to become Celestial Immortals was skyrocketing! Although some would fail and become Loose Immortals, many would reincarnate and eventually succeed in becoming Celestial Immortals. Only a small percentage were unlucky enough to actually perish to the Celestial Tribulation!

The change was all-encompassing. Celestial Immortals, True Immortals, Ancestral Immortals, Chaos Immortals... after the Three Realms gained so many legacies, the breakthrough rates at every single level had skyrocketed.

“Everyone in the Three Realms is much talented than in the outside world,” Ning sighed. “The same was true for the Seamless Chaosworld. The Immortals and Fiendgods from the Seamless Chaosworld were on par with that of the Pangu Chaosworld.” Ning grew increasingly curious. “What made them so special?”

By now, Ning was definitely one of the major powers in the Endless Territories. He had reached the Archon level of power, and thus had a much broader vision than many. He knew that there were some chaosworlds, including the ones which Hegemons had labored over or ones like the Sithe worlds, which were quite special and which gave birth to living beings who were noticeably more talented than those in the rest of the world.

What made the Three Realms so special?

“Perhaps it has something to do with the Azureflower Estate,” Ning mused. He then shook his head and chuckled. Only with enough strength could one act with confidence. Only when he took the final step and became a Daolord of the Fourth Step would he have reached the apex. When that happened, in all the Flamedragon Realmverse the only ones more powerful than him would be the three Hegemons!

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Windfiend had been the Lord of All Fiends of the Three Realms, the supreme leader of the Seamless Gate. He was the fastest person in all the Three Realms.

Subhuti was a master of the Dao of Spacetime. His mastery of it had been supreme within the Three Realms.

These two were exceedingly talented figures. After studying the World-level parts of the Hegemonic legacies, they immediately began to seek to merge multiple Supreme Daos together!

After training for 120 million years (which translated into 10 billion 'accelerated' years within his temporal acceleration treasure), Windfiend finally managed to merge three Supreme Daos together... and he broke through to become a Samsara Daolord at one go!

Subhuti was a bit slower. He had to train for over 300 million years, also using a temporal acceleration treasure. Finally, he also succeeded in merging multiple Supreme Daos and became a Samsara Daolord.

But of course... only the two of them reached such heights. The other Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realm were a bit weaker.

"Windfiend, Master... these legacies are critically important. I shall personally watch over these legacies, and anyone who wishes to study them must swear lifeblood oaths. If I perish, I will entrust them to you and Windfiend to watch over," Ning said solemnly. These were the copies of the hundreds of Hegemonic legacies, and his Primaltwin had spent an extremely long period of time memorizing them.

"These legacies..." Subhuti and Windfiend were absolutely stunned by the enormous repository of legacies in front of them. These legacies were of limited use to Ning, who trained in the Omega Sword Dao, but they would be of tremendous use to all other cultivators. This was far more valuable than anything Ning had acquired in the Brightshore Kingdom or the Archaeus Region.

"The existences of these legacies cannot be divulged in the slightest." Subhuti looked at Ning, his heart aching for his disciple. "Disciple, don't put yourself under too much pressure when adventuring. Take things slowly, one step at a time. You've already done enough for the Three Realms."

"Darknorth, be careful when out adventuring. Subhuti and I are still too weak; the Three Realms needs you standing guard over it," Windfiend said. After seeing the legacies, he understood just how weak he was. He was still just a Daolord of the First Step; in the Endless Territories, he counted for absolutely nothing.

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All of Ning's loved ones were in the Three Realms. His father, Ji Yichuan... his mother, Yuchi Snow... his daughter, Ji Brightmoon... Subhuti, Uncle White, Little Qing, Immortal Diancai, Mu Northson, Sun Wukong, and more were all here.

Although Ning was often adventuring with the hope of reversing the flows of spacetime and reviving his wife, he also cared tremendously about his other loved ones. Only if he could absolutely ensure their safety would he be able to truly lay rest to his concerns and go out adventuring!

"Brightmoond." A black-robed Ning was standing on the surface of Serpentwing Lake.

“Father.” The white-robed Brightmoon was standing on the surface of the lake as well. Her life truly was relaxed and leisurely; with a peerless master of the Dao of the Sword like Ji Ning being her tutor and guide, everything was so simple. In fact, Ning even occasionally arranged for her to go out and explore the Badlands Territory. Given Ning’s current level of power, a single step was all it took for them to reach the Badlands Territory.

“Let me see if your sword-arts have improved or not,” Ning said.

“Yes, Father.” Brightmoon smiled, followed by her sword-light lighting up. A total of 3600 Immortal swords hung in the air around her. This was a terrifyingly powerful sword-formation technique which Ning had passed down to her. For some reason, Brightmoon simply had no talent for training as a Fiendgod Body Refiner, and so she was focused on being a Ki Refiner.

Whoooooosh. Sword-light covered the entire world.

Ning began to spar against his daughter. He had been at the side of his daughter and his parents for hundreds of millions of years now. He had always dreamed of having Yu Wei by their side one day as well, accompanying him and watching as he taught their daughter swordplay. If that day ever came, he truly would be able to die with no regrets.

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Book 35: The Aeonian Race Chapter 16: A Calamity Descends

The black-robed Primaltwin Ji Ning spent all of its time within the Three Realms, accompanying his family members and enjoying a life of leisure. Ning’s true body, however, continued to fearlessly advance and improve, not slacking off in the slightest! If he had, he wouldn’t have reached such a terrifying level of power.

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A young man and a woman were standing at the prow of a large ship that was cruising through the waves of a vast sea.

“Senior apprentice-brother, you’ve grown much more powerful and have reached the Foundation stage. You’ll definitely be ranked in the top three within our clan’s tournament. In fact, you might even take first place!” the green-robed woman said excitedly.

“I was able to reach the Foundation stage, but the others might have made breakthroughs of their own. The clan competition will have three thousand disciples competing within it. Seizing first place is not going to be an easy task,” the black-robed youth said. His words were modest, but a hint of a smile was playing at his lips.

He truly had made tremendous gains this time. He had no idea who that old fisherman was, but the man was incredibly powerful. That casual finger-wave had contained unfathomably profundity within it.

The black-robed youth stroked his chest, where an ordinary-looking little rock was hanging from a necklace. The old fisherman had given it to him, and it contained an extremely profound set of staff-arts within it.

“The clan competition? At my current level of power, the clan competition is nothing. My level of comprehension has skyrocketed so much that I should be able to break through to the Core Formation stage with ease.” The black-robed youth’s eyes gleamed.

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Far away, within a flying ship that was hidden in the mists above the world. Ji Ning and Ninedust were seated aboard this ship.

“An old fisherman? Really? Ninedust, you aren’t exactly handsome, but there was no need for you to transform yourself into a rheumy-eyed, white-haired old man,” Ning said with a laugh. “And you went out of your way to give that mortal some guidance. What, is he very talented? Why didn’t I notice it?”

“He’s decent for a mortal, but to people like us he truly is nothing special.” Ninedust sighed. “But... when I saw him, I felt as though I saw myself from long ago. That’s why I decided to guide him.”

Ning was startled. Ninedust was a very arrogant and solitary person who killed without blinking and was unscrupulous when pursuing his goals. However, he was willing to risk his own life to aid those he viewed as friends. That young mortal youth was similarly a solitary and lonely figure, but he was just as willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of that junior apprentice-sister of his.

“He’s a lucky kid,” Ning said.

“You and I remade this world when we chose to set up our estate here, bringing countless living beings into existence,” Ninedust said smugly. “Thus, we are responsible for guiding and teaching them.”

“You? Guide and teach?” Ning shook his head.

The living beings on this world had already gone through the earliest barbarian days, discovered primitive cultivation techniques, experienced a dazzling golden age, suffered through a great apocalypse, and finally entered the current, fairly stable era. Ning truly did work attentively to guide this world... but Ninedust? He was a much harder-hearted figure than Ning. He didn’t give a damn about whether the living beings here lived or died.

Ninedust occasionally taught some people, but it was strictly due to sudden spurts of interest. For example, just now he transformed into a fisherman and transmitted a set of staff-arts to the kid, then tossed him a stone. That was it! He didn’t even teach the kid an actual cultivation technique.

“Eh?” Ning and Ninedust’s faces suddenly tightened.

“Let’s go,” Ning barked. Whoosh! The flying vessel disappeared as Ning and Ninedust instantly departed from this planet and arrived in the void beyond it.

“What’s going on? Why are the realmship fragments we found in the Sithe ruins resonating?” Ning frowned.

“Mine is resonating as well. My realmship fragment is trembling right now, as though it wants to fly in a certain direction.” Ninedust pointed towards a direction which led into the chaotic void.

The two each had part of the shattered realmship. Both of those parts were shaking right now, wanting to go flying off in a certain direction.

“Something’s wrong,” Ning said. “When we scavenged the realmship wreckage in the Sithe ruins, we each collected a fairly undamaged piece. There’s never been a resonance like this before! Now that there is a sudden resonance... it has to have something to do with the Sithe.”

“Shall we go take a look?” Ninedust asked.

“Yes, let’s go take a look.” Ning nodded. Both of them were bold due to their power. This thing which was resonating with their realmship fragments could very well be a great fortune! Realmships were treasures which even Hegemons would go wild over, after all.

Ning led Ninedust in tearing through spacetime and advancing. “Wait, something’s wrong.” As soon as they exited the spacetime tear, Ning’s face tightened. “I can sense that the distance between us and the resonance is rapidly decreasing. They’re moving towards us as well.”

“Yes, they are headed in our direction.” Ninedust’s face turned grim as well. For the resonance to grow stronger and stronger meant that the distance was clearly decreasing.

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A skinny man with white eyebrows and deep green eyes was standing within the chaotic void. He was dressed in long white robes and had white hair. His oily green eyes emanated an insidious coldness that was more than enough to inspire terror in the hearts of other cultivators. He was one of the most awe-inspiring members of the Dao Alliance, one of the eight Archons of the Sacred Cities... Archon Silksnow.

Silksnow... this sounded like a woman’s Daoist title, but he was indeed a man. Archon Silksnow was an extremely evil individual. Comparing Sectlord Timedream to him was like comparing an innocent baby with a demon who had mass-murdered over a trillion people!

According to the legends, Archon Silksnow had been born within a great apocalypse where countless living beings had died. As a rain of blood fell from the skies, an infant came crawling out of the torn-open belly of his deceased mother. The child was savage and bloodthirsty by nature, and he was inconceivably talented when it came to cultivation. His path of cultivation was one of slaughter and an endless sea of blood.

Nobody could stop him! Nobody! He actually trained all the way up at one go, succeeding in his Daomerge and becoming one of the eight Archons of the Sacred Cities! He was definitely a dominating and overwhelmingly powerful figure, and the countless bloodthirsty, violent cultivators of the Endless Territories all submitted to his rule. In fact, there were quite a few extremely violent Emperors who chose to follow him! In the Dao Alliance, he was ranked third amongst the eight Archons of the Sacred Cities! He was one of the truly terrifying figures of the Dao Alliance.

“Eh?” Archon Silksnow stared towards a certain direction with his oily green eyes. “It’s coming from over there! My realmship is resonating powerfully with something in that direction.” An excited look flashed through Archon Silksnow’s eyes.

“Master, Master! It’s another part of a realmship. It’s another part!” The vessel-spirit of his tattered realmship was extremely excited.

“Excellent.” Archon Silksnow’s white eyebrows fluttered. “I’ll take it for you.”

In all the Endless Territories, the only ones Archon Silksnow feared were the three mighty Hegemons. He held no fear towards any of the other experts at all. It must be remembered that he had slaughtered his way to becoming a dominating figure. How could he possibly fear others?

Swoosh! A streak of snow-white saber light tore through spacetime. Archon Silksnow stepped into the tunnel, traversing through spacetime towards the direction of the resonance.

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"It's moving closer to us... and it's moving incredibly fast. Much faster than me when I tear through spacetime!" Ning turned pale. "Ninedust, we need to leave immediately."

"Even faster than you?" Ninedust was startled as well. The difference in speed at which one tore through the void in order to travel was a testament to a difference in insight. Ning immediately led Ninedust in a frantic retreat.

"They are starting to run?" Archon Silksnow gently stroked his long, droopy white eyebrows. "They won't be able to flee." He continued to tear through spacetime in hot pursuit.

Ning fled at full speed, wanting to flee somewhere safe such as the Brightshore Kingdom or one of the Sacred Cities.

"He's too fast. We won't be able to make it." Ning gritted his teeth. "It seems our only choice is to pick a battlefield to fight him head-on."

"Ninedust, set up your formations right away," Ning sent. "We need to pick the battlefield, then set up formations and await his arrival."

"Fine." Ninedust nodded. Judging from how fast the person was, that person should've reached a higher level of enlightenment than Ning. How strong he actually was, however, would only be determined through actual combat.

"Focus." Ninedust immediately tossed out a black globe. As the black globe flew out, it quickly flew towards a distant, desolate planet. It merged itself into the planet, causing a layer of black light to appear on the planet's surface. Countless runes could be seen flickering over the surface of the black light.

"Hide," Ninedust growled. The countless black runes all turned reserved and stately.

Ning produced a treasure as well. This was a treasure he had acquired from the Sithe ruins, a deep blue necklace that looked broken. Ning tossed it out, and it immediately flew towards that planet and merged into its depths.

Ning and Ninedust both flew towards that planet and landed on its surface. They only had enough time to set up three layers of defenses before they sensed a powerful aura appear off in the distance. A white-robed, white-haired, white-browed man tore straight through the void and appeared before them, his eyebrows fluttering in the astral wind. He turned to stare in their direction with his oily green eyes. Although he was very thin, Ning and Ninedust didn't feel that he was small at all; they only felt an utterly terrifying and dominating aura spread out towards them.

“Archon Silksnow!” Ning and Ninedust both turned pale. They never would’ve imagined that their opponent was the most savage and brutal of the eight lords of the Sacred Cities... Archon Silksnow!

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Book 35: The Aeonian Race Chapter 17: Negotiations

Archon Silksnow’s eyebrows fluttered, a look of surprise flashing through his oily green eyes. He then let out a cold chuckle: “You fled quite fast. I had thought that it was an Emperor... who would’ve thought it was you two kids?”

“Greetings, Archon Silksnow,” Ji Ning and Ninedust both bowed modestly.

“Hmph.” Archon Silksnow let out a cold snort. Instantly, a blurry aura of light appeared which covered an area of ten billion kilometers. Spacetime in this region was completely severed from the outside world. This caused Ning and Ninedust to turn pale. Archon Silksnow then made his move.

Whoosh. He suddenly charged downwards, leaving a streak of light behind in the skies as he arced downwards like curved saber-light. An aura of supreme coldness pierced towards them, seeming to penetrate their souls and truesouls.

It was simply too fast. This strike was the fastest saber-strike Ning had ever seen, so fast that Ning felt a sense of panic.

It was also too cold. The saber-intent from this strike caused Ning’s very truesoul to shiver from the cold. This was the level which a true lord of the Sacred Cities was at! The golems Ning had previously encountered, as well as the flaming beasts and sea dragons he had encountered in the estate-world, were extremely strong and extremely fast but much inferior when it came to actual insights into the mysteries of the Dao.

In terms of insight and understanding, this Archon Silksnow definitely surpassed Ning in every regard!

“What?!” Ning and Ninedust were both shocked. They didn’t expect for Archon Silksnow to almost immediately attack after saying just a few words. Clearly, he wanted to take their lives!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Ning immediately manifested three heads and six arms, drawing all six Northbow swords and executing his Omega Sword Dao – Soleheart in a full-power defense. Faced with such a terrifying strike, Ning didn’t even think about counter-attacking. His only thought was to hold and defend first! Three of his swords just barely managed to intercept the saber-light, and as they did a surge of cold energy seemed to slam into and through him like a giant hammer, crushing him with its power.

BOOM! Ning was immediately knocked flying backwards. He slammed into the ground of the planet, causing the planet to shudder and enormous crevices and gorges to appear on its surface which were hundreds of kilometers long. The planet now looked like a cracked turtle shell.

“He’s too powerful.” Ninedust didn’t even dare to block, instead transforming into a wave of water which frantically retreated.

Swish. Archon Silksnow used the saber in his left hand to strike at Ning. As for the saber in his right hand, he hacked at Ninedust with it. Slash!

The vast stream of water that was Ninedust was cut in half from the very center, and a low growl could be heard emanating from within it. Moments later, the two streams of water quickly began to flee. Only when they fled next to Ning did they reform into a single fleshly body.

Ning had flown out of the gorge. He stood alongside Ninedust, ugly looks on their faces. "I've already reached the Archon level, but I never imagined that the difference between me and an actual Archon of a Sacred City would be so great." Ning's heart was shaking.

"Too powerful. He's too powerful. My invulnerable aquaform has been highly perfected, but he was still able to heavily injure me with one blow." Ninedust's face was rather ashen. He sent mentally, "Darknorth, this Archon Silksnow is too powerful. He'd probably be able to kill me in just ten or so blows."

Ning nodded slightly. Invulnerable forms weren't truly invincible! When Emperor Solesky had been a Daolord, he had been heavily injured by Fiendqueen Dustrain. If an enemy was at a sufficiently high level of power, not even an invulnerable form could completely nullify the attack.

"Hm. Daolord Darknorth... no wonder you rose to pre-eminence in the Waveshift Realm." Archon Silksnow stared at Ning with his oily green eyes. "Your friend, the Ninedust Sectlord, has an invulnerable aquaform, but I was able to injure him heavily. You, however... you weren't injured by my strike at all. Haha... given your level of power, you should've reached the Archon level by now."

"However... you are still far from being a match for me." Archon Silksnow smiled a cold, blood-curdling smile. "I've always had the habit of striking with full power when I attack, even if my target is a Daolord. The two of you can die now." Archon Silksnow suddenly manifested a total of six arms, with each arm gripping a saber.

"Wait!" Ninedust called loudly.

"Oh?" Archon Silksnow looked coldly at Ning and Ninedust. "Is there something which the two of you wish to say?"

"Archon Silksnow, we are just Daolords; there's no way we can match an Archon like yourself. If there's something you want, you can just tell us," Ning said.

"Yes, Archon. If there's something you want, we can negotiate," Ninedust agreed hurriedly.

Although the two had set up quite a few formations on this planet, they still weren't confident in their chances. They had quite a few treasures, yes... but would the most savage of the eight lords of the Sacred Cities, Archon Silksnow, possibly have fewer treasures than them? He probably had more than ten times as many as they did! Even worse, their earlier clash had already shown Ning and Ninedust how huge the power gap between them was.

Ninedust would probably be slain within just ten strikes! As for Ning? He knew just how big the gap between him and his foe was. Archon Silksnow was highly ranked even for one of the lords of the Sacred Cities, and he was incredibly powerful. He had also been alive for an extremely long period of time. Although he didn't have a Universe treasure, he did have lifeblood weapons! Those lifeblood weapons had grown over the course of many years to become just as powerful as Ning's Northbow swords.

Ning didn't even have an advantage in weaponry! As for insight into the Dao? He was superior to supreme Daolords, yes, but there was a clear difference between him and the Archons! That saber-strike from earlier... it was superior to Ning's sword-arts in every single aspect. Ning's Soleheart stance was able to mitigate some of his disadvantages, but the difference in power was still great.

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The difference in power was so great that Ning might not be able to escape even if he used up his treasures. It really wasn't worth it for him to risk and sacrifice so much just for a battered piece of a realmship.

Ning and Ninedust stared at the blurry glow surrounding them for ten billion kilometers. Archon Silksnow had immediately used a treasure to block out the surrounding spacetime continuum; from this, they could tell how determined Archon Silksnow was. He was definitely going to acquire the realmship parts, no matter what the cost! Ning could also sense that his sword-arts were no longer capable of tearing through spacetime. If he used the Hegemon's spacetime disc, he might be able to succeed... but he also might fail in his attempt to flee.

His foe was a lord of the Sacred Cities, after all! Ning truly wasn't confident in his chances.

"Negotiate? You wish to negotiate with me?" Archon Silksnow stared downwards at Ning and Ninedust.

"Yes, negotiate." Ninedust said hurriedly, "Archon, you probably came for the sake of our realmship parts, right? To tell you the truth, we brothers sensed the resonance as well. That's why we immediately fled."

"If there's anything you wish from us, Archon, just tell us," Ning said. Faced with such a legendary tyrant, they had no choice but to lower their heads.

Archon Silksnow's most famous action came during a gathering of Emperors in the Dao Alliance's Palace of Immortals. Archon Silksnow ended up being angered by a dispute caused by clashing interests with the other Emperors! He had suppressed his rage when still inside the Palace, but after they all left he actually consecutively killed the twelve Eternal Emperors who had offended him. This was something which had rendered everyone in the Endless Territories completely speechless.

To occasionally kill a few enemy Emperors due to personal feuds was one thing... but to kill twelve of them because of a fit of pique? This was absolutely crazy! This was why he was famous for being the most savage and bloodthirsty of the eight lords of the Sacred Cities. He was a madman! He was also incredibly strong and had many trump cards ready to play. He had offended and angered many with his actions, and had incurred the displeasure of the other Archons as well. As a result, there had been a great battle which had spanned multiple chaos cycles and resulted in innumerable casualties, but in the end the matter was simply dropped.

"Realmship?" Archon Silksnow glanced at them, a not-quite smile playing at his lips.

"The two of us would naturally keep this information completely secret," Ninedust said hurriedly. "We are willing to swear oaths that we will definitely keep this secret."

"You two are quite clever. When you sensed how fast I was moving towards you, you immediately chose to flee." Archon Silksnow glanced at Ning. "Daolord Darknorth is extremely powerful; if I was just slightly

weaker, I probably wouldn't be able to do anything to him. However... the difference in power between us is too great for you to overcome."

Archon Silksnow nodded. "Since you are willing to bow your heads, I'll give you a way to survive."

Ning and Ninedust both looked at Archon Silksnow.

"First, you must give me all of your treasures, save for your weapons and your armor," Archon Silksnow said. "Second, you are not to resist and must allow me to read through your memories and your soul. Don't worry, I'll swear an oath not to harm your souls or truesouls in the slightest; I simply wish to scan them."

Ning and Ninedust turned grim. Ninedust said angrily, "Archon, don't go too far." Ning's face turned as cold as ice as well.

Scan their memories? The two were incredibly proud figures. How could they be willing to allow others to rifle through their memories? Ning wasn't willing to hand over all of his treasures either. The omnigeddon bloodfruit tree and the verdant azuresoul were both incredibly precious treasures. The latter had been personally fashioned by Autarch Bolin and was capable of controlling a Chaos Primordial!

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"Hmph. Once I kill you, I'll still end up with your treasures," Archon Silksnow said coldly. "I'm at least willing to let you keep your weapons and your armor; this is an unusual display of mercy from me. As for searching through your memories... I merely wish to learn where you acquired the realmship parts from."

Realmships were relics created by the Sithe. Since Ji Ning and Ninedust had somehow acquired realmship parts, Archon Silksnow felt certain that they must have visited Sithe ruins. Every single Sithe ruins was akin to a treasure trove; Archon Silksnow naturally wished to learn everything he could above such a place.

"Search through my memories? I'd choose death over that," Ninedust said coldly.

"Archon, we can give you the realmship parts! We can also swear to keep it all a secret," Ning said coldly. "If you accept, we'll hand over the parts right away. If you refuse... our only choice will be to do battle."

"Hahahaha..." Archon Silksnow raised his head and began to laugh loudly, his laughter echoing throughout the sealed region of ten billion kilometers. "You dare to try and haggle with ME?" A savage, murderous look appeared in his oily green eyes: "Then die!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Six streams of dazzling, enormous saber-light chopped downwards towards Ning and Ninedust like curved moons.

“Let’s do this.” Ning and Ninedust exchanged a glance, no longer hesitating at all.

“Arise!” Ninedust growled. Instantly, a layer of black light filled with countless flickering runes erupted on the surface of the planet. Space in the area around the planet seemed to have been completely frozen, causing the six curved streaks of saber-light to slow down.

Moments later, blood-colored formation-flags appeared throughout the planet, causing it to descend into a sea of blood.

Finally, a series of roaring beast phantoms appeared. A total of nineteen beast phantoms charged straight towards Archon Silksnow.

“Go.” Ning activated the treasures he had set down as well. Clank clank clank! A series of deep blue chains appeared out of nowhere behind Archon Silksnow, coiling towards him in an attempt to bind him.

A massive formation appeared as well, transforming the skies into an enormous white chessboard. Directly below the planet, an enormous black chessboard appeared within the void. These two giant chessboards slowly swiveled, causing endless streams of light to connect them together in a cage around Archon Silksnow.

Crack! Boom! Dark-gold lightning flickered and crashed downwards towards Archon Silksnow as well.

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“Quite a few treasures.” Archon Silksnow smiled coldly.

Ning and Ninedust truly were being quite cautious. They had set up treasures and formations of tremendous power. Although Archon Silksnow was extremely strong, these things would still tie him down for a period of time.

“Break!!!” Archon Silksnow let out a savage laugh as a golden disc flew out of his body. The disc rose vertically, its edges incredibly sharp. It emanated a ripple of terrifying power.

Tiiiiiiiiing! The disc emanated an ear-piercing sound that caused the hearts of Ning and Ninedust to tremble. It suddenly expanded in size, becoming almost as large as the planet itself as it spun in a chopping manner at the planet.

Clang! Archon Silksnow wielded a warblade in each of his six harms, effortlessly blocking the deep blue chains that were coiling towards him from behind.

Slash! The giant spinning disc was able to forcibly cut through everything in its path, breaking through all of the various formations! It must be remembered that even Archon Silksnow would have been able to spend quite some time and energy breaking through these formations if he was relying on his own power. Now, however, he used the disc to blow through them like rotting deadwood.

All of the formations atop the giant planet were instantly destroyed, and even the planet itself was chopped in half before the remaining power of the disc was used up. Finally, the disc crumbled apart and dissipated.

Ning and Ninedust were both rather caught offguard. “Our formations clearly weren’t capable of killing him. Why did he have to use a treasure to tear through them like that?” Ning’s face was ashen.

“Archon Silksnow is famous for his overbearing manner. I finally understand what that entails.” Ninedust felt a sense of grief.

“Die!” After having destroyed the entire planet the two were on, Archon Silksnow charged straight towards Ning and Ninedust.

Ning waved his hand, pulling Ninedust into his estate-world. “Ninedust, I’ll come up with a way to escape. I think I have a chance of fleeing, but if I cannot... just pray.”

“Darknorth.” Ninedust gritted his teeth after being drawn into the estate-world. However, he knew that the difference in power between him and Archon Silksnow was simply far too great. Ning might be able to struggle for a bit, but it would be suicide for Ninedust to try and fight as well.

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After putting Ninedust away, Ning immediately charged into the skies and began to fly even higher. “Break!” Ning attempted to tear through space, but the blurry golden light which covered an area of ten billion kilometers around them caused spacetime to stabilize to such a degree that there was no way to tear through it at all.

“Let’s go.” Ning produced a strange black-and-white disc in his hands. This was the spacetime disk which Hegemon Brightshore had given him all those years ago. He instantly activated the power hidden within it, causing a terrifying ripple of might to descend and envelope him, then tear forcibly through the frozen spacetime.

Rumble... the vast halo of golden light began to shudder as though it was trying to suppress the effects of the item.

“What?!” Archon Silksnow revealed a look of shock. “Is that... a spacetime disc? Hegemon Brightshore’s spacetime disc?” Given how long he had been around for, Archon Silksnow was naturally quite familiar with this type of spacetime disc. In truth, all of the top-tier elites of the Endless Territories knew how much Hegemon Brightshore cared about his royal clan, the Brightshore Imperials, and how much he cared about the Daolords of the Twelve Palaces.

For Hegemon Brightshore to bestow a spacetime disc upon a Daolord was a sign that the Hegemon viewed that person with great favor. Most major powers would give face upon seeing it and not act against the person in question.

“Hmph. For the sake of the realmship and the Sithe legacies, I’ll just bear the consequences,” Archon Silksnow said with a cold smile.

The power of the spacetime disc was doing its best to tear through spacetime, while the ten billion kilometers of blurry light was doing its best to stabilize and suppress it. The two were battling against each other.

Crack! The black-white disc in Ning’s hands suddenly and completely shattered apart. The blurry light covering the surrounding area was now much dimmer... but it was still there.

“It failed.” Ning was stunned. This was the most formidable escape treasure he had available to him... but he still hadn’t been able to breach the frozen field of spacetime. “What should I do now?”

Ning's heart was ice-cold. His most formidable fleeing treasure had failed, while he wasn't strong enough to overcome his opponent... what was he to do?

"If Hegemon Brightshore was here in person, he might be able to breach this field... but that treasure of yours was nothing more than something he created and infused with part of his power. He's gifted them to quite a few Daolords! If that's all you have, you won't be able to escape... and if you won't be able to escape, you are going to die. That Ninedust Sectlord hiding in your estate-world will die as well." Archon Silksnow's voice boomed outwards. He surpassed Ning in every single aspect, save for the [Heartsword] art! Ning's [Heartsword] art was still too weak; he had merely reached the tenth stance and was still at the first 'stage' of it. It simply couldn't make up of the overwhelming disparity in power between the two.

If Ning was like Emperor Heartsword and had mastered all fifteen stances, he would be truly and freakishly powerful. Alas, breaking through each stage of the [Heartsword] was simply too difficult, as was making a breakthrough with the Omega Sword Dao.

"I can't die. If I die, Ninedust is doomed as well." Ning felt a powerful urge to stay alive. If he died, he would be revived thanks to the Dao-seal he had acquired in that alternate universe... but his weapons and treasures would all be gone. The nine novessence arts and the protective divine ability he had trained in would be lost as well!

The loss of the treasures was secondary, as he would be able to come back to life. Ninedust, however, could not. Ninedust didn't even have a Primaltwin!

"Die then." Archon Silksnow had already appeared in front of him.

"I cannot lose. I cannot be defeated. I still have a chance, a tiny chance!" A terrifying blaze of light appeared in Ning's eyes. "Time to go all out. This sort of deadly battle is extremely effective in helping one understand sword-arts better. I've been training in seclusion for hundreds of millions of years, but I still haven't been able to reach the fourth stage of my Omega Sword Dao. Perhaps if I gain enough insights from this fight, it'll aid me in making my breakthrough."

"If I can reach the fourth stage of the Omega Sword Dao... not only will I be able to stay alive, I'll be able to win!" Ning's eyes were blazing with unshakable resolve.

"Die." Archon Silksnow's saber-light descended. It was so cold as to freeze Ning's heart, so fast as to cause Ning to shudder. This time, Archon Silksnow struck out at Ning with all six sabers at the same time. Clearly, he wanted to leave nothing up to chance at all and was seeking to slay Ning with one attack.

"I absolutely have to block this." Ning strove to execute his sword-arts, generating an enormous black hole around him which sought to devour all of the saber-light.

BOOM! This collision was far larger than the last one. Ning was sent flying through the air, a line of blood leaking out from the corner of his lips.

"Haha, you really have some power after all. I used six sabers and struck at you with my full power. I thought that I'd be able to reduce you to dust... but you only suffered a few light wounds. Your

protective divine ability truly is formidable." Archon Silksnow's voice echoed through the void as he continued to charge after Ning, not pausing at all.

"Thankfully, his strikes are within the realm of what I can endure." Ning licked the blood from his lips.

"Although he's strong, he won't be able to kill me. Given my Hegemon armor and my protective divine ability, only a real Hegemon should be able to crush my body in one shot. I still have a chance. I still have a chance!"

"You were able to block me once... but will you be able to block ten times? A hundred times? You are doomed." Archon Silksnow's oily green eyes were filled with an awesome savagery.