

## Desolate 1291

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 8: Ji Ning Battles Black Emperors

“An Otherverse Lord had escaped into his otherverse, yet had still been killed and his entire otherverse had been destroyed.” Azurefiend sent a mental sigh: “That is why everyone suspects that in addition to the two war machines the Lonely King has made public, he should also have a third Sithe war machine of incredible power. Thus, Darknorth... I really do urge you to reconsider how you wish to treat the Icepeak Army. They aren’t easy to deal with. I’m a solitary wanderer who doesn’t have that many treasures, and so the Icepeak Army won’t expend too much resources on hunting me down... but you, Darknorth, have a realmship. The Icepeak Army isn’t going to just give up.”

Azurefiend was quite a proud man, but he felt that Ji Ning had to consider what was best for his sect and his homeland.

“Azurefiend, aside from the Lonely King, do the other three Golden Emperors of the Icepeak Army have especially powerful war machines?” Ning asked.

“They do not.” Azurefiend’s response was quite succinct. “The Icepeak Army has caused quite a few wars, but I’ve never heard of the three Golden Emperors employing any war machines of repute.”

Ning let out a sigh secretly. Given how exalted the Lonely King was, he wouldn’t go so far as to act against a Daolord for the sake of a mere realmship.

“Oh, right. The Flamewing God vs the Lonely King... which should be stronger?” Ning asked mentally. He had his own thoughts, but Azurefiend had been alive for much longer and had seen many things.

“Hard to say who is stronger. Flamewing is just a bit too dumb. It was born with tremendous vitality and has a virtually indestructible body, but Otherverse Lords should be able to stay alive against him,” Azurefiend said. “The Lonely King, however, is different; he’s able to use war machines and is thus a greater threat.”

“What if Flamewing fights the Lonely King?” Ning asked mentally.

“Flamewing won’t be able to kill the Lonely King, but there’s no way the Lonely King would be able to kill Flamewing. I’ve been alive for an extremely long period of time, but I’ve never heard of any major power who was capable of subduing a Chaos Primordial, save for the Autarchs themselves. Kill one? Impossible,” Azurefiend sent mentally. “Darknorth, as you know, the most powerful members of the Sithe race were their Exalts, and it took three of them in order to capture Flamewing... and it remained completely unharmed. Amongst cultivators, everyone knows that only Autarchs are capable of killing Chaos Primordials!”

“Good to know.” Ning came to a decision. Based on the information he had, he also felt confident that no one save for an Autarch would be able to kill Flamewing. Perhaps the Sithe during their glory days were capable of capturing Chaos Primordials when they sent out their most powerful members, and perhaps they might even be able to kill Chaos Primordials via their unique technology... but the Sithe were dust. Although the Lonely King was terrifyingly strong, he had merely gained access to a single war machine treasury the Sithe had left behind.

“What do you plan to do?” Azurefiend sent back.

“Azurefiend, will you be frightened if I refuse them?” Ning sent mentally.

Azurefiend glanced at Ning, rather surprised. “I’m a solitary Hegemon who wanders alone. What do I have to be afraid of? Have you really decided?”

“Yes. I’m confident in my chances.” Ning nodded.

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The three onyx humanoids simply stood there and waited as Ning and Hegemon Azurefiend spoke mentally to each other. They were in no rush. They could tell that Darknorth and Azurefiend were discussing this matter. They felt that once this weak Daolord learned the truth of the Icepeak Army’s might, he would make the wise choice.

“So do you know a bit more about the Icepeak Army now?” the skinny onyx humanoid looked at Ning.

“I’m a Daolord who is unlearned compared to my Hegemonic peers. I’ve only heard of you for the first time today. Impressive, truly impressive,” Ning said.

“Cut the crap.” The cyclopean onyx humanoid was growing a bit impatient. Frowning, he barked out, “Hurry up and hand over the realmship. Otherwise, we’re going to attack. When that happens, both you and your sect shall both perish.” He had long ago grown accustomed to acting as he pleased. He had originally been a fairly powerful Eternal Emperor, and after he underwent the Ritual Sacrificium to become a member of the Icepeak Army he had received deference from even Hegemons and Otherverse Lords, all of whom feared the Icepeak Army’s reputation.

Originally, his greatest worry was that this Daolord would cause trouble due to the Daolord’s ignorance of the Icepeak Army’s might. That was why he had held back. But now? Now, he was naturally going to press hard.

Ning stood there, flanked by Azurefiend and Whitethaw. “I don’t wish to make an enemy out of the Icepeak Army, and I’m not qualified to do that either. However, realmships are incredibly precious. You wish for me to simply hand it over for nothing? I might be a mere Daolord, but I have my pride.” Ning smiled. “I have a simple, mutually beneficial solution which will result in me handing over the realmship willingly.”

“A mutually beneficial solution?”

“Speak.” The three onyx humanoids were rather irritated. The Icepeak Army was so incredibly famous that even Hegemons were terrified of them. Only a few solitary Hegemons who wandered alone would dare act so arrogantly before them.

“Simple. The Icepeak Army can buy the realmship from me,” Ning said.

“Buy?” The three onyx humanoids exchanged a glance. “Very well. This estate-world of mine has quite a few treasures inside. I’ll give it to you in exchange for the realmship.” The skinny onyx humanoid casually handed over a golden palm-sized disc which was actually an estate-treasure. The two onyx humanoids were quite calm as well; they felt certain that this Daolord simply wanted a way to save face. It didn’t really matter if they tossed out a few treasures.

Ning shook his head. "The value has to be on par with the realmship."

"On par?" Finally, the looks on the faces of the three onyx humanoids changed. For the first time, they began to realize that this Daolord wasn't looking for a way to save face; he was going to be a tough nut to crack! Realmships were incredibly valuable; not even treasures like Crimsonwave Temple were even close in value to a realmship. Even if the three onyx humanoids pooled all of their treasures together, they still wouldn't be able to afford one. Most likely, their general Lord Wulf would have to trade all of his treasures to just barely afford a realmship.

Trade for something of equivalent value? This would be a fairly good deal if it was between two figures who were on par with each other, such as the Lonely King and Realmslord Windgrace. This was because generally speaking people were completely unwilling to sell realmships; to merely ask for treasures of equivalent value was already a good bargain.

However... Realmslord Windgrace was in command of the Blacksun. He was on the same level as the Lonely King. How was it that a mere Daolord dared to demand treasures of equivalent value?

"Are you looking to die?" the skinny onyx humanoid's eyes flashed with cold light.

"I've already taken a step back and given face. If you accept, we'll carry out the trade. If you refuse? I can't just hand over my realmship for nothing." Ning's own aura began to sharpen as well.

"You...!" The three onyx humanoids stared at the Daolord before them, stunned. He actually was going to face them head-on?

"He's courting death."

"Kill him." The cyclopean onyx humanoid was the first to attack. He instantly transformed into a streak of light who shot towards Ning. He struck out with his right hand, sending it piercing towards Ning like a long spear, with his fingernails being the tip! Black Emperors all had incredibly powerful bodies; every single part of them was like a weapon.

The arm-spear pierced straight through the void, so powerful as to cause Ning's eyebrows to rise slightly. "Hmph." Whitethaw, by Ning's side, let out an angry snort and immediately charged forwards. While charging, he transformed into an enormous white cloth that swept out towards his foe.

"A mere golem seeks to block me?" The cyclopean onyx humanoid felt some disdain. He was at the Hegemon level of power! Although his insights into the Dao were a bit inferior to true Hegemons, his Black Emperor body gave him tremendous power and allowed him to match Hegemons in battle. His body was so incredibly tough and resilient that in a real battle of life and death, he actually had an advantage.

Bang! This terrifying Hegemonic strike stabbed straight into the enormous white cloth, but the white cloth was incredibly resilient and dispersed all of the attacking energy.

"What?!" The cyclopean onyx humanoid was shocked. The golem had actually blocked his attack?

"Kill them all."

“Kill them and take the realmship.” The two other onyx humanoids began to attack as well. Whoosh! Whoosh! Both moved with incredible speed. Although Whitethaw had blocked one of them, that was already his limit; there was no way he could block the other two.

“Hahaha...” Azurefiend laughed loudly as he transformed into his bestial form. His entire body became covered with azure scales, and his head became triangular in shape. His scale-covered tail waved menacingly like a whip, and his entire body glimmered with dark light. He let out a furious howl as he charged through the air, moving to engage.

“The Daolord actually isn’t hiding in Hegemon Azurefiend’s estate-world.” The skinny onyx humanoid was delighted by this and sent mentally, “I’ll tie down Azurefiend. You go kill the Daolord.”

“Alright.” The muscular onyx humanoid was delighted as well. Neither of them had imagined that the Daolord wouldn’t go into hiding.

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### **Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 9: A Tough Nut**

The skinny onyx humanoid was skilled with the saber, but for the sake of tying down Azurefiend he didn’t use any weapons at all. He used his bare hands, and since every part of his body was akin to a weapon he was able to tie down Azurefiend as best he could.

Whoosh. He sent his right palm out, his arm stretching to become more than ten thousand kilometers long.

Whap! Azurefiend, in his true form, struck out with his tail against the incoming black palm.

Crack! The vast black arm suddenly changed directions, lashing out in a strange whip-like manner as the arm seemed to transform into an arc that built up power and then struck out once more. The skinny onyx humanoid’s entire body seemed to have transformed into a bow-like shape.

“This Black Emperor really is tough to deal with.” Hegemon Azurefiend had a complete advantage in power, and was significantly superior to his opponent in terms of insights into the Dao, but his attacks were doing absolutely nothing when being landed upon the Black Emperor’s body. This allowed the Black Emperor to continuously tie him down.

“Darknorth has chosen to fight the other Black Emperor by himself. He should be able to keep himself safe, right?” Azurefiend cast a sideways glance at the distant Ning as he battled. A look of shock suddenly appeared on his face.

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“Puny Daolord, you truly are arrogant. However, your arrogance has given us a chance to deal with you. Otherwise, we’d probably have to massacre everyone here to coerce you into complying, starting with all the disciples of Vastheaven Palace. And yet, that might not be enough.” The muscular Black Emperor was clearly in a good mood. “Now, we simply have to kill you and we’ll have won the realmship.”

“You might be celebrating just a bit too early.” Ning stood there in the air, staring calmly at the onyx humanoid before him.

“If you are in such a hurry to die, then die you shall.” The muscular onyx humanoid suddenly struck out with a giant black palm that blotted out the skies as it swept out towards Ning. Whoosh! Ning suddenly moved, disappearing from the onyx humanoid’s field of vision.

“He disappeared?” The muscular onyx humanoid’s palm-strike missed. He immediately struck out in every direction with his palms. As he saw it, even if Ning did vanish he would only be able to hide with his evasion-arts. There was no way he would’ve been able to escape too far.

“I’m over here.” A voice rang out from behind him. The muscular onyx humanoid stared backwards in astonishment, only to see the white-robed youth with the black sheath on his back standing far behind him.

“He’s fast.” A feeling of trepidation appeared within the onyx humanoid’s heart.

“The Black Emperor’s body is a waste on you. Your insights into the Dao are too low. You have some innate advantages in a life-or-death battle, but if I wanted to leave you wouldn’t be able to stop me at all.” Ning slowly shook his head. He suddenly couldn’t help but sigh a bit in his heart. When he had first seen that onyx humanoid’s corpse, he had felt absolutely stunned. He never would’ve imagined that he would have reached that same level of power as well.

In terms of the Dao of the Sword, Ning was on a full level higher than Emperor Heartsword had been. Now that Ning had mastered the fourteenth stance of the [Hartsword] art, he was just a single stance behind Emperor Heartsword, who had created just fifteen stances in total. On the whole, Ning was now far more powerful than Emperor Heartsword. He truly had reached the Hegemon level of combat power.

“Puny Daolord, you are far too arrogant. Die for me!” The muscular onyx humanoid was rather embarrassed and angered as he charged through the air at Ning. Each step he took caused the void around him to shudder as he once more struck out furiously with his giant palms.

Swoosh. Ning moved again. This time, he transformed into a streak of sword-light that dodged hundreds of thousands of kilometers to one side. “You can’t even touch me.” Ning shook his head slowly. This was far too easy.

When he had first relied on his Omega Sword Dao to become a Daolord of the Fourth Step, he hadn’t been this fast. However, it had been more than ten chaos cycles since then. He had reached the Archon level in the Dao of Thunder, giving him an even more terrifying level of speed. He had also reached the Archon level in the Dao of Space, giving him a tremendous amount of skill in manipulating space.

Thus, Ning had now reached a brand new level of speed. Only a Hegemon who was completely focused on speed would be able to catch up to Ning.

“You can’t even capture a Daolord?!” the distant skinny onyx humanoid sent a frantic message message.

“Puny Daolord!” This time, the muscular onyx humanoid truly was angry and embarrassed. He raised his head, letting out a furious roar. Boom! A thick black fog spread out from him to cover an area of nearly ten million kilometers around him. Everything in this area was mired as if in quicksand, causing Ning’s speed to dramatically lessen.

“Ah, I knew Black Emperors of the Sithe couldn’t possibly be THIS week.” Ning’s body flickered as he transformed into his three-headed, six-armed mode. All six of the Northbow swords flew out from the sheath on his back and into his hands. “Come on.” Ning cracked a smile.

Slash! Slash! Slash! The onyx humanoid struck out with extraordinary strength, delivering one furious palm after another in an effort to slay Ning as quickly as possible. Alas, he had merely reached the Archon level in terms of insights into the Dao. His weaknesses were quite apparent.

Ning was still able to easily maneuver around the onyx humanoid despite the black fog. Ning didn’t even use his own secret arts! Although his speed was lessened, his sword remained incredibly fast.

Slash! Slash! Slash! Ning’s sword-light pierced through the skies, each streak of sword-light being ephemeral and nigh-invisible. The hints of sword-light were hard to detect, but they carried a terrifying amount of power and seemed capable of chopping through anything which stood in their path. This was a terrifying level of power that came from the combination of the fourteenth stance of the [Heartsword] art and a fourth-stage Daolord’s Omega Sword Dao. Each strike was ghostly and unpredictable. The onyx humanoid felt as though the blows were drilling straight through its body.

Slash! Slash! Slash! In the blink of an eye, the two exchanged more than a hundred blows against each other. The onyx humanoid wasn’t able to land a single attack against Ning; in short, he was being utterly dominated! However, Ning couldn’t help but frown as well: “His body really is incredibly tough. Even when I use my full power, I remain unable to injure him.”

“What the hell? He’s no Daolord, he’s clearly a Hegemon!” The muscular onyx humanoid suddenly pulled away as he shouted furiously, “I can’t do anything to him!”

“Go all out and burn your essence. End it quickly!” the skinny onyx humanoid, pressured by Hegemon Azurefiend, sent a frantic mental message.

“You try! I haven’t been able to even touch him a single time. His sword-arts are completely flawless. Even if I really did go all out, he could just flee over to Azurefiend.” The Black Emperor wasn’t willing to go all-out. Unlike normal cultivators, they healed and recovered quite slowly. Once they went all-out, they would be at risk of energy exhaustion. Once they exhausted their energy reserves, their bodies would grow weak and they could even be defeated and then destroyed.

“Withdraw!” The muscular onyx humanoid issued an order to withdraw, and the three quickly rejoined each other.

Azurefiend and Whitethat moved to stand by Ning’s side. The two sides stared at each other from afar.

The three onyx humanoids were all rather angry, but they also felt stunned. How was it that a Daolord had actually reached such a level of power? He definitely had the power of a Hegemon! Thankfully, the three onyx humanoids all had extremely tough bodies; ordinary Emperors would’ve been slain with ease by Ning’s current level of sword-arts.

“Formidable. I truly do admire you, for a Daolord like yourself to have reached such a level of power.” The skinny onyx humanoid stared at Ning. “However... are you absolutely sure that you wish to become an enemy of the Icepeak Army?”

"I do not wish to become an enemy of the Icepeak Army. However, there is no way I'll hand over a realmship for nothing." Ning shook his head.

"Bold. These actions, however, are tantamount to declaring us your enemy!" The skinny onyx humanoid laughed coldly, "I'll give you one more chance! Hand over the realmship. Otherwise, we'll have no choice but to go ahead to report to our superiors that you are being defiant. In the end, the result shall be your death."

Ning just smiled.

"Very well then." They saw the look on Ning's face. The skinny onyx humanoid barked, "Let's go! Next time we come, we'll kill them all."

"Let's go." The three onyx humanoids immediately entered the spatial rift, vanishing without a trace and leaving just Ning, Azurefiend, and Whitethaw behind.

Azurefiend glanced at the white-robed youth by his side. He could sense that Ning had grown tremendously more powerful since their battle in the Jadedfire Realm. By now, Ning truly had reached the Hegemon level of power.

"Darknorth, you have now become an enemy of the Icepeak Army," Azurefiend said softly. "The Icepeak Army is not an easy foe to deal with. Given their disposition, they will definitely launch a war against you."

"They aren't easy to deal with, but neither am I." A flicker of killing intent appeared in Ning's eyes.

"You?" Azurefiend was stunned.

"Soon, I'll have solved the formations and freed Flamewing," Ning said.

"You are confident in being able to resolve the formations soon?" Azurefiend was overjoyed.

"More or less. Even if I end up taking longer than I expected, I should be able to buy myself the time needed via the Jadedfire Realm. If necessary, I can also run around in the realmship and buy myself some more time," Ning said. "However... I don't think we'll need to go to all that trouble. By the time they come back, the Flamewing God will be waiting for them."

"Hahaha! If the Flamewing God comes out..." Azurefiend was absolutely overjoyed and excited by this prospect. "You really will be able to do whatever the hell you want. That is a Chaos Primordial! Hahaha! With a Chaos Primordial at your beck and call, who would dare cause trouble for you? If you gave the order, the Chaos Primordial would charge straight into the Icepeak Army's base and wreck it. The Lonely King would be able to do nothing but stare, dumbstruck, as it happened. There's nothing he can do to the Flamewing God. Why didn't you tell me earlier?! I was so afraid that I thought we'd have to go wandering through the cosmos." Azurefiend stared at Ning.

"Without Flamewing, I wouldn't have dared to take such a tough line against them." Ning smiled as well. "Let's cut the chit-chat. Starting today, I'm going to put all of my time and effort into solving the formations and breaking them as soon as possible."

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#### **Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 10: Lord Wulf**

An area at the borders of the Flamedragon Realmverse. Countless bolts of thunder were crackling throughout this region. Suddenly, three onyx humanoids appeared and moved towards that area at high speeds. "Hegemon Thunderstar," the skinny onyx humanoid called out.

Whoosh. The countless bolts of thunder merged together into a humanoid shape, finally resolving into a violet-robed man. This was Hegemon Thunderstar, who had brought them here via the realmship.

"So do you have the realmship?" Hegemon Thunderstar smiled at them.

The three onyx humanoids had no traces of amusement on their faces. Previously, they had spoken so confidently... but who would've thought that they'd come slinking back in disgrace? They had to once again ask Hegemon Thunderstar to bring them back.

In truth, Hegemon Thunderstar had asked them that question on purpose. He could clearly tell that they didn't have the realmship! He was quite pleased, however, to have the chance to mock a few Black Emperors of the Icepeak Army.

"We do not." The skinny onyx humanoid said coldly, "Hegemon Thunderstar, your guesses were spot-on. That puny Daolord truly is fearless. He actually dared to defy our will."

The cyclopean onyx humanoid growled, "Daolord Darknorth is far too arrogant. He actually dares to make an enemy out of the Icepeak Army! I'll definitely report this to the general. Hmph. We ran all the way for nothing. In the end, we'll need to ask the general to personally intervene. He's definitely going to die, and that Vastheaven-whatever will be annihilated as well!"

"We have to make sure that he regrets this." The muscular onyx humanoid was filled with a killing rage as well.

Hegemon Thunderstar couldn't help but mutter beneath his breath. *You failed in your attempts to take it by force, but you still act with such bravado.* The Icepeak Army really did live up to its reputation. Who would've thought that Daolord Darknorth truly was made of such stern stuff?

"Where to next?" Hegemon Thunderstar asked.

"To the general's residence, Mount Doom," the skinny onyx humanoid said.

"And where is Mount Doom?" Hegemon Thunderstar was puzzled.

"It is the general's estate within the Skywolf Realmverse." The skinny onyx humanoid said rather unhappily, "Hegemon Thunderstar, don't you know already?"

Hegemon Thunderstar didn't argue. He truly hadn't been to the Skywolf Realmverse before, but he had heard that 'Lord Wulf's mountain' was within the Skywolf Realmverse. However, the true name of the place was 'Mount Doom'; 'Lord Wulf's mountain' was nothing more than a nickname for it.

"Come, I'll send you over there." Hegemon Thunderstar waved his hand, causing the realmship to appear.

"We need to travel quickly. We need to report this to the general as soon as possible. Otherwise, I don't know how I'm going to get this taste out of my mouth," the muscular onyx humanoid said rather angrily. They had long ago grown accustomed to acting as they pleased. As a result, when they occasionally



encountered someone who resisted them they couldn't help but feel annoyed. In this case, the person in question was a mere Daolord! This made them feel truly insulted.

Alas, the Flamedragon Realmverse was incredibly far away from the Skywolf Realmverse. There was no way for them to contact the Skywolf Realmverse directly! Not even a Daolord's true body and Primaltwin would be able to sense each other from such a vast difference. One had to at least be an Archon-class Eternal Emperor with an incredibly powerful soul in order for your true body and Primaltwin to be able to sense each other from such a great distance.

Alas, it was far too difficult to convince an Archon-class figure to follow them like a retainer. Most would prefer death to such a life of servitude.

Whoosh. The realmship tore through spacetime, departing at high speeds towards the Skywolf Realmverse.

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18 million years later. Hegemon Thunderstar's realmship had finally reached the Skywolf Territory.

"That over there is Mount Doom." The three Black Emperors stared from afar at the towering mountain that jutted within the void. Looks of delight were on their faces. This was their base.

Mount Doom was completely gray and covered with countless runes and patterns. At the very tip of Mount Doom was an area that glowed with blurry silver light. The silver light illuminated the beautiful palaces below. This was where Lord Wulf resided with his subordinates.

"General."

"General."

"General." The three Black Emperors called out loudly after exiting the realmship, their voices echoing in the air above Mount Doom.

"Ah, Sealaw and the others are back."

"It is brother Sealaw and the others." Figures began to fly out of Mount Doom. All of them were onyx humanoids, their bodies covered with silver diagrams and emanating auras of boundless cold.

Hegemon Thunderstar couldn't help but mutter to himself. They had all been ordinary cultivators, but they had all chosen to undergo the Ritual Sacrificium. They had abandoned their bodies, becoming freakish creatures. Still, he understood that these Black Emperors had originally been fairly mediocre Eternal Emperors. Now that they were Black Emperors, they at least had Hegemonic levels of power.

"What's that? Is that a realmship?"

"Is that our new realmship?" The onyx figures all turned to stare at the distant realmship. Realmships were incredibly valuable; not even their general, Lord Wulf, had access to one. Hegemon Thunderstar had dared to come here because the three onyx humanoids had long ago sworn lifeblood oaths guaranteeing his security. If they did not, all three of them would die! Hegemon Thunderstar was also certain that he would be able to escape safely.

“Cut the crap. Hurry up and take us to the general! Where is he? There’s something important we need to report to him.”

“What do you need to speak to me about?” A cold voice rang out, followed by a golden figure emerging from the peak of Mount Doom. His entire body seemed to have been composed out of gold, and his body was similarly covered with silver diagrams. The aura emanating from him was so powerful that it vastly outstripped the auras of the Black Emperors serving him. He was one of the legendary Golden Emperors, someone who had undergone the most powerful Ritual Sacrificium the Sithe had to offer.

As for the so-called ‘Exalts’? That level could only be reached through a mixture of cultivation and luck. They were supreme amongst the Sithe and were the most powerful members of the entire race. Hegemons could become transformed into Golden Emperors with ease and ‘manufactured’ in large numbers; there was naturally no way they could be compared to the Exalts. Despite that, Golden Emperors still had a level of power that was comparable to that of Otherverse Lords, and their bodies were even tougher. To destroy their bodies was nearly impossible.

“General.” The three Black Emperors who had just arrived immediately bowed respectfully.

“Speak. You actually rushed over here in a realmship. What is this all about?” Lord Wulf’s gaze was icy-cold. He glanced at the distant realmship, then at his three subordinates.

“General, we were on patrol as ordered,” the skinny onyx humanoid said respectfully, “And we suddenly heard that in the Flamedragon Realmverse, there was a Daolord named Darknorth who somehow managed to take control over a Sithe site known as the Jedefire Realm. He even managed to convince a Hegemon to serve him as his retainer.”

“A Daolord with a Hegemon as a retainer?” Lord Wulf was quite shocked, as were the Black Emperors by his side. Although this news had spread quite far, it hadn’t quite made it to the Skywolf Territory. These two territories were simply too far away.

“More importantly, Daolord Darknorth actually has a realmship!” The skinny Black Emperor said hurriedly, “The Hegemons of the surrounding territories all wanted to take it from him, but in the end, he actually managed to use the Jedefire Realm to take one of them under his control. Once we heard the news, we immediately travelled to the Flamedragon Realmverse. We wanted to force him to hand it over so that we could offer it to you, General.”

Lord Wulf narrowed his eyes as he continued to listen.

“But... he actually refused!” The skinny Black Emperor gritted his teeth and growled, “He actually dared to refuse! We attacked him, but he was so incredibly powerful that he was at the Hegemonic level of might.”

“A Daolord comparable to Hegemons?” No matter how calm Lord Wulf normally was, he couldn’t help but feel stunned. He nodded slowly. “It seems he must have mastered one of the legendary Omega Daos, and has had some other lucky experiences as well. Hmph... even if he is a Daolord who is comparable to a Hegemon, he is still nothing compared to our Icepeak Army. Are you sure that he dares to make an enemy out of us?”

“Yes.” The skinny Black Emperor nodded, as did the other two. The cyclopean Black Emperor explained, “He holds us in no regard at all. He actually dared to say that he was willing to give us the realmship, but only for treasures of equivalent value.”

“Does he have some sort of special status?” Lord Wulf frowned. “For example, is he an Autarch’s disciple? The Flamedragon Realmverse should be under Realmslord Windgrace’s command. Could it be that he has some sort of connection to Realmslord Windgrace?”

“We haven’t heard of him having any special status. He shouldn’t be connected to Realmslord Windgrace at all! Previously, he attracted an entire host of Hegemons and Emperors who attempted to kill him and take his realmship, but Realmslord Windgrace didn’t intervene. Clearly, there isn’t much of a relationship there. In the end, he only survived because he took control over the Jadefire Realm,” the skinny Black Emperor said.

“If he doesn’t have some sort of special background... no Daolord, no matter how monstrously talented, is anything more than an ant in the face of our Icepeak Army.” Lord Wulf swept the three with his icy golden gaze, then turned to stare at the distant realmship. “If my guess is correct, it should be Hegemon Thunderstar in command of that realmship.”

“Thunderstar greets you, Lord Wulf.” Hegemon Thunderstar flew out of the realmship and bowed.

“I wish to lead my Black Emperors to the Flamedragon Realmverse. I’d like to trouble you to send us over there,” Lord Wulf said. “Of course, we’ll make it worth your while.”

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### **Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 11: Chain Weapons**

“Helping you make a trip is a minor matter,” Hegemon Thunderstar said. The Hegemons and Emperors of the Sixteen Realmverses Alliance had been in a race against time to reach the Flamedragon Realmverse first, which was why they had all been forced to pay exorbitant prices! Going by normal prices, travelling the great distance from the Skywolf Territory to the Flamedragon Realmverse was still going to be quite expensive, but it was nothing to someone like Lord Wulf, who had massacred and looted countless people.

“All Black Emperors, assemble and move out alongside me!” Lord Wulf ordered. “We are going to the Flamedragon Realmverse to take that realmship.”

“Acknowledged!”

“Let’s take that realmship.” A total of nine onyx humanoids flew out from Mount Doom by his side.

Aside from their supreme leader, the Lonely King, the Icepeak Army only had a total of three generals! These three generals each commanded a total of twelve Black Emperors. Normally, they would each have six Black Emperors accompanying them. The other six would be assigned into two squads responsible for patrolling the Chaosverse. Once they heard anything important, they were to immediately come and report it to their general!

The three generals and the Lonely King operated in the same way. They would have part of their soldiers with them, with the rest patrolling the Chaosverse on a long-term basis. This ensured that the Icepeak Army had a strong information network and was able to get involved in any of the momentous events within the Chaosverse on short notice.

This time, Lord Wulf had the three returned patrolling Black Emperors and his six personal Black Emperors with him, making for a total of nine Black Emperors.

“One Golden Emperor and nine Black Emperors. A force like this is enough to massacre the Flamedragon Realmverse ten times over.” Hegemon Thunderstar mumbled to himself, “All I’m doing is earning a bit of treasure by sending them over. Even if I declined, there would be other Hegemons willing to help out. Daolord Darknorth, you are nothing more than a Daolord but you dare to make an enemy out of the Icepeak Army. I admire you for your courage... but the reason why the other major powers were unwilling to act as you do is because the consequences are too terrifying to bear.”

Hegemon Thunderstar couldn’t help but sigh a bit. He felt as though he could see the end of the line for this genius Daolord. Golden Emperors all were at the Otherverse Lord level of power! Nine Black Emperors working in concert were equivalent in power to an Otherverse Lord as well! How could the Flamedragon Realmverse possibly withstand this level of power?

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The Flamedragon Realmverse remained as calm as always. Ning didn’t make public the fact that he had faced off against three Black Emperors belonging to the Icepeak Army. There was no point. Hegemon Brightshore and the others wouldn’t be of any use, and so it was best not to bother them about it.

The Terror Starsea. The Jadefire Realm.

“Darknorth, it’s been twenty million years. The Icepeak Army could arrive at any moment. How much longer is it going to take for you to break these formations?” The skinny old man, Hegemon Azurefiend, was seated in the lotus position on the deepfire blackstone floor, a frantic look on his face.

“I was just estimating the time earlier!” Ning was standing atop the Flamewing God’s back, focusing his efforts on the black chains in front of him. “I wasn’t exactly sure as to how long it would take for me to break these formations. I thought it would be quite fast, but I ran into a few problems. Don’t be impatient and relax! The Icepeak Army hasn’t even arrived yet. By the time they do arrive at the Jadefire Realm, I’ll first use its defenses to tie them down for quite some time.”

“This is Lord Wulf we are talking about! He’s supposedly a Golden Emperor with an entire group of Black Emperors serving him. Your flaming passageways won’t be able to withstand a force like his,” Hegemon Azurefiend said hurriedly. “Why don’t we leave the Jadefire Realm for now? Once you’ve fully mastered the formations, we can return here. Otherwise, we’ll be caught here with nowhere to run.”

“Just look at how freaked out you are. You are a Hegemon!” Ning raised his head to glance sideways at Hegemon Azurefiend. “You look scared out of your mind!”

“I’m just trying to be cautious,” Azurefiend immediately rebutted.

“Don’t worry. The flaming passageways might not be able to kill them, but they’ll definitely be able to slow them down.” Ning smiled. “When I’m in the flaming passageways, I’ll be able to travel unimpeded. I can shake them off with ease and escape as I please.”

Ning no longer paid any further attention to Azurefiend, focusing all of his efforts on the countless formations covering the black chains before him. Although he had memorized them all long ago, when he viewed them in person and saw how the formations changed and flowed, it was still of some help to him.

Time continued to flow on. Azurefiend could do nothing but wait. The feeling that the Icepeak Army was about to arrive at any moment was quite an uncomfortable one. “Actually fighting to the death would be better than just waiting here like this,” Azurefiend muttered.

“Not even my master is as worried as you,” the nearby Whitethaw said.

“You...!” Azurefiend glared at him. “H-he’s completely focused on his formations, while I have nothing to do. Of course I’m going to be miserable!”

“To put it plainly, you are a coward. You are scared.” Whitethaw glanced sideways at Azurefiend.

“Puny golem, how dare you mock me!” Azurefiend glared at him. Whitethaw just shut his mouth, paying Azurefiend no heed. Azurefiend was so angry that his teeth hurt. Whitethaw only obeyed Ning’s orders and didn’t seem to care about Azurefiend at all. There really was nothing Azurefiend could do to the golem. He might be able to completely dominate Whitethaw in a fight, but he wasn’t able to actually injure Whitethaw.

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Ning’s true body and Primaltwin were both consumed with their meditations. Countless formations were flashing through their minds, circulating nonstop and merging together. Some of the formations would then vanish, replaced by other formations.

The art of formations relied heavily upon visualizations and divinations! This was why the Dao of Formations was a legendarily complex one. Anyone capable of becoming a Hegemon via the Dao of Formations would definitely have a far higher level of status than ordinary Hegemons.

Whoosh. The countless formations were tweaked again and again. Suddenly, the black-robed Ning in the Azureflower Estate and the white-robed Ning within the hidden room in the Jedefire Realm both opened their eyes. Their eyes were gleaming with shocking levels of light.

“I understand!” Ning murmured softly, his voice filled with suppressed excitement. “These Sithe elders truly were incredible. They actually managed to use formations in such a manner! Even though I had all those Sithe techniques to serve as references, it still took me an incredibly long period of time to understand and solve these formations.” The more Ning researched the Sithe, the more impressed he felt, even though he was currently just focusing on formations. No wonder the Sithe had been so daring as to try and enslave all the cultivator civilizations!

“How is it?” The distant Azurefiend had been taking a nap while seated. He opened his eyes to look at Ning, a hint of excitement in his gaze. “Have you solved it?”

“Master?” Whitethaw looked at Ning as well.

“I think I have.” Ning nodded.

“What do you mean, you THINK you have?” Azurefiend stared at him.

“My mental visualizations should be correct, but I need to actually try them out.” Ning took a deep breath, manifesting three heads and six arms as his aura grew markedly more powerful. All six of his arms expanded in size as they simultaneously reached out to the six black chains.

Each of the fingers on Ning’s six hands turned crystalline in color as he drew hand-seals with them. His fingers began to naturally come together into a series of formations. The formations around his six palms began to naturally merge together, almost like a marvelous mechanism that was coming together in layers. Then, Ning’s six hands separated to touch the black chains on six different spots. Some moved slowly, some moved quickly, but there was a certain natural beauty to the cadence.

Clack! One of the black chains let out a series of clattering as it began to move. The black chains began to undergo certain changes, transforming to become significantly thicker in size. The thickened black chains began to reach out towards one direction, moving alongside the Flamewing God’s leg.

Clack! The black chain covering the leg suddenly expanded and then naturally separated from the others. Once this happened, the second black chain began to stretch out as well...

All six black chains seemed to be influencing each other. In the end, all six of the chains imprisoning the Flamewing God began to naturally separate from each other.

“Get over here.” Ning reached out with all six hands, his crystalline fingers once more tapping the six chains on six different locations. Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh. All six black chains were released from their void anchors and flew over towards Ning. Ning dispelled the [Three Heads, Six Arms] technique. He reached out with his right hand, causing all six chains to become very fine and delicate as they coiled obediently around his arm like a bracelet.

“This is a fine treasure, a unique weapon which the Sithe used in war.” Ning smiled. “Once these chains coil around someone, they can fully suppress it. Even Chaos Primordials can be suppressed by them! Most likely, anyone below the Autarch level of power who is trapped by them would be unable to break free.” However, Ning also knew that no one would be so stupid as to allow the chains to just coil around them.

“Flamewing. Flamewing!” Ning lept off the Flamewing God’s back and moved to stand in front of it, then gave one of its paws a little kick.

“Eh?” The slumbering Flamewing God opened its gigantic bleary eyes, then stared downwards at the tiny white-robed figure standing in front of it. Rather unhappy, it said, “Master, I’m still sleeping! Call me once you break the formations.”

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 12: The Flamewing God Descends**

Ji Ning secretly smirked. *You are a Chaos Primordial! But all you do is eat and sleep. You have no gravitas whatsoever.* “Hurry up and get up. Haven’t you noticed that the chains are gone?” Ning shook his head.

“The chains are gone?” The Flamewing God’s eyes turned huge. He hurriedly turned his head to stare at his two wings, then stared downwards from his flank to look at his four stubby legs.

“Hahaha! They’re gone! They’re really gone! Those damnable chains are finally gone!” The Flamewing God jumped to its feet, its giant body quivering in excitement. “I’ve been trapped here forever. I couldn’t even change my size or appearance, or find anything good to eat! I didn’t have a good meal until you came, Master! That was absolutely agonizing. Now? Ahahahaha!”

Flamewing raised his head and let out a delighted laugh. His laughter echoed within the hidden room, forcing Ning, Azurefiend, and Whitethaw to all press their hands over their ears. The laughter was simply far too large.

“Change!” Flamewing boomed loudly. Whoosh! His large and winged frame instantly transformed to become the same size as Ning and Azurefiend. He was just slightly taller and very chubby. His skin was ruddy, and his eyes were rather vacant-looking, as though he wasn’t all that clever. His aura was completely reserved; he didn’t look like he posed the slightest threat to anyone at all.

“Whoah. It’s been ages since I’ve taken human form. This feels nice! None of those cultivators or Sithe would be able to recognize me like this.” Flamewing smugly shook his rear a few times. In his normal form, he was like a giant winged giant bear who loved to stretch his wings. In human form, he naturally liked to shake his rear.

“Human form?” Intrigued, Ning asked, “Flamewing, can it be that you normally spent the majority of your time in human form?”

“That’s right!” Flamewing nodded. “I only use my true form when I was wandering in the Great Dark. That allowed me to travel faster. When I reached a realmverse, I’d occasionally feel so hungry that I’d eat the entire thing. The vast majority of the time, however, I wouldn’t want to do that. That’s because there are a lot of things in realmverses which are unappetizing.”

A thought suddenly entered Ning’s mind. Birth and death, destruction and creation... this was a form of natural rhythm the Chaosverse went through. Chaos Primordials had the intelligence levels of children... that made them perfect tools for the prime essences of the Chaosverse to exert their will. Powerful cultivators had incredibly strong Dao-hearts, making it very hard for the Chaosverse to guide them. However, guiding a Chaos Primordial was far simpler. When they felt a sudden, powerful desire to eat, they’d eat entire realmverses!

Natural destructive celestial bodies like Yin-Yang Samsara Wheels were terrifying, but they took time to be born. Even the Chaosverse needed time to create them, as well as many other factors.

“No wonder the Flamedragon Realmverse is threatened by the ‘Yin-Yang Samsara Wheels’, but the Autarchs won’t intervene. If they intervene, they’ll suffer a backlash from the Chaosverse.” Ning couldn’t help but sigh.

Flamewing continued, “When I’m not in the mood to eat the realmverse, I’ll secretly take human form. No one will be able to discover my true entity, and I can just relax and wander through the various places within that realmverse, searching for delicacies to eat. Eheheh... when I accidentally reveal my true identity, I’ll immediately slip away!”

“I’m able to sense when powerful cultivators appear nearby. It is a form of precognition, and I’ll immediately slip away to ensure they cannot find me,” Flamewing said smugly.

Ning nodded. No wonder so few had ever encountered a Chaos Primordial!

“Unfortunately... the last time, I sensed danger coming and immediately fled, but the Sithe were still able to catch up to me. After that, they caught me.” The Flamewing God ground its teeth. “If I ever see another Sithe, I’ll eat him alive.”

“The Sithe were wiped out long ago. Even if a few of them are still around, you wouldn’t have a chance to kill them. The Autarchs would’ve intervened long ago,” Ning said. “Alright, now that the formations have been disrupted, you are free to leave. Come, accompany me in a visit to my homeland.”

“Alright!” Flamewing’s ruddy face was covered in excitement. “I wanna go right now! It’s been so long since I’ve visited a realmverse.”

The nearby Azurefiend and Whitethaw both felt rather embarrassed. It really was like talking to a child.

Flamewing glanced sideways at Azurefiend and Whitethaw. Suddenly, Flamewing narrowed his eyes and sauntered over to them. He soon reached Azurefiend, who stared at him, rather puzzled. “Eh?”

“Burp.” Flamewing suddenly used his rear to shove Hegemon Azurefiend to one side. “Starting today...” Flamewing slapped his chest with a pudgy hand. “I’m the boss of Master’s servants. Whitethaw, you are second. As for you, you ugly old man? You are ranked third?”

“What the hell?” Azurefiend was instantly irritated by this. The Flamewing God was like a child but was terrifyingly strong. For it to be ‘above’ him was one thing... but why the hell was the Sithe Protector golem also ranked above him?

“Because I said so, and because I don’t like you!” Flamewing glanced sideways at Azurefiend. “Don’t think I’m too stupid to notice. I can tell just from the way you look at me that you look down at me. Hmph! I’ve visited countless realmverses and seen countless cultivators. I can tell at a glance who likes me and who dislikes me. Whitethaw’s much better than you!”

The nearby Ning let out a startled laugh. At the same time, he couldn’t help but sigh. Flamewing wasn’t very smart, but he had the pure heart of a child. He could immediately tell who was good to him and who wasn’t.

“Did you hear me? I’m the boss, Whitethaw’s second, and you are third! If you don’t agree, I’ll beat you up until you do.” Flamewing tapped his pudgy white finger against Azurefiend’s chest.

“I hear you.” Azurefiend was speechless. “Fine. You are the boss, Whitethaw’s second, I’m third.” There was no point squabbling with a Chaos Primordial.

“That’s more like it.” Flamewing walked over to Ning, then said in a very fond manner, “Let’s go, Master.”

Ning rubbed his head. He felt as though he had suddenly adopted a child. “Alright. Let’s go back to the Flamedragon Realmverse,” Ning said.

“Darknorth, should we finish off Winterflame first?” Azurefiend suddenly said.



“No rush. Winterflame is like meat that’s already on the chopping block, but we would need Flamewing to actually kill him. Once Flamewing attacks, Winterflame would definitely spread the news to everyone before he dies.” Ning shook his head. “Best not to introduce too many variables into the mix for now. I’m planning to use Flamewing against the Icepeak Army.”

“The Icepeak Army dares to attack you, Master? Hmph. Leave them to me. I’ll eat them all.” Flamewing held the Icepeak Army in no regard at all. Aside from the Autarchs and the Sithe Exalts, Flamewing truly feared nothing and no one whatsoever.

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The Flamedragon Realmverse. An empty region within the imperial palace of the Brightshore Kingdom. Hegemon Brightshore’s vast form was located here.

“Eh?” Hegemon Brightshore slowly opened his eyes, a hint of confusion in them. “Why do I suddenly have a strange premonition that something major has just happened within the Flamedragon Realmverse? The last time I felt something like this was when Crimsonwave Temple appeared. The fruits within it were quite useful to Hegemons and Emperors, and the temple itself is tremendously important.”

“This time... it doesn’t feel as though a treasure has emerged. Rather, I can sense a strange sort of pressure.” Hegemon Brightshore was puzzled. It was as though something had just happened which caused a wave of invisible pressure that pressed down on his heart, causing him alarm.

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When one had reached certain heights in cultivation, one would be able to sense when something incredibly important to them had just happened! Hegemons were second only to Autarchs when it came to actual insights into the Dao. The so-called ‘Otherverse Lords’ were nothing more than Hegemons who had managed to take control over an otherverse. With regards to the Dao, Hegemons and Otherverse Lords were on the same level. This was true even for figures like Realmslord Windgrace or the Lonely King, who had managed to take control of terrifyingly powerful Sithe war machines.

“Eh? What just happened in the Flamedragon Realmverse? I feel my heart clenching for no reason, as though something terrifying just happened.” Hegemon Windrain of the Aberrant special lifeforms was awoken from his meditations. He began to worry.

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“My senses can’t be deceiving me. Something has to have happened in the Flamedragon Realmverse. I’ll go talk to Brightshore and Windrain and see if they know what just happened.” Hegemon Netherlily of the Ancient cultivators felt rather uneasy. In the past, the truly supreme powers of the Flamedragon Realmverse had always been the three of them. They would always discuss any major events that happened.

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Ning had successfully resolved the formations, unshackling the Flamewing God and bringing it to the Flamedragon Realmverse with him into Vastheaven Palace. The only ones in the Flamedragon Realmverse who could sense that this had happened were the three Hegemons.

The major powers of other realmverses were simply too far away, and this matter was of negligible impact to them. They naturally couldn't sense anything at all. However... there was one major power in the Sixteen Realmverses Alliance outside the Flamedragon Realmverse who was able to sense something. This was the true leader and most powerful member of the alliance... Realmslord Windgrace!

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 13: Emperor Waveshift Returns**

The Hiddenfiend Realmverse. The Blacksun.

An old man was seated atop an extremely slick boulder within a secluded courtyard. This old man had a large, tousled beard and mussed-up hair. His eyebrows were so messy that they were growing into a unibrow, giving him a very unkempt appearance. However, his face was extremely calm. His eyes were closed, and he just sat there silently in the lotus position. Each time he entered this form of silent meditation, it would last for varying amount of times. Sometimes, he could sit there for more than ten thousand chaos cycles.

Realmslord Windgrace enjoyed sitting quietly like this. When meditating, his spirit felt free and unencumbered. All sorts of thoughts and insights flowed through him. It was like both thinking and not-thinking at the same time.

At his level of insight, treasures which assisted in cultivation were of no further use. He had simply been for training for far too long; he had already made breakthroughs in everything he possibly could. Right now, what he needed was a true epiphany... but true epiphanies could not be achieved via any treasures at all. The Autarch's stone dais which Ning used simply allowed him to emulate a quasi-epiphany state that allowed him to train at incredibly faster speeds, but there was nothing it could do to allow him to breach a true bottleneck.

Once one had reached a bottleneck, no treasures would be of any use in assisting you in the breakthrough. Only insights and epiphanies would suffice.

"Eh?" An invisible tendril of power suddenly snaked its way through his empty spirit like a premonition. Realmslord Windgrace suddenly opened his eyes, a hint of surprise within them. Moments later, he regained his usual calm, but he frowned in thought: "I have the feeling that a terrifying force has just emerged, one which even I am incapable of controlling. And yet, I can sense that it should be connected to me. Is it within the Hiddenfiend Realm? Or is it elsewhere in the Sixteen Realmverses Alliance?"

The Sixteen Realmverses Alliance was his territory. Even a force as arrogant as the Icepeak Army wanted to first verify that Daolord Darknorth didn't have a connection to Realmslord Windgrace before taking action. Even then, they chose to sneak into the Flamedragon Realmverse and would only act against Ji Ning and Ji Ning alone! They didn't want to cause too much trouble. This was a testament to what a preeminent power Realmslord Windgrace was.

Generally speaking, the likes of Realmslord Windgrace or the Lonely King wouldn't get involved in minor squabbles. Avoiding causing too much trouble was the key!

“If even I am incapable of controlling it... what could it be?” Realmslord Windgrace was puzzled. He immediately began to engage in some Numerancy divinations.

He had been a Hegemon for far, far too long; he was far more ancient than even Hegemon Brightshore. He had been a legendary figure even during the Dawn War, and he had been given guidance by more than one Autarch. He had reached an incredibly high level of insight into multiple Daos, and had mastered three Hegemonic Daos! However, the Dao of Numerancy was simply far too difficult to master. He had yet to reach even the Archon level in Numerancy; in fact, he was far from it. Most likely, he was merely on par with the level which Daolord Badlands would reach once the latter became a Daolord of the Fourth Step. Still, he was able to divine a few things.

“It is connected to me, and it is indeed something within the Sixteen Realmverses Alliance. However, no further details can be divined.” Realmslord Windgrace frowned. The uneasy feeling in his heart made it impossible for him to meditate calmly any further.

“I have no idea where Emperor Waveshift is. My only choice is to ask Blackwood to help out,” Realmslord Windgrace mused. Emperor Waveshift had obviously reached terrifying heights in the Dao of Numerancy; he had actually reached the Hegemon level in this Dao! Although he was a bit weak in actual combat, he had reached the apex of Numerancy for anyone aside from the Autarchs! Thus, not even the likes of Realmslord Windgrace or the Lonely King were willing to offend Waveshift. Everyone treated him with the utmost of respect.

Realmslord Windgrace’s first reaction was to seek out Waveshift... but alas, he was unable to find him and thus could only ask Blackwood for assistance. Although Hegemon Blackwood only trained in Numerancy as a secondary Dao, he had at least reached the Archon level in Numerancy and thus was still incredibly skilled.

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A planet that was 900 million kilometers in diameter. This planet was surrounded by eight gigantic azure wooden boards, each of which was 1.8 billion kilometers tall, 36,000 kilometers wide, and 9000 kilometers thick.

There were no living creatures on this planet, just a single bearded man who was seated on the vast earth. This was Hegemon Blackwood.

Rumble... the eight titanic wooden boards slowly swiveled around the planet. They moved like the functioning of the cosmos itself, carrying a strange, unique cadence to them.

Whoosh. Hegemon Blackwood suddenly opened his eyes. His face was a bit ashen. The eight azure wooden boards surrounding the planet quickly flew towards him and landed on his back.

“My calculations are complete. It happened in the Flamedragon Realmverse.” Hegemon Blackwood nodded slowly. “A terrifying new power has emerged, so strong as to be completely impossible. My subconscious is warning me that it is even more dominating than Realmslord Windgrace himself.”

“Who does this new force represent? Can it be that a Hegemon has discovered yet another Sithe war machine?” Hegemon Blackwood couldn’t help but come to this conclusion. Terrifying Sithe war machines were capable of terrifying amounts of power. Some were stronger, some were weaker; for

example, although Ning's chain weapons had incredible suppressive and absorptive powers, they had to first be wrapped around a cultivator successfully. This meant that they were fairly unique, but of limited use in combat.

The Blacksun, however... it was just a single item, but it was capable of changing the results of an entire battlefield during the Dawn War. Realmslord Windgrace had just one Sithe war machine while the Lonely King had several, but the two were equal in status. This was why.

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"The Flamedragon Realmverse?" After Realmslord Windgrace received Hegemon Blackwood's response, he immediately sent a message: "Brightshore, Netherlily, Windrain, I believe a terrifying new force has emerged with your Flamedragon Realmverse, one which is beyond my abilities to control. You need to keep a close eye on your realmverse. Once anything unusual happens, you need to immediately inform me and I'll head there right away."

"Understood."

"We sensed something as well, a terrifying sense of pressure."

"We're already searching for it." After receiving the word from Realmslord Windgrace, all three Hegemons felt slightly more confident. If even Realmslord Windgrace was able to sense it, then that meant that they could ask him to intervene and help out if something happened.

And so Brightshore, Netherlily, and Windrain, alongside the Dao Alliance (which also received orders from Realmslord Windgrace), began to scour the Flamedragon Realmverse in an attempt to find any hints about what the premonitions entailed. Alas, the Flamedragon Realmverse remained extremely peaceful. Nothing happened at all.

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Time flowed on. More than six million years went by after the Flamewing God's release.

Whoosh. A realmship suddenly appeared at the borders of the Flamedragon Realmverse. Just one person was within the realmship. This person was dressed in azure robes and stood tall. He didn't have any weapons on him at all, and his gaze was warm and calm, seemingly capable of seeing through to the truth of everything. When he saw the Flamedragon Realmverse appear before him, he revealed a hint of a smile: "I'm back. Flamedragon Realmverse... I, Waveshift, am back!"

This was the legendary Emperor Waveshift! In the vast Chaosverse, his web of connections was far superior to even Realmslord Windgrace. Although Windgrace was much stronger than him, the major powers located in distant realmverses and otherverses didn't care about Windgrace at all because they would probably never meet the man! There would never be anything they would need from Realmslord Windgrace... but there were many who needed favors from Emperor Waveshift.

"The feeling of coming home..." Emperor Waveshift commanded his realmship forwards, joy in his heart as he stared at the Flamedragon Realmverse.

Emperor Waveshift had a very unique aura. It was quite transcendent, almost as though he was a spectator viewing the vast Chaosverse from a lofty height.

“I never would’ve imagined that my homeland, the Flamedragon Realmverse, would’ve produced such an incredible figure that even I would sense it from afar.” Emperor Waveshift had a smile on his face. He had reached such incredible heights in the Dao of Numerancy that he would have premonitions whenever anything momentous happened in his homeland, the Flamedragon Realmverse. He could sense when a new Hegemon was born, and could also sense when the Flamewing God came out alongside Ning.

“Time for me to visit this incredible newcomer.” Emperor Waveshift smiled. Swoosh! His realmship tore through spacetime and began to advance towards Vastheaven Palace.

Given Emperor Waveshift’s skills in Numerancy, he was able to divine where the terrifying new force was currently located. Thus, he was able to continuously move closer towards it with ease! He couldn’t even be bothered to engage in repeated divinations. Instead, he tore through spacetime and went straight to the Vastheaven Everworld. He used the information he knew regarding the entire Flamedragon Realmverse to engage in reverse-divination, skimming through the countless lines of karma to find what he wanted to know.

“It is highly probable that this incredible newcomer is that genius Daolord, Daolord Darknorth, who has managed to develop an Omega Dao.” Upon reaching the Flamedragon Realmverse, Emperor Waveshift quickly came to a few rough conclusions. If his conclusions were wrong, he would then engage in a few more divinations to come to a more detailed level of understanding.

Emperor Waveshift stood there within the void outside the Vastheaven Everworld, staring at everything within it. “Ah. My guesses were correct.” Emperor Waveshift nodded slowly.

The Chaosverse was filled with countless lines of karma. Although Ning was able to ‘see’ karma, it must be remembered that even ordinary mortals were bound by countless lines of karma. Think about how many people lived in everworlds! Everworlds were filled with so much karma, they were like seas of smoke; there was simply no way to make anything out clearly. Emperor Waveshift, however, was different. When he viewed the Waveshift Everworld, he knew that his guesses were correct.

“This new power is indeed within the Vastheaven Everworld. Daolord Darknorth, eh? I want to see just how terrifyingly powerful this new force is.” Emperor Waveshift took a single step forwards and entered the Vastheaven Everworld.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 14: Ji Ning and Emperor Waveshift**

Within the Vastheaven Everworld.

Ji Ning was seated in the lotus position next to a bridge, a few swirls of sword-light flowing around him. Not too far away, a chubby man was lying on the ground within a patch of flowers, crushing quite a few of them beneath his bulk. The chubby man had a haunch of meat in his hands, and he was enjoying a wonderful meal. He continuously rolled right and left while he ate, almost as though he was in a rocking cradle.

Hegemon Azurefiend was eating and drinking in a distant pavilion while occasionally casting extremely unhappy looks towards the ruddy-skinned fat man. As for Protector Whitethaw, he quietly sat in a corner. He would always be on guard for Ning.

“Life is great!” the chubby Flamewing mumbled while eating.

“Bastard Flamewing. He keeps taking my food. If it wasn’t for the fact that I can’t outfight him... bah!” Azurefiend muttered to himself as he ate, but made sure to keep up a barrier of Immortal energy to ensure that his voice did not carry. Azurefiend really was irritated. He was a glutton as well, but whenever he brought out any good food it would be taken away by Flamewing.

He was unable to outfight Flamewing. All he could do was to privately insult the Chaos Primordial, but he had to ensure that Flamewing didn’t hear it.

“Fellow Daoist Darknorth.” A voice suddenly rang out.

“Eh?” Ning opened his eyes.

“Fellow Daoist, your formations certainly are formidable. Ordinary sect formations are unable to bar my path, and I’m able to bypass them with ease. The formations you set up, however, are inscrutable and unfathomable. I’m not able to breach them yet.” A voice rang out from outside Vastheaven Palace.

Ning turned to look, only to see an azure-robed man standing in the air outside the formations. Ning couldn’t help but feel shocked when he saw this man, who gave Ning a very unique feeling. The man radiated a transcendent aura, almost as though he was beyond all worldly concerns. Ning could even ‘see’ that the karma surrounding this person was extremely calm and warm. The karma lines were all neat and orderly, as though they were under the azure-robed man’s complete control. This was because this azure-robed man was not bound by his karma; instead, he used it as a form of tool.

Of all the people Ning had ever encountered, only Autarch Titanos surpassed this man. Autarch Titanos had completely surpassed karma itself, which didn’t even touch him.

“Please come in, fellow Daoist.” Ning immediately opened up the formations and invited the azure-robed man in. The azure-robed man walked through the air to come in, then entered Ning’s estate.

“A Hegemon... the legends said, Daolord Darknorth, that you have a Hegemonic retainer by your side. This must be Hegemon Azurefiend.” The azure-robed man cast a sidelong glance at the distant Hegemon Azurefiend, then turned his gaze to the still-feasting chubby man who was rolling around within the flowers. A hint of surprise finally appeared in the azure-robed man’s eyes, and he let out a shocked laugh: “So it is a Chaos Primordial! Impressive, truly impressive! Judging from its karma lines... Daolord Darknorth, you actually managed to tame a Chaos Primordial? I truly do admire you.”

Ning was speechless. The karma lines connecting him and Flamewing were indeed quite thick, but how was it that this person was able to immediately recognize Flamewing as a Chaos Primordial? It must be remembered that Flamewing’s transformation ability was an innate gift; not even Ning himself was able to see any flaws in it.

“And who are you?” The skinny old Hegemon Azurefiend walked over, an unhappy frown on his face. This newcomer had immediately called him a ‘Hegemonic retainer’ and didn’t seem to have much respect for him. This naturally displeased Azurefiend greatly... and he didn’t feel as though this person was much of a threat to him.

“My name is Waveshift,” the azure-robed man said. Ignoring the shocked look which appeared on Hegemon Azurefiend’s face, he turned to look at Ning. “I was previously wandering the outside world

when I suddenly sensed that a new power had emerged within my homeland. Thus, I immediately hastened back. I was able to divine that the new power was within the Vastheaven Everworld and thus came to your residence, Daolord Darknorth. I never would've imagined that this new power would be a Chaos Primordial! Truly praiseworthy, Daolord... with a Chaos Primordial at your command, you are now an incredible figure of the Chaosverse."

Ning felt rather stunned, but was able to maintain an outwards appearance of calm. "Emperor Waveshift, you truly do surprise me. I never would've imagined that I'd be able to meet you today. Come, come! Please have a seat. Let us chat."

"Very well." Emperor Waveshift nodded.

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Ning was filled with admiration and curiosity towards the legendary Emperor Waveshift, while Emperor Waveshift also viewed Ji Ning as a truly legendary Daolord.

Anyone capable of becoming a Daolord of the Fourth Step via an Omega Dao could be described as a legendary figure. Incredibly few had ever accomplished this; there were far more Otherverse Lords than Omega Daolords. As for a Daolord capable of convincing a Hegemon to become a retainer? That was even rarer... and now, this Daolord had even tamed a Chaos Primordial! Emperor Waveshift truly did feel admiration towards Ning.

The two chatted and laughed together, quickly finding out that they were birds of a feather.

"Ah, so that's how it is." Emperor Waveshift nodded. "The Icepeak Army truly is famous for its arrogance and overbearing behavior. As they see it, you are a Daolord with a limited lifespan. Once you fail your Daomerge, people will end up fighting over the realmship anyhow. It only makes sense for them to want to get a head start on it. Given that you also embarrassed them... there's no way the Icepeak Army is going to let things rest. Still, this time they should merely be sending one of their Golden Emperors, 'Lord Wulf', and the Black Emperors under his command. Given that you have a Chaos Primordial, they are of no threat to you whatsoever."

Ning nodded in agreement.

"Oh, right. When I arrived at Vastheaven Palace, I saw that the formations protecting it truly are marvelous," Emperor Waveshift said. "Although the Dao of Formations is a secondary Dao for me, I've still reached the Archon level in it. Given my skills in Numerancy, I'm usually quite skilled in dissecting formations, but I found your formations to be quite difficult and complex."

Ning laughed. "Big brother Waveshift, you truly are formidable. You were able to recognize them as being set down by me with just one glance."

"A minor parlor trick. Divination is the only thing I am good at," Emperor Waveshift said. By now, the two were already on such good terms that they were referring to each other as 'brother'.

"My formations primarily stem from two completely different schools of thought which belong to the Sithe lineage. Their power stems from the combination of these two schools of thought," Ning said.

“No wonder.” Emperor Waveshift nodded, then said, “You’ve only trained for a brief period of time, but you’ve reached such heights in the art of formations. You truly are a genius who has mastered an Omega Dao! Although we’ve only known each other for a short period of time, I feel that we are quite similar. I must remind you, now that you have a Chaos Primordial there is no one capable of posing a threat to you. You need to focus on your cultivating. To you, the greatest problem shall be the Daomerge! If you fail the Daomerge... ugh. Well. But if you succeed, you’ll gain eternal life and we’ll be able to meet often.”

Cultivators each had their own unique personalities. Hegemon Brightshore, Hegemon Windrain, Hegemon Netherlily... they all had their own unique temperaments. Ning was on fairly good terms with them, but he wasn’t exactly close friends with them.

The experiences he had shared with Ninedust had resulted in them slowly becoming friends for life. As for Emperor Waveshift? They shared extremely similar personalities, resulting in both taking a liking to the other right away. As a result, they became friends as well. It wasn’t easy for major powers to become friends with each other. Now that they were friends, Emperor Waveshift couldn’t help but worry about Darknorth’s chances at the Daomerge.

“The Daomerge... all I can do is try my utmost with no looking back. As for whether I succeed or not... so long as I do my best, I’ll have no regrets,” Ning said.

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Time flowed on. To Emperors, two chaos cycles was a very short period of time. Thus, Emperor Waveshift decided to temporarily take up residence in Vastheaven Palace. Later on, when Emperor Solesky learned that the legendary Emperor Waveshift was actually within his own palace, he was scared silly. He only kept it secret after being requested to do so by Ning and Waveshift.

Emperor Waveshift would only meet those he wanted to meet. There were many he did not wish to meet; they would just bring too much trouble.

Ten million years after Emperor Waveshift’s arrival.

“Darknorth.” Emperor Waveshift and Ning were seated next to each other, playing a game of chess. As a master of formations, Ning was quite skilled in chess, while Emperor Waveshift was naturally even better. It was rare for them to encounter such excellent opponents and so they often played chess against each other.

“Hm?” Ning glanced over at Emperor Waveshift.

“The Icepeak Army should be arriving soon,” Emperor Waveshift said. “Let us go and welcome them.”

“They’ve arrived?” Ning’s eyes lit up.

“The Icepeak Army?” Hegemon Azurefiend and the chubby Flamewing were eating and drinking together off in the distance. Both turned to look at Ning.

Ning immediately rose to his feet and called out, “Let’s head out and give the Icepeak Army a proper welcome.”



“They’ve finally come. Grrr... I’m going to eat them all!” Flamewing was quite excited. He had been waiting for this day for quite some time.

Whoosh. Ning, Emperor Waveshift, Flamewing, Azurefiend, and Whitethaw all boarded Ning’s realmship, then flew out to the margins of the Flamedragon Realmverse.

“Let’s wait for them here.” The azure-robed Emperor Waveshift stared off into the endless Great Dark. “In roughly the time needed to boil a kettle of tea, the Icepeak Army shall arrive.”

Ning felt a sense of absolute reverence for this level of Numerancy-fueled precognitive foresight.

### The Desolate Era

#### **Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 15: Kill!**

“Here they come,” Emperor Waveshift suddenly said.

Ji Ning also saw how a series of ripples began to appear at the margins of the Great Dark. Moments later an enormous spacetime tear appeared within the darkness, followed by a realmship flying out of it.

“Hmph!” An angered snort rang out from within the realmship as an aura of tremendous might swept outwards, causing Ning, Azurefiend, and Whitethaw to turn slightly pale. Emperor Waveshift and the Flamewing God remained as composed as ever.

Emperor Waveshift wasn’t all that powerful, but he had experienced many, many things. He had met some truly terrifying figures and had been to many mysterious places, far more than even the Lonely King or Realmslord Windgrace. He truly was the embodiment of the term ‘highly experienced’; naturally, he was able to maintain his equanimity when encountering a single Golden Emperor.

As for Flamewing? Most likely, only Sithe Exalts or the Autarchs were capable of inspiring dread in him.

“How bold. You actually dare to appear before me.” A series of figures began to fly out of the realmship, with a humanoid figure that glittered like gold at their head. Behind him was a total of nine black humanoids, each of whom had auras of transcendent power.

A single Golden Emperor was equivalent to an Otherverse Lord in power! Nine Black Emperors fighting in concert were also a match for an Otherverse Lord! The amount of pressure they brought to their foes was truly incredible.

“Waveshift?” The Golden Emperor, Lord Wulf, turned to look at Emperor Waveshift. A hint of astonishment flashed past his eyes. He snorted coldly, “No wonder Daolord Darknorth just so happened to be waiting for us right here. So he has you standing behind him, Emperor Waveshift! I’ve heard of you long ago, but today is the first time we’ve met. Are you here to stop me?”

Emperor Waveshift laughed. “If I asked you to leave, would you actually leave?”

“Of course not.” Lord Wulf had a more baleful and more dominating aura than anyone Ning had ever encountered, and he held Emperor Waveshift in no regard at all. “Those who like you, Emperor Waveshift, will flatter you... but to those who don’t like you, you aren’t worth half a damn!”

Lord Wulf was an incredibly proud figure. There was nothing he wanted from Emperor Waveshift, and this was actually the very first time the two had met despite both having lived for countless years. He naturally felt no respect for Waveshift, an Emperor who didn't even have the combat power of a Hegemon.

"Yes, I'm quite weak; my talents lie in Numerancy and Numerancy alone. My friends flatter me, but to those who have no need of my talents I truly am worth very little." Emperor Waveshift remained quite calm and composed.

Lord Wulf's face was a mask of icy arrogance, but many thoughts flitted through his mind. "Emperor Waveshift is actually here... can this be a scheme of some kind? But as a Golden Emperor, I'm even better at staying alive than actual Otherverse Lords. Given my power and the power of the nine Black Emperors who serve me, the only person in this area who would pose a threat to me should be Realmlord Windgrace! Even if Emperor Waveshift is plotting against me, he won't be able to do anything to me at all."

"I'll overwhelm them with raw power. In front of absolute power, all schemes are nothing more than jokes." Lord Wulf was extremely confident in his abilities.

"Daolord Darknorth." Lord Wulf stared at the distant white-robed youth who bore that black sheath on his back. Ning was looking at him as well, and their gazes met in the air.

"General Wulf," Ning responded.

"You are an impressive Daolord. Truly, you are incredible," Lord Wulf said. "I've been alive for a very long time, but you are the only Daolord I have any respect for."

"You praise me too much, General," Ning said.

"Don't be modest. A Daolord who can reach Hegemonic levels of power and even command a Hegemon retainer truly is incredible." Lord Wulf glanced sideways at Azurefiend, who was by Ning's side.

"However... your retainer is a bit too cowardly. I would've committed suicide long ago."

Cold light flickered through Azurefiend's eyes.

"My contempt is reserved for those who commit suicide," Ning said.

"Hm?" Lord Wulf frowned as he looked at the white-robed youth, then said coldly, "You really don't know what's good for you. No wonder you dared to make an enemy out of our Icepeak Army! Daolord Darknorth, as a Daolord you shall merely live for 108,000 chaos cycles. This is an incredibly short period of time! Once your lifespan comes to an end, you shall perish and your realmship will fall into the hands of others. In fact, there might even be a great battle over it. Emperors like myself who possess limitless lifespans can use it to wander the many realmverses and see more things... but for you to hold a realmship is an absolute waste! I urge you to hand it over. That way, you'll at least remain alive," Lord Wulf said.

He had been planning to attack immediately, but when he saw Emperor Waveshift... he still felt extremely confident in his chances, but he chose to be just a bit more cautious than he otherwise would have been.

“Hand it over?” Ning shook his head. “Why should I just hand my treasures over to you?”

“Are you sure you are going to refuse me?” The baleful aura surrounding Lord Wulf began to froth and churn. The hint of caution he had felt upon seeing Emperor Waveshift was beginning to dissipate, and his innate brutal disposition was beginning to reveal itself once more.

“I refuse.” Ning shook his head.

“You are courting death.” Lord Wulf’s gaze turned cold. He pointed angrily at Ning as his voice echoed throughout the surrounding area: “Kill them all, and exterminate Vastheaven Palace! Let everyone know what happens when they make enemies out of our Icepeak Army!”

“Acknowledged,” the nine onyx humanoids simultaneous said respectfully. “Kill them all!”

“Kill!” Murderous looks appeared on the faces of the nine Black Emperors, and their auras began to flare with awesome power. They were like nine streaks of black light that split apart the void as they shot forward. They had long ago grown accustomed to warfare and conquest! They had completely uprooted and destroyed quite a few powerful organizations; to them, an organization that was merely headed by a Daolord was nothing worth mentioning at all.

“Flamewing, kill them all!” Ning pointed towards his foes and issued an order as well.

“I’ve been waiting for you to say that.” Flamewing had been standing restlessly by Ning’s side. Upon hearing the order, he wagged his big butt excitedly, then let out an excited roar. This ordinary-looking fatty suddenly transformed into a dazzling ball of blazing fire which had a strange creature inside of it, a creature that looked like a fiery-winged bear.

The nine attacking Black Emperors all revealed looks of nervousness and puzzlement. They could sense incredible danger, but they had no idea what it was they were looking at.

“Eh?” The distant Lord Wulf suddenly turned pale.

“GWAAAAR!” Flamewing let out a shocking roar, and as he did so he belched forth a torrent of dark-red flames from his mouth. It almost instantly covered the surrounding void, including the nine Black Emperors who were charging in their direction.

“What’s that?!”

“ARGH! Not good, those flames are too powerful. Quick, run!”

The nine Black Emperors felt tremendous pain as soon as those dark-red flames touched them. Even their black skin began to slowly melt away! Although they were a bit more powerful than Whitethaw, they were still just Black Emperors; in other words, they were living beings who had used the Ritual Sacrificium to inherit a certain level of power. In contrast, Whitethaw was a ‘pure’ golem who was designed for defense; his survival abilities were far superior to theirs.

“What terrifying flames. These flames are far more powerful than even a Hegemon’s flames,” Waveshift said with an amazed sigh.

“Ordinary Hegemons would be burned to death by those flames,” the nearby Azurefiend said. “These Black Emperors have incredibly tough bodies; they are just melting slightly from the heat.”

Whoosh. As Flamewing belched out those terrifying dark-red flames, his wings fluttered and sent him streaking forwards like a bolt of terrifying light.

“That’s fast!” Ning was shocked. Flamewing was flying far faster than even a realmship!

“That creature is far too fast!” Hegemon Thunderstar, hiding off in the distance within his own realmship, was shocked by this as well. He had become a Hegemon via the Dao of Thunder and could be described as having reached the very apex of speed amongst cultivators, but he still felt astonishment. “He’s far, far faster than me. How can he be this fast?!”

Why was Flamewing known as the Flamewing God? It was precisely because of how incredibly fast he flew. This was why many classified him as a bird, as his prowess lay in his flight speed. Attacking techniques were of secondary importance.

Riiiiip. Flamewing transformed into a streak of light and almost instantly shot towards a Black Emperor. He reached out with one of his chubby paws and swiped at the Black Emperor with it, causing the Black Emperor’s arm to twist unnaturally. A large wound appeared on the Black Emperor’s chest as well, so deep as to expose the countless stone passageways located within his chest. One of the planets inside his body completely exploded. This was a lethal blow for the Black Emperor, who instantly lost his life as a result.

Slash! Yet another paw-strike, this time aimed at the head of a Black Emperor. Although Black Emperors had incredibly sturdy heads, it was still possible for one to shatter those heads with enough power. As a result, this second Black Emperor died as well.

“Retreat, quick!” Lord Wulf could do nothing but watch as this all happened, his eyes threatening to leave their sockets. As soon as he had seen those dark-red flames, he knew something was wrong and so he immediately charged forwards to rescue his subordinate... but compared to Flamewing, his flying speed was far, far slower. They were on completely different levels.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 16: The Shocking Chaos Primordial**

These Black Emperors moved far more slowly than the Flamewing God, and the terrifying dark-red flames had only caused them to slow down even further.

As for Lord Wulf coming to reinforce them? They immediately gave up that notion. Given his speed, by the time he flew over, the Flamewing God would’ve pretty much killed them all. Thus... they had to take care of themselves!

“Join forces.”

“Work together to buy some time.”

“We only need to hold on for an instant.” The onyx humanoids were all absolutely terrified. It was as though they had met their natural predator! Fortunately, the nine of them had charged over together and thus were quite close to each other. By the time the Flamewing God had killed two of them, the other seven had already quickly gathered together.

“Hide inside this estate-treasure first.” One of the Black Emperors tossed out an estate-type treasure.

Crack! The dark-red flames were powerful enough to kill even Hegemons. This top-grade Eternal estate-treasure instantly began to crack apart, followed by the treasure being completely destroyed.

Whoooosh! Bathed in flames, the Flamewing God's wings fluttered a single time, sending it straight towards the seven Black Emperors.

"Block!" The seven Black Emperors simultaneously swept out with their palms as the silver diagrams covering their bodies began to light up. An awesomely cold aura swept out from them as ice began to form over their gigantic black palms, sweeping towards the attacking Flamewing God.

"Grrr... die!" Flamewing was a dominating force of nature; it naturally chose to meet their attacks head-on! It flew straight towards its opponents, its giant bear-like paws smashing downwards with such power that even Ning and Azurefiend felt their hearts tremble as they watched from afar. Its attack collided head-on against the giant black palms of the seven Black Emperors.

BOOM! This was a collision of incredible power, and it instantly caused space around them to completely collapse and crumble.

When the seven Black Emperors joined forces, they were able to unleash an amount of power that was equal to that of an Otherverse Lord's. Although they were clearly at a disadvantage when battling the Flamewing God, they were at least able to briefly pause it in its tracks.

As for the seven Black Emperors themselves, they were knocked flying backwards, their bodies trembling and crackling as a large amount of tears and injuries appeared on them. They had suffered incredibly heavy injuries; even they would need quite a long period of time to completely recover.

Whoosh. The Flamewing God was enraged at having been briefly stopped in its tracks. It once more fluttered its wings. Swoosh! It instantly swept through the void and charged at the Black Emperors, who were still in the process of being blasted in each direction. They didn't have the chance to recover yet.

"Not good."

"Flee separately."

"Save yourselves!" The Black Emperors had all suffered heavy injuries, and they had been blasted backwards with such force that they had lost control over themselves. It was impossible for them to once more join forces to block the Flamewing God, and so they simply followed the momentum of the previous blast and began to flee for their lives.

Riiiiip! The Flamewing God was able to move at incredible speeds. Its claws swept past the body of one of the fleeing Black Emperors, instantly tearing the Black Emperor's chest open. Quite a number of critical systems lay within the chest, and so this strike was a lethal one.

"GWAAAAR!" Flamewing opened its giant maw and bit down, crushing a Black Emperor to bits with its teeth, then crunching through the remains and swallowing them.

This was one of the most terrifying beasts in existence in the Chaosverse... a Chaos Primordial! They would often eat entire realmverses when hungry. In comparison, these onyx humanoids were devoured with ease by Flamewing. In fact, Flamewing rather enjoyed the chewiness.

“Stop that immediately!” Lord Wulf had finally arrive. Slash! Lord Wulf had moved to bar Flamewing’s path, but Flamewing was still able to land a clawing blow to a Black Emperor’s back, causing his spine to completely cave in and a series of crackling sounds to emanate from his body. The Black Emperor’s aura instantly whittled away into nothingness.

“DIE, damn you!” The enraged Lord Wulf suddenly drew a saber in each of his two hands. SLASH! SLASH! A pair of rainbow-like streaks of saber-light chopped through the skies, filled with Lord Wulf’s boundless rage and murderous will. The twin blows chopped straight towards the Flamewing God, who simply fluttered its wings and used them to block the two strikes like a shield. BOOM! The shockwave from this collision was even more powerful than the one generated by the clash between Flamewing and the seven Black Emperors.

Lord Wulf was sent flying backwards, while Flamewing came to a halt as well. It glanced at Lord Wulf, slightly surprised.

“Damn, damn, damn!” Lord Wulf glanced behind himself, only to see the four heavily wounded surviving Black Emperors fleeing towards the distant realmship. This caused Lord Wulf to feel a sense of pain in his heart. “I had nine Black Emperors... and now, I’ve suddenly lost five of them. The Icepeak Army has never, in all its history, suffered such catastrophic losses before!”

The Icepeak Army had conquered all within its path, stirring up one war after another, but even then its total losses had merely been eight Black Emperors. This time, they had been planning to slay this puny Daolord with ease... and yet they had instantly lost five of their Black Emperors?!

“You are pretty strong. You should be on par with those Otherverse Lords. I probably won’t be able to kill you,” Flamewing growled. “So you can go ahead and fuck off. Can’t be bothered to fight you! If it wasn’t for the fact that those seven were able to block me briefly, I would’ve wiped them all out by now.”

Indeed. Given the Flamewing God’s terrifying speed, he was in fact capable of killing all of the onyx humanoids before Lord Wulf had arrived. However, that extra moment of time the seven Black Emperors had bought themselves by joining forces had caused the Flamewing God to briefly slow down, resulting in ‘just’ five perishing and four escaping.

“Y-you...!” Lord Wulf felt even angrier. He had never suffered such catastrophic losses before, and felt as though he was about to go crazy. “DIE!”

“I can’t beat you to death so I was planning on not beating you up at all... but you insist on attacking ME?” Flamewing let out a furious roar as he charged over.

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Space for ten billion kilometers around them completely collapsed, with the void itself having been ground up into countless tiny scorching pieces of space-sand as the titanic Flamewing battled furiously against that golden figure.

This was combat on a completely different level, a clash of the titans. Flamewing had the advantage and was completely dominating the golden figure, smashing it backwards over and over again! However, Golden Emperors simply had incredibly durable bodies; not a single scratch could be seen on Lord Wulf’s

golden form, and so Lord Wulf continued to attack again and again with his indescribably exquisite Hegemonic saber-arts.

The terrifying clashes caused Ning and Azurefiend to both tremble.

“So this is what a battle between Otherverse Lords looks like?” Ning nodded slowly. Flamewing was indeed quite a bit stronger than an Otherverse Lord, but it was still incapable of actually killing them. In the end, its insights into the Dao were simply too weak. It completely relied on its innate gifts to do battle, and thus Otherverse Lords were able to stay alive in the face of its onslaught. However, there was no way they could actually overpower Flamewing in a frontal clash.

Even someone whose body was as durable as Lord Wulf, a Golden Emperor, was sent flying backwards with every single clash. However, rage caused Lord Wulf to continue to press the futile attack.

It truly was a scene of apocalyptic might. Even Hegemons would perish before attacks like these! “And this is just one of the Icepeak Army’s generals...” Azurefiend let out an amazed sigh.

“He is a Golden Emperor. Even the Lonely King himself is just a Golden Emperor,” the nearby Emperor Waveshift said. “The Lonely King’s advantage lies in his war machines, but those war machines would barely tickle your Flamewing God; there’s no way they can damage the Flamewing God’s nigh-indestructible body. Thus, even if the Lonely King came he would still be dominated and abused by your Chaos Primordial. This is what makes those creatures so terrifying.”

Ning nodded. Suddenly, a spacetime ripple appeared off in the distance, followed by a white-robed, white-bearded elder with six curved horns on his head emerging from a spacetime rift. It was Hegemon Brightshore.

“What terrifying shockwaves!” Hegemon Brightshore stared ashen-faced at the apocalyptic scene before him. This was a level of combat which was vastly beyond him, and these shockwaves were on a completely different level as well.

“Such power! Is this the terrifying force which Realmshard Windgrace spoke of, the force which is beyond even his ability to control?” Yet another figure appeared in the distance. It was Hegemon Windrain.

“A Golden Emperor? One of the legendary Golden Emperors, who are supposedly on par with Otherverse Lords, is being completely dominated in battle? Where the hell did this beast come from?!” Hegemon Netherlily appeared as well. The terrifying shockwaves from this battle had been sensed by all three of the mighty Hegemons of the Flamedragon Realmverse, and so they had all hastened over here.

On one side was Hegemon Thunderstar and his realmship, along with the four surviving Black Emperors. On the other side was Ning’s party and the three newly arrived Hegemons. All of them stared, stunned, as the battle progressed between Flamewing and the crazed Lord Wulf.

“Damn, damn, DAMN! AAAAAAARGH!” Lord Wulf let out an infuriated bellow which rang out in every direction, his voice filled with rage, resentment, and humiliation. He had never been as angry as he was right now! He had launched countless attacks, but he wouldn’t be able to continue fighting like this. This was because the energy stores in his body would begin to be exhausted if he kept this up, at which point he would be in mortal danger.

“Daolord Darknorth, I won’t forget this. I won’t forget this!” Lord Wulf turned to glare at the distant white-robed youth, his eyes filled with terrifying hatred and malice.

“Let’s go!” Lord Wulf immediately began to flee.

## The Desolate Era

### **Book 38: Daomerge Chapter 17: Pursuit**

“Oh, NOW you want to flee?” By now, the Flamewing God had been thoroughly enraged by Lord Wulf as well. Its wings fluttered, sending it soaring through the void at terrifying speeds as it instantly caught up to the fleeing Lord Wulf. Flamewing once more sent its clawed paws against Lord Wulf: “So you think you can just attack and run as you please?”

BOOM! A titanic explosion rang out. Lord Wulf remained undamaged, and the warblades in his hands seemed to spin like circles of light. He himself arced outwards, borrowing from the momentum of the shockwave to continue fleeing. His body was so tough that it was completely undamaged.

Lord Wulf continued to flee, while Flamewing pressed the attack.

“Chase him down, Flamewing!” Ning ordered mentally.

“Leave it to me. This guy thinks he can just flee whenever he wants? It won’t be that easy!” Flamewing chased furiously, giving vent to his rage.

“Let’s follow them!” Ning waved his hand, producing his realmship. Ning, Azurefiend, Emperor Waveshift, and Whitethaw all flew into it.

“Darknorth, let us watch as well!” Hegemon Brightshore flew over, followed by Hegemon Netherlily and Hegemon Windrain. They were extremely interested in watching a battle between Otherverse Lord-level combatants, especially since they themselves were in no danger. The brief part of the battle they had seen earlier had already caused them to learn a few things. Without question, the mysterious and terrifying beast which had completely dominated the Golden Emperor had to be on Ning’s side.

“Alright, let’s go together.” Ning didn’t refuse them. And so Ning, Emperor Waveshift, Azurefiend, Brightshore, Windrain, Netherlily, and Whitethaw all rode the realmship as it chased after the two combatants. Although in raw speed alone Ning was unable to make the realmship move as fast as the Flamewing God, Lord Wulf was much much slower than both of them. As the Flamewing God continued to hunt after and beat down upon Lord Wulf, Ning and the others were able to keep up with ease.

“Waveshift!”

“Long time no see, Waveshift.” Hegemon Brightshore and the other two Hegemons all greeted Emperor Waveshift. Like them, Emperor Waveshift was a native of the Flamedragon Realmverse; he had naturally met all three of them long ago. They chatted amongst themselves as they watched the distant, high-level battle occurring before them.

“Darknorth, is this creature one of those legendary ‘Chaos Primordials?’” Hegemon Brightshore soon asked the question he wanted to ask the most. The nearby Hegemon Windrain and Hegemon Netherlily were both curious as well.



Ning nodded. "It is indeed a Chaos Primordial. Its name is the 'Flamewing God'."

"No wonder."

"I knew it. Only the legendary Chaos Primordials could possibly possess such a level of power." Hegemon Brightshore and the others were enlightened. Although they had their guesses, they had never actually seen a Chaos Primordial before. Those were legendary creatures which were never seen.

"Incredibly, simply incredible! Flamewing God, a Chaos Primordial, is battling against the Icepeak Army. It must have been tamed, right?" Hegemon Windrain asked.

Hegemon Netherlily turned to look at Emperor Waveshift. A smile on her face, she said, "Waveshift, did you tame this Chaos Primordial?"

All of them felt amazement and awe. The legendary Chaos Primordials were incredibly rare, and taming one of the creatures was something out of the myths! Still, for Emperor Waveshift to accomplish this was shocking but believable to them. Emperor Waveshift was often invited and feted by the most supreme of major powers, who asked them to accompany them to some incredibly mysterious places. It was believable for him to have been lucky enough to tame a Chaos Primordial on one of those trips.

"I don't have that sort of ability." Emperor Waveshift shook his head. "It was Darknorth who tamed it."

"Darknorth?" Hegemon Brightshore and the others all turned to stare at Ning in disbelief. For a moment, none of them knew what to say.

Daolord Darknorth was an absolute monster! They had never heard of such a terrifying Daolord. It would be understandable if a power Emperor like the Lonely King or Hegemon Windrain had tamed a Chaos Primordial, but a Daolord?! This was truly miraculous.

"Nothing more than lucky." Ning calmly watched as the battle proceed, his gaze focused on the enemy realmship that was following from behind like a streak of lightning. "That realmship really is fast. It flies far more quickly than even my own realmship. I can sense from its sudden bursts of speed that its even faster than Flamewing."

"Hegemon Thunderstar became a Hegemon via the Dao of Thunder. He's extremely skilled in speed, and when he is in command of a realmship he's able to more perfectly draw out its full power than many, allowing it to move much faster," the nearby Emperor Waveshift said. "Thus, personal insights truly do matter. Different treasures in the hands of different major powers will be capable of unleashing different levels of might."

Ning nodded.

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Whoosh. Hegemon Thunderstar kept his realmship at the margins of the battle, hiding far away and watching as the Flamewing God continued its pursuit.

"Thunderstar, hurry up and go rescue our general!" the other four Black Emperors urged desperately.

"There's no way for me to save him." Hegemon Thunderstar shook his head. "That Chaos Primordial is too fast. Although I'm skilled in flying, my speed still isn't even close to being on par with that creature's."

Even though I'm in command of a realmship which is famous for its speed, I'm still just slightly faster than it. The problem is, your general Lord Wulf is far too slow, even slower than me flying normally! The Chaos Primordial continues to circle around him. Once I go nearby, I'll probably be captured by it as well... and once it captures us, we're doomed."

"Ugh."

"Damn." The four Black Emperors were utterly enraged as well. They had suffered severe mental and physical blows from this, but they knew just how terrifying the Flamewing God was. It had slain five of their comrades in the blink of an eye, after all! If they had been just a heartbeat slower, they would've died as well.

"Don't worry. I can tell that Lord Wulf is more than capable of keeping himself alive," Hegemon Thunderstar said.

"Yes, the general has stopped launching all those crazy attacks. If all he needs to do is keep himself alive, he's able to dramatically lessen the amount of energy he uses up. He'll be able to keep fighting for an extremely long period of time."

"Although that Chaos Primordial is very strong, its insights are too weak. Its attacks are all quite clumsy, making it easy for the general to stay alive." All four of the Black Emperors nodded.

However, they also knew that Lord Wulf was only able to keep himself safe thanks to the fact that he had an Otherverse Lord's combat prowess! Black Emperors like them? Yes, the Chaos Primordial might have an extremely low level of insight into the Dao, but it would still crush them with contemptuous ease. No amount of insights would be enough in the face of such an overwhelming disparity in power.

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Boom!

Slash!

Whoosh!

Lord Wulf was being battered around like a ball. Each time, he was able to exquisitely time his defenses to make use of the momentum generated by the Flamewing God's attacks to flee, allowing him to use up just a small amount of his energy even though he was sent flying repeatedly. Lord Wulf remained quite calm, and he continued to pay close attention to the realmship following behind them. "Daolord Darknorth. I won't forget about this. Just wait and see."

Time flowed on, with the pursuit lasting for tens of thousands of years. Ning continued to pursue the two in his realmship, but the frown on his face was beginning to deepen.

He was continuing the pursuit because he didn't wish to give up the chance to kill a Golden Emperor. His Chaos Primordial was born with tremendous karmic blessings and had a virtually indestructible body as well as unearthly amounts of strength with it replenished incredibly fast. This was why the Sithe had chosen to use it as a power source for the Jadefire Realm! Golden Emperors, however, replenished their energy stores much more slowly. Ning had been eagerly awaiting the sight of Lord Wulf exhausting his energy stores, at which point he would probably perish.

Alas, his foe was no fool. Lord Wulf had ceased his frenzied attacks and was instead borrowing from the momentum of Flamewing's own strikes. As a result, he was keeping energy expenditures low enough that he was able to replenish whatever he used up, allowing him to resist for an extremely long period of time.

"Its been tens of thousands of years, but Lord Wulf remains able to defend with ease." Ning frowned. "It seems clear that his energy expenditure rates are below his replenishment rates."

"Come back, Flamewing." Ning finally issued the order.

"GWAR!" Flamewing let out a final, proud roar within the Great Dark. For it, pursuing an opponent for tens of thousands of years was nothing. It could spend an entire chaos cycle just taking a nap!

The fleeing Lord Wulf was briefly startled. Moments later, he realized that the Flamewing God had finally ceased its pursuit. Only then did Lord Wulf turn to fly towards Hegemon Thunderstar's realmship.

Swoosh. He quickly flew into the realmship, which then sped up dramatically and transformed into a dazzling streak of electric light and disappeared into the Great Dark.

Ning quietly stared into the darkness. The nearby Emperor Waveshift said, "In terms of energy stores, Chaos Primordials vastly outstrip Otherverse Lords. Alas, its insights into the Dao are too low-level. It is like a child, capable of just the most basic forms of combat! Thus, all of its overwhelming power is of no use; it's only able to suppress, not kill, Otherverse Lords in combat. The legends say that there has never been an Otherverse Lord or a Golden Emperor who has perished to a Chaos Primordial."

Ning nodded. "It does not make efficient use of its power. The Sithe were able to take all of its terrifying energy to set up the Jadefire Realm, then transform it into a 'Decimatus Wave' which could kill Otherverse Lords with ease."

If Flamewing had reached Ning's level of insights into the Dao, it would be able to kill Golden Emperors with ease. Alas, its insights into the Dao were negligibly low, and it possessed just the most basic of animalistic instincts. All it knew was the most basic forms of attack.

"A pity that we had to let that Golden Emperor escape," Azurefiend mumbled.

"We can't chase after it any longer. If we did, then we'd be in trouble once the Lonely King commanded the rest of the Icepeak Army to come and reinforce them," Emperor Waveshift said. "By then, we'd have no choice but to hide behind the Flamewing God's protection."