

Desolate 1491

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Book 45: The Fragrance of the Plum Blossom Chapter 12: Oblivion Sword Dao

Ji Ning saw the Sword Titan shatter, then saw Autarch Mogg, Autarch Stonerule, Autarch Skyfeeder, and Autarch Titanos all perish in battle. Even he himself was about to die. Ning's heart was filled with resentment and an unwillingness to accept this all. He was filled with remorse towards all the living beings of this Chaosverse, filled with remorse towards his daughter. *I'm really sorry, everyone.*

He felt resentment, pain, remorse... and boundless hate.

When he saw the maniacally laughing Iyerre, Ning felt true hatred. To use a common saying from his first life in China on Earth, 'even after dying and becoming a ghost, he still wouldn't forgive or spare Iyerre'! However, in his heart he knew that once he died, his truesoul fragments would be completely swallowed and devoured. All that hatred he felt was completely meaningless! It was precisely because he understood this that the hatred and agony in Ning's heart was only further heightened.

Hatred! Hatred aimed at himself for being too weak!

Hatred! Hatred aimed at himself for being unable to protect those he cared about.

He truly did want to annihilate all of these invaders!

Boundless hatred filled his heart. He didn't want to die. Titanos, Mogg... they had felt the same way. They had died with their eyes open. Death held no release for them!

This powerful will of hatred caused all of Ning's thoughts, his very consciousness itself, to become completely transformed into just one thing – an overwhelming desire to kill! An insatiable desire to destroy! As this completely unprecedented desire for destruction filled him, all of the questions and confusion Ning felt towards the Oblivion Sword Dao were completely wiped clean. Everything came to its logical conclusion, resulting in the Oblivion Sword Dao taking a complete and perfect form within Ning's mind!

"So this is what 'true destruction' is. I always felt that I was lacking a little spark when it came to understanding it, preventing my version of it from being the real thing. So this is what I lacked." Finally, Ning completely understood.

The power of pure darkness rippled out from Ning. It held the interlinked Five Elements, the transformations of Yin and Yang, both Light and Dark, and both Space and Time. They were all connected to each other by the binds of Karma... and the karmic links that existed between them were formed by Ning's pure, destructive intent! All of them were being destroyed by Ning's will, resulting in a chain reaction that came together to form 'Oblivion'.

"I had actually built up enough insight long ago, and even my overall path was correct. The only reason why I hadn't been able to succeed was because I was missing a truly intense will to cause absolute destruction, a will which linked all other Daos together and then annihilated them! Now, all of my insights have come together to form true destruction – Oblivion!"

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“This is bullshit! Bullshit!!!” Autarch Ekong was filled with heart-rending grief and rage as the black warbeast charged towards him.

“Life and death are in an endless cycle... but once this civilization comes to an end, the cycle shall be broken for us. Everything shall truly be destroyed.” Autarch Bolin was filled with boundless grief as well.

Suddenly, they sensed the world around them turn completely still. Even the terrifyingly powerful aura of the Sith was quickly suppressed, followed by an even more horrifying aura of destruction sweeping out. Both Autarch Ekong and Autarch Bolin turned their heads to look, only to see a terrifying ripple of darkness emanating from that white-robed youth.

“Darknorth!” Despair vanished from the hearts of Autarch Bolin and Autarch Ekong. Both felt as though color had come back to the world. They both grew excited.

Iyerre and the three black warbeasts had simultaneously turned to stare at Ning, their hearts beginning to tremble. “Is that... true destruction?” Iyerre’s face turned pale. He immediately barked, “Kill them! Keep killing them!”

“Attack!”

“Attack!” The two black warbeasts that had been charging towards Autarch Bolin and Autarch Ekong hesitated slightly, then immediately obeyed the order and continued to press the attack. They knew that there was no way out. It didn’t matter what breakthrough Emperor Darknorth had just made. They had to follow this path to the bitter end!

The distant white-robed Ning opened his eyes. He was able to read the situation at a glance.

“Oblivion Sword Dao!”

Rumble... the countless streams of sword-light which permeated this entire region all became pitch black. The streaks of pitch-black sword-light were absolutely terrifying to behold, and their power increased immeasurably. Although they didn’t possess as much power as the Sword Titan had when the seven Autarchs had sacrificed parts of their bodies, the pitch-black sword-light was still far more powerful than the normal World of Liberation domain. They also moved in much more marvelous and intricate ways than before.

The three black warbeasts and Iyerre all felt their bodies sink down under the weight of this domain’s pressure.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Previously, the Sword Titan had been wielding two of the Northbow swords, with a third Northbow sword beneath the Golden Bridge of Freedom which it was standing on. Upon its destruction, all three swords had gone flying. Now, under Ning’s control, the three Northbow swords began to shoot out towards those three black warbeasts at a speed far greater than Ning’s own flying speed.

“What’s this?” The black warbeast who was charging towards Autarch Ekong and trying to kill him suddenly noticed a black streak of light shooting towards it at terrifying speed. It was actually three times as fast as the warbeast itself! It was a Northbow sword.

“Beat it.” The black warbeast raked out with its claws, seeking to knock the Northbow sword aside. However, the Northbow sword dodged in an incredibly agile, almost ghostly manner. The sword easily dodged past the claws, then hacked straight at the black warbeast’s neck. This sword was filled with a pure will of destruction, and it caused the silver-robed woman inside the black warbeast to shiver in fear. Thankfully, she was inside the black warbeast. If she was outside, she probably would’ve died from the first blow.

The black warbeast stumbled backwards slightly from the blow, but it remained undamaged.

Swish! The black warbeast pursuing Autarch Bolin was also intercepted by a Northbow sword. Although a single sword controlled from afar wouldn’t be enough to defeat one of these black warbeasts, it was enough to tie it down.

“Damnit.” Iyerre’s face grew uglier and uglier. “He’s mastered true destruction? We have to kill him. Given enough time, he’s probably going to become an Omega Autarch and bind this entire Chaosverse. When that happens, we won’t even be able to fight back against him.”

Mastering true destruction meant that Ning had taken one step into the realm of Omega Autarchy! He was able to comprehend ‘Oblivion’, but at the very end of ‘Oblivion’ was ‘Creation’. This represented the true apex of all cultivation, Omega Autarchy! Ning was native to this Chaosverse, born and bred here. If he became an Omega Autarch, he’d naturally become able to take control over this Chaosverse. There was no way Iyerre could permit something like this to happen!

It was much like how Autarch Bolin had reached an extremely high level of insight into ‘life and death’ and was extremely powerful, but hadn’t been able to master the Samsara Daobirth Essence no matter how hard he tried until he himself was at the brink of death. Ning had been a bit better off; he had been able to take an incomplete step into Omega Autarchy by mastering ‘Oblivion’! He had gained a much higher level of insight, and the amount of power he could summon from the Dao had dramatically increased as well. All by himself, he was now slightly more powerful than the Sword Titan which all seven of them had to work together to create.

“Darknorth!” Autarch Bolin and Autarch Ekong were both overjoyed.

“You’ve become an Omega Autarch?” Autarch Ekong asked.

“Not yet.” Ning was radiating a will of destruction. “But leave Iyerre and the others to me.”

“Alright.” Bolin and Ekong both nodded. Ning immediately flew out.

The three black warbeasts and Iyerre wished to first kill Ekong and Bolin, but they were all stopped by Ning’s swords. Given that the Oblivion Sword Dao was suppressing and weakening them, they could do nothing but simply watch as Ning drew Ekong and Bolin into his estate-world treasure.

“Titanos. Skyfeeder. Stonerule. Mogg. Don’t worry, my friends. I’m going to kill them all. NO ONE shall ever be able to annihilate our civilization!” Ning stared at the distant Iyerre and those three black warbeasts, then manifested his three-headed, six-armed form. Three of his six hands reached out, grabbing the three Northbow swords which flew to him from afar. Moments later he had all six Northbow swords ready, and he emanated an aura of absolute murder.

“Mastering ‘true destruction’ won’t save you. Surround and kill him!” Iyerre roared as he, the three black warbeasts, and the seven violet-gold chains attacked Ning simultaneously.

Ning’s eyes were as cold as ice, and he charged forwards to meet them with all six Northbow swords at the ready.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Ning was noticeably faster than before, and he transformed into a streak of black light as he shot outwards. His swords were now even more shockingly powerful than before, allowing him to instantly battle against all three black warbeasts and Iyerre at the same time. Sword-light flashed around him, each flash filled with an awesome amount of power. As far as close combat went, he was now much stronger and more effective than previously when he was only able to use a single sword. He had also reached a much higher level of insight into the Dao of the Sword, allowing him to drill deep into the black warbeasts’ bodies with each strike from his sword!

Although his blows couldn’t compete with the final desperation attack the Sword Titan had used, they were more intricate and caused agony to the Sithe inside the warbeasts.

“We can’t hold on!”

“We can’t stop him for much longer!” The five Sithe Exalts sent mentally. Alas, it was too late! Ning struck incredibly fast, and he was in his three-headed, six-armed form. He landed three consecutive strikes against one of the black warbeasts, each strike transmitting the power of destruction inside of the warbeast. The main controller had a body tough enough to endure these blows, but the five Sithe Exalts all perished after taking three such collisions. Even worse, the awesome power of Oblivion which washed over them resulted in even their truesouls being devoured.

It was much like how the sphere of annihilation was able to devour anything, even truesoul fragments. Ning’s own power was coursing with the will of Oblivion, allowing him to do the same thing.

“Their truesoul fragments have been completely devoured!” Iyerre’s three allies began to panic. The only surviving Sithe were the three of them and Iyerre himself.

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Iyerre naturally knew just how deadly Darknorth was now that the man had mastered Oblivion. He immediately sent consolingly, “Don’t worry. Although I can’t revive you if your truesouls are destroyed, I’ll ask my master to do so! Neither of us have any way out of this. We have to beat Darknorth in battle. As long as we can win, any of you who do end up dying will be revived as well.”

Normally, in order to bring someone back to life, the process which both Autarchs and Omega Autarchs used involved reverse spacetime to call back the truesoul fragments! However, once you became a Lord of Chaos, things were completely different. To a Chaoslord, whether or not the truesoul fragments were destroyed didn’t really matter much.

“Alright.” The silver-robed woman and the other two had no choice but to trust Iyerre. They were going to follow this path to the bitter end.

“The deaths of those five Exalts actually...” As Ji Ning slew those five Sithe Exalts, he could clearly sense that the entire Chaosverse was slightly strengthened after draining away their truesouls. “It actually allowed the Chaosverse to heal. Mm. In the past, when we slew Sithe Exalts their truesouls would return to the Sithe Chaosverse. Those five, however, could not. I completely destroyed their truesouls, transforming their energies into pure life energy.”

“Does that mean... that my power over destruction is also able to nourish the Quintessence of the Chaosverse?” Ning was beginning to get an inkling of what this portended. However, now was not the time for training. It was the time for fighting!

“Slow him down! The three of you, slow him down while I look for an opening,” Iyerre barked mentally.

“Alright.” The three black warbeasts began to circle around Ning, doing their best to impede his movements.

Ning’s six Northbow swords were all filled with the aura of Oblivion, and they completely suppressed the three black warbeasts. Each blasting strike unleash Oblivion into the bodies of the black warbeasts, causing the three to feel rather miserable. However, their bodies were far stronger than those of most Exalts and so they were fully capable of enduring this. This made it so that for now, Ning was unable to do anything to them.

“These black warbeasts are completely indestructible.” Ning knew how tough these things were. They weren’t a match for him, but they were able to slow him down.

Whoosh! Iyerre unleashed a dazzling bust of light that spread everywhere, while he himself hid within the light to launch repeated sneak attacks against Ning. Ning felt a sense of pressure, as Iyerre was an Omega Autarch who had an even higher level of insight than Ning himself. Although he was now much more powerful than before, those three black warbeasts made it so that he was unable to fully focus on battling Iyerre.

“Hmph. This is my homeland. My power is endless here, but the Sithe? They’re using up energy at a frantic rate. They won’t be able to last.” After realizing that there was no way for him to immediately win, Ning switched to a defensive-oriented strategy.

“Damn.” Iyerre, still seeking an opening, felt his heart sank. Ning was far more powerful than the Sword Titan had been. Ning had three heads and six arms, whereas the Sword Titan only had two arms. Ning was also at a higher level of enlightenment than the Sword Titan. If Ning had furiously pressed the assault, Iyerre might’ve been able to find an opening and exploit it to achieve victory... but now that Ning focused on defense, it was going to be very, very hard to win.

Rumble...

This battle was raging throughout Grassland World as Ning clashed repeatedly against the Sithe. He dropped from the third layer of clouds to the second layer, then fought all the way back to the fifth layer.

In truth, Ning would’ve been able to leave whenever he wished, but he knew that if he did so then Iyerre probably wouldn’t take on the risk of pursuing him. Thus, he continued to battle them within the Grassland World!

“Damn, damn, damn!” Iyerre had repeatedly tried to exploit openings, but Ning was so cautious that Iyerre was unable to succeed at all.

“Iyerre, this warbeast isn’t going to last any longer!” the black-robed man sent frantically. “It is almost out of power!”

“What?!” Iyerre was shocked. The three black warbast would only be able to battle for one hour under normal circumstances. Linked up with Iyerre via formation, they consumed energy even faster! The situation was worsened after the Sword Titan had unleashed that ‘desperation blow’, causing heavy damage to all of them.

It must be remembered that when faced with an enormous attack, even an ‘invulnerable form’ would have to consume a tremendous amount of power to survive it. The same was true for these three black warbeasts! The one which the black-robed man commanded had been the one which absorbed the life-core of the white-furred, red-eyed humanoid. It was comparatively weaker and so its power was the first to run dry.

“I’m out of power! Save me!” the black-robed man sent frantically, his warbeast beginning to flee. Boom! The formerly-stable formation and the black-white light within it began to destabilize. Given his insight, Ning immediately realized what this portended.

“Die!” Ning willed two Northbow swords to fly out, moving far faster than Ning himself could. They instantly crashed onto that black warbeast... and their blows were like the straws that broke the camel’s back. The black warbeast trembled and then began to rapidly dwindle in size, no longer able to stay in war-mode. As it shrank the black-robed man appeared outside of it, his face a mask of terror.

“I need to escape!” The black-robed man wanted to flee through spacetime, but as soon as the spacetime rift appeared next to him those two Northbow swords sliced through both the dimensional tear and his own body.

Whoosh! Both were wiped out. The black-robed man opened his mouth, his eyes filled with shock and resentment, but he was completely annihilated by the power of this terrifying Oblivion Sword Dao. His truesoul fragments were completely devoured.

“Coldnoon!” the other two called out frantically.

“Eh?” Ning could clearly sense that the prime essences of the Chaosverse had grown quite a bit more powerful after devouring the black-robed man’s energies. The effect was actually superior to when it had drained those five Sithe Exalts! “All by himself, he vastly surpassed five of those Exalts? Where in the world did he come from?”

Many thoughts flitted through Ning’s mind, but he cast them away and seized this chance to press the attack. He was going to make use of this opportunity to wipe all the Sithe out, sparing no one!

“Flee!” “Let’s flee!”

The silver-robed woman and the red-robed man no longer had any inclination towards continuing the fight. Now that one of them had died, their formation had been destroyed and they were dramatically weakened. To continue fighting would be suicide.

Clang! Clang! The Northbow swords in Ning's hands shot out once more. This time, all six of them flew out. Four of them flew towards the two remaining black warbeasts, while two chased after the already-fleeing Iyerre.

"It's over! It's all over!" Iyerre's heart was cold and gripped by despair. Although Ning had only taken a single step into the realm of Omega Autarchy, this was his homeland! He was able to unleash an unlimited amount of power here. Now that Iyerre no longer was being supported by that formation, his attacks were too weak even though his techniques were profound. There was simply no way for him to continue battling against Ning.

"I need to go!" Iyerre glanced at the two black warbeasts and the shrunken 'doll' which had fallen down to the clouds. Although he ached at the loss, he no longer had the time to prevent it. Swoosh! Iyerre instantly tore through space, warping away and disappearing.

"Die!" The two Northbow swords sliced through the dimensional rift and crushed it, but they were just a moment too late. Ning frowned. "He's a fast runner!"

Ning knew that for him to kill Iyerre would be extremely difficult, as Iyerre's level of insight was simply too high. He vastly surpassed Ning in many areas, such as spacetime; it would be very difficult to stop him once he decided to flee. The only way to kill him would be to keep his swords circling around Iyerre, destroying every single spacetime rift the man created. However, Iyerre had been too fast and had perfect control over this battlefield. As soon as things had begun to go south, he had immediately fled.

"It doesn't matter if he escaped. I'll get rid of these two first." Ning charged towards the two remaining black warbeasts.

"Emperor Darknorth! Spare us, spare us!"

"We were forced to do this! This is all because of Iyerre!" The two terrified and fleeing black warbeasts both began to beg for mercy. They knew that thanks to the repeated attacks by the Northbow swords, their own warbeasts were about to run dry as well. They had sought to tear a spatial rift out of the Grassland World and escape, but each time the two Northbow swords were prevent them from doing so.

In truth, even if they did manage to escape, they would remain within the Grassland World! Iyerre, however, had been able to truly escape with ease.

"Spare you? Who 'spared' all the cultivators who died?" Ning's eyes were filled with murder. There was no way he was going to show mercy.

"N-no..."

"Damn that Iyerre!"

Two black once more began to shrink and transform into dolls, having used up the last scraps of their energies. The silver-robed woman and the red-haired man were both annihilated by Ning's sword-light, and their energies were devoured by the Chaosverse.

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Iyerre had frantically warped through spacetime numerous times, fearing that Ning might chase after him. Finally, he reached an empty region in space which was at one of the 'border areas' of the entire Chaosverse. This was a place where many different spacetime continuums were gathered together. There were countless such 'gathering spots', each of which represented the borders between the Chaosverse and the Infinite Void.

Slash! Iyerre waved his hand, causing the void before him to split into two halves and revealing the dazzling sight outside. This was the beautiful, stunning Infinite Void.

Iyerre stepped out, departing from this Chaosverse and entering the Infinite Void. Only then did he finally manage to let out a sigh of relief.

Iyerre turned to look backwards at the awesome, endless celestial object below him. This was the homeland which Ning and his fellow natives belonged to, an enormous Chaosverse. Iyerre had been smitten by it and had gone crazy in an effort to conquer it. This was the Chaosverse which Iyerre had dreamed of controlling for so long.

"Damn. Damn it all." Iyerre was no longer able to calm down, and his eyes were filled with resentment. He had prepared for so long, but he still ended up failing. It had been a completely defeat, and he was the only one to escape and survive.

"I'll go find Master." Iyerre could think of no other solutions. He had to go beg his master for help. He truly didn't wish to accept this defeat.

Whoosh. He began to advance through the vast Infinite Void, headed towards his master's residence.

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Ji Ning picked up the three black dolls, sending his godsense into them to inspect them. He couldn't help but feel rather shocked at the marvelous artifice used to make them. It must be remembered that not even Iyerre himself was able to create these things; they were even more arcane than the Grassland World or the Annihilation Hive.

"I'm actually unable to bind them." Ning tested out binding them, but much like how the Autarch message-talismans could only be used by specific Autarchs, these black dolls could only be used by a preapproved 'list' of people. Iyerre was able to temporarily grant 'usage rights' to the Grassland World to his three allies, but as soon he arrived he was able to take back that right. The same was true for these black dolls!

"Although I can't bind them, I'll still benefit from studying them." Ning waved his hand, putting them away. He stared at the vast Grassland World and at the Golden Bridges which lay fallen within the clouds, his heart rather heavy.

They had won, but the cost had been far, far too great. Iyerre had managed to escape as well. Ning didn't chase after him, because he knew that engaging in a long-distance pursuit was pointless. Iyerre was no fool; the man had undoubtedly fled out of this entire Chaosverse. Besides, as soon as Ning closed in on Iyerre, the latter would undoubtedly notice and would immediately warp through spacetime again, giving Ning no chance to attack at all.

Whoosh. Ning waved a hand, causing two figures to appear next to him. It was Autarch Ekong and Autarch Bolin.

“How did it go, Darknorth?” Ekong and Bolin scanned the area around them.

Ning said rather unhappily, “The other Sithe are all dead, but Iyerre ended up escaping. I was so close! Ugh.”

“If he escaped, he escaped.” Bolin and Ekong didn’t care that much. Bolin said, “His level of insight is simply too high. Killing him will be far, far too difficult. Although we paid a heavy price to just barely win this battle... we were still the victors! Iyerre has already used up everything he has prepared over all these years. He’ll never have the chance to overcome us again.”

Autarch Ekong said worriedly, “What if he comes back and tries again?”

“We have the advantage of time. As more time passes, our accumulated power shall increase more and more. We’ll even give birth to new Autarchs,” Bolin said. “So... if he wishes to come back, he’ll need to do so as soon as possible. But the very fact that he chose to flee this critical battle is proof that he’s already used up everything he has! Come back? With what!”

Ning agreed with this assessment. If Iyerre was to return, he had to do so with a new source of power! Iyerre had been supported by both the Grassland World and those three black warbeasts which had joined into a formation to support him, but in the end he had still lost both the battle and his allies. What would he use to launch another attack?

“I grieve for Titanos and the others,” Ning sighed.

“None of us were afraid of death. So long as we won, death holds no fear for us.” Bolin sighed as well. “Our only fear was of losing. Now that we have won, it is enough.”

“Hurry up and try to bind the Grassland World,” Ning said. “I’m worried that if Iyerre comes back, he’ll come straight for the Grassland World first. It probably won’t be easy for anyone else to bind.”

“Alright.” Bolin and Ekong both agreed. Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! The three immediately flew downwards and began to surveil the entire Grassland World.

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Just as Ning had predicted, it was impossible for them to bind the Grassland World. “If we cannot bind it, then let us destroy its quintessence core.”

Ning, Bolin, and Ekong stood next to each other within that castle located deep within the depths of the Grassland World, staring at an indigo globe before them. This indigo globe had returned to its normal state, now that nothing was trying to ‘squeeze’ more power out of it. Although it was very small, all three could sense the enormous amount of power contained within it.

This quintessence core was extremely important to the Sithe, but it wasn’t of much use to the three of them. In their own homeland, they had access to the unlimited power of the Chaosverse itself. There was no need for a puny quintessence core like this.

“Destroy it.” Ning struck out with a Northbow sword, sending black sword-light slicing through the air and chopping apart everything in its path. This severing sword-light sliced straight at the distant indigo globe. Although there was some resistance, the sword managed to hack through it. Once the sword reached the very core of that indigo globe, the Oblivion-infused sword-light dramatically flared. The indigo globe first split in half, then suddenly exploded completely due to the power of the sword-light.

Boom! Power swept out in every direction, but thanks to the suppressive effect of the Oblivion Sword Dao, by the time the shockwave reached Ning and the other two it had already weakened down to 1%. The enormous barrier of sword-light circling around them was able to defend against the shockwave with ease.

“I can sense that the prime essences have become considerably stronger after absorbing this power,” Ekong said suddenly. “In fact, the prime essences are stronger than ever before.”

Ning nodded. “I previously slew five Sithe Exalts and three incredibly strong Sithe. The Chaosverse and the prime essences absorbed all of their energies.”

Although the deaths of Titanos and the others had weakened the Chaosverse, the three incredibly strong Sithe killed by Ning had truesouls which were equivalent in ‘value’ to those of ten Autarchs! Their gains had completely surpasses their losses.

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After they destroyed the quintessence core of the Grassland World, they then headed off to do the same to the sphere of annihilation within the Annihilation Hive.

Bolin and Ekong were both worried that Ning might not be able to accomplish it, but Ning proved them wrong. A single sword infused with the Oblivion Sword Dao was all it took to tear the sphere of annihilation open, destroying all of the mysteries of Oblivion contained within it. In the end, the entire sphere of annihilation collapsed. When it broke apart, it no longer looked like a shadowy orb. It revealed its true appearance, transforming into a tiny, solid-looking ball of light. The ball of light completely exploded, sending a limitless amount of energy blasting in every direction.

When the shockwave spread out, it seemed to cause the Five Elements, spacetime, and more to transform... but in the end, it disappeared without a trace.

“Eh?” Ning murmured softly, “Everything in the sphere of annihilation actually collapsed into a singularity, then exploded... and then it gave birth to one, which gave birth to two, which gave birth to three, which gave birth to all things?”

“The next step to my Sword Dao should be ‘Creation’.”

The Omega Sword Dao. At first, Ning had fused multiple other Daos into his Sword Dao, creating the many other so-called Sword Daos such as the Spacetime Sword Dao, the Cycle Sword Dao, the Karma Sword Dao, etc. Later on, after he meditated on ‘Oblivion’, Ning finally managed to bring the Five Elements, Yin and Yang, the Cycle of Light and Dark, Karma, and Spacetime together, using his will of obliteration to fuse them into a single Dao known as the Oblivion Sword Dao! This was why the Oblivion Sword Dao was so incredibly powerful.

When Ning had used the Oblivion Sword Dao to slay those Sithe, he discovered that after killing them they would transform into pure energy which nourished the Chaosverse. This had instantly intrigued Ning – could it be that the purpose of destruction was actually to provide nourishment and create new life? However, during the battle Ning didn't have time to really ruminate over this.

Upon seeing the sphere of annihilation collapse, Ning began to gain an even deeper understanding.

“The Dao is split into Yin and Yang. There are two sides to all things. In order for the Omega Sword Dao to reach Autarchy, simply fusing all the other Sword Daos together to create ‘Oblivion’ isn't enough; that will only display a single facet of the true Autarch Omega Sword Dao. The other face of destruction is the creation of new life. One begets two, two begets three, and three begets all things.” [1. The one/two/three thing is deeply embedded in actual Daoism and is far too complicated to explain here.]

Ning exited the Annihilation Hive, then came to the Grassland World once more. The Grassland World had returned to its normal appearance and no longer had a threatening aura.

The nine layers of clouds atop the Grassland World had vanished. Even the grass had vanished, leaving behind a slick, black metal construct. Ning first fashioned a new avatar, then sat down in the lotus position atop the Grassland World and began to meditate.

He was going to wait here. If Iyerre came once more, he would probably head to the Grassland World first. “Bolin. Ekong. I need to meditate silently,” Ning said. “As for Iyerre... if he comes, leave him to me.”

“Alright.” Bolin andn Ekong didn't disturb him.

Ning closed his eyes, beginning to ruminate upon the profound mysteries of the Dao of the Sword. All his other Sword Daos had come together to form a single whole, the Oblivion Sword Dao... but now, the Oblivion Sword Dao was changing and transforming to reveal its other ‘face’. The diametric opposite of the Oblivion Sword Dao appeared as the power of destruction slowly began to nurture life. It was as though a ‘shell’ of utter destruction pervaded this entire Dao, but at its very heart life was slowly being nurtured...

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The Infinite Void. Here, spacetime was far more twisted and distorted than any Chaosverse could ever be. It was filled with enormous celestial objects and countless marvelous species.

Iyerre was hastening through this great void. The first time he had travelled to Ning's Chaosverse he had moved slowly and with great care, but now that he had made multiple round trips he had become quite familiar with the (still-dangerous) path.

Every so often, Iyerre would turn to stare backwards. Although he had travelled a very great distance, the vast Chaosverse behind him still looked endless beyond measure. Only by taking control over it could one truly stand at the very pinnacle of existence within the Infinite Void.

He had spent nine days after exiting the Grassland World before managing to escape that Chaosverse, then two full months before he finally reached the estate where his master's avatar resided.

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Whoosh! Iyerre warped through spacetime, arriving at a giant floating boulder which was many kilometers long. His facial expressions grew markedly more respectful. A small wooden courtyard had been built atop the stone boulder, and in the center was a log cabin. Through the seams in the log cabin, he was able to vaguely make out a skinny, azure-robed form seated in the lotus position within.

The wood cabin and courtyard looked fragile, as though it could be destroyed with the flick of a finger. Iyerre, however, would never dare to offend. Instead he stood outside the courtyard and said respectfully, "Master."

Inside was his master, a truly legendary figure. He was amongst the first Sithe who rose to power, and he quickly outstripped all others by a wide margin. Countless Sithe venerated his very existence, and he eventually came to control his entire Chaosverse.

Iyerre had been the very second Omega Autarch in his homeland, but he still felt that his master far surpassed in many regards.

"You failed?" The voice was gentle and warm.

"I failed. Completely failed." Iyerre's mood was rather downcast. "The subordinates I brought with me were either killed or captured. It was a completely and total defeat. I'm the only one who managed to escape."

"A pity about those three Sourcewalkers. It wasn't easy for them to reach their level," the person instead sighed. "Each of them was formed from the concentrated essence of my Chaosverse. Reviving them won't be easy."

Iyerre didn't dare to say a word. Long ago, he and his master had come to an agreement. His master had carved out a large chunk of their entire Chaosverse and gave it to Iyerre to rule as he saw fit! All of the Sithe who rose to power within that part of the Chaosverse would be under his control, and he would be permitted to use them to invade other Chaosverses! However, there were two exceptions to this – Sourcewalker Autarchs and Omega Emperors.

An Omega Emperor had the potential to become an Omega Autarch. His master would take all such figures away! Thus, not a single Omega Emperor had joined the war against Ji Ning's Chaosverse.

Sourcewalkers were the treasured darlings of the Chaosverses. The amount of energy they contained in their bodies vastly surpassed all their peers, and after reaching Autarchy they grew to be far more powerful! They completely surpassed all the other Exalts. The silver-robed woman and the other two had been Sourcewalker Autarchs. Iyerre felt that he needed to strengthen his forces, and so he had summoned his courage and asked for his master to transfer them to his command.

Even though Sourcewalker Autarchs were unable to summon the power of the Dao in Ning's Chaosverse, they were still on par with Titanos and Mogg in power! This was why they were able to truly make use of the power of the black warbeasts.

Now, all of them were dead. Even their truesouls had been devoured. His master, as the Lord of Chaos, had access to unbelievable abilities and would still be able to devour them, but this process would

consume the energies of the prime essences! Their deaths had already caused the prime essences of the Sithe Chaosverse to weaken; to bring them back would weaken the prime essences a second time.

"It was all due to my uselessness." Iyerre lowered his head.

"How did you lose?" the gentle, warm voice asked.

"It was because of an Omega Emperor named Emperor Darknorth," Iyerre explained immediately. "I was at the verge of victory. I could see it right in front of me! But at that critical moment between life and death... perhaps because all of his civilization rested on his shoulders... Emperor Darknorth went completely berserk and actually managed to upgrade his Omega Sword Dao to become the Oblivion Sword Dao."

"He probably reached the threshold long ago, but needed a little extra push. The pressure of his entire civilization about to collapse drove him across that final barrier, allowing him to take one step into Omega Autarchy." The warm voice was rather surprised. "You can't be blamed for your defeat. Now that he has taken this step, becoming an Omega Autarch is nothing more than a matter of time. He'll eventually realize that 'Oblivion' is just one face of his Autarch Omega Sword Dao. He'll come to understand what the other face is and then act accordingly. Haha... finally, a second Chaoslord has arisen within the nine Chaosverses."

"Master, am I really supposed to just give up?" Iyerre said desperately, "There are only eight Chaosverses aside from our own. Emperor Darknorth's was the weakest of the eight, and I know more about it than any of the others. If I have to give up on it, I'll have no chance at all."

There were nine Chaosverses in total. The Sithe had given birth to one Lord of Chaos, but the other eight Chaosverses had not. Iyerre had chosen Ning's Chaosverse as his target because it was weak. The other seven were all stronger, and over the course of years they had only grown even more powerful.

"Yes, all of them are very powerful," that gentle voice said. "The seven remaining Chaosverses... even the weakest has at least twelve Autarchs, while the strongest has thirty-nine Autarchs and five Omega Emperors."

"Although Emperor Darknorth has taken one step into Omega Autarchy, it'll take some time for him to take the final step," Iyerre said hurriedly. "If he doesn't realize that there's another side to Oblivion, he'll be stuck there for even longer! I need to seize every moment and press the counter-attack. His homeland only has two Autarchs left, aside from Emperor Darknorth. Emperor Darknorth is the only impediment. Once we destroy him, we'll have won." Iyerre's gaze was filled with desperation.

"Win?" The voice turned cold. "And how do you think you will win?"

"That's why I've come to ask you for help, Master." Iyerre said hurriedly, "If you concur, we'll still be able to win thanks to your many Exalts, your Omega Emperors, and your treasures." He didn't dare to even ask for his master to risk invading Ning's Chaosverse in person. No Lord of Chaos could possibly be foolish enough to risk his own life in another Chaosverse.

"Hmph!" The voice inside turned rather angry. "Iyerre, I gave you nearly 30% of my entire Chaosverse to administer, but you still failed. Now, you even wish for the children under my rule to risk their lives for you?"

"I'll bring them back to life after they die," Iyerre said hurriedly.

"Back to life? How will you make up for that enormous loss of energy? There's no way I will permit my Chaosverse to be weakened that much. Iyerre, you need to know when to stop!" His master truly was becoming angry. Now that Ning had mastered the Oblivion Sword Dao, the truesouls of the Sithe he killed would be unable to return to the Sithe Chaosverse. As a result, the Sithe Chaosverse was being steadily weakened.

Send more Exalts over to Ning's Chaosverse? It was entirely possible that if their Chaosverse was weakened to a certain extent, Emperor Darknorth would lead an invasion after he became a Lord of Chaos!

If two Chaosverses were fairly close to each other power, neither would be able to do anything to the other. But if one side was much weaker than the other? It was possible for a Chaosverse to be defeated!

"And that place remains Emperor Darknorth's home. You have probably already lost the Grassland World and the Annihilation Hive. Without them, sending in more Exalts would be pointless. They would simply die," Iyerre's master said.

Iyerre fell silent.

"If you are truly determined to the point of risking death... there may be hope," his master said suddenly.

"Risking death?" Iyerre's eyes lit up.

"I have one treasure, a protective treasure which I created after countless aeons of hard work. It will allow you to ignite the majority of your truesoul and pour it inside to unleash a supremely powerful skill. With this treasure, you stand a chance at gaining victory," his master said. "But this treasure does have a flaw. When you use it, you'll suffer from an enormous backlash. If you win the battle, you'll be able to slowly recover... but if you lose, you'll probably be killed by Emperor Darknorth on the spot."

"Are you willing?" his master asked.

"I am willing! I'm willing to die in my attempts to take that final step and reach the true apex of cultivation. What's the point of living without hope?" Iyerre gritted his teeth.

"One more thing. If you fail, remember to destroy this treasure instead of letting it fall into Darknorth's hand," his master said. "I imagine you lost the warbeasts I gave you?"

"I lost them. Don't worry, Master. If I fail, I won't let Emperor Darknorth acquire this protective treasure," Iyerre said calmly. If it fell into Ning's hands, Ning would be able to learn from it.

Suddenly, a strange medallion flew over to Iyerre, who caught it. This medallion was palm-sized and very heavy. Even Iyerre felt some pressure from its weight, as though it was actually an entire world he was holding. The medallion's surface was covered with black and white diagrams, with the two sides being black and the center being white. It was like there were two tall black mountains parted by a white gorge or a white river. It seemed almost sentient, and Iyerre immediately bound it to him.

“Incredible.” As soon as he bound it, he understood just how formidable and valuable this treasure was. In terms of preciousness, it was actually superior to both the Annihilation Hive and the Grassland World. It lived up to its reputation as a treasure which his master had personally kept for protection.

His master was now truly invincible, while he himself had been driven to utter despair. This was the only reason why his master had been willing to gift him even a protective treasure of such value. It represented the crystallized essence of his master’s boundless wisdom, which was why his master had instructed him to destroy it if he failed the battle.

“Thank you, Master,” Iyerre said excitedly. He couldn’t help but ask, “What is it called?”

The voice inside fell silent for a moment, then said slowly, “It is called the Stele of Mountains and Rivers.”

“The Stele of Mountains and Rivers?” Iyerre stared at the tablet in his palm, then nodded slowly.

“Be off, then. Shoo.”

Iyerre immediately bowed respectfully and gratefully once more, then turned to leave. He needed to seize every moment. Although he felt that it was likely that Ning wouldn’t be able to quickly understand the opposite side of Oblivion and thus would be stuck there for a long period of time, he wanted to give himself the best chance possible and launch his counter-attack quickly.

After spending two more months in travel, he reached Ning’s Chaosverse once more. After entering it, he began to warp through spacetime to the location of the Grassland World, which is where they had fought earlier.

“He’s going to die, and I’m going to win.” Iyerre hurried forth.

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The only thing left in the Grassland World was that black metallic tower. The white-robed Ning sat by himself next to that black tower, the flow of time around him markedly different from that of the outside world.

Ning’s mind was filled with the secrets of the Dao of the Sword, which continued to transform and multiply. It was the opposite of what Iyerre had expected. As soon as Ning had mastered the Oblivion Sword Dao, he had immediately realized that there was another face to destruction and knew what path he had to take.

His mind was filled with the boundless power of the Oblivion Sword Dao, and the new life which it nurtured. As time flowed on, the vital energy birthed by his Oblivion Sword Dao grew more and more powerful.

Boom! One day, the boundless vitality at the core of his Oblivion Sword Dao reached such a level where it finally exploded! The darkness of oblivion instantly vanished, leaving behind nothing save for a dazzling, pure pulse of vital energy. Boundless amounts of vital energy swept out in every direction, resulting in space and time being born, things dividing into Yin and Yang, the Five Elements arising, and finally karma emerging to link them all together. Even the boundless vital energy was affected by karma,

and so karma tied it together. The Five Elements came together while Yin and Yang tangled around each other, and all of them combined with that vital energy to give birth to one new creature after another.

The stars were born. The emptiness of space was born. Planets were born with verdant life, flowers, and bugs. With but a thought, entire worlds were created.

“In the end, all Daos come together to form the singularity known as Omega, which I express through my Omega Sword Dao.” Now that he fully understood the other face of Oblivion, Ning’s second foot stepped past the threshold of Omega Autarchy as well.

Whoosh. The dazzling Flower of Eternity at the very peak of the towering Dao-tree within Ning’s Jindan chaos region gradually began to wither... but as it did so, a fruit was growing from within it. As the fruit grew, it began to assume a humanoid shape. It was filled with boundless sword-intent that only grew denser and denser... until finally, the fruit took full form.

This fruit was humanoid in shape and looked exactly like Ning himself. It was seated in the lotus position, a smile on its face.

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The entire Grassland World begin to stir and shudder as a boundless amount of energy began to converge upon it. Ning’s body was beginning to transform, while his consciousness expanded dramatically. It now filled every single inch of the entire Chaosverse, resonating with the prime essences of the Chaosverse. He could sense that the prime essences were crying out in joy and celebration. His will naturally became one with every part of the Quintessence, not facing any resistance at all. He was now able to bind it whenever he chose.

“So this is the true nature and appearance of the prime essences?” Ning was intoxicated by it all.

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Ji Ning was now able to clearly see the true appearance of the entire Quintessence for the first time. The Quintessence was formed of countless Eternal Omega Daos, with the Eternal Omega Sword Dao merely being one of them. The other Eternal Omega Daos included the Eternal Omega Karma Dao, the Eternal Omega Time Dao, the Eternal Omega Space Dao, the Eternal Omega Spacetime Dao, the Eternal Omega Metal Dao, the Eternal Omega Water Dao, the Eternal Omega Samsara Dao, the Eternal Omega Five Elements Dao...

All of them were Eternal Omega Daos. They were all the same level, but some were stronger than the others. All of them were linked together and influenced each other, coming together to form an instinctive reaction which would cause the Chaosverse to function in accordance with certain rules!

“All things are linked, as are all Daos.” After understanding the Autarch Omega Sword Dao, Ning had reached the stage of the so-called ‘Daobirth’! Ning was now in control of the Eternal Omega Daos for all other Daos, including spacetime, life and death, and more. This was what had made Iyerre so very powerful. His expertise lay in the Dao of Light, but he had reached the Eternal Omega Dao level in all other Daos as well. This was why he had surpassed all of them in employing spacetime!

However, there was fairness in all things. If you wished to become a Lord of Chaos, you generally had to be the very first Omega Autarch within a Chaosverse. The first one would have no guidance from anyone else and have to fight through a thorn-laden path in order to succeed. His path would be harder than anyone else's, and he was worthier than any others.

As for the second Omega Autarch? Now that a precursor had shown the way, the difficulty of becoming an Omega Autarch would drop tenfold or even more. If the second Omega Autarch wished to become a Chaoslord, he would have to invade another Chaosverse... but in doing so, he would be suppressed and rejected, unable to use even a sliver of the Dao's power. This was an incredibly difficult task.

"The prime essences aren't truly sentient, nor are the various Daos truly merged together." Ning let out a sigh. The Quintessence was formed from multiple independent Eternal Omega Daos.

As for Ning? Not only did he control multiple Eternal Omega Daos, he was also in control of a truly complete and perfect Autarch Omega Sword Dao. In terms of insight, he surpassed the entire Quintessence. This was why he was qualified to bind it! The prime essences themselves were celebrating his rise. They didn't reject him at all. In fact, they were looking forward to Ning binding them!

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"What a huge disturbance."

"What's going on?"

Autarch Bolin and Autarch Ekong were off in the distance, training silently. Both turned to stare at the Grassland World, then traded glances. They quickly warped through spacetime towards the Grassland World.

Rumble... a boundless amount of energy was gathering around the Grassland World. The energy was transforming Ning's body, causing his heartworld to expand.

Bolin and Ekong were unable to even see Ning, who was at the center of that absolute maelstrom of energy.

"I've never seen such an enormous flood of energy before. I feel as though the prime essences are pouring all of their power into this place." Bolin let out a sigh of joy. "Darknorth seems to have broken through into Autarchy."

"Haha, he must have become an Omega Autarch! Otherwise, why would there be such a huge disturbance?" Ekong was excited as well. "This is wonderful. Our civilization has finally given birth to our own Lord of Chaos! It seems as though we'll never have to worry about being invaded again." They had been under the constant threat of invasion for countless aeons. It had weighed upon them very, very heavily. Even though they had beaten back the Sithe twice, if they didn't gain their own Lord of Chaos they would probably suffer more invasions in the future.

Only a Lord of Chaos would grant them true freedom.

"Finally, someone has succeed. Brother Titanos, brother Mogg... Stonerule and Skyfeeder... can you see this?" Bolin murmured.

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Ning's mind gazed upon the entire Quintessence. He had become one with it, and he could sense every single thing within the entire vast Chaosverse. Thus, Ning was able to sense Iyerre was soon as he entered the Chaosverse and began to warp towards the Grassland World.

"Iyerre actually came back already? Judging from that look in his eyes and his posture, he looks like he's ready to battle to the death. He must have something which he thinks gives him a shot at it." Ning continued to watch carefully.

Given his current power as an Omega Autarch, even if he didn't bind the Chaosverse he was still able to summon enough power from the Dao to kill Iyerre with ease!

"I'll bind it first." Since Iyerre had entered the Chaosverse, he wouldn't be able to escape.

Whoosh. Ning's mind entered the Quintessence and began to bind it to himself. He didn't suffer any pushback at all. Everything happened smoothly.

Rumble... the various Daos that had been functioning automatically within the Quintessence suddenly began to transform. Previously, they had functioned in accordance with how the other Daos influenced them. Now that Ning had bound them, they changed in accordance with Ning's will. All of the other Eternal Omega Daos began to swirl around the newly-emerged and towering 'Autarch Omega Sword Dao' that had appeared within their midst.

Rumble... the Autarch Omega Sword Dao became the new foundation of this entire Chaosverse, with all other Daos serving to support and reinforce it. In this instance, the Chaosverse gained a new 'soul'.

The white-robed Ning arose from his position within the Grassland World. He took a single step forwards, appearing within the center of the Quintessence.

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Far away, atop an enormous boulder that hovered within the Infinite Void. A skinny figure suddenly pushed open the door to the wooden room atop the boulder, emerging from it. His skin was dark, he had a pair of horns on his head, and he was dressed in azure robes. His unfathomably deep eyes gazed towards the direction of Ning's Chaosverse, a stunned look on his face.

"This..." He could clearly sense what had just happened. The vast aura of that incomparably massive Chaosverse had suddenly changed. Its previously expansive aura had suddenly condensed and stabilized, in the end transforming into a terrifying sword-intent. This was the aura of an Autarch Omega Sword Dao! It was supremely venerable and peerlessly offensive. That Chaosverse was like an honest, amiable person who had turned into a terrifying killer swordsman.

"Autarch Omega Sword Dao. The Dao of the Sword is a Dao meant for attacking." The azure-robed horned man frowned. "I never would've thought that the second Lord of Chaos would be such a troublesome figure. Iyerre truly is a fool."

There were differences amongst Eternal Omega Daos. The same was true for Autarch Omega Daos.

Ning's Dao of the Sword was meant for combat. It was not a Dao to be taken lightly! This was why the azure-robed man had immediately bestowed his own protective treasure, the 'Stele of Mountains and Rivers', to Iyerre upon learning that Ning had already mastered the power of Oblivion. He himself knew

that he had been the one who had aided Iyerre in forging the Annihilation Hive and the Grassland World. Given that so many Exalts had perished, with even the Sourcewalker Autarchs dying, he knew that sending in more forces would be useless!

“In the end, we weren’t able to forestall his rise.” The horned, azure-robed figure shook his head. “And Darknorth truly is crafty. He only began the binding process after Iyerre entered his Chaosverse.”

The horned figure stared at the towering Chaosverse, now emanating an awesome aura of the Dao of the Sword. He felt a headache coming.

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Ning had been able to easily bind the Quintessence of the Chaosverse without encountering any resistance at all. After becoming an Omega Autarch, Ning had restructured his mana in accordance with his Autarch Omega Sword Dao, while his soul had undergone a qualitative transformation. There had been a bit of pressure when he began to bind the Chaosverse, but Ning was able to endure that pressure with ease. After he completed the binding, the pressure disappeared.

The vast Chaosverse was now like his own body, with all of its Daos available for him to command. Everything within the Chaosverse was under his control, including all of space and time.

Ning turned to gaze off into the distance. His gaze pierced through space and time, allowing him to see every single creature who had ever lived within this Chaosverse, including recently-deceased figures like Autarch Titanos and Autarch Mogg and even long-dead figures like Autarch Awakener and Autarch Entropos. He also saw figures from the Three Realms like Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Daoist Three Purities, Shennong, Suiren, Fuxi, and also his beloved Yu Wei.

Some of their truesouls had been shattered, while others had even their truesoul fragments destroyed. Ning, however, was capable of reviving them all.

When he gazed into the past he was able to see their truesouls with clarity, even if their truesouls were shattered. He would be able to reform them from the void itself, recreating them.

“I’m even able to revive those whose truesoul fragments were destroyed?” Ning was absolutely delighted. “I’m virtually omnipotent in my own Chaosverse.”

Previously Ning and the others had all believed that those who had lost their truesoul could not be revived, but that was because none of them had any experience actually being a Lord of Chaos. They had no idea as to just how truly incredible a Chaoslord was.

Within their own Chaosverses, Lords of Chaos were able to connect past, present, and future together. There was almost nothing they could not do.

“Oh. I’m not truly omnipotent.” Ning suddenly came to this realization. “I still can’t see through Iyerre’s soul and truesoul.”

He was able to see through the souls and truesouls of all other living beings, which meant he was able to understand and replicate them... but Iyerre’s truesoul was constructed based on the Autarch Omega Light Dao. Ning didn’t understand the Autarch Omega Light Dao, and so he wouldn’t be able to create a

soul based off of it. By the same principle, the Sithe Lord of Chaos was also incapable of recreating Iyerre's truesoul.

"If I killed Iyerre... the Sithe Chaoslord wouldn't be able to bring him back?" A cold, murderous look flashed through Ning's eyes.

Whoosh! Ning took a step forwards, immediately appearing within Iyerre's region.

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Iyerre was still in the process of warping through spacetime at maximum speed, his heart burning with impatience.

"If I win, I'll be the master of this Chaosverse." Iyerre was filled with eagerness. Suddenly... "Eh? What's going on? W-why can't I warp through spacetime any longer?" Iyerre turned pale. Spacetime had suddenly turned incredibly stable around him, making it impossible for him to tear through it.

A white-robed youth with a black sheath on his back suddenly appeared out of nowhere. He said in a cold voice, "Iyerre!"

A terrifying aura of might descended, completely surrounding and freezing Iyerre in his tracks. Iyerre could no longer even move a finger. He stared at the distant Ning in horror: "Y-you already..."

"Yes. I've already bound my homeland to myself. From this day forward, I shall be the one to protect it," Ning said coldly.

"Fellow Daoist!" A voice suddenly rang out from afar, traversing past spacetime and reaching out all the way to Ning's Chaosverse.

Now that Ning had already bound this Chaosverse, he was able to sense this voice. He turned to stare off into the distance, the 'membrane' surrounding the Chaosverse no longer able to bar his gaze. He stared through spacetime and deep into the Infinite Void, following the reverberations of the voice to find its source. He saw a skinny, horned, azure-robed figure standing atop a giant boulder. The horned figure had a warm gaze and a smile on his face. "Fellow Daoist, please spare my disciple's life."

Within Ning's Chaosverse. Ning turned his cold gaze back to Iyerre, his endless aura of might having completely suppressed the Omega Autarch. Iyerre wasn't able to move so much as a finger. He couldn't even blink or speak.

"Die," Ning said coldly.

Whoosh! Iyerre was still staring fixedly at Ning, but his body began to completely break apart. Even his soul was completely disintegrated, transforming into pure energy which was absorbed by the Chaosverse. This surge of energy was so tremendous that it surpassed the combined energies of a hundred ordinary Autarchs. The entire Chaosverse's aura strengthened noticeably.

Omega Autarch Iyerre. Dead!

"Fellow Daoist!" The distant horned man atop the giant boulder in the Infinite Void could sense his Chaosverse weakening dramatically. He couldn't help but let out a sigh. "Was that really necessary? You are already a Lord of Chaos and can revive all those who died. Why did you have to..."

“You wanted to save him?” Ning remained within his Chaosverse, and his own voice echoed out into the Infinite Voice and into the ears of the horned man. The horned man could sense the icy hostility in Ning’s voice.

“You wanted to save him? But if he had won, all living creatures in our entire civilization would have perished. Who would have come to save us?” Ning’s icy, hostile voice continued to echo within the horned man’s ears. “And, Sithe Chaoslord... are you going to tell me that you didn’t help him with his schemes? Don’t try to play innocent in front of me.”

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“Fellow Daoist Darknorth, I admit that I did act in a rather untoward fashion, but the path of cultivation is an inherently selfish path. We fight our way to the top, do we not? Your Chaosverse was the weakest of all Chaosverses, so my disciple naturally chose to try and make it his own. The war is now over, and he is dead. You are now a Lord of Chaos. Let us let bygones be bygones. What do you say?”

The horned, azure-robed man completely understood how Ji Ning was feeling right now, and so he continued to speak in a gentle and friendly voice, **“You now stand at the very peak of civilization, after all. We each are in control of our respective Chaosverses, and neither of us can do anything to the other. What’s the point of holding grudges?”**

Ning let out a cold snort, then retracted his gaze and broke the link. The horned man just chuckled, not angry in the slightest.

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The white-robed Ning stood within the emptiness of space, staring at the treasures which the deceased Iyerre had left behind. He used his godsense to sweep through all of the treasures and inspect them. “Given that Iyerre dared to return, he probably had something he was counting on.”

“Oh. Was it this tablet?” Ning discovered the Stele of Mountains and Rivers. It looked quite ordinary, but when Ning gave it a closer inspection he was rather startled. The internal intricacies made him sigh in amazement. “This should have been created by the Sithe Lord of Chaos. Otherwise, Iyerre would’ve used it long ago. It truly is incredible. This Lord of Chaos is an absolute marvel when it comes to artificing, and this item is of some use to me.”

The black warbeasts had little meaning for Ning, but the Stele of Mountains and Rivers was of fairly significant use.

“This stele can allow me to instantly release an enormous amount of mana in a terrifying strike that vastly surpasses my normal maximums. Incredible. Although I cannot bind it, it’ll still be of great use to me in improving my own artificing skills.” Ning willed the six Northbow swords on his back to all enter his heartworld. By now, his vast heartworld was completely identical to the real world.

Within the heartworld, Ning could make anything ‘real’ with but a thought. He could even manufacture a hundred or more Northbow swords in the blink of an eye, but he would have to pay an enormous price in energy!

Rumble. The Northbow swords began to transform within the heartworld. Everything was as Ning willed it to be. He first transformed their quintessences into his Autarch Omega Sword Dao, then remade the physical properties of the swords as well, infusing some of the insights he had gained from the Stele of Mountains and Rivers into his Northbow swords. At critical moments, his swords would now be able to unleash incredible attacks that vastly surpassed their normal might. Although the difference wasn't as ridiculous as that granted by the Stele of Mountains and Rivers, it still replicated 30% of the effect.

In that same instant, his avatar began to remake the Northmoon swords within its own heartworld. His avatar had been reinforced and nourished by the power of the entire Chaosverse and was thus at 80% of the true Ning's power.

"I'm a Lord of Chaos, but I have yet to really explore the outside world. I can only relax after fully understanding this universe." Ning was a bit nervous from the repeated invasions, and so he was filled with wariness and vigilance towards the outside world.

He would send his avatar out, rather than his true body. The Sith Lord of Chaos only had an avatar in the outside world as well. Their avatars had roughly 80% of their full power, and once they died they could swiftly be remade. They were perfect for sending out and exploring.

"Let's take a look and see what mysteries the Infinite Void holds within it." The sword-bearing golden-robed Ning exited his Chaosverse.

The golden-robed Ning began to wander through the endlessly dazzling Infinite Void. This place was filled with distorted spacetime and many enormous celestial objects, as well as countless strange beings. When they encountered the golden-robed Ning, they were filled with utter terror. This was merely Ning's avatar, but it carried with it the mighty aura of an entire Chaosverse. This was why Lords of Chaos were so terrifying and why Iyerre was so desperate to become one. A single glance from them was enough to suppress and kill an Omega Autarch. The difference in power was simply too great.

"There are a total of nine Chaosverses, and they are the largest of celestial objects here. The others are all much smaller. Countless celestial objects, scattered throughout the Infinite Void... and spacetime here is completely chaotic." The golden-robed Ning began to understand. "It's just too large, and every single spacetime continuum is different. I could spend ten million chaos cycles exploring without being able to fully investigate the entire Infinite Void. The Infinite Void is also changing constantly; there's no point in even trying."

"My homeland and the enormous Chaosverses... where did they come from?" If he wasn't able to investigate the entire Infinite Void, he wanted to at least understand his own past and the source of the Chaosverses.

Whoosh. Ning stared off into the distance. The enormous Chaosverse that was his home was within his field of vision, as was another vast Chaosverse. Chaosverses were so enormous that they loomed large from even incredible distances.

"Reverse." Ning willed time to flow backwards. Rumble... time quickly came to a halt and began to reverse, displaying the countless scenes that had occurred in the past. This sort of 'temporal inversion' technique generally required very little energy. In the Three Realms, even weak Immortals and Fiendgods were capable of using such a technique. However, he was applying the technique to an

absolutely enormous region which covered two Chaosverses, resulting in a similarly tremendous expenditure of energy. His own energies were rapidly depleted, but the prime energies of his Chaosverse sent more and more to him.

This was another reason why Chaoslords were so incredible. They could unleash as much power as they wanted! So long as they didn't unleash more power than their Chaosverses' would naturally regenerate, they essentially had access to truly unlimited energy. Their Chaosverses would also draw upon energy from the Infinite Void at an incredible rate.

"Faster, faster! I want to see more!" The golden-robed Ning stared towards the two Chaosverses as time continued to reverse.

Boom! Suddenly, Ning saw those two distant Chaosverses explode. "Eh?!" Ning immediately halted the temporal inversion.

It wasn't an actual explosion. Time continued to slowly flow forwards, allowing Ning to view everything clearly. The actual scene... was of countless different streams of matter and energy slowly coming together to form an enormous Chaosverse!

"So the Chaosverses were actually formed by countless amounts of matter and energy coming together?" Ning nodded. This made sense. He continued the temporal inversion.

"Eh?" Suddenly, Ning noticed something special. The matter and energy which had 'exploded' outwards came together to form many celestial objects of various size, with the nine Chaosverses being the largest. "So all matter actually came from that direction over there?" Ning immediately turned his gaze to the location where all this matter had come from.

Time inverted at the point where he focused his gaze, staring at the place where all this matter had come from.

Once, long ago, a single absolutely enormous landmass had existed across an incredibly wide area within the Infinite Void. This landmass was absolutely, inconceivably sized. It vastly surpassed any Chaosverse.

"What an enormous landmass! Is this where everything came from?" the golden-robed Ning immediately began to move closer to that region.

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"Ah. He's discovered it?" The thin, horned man atop that levitating boulder watched from afar. When Ning began to move towards the location where that landmass had been, the horned man's heart clenched. He then immediately began to warp over there as well.

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When Ning arrived at the location of the vast landmass, time began to reverse once more. The scenes of what had once occurred within that vast landmass began to replay in front of Ning. This world had been far vaster than any Chaosverse, and it also held far more living beings within it, including countless living beings and countless races.

"How lively." Ning watched the lives of those countless beings being replayed before him.

BOOM! Suddenly, the vast landmass began to crack apart.

“You traitors! TRAITORS!” A towering, black-robed emperor who emanated an aura of incredible power was surrounded by over a hundred figures of tremendous might. These figures all had different appearances, including both humans and beasts, and their blows were filled with incredible strength.

“Traitors? You enslaved us! Should all of our hard work been meant for nothing save to serve as your eternal slaves?”

“Haha... you thought that the seal you placed on our truesouls would enable you to control us unto our deaths. You fool! In the end, you are nothing more than this continent’s will incarnate. You are no true cultivator! You have no idea how formidable Omega Autarchs are. We escaped your control long ago. We simply put on an act and bided our time!”

“We’ve been waiting for so long, while brother Heavencloud poured all his effort into creating this Grand Armageddon Formation to deal with you!”

Although Ning didn’t understand what the experts of this era were saying, through watching the battle he was able to tell what level the hundred-plus experts were at, as well as the black-robed emperor’s level.

“What?!” Ning was shocked by the battle occurring before him. “The attackers are all Omega Autarchs!”

There were a total of 129 experts attacking the black-robed emperor, and all of them were Omega Autarchs. They had joined together into an incredibly complex formation. Even though Ning was also an Omega Autarch, he felt that he was incapable of truly understanding it. He had the vague feeling that it had probably been created by someone who had reached Omega Autarchy via the Dao of Formations. This was why the formation was able to allow over a hundred Omega Autarchs to fuse their energies together perfectly.

“How can there be this many Omega Autarchs?” Ning was rather stunned. “Although each blow from that black-robed emperor is filled with awesome power, he’s actually at a lower level of insight than them. He doesn’t seem to be an Omega Autarch. He’s at a lower level, yet can contend with 129 of them by himself?”

Whoosh. A second figure warped through spacetime and appeared next to Ning. It was the horned, azure-robed man.

“You?” Ning glanced at him.

“This is our first time actually meeting, I believe.” The horned man smiled. “I am Alphan of the Sithe Chaosverse.”

Ning blinked. He suddenly realized that his Chaosverse didn’t have a name yet. There were nine of them, after all; it wouldn’t be appropriate to keep calling his ‘the Chaosverse’. What name should he choose for it?

Ning thought back to his homeland, of the many living beings who had struggled within the Chaosverse to clamber upwards on the path of cultivation. So many forerunners had helped clear the way, cutting

their way through thistles and thorns as they blazed a path through the wilderness. Their efforts had finally culminated in Ning's success, allowing their Chaosverse to enter a new stage of development.

"Desolate Chaosverse, Ji Ning." Ning looked at the horned man.

"Desolate... Ji Ning?" the horned man murmured softly.

"Why have you come here?" Ning felt nothing but ill-will towards this horned man, and so he came straight to the point.

The horned man pointed at the scene of the great battle which had occurred in the past. "In this era, the vast landmass before us ended up being destroyed by the battle we are now watching. After breaking apart, its energy and its matter ended up forming many celestial objects within the Infinite Void, with the largest being our nine Chaosverses."

Ning simply listened.

"That black-robed emperor was the continent's will incarnate. Its Quintessence was far more powerful than those in our Chaosverses, and as a result it reached a level of such power that it actually gained true sentience," the horned man said. "The will of the landmass governed itself and all of the living beings with it. Once a cultivator succeeded in the Daomerge and broke through to become an Eternal Emperor, it would set down a seal upon that cultivator's truesoul which allowed it to take full control over that cultivator's life and death.

"Since it was nothing more than a psychic being which arose from the prime essences, it only understood the various Eternal Omega Daos. It didn't understand what an Autarch Omega Dao was! However, it had the power of the entire continent behind it, and so it remained invincible.

"More and more living beings arose within this continent. Omega Autarchs eventually began to rise, but even after reaching Omega Autarchy they were still unable to extricate themselves from that seal. One... two... three... more and more Omega Autarchs began to appear. Finally, an incredibly powerful Omega Autarch managed to devise a method to solve the seal, and he secretly passed it over to the other Omega Autarchs."

Ning continued to listen silently.

"Look. That's him over there." The horned man pointed towards a white-haired man who was amongst the attackers. "His name was Grand Sovereign Crimson Wind, and he was one of nine Grand Sovereigns under the command of that black-robed emperor who was responsible for helping the emperor manage the entire landmass. He was the one who solved the seal."

"Later, the Omega Autarch of Formations known as Heavencloud managed to develop an absolutely terrifying formation, the 'Grand Armageddon Formation'." The horned man pointed at another man who was bald. "He was the black-robed emperor's Sentinel for the seventh universe."

"Seventh universe?" Ning suddenly said.

"You might not have noticed yet, but that landmass actually has a total of thirty-two universes circling around it. Each of them is roughly on par with our own Chaosverses in size," the horned man said.

Ning said, "You know quite a lot."

“Haha, I’ve inverted time to watch the history of this era before us on many an occasion. I’ve even learned their language,” the horned man chuckled. “By now, I’m familiar with all of these Omega Autarchs and their backgrounds. I even know how they each rose to power and what they experienced. I can’t help but sigh. The end result of that battle was the maddened emperor destroying the entire landmass and causing all of the Omega Autarchs to die with him.”

Ning saw it as well. That final, great explosion... it had claimed the lives of that terrifying psychic being and all 129 Omega Autarchs. In fact, all the living beings on that landmass had died, while the thirty-two universes orbiting it had been annihilated as well. It had been an absolutely enormous explosion! The entire Infinite Void had been wiped clean of all life thanks to that explosion.

As Ning listened to the horned man speak, he continued to watch the temporal inversion and see the history of this land. The great landmass had been around for far too long. As Ning continued to watch backwards he gradually began to learn and understand its language, and he also began to grow familiar with the deceased Omega Autarchs.

For example, the black-robed emperor’s Sentinel for the nineteenth universe had been named Autarch Cloudsoar. He had also been an Autarch of the Omega Sword Dao.

The black-robed emperor’s Sentinel for the third universe, ‘Autarch Yin-Yang’, had been an incomparably muscular old bull whose body was completely black.

The various experts all had their own areas of expertise.

“Thankfully, in my homeland the ‘will’ of the Quintessence simply acts on instinct, rather than gaining a sense of self and thus becoming a true living being.” The more Ning saw, the more frightened he became. All living beings on that continent had been slaves to the black-robed emperor, unable to extricate themselves until the day of the final battle.

Time continued to flow backwards to the earliest days before life had even arisen. There, the temporal inversion came to a halt. It was impossible to go backwards any farther.

“You’ve reached the end. Time can no longer move backwards,” the horned man said.

Ning nodded. All the images before him vanished, and the space in front of him went back to normal.

“Eh?” Ning stared in front of him, only to see that a universe had appeared in the location where that vast landmass had been. The universe was slowly draining energy and matter from the surrounding area. Clearly, it was still in the growing phase and had yet to truly form.

Swish! The golden-robed Ning took a step forwards, appearing before that universe.

“Ji Ning.” The horned man’s heart clenched as he immediately followed from behind.

Ning’s godsense instantly swept out to enter the slowly-forming universe. Inside, he saw nothing but raw chaos. There was no life within it at all. “How odd. The old era ended long ago, while the other Chaosverses have all been formed. This one, however, has not.”

“Everything is possible within the Infinite Void,” the horned man said.

“It is developing quite slowly,” Ning said with a smile. “Judging from what I saw when I inverted time, this place must have begun to accumulate matter ever since that great explosion had occurred. However... despite all that time having passed, it still can’t even come close to comparing to our Chaosverses. In my homeland, generally speaking the slower something grows, the more terrifying it will become when it finally matures.”

The horned man’s heart trembled, but his face remained calm. “Oh?”

“I’m not lying to you,” Ning smiled. Indeed. The legends of ‘Nezha’ had him in his mother’s womb for three years and six months before being born. Ning’s own daughter, Brightmoon, had been in the womb for five years and two months before emerging.

“I have the feeling that this universe is taking shape far too slowly... and it is located exactly where the original landmass was.” Ning chuckled. “It might grow to become even more powerful than our Chaosverses.” Ning was connecting all the dots together.

“Impossible. That landmass completely blew apart. Most of its matter came to form our nine Chaosverses. The remaining amount of matter couldn’t possibly form a stronger universe,” the horned man said confidently.

“Makes sense.” Ning glanced at the horned man, then drew a Northmoon sword from his back.

Clink! The sword sliced through the Infinite Void, radiating a sharp light as it chopped down at the slowly-growing universe.

“Stop that!” The horned man immediately reached out, his arm expanding tremendously as he blocked Ning’s sword-light.

The two attacks collided. The horned man’s robes tore apart, revealing a skinny but incomparably tough right arm which was completely undamaged.

“What are you doing, Ji Ning?” the horned man asked angrily.

“Destroying it, of course,” Ning said.

“It is a perfectly fine universe which poses no threat to us at all. Why are you going to destroy it?” the horned man asked.

“At first, I was just curious about it, since it was located where the original landmass was and grew very slowly. As I said, in own homeland, the slower something develops the more powerful it becomes... but when you kept on rebutting what I said, I had the feeling that something was wrong. I thought I’d give it a try, and as I thought, you moved to block me.” Ning chuckled.

The horned man instantly felt regret upon hearing this. He wanted Ning to feel that this was nothing more than an ordinary universe, but instead he had put Ning on his guard. It must be remembered that Ning’s avatar had exited his Chaosverse filled with suspicion towards anything and everything which could be a threat to it. He had the feeling that this small universe was rather unusual; testing it out was a very normal reaction. For the horned man to stop him meant that something was afoot. If the horned man didn’t stop him? Well, destroying a celestial object which held no life didn’t really matter.

Whoosh! The golden-robed Ning once more charged towards that Chaosverse, chopping out with his divine sword.

“Don’t! I’ll tell you the secret!” the horned man called out hurriedly while blocking. “I discovered this by accident over many years of observation. If any other Chaoslords arise in the future, don’t tell them this secret! This universe is very unique in many ways. Although it isn’t that large, it is quite marvelous. Let me explain!”

No amount of honeyed words could dissuade Ning!

“BREAK!” Ning’s eyes flickered with destructive light. He manifested three heads and six arms, each of his hands holding onto a Northmoon sword. Sword-light flashed in an utterly indomitable matter as he summoned the vast power of his entire Chaosverse. The horned man grew quite desperate. Darknorth was an Omega Autarch of the Sword, the most offensive type of Omega Autarch. Alphan would be able to withstand Ning’s attack, but there was no way he could completely negate it and prevent any of it from harming the small universe.

“Gwaaaaar!” The horned man suddenly changed form, becoming an incomparably vast and muscular black bull. Beneath the bull’s hooves appeared the enormous diagram of a Yin-Yang.

“It is you? The Sentinel for the third universe, ‘Autarch Yin-Yang’?” Ning recognized this form. So the horned man was actually one of the 129 Omega Autarchs who had surrounded and assaulted the black-robed emperor! “You didn’t die?”

The bull had clearly died in the images Ning had seen during the temporal inversion. Ning instantly realized that a grand secret had to be connected to this.

“Damnit!” The old black bull grew even more panicked and angry. “So long as I’m here, you can forget about destroying it!”

Boom! Boom! Boom! The golden-robed Ning began to battle against the old black bull next to that new universe. The shockwaves from this battle blasted out in every direction. The old black bull had been alive since the ancient era, and his body had been tempered and forged to become the most terrifying machine warbeast possible.

As for Ning, he was an Omega Autarch of the Sword, well-suited to combat and slaughter. More importantly, he wasn’t trying to attack the black bull. He was trying to destroy the universe. The Sith Chaoslord had been willing to reveal his identity in order to protect that universe, which made Ning all the more aware of its importance.

“Don’t destroy it! It will bring many benefits!” the black bull tried to dissuade Ning.

“Break for me!” Ning continued to launch berserk attacks. He poured an enormous amount of energy into his Northmoon swords. Now that they had been reforged, they had a function akin to the Stele of Mountains and Rivers, allowing him to unleash desperation attacks of tremendous power.

The old black bull suddenly felt a sense of danger which caused him to blanch. He had been the one to give Iyerre the Stele of Mountains and Rivers. Now, it was coming back to bite him!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Six absolutely horrifying streaks of destructive sword-light pierced through the void. The old black bull was unable to completely block them, and so he could do nothing but watch in agony.

Five streaks of sword-light tore into that universe. The universe was quite weak and not yet fully-formed. This desperation attack from a Lord of Chaos caused its incomplete Quintessence to be completely torn apart, resulting in the universe shuddering and beginning to crumble.

“N-no...!” the old black howled angrily. He returned to his first, azure-robed form and stared at the scene before him in despair. “Why? Why did you have to destroy it?!” the horned man stared at Ning.

“I don’t care how ‘marvelous’ it will become in the future. Now that I’ve destroyed it, it will never pose a threat,” Ning said. “There’s no need for you to say too many things to me. I won’t trust you no matter what you say. Who knows if you are telling the truth or not? The only thing I know is that I will destroy any and all threats to my home. That way, there won’t be another senseless war in the future. I’m satisfied with being a Lord of Chaos. I don’t have any ambition of invading other Chaosverses and conquering them. All I want to do is safeguard my own home.”

After speaking, Ning turned and departed.

The horned man stared as the golden-robed Ning left, filled with utter agony. Back within the Sithe Chaosverse, his true body was holding onto a stone tablet which had the words ‘World’ and ‘Set’ on them.

“During the last era, we failed at the very end. The entire landmass was destroyed, but I was lucky enough to acquire the deceased emperor’s ‘Worldsetter Stele’. I hid a fragment of my truesoul within it, and as a result I managed to survive. I was delivered into a Chaosverse and ended up becoming its Lord of Chaos.” The horned bull was in a state of utter agony. “Once that growing universe became truly complete, it could become one with the Worldsetter Stele. When that happened, I would have a chance of ascending to...”

“It’s gone. It’s all gone.” The horned man gradually began to calm down. What was done was done. There was no way to reverse it.

“Perhaps I was being too stubborn. I am a Lord of Chaos and completely invincible in the Infinite Void. Why do I have to become even more powerful?” The horned man gradually came to his senses. He had been enslaved for so long during the previous era that he had an almost maniacal desire to become stronger, to stand at the top and rule others so that none would ever rule him again.

But this was a new era, an era that was different from the previous era. When Ning destroyed that budding universe, it meant that the old landmass would never be reborn. He had lost his chance... but as a result, he was now truly free.

“I’m free now. There’s nothing left to fight over.” The horned man began to fly back towards his own Chaosverse. “No ambition... only wishes to safeguard his own home... Desolate... Ji Ning? Mm. A Chaoslord like him is decent company.”

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Ning's golden-robed avatar established an estate within the Infinite Void. It would permanently reside here, occasionally going out and wandering about. He couldn't guarantee that no dangers would appear, but he would do his utmost to protect his home.

Within the Desolate Chaosverse.

The white-robed Ning stood there within empty space, flanked by Autarch Bolin and Autarch Ekong.

"Come back, brother Titanos." Ning smiled. Instantly, countless specks of light began to appear. Ning was virtually omnipotent within his own Chaosverse. He had been able to see everything within Autarch Titanos' truesoul, and thus he was able to remake it out of the void and call it back.

An old man with two fleshy antennae on his head slowly began to appear.

"What just happened to me?!" Autarch Titanos stared at Ning, Ekong, and Bolin in shock. "Darknorth, y-you... didn't I die? Wasn't my truesoul devoured?"

"Calm down," Bolin laughed.

"Wait a while," Ekong said.

Ning smiled as well. "Give me just a few moments, brother Titanos." As he spoke, countless flecks of light began to assemble next to him yet again. This time, they resolved into Autarch Mogg. Next came Autarch Stonerule and Autarch Skyfeeder. After that came the refined, relaxed Autarch Awakener... and last came the ancient-looking Autarch Entropos.

All eight Autarchs had been gathered together. The eight Autarchs who had arisen within the Desolate Chaosverse had finally been reunited.

"This is Darknorth." Autarch Bolin made the introductions, a smile on his face. "He trained in the Omega Sword Dao and used it to reach Omega Autarchy, binding our entire Chaosverse to himself. As a result, he was able to bring you all back."

"Brother Darknorth?" Autarch Entropos stared at Ning, wide-eyed. Autarch Awakener felt rather curious, as he felt a close connection between himself and Ning.

"Actually, it can be said that Autarch Awakener helped guide me on my path," Ning laughed.

They began to chat amongst themselves. All of them were amazed at the twists and turns of fate. They had died, and yet they were now back! The guidance which Autarch Awakener has provided to Ning had been critically important. Without his guidance, Ning probably wouldn't have been able to understand the Eternal Omega Sword Dao. And now, after becoming a Lord of Chaos, Ning was able to revive Autarch Awakener. It was all so interesting.

"Gentlemen, far too many of our Hegemons and Emperors have died during the two wars we fought. They fought to the death for the sake of our entire Chaosverse. I have to bring them all back as well," Ning laughed.

Boom! The entire Chaosverse seemed to tremble.

"W-what just happened to me?"

“Didn’t I die?”

“Where am I?”

Hegemons and Emperors began to come back to life throughout the Chaosverse, all of them rather stunned. Their final memories were of the moments before their deaths. Ning had viewed the past of this entire Chaosverse and knew each and every Hegemon and Emperor. He revived everyone who had died in battle, including the ones he recognized such as his own disciple, ‘Green Bamboo’ Yang Quding. He also revived some of the friends he had encountered when wandering the Chaosverse after failing his Daomerge.

Many powerful experts had all been brought back.

“Darknorth... will such a large-scale resurrection be bad for this Chaosverse?” Autarch Titanos asked.

“Don’t worry,” Ning laughed. “Even after being revived, they remain a part of the Chaosverse. The actual amount of energy which has been permanently lost due to the revival process is quite low. For example, reviving the six of you cost roughly the amount of energy a single Autarch contains within him. Reviving all these Hegemons and Emperors didn’t cost too much at all. I can handle it with ease.”

It really mattered very little. Iyerre’s death alone had granted their Chaosverse more than a hundred Autarchs worth of power.

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After chatting with the eight Autarchs, Ning departed and went back to the Three Realms. Ning’s emotions towards the Three Realms were the deepest of all.

Nuwa, Subhuti, Maitreya, Kuafu, Crazy Ji... all of them had received mental messages from Ning. They were his old friends, and now all of them were standing by his side.

“Return to us.” With but a thought, Ning brought back the Three Realms of old. Countless specks of light began to gather, resulting in countless figures emerging within it. These were the Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realms who had died in the Endwar against Old Man Yuan and the Seamless Gate, as well as those who had died even earlier. Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Buddha Jueming, Suiren, Shennong, Fuxi, Lord Everwood, senior apprentice-brother Houyi, Gonggong, Daoist Threelives...

Countless Immortals and Fiendgods were brought back to life. Many friends were reunited.

Tathagata, Maitreya, Ananda... these old friends of the Buddhist Sangha all gathered together. As for the Daoist Way? Three Purities, Daofather Carefree, Lu Dongbin, and the others all gathered together as well, with those who had survived the Endwar narrating what had happened afterwards.

Too many people. Too many stories. All of them had been brought back to life.

“Junior apprentice-brother.” Houyi held Chang’e by the hand, walking over to stand before Ning. “Thank you.”

“Haha. Eldest apprentice-brother, spend some time chatting with my sister-in-law. Don’t waste any time on me,” Ning laughed.

“Master.” Ning walked over to Daoist Threelives, who looked rather hesitant even though the big yellow bear next to him nodded encouragingly. Daoist Threelives was normally a very straightforward and heroic figure, but when he spoke to Subhuti and his other old friends he quickly learned just how incredible Ji Ning was. Ji Ning was someone completely omnipotent, capable of controlling life and death, and able to link past, present, and future together. And... Ji Ning was his disciple? Although he was nominally Ning’s master, this was their first time actually meeting each other.

“Uh. Hi there, Darknorth,” Daoist Threelives said rather hesitantly. This was their first meeting, and the two didn’t really share the relationship which a master and disciple should. This was something which took time.

Ning didn’t try to force things. He turned, staring off into the distance. All the Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realms had been brought back to life. They were all reunited now, sharing their stories with each other. It would be years before things calmed down.

Ning immediately retreated, vanishing without a trace.

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Ning arrived back at the Black-White College of Stillwater Province, located within the Grand Xia major world of the Three Realms. Since Ning had remade the entire Three Realms with his will alone, the Grand Xia was currently devoid of life.

“Senior apprentice-sister.” Ning walked over to the Dao Debate Palace of the Black-White College. He had left her for last. She was going to be revived by herself.

“Come back to me, senior apprentice-sister.”

Countless specks of light began to appear. They appeared unspeakably beautiful and graceful, and they gathered together into the form of the young, black-robed Yu Wei. As more and more truesoul fragments gathered, life appeared within Yu Wei’s eyes. She stared at Ning, who looked back into the eyes of his senior apprentice-sister Yu Wei.

The white-robed Ning and the black-robed Yu Wei simply stared at each other in silence. As the final piece of her truesoul fragment returned, Yu Wei regained all of her memories and she began to emit the aura of true life.

“Junior apprentice-brother?” Yu Wei couldn’t believe it. Her final memories were of the war-torn Three Realms and her death at the hands of the Godking.

“Senior apprentice-sister.” Ning stepped forward, gently taking his wife into his arms. He simply held her, inhaling into her hair and smelling her sweet fragrance. This scent had become a dusty memory that had lain dormant for many years. Ning felt intoxicated by it. He had trained and fought and bled for so long, but it was all worth it. This single instant... it surpassed all of eternity.

Yu Wei hugged Ning back. She was still rather confused. Her memories had ‘jumped’ from her death in the Three Realms war to the present day. She didn’t know what Ning had experienced, but she knew that Ning must have made many, many sacrifices in order to bring her back to life.

Finally Ning released Yu Wei, but he continued to hold her by the hand. He pointed at the area around them. "Senior apprentice-sister, remember this?"

"Of course I do. This is the Dao Debate Palace. We had a little competition here, and you lost," Yu Wei teased. Suddenly, she couldn't help but ask, "Junior apprentice-brother... can you tell me what has happened?"

"Let's sit down and talk it over." Ning pulled Yu Wei over to sit down atop a dais before the Dao Debate Palace, then began to explain. "During that battle, you were killed by the Godking..."

Ning talked for a long, long time. He narrated the end of the war for the Three Realms, his journey to the Badlands Territory, his abduction by Hegemon Brightshore, and even his adventure into that otherverse. He explained how he came to understand the Omega Sword Dao and then used it to become a Daolord of the First Step, Second Step...

He told of his adventures in the Terror Starsea, of how he fought to acquire a Voidsea Jadeseal within the Waveshift Realm, of his battles against Archons of the Sacred Cities, and even him acquiring the Flamewing God and then begging Autarch Titanos to bring her back to life.

"I was heartbroken when I failed in that attempt." Ning pointed towards an area up ahead. "I got completely drunk, right over there. I fell asleep on the snow."

With but a thought, Ning caused snow to flutter down around them. Ning and Yu Wei gazed at the beautiful snowscape, while Ning said with a smile, "It's actually quite odd. I was heartbroken, which is why the snow fell... but now when I see the snow, I feel very happy."

Yu Wei didn't say anything. She just tightly held onto Ning's hand. She herself felt heart-aching pain ever since Ning had begun his tale.

Ning continued to narrate his story. "Afterwards, I attempted the Daomerge. Unfortunately, I failed." He explained of his hunt for Nuwa, his meeting with the five Autarchs, and how he had gone into the Sithelands to save the Paragon of Pills. He told of how he had found the [Five Truncheon Chapters] within that hidden world, and in the end managed to complete the [Void Everlasting] technique which gave him an imperishable truesoul. He told her of how he had become an Omega Emperor, and of the war which the Sithe had unleashed.

"We won that final battle. I broke through and took the final step on my path." Ning smiled as he looked at Yu Wei. "We won, and so everything I wanted became real. All my old friends came back to life... and of course, so did you."

Yu Wei looked at Ning. She truly couldn't imagine how Ning could've experienced so many things since her death in the Three Realms. It had been just a blink of an eye for her. She felt pained at all he had suffered.

"Look." Ning pointed forwards. In front of the Dao Debate Palace, a plum blossom suddenly emerged from the fallen snow, releasing its sweet fragrance as it bloomed.

"In my past life on Earth, there was a saying in my homeland: 'Only after enduring the bone-chilling cold shall you smell the fragrance of the plum blossom.'" Ning laughed loudly. "I've endured the bone-chilling cold. Now, I finally can smell the fragrance of the plum blossom." As he spoke, he pressed his nose

against Yu Wei's face and gave her a sniff, then said in an absolutely shameless manner, "Mm, plum blossom. It smells so good."

The plum blossoms continued to emerge from the snow before the Dao Debate Palace. As for Ning and Yu Wei, they continued to sit there atop the dais. They had so many stories to share with each other, including stories of their daughter. Ning had many things he wanted to tell her, and Yu Wei wanted to hear them all.

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The Three Realms. A great banquet, the likes of which had never been seen before, was being hosted here on this day. Lord of Chaos Ji Ning, also known as Autarch Darknorth, was personally hosting this banquet. The eight Autarchs and countless Hegemons and Emperors who had fought in the war had all been teleported here by Ning to take part in this feast. This was also a victory feast for them, after having won the war.

Ning was seated at the highest position, while his wife Yu Wei was next to him. To each side of them were the eight Autarchs.

Below them, there was no further division of rank. It was a veritable sea of Hegemons and Emperors! As for Subhuti, Nuwa, Brightmoon, and the other leaders of the Three Realms, they had a section all their own.

Many major powers used this banquet to discuss the Dao with each other, and there was much merry-making and rejoicing. Many of the cultivators brought painters, musicians, and other talented entertainers to spread joy amongst each other!

"I never imagined that this day would come," Buddha Ksitigarbha said with a smile.

"And I never would've thought that I'd have a disciple like Autarch Darknorth! I never even taught him!" Daoist Threelives roared happily while drinking some wine.

"Okay, now you are just blatantly showing off," Crimsonbright remarked.

"So what if I am?" Daoist Threelives mock-glared at him.

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Houyi and Chang'e were seated together. Houyi no longer looked like the quiet, forlorn woodcutter of old. His spirit and bravado had been aroused once more.

On the other side were 'Azure Bamboo' Yang Quding and Hegemon Dawnclear, who were together again.

The first pair belonged to the 'Three Realms Alliance', while the second pair included Ning's personal disciple. They were all seated close to each other, and both duos smiled and nodded at each other.

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"So you are Brightshore? I heard you actually abducted Autarch Darknorth long ago?"

By now, Hegemon Brightshore was a famous man. There were many Hegemons and Emperors who wished to befriend him. He chortled, "Haha, yes. I have to say, I was lucky. Who would've thought that when I swallowed that batch of cultivators, I would end up abducting the man who would become Autarch Darknorth? Haha. It was luck! Luck!"

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"I'm telling you guys, me and Darknorth are like brothers! I could tell from the very first moment I saw him that he was something special." Ninedust was busy bragging to the other Hegemons and Emperors.

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The Paragon of Pills and her 'big brother' were together, beaming happily as they took part in the feast. When their gazes met with Ning's, both sides raised their goblets in toasts.

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It was a truly grand celebration with oceans of food and drink. The Immortals and Fiendgods all made merry in this truly unprecedented gathering, while the major powers who put on performances did their utmost to please.

Ning and Yu Wei sat up high, staring down at the many cultivators below them. Ning saw his father Ji Yichuan, his mother Yuchi Snow, his daughter Ji Brightmoon, and her Dao-companion Stonepool. He saw Uncle White, Autumn Leaf, Little Qing, and many other friends from his earliest days. He saw all the Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realms, and the countless major powers he had encountered on his path.

"Alphan... Sithe..." Ning silently shook his head. "What's the point of fighting? Being strong enough to protect those we care about is enough."

Ning turned, his gaze intersecting with Yu Wei's. "I want to kiss you," Ning said.

"There's too many people here!" Yu Wei was shocked. "No way. No way! Wait for the feast to be over."

"Don't be afraid. Your husband is the Lord of Chaos. So long as I will it, they won't see a thing." Ning lowered his head, burying himself in Yu Wei's lips.

The End