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Book 10: Entering the Immortal Estate Chapter 29: Patriarch Arcanum

Within the City of Ten Thousand Swords. Inside a large, secluded, palace.

“What? A tribe even more powerful than the Northmont clan of Stillwater?” Ji Ninfire, Ji Truekeep, and Granny Shadow were completely petrified.

“This is Immortal Duohe, while this is Immortal Witchsui; both are extremely powerful Loose Immortals.” After describing the dangerous situation, Ji Ning moved to introduce the two by his side.

“Loose Immortals?”

Ninfire and the others felt dazed. Legendary, exalted Loose Immortals were before them...and two of them at that.

“They will command thirty thousand monstrous Dao-soldiers to protect our City of Ten Thousand Swords,” Ning said. “They are all wearing Dao-armors, and so with these two Loose Immortals in command of thirty thousand monstrous Dao-soldiers...even if tens of Loose Immortals come, they should be able to withstand them. They will protect our city for a thousand years. Unless a Celestial Immortal or someone with a Celestial Immortal’s power attacks us, our city should be completely safe.”

Ninfire, Truekeep, and Granny Shadow were cultivators, after all; despite still being stunned, they quickly regained their equilibrium.

“You three can decide what arrangements need to be made for the tribe,” Ning said. “You know more about these things than me anyhow.”

“Don’t worry.” Truekeep nodded. “With such a powerful army of Dao-soldiers stationed here, and with this being a commandery city of the Grand Xia Empire that is under special protection from the Raindragon Guard as well...anyone who dares attack will be pursued throughout the entire Grand Xia Dynasty! No matter how powerful the Youngflame clan is, they wouldn’t possibly be willing to have one of their legendary Celestial Immortals become a wanted criminal.”

Celestial Immortals were figures of legends. It wasn’t even known for certain whether or not the Northmont clan of Stillwater had a Celestial Immortal. As for the Black-White College, in its countless years of existence, it had produced countless Loose Immortals, but only a single Celestial Immortal.

“Little Qing, Uncle White, the two of you shall stay here for now. Here is a talisman.” Ning handed a talisman to the human-shaped Uncle White. “If you notice that the talisman has shattered, then teleport directly towards Serpentwing Lake and reunite with me. If the talisman remains whole, then you are absolutely not permitted to come.”

“Right.” Little Qing and Uncle White both nodded. At a critical moment like this, they wouldn’t let him down.

“Ning, son, be careful,” Uncle White instructed.

Ning nodded and smiled.

“I’ll leave now. After this departure, I probably won’t be able to return for a very long period of time.” Ning looked towards Ninefire, Truekeep, and Granny shadow. “It was I who brought this calamity upon the tribe. In the future, I’ll make up for it.”

“Don’t say such things!” Ninefire scolded in a low voice. “Remember, you have to protect yourself. Only if you are alive shall our Ji clan have a chance to flourish.” For a tribe to produce a genius like Ning was completely a matter of luck.

“I’m leaving now.” Ning immediately used a Lesser Teleportation Dao-seal. Whoosh. He disappeared from within the hall.

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In the air above Brightheart Island of Serpentwing Lake. A ripple in the air could be seen, and then Ning emerged.

“Autumn Leaf.” Upon landing, Ning immediately sent his voice out, calling towards Autumn Leaf. Soon, a light gray-robed Autumn Leaf emerged. She looked at Ning in surprise and delight. “Young master.”

“You can no longer stay on Brightheart Island. Hurry up and have everyone on the island move away to the City of Ten Thousand Swords. As for you, you need to leave immediately,” Ning instructed.

Autumn Leaf was stunned. “What, what happened?” Brightheart Island had long ago become her home; she had poured her heart out in developing this place.

“Don’t ask. I don’t have time to explain in detail. When you arrive in the City of Ten Thousand Swords, you can ask Uncle White and the others, and they will let you know. Right now, you need to make the arrangements right away, then immediately leave. This is a Lesser Teleportation Dao-seal; you can use it to teleport up to ten thousand kilometers away. Teleport straight to the city.” Ning handed her a Dao-seal.

Autumn Leaf immediately understood how grave the situation was.

Actually, even if a Celestial Immortal of the Youngflame clan was to personally investigate, he would have to first go into the Witchriver Immortal Estate, find the ‘Witchriver Palace’ in which Youngflame Nong had been killed, then utilize a temporal inversion technique. Even if, through the usage of such a technique, he discovered that Ning was the killer, he would probably need a bit of time before finding out about Ning’s background.

This entire process would take time, and in truth, by the time that Celestial Immortal might have made his way to Swallow Mountain, much time would have passed. And even if he came, he wouldn’t recognize Autumn Leaf, nor know about the relationship between her and Ning; thus, there was absolutely no need at all for Autumn Leaf to use the Lesser Teleportation Dao-seal. Ning, however, was uneasy. In order to prevent any unknown variables from arising, he thus instructed Autumn Leaf to use the Dao-seal.

Swoosh.

After making the arrangements, Autumn Leaf, per Ning’s request, was forced to use this Lesser Teleportation Dao-seal.

“Whew.” Ning let out a sigh of relief. “Alright.” He pushed open the door to the private room he normally stayed in, entered, then shut the door. With but a thought, he caused the illusion of a giant grizzly head to appear within the room. The grizzly head swallowed Ning within its mouth, and Ning disappeared from Serpentine Lake, entering the underwater estate in another world.

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The imperial capital of the Grand Xia Dynasty. This was the administrative heart of this entire major world. There were many Loose Immortals and Primal Daoists here, as well as various supreme tribes, schools, and sects as well! In fact, even some of the most powerful forces from other major worlds would arrange for spies and intelligence agents to be placed here. This was truly a place where the fish swam with the dragons. Immortals were as common as the clouds, and unfathomable in their power!

The Youngflame clan’s estate in this place took up a thousand kilometers. It was incomparably luxurious.

Within a quiet study inside their estate.

A golden-robed man with a crown on his head was seated before a desk, reading various intelligence reports. He was the leader of the Youngflame clan, the current Godplume Duke!

“The Kindwater clan is becoming increasingly excessive in their actions!” The golden-robed man frowned and muttered to himself.

“Clan leader, clan leader.” Suddenly, a panicked voice rang out. Upon hearing this voice, the golden-robed man’s face sunk. He hated it when his subordinates lost their bearings and grew panicked. However, this particular subordinate was his personal attendant, and one who should have known the rules.

The door was pushed open, and a middle-aged man dressed in blue robes charged in, then knelt down and said in sobbing voice, “Clan leader, young master Youngflame Nong, he, he...”

“Youngflame Nong? What about him?” The golden-robed man frowned.

“He died!” The blue-robed middle-aged servant spoke out in a terrified, frantic voice.

“What?!” The golden-robed man rose to his feet, revealing a look of astonishment. “How did he die? How do you know he died? You can’t say such things unless you are absolutely certain.”

“His life-tablet in the ancestral hall has shattered,” the blue-robed servant called out.

The golden-robed man stood there in the study. After a few moments of silence, he said in a low voice, “Investigate. Send out my orders; within the time needed to boil a kettle of tea, Youngflame Nong’s whereabouts needs to be discovered.”

“Yes,” the blue-robed servant said hurriedly.

“Youngflame Nong actually died? He should have gone to the Witchriver Immortal Estate. How could he have died? Even if he wasn’t able to bind the Witchriver Immortal Estate, he had a Greater Teleportation Dao-seal on him...even within the Immortal estate, he would’ve been able to teleport out to the Grand Xia Dynasty’s world. And he had that Fiendgod with him, Xiangliu Fang.” The golden-robed man was pondering to himself.

Youngflame Nong was one of his juniors; they weren't exactly on close terms with each other, and in fact, he didn't really like Youngflame Nong. But Youngflame Nong had a Celestial Immortal supporting him!

Although on the surface, the most powerful figure in a clan was its titular clan leader, compared to the Celestial Immortals who were the Patriarchs of the clan, the clan leader was far inferior. These Celestial Immortal Patriarchs who had lived countless years were the true foundation of a clan. The birth of every Celestial Immortal would cause the entire clan to celebrate, and the fall of every Celestial Immortal would be hidden for as long as possible.

This was why no one was certain as to how many Celestial Immortals a clan had. For example, the Northmont clan of Stillwater; did it have any surviving Celestial Immortals or not? This was a mystery.

How many Celestial Immortal Patriarchs did the Youngflame clan have? This, too, was a mystery.

Even the Godplume Duke himself only knew of three Celestial Immortal Patriarchs within the clan; as for Youngflame Nong, he only knew of one! But even the Godplume Duke wasn't certain as to exactly how many Celestial Immortals his clan had.

"Clan leader." The blue-robed servant returned, saying hurriedly with respect, "Three days ago, Young master Youngflame Nong used a teleportation array to go to Stillwater Commandery, then headed towards the Witchriver Immortal Estate. I'm not capable of locating the exact location of the estate."

"Right." The golden-robed man nodded. "I need to go on a visit. For now, you are not to inform any outsiders of Youngflame Nong's death."

"Yes."

Soon, nine golden Flood Dragons, pulling an Immortal carriage behind them, soared out from within the Youngflame clan's estate. They howled through the air, departing from the imperial capital of the Grand Xia Dynasty and entering the azure void of the skies.

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At the peak of a tall volcano which stretched through the clouds. The nine golden Flood Dragons, pulling the Immortal carriage, descended from the skies, then flew into the mouth of the volcano. The last time this volcano had erupted was hundreds of thousands of years ago.

They continued to fly down through the opening.

Bubbling streams of lava could be seen in the depths below. In the center of the lava flows, a towering, red-haired giant could be seen, reclining in the lava. This red-haired giant lay there as though lying within a personal bathtub. His head was supported by a 'pillow' of stone, and his feet pressed against another stone. His eyes were even larger than the Immortal carriage.

"Senior Bafire." The golden-robed man stood in front of the Immortal carriage and called out.

"Oh?" The red-haired giant opened his eyes and looked at the golden-robed man. After pondering a moment, he said slowly, "You are...Youngflame Fujun, the current clan leader and Godplume Duke?"

"I am." The golden-robed man was still quite humble.

This was because he knew who the Fiendgod in front of him was. This Fiendgod was surnamed Bafire, and was an incomparably powerful warrior who had belonged to an extremely mighty Fiendgod tribe, back in the Fiendgod Era. He was a Void-level Fiendgod! However, although he was 'only' a Void-level Fiendgod, his true combat power was absolutely on the level of Celestial Immortals. In the past, it had been one of the most brilliant, outstanding Patriarchs of the Youngflame clan who had subdued and tamed him. Unfortunately, that Patriarch had already fallen over the passage of countless years.

"What is it?" The red-haired giant asked.

"Are the three Patriarchs still within this major world?" The golden-robed man asked.

The red-haired giant said slowly, "Patriarch Infatuation left this major world more than ten thousand years ago. Where he went, and when he shall return...is unknown. Patriarch Sunfish, just a few decades, went to meet with friends in the Deva realm; generally speaking, he will spend a century in the Deva realm when meeting with friends. Only Patriarch Arcanum remains here, in secluded meditation."

"Youngflame Nong just died. This is a matter of grave import; I'd like to trouble you, senior Bafire, to make a report to Patriarch Arcanum," the golden-robed man said hurriedly.

"Youngflame Nong? The next clan leader of your clan?" The red-haired giant laughed. "Your next clan leader actually died? What a joke. I'll go help you make the report."

The red-haired giant closed his eyes. Moments later, he opened them again. "Patriarch Arcanum will arrive right away."

The location of the place where Patriarch Arcanum was secluded was a mystery; only some of Patriarch Arcanum's closest confidantes knew. Not even the Godplume Duke knew.

Whooooosh.

In the air above the lava, spots of stellar light suddenly appeared. The brilliant spots of stellar light began to link together, seemingly forming a mysterious, arcane formation. Suddenly, a tall, skinny, narrow-eyed elder stepped out from within that swirl of countless stars. In this moment, it seemed as though the entire world was bowing towards him, as though he and he alone was the only master of the world.

"Patriarch Arcanum." The golden-robed man hurriedly bowed with respect.

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Book 11: Primaltwin Chapter 1: The Culprit is Ji Ning

The old man looked at the golden-robed man. His voice was rather shrill, and his gaze was filled with grief. "My child Nong died?"

"Patriarch, Youngflame Nong's spirit-tablet has shattered," the golden-robed man said respectfully, not daring to show the slightest bit of discourtesy.

"Lishui, your master has failed you." Patriarch Arcanum shut his eyes, tears appearing at the corner. Immortal Lishui was the female disciple who he had loved the dearest; the two had identical dispositions, and Patriarch Arcanum had all but viewed her as he would his own daughter. Unfortunately, Immortal Lishui had been too arrogant when facing her Celestial Tribulation, and in the end, her spirit had been destroyed!

The Celestial Tribulation was the greatest tribulation in any individual's life. Overcoming it meant becoming a carefree Celestial Immortal; failing it, for the lucky, meant becoming a Loose Immortal, while the unlucky would have their souls destroyed.

Immortal Lishui had simply been too arrogant. At the last stage, she refused to give up, and had chosen to continue to fight head on! And so...she died!

Patriarch Arcanum had been griefstricken by this for an extremely long period of time. Fortunately, Immortal Lishui had a son named Youngflame Nong. Patriarch Arcanum had supported him from an early age, wanting to make up for his failure with Immortal Lishui by taking care of Youngflame Nong. He had given Youngflame Nong his full support this entire time, and had insisted on pushing Youngflame Nong onto the position of Godplume Duke.

Unfortunately...Youngflame Nong had died! Died at the Wanxiang level!

"I arranged a Fiendgod to protect him. That Fiendgod should've been able to withstand even a supreme Loose Immortal. How could he have died? How? Who killed him?" Patriarch Arcanum revealed a look of explosive, incomparably terrifying savagery in his eyes. "He was also carrying the Greater Teleportation Dao-seal I gave him; even in a completely different world, he would've been able to teleport straight back."

The golden-robed man said hurriedly, "Patriarch, Youngflame Nong should have died within the Witchriver Immortal Estate."

"Witchriver Immortal Estate?" Patriarch Arcanum was instantly enraged. "Tests, tests, always the stupid tests. What's the big deal about becoming Godplume Duke?!"

Although he was angry, Patriarch Arcanum knew that this was in accordance with the rules of the clan; they couldn't be easily discarded.

"Where is the Witchriver Immortal Estate?" Patriarch Arcanum asked.

"Within Stillwater Commandery. I'll lead the way for you, Patriarch," the golden-robed man said respectfully.

"Fine. Let's go." Patriarch Arcanum gave the order.

Soon, the nine Flood Dragons flew out, with that Immortal carriage behind them. Patriarch Arcanum remained seated within, while the golden-robed man sat in the front, in the position normally reserved for servants, carriage drivers, and bodyguards.

Swoosh!

The Immortal carriage soared into the skies, flying out off the volcano.

The Immortal estate had been hidden in a separate world which was only connected to the Grand Xia Dynasty's world by a single corridor. If one did not know where the connection point was, there would be no way to find the exact location of the corridor, even if one was a Celestial Immortal. Thus, one would naturally be unable to enter that world.

Since the Youngflame clan had arranged for Youngflame Nong to take his trials there, they naturally had, early on, sent clan elders bearing the key to the Immortal estate into the estate. They had done a quick surveillance, assuring themselves that the 'Witchriver Immortal Estate' was a place which would pose something of a challenge to Youngflame Nong, but which absolutely couldn't put him in mortal danger. Only then did they bestow the key onto Youngflame Nong and have him come.

This was why the Youngflame clan had the precise location of the Witchriver Immortal Estate.

Whoosh.

In the air above the Skyrove Mountains, there appeared an Immortal carriage that was pulled by nine Flood Dragons.

The golden-robed man at the front of the carriage pulled out and unfurled a scroll while saying, "This scroll is of the Skyrove Mountains, and it also marks the location where the Skyrove Mountains connects to the Witchriver Immortal Estate. It's right in front of us."

They gave it a careful glance and did a quick comparison. Soon, the Immortal carriage arrived within the gorge. "Right there, on the walls of the gorge," the golden-robed man said.

Patriarch Arcanum, seated within the carriage, had a very sinister look on his face. He barked, "This cliff wall is enormous. Where, exactly, is the connection point? The Witchriver Immortal Estate is in a separate dimension; unless you can find the exact point, there's no way to enter it."

"Patriarch, please wait a moment." The golden-robed man immediately executed a secret art, causing a golden, glowing rune to appear in his palm.

Rumble...

A golden rune began to glow somewhere on the cliff wall as well.

"Right there. That's the place where the Witchriver Immortal Estate connects to our world," the golden-robed man said, pointing forward. "The clan elders set a secret mark there long ago. That's the mark."

"Open up." Patriarch Arcanum's gaze turned incredibly sharp as he released his full power. To forcibly break through the defenses of an Immortal estate was no easy task. Spots of starlight began to appear in the surrounding area. The countless specks of starlight seemed dreamlike and illusory. At the same time, two giant hands of starlight began to coalesce, then tore towards the front.

Riiiiip. Space itself tore apart, a corridor appearing. One could vaguely see through the corridor that there was an Immortal estate world on the other side.

If one had not known the exact connection location, however, the only result of this rip would have been the void.

"The Witchriver Immortal Estate? So it truly is here." Patriarch Arcanum said coldly, "Wait here then."

"Alright." The golden-robed man responded with respect.

Swish. Patriarch Arcanum rose to his feet, then took a single step which carried him straight through the torn-open corridor and into the Immortal estate world.

The Immortal estate world was completely empty. With but a thought, Patriarch Arcanum spread his sense out to cover the entire world, capable of discovering everything within it.

“There isn’t a single living thing here?” Patriarch Arcanum was startled. But of course, how could he know that when Ning fled, he had told the monstrous races that there was a high chance a Celestial Immortal would come. The monsters had been so terrified that the monstrous Dao-soldiers had seized all of their kinsmen and pulled them onto warships in quite a brutal and ruthless fashion, using all sorts of cultivation techniques to quickly drag and send away one batch after another. In but the time needed to boil a cup of tea, the entire population of monsters had completely fled.

“But those items in those monstrous mountain lairs...those lake lairs...those estates...there’s fruit and wine placed out in the open. Clearly, they just left a short time ago.” Patriarch Arcanum turned his gaze towards a nearby Skypillar of golden light. “The five palaces of Immortal Witchriver. After my child Nong came, he definitely would’ve entered one of these five palaces. Most likely, he died within one of them!”

With a single step, Patriarch Arcanum appeared before the Dao Repository Palace. He then stretched out his finger and pointed towards the distance. “Temporal Inversion!”

The ‘Temporal Inversion’ technique was an incomparably powerful technique. Generally speaking, only Earth Immortals and Loose Immortals who had incredibly profound insights into the Dao of Time were capable of using it. If their insights were insufficient, then they would have to wait until they surpassed the restrictions of the Three Realms and became Celestial Immortals before they would be able to use this art.

Whoosh....

The scenery in the area began to change as time began to rapidly flow backwards. It flowed all the way back to the point where Youngflame Nong used the Wildcore and the ‘Lock’ scroll before just barely bypassing the monstrous Dao-soldiers and entering the Dao Repository Palace. And then, time began to progress forward at a normal pace. Soon, Youngflame Nong led Ning and the others out of the Dao Repository Palace.

“My boy Nong entered this palace, then left this palace; he didn’t die here.” Patriarch Arcanum followed Youngflame Nong’s warship as it flew forward. As he did so, the scene in the second location began to replay once more.

Youngflame Nong, Xue Hongyi, Ji Ning, and the others rode the warship all the way to the fifth palace, the Witchriver Palace, where the monsters had set up a tight guard. Patriarch Arcanum just flew behind them.

Youngflame Nong used the black and white disc, then immediately entered the fifth palace.

“All of the monsters were gathered here, rather than being dispersed in the other palaces. My boy Nong, in turn, was willing to pay any price to enter this palace. This should have been the final palace he entered.” Patriarch Arcanum’s figure turned blurry for a moment, and then he reappeared within the fifth palace, the Witchriver Palace.

Within the Witchriver Palace.

Patriarch Arcanum once more used the Temporal Inversion technique, replaying the scene in front of him, starting from when Youngflame Nong and the others entered the palace.

The breaking of the illusory formation...the entering of the main hall...the celebratory banquet...Ninelotus' dance...Ji Ning's anger...the attack of many golems...Ji Ning using the Windwing Evasion...one scene after another appeared. Even the dialogue was repeated.

"Eh?" Patriarch Arcanum suddenly frowned. "That's the Windwing Evasion!"

In the past, for the sake of completing and perfecting their copy of this divine ability, Patriarch Arcanum had personally soul-scoured some members of the Yuchi clan; he naturally was quite familiar with the Windwing Evasion. He immediately recognized that Ji Ning used the Windwing Evasion.

The scenes continued to change at high speed. Youngflame Nong tried to force Ji Ning to cuff himself with the godlock chains; Xue Hongyi then suddenly called out that Ji Ning's mother was named Yuchi Snow. Instantly, a major battle began!

Xiangliu Fang, by himself, was able to block Mu Northson, Ninelotus, Yu Wei, and Adept Vastriver.

Xue Hongyi went to fight Ji Ning. However...Ji Ning's power suddenly increased explosively, causing the entire hall to be filled with countless swords. A single, dazzling sword-light executed Xue Hongyi.

"Grand Dao Domain?" Patriarch Arcanum continued to watch, and as he did, his magical power continued to rapidly deplete; Temporal Inversion, after all, was no ordinary technique. "This kid named Ji Ning who knows the Windwing Evasion, he's only at the Wanxiang level. Even if he comprehended a Grand Dao Domain, he should've been far from being a match for the Fiendgod bodyguard my boy Nong had."

Indeed, Ning was defeated by a single palm blow from Xiangliu Fang. But right at that moment...that black loop had flown out.

The souls of Youngflame Nong, Xiangliu Fang, and the Redscale Salamander were all devoured and extinguished.

"This, this, this is..." Patriarch Arcanum's eyes were filled with shock and rage. "A Soulslayer Loop? How could this kid have possibly procured such a treasure? Can it be that a major power died during one of the huge, chaotic battles of the Fiendgod Era, and the Soulslayer Sphere ended up as a relic somewhere, where the kid found it?"

Luck. It was hard to say what luck might bring.

A backwater bumpkin might be lucky enough to acquire a heaven-defying treasure! In fact, a lucky kid who offered an old man a bowl of water might end up finding that the old man was one of the major powers of the Three Realms.

"My child Nong didn't have bad luck, but he actually ended up dying to this Ji Ning of the Black-White College. For this Ji Ning to have procured such a treasure...it seems he must have been blessed with tremendous luck. However, no matter how lucky he might be, he won't be able to overcome my divine abilities." Patriarch Arcanum's eyes became filled with a cold light. "Those survivors were Yu Wei, Mu Northson, Vastriver, and Ninelotus; all of them are disciples of the Black-White College."

“Black-White College.”

Patriarch Arcanum turned, once more ripping a corridor through space, at the point where the estate was linked with the outside world of the Grand Xia Empire.

Swoosh!

Within the Skyrove Mountains. The golden-robed man had been waiting here the entire time, only to see Patriarch Arcanum tear a corridor through space and emerge through it.

“Patriarch,” the golden-robed man said.

“The culprit was Ji Ning of the Black-White College.” Patriarch Arcanum looked at him. “Do you know him?”

The golden-robed man was the Godplume Duke; how could he possibly know about one particular genius within Stillwater Commandery? He immediately shook his head. “I do not.”

“Then let’s go straight to Stillwater City. First, we’ll do a thorough investigation regarding Ji Ning at the Heavenly Treasures Mountain; then, we shall go to the Black-White College! Those other disciples are most likely still within the Black-White College,” Patriarch Arcanum instructed coldly.

“Yes.” The golden-robed man immediately commanded the Immortal carriage to leave.

The nine Flood Dragons pulled the Immortal carriage, quickly departing from the Skyrove Mountains. They flew through the skies, heading towards Stillwater City.

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Book 11: Primaltwin Chapter 2: The Eight Loose Immortals of the Black-White College

In the skies above Stillwater City. There were nine Flood Dragons, pulling an Immortal carriage behind them, which had come to a halt above the Heavenly Treasures Mountain.

“Patriarch, wait here. I will go investigate Ji Ning in detail,” the Godplume Duke said respectfully.

“Also, Ji Ning’s mother is named Yuchi Snow; purchase an intelligence report on her as well.” Patriarch Arcanum remained seated aboard the Immortal carriage as he calmly gave the orders.

“Yes.”

The Godplume Duke immediately flew down into the Heavenly Treasures Mountain. Just a short while later, the Godplume Duke walked out from within it. With a blurring movement, he flew back into the sky, next to Patriarch Arcanum, respectfully handing him a book with two characters on it – JI NING.

“Just Ji Ning’s?” Patriarch Arcanum frowned.

“Ji Ning’s mother, Yuchi Snow, was a minor Xiantian lifeform who hadn’t accomplished any major deeds; the only record of her is that she had a son named Ji Ning. The Heavenly Treasures Mountain informed me that there is virtually no intelligence regarding Yuchi Snow, and all of what they have is in this tome,” the Godplume Duke explained.

Patriarch Arcanum nodded softly.

Although the Heavenly Treasures Mountain's intelligence unit was spread throughout the world, they weren't as all-knowing as the heavens themselves. They, too, needed to engage in deep, careful investigations in order to find things out. Yuchi Snow and her family's flight was a very secretive thing to begin with; even the Youngflame clan hadn't been able to catch these final few fish who had fled their net. It wasn't strange for the Heavenly Treasures Mountain to be unaware of it as well.

"Ji Ning? He's actually this young?" Patriarch Arcanum, upon seeing the report, was shocked.

His beloved Youngflame Nong had trained for more than a century. Amongst Wanxiang Adepts, that was actually quite young, because Wanxiang Adepts could live for up to eight hundred years. Unexpectedly, this kid who had killed the Fiendgod Xiangliu Fang as well as Youngflame Nong, this kid who had already reached the Grand Dao Domain level in the Dao of the Sword, was actually this young!

"The more impressive his potential, the more he needs to die!" A cold light flashed through Patriarch Arcanum's eyes. He quickly flipped through the report, finishing it.

"Swallow Mountain? Serpentwing Lake?" Patriarch Arcanum hummed to himself, then instructed, "Come, let's go to the Black-White College."

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The Black-White College had made thorough preparations long ago. Mu Northson, Yu Wei, and Adept Vastriver had used the closest teleportation array to first go straight to the Crimson Dragon Mountains, and then from those mountains to Stillwater City; they had moved fairly quickly, and as soon as they had returned to the Black-White College, they had immediately reported this event to the higher-ups.

The Headmaster's Palace of the Black-White College. This was also the place where they welcomed important guests.

Within the palace were multiple seated figures. On one side of the palace sat the black-robed, black-haired Immortal Diancai, along with Immortal Fivecraze and the rest of the Immortals. There were a total of eight of them. Behind them stood Headmaster Jadesea and three of the third-generation disciples; Rainbowflame Fairy Yu Wei, Adept Vastriver, and Mu Northson.

In front of them sat Patriarch Arcanum and the Godplume Duke.

"I imagine you all know why I have come here today." Patriarch Arcanum sat there and spoke calmly as he swept his gaze across the group of Immortals before him.

Eight Loose Immortals and Earth Immortals.

Virtually all of the Loose Immortals of the Black-White College who were normally in closed-door meditation, in seclusion, or adventuring had returned. Aside from a single Loose Immortal who had already left this major world and wouldn't be able to make it back in time, the other eight had all returned. The Immortal cultivators of the Black-White College were all absolute elites; they all had mastered a complete Dao-Path, which was a prerequisite for them even reaching the Primal Daoist level. Only after mastering two Dao-Paths, however, were they permitted to break through to the Earth Immortal level!

This is why the Primal Daoists of the Black-White College were comparable to Loose Immortals in combat power. As for the Loose Immortals of the Black-White College...each of them were capable of fending off ten 'normal' Loose Immortals. Each of them had the combat power of a supreme Loose Immortal.

"Of course we know." The short old man, Immortal Fivecraze, chuckled as he spoke. "Youngflame Nong of your Youngflame clan was killed by our disciple, Ji Ning, correct?"

"Correct." Patriarch Arcanum replied calmly.

"If he died, he died. When young people are out adventuring, it's normal for them fight and kill each other. If you are weaker than someone else, you die. That's normal," the short elder said. "If you have to blame someone, you can only blame yourself for being too weak. Generally speaking, the clans and sects won't intervene."

For example, the wild marshes of the Gaol Mountains; Ning's group had often fought internally and quite a few had died, but no sect had ever come for reprisal against another.

Patriarch Arcanum's gaze instantly changed. It became sharp.

"However, if you, senior Arcanum, doted on this Youngflame Nong to the point where you would lower yourself to personally attack Ji Ning, there's nothing our Black-White College can do about it." The short elder sighed, "So...I really don't understand why, senior Arcanum, you have come to our Black-White College?"

"Hand over Ji Ning," Patriarch Arcanum said coldly, "And this matter will have nothing to do with your Black-White College. Otherwise...hmph!"

Instantly, the faces of the Immortals of the Black-White College changed.

Hand over Ji Ning?

"Forget it!" The black-robed, black-haired Immortal Diancai snapped coldly, "Ji Ning is a disciple of our Black-White College. If he were to die while adventuring in the outside world, we wouldn't blame others...but you want us to hand him over? Are you dreaming? And, let me tell you something – so long as Ji Ning returns to the Black-White College, your Youngflame clan can forget about harming a single hair on his head."

"Senior Arcanum, we respect you as a Celestial Immortal, but our Black-White College, which has existed for so many generations, isn't so easily abused either," the short, elderly Immortal Fivecraze warned coldly as well.

"Our Black-White College has our own rules; if our disciples die while adventuring, we won't blame others, but once they return, then they will absolutely be protected by us." The tall, muscular man wrapped up in chain links spoke out in a loud, rumbling voice, his eyes seemed to be filled with thunder.

Patriarch Arcanum's face sank. "Oh, so your Black-White College wishes to become enemies with my Youngflame clan." Patriarch Arcanum swept these Immortals with his gaze.

The Youngflame clan was, indeed, powerful. It was much more powerful than even the Northmont clan of Stillwater. It had more than a thousand Loose Immortals and Earth Immortals; from this, one could

imagine how mighty they were! However, just because they were powerful didn't mean they could freely abuse other powers; for example, the Black-White College was located within Stillwater City. Who would dare launch a massive attack within Stillwater City? There would only be one result – becoming wanted criminals of the Grand Xia Dynasty!

As for fighting in the outside world?

Every single Loose Immortal of the Black-White College was top-tier; each of them were capable of fighting against ten Loose Immortals! If they completely focused on fleeing, it would be very hard to deal with them.

“It isn't that we wish to become enemies with you; rather, your Youngflame clan is forcing us to become enemies. If our Black-White College can't even protect our own disciples, what the hell type of College would we be?” Immortal Diancai replied coldly.

“If that's the case!” Patriarch Arcanum coldly rose to his feet. “Then don't blame the Youngflame clan for our future actions. Let's go!”

“Yes, Patriarch.” The Godplume Duke followed by his side.

But just as Patriarch Arcanum was about to lead the Godplume Duke to leave, a voice suddenly rang out. “Brother Arcanum.”

A hunchbacked old man suddenly walked in. His hair was completely white, and his eyebrows drooped downwards. He was leaning against a wooden cane as he walked in.

Patriarch Arcanum was momentarily startled. Then, he let out a cold laugh. “Hunchmont? You are still alive?”

“You haven't died yet; how could I?” The hunchbacked old man laughed.

“Senior Hunchmont.”

The eight Loose Immortals of the Black-White College all rose to their feet and saluted respectfully. Celestial Immortal Hunchmont...he was one of the most famous Celestial Immortal Patriarchs in the history of the Northmont clan. However, because he had lived for so very long, many outside schools and sects thought him to be dead; after all, Celestial Immortals would occasionally engage in battles against each other for the sake of their tribe or for certain treasures. After many battles, some would eventually fall.

“The Black-White College belongs to our Stillwater Commandery.” The hunchbacked elder leaned against his cane. “Arcanum, if you want to deal with their disciples, there is nothing they can do to stop you; why must you force the Black-White College to hand Ji Ning over? If you have the ability to do so, go ahead and deal with him yourself; our Northmont clan absolutely won't interfere. But if you were to deal against the Black-White College, you would be stepping beyond your bounds! Stillwater Commandery belongs to the Northmont clan!”

Patriarch Arcanum's face sank. Although the Youngflame clan was even more powerful than the Northmont clan, there was a limit to their strength; the Northmont clan held a marquidom, and it had

existed since the Fiendgod Era as well. After the passage of so many years...who knew how many trump cards the Northmont clan of Stillwater might be holding in secret?

"Fine. Since you, Hunchmont, have spoken out..." Patriarch Arcanum nodded. "Then I won't quibble with the Black-White College. However, this Ji Ning...he absolutely must die! If anyone tries to stop me, I'll kill them as well! Fujun, let's go."

Patriarch Arcanum led the Godplume Duke out of the Headmaster's Palace. They boarded the Immortal carriage, then quickly flew into the skies and disappeared.

"Senior Huchmont." Immortal Fivecraze walked over, watching as Patriarch Arcanum flew away aboard the Immortal carriage. "This Patriarch Arcanum seems to be a bit too arrogant."

"That's just the way he is. He's like a madman." The hunchbacked elder laughed. "Don't worry about him. But that Ji Ning of yours...you had best not interfere. Given how murderous Patriarch Arcanum seems to be feeling right now, you won't be able to stop him. Alright, it is time for me to go. Such a pity. Ji Ning was a fine young sapling. What a pity."

And then, the hunchbacked elder left.

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Within another world. The underwater estate.

Ning had just appeared within the main hall. He immediately saw the giant yellow bear and the old black bull.

"Seniors," Ning was about to speak out.

"You caused a huge mess in the outside world, eh?" The giant yellow bear said, "You were in such a frantic hurry to order all of the people off of Brightheart Island."

"I did cause a huge mess, yes," Ning said hurriedly. "I have..."

The giant yellow bear interrupted Ning. "Let me ask you this; have you completed your arrangements in the outside world?"

"I have." Ning nodded.

"Mm." The giant yellow bear nodded. "I can sense the turbulence in your heart. Your mind is currently in a state of chaos. First, go to the Stellar Hall and read some of the star maps within it. After reading a few books and calming yourself down, come and speak to me regarding your matters."

Ning was startled. "Read in the Stellar Hall?"

"Go," the giant yellow bear instructed.

"Yes, senior." Ning didn't disobey. He went straight to the Stellar Hall.

Within the Stellar Hall. Outside the thatched cottage.

Ning carried a book to the stone desk, then sat down, opened it up, and began to force himself to calm down and read. He had first killed Youngflame Nong, then separated with Ninelotus, and then arrange

for the monsters of the Immortal estate to protect his clan. Whenever Ning thought about the impending arrival of the Youngflame clan, Ning's mind would become filled with a myriad of random thoughts, causing him to feel extremely restless.

"Today, Chang came to pay his respects to me..." Ning's voice reverberated within this small pocket world. Every single word was extremely simple, but when joined together, they became filled with boundless magical power. In a very natural way, Ning began to calm down; in fact, he even began to slowly enter a state of attunement and meditation on the Dao.

Calm.

Relaxation.

The restlessness in Ning's heart faded away, and Ning raised his head to stare at the stars in the sky.

Suddenly...rain began to fall down from the skies, as fine as silk, sprinkling everywhere, including upon Ning himself.

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Book 11: Primaltwin Chapter 3: Mastering the First Dao-Path

The downpour steadily grew, and it poured down into this world. Ji Ning didn't move to avoid it, nor did he use his elemental ki to block it; he allowed the rain to cascade onto his body. He felt closer to the raindrops than he ever had before, so close that he felt intoxicated by them.

Suddenly...

A nameless aura began to envelope Ning. This was the aura of the Dao! Ning's entire body seemed to have become the Dao itself.

"The Dao of Rainwater?" The giant yellow bear and the old black bull were both completely stunned.

"He's actually mastered it. Although Ning has made major improvements in the ten years he spent at Serpentwing Lake, and had an extremely deep grasp regarding the Dao of Rainwater, he was still some distance away from mastering it. Generally speaking, when comprehending the Dao, the farther along the path you go, the more difficult it will become. What in the world has Ji Ning experienced? Whatever it was, it seems to have baptized him, allowing him to break through and completely understand the Dao of Rainwater at one go." The giant yellow bear sighed in amazement.

The old black bull nodded as well. . "Whatever it was he experienced, it had a tremendous impact on him."

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The rainwater vanished. Ning stared at the stars in the sky. He had advanced in the Dao of the Inferno, the Dao of the Gale, and the Dao of the Sword as well. His understanding of the Dao of the Sword in particular, which had reached the Grand Dao Domain, had further stabilized after this period of time of time in the Stellar Hall.

Finally, he came to a halt and rested.

“How much time did I spend in meditation?” Ning spoke out.

“Not too long, just an hour.” The giant yellow bear laughed, “But in this hour, you improved quite a bit; you surged forward tremendously in one breath.”

Ning felt more peaceful than he ever had before. He revealed a hint of a smile. “I can sense my improvement as well. I have thoroughly comprehended the Dao of Rainwater, and in fact, I have gained a certain degree of insight into all ‘water’-type Daos.”

“This is called resonance,” the giant yellow bear said. “You have now mastered the Dao-Path of Rainwater; naturally, you will continue to advance in the element of water. For the other, similar Daos to resonate is quite normal. Unfortunately, although you advanced a bit in the Dao of the Inferno and the Dao of the Gale, you are still a little ways off from completely mastering these Dao-Paths.”

Ning nodded.

Of his three Daos, he had gained insights into the Dao of Rainwater the earliest, and his level of comprehension with regards to this Dao was the highest. His insights into the Dao of the Inferno was secondary only to the Dao of Rainwater, and was actually quite close; however, he still had yet to completely master it. As for the Dao of the Gale, it was weaker than both the other two.

“I didn’t expect that you’d actually be able to master a Grand Dao Domain.” The giant yellow bear looked at Ning. “Sword Immortals are all skilled at offense; it’s clear that your strength has risen significantly after you reached the Grand Dao Domain. Now that you’ve also mastered the Dao-Path of Rainwater, you will be absolutely capable of fusing your Dao of Rainwater into your Dao of the Sword.”

The Dao of the Sword was a mechanistic Dao. One could infuse one’s insights in other areas into the Dao of the Sword and display it through the sword!

“Let me try.” Ning laughed, then struck out with a finger into a sword-stance.

Suddenly, rainwater appeared in the surrounding area. The rainwater sprinkled everywhere, but each drop of water carried an incomparably amazing amount of power. The entire world seemed to have been frozen into place. An ordinary Wanxiang Adept probably wouldn’t even be able to move right now. After completely mastering a Dao-Path, one would be able to summon the awesome presence of the Dao itself, causing the entire surrounding area to be under one’s own control.

“This technique is called ‘My Own World’. Activate.” Ning suddenly flicked his finger. Swish! A streak of watery sword-light sliced through the skies, leaving behind a scar in the air that lingered for quite some time without vanishing.

“A good technique; truly, a good sword technique,” the giant yellow bear praised.

“It’s not just good; even Loose Immortals are generally only at this level, and many aren’t as good as you, Ji Ning,” the old black bull called out in surprise.

Ning laughed. Generally speaking, Primal Daoists were at the Dao Domain level, while Loose Immortals were generally capable of mastering a complete Dao-Path.

Ning had not only mastered a completely Dao-Path, he had also reached the Grand Dao Domain level in the Dao of the Sword. It was even harder to reach the Grand Dao Domain level than mastering a

complete Dao-Path. With the two amplifying each other...indeed, many Loose Immortals were inferior to Ning. However, that only referred to 'ordinary' Loose Immortals, not ones like the Loose Immortals of the Black-White College.

"I am now in control of a complete Dao-Path. According to the rules of the College, I can make my breakthrough to the Primal Daoist level," Ning said. "In addition, after having killed a young master of a major tribe, I've reaped quite a few rewards; I imagine I should now have enough liquefied elemental essence to make that breakthrough. Only, I'm still hesitating; should I make that breakthrough or not? I'd like to ask you two seniors to please advise me on what I should do next."

The old black bull had accompanied Immortal Juhua for a million years, and had a great deal of experience. Naturally, his vision would be very broad as well.

As for the giant yellow bear, he had followed Daoist Threelives and had unfathomable experiences.

Ning felt that he truly should ask the advice of these two.

"Speak," The giant yellow bear said.

"What's this? You killed a young master of a major clan? Tell, tell," the old black bull said with great eagerness.

Ning nodded. "I was originally training in Brightheart Island on Serpentwing Lake, but a few days ago, a large warship suddenly appeared in the skies above it..." Ning began to describe his experience in detail, from start to finish. He even explained the backgrounds of Youngflame Nong and Ninelotus, so as to give these two old figures sufficient background information for pondering.

He even told them about Yu Wei's advice and the upcoming Conclave of Immortal Destiny.

"The Youngflame clan is going to pursue me. What should I do?" Ning looked at the old black bull and the giant yellow bear.

"A major tribe that can rank amongst the top ten clans of one of the three thousand major worlds...this sort of tribe definitely has Celestial Immortals," the giant yellow bear said. "In addition, they should have more than just one. A force like this...for the current you, they are indeed far too powerful. Fortunately, in the Grand Xia Dynasty, there are strict laws, which is why you still have a chance to resist them."

"The Youngflame clan? I know this clan," the old black bull said hurriedly. "In the past, Immortal Juhua had a bit of a relationship with the clan. The Youngflame clan does indeed rank towards the front amongst the clans of the Grand Xia Dynasty. However, although the imperial clan of the Grand Xia did indeed need these clans when it was unifying the world, after doing so, these clans became a threat to them."

Ning was startled.

"In truth, the imperial clan of the Grand Xia has been working all this time to try and weaken the power of the clans," the old black bull said quickly. "They first built the commandery cities, spreading them throughout the world so as to increase their sphere of control, and then formed the Raindragon Guard

and spread them throughout the world as well! In addition, they secretly foment internal struggles between these clans, tribes, and sects.”

“Can it be that the other tribes are idiots? They’ll just stupidly fight amongst each other like that?” Ning was curious.

“This is what you don’t understand. This isn’t a hidden scheme; it’s an open scheme. There is only so much land in this major world, and only so many treasures. And yet, there are so many tribes. What to do about it? The imperial clan of the Grand Xia will take their share, then leave the other major powers to fight over what’s left. If you aren’t willing to fight for your share, then your clan will end up with no treasures. Thus, they are forced to struggle against each other, and as they do, they naturally end up forming grudges.”

Ning nodded.

“However, the imperial clan of the Grand Xia wouldn’t dare to act directly against its marquises. That’s because if they were to act against one marquis, all of the other marquises would feel threatened; in fact, some actually might join forces to revolt!” The old black bull continued, “This is why the imperial clan of the Grand Xia has set down some laws, some public laws.”

“So long as you do not disobey the laws, the imperial clan absolutely won’t touch you.”

“But if you were to violate those laws? The imperial clan of the Grand Xia would be like sharks that smelled the scent of blood; they will eat you alive,” the old black bull laughed. “So long as you hide within a commandery city, the Celestial Immortals of the Youngflame clan definitely won’t dare to act against you, because once they do, then the imperial clan of the Grand Xia, which has always wanted to whittle away at the power of the marquises, will have an ironclad reason to act against them. They would quickly send out a squad to annihilate that Celestial Immortal!”

“Now, do you understand some of the hidden undercurrents of this world of the Grand Xia Dynasty’s?” The old black bull looked at Ning.

Ning nodded.

The imperial clan of the Grand Xia, and the many marquises.

Many of the marquises held grudges against each other; no wonder Yu Wei had advised him to join a different marquisdom.

“That senior apprentice-sister Yu Wei of yours told you to go participate in the Conclave of Immortal Destiny. Her words are quite correct,” the giant yellow bear said. “You are going to become a Celestial Immortal, and in fact, an Empyrean God...”

“Senior, what is an ‘Empyrean God’?” Ning immediately asked. Ning had never quite understood what Empyrean Gods were.

“When Earth Immortals, who are at the ‘Void’ level, overcome the Celestial Tribulation, they will naturally become carefree Celestial Immortals.”

“Void-level Fiendgods, however, when overcoming the Celestial Tribulation will become Emyrean Gods!” The giant yellow bear said, “To become an Emyrean God is tens of times, perhaps a hundred times, as difficult as becoming a Celestial Immortal.”

Ning was speechless. “A hundred times harder?”

It was rare for there to be even a single Celestial Immortal for every ten thousand Earth Immortals; to become an Emyrean God was even harder?!

“That’s because they have completely different levels of power,” the giant yellow bear explained.

“Earlier, you said you encountered a Fiendgod, a Hydraga. He was only at the Primal level, but already comparable to a peak Loose Immortal.”

“Right.’ Ning nodded.

“A Void-level Fiendgod is already comparable to a Celestial Immortal. And an Emyrean God...they are absolutely comparable to True Immortals!” The giant yellow bear looked at Ning. “Now do you understand? Once you become an Emyrean God...you would become a true major power of the Three Realms. In fact, even if you were to go to the Deva realm and express a desire to join the Celestial Court, the Celestial Emperor would warmly welcome you and even let you command hundreds of thousands of celestial soldiers or generals.”

Ning blinked. The Celestial Emperor of the Celestial Court would personally welcome him? Let him command hundreds of thousands of celestial soldiers?

“Master said that only after I become an Emyrean God would I truly be considered his apprentice.” Ning couldn’t help but say, “This requirement is a bit high for me.”

“Think about what Master’s status was. He emerged from the world alongside Pangu and Nuwa...he was one of the most supreme powers of the entire Three Realms. Only after reaching the Emyrean God level could it be said that you are not an embarrassment to him,” the giant yellow bear said. “But don’t change the subject. As I was saying earlier, the advice from your senior apprentice-sister, Yu Wei, to go to the Conclave of Immortal Destiny was very good advice. This is because, as the saying goes, it is better to travel ten thousand kilometers than to read ten thousand books...and it is better to make a single journey on the border between life and death than to travel ten thousand kilometers.”

“The Conclave of Immortal Destiny will have all the geniuses of this entire major world present; in fact, some of the geniuses of other major worlds might come in secret as well, so as to take part.”

“This is just like the cultivation of Gu-bugs. Put ten thousand venomous bugs in one place and have them fight against each other and devour each other. In the end, the venomous bugs that you have left will be incomparably powerful. The principle is the same; the ones to survive the Conclave of Immortal Destiny shall be truly extraordinary. This is an excellent chance for you to temper yourself, a chance which is quite rare and hard to find.”

The giant yellow bear continued, “Right, you said you killed Youngflame Nong; didn’t you acquire a great deal of treasure from him? Take it out, take it all out and let me take a look and see which would be of use to you.”

Ning waved his hand. "He had many treasures. I just bound the storage-type magic treasure not long ago." He had been hiding some of the treasures within his Zifu, while he had stored the others in his own storage-type magic treasure.

Whoosh.

Instantly, a small hill appeared on the ground, completely formed from precious items and magic treasures.

"These are the treasures and precious items of Youngflame Nong." Ning pointed at them.

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Ning waved his hand again, and another hill of items appeared as well, as well as some sacks. "These were left behind by that dead Fiendgod." The Hydraga had once forced himself to train as a Ki Refiner as well. Unfortunately, natural Fiendgods were innately very weak as Ki Refiners. Only after many years of painstaking training had he reached the Zifu level; afterwards, Xiangliu Fang could no longer be bothered to train in this regard.

After reaching the Zifu level, he was able to use storage-type magic treasures, at least. This was enough to make Xiangliu Fang quite happy! In the Fiendgod Era, before he had trained as a Ki Refiner, he always had to carry around his treasures with him.

"There's quite a bit." The old black bull sighed in amazement.

"Let me take a look." The giant yellow bear swept his gaze across the magic treasures. Suddenly, the two treasure-hills all flew into the air, then stayed there.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh.

These treasures quickly began to sort themselves out by type. Bottles and jars moved to one side, while Dao-seals and jade discs, as well as some other unique items were pulled to another. The many magic treasures were also placed on another side...

Ning simply watched as the levitating treasures sorted themselves out by type. "I didn't sense any ripples of power, but these treasures all levitated into the air; the powers of this spirit of the underwater estate truly are unfathomable."

"This is a spirit-pill; if you lose an arm or a leg, eat the pill, and it'll be healed. You are a Fiendgod Refiner; this is useless to you. Go back and sell it off or give it to a friend."

"This is a poison powder...it's hard to ascertain how powerful the poison is, but it should be decent."

"This bottle is marked with the words, 'Drunken Immortal's Pill'? Eh? Its intoxicating properties are quite strong; I imagine that even if Loose Immortals ate it, they would be intoxicated. Three pills in total."

The giant yellow bear quickly went through the various jars and bottles. Soon, he pulled out two of the jade bottles from the masses. "These two bottles both contain liquefied elemental essence, roughly twenty five thousand kilograms each, for a total of fifty thousand kilograms. Youngflame Nong actually carried fifty thousand kilograms on him...that's quite a bit." Unless they were in desperate need, most

Immortal cultivators wouldn't carry that much with them. They would use them to buy magic treasures or just use them up. However, to Youngflame Nong, fifty thousand kilograms wasn't that much.

"He must've been worried that he might gain a sudden insight while wandering the world, and so prepared them for a possible breakthrough to the Primal Daoist level," Ning laughed. Fifty thousand kilograms; this was absolutely enough to break through to the Primal Daoist level.

"You cannot use it." The giant yellow bear shook his head. "You are going to the Conclave of Immortal Destiny; you cannot breakthrough to become a Primal Daoist."

Ning nodded. He understood this principle. This Conclave came only once every three centuries; there was no way he could wait another three hundred years. Thus, this was the only chance he would have to attend the Conclave. Sparring against so many other geniuses on the same level was an opportunity that would have long, far-ranging impacts on him. If one didn't have a long-term plan and only focused on short-term gains, in the end, one would suffer for it.

"These curios aren't bad either."

"Oh? A Greater Teleportation Dao-seal? Youngflame Nong had a Greater Teleportation Dao-seal?" The giant yellow bear called out in surprise as he pointed with a finger. Instantly, a rune-covered leaf flew over.

Ning's eyes lit up. "Greater Teleportation Dao-seal?"

He had previously acquired two protective items from the underwater estate; one was that black loop, while the other was, in fact, a Greater Teleportation Dao-seal.

One was meant for attack; the other was meant for defense and escaping.

Upon using a Greater Teleportation Dao-seal, the might within it would instantly activate and surround him in a barrier which even Loose Immortals wouldn't be able to break. And then, he would vanish and disappear. Even if the region was spacelocked, even if he was trapped in a place of no escape, he could still use a Greater Teleport to leave! He could even teleport from a different world directly to the world of the Grand Xia Dynasty!

"You now have two Greater Teleportation Dao-seals." The giant yellow bear flicked his finger, sending the leaf flying towards Ning. Laughing, Ning waved his hand and accepted it.

"Youngflame Nong truly was unfortunate to run into you. His soul was immediately ripped out, giving him no chance to even use the Greater Teleportation Dao-seal." The giant yellow bear continued to investigate. "There's quite a few protective treasures as well. There's a Vajra-Guard Skypearl, a Golden Skyfire seal, a Skyflee shuttle...still, these are quite inferior compared to a Greater Teleportation Dao-seal."

Youngflame Nong actually had three major treasures; the 'Lock' scroll, the black and white disc, and the Greater Teleportation Dao-seal. He had used up two of them. The plan had been to bind the Immortal estate, sell the monstrous Dao-soldiers of the estate to his clan, then use those resources to purchase some truly top-tier treasures. Unfortunately, he would never have the chance to do so.

“Big bro, take a look; isn’t that the Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater?” The old black bull suddenly pointed to a watery pearl which hovered in the mass of precious items.

“A Sole-Ki Pearl of Elemental Water?” The giant yellow bear hurriedly looked over. His eyes lit up, and he began to laugh loudly. “Ning, you little tyke, it seems it is indeed time for you to reach the Primal level. With this Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater, you can now cultivate a Primaltwin.”

Ning called out in surprise, “A Primaltwin?!”

Naturally, Ning knew what a Primaltwin was; virtually all cultivators knew what it was! In the Black-White College, the technique for forming a Primaltwin was something which every single disciple could learn. There was no need for using black-white pellets at all. It was something for everyone to know, but unfortunately, less than one in a thousand Primal Daoists would actually be able to refine a Primaltwin!

This was because...it was too hard to find the right vessel!

When a cultivator broke through from the Wanxiang stage to the Primal stage, the essence of the myriad manifestations of stars and the elemental sea within the Zifu region would crystallize and give birth to a Turtle-Snake 1. At the same time, the soul would descend from the sea of consciousness and sink deep into the Turtle-Snake.

When they fused into one...the Primal Turtle-Snake would be formed! With the Primal Turtle-Snake serving as a physical vessel, and the soul serving as the self, a Primal Daoist would arise from the fusion!

In order to refine a Primaltwin, one would need to find a physical vessel; once one found it, one would use a secret art to split one’s soul in two, keeping half the soul in the original body and placing the other half within the vessel and forming a Primaltwin.

“Right. This Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater is like a natural Zifu region,” the giant yellow bear laughed. “All you need to do is split out part of your soul and place it within the pearl, and you’ll be able to slowly refine it into a Primaltwin! In fact, in the future your Primaltwin would even be able to become an Earth Immortal and perhaps surpass the tribulation and become a Celestial Immortal.”

Ning had never even heard of a ‘Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater’; in the annals of the Black-White College regarding Primaltwins, the most famous vessel was the ‘Darkvalley Pearl’.

“How is it compared to the Darkvalley Pearl?” Ning asked.

“The Darkvalley Pearl is too mediocre,” the giant yellow bear said. “A Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater contains the essence of primal, elemental water. After you fuse your soul into it and form your Primaltwin, your body will be formed from the essence of primal water as well. By then, when you use it to train in water-type Daos, you will find it much simpler. It seems as though you are destined to travel very far in the element of water.”

The Dao of Rainwater was nothing more than an extremely unremarkable type of Dao that belonged to the element of water, one of the Five Elements.

“How is your soul? Is it capable of withstanding a Primaltwin secret art?” The giant yellow bear asked.

To divide a soul in half was extremely dangerous. The soul had to be sufficiently strong; if it wasn’t, then dividing it in half was akin to suicide! Thus, generally speaking, only Primal Daoists who had been at that

stage for a very long time or experts who had already reached the Void level and become Earth Immortals would be able to produce a Primaltwin!

“My divine sense stretches to a thousand kilometers,” Ning said.

“Mm. There are very few Primal Daoists who have souls comparable to yours; you can compare to a weak Loose Immortal.” The giant yellow bear nodded. “You can split your soul in half.”

Ning felt a fire begin to blaze in his heart. To produce a Primaltwin at the Wanxiang level; this was far too rare. First of all, the soul had to be strong enough; then, one had to have a vessel, such as the ‘Darkvalley Pearl’ or the ‘Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater’. Thus, for every thousand reincarnated Immortals, perhaps only one would be able to produce a Primaltwin at the Wanxiang stage.

The reason why only those below the Primal stage were allowed to participate in the contests of the Conclave of Immortal Destiny was to ensure fairness!

Although Ning might have refined a Primaltwin, his true body remained at the Wanxiang level. So long as it was only his true body which went to compete, and his Primaltwin stayed out of it...there would be no problems! Ning had already chatted previously with Yu Wei regarding the Conclave, and so he naturally knew about some of the rules of it.

Only geniuses amongst geniuses would be capable of producing Primaltwins at the Wanxiang level; naturally, they wouldn’t be barred from participating in the Conclave of Immortal Destiny. However, they would only be allowed to use their true bodies to compete; in fact, their Primaltwins wouldn’t even be permitted to enter the competition grounds!

“Eh?” The giant yellow bear frowned.

“What is it?” Ning asked.

“A Celestial Immortal has come to Serpentwing Lake,” the giant yellow bear said.

“Celestial Immortal?” Ning was shocked. “It must be the Youngflame clan!”

“Don’t worry. I can discover him, but he can’t discover me.” The giant yellow bear said calmly, “Master spent unfathomable amounts of blood, sweat, and effort in order to forge me. There is no one in the entire Grand Xia Dynasty capable of discovering me.”

In the air above Serpentwing Lake.

It was already dark. Nine Flood Dragons, pulling an Immortal carriage behind them, had appeared in the skies. Aboard the Immortal carriage sat Patriarch Arcanum, with the Godplume Duke attending to him by the side.

“This is the place where Ji Ning is permanently stationed?” Patriarch Arcanum, with but a single thought, was able to scan this entire region. Brightheart Island was now completely empty; not a single person was present. However, there were still a few people on boats who were sailing aboard Serpentwing Lake. These were ordinary mortals. Given how large Serpentwing Lake was, it would take them a tremendous amount of time to pass through it.

“They fled?” A baleful look appeared in Patriarch Arcanum’s eyes. “Kill those mortals.”

“Kill them?” The Godplume Duke hesitated.

The Dao of the Heavens was protective of mortals. For Immortal cultivators to kill mortals was a grave sin. Even someone like Patriarch Arcanum, who wanted to kill these mortals, wasn't willing to personally kill them and cause sin to surround him. Even Celestial Immortals would see their luck plummet, and as their luck plummeted...they would run into all sorts of trouble. If Celestial Immortals had sufficiently bad luck, they might end up dying in battle.

“Why aren't you acting yet?” Patriarch Arcanum gave the Godplume Duke a sidelong glance.

“Alright.” The Godplume Duke gritted his teeth, then looked at the nine Flood Dragons pulling the Immortal carriage. He sent a spirit-message: “Kill the mortals.”

Although none of the nine Flood Dragons wanted to obey, they still all opened their mouths.

Whoooooosh.

Nine streaks of fire descended, instantly sweeping through the entire lake. The commoners on the lake's surface were all shocked and terrified for a moment...and then they transformed into ash. Tendrils of sin instantly descended, with some swirling around the bodies of those nine Flood Dragons, and the rest swirling around the Godplume Duke. A very small amount of sin ended up swirling around Patriarch Arcanum as well.

“Let's go to the City of Ten Thousand Swords.” Patriarch Arcanum gave the order, and the nine Flood Dragons pulled the Immortal carriage away, quickly arriving at the City of Ten Thousand Swords, just a few thousand kilometers away.

The City of Ten Thousand Swords remained as it always had been.

Patriarch Arcanum did a quick inspection. His face immediately changed. “There are this many monstrous Dao-soldiers here? Hrm? Ji Ning's master, that Sword Immortal known as Diancai, he is here as well?”

“Hmph.” Patriarch Arcanum's temper was volatile, but he knew that there was nothing he could do to this city. He immediately ordered coldly, “Fujun, arrange for the City of Ten Thousand Swords, Western Prefecture City and Serpentwing Lake be under constant watch! This is the homeland of Ji Ning's clan; I refuse to believe he will never return. Also, ask the Heavenly Treasures Mountain to keep a close watch on Ji Ning. Upon discovering his whereabouts, immediately inform our Youngflame clan. No matter where he is hiding, once we discover him, immediately send people to kill him.”

“Yes,” the Godplume Duke said respectfully.

1. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Black_Tortoise#/media/File:Wudangshan-Xuanwu-in-Beijing-Capital-Museum-3796.jpg

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Book 11: Primaltwin Chapter 5: Immortal Diancai and Ji Ning

“Let's go. We return to the imperial capital!” Patriarch Arcanum gave the order. Immediately, those nine Flood Dragons pulled the Immortal carriage away, disappearing into the skies.

Patriarch Arcanum was a decisive individual. He knew that given that he hadn't discovered Ji Ning right away, if he wanted to capture Ning...he would have to spend quite a bit of time. Although he was a Celestial Immortal, he wasn't omniscient; he still had to resort to using the power of the tribe and the Heavenly Treasures Mountain to find Ning.

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Within the City of Ten Thousand Swords.

Immortal Diancai lifted his head, watching as Patriarch Arcanum departed. By his side were Ji Truekeep, Ji Ninfire, and the other members of the Ji clan, along with the two monstrous Loose Immortals.

"Clan leader Ji," Immortal Diancai said, "Patriarch Arcanum has already departed. He wasn't able to find my apprentice, but he won't stay here indefinitely; he's a Celestial Immortal, after all, with an exalted status! However, I imagine he will arrange for some people to stay on watch, here at Swallow Mountain. This is my apprentice's homeland, after all; they will definitely keep an eye on it. Now that your Ji clan has so many monstrous Dao-soldiers present...there's no reason for me to stay here. I won't tarry any longer, then."

"Thank you, senior Immortal," Truekeep and the others said hurriedly.

They felt tremendous gratitude for this Immortal of the Black-White College, who had hurried here at such a critical time. Although he was Ning's master, when trouble came, some masters would flee even faster than their disciples would.

Immortal Diancai didn't say anything else. He soared straight into the skies. The City of Ten Thousand Swords had already set down a grand spacelock formation, preventing teleportation.

Whoosh. After flying high into the sky, Immortal Diancai immediately disappeared.

"This Immortal Diancai truly is a loyal man," the monstrous Immortal Duohe said with a sigh.

"Admirable, admirable," Immortal Witchsui said as well.

"It's true. For Ning to have such a master is his good fortune," Ninefire sighed.

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Stillwater City. The Black-White College.

The black-robed, black-haired Immortal Diancai was seated face to face with a short old man. Before the two of them, there was only a flagon of Immortal wine.

"Senior apprentice-brother Fivecraze," Immortal Diancai said softly, "The arrival of Patriarch Arcanum caused me to feel powerless. Ning is my apprentice, my one and only disciple...but I'm not able to do anything in the face of the Youngflame clan's attempt to kill him! I'm completely unable to save him!" As he spoke, Diancai's body was visibly trembling.

"Junior apprentice-brother Diancai," the short elder said hurriedly, "Don't be so stubborn. He's a Celestial Immortal, after all."

“So what if he is? In the past, wasn’t senior Northwalker, a Loose Immortal, comparable to a Celestial Immortal in might?” Immortal Diancai growled, “I’ve made up my mind. Today, I am going to leave. Leave this major world of ours, and temper myself through adventuring. Although I reached the peak of the Void stage long ago and although I can attempt my tribulation, I’ve been suppressing myself, precisely because I don’t feel confident in succeeding. My talent is a bit weaker than this disciple of mine’s. If I don’t frantically temper myself, most likely, in the end, I won’t be able to avoid being overcome by the Celestial Tribulation and becoming a Loose Immortal. After becoming a Loose Immortal...even if I stay alive countless eons and reach senior Northwalker’s level of power, what’s the point? In the end, I still won’t be able to overcome the Three Calamities and Nine Tribulations, resulting in death.”

The short elder was silent for a moment, then said slowly, “It seems your apprentice’s matter has affected you tremendously.”

“I, his master, have failed him. I am of no use!” Immortal Diancai rose to his feet. “I’ll leave now, senior apprentice-brother.”

“Be careful!” The short elder said solemnly.

To temper one’s self naturally required one to experience deadly situations, to walk on the border between life and death, which would allow one’s insights and comprehension to rapidly increase. However, this sort of tempering was extremely dangerous. When walking on a line between life and death, one might truly fall into death.

Immortal Diancai laughed, then charged into the skies, quickly disappearing.

Swish. Swish. Swish. Swish. Swish.

Five figures appeared in succession by the short elder’s side. These were the other Immortals of the Black-White College.

“He truly is decisive,” a youthful-looking ‘child’ sighed.

“Compared to him...” The tall, muscular, chain-shrouded man said in a low voice, “Although I am a reincarnated Immortal, my Dao-heart isn’t as firm as his. It seems the common saying is true; if you fail in one life to become a Celestial Immortal, even if you reincarnated ten times or a hundred times, you still won’t be able to become a Celestial Immortal.”

“There are still some reincarnated Immortals who do become Celestial Immortals,” the short elder said.

“But how few and rare are they?” The youthful-looking child sighed. “With the great determination that junior apprentice-brother Diancai has...as I see it, he might have just increased his chances of becoming a Celestial Immortal by a bit. He may very well truly have a shot at becoming only the second Celestial Immortal the Black-White College has seen in our ancient history.”

“He does indeed have a shot,” the tall, blood-robed, skinny youth said with a nod. “However...the Celestial Tribulation is difficult to overcome!”

All of them fell silent. The Celestial Tribulation? This was a nightmare for all Earth Immortals and Loose Immortals. The worst part of it was, every single Celestial Tribulation was different in power; just because one was strong, didn't mean they would necessarily succeed in overcoming it!

"First, junior apprentice-brother Diancai needs to return safely. Otherwise, there's no point in discussing the Celestial Tribulation." The short elder's eyes were filled with anticipation. "I wonder if I, a crazy old madman, will be able to see him again before I die."

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Within another world. The underwater estate.

Ning had no idea as to what had happened in the outside world. His attention was completely focused on the Primaltwin secret art; this was a soul-splitting technique, and he had to be incredibly cautious in using it.

Ning was seated in the lotus position on a prayer mat. Not too far away, the giant yellow bear and the old black bull were staring at him.

"He won't fail, will he?" The old black bull said worriedly. They had already set up a barrier around them, preventing their voices from reaching out and disturbing Ning.

"Ji Ning's visualization technique is an extremely impressive one. Even if he fails, he would at most lose control over half of his soul; he wouldn't die," the giant yellow bear said.

"Lose control over half his soul..." The old black bull murmured to himself. That was still quite severe.

If the Primaltwin art was a success, the soul would be split in two, but both parts would still remain in existence. Although Ning would temporarily be weakened, that would be a minor matter, and he would soon recover. If, however, one of the two parts of his soul was to be completely extinguished, Ning's personality might change drastically. He might even develop mental issues such as depression or madness.

To lose control over half of one's soul...this could indeed cause a drastic personality change.

Huff. Puff. Ning took several long breaths, completely calm. He had already memorized and mentally repeated the Primaltwin art several times now.

"Let's begin."

Ning shut his eyes.

Within his sea of consciousness. The spirit-Ning stood there, entire body emanating with sword-ki. This was an evolved sword-soul! Sword-souls were almost utterly indestructible, making a split even more difficult.

Whooooooosh. The forehead of the spirit-Ning began to glow with light, a vertical-shaped light. Ning used all of his energy in executing the secret art, causing his own divine will to form into a knife that began to cut both upwards and downwards from his forehead.

That vertical light slowly began to elongate.

“Arggggggh!” Agony. The soul-ripping agony caused even Ning, despite his incredible endurance and Dao-heart, to tremble. However, generally speaking, those who dared to execute the Primaltwin technique were all extraordinary figures who would be able to endure this level of pain.

The vertical light continued to elongate. It reached his neck...his chest...his abdomen...

The vertical light splitting the ‘body’ of the spirit-Ning had completely cut him in half. It was as though a ray of light had just cleanly bisected him. However, this wasn’t the dangerous part; what was going to happen next was the dangerous part.

“SPLIT!”

Ning’s soul began to split apart. That vertical light splitting his spirit in half separated, causing his spirit to split into two parts. One half, moving as fast as lightning, flew back into Ning’s physical body. In the instant his soul split apart, Ning felt a wave of dizziness overcome him, and while flying over his soul trembled as well. Ning’s Dao-heart, however, was resilient, and so although the dizziness caused him to feel incredibly tired, he was still able to withstand it.

This was a step that had to be fast and had to be endured. Otherwise, if the other half of the soul wasn’t able to enter the Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater, it would die on the way. After splitting the soul, there was no way to merge it again.

“Enter.”

The other half of the soul flew out like a streak of light, entering the Sole-Ki Pearl.

In the instant it did, the soul felt as though it was a son entering the embrace of the other, a wandering, adrift boat that had finally returned to harbor. There was a feeling of peace, of warmth, of calm which completely filled the soul. The soul had its vessel...naturally, it felt nice.

“Whew.” Ning let out a sigh of relief.

“visualization technique!”

For the moment, Ning had no time to waste on training his Primaltwin. His very first response was to immediately have both of his souls immediately execute the visualization technique.

Within his sea of consciousness.

The now-shrunken spirit-Ning sat down in the lotus position. Ahead of him, within the vast void of his sea of consciousness, appeared an enormous image of Maiden Nuwa. The image of Maiden Nuwa, in the void, seemed to press down upon both the past and the future. It was eternal and unchanging, and it caused Ning’s soul to become incomparably stable as well. The aura of divine light emanating from her, filled with boundless warmth, illuminated Ning’s soul, causing the badly damaged soul to begin to heal.

Within the Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater, there was the second, also-shrunken spirit-Ning, who was also visualizing an image of Maiden Nuwa. When her image appeared, her light seemed to stretch off into infinity.

Both souls were in a wounded state right now, but they rapidly began to heal. This healing process took nearly three full days, during the course of which both souls grew considerably stronger.

“Whew.” Ning opened his eyes. The Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater in front of him flew up as well, landing within his hand.

“How did it go?” The giant yellow bear asked hurriedly, “How is your soul?”

“I’ve healed to roughly seventy percent of normal,” Ning said.

“Seventy percent?!” The giant yellow bear was stunned. “It seems you truly do have a formidable visualization technique.”

When the soul split into two, both souls would have roughly half of the strength of the former soul. For an ordinary visualization technique, the user would be lucky to see each half-soul stabilize at fifty percent power. You could forget about having the soul quickly grow back! But Ning had not only stabilized his souls, he had already reached seventy percent power.

“However, this is a one-time thing. After all, the damage caused by the soul-splitting was fresh, which was why I was able to heal so much of it at one go. In the future, it will be slower. To return to a divine sense of a thousand kilometers...I’m afraid it will take a long time,” Ning sighed.

“Don’t be too greedy. You’ve already produced a Primaltwin, after all; this represents a second life for you,” the giant yellow bear sighed. “Your Primaltwin can also become an Earth Immortal or Celestial Immortal; in fact, if your true body dies, your Primaltwin will still survive.”

Laughing, Ning nodded.

The true body and the Primaltwin had linked memories; in all other ways, however, they were completely independent. Indeed, a Primaltwin could be described as a second life.

“Hurry up and begin your training. Completely refine all of the essence within the Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater,” the giant yellow bear laughed.

“Right.” Ning nodded, then had his Primaltwin within the Sole-Ki Pearl begin to train.

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Book 11: Primaltwin Chapter 6: Primal Breakthrough

The Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater was a naturally occurring spirit-treasure that was one of the most superb resources for nourishing the soul.

There were some Immortal cultivators who, believing their Zifu’s to be damaged, would steal the bodies of others. This sort of possession, however...had a major problem. It was that the affinity between the body and the soul would be very weak. Generally speaking, most bodies were not of very high quality. Some Immortal cultivators, upon finding a good body, would seize it. Once their affinity with it reached a certain level, they would be extremely satisfied.

However, the likes of the Darkvalley Pearl, the Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater, and other such naturally occurring spirit-treasures were truly perfect vessels. Because they had never been inhabited by a soul,

once a soul did enter them, they would merge together perfectly. In terms of quality, as naturally occurring spirit-treasures, they were of course of superb quality.

“It was lucky for me that Youngflame Nong had procured this. If I were to search for it on my own, where the hell would I even start?” Ji Ning had begun his refining process, and as he did, he instantly realized how wonderful this pearl was. He couldn’t help but sigh to himself, “Youngflame Nong must have prepared this for himself. However, in the end, his efforts ended up being for my sake.”

Sole-Ki Pearls of Primalwater were filled with elemental essence to begin with; there was thus no need to absorb elemental ki from the surrounding world. One only needed to refine the ki within it. Ning was currently rising in power at a rapid rate.

BOOM!

A world suddenly came into being within the pearl. A Zifu region was born, and large amounts of elemental water essence began to transform, causing the Zifu region to expand in size.

Stars. The Moon. The Golden Crown. Three major Manifestations appeared...and the body immediately broke through to the Wanxiang level.

“This sort of ‘training’ truly is wonderful.” The old black bull, watching, couldn’t help but sigh in amazement, “What tremendous speed.”

“It’s just like when a reincarnated Immortal regains his memories. He already had the sufficient insights and a strong enough Dao-heart. Given that the Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater has condensed water elemental essence within it to begin with, it wouldn’t even surprise me if he trained all the way to the Primal stage,” the giant yellow bear said. These sorts of treasures, which contained elemental essence within them, would generally allow those who used them to reach the Primal stage. One couldn’t help but sigh at how marvelous the treasures of the natural world could be.

“He’s about to make a breakthrough,” the old black bull suddenly said.

After just an hour, the Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater had risen in power from the Xiantian level to the peak of the Wanxiang level. It was currently moving towards the Primal level.

Within the pearl. There was a vast, empty void here. The Zifu Lake was almost infinitely vast, and within the sky of this world, thousands of stars, a Jade Rabbit, and a Golden Crow hung in the sky. The aura of this place was even more powerful than the aura of Ning’s true body. This was because this body had truly reached the absolute peak of the peak Wanxiang stage!

“Arise!”

Ning’s soul was above the thousands of stars, at the very heart of the void in his Zifu region. He willed it...and instantly, the sea of elemental energy in his Zifu began to frantically condense into trillions of specks of purified light that wildly soared into the skies, towards those stars, the moon, and the sun, all of which were beginning to move in accordance with a secret rhythm. In the instant in which they all merged into the heavenly bodies, the stars, the Jade Rabbit, and the Golden Crow, all of which had already reached their limit long ago, suddenly transformed into pillars of light that shot downwards.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Tens of thousands of pillars of light, some thin, some thick. The pillars of light created from the countless stars appeared very thin, while the pillars of light from the Golden Crow and the Moon Rabbit were clearly far thicker.

The countless pillars of light all focused on the central part of the Zifu, beginning to slowly form into an enormous creature.

The enormous creature was beginning to take shape. The light from the Golden Crow was focusing on its head, forming a tortoise-like beast. The light from the Jade Rabbit was beginning to focus on the other side, forming a serpent's head. The countless beams of light from the stars were beginning to form the body of the creature. The massive thing began to take clearer and clearer form; it was a mutant beast that looked like a turtle with a snake intertwined within it.

This was a legendary creature; the Turtle-Snake!

Any living creature, upon breaking through to the Primal level, would form a Primal Turtle-Snake.

Rumble....

In that instant, the enormous Turtle-Snake suddenly seemed to move. It actually began to crawl downwards, through the void, until it reached the elemental sea. Within that vast elemental sea of energy, the enormous, island-like Turtle-Snake began to slowly swim about.

“The Turtle-Snake has been formed. Let the Primal soul descend!”

Instantly, Ning's soul, which had remained hovering in the sky this entire time, descended directly into the enormous Turtle-Snake. As it entered the creature's body, it felt an incomparably comfortable sensation. It was as though the body of the Turtle-Snake was innately nurturing to souls; Ning could even feel his own soul begin to strengthen at an alarming speed.

“What a shocking speed of advancement. The rate at which my soul is strengthening is even faster than the rate at which it was healing when I visualized the image of Maiden Nuwa.” Ning sighed in absolute amazement. He finally understood why it was that although many Immortal cultivators had fairly weak souls at the Wanxiang stage, upon reaching the Primal stage, they would all quickly come to possess divine sense.

It was precisely because, within the Primal Turtle-Snake, the soul would strengthen at an astonishing rate! It was like grass being sown into mud, then quickly growing out of it.

Rumble...

The Turtle-Snake swiveled there. Yin and Yang intersected on the back of the Turtle-Snake, which is to say, its shell. Suddenly, a golden flame emerged, blazing with incomparable heat and yet not harming the Primal Turtle-Snake in the slightest. This was the 'Primal Fire' which every single Primal Daoist was capable of using.

Whooooooosh. The enormous Turtle-Snake swam about happily in the vast sea of elemental ki. The eyes of both the turtle-head and the snake-head both seemed extremely lively and clever, as though they were true living creatures.

As for the thousands of stars, the Golden Crow, and the Jade Rabbit, they continued to send down their condensed elemental essence. Bathed by it, the Turtle-Snake was still continuing to slowly grow.

After another long period of time, the stars, the Golden Crow, and the Jade Rabbit finally stopped sending down essence.

“The early Primal stage!” The giant Primal Turtle-Snake spoke out in the human tongue. “The energy within the Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater truly is remarkable. It was only used up after I trained all the way to the early Primal stage, then solidified my base.”

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In the instant he had become a Primal Daoist, there had actually also been a sudden change in the surrounding elemental ki aura of the underwater estate. In addition, the ancient, eternal aura of the Dao itself had also descended.

“He made the breakthrough.” The giant yellow bear and the old black bull both laughed. Very soon, mist suddenly began to emerge from the pearl, which had been hovering in midair...and then the mist solidified into a black-robed Ji Ning.

“Greetings, seniors,” the black-robed Ji Ning laughed.

“Take a look at your original body,” the giant yellow bear said with a smirk.

The black-robed Ning turned his head. The original Ning turned his head as well. Their gazes intersected.

“Hahaha...” The two both laughed.

Actually, their memories were linked; it was as though one was the left hand, while the other was the right hand. As they exchanged glances, their thoughts were identical; this was, indeed, an extremely marvelous feeling.

“Greetings, fellow Daoist,” the black-robed Ning said..

“Greetings, fellow Daoist,” the other Ning also said.

And then, both laughed. With identical memories and thoughts, saying ‘greetings, fellow Daoist’ to each other was like mumbling to himself. It was nothing more than a joke.

“How does it feel?” The giant yellow bear asked.

“Very good,” the black-robed Ning nodded. “Breaking through to the Primal level feels very different. The soul fused with the Primal Turtle-Dragon, which felt incomparably comfortable. It is also advancing very rapidly.”

“Right. Generally speaking, upon breaking through to the Primal level, the rate of advancement for the soul will be very fast for a period of time. Afterwards, it will slow down, and in fact the soul might advance very little even after a century passes,” the giant yellow bear said.

The black-robed Ning nodded. “Although the Primal Turtle-Snake is of tremendous help to the soul, everything has a limit. If the soul were to continue to rise at this rate perpetually, that would be ridiculous!”

“Let me first try the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] with this Primaltwin and see how it is.” The black-robed Ning willed it, and suddenly, a dense cluster of more than seven hundred flying swords appeared. Nine were the Nethercold swords, while 360 were high-grade fire-attribute Earth-ranked flying swords, and another 360 were high-grade water-attribute Earth-ranked flying swords.

He had picked these flying swords out from the vast ocean of magic treasures left behind by Immortal Witchriver in the estate. Ning had procured more than sixteen thousand magic treasures. With flying swords being one of the most common types of magic treasures, it hadn't been too hard for him to find some that were suited to him.

“[Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]!”

The black-robed Ning willed the formation to immediately activated. Previously, when activating the formation, Ning had always used the Nethercold swords first, then led the other 720 Mortal-ranked flying swords with them! Now, however, with all 720 Mortal-ranked flying swords having been changed into Earth-ranked flying swords, the difficulty of controlling the swords instantly increased more than a hundredfold. After all, he had upgraded far too many swords.

“Eh?!” The black-robed Ning frowned.

“How is it?” The old black bull laughed.

“I wanted to activate the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation], but I'm unable to.” The black-robed Ning shook his head, then began to lower the level. The eighth level? The seventh level?

Whoosh!

Finally, he successfully activated the technique. More than five hundred flying swords swiveled about Ning, beginning to levitate up and down. Ning's Primal-level elemental ki filled them, and his soul commanded them. Before his chest solidified an incomparably brilliant flying sword, which was even covered with a layer of prismatic white light.

“The seventh level [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation].” The black-robed Ning shook his head. “I broke through to the Primal level, and my elemental ki has increased in power dramatically. However, my soul is still somewhat weaker than it was, before it split in two. Even though I've gained much enlightenment regarding the Dao...I'm still unable to go past the seventh level.”

“These are, after all, all Earth-ranked magic treasures, and most are high-grade. Even the seventh level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] is still more powerful than the ninth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] with those Mortal-ranked flying sword,” the giant yellow bear said.

The black-robed Ning nodded in agreement.

“Right. Just now, I took a look at your other treasures,” the giant yellow bear said, pointing towards the other magic treasures, all separated by type. “Some of the sacks have quite a few golems in them.”

The black-robed Ning nodded. “These are the golems that we discovered in the Witchriver Immortal Estate. That Fiendgod collected them.”

“Let me help you retrofit these golems. Otherwise, they won't listen to your commands,” the giant yellow bear said. “Right; don't you have fifty thousand kilograms of liquefied elemental essence? Hurry

up and refine it all. You are only at the early Primal level, right? Raise your power a bit more. That way, your elemental ki will grow more pure, and it will be easier for you to control your magic treasures. By then, I imagine you'll be able to control the eighth, or even the ninth, level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]."

The black-robed Ning nodded. "Right." There was no reason not to use them up; it was best to use the liquid to improve his own power. Fifty thousand kilograms? This was more than enough to allow his Primaltwin to once more improve its power dramatically.

"In the future, I need to focus on the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]," the black-robed Ning mused to himself. Although he had read many secret manuals, amongst those that were meant for Ki Refiners, the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] remained the best suited for him, and the most powerful one as well. His Primaltwin was a Ki Refiner; there was no way it could train in divine abilities, and so it naturally would have to focus on the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation].

It was destined that his Primaltwin would become an extremely powerful ki-refining Sword Immortal!

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Book 11: Primaltwin Chapter 7: Binding the Underwater Estate

Within the quiet hall. The black-robed Ning sat in the lotus position, a jade bottle in front of him. The liquefied elemental essence within it was continuously flowing into Ning's mouth.

"Heh heh heh." The old black bull watched, quite excited. He had been alone for far, far too long.

As for the giant yellow bear, he waved a paw and two giant sacks opened up. The golems within all flew out, howling through the air. A total of thirty-six Qiongqi Manticore Golems, along with a black-armored male golem, emerged. As they flew out, they began to frantically struggle, trying to fight back.

"Be good and be obedient," the giant yellow bear chuckled merrily. The thirty-six Qiongqi golems and the black-armored man all hung there in midair. Although they were struggling, there were unable to move at all, causing them to all reveal looks of amazement.

"Who are you?" The black-armored man stared at the giant yellow bear, then shouted, "Why are you confining us?"

"Oh, you actually have a soul planted inside you?" The giant yellow bear then shook his head. "Who made these golems? He was so rough and clumsy."

Clatter clatter clatter...

The thirty-six Qiongqi golems and the black-armored man all suddenly separated into tens of thousands of component parts.

"Let me first collect the parts. I'll slowly reconfigure them." The giant yellow bear had a look of anticipation in his eyes. He waved a paw, and whoosh, all of the tens of thousands of parts disappeared, having been teleported away.

"Ji Ning, kid," the giant yellow bear said. "I'm going to go analyze these golems and wipe out some of the seals the former controller placed on them. After fixing them up, I'll return them to you."

“No rush,” Ning laughed. Ning himself wasn’t training; it was currently the Primaltwin, the ‘black-robed Ji Ning’, who was training.

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Time slowly passed on. Finally, all of the fifty thousand kilograms of liquefied elemental essence in the jade bottle had been used up. The black-robed Ning opened his eyes, revealing a look of joy in them.

“Ji Ning, how is it?” The old black bull asked eagerly.

“Just as I used up the liquefied elemental essence, I finally reached the late Primal stage,” the black-robed Ning said. “Let me test the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] first.”

Swish. Once again, more than seven hundred flying swords appeared. The Earth-ranked flying swords, led by the Nethercold Sword Formation, all flew into the air. However, even after trying his hardest for a long period of time, Ning was still unable to control them well, and was only able to execute the eighth level of the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation]. “My elemental ki is far more pure than it was before, but I’m still only able to use the eighth level?”

“Ji Ning, you’ve already reached the Primal level with your Primaltwin. By using it, you can go and bind this underwater estate now,” the giant yellow bear said.

“Bind the estate?” Ning willed it, and suddenly, the Primaltwin transformed into a pearl that flew into Ning’s clothes.

“Come with me.” The giant yellow bear walked forward.

Ning felt tremendous anticipation. He had waited for this day for a very, very long time. When he had become a Zifu Disciple, he had only been able to bind a talisman; now, after having created his Primaltwin, he was finally going to be able to bind the underwater estate. Afterwards, he would be able to carry it around with him, just like Immortal Juhua had.

He followed the giant yellow bear through a wide, spacious corridor that he previously hadn’t been given access to at all.

“From now on, you will be granted access into 90% of the areas of the underwater estate,” the giant yellow bear said. “After binding the underwater estate, you’ll be able to carry it with you.”

“90%? Senior, are you saying that there are still areas which I cannot enter?” Ning asked.

“Right. For example, the Divine Abilities Hall; you cannot enter it. There are some other regions as well.” The giant yellow bear gave Ning a glance. “I imagine that you have already guessed...that at the Primal stage, you are only able to do a very basic binding of the estate, allowing you to carry it with you. To truly master all of its mysteries, you will need to wait until the day you become an Empyrean God and truly become Master’s disciple.”

Ning nodded. He had expected this all along. Earlier, he had watched as the giant yellow bear had effortlessly paralyzed in midair and rendered immobile the black-armored male golem, which was comparable to a peak Loose Immortal. In addition, Ning could sense the ancient aura of eternity emanating from the giant yellow bear, an aura that was even more heart-shaking than the aura which emanated from the Fiendgod he had encountered in the wild marshes of the Gaol Mountains. To

completely master the underwater estate as a Primal Daoist? Even Ning himself felt that he was far from being able to do so.

“Empyrean God?” Ning murmured to himself, “Daoist Threelives, what in the world did you leave behind, that I have to become an Empyrean God before receiving it?”

They walked through the corridor and through various passages. Soon, they arrived at an ancient, simple room. Ning walked in, immediately feeling as though his heart was more peaceful than it ever had been before.

“This is the Still Room. In the past, Master personally set down a Buddhist formation, the ‘Grand Bodhi Stillheart Formation’, in this place. Amongst all the mind-calming formations known throughout the Three Realms, this formation ranks close to the top. Its name is ordinary, but its power is extraordinary.” The giant yellow bear pointed at the giant, vast room with a claw. Instantly, an incomparably complicated golden formation appeared on the walls. Ning felt dizzy just looking at it. “This formation isn’t something you can try to comprehend yet. One glance is enough; don’t stare at it.”

The complicated golden formation covering the four walls of the place once more dimmed.

“Look.” The giant yellow bear pointed at the center of the Still Room. There was a platform there, atop which was an ordinary-looking, inky jade bed which emanated a frigid aura. “This is made from netherwater jade, retrieved from the deepest depths of the Nine Hells. It is extremely cold. When you first sit atop it, you feel extremely cold, but soon afterwards, you will feel very comfortable, and also feel it help to calm your heart. This jade bed alone is comparable in value to a Pure Yang magic treasure.”

Ning’s heart clenched, hard. A Pure Yang magic treasure? Daoist Threelives truly was wealthy and generous.

“However, don’t even think about selling it. This is already part of the underwater estate; there’s no way for you to pull it off.” The corners of the giant yellow bear’s mouth twitched upwards, a hint of smug amusement visible. “Haha, enough joking. The Still Room is the center of the entire underwater estate. All you need to do is bind it, and you’ll have a basic control over the underwater estate. Go ahead and start the binding process.”

Ning nodded, walking straight towards the inky jade bed.

Upon sitting atop it, he did indeed feel a heart-penetrating chill instantly fill his entire body. Even his soul seemed to have been frozen solid, but immediately afterwards, he felt calmer than he ever had before.

A void-soul! His soul was in a state of complete transcendence. Ning began to carefully go through and dissect every single thing which had happened to him recently. This sort of reflection and contemplation of one’s memories caused Ning’s Dao-heart to slowly strengthen even further.

“This is incredible. The Buddhist formation, ‘Bodhi Stillheart Formation’, and the netherwater jade truly are extraordinary.” Ning hesitated no longer. With but a thought, he unleashed the black-robed Ning, who also sat down atop the netherwater jade, then began to use his powerful elemental ki to fill the Still Room and bind it to him.

The Still Room was slowly becoming bound. Time flowed on...

This binding process took six full days! And this was only the first, most elementary binding possible for the underwater estate.

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“What a truly marvelous feeling.” It felt as though every part of the entire underwater estate was under his control, but the strange thing was, although he felt as though he was in complete control, the Divine Abilities Hall seemed to have vanished, as though it didn’t exist.

“Weird.” Ning returned to the main hall. Within the main hall, the giant yellow bear and the old black bull were both present.

“Senior, did you forget about something?” Ning asked.

“What is it?” The giant yellow bear looked towards Ning.

“The treasures which Immortal Juhua left behind.” Ning couldn’t help but say, “I’ve already bound the underwater estate...where are his treasures?” The treasures of Immortal Juhua, the disassembled golems...although Ning could sense the entire estate, he couldn’t find any trace of those things. And, right now, Ning didn’t feel any sense of control over the giant yellow bear either.

“Oh, I almost forgot.” The giant yellow bear waved a hand.

Whoosh! Instantly, a mountain of magic treasures appeared within the hall. It truly was a mountain! A treasure mountain that was hundreds on hundreds of meters in height. Ning’s eyes instantly lit up upon seeing it.

“After living for a few million years, he really did accumulate quite a bit of treasure.” The giant yellow bear shook his head. “Immortal Juhua left behind a total of three Immortal-ranked magic treasures, and each one of them could be considered high-grade for Immortal-ranked treasures.”

Ning’s eyes instantly began to shine. Three? And all high-grade?

Immortal Juhua really lived up to his reputation as a Loose Immortal who had lived for millions of years, a figure even more powerful than Immortal Northwalker. Most likely, even the Immortal artifacts owned by actual Celestial Immortals were only on par with his at best.

“Still, only one is left,” the giant yellow bear continued, pointing towards the old black bull. “Him.”

“Just one?!” Ning was flabbergasted. “Didn’t you say there were three? Immortal Juhua left three behind, right? The fourth master of the estate died at the Wanxiang level; there’s no way he could’ve taken away the Immortal-ranked magic treasures. Where’d the other two go?”

Was this a joke? Two high-grade Immortal-ranked magic treasures had just ‘gone missing’?!

“Don’t be in such a rush. It’s a good thing for you that two of them are gone now,” the old black bull said smugly. “You still have me, right? Ji Ning, kiddo, in the future, this old bull is going to follow you, and you are enormously lucky to have me.”

Ning was still filled with puzzlement. What about the other two Immortal-ranked magic treasures? The spirit of the estate wouldn't have embezzled them, would he?

The giant yellow bear said, "The three Immortal-ranked magic treasures left behind by Immortal Juhua were the 'Thousandbull Sword', the 'Nightriver Painting', and the 'Nine Realms Seal'."

"The Nightriver Painting was chosen by Immortal Juhua as his reward after he overcame the seventh level of the Wargod Hall, a high-grade Immortal-ranked magic treasure. Within it, it held an ancient river from the primordial era that came before the three thousand major worlds were born; the Nightriver. By drawing the enemy into the painting, the enemy would be within your domain and dramatically weakened, while you would be able to borrow from the power of the Nightriver to increase your own might. One of the reasons why Immortal Juhua was so famous was because of this magic treasure," the giant yellow bear said.

Ning listened, speechless. What fine treasures! Compared to the Nightriver Painting, the Azuresilk Godfire Lamp was far too inferior. That was a primordial river, the Nightriver, which existed before the three thousand major worlds had been born!

"The Nine Realms Seal was fashioned by Immortal Juhua from the extract of materials collected by Immortal Juhua after wandering nine different major worlds. This seal...naturally, it's used to smash and crush. He used up an astonishing amount of precious materials in fashioning it, managing to brute-force it up to be a high-grade Immortal-ranked seal. In his old age, Immortal Juhua loved to smash people with the seal."

"The Thousandbull Sword...when Immortal Juhua met the Thousand Swords Immortal, the two exchanged blows. After killing the Thousand Swords Immortal and acquiring hundreds of valuable flying swords, he traded them for precious materials, using them and other treasures he had accumulated in forging a flying sword. Immortal Juhua was also a Sword Immortal; the most important thing for a Sword Immortal is their flying swords. The Thousandbull Sword was thus the weapon he used in order to dominate the world."

Ning listened, spellbound and rapt. He couldn't help but ask, "Then what happened to the Nightriver Painting and the Nine Realms Seal?"

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Book 11: Primaltwin Chapter 8: Carrying an Immortal Estate, Adventuring Through the World

"Let me finish," the giant yellow bear continued. "Did you think that I just absconded with those two Immortal-ranked magic treasures? When I followed Master, I saw more treasures than you've even heard of."

Ning blinked.

"After Immortal Juhua died, he left behind these three Immortal-ranked magic treasures. He died just as the Fiendgod Era had come to an end. Over the countless years that passed since then, I was completely bored out of my mind. It wasn't convenient for me to mess around with the magic treasures which Master left behind, and so I took some of the treasures which Immortal Juhua left behind and began to retrofit them."

“Retrofit them?!” Ning was speechless.

“The Thousandbull Sword, the Nightriver Painting, the Nine Realms Seal; all of them were pretty good, but they couldn’t be considered top-grade; they weren’t truly mighty,” the giant yellow bear said “That Nine Realms Seal in particular; it was forged in a slipshod way, completely wasting the massive amount of precious materials which were piled together to create that seal. So...I completely destroyed it, pulled out the extracted essence of it, then slowly spend the next 360 million years to completely fuse the essence into the Thousandbull Sword. This slow fusing process caused the Thousandbull Slow to evolve to a new level of power, but it didn’t disrupt any of its inherent might.”

Ning blinked again.

360 million years? Not even a Celestial Immortal would dare to waste time like this.

“But, you know, I realized the Nightriver Painting was also pretty terrible as well.” The giant yellow bear shook his large head. “A perfectly fine primordial Nightriver was being wasted, having merely been forged into a separate world. To pull the enemy into the world and fight inside it? What sort of a terrible idea is that? So...I just completely destroyed it as well.”

“I pulled out the flows of the Nightriver from within the painting, then reformed it into a sword-diagram which I also fused into the Thousandbull Sword.”

The giant yellow bear seemed extremely smug. “Now, this is what you call a real treasure! The Thousandbull Sword, as a short, is unblockably sharp; with the extracted essence of the Nine Realms Seal, the Thousandbull Sword’s power rose dramatically. It absolutely became a top-grade Immortal-ranked magic treasure.”

“But after mixing in the Nightriver Painting as well...whenever the Thousandbull Sword is use, the ancient, primordial Nightriver will suddenly appear within a region of ten thousand kilometers. With the assistance of the Nightriver, one’s power will explode dramatically! The stand-alone Nightriver Painting required one to pull the enemy into it, but the upgraded Thousandbull Sword has no need to do so at all. As long as the sword is drawn, the ten-thousand kilometer Nightriver will immediately appear.” The giant yellow bear was absolutely delighted with himself. “Heh heh heh. The Pure Yang swords used by the major powers of the Three Realms...which one of them doesn’t have a sword-diagram within? How can a Sword Immortal without a sword-diagram even be considered a Sword Immortal?”

Ning was completely stunned.

“Three mighty Immortal-ranked magic treasures were combined into one. When the upgraded Thousandbull Sword leaves the sheath, the Nightriver Sword-Diagram shall appear...sword-ki shall emerge and roam about for ten thousand kilometers, completely unstoppable.” The giant yellow bear was extremely smug. “This truly is a top-grade amongst top-grade Immortal-ranked treasures. Those three original magic treasures combined aren’t even half as good as it is. As for the hundreds of millions of years I spent in total on this project, I’m not going to go into detail.”

“Thousandbull Sword!” The giant yellow bear called out.

“Coming!” The old black bull called out. Instantly, from within the mountain of treasures that was many hundreds of meters high, a black sword flew out. When this flying sword emerged, a whooshing sound

of flowing water could be heard as well, as though an ancient, primordial river had begun to flow. And then...the hazy outlines of a river appeared.

When the illusion of the river appeared, space itself seemed to freeze. Ning could feel a sudden pressure envelope him as well.

The ordinary looking black flying sword had caused the entire mountain of treasures next to it to fade by comparison.

Swoosh. The old black bull immediately transformed into a streak of light, burrowing into the black flying sword.

“Ning, take a look at me; what do you think? Aren’t I awesome?” The black flying sword hovered there in midair as the old bull’s voice echoed in the halls.

Ning suddenly called out in surprise, “You, how can you move around? How can magic treasures move around on their own?!”

Magic treasures were lifeless things; without a master controlling them, how could they move around? Even if an Immortal-ranked magic treasure had given birth to a treasure-spirit, logically speaking, they shouldn’t be able to move around. For example, the Azuresilk Godfire Lamp was completely incapable of movement; it could only summon flames to block Xue Hongyi, but in the end, it was still forcibly taken away by him.

“Who told you that magic treasures can’t move around?” The giant yellow bear said. “Pure Yang treasures, for example, can soar into the heavens or delve deep into the earth.”

Pure Yang magic treasures? Those were on a higher level than even Immortal-ranked magic treasures. They were simply on a realm too far from Ning.

“Based on what I know, Immortal-ranked magic treasures aren’t capable of movement,” Ning said. “I read it in the books, and earlier, I also talked about how I acquired an Immortal-ranked magic treasure after killing Xue Hongyi in the Witchriver Immortal Estate.”

“Are you talking about that Azuresilk Godfire Lamp?” The giant yellow bear shook his head disdainfully. “That’s just a low-grade Immortal-ranked item! It’s true that the vast majority of Immortal-ranked magic treasures are incapable of movement, and in fact, there’s extremely few top-grade Immortal-ranked magic treasures capable of movement as well. The Thousandbull Sword, however, is a top-grade amongst top-grades; his sentience and his power is comparable to some weak Pure Yang magic treasures. Given how sentient he is and how pure and valuable his components are, he’s naturally able to move about on his own. Still, without a master controlling him, he’s only able to release a tiny amount of his power. If your Primaltwin was to unleash its full power, you’d be able to suppress him.”

Ning was secretly speechless. His Primaltwin was at the late Primal level; when using the [Lesser Thousand Swords Formation] with the Grand Dao Domain and the Dao-Path of Water, he was absolutely comparable to a Loose Immortal! Only a Loose Immortal’s full power could suppress this ownerless Immortal-ranked magic treasure? The Azuresilk Godfire Lamp had been suppressed by someone like Xue Hongyi!

“Ji Ning, train hard. After you become an Earth Immortal, I can come out and fight again, hahaha...I, Thousandbull, will once be able to roam and dominate the world!” The black flying sword landed. The old black bull walked out of the blade, speaking with incomparable excitement. But then, he grew forlorn once more. “Unfortunately, Juhua has already passed away.”

Magic treasures all felt a very unique attachment to their first master; their first master was like their parents or elders.

“Perhaps he might have reincarnated.” Ning could sense the old black bull’s sadness.

“Stop trying to console me. Juhua died countless years ago. Even if he reincarnated...I can’t even imagine how many times he would’ve reincarnated by now,” the old black bull sighed.

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Ning wasn’t in a hurry to depart from Stillwater Commandery.. After all, there were three years left before the Conclave of Immortal Destiny. Instead, he began to calmly train in seclusion within the underwater estate.

After all, he had reached the Grand Dao Domain level, then mastered the complete Dao of Rainwater. Ning needed to quickly and completely master a way of using them to increase his power.

Time flowed on. In the blink of an eye, more than a year had passed.

Winter.

Within the Stellar Hall of the underwater estate. The space within this separate world, the Stellar Hall, was quite vast.

Ning was walking through the skies. Suddenly, he disappeared before reappearing more than ten kilometers away, where a spatial ripple had just appeared.

Swish, swish, swish. Ning blinked forward repeatedly, disappearing and reappearing as he teleported again and again.

“Success, success.” The old black bull, lying on the grassy ground next to the thatched hut, stood up and called out in delight, “Ji Ning, you’ve finally mastered the technique of teleportation.”

“It took me over a year.” The distant Ning, with a blink, reappeared in front of the thatched hut, then said, “I feel so ashamed.”

Teleporting through the void was one of the most basic, most fundamental underpinnings to the Grand Dao of the Qiankun 1.

Another name for the Grand Dao of the Qiankun was the Grand Dao of Space.

The Azure Skysnake, because of her innate abilities, was able to utilize the ‘Void Blink’ technique was a Xiantian lifeform. In truth, the Void Blink was a form of teleportation through the void! However, for an ordinary Immortal cultivator to try and develop a void teleport technique was extremely difficult; after all, this was akin to gaining a basic understanding of a Grand Dao. The vast majority of Wanxiang Adepts would therefore purchase and keep a Lesser Teleportation Dao-seal with them at all times.

Still, virtually all Earth Immortals or Loose Immortals were capable of void teleportation. This was because, generally speaking, Earth Immortals and Loose Immortals were in control of at least one complete Dao-Path. If one mastered a complete Dao-Path, one would be able to take control of the world around them.

With but a thought, they could cause the power of the Dao to descend, placing the world around them under their control. When controlling the world around them, they would be able to clearly sense the Grand Dao of Qiankun around them. As time passed and as they did this often, they would naturally be able to comprehend the principles of teleportation.

This was why Earth Immortals and Loose Immortals, regardless of which Dao-Path they had mastered, were almost all capable of void teleportation; the only difference was in how much time they spent before achieving it.

Whoosh. The giant yellow bear suddenly appeared. "Ji Ning," the giant yellow bear called out.

"Senior," Ning responded.

The giant yellow bear nodded in satisfaction. This year of pain-staking, solitary training, combined with the invisible pressure from the Youngflame clan, had indeed caused Ning to improve rapidly.

"You have already completely fused your Dao of Rainwater into your Grand Dao of the Sword; your sword arts can be considered nearly perfect for your current level," the giant yellow bear said.

"However, Immortal cultivators who spend all their time in private training will never be able to become Celestial Immortals. You remain unable to break through in the Dao of the Inferno and the Dao of the Gale, unable to completely master them. This is because you've spent all your time here in study, instead of going out and tempering yourself. It is now time for you to leave."

Ning nodded gently. He, too, recently felt a desire in his heart to see the outside world; a desire to fight, to test himself.

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It was a cold winter. It was noon, but the skies were dark. Giant plumes of snow were drifting about in the air.

Whoosh.

A fur-clad youth suddenly appeared on Brightheart Island. Turning his head, he glanced at his surroundings. The area around him had been reduced to rubble. This was, after all, a place under the surveillance of the minions of the Youngflame clan, and in fact, Youngflame Nong's biological father had come here as well. Because he was unable to attack the City of Ten Thousand Swords, in his rage, he had destroyed all of the buildings on Brightheart Island here in Serpentwing Lake.

"In the future, I will definitely rebuild Brightheart Island," Ning said softly.

"Ji Ning, it is time to go. Soon, the patrols from the Youngflame clan's Immortal cultivators will arrive." A voice rang out within Ning's mind; it was the voice of the spirit of the estate. Ning was now able to carry the underwater estate with him at all times.

"Right." Ning nodded.

He lifted his head, staring at the skies.

Snow continued to drift in the skies above him.

"I remember the last time I left Swallow Mountain and went to Stillwater City...it was winter then as well. Now, it's winter again." Ning shook his head with a smile, then took a single step and disappeared from Brightheart Island.

Just a few moments later...

Whooooosh.

A warship came howling through the air, leaving 'waves' of air in its wake. Aboard the warship stood many armored Immortal cultivators. The watchers the Youngflame clan had sent to Serpentwing Lake included Primal Daoists and other soldiers as well. The Primal Daoists would be constantly using their divine sense to scan the region every day. However, to ensure that they wouldn't simply be fooled by bewildering formations that could affect their divine sense, they would also send ordinary soldiers over to do visual inspections, to make sure that their oversight was completely perfect.

1. Remember my previous post about Daoism?

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 11: Primaltwin Chapter 9: Foundation Established

The City of Ten Thousand Swords, under the falling snow, remained as lively as ever. The city had now become the very center of the entire Swallow Mountain region; naturally, it was quite bustling! As for the grudge between the Youngflame clan and the Ji clan? Those merchants and peddlers who came and went from Swallow Mountain's commandery cities were all ordinary mortals; the Immortal cultivators stationed by the Youngflame clan weren't willing to wantonly slaughter too many mortals, as that would cause the accumulation of far too much sin.

Within a particular alleyway in the City of Ten Thousand Swords.

Space rippled, and then Ji Ning appeared. Although there were some ordinary mortals within the alleyway, they didn't seem to notice Ning's presence at all.

"These minor invisibility tricks are still useful against mortals." Ning spread his sense out, and as he did, he couldn't help but feel startled. "The city is absolutely..."

"Fellow Daoist Ji Ning." A ripple of divine sense spread out to him.

"Immortal Duohe." Ning took a single step forward, then transformed into a gust of wind and disappeared.

The Lord Prefect's estate was the heart of the entire city; it also comprised the inner city. Within a particular courtyard in the estate. Immortals Duohe and Witchsui were both seated here. A gust of wind blew in, then Ning appeared as well.

"Master."

“Ning, son.” Two other figures almost simultaneously appeared as well; it was the Whitewater Hound and Little Qing. In the instant Ning had teleported to the City of Ten Thousand Swords, Uncle White and Little Ning had sensed his arrival.

“Master, it’s been over a year.” Little Qing, in azure serpent form, immediately coiled around Ning’s arm, then raised her little serpentine head and spoke in the human tongue. “I’ve been worried to death over you during this past year. The army of the Youngflame clan has been sending nonstop patrols around. Fortunately, I could sense that you were still alive, master; otherwise, I wouldn’t even be able to sleep.”

The Whitewater Hound looked at Ning. He, too, had been worried about Ning this entire time.

“Uncle White, Little Qing,” Ning laughed. “The Youngflame clan isn’t able to do anything to me.”

“Immortal Duohe, Immortal Witchsui.” Ning turned to look at the two already-standing monstrous Immortals, then laughed. “I didn’t expect that after being absent from here for a year, by the time of my return, your forces would have layered it in protections that render it as impregnable as an iron fortress. I sense more than a hundred different types of formations alone, and wasn’t even able to teleport into the city. Also, you discovered me as soon as I arrived; this is an even more restrictive area than some headquarters for major schools.”

Immortal Duohe nodded. “This is the core of your Ji clan, and the place where all of us monsters of the Immortal estate world have gathered. Naturally, we cannot be careless. We’ve used all our power to set up these formations; so long as any Loose Immortal dares to enter, we will immediately notice them.”

“This is the homeland of your Ji clan, and the home of our clans as well, for the next thousand years,” Immortal Witchsui said with a smile.

Ning let out a sigh of relief. He had been right to invite the monsters here.

“Not just that,” Immortal Duohe chuckled, “Our clans have a vast number of Xiantian lifeforms amid our ranks as well. We’ve sent out tens of thousands these Xiantian Diremonsters to spread out throughout the Swallow Mountain region, allowing us to completely control and oversee the mortals here as well. This way, it will be hard for the Youngflame clan to kill the mortals.”

Ning nodded. It was a grave sin to kill ordinary mortals, but Xiantian lifeforms had yet to truly embark on the Immortal path; the amount of sin they accumulated was much lower.

“This is the decision which we came to after negotiating with Old Patriarch Ninefire. The Old Patriarch was worried that the Youngflame clan would butcher ordinary mortals with abandon,” Immortal Duohe said. “Actually, I feel that the Old Patriarch is worrying too much; the Youngflame clan is, after all, a major clan that has existed for countless years. Clans like this care tremendously about their karmic luck. Even if they send Xiantian lifeforms to slaughter ordinary mortals, there will still be some degree of sin that will surround the bodies of the Youngflame clan members, which will affect the luck of the clan as a whole. Although it won’t have a huge impact, given how much these ancient clans care about luck, they absolutely wouldn’t do anything that would negatively influence it, just for the sake of giving vent to a bit of anger.”

Ning nodded. Luck. You couldn't see it, nor could you feel it. But it did indeed exist. Those blessed by luck were the favored of heaven, and their lives would naturally be different. For example, the Grand Xia Dynasty established the Raindragon Guard, whose primary mission was to constantly capture and kill major sinners and thus allowing the Dynasty's luck to constantly rise!

"I'll trouble you all to take care of my Ji clan's affairs," Ning said. "I need to go see the clan leader and the others. Afterwards, I'll leave the city, and it will most likely be many years before we meet again."

"Fellow Daoist Ji Ning, you must be careful," Immortal Witchsui and Immortal Duohe both said.

"Right." Ning nodded. And then, he led Uncle White and Little Qing to go see the clan leader.

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Ji Ninefire and the others had no idea that Ning had returned. Soon, however, Ning's divine sense reached out to Ji Ninefire, Granny Shadow, and Ji Truekeep, who went to go meet with Ning, Uncle White, and Little Qing in a secluded courtyard.

Rumble...the door to the courtyard shut.

Ninefire, Granny Shadow, and Truekeep all looked at Ning. Given they had secluded themselves in this place, the conversation was undoubtedly a weighty one.

Ning spread out his divine sense as well, keeping a vigilant watch on the surrounding area.

"We are going to leave the City of Ten Thousand Swords soon. I don't know how long this journey will last, or if I will be able to return," Ning said.

"Ji Ning, don't say such things; you'll definitely be able to return," Ninefire said hurriedly.

Ning laughed. "Alright. I'll definitely be able to return. Before leaving, there's something I want to give you all."

"Oh?" Ninefire and the others were quite curious.

Ning waved his hand, and the floor became filled with piles of magic treasures, such as swords, spears, staffs, needles, shuttles, grand seals, ribbons, and horsetail whisks. The treasures were numerous beyond counting.

"This is?" Ninefire and the others held their breaths.

Ning waved his arm again, and nearly thousand magic treasures appeared on the ground.

Yet another wave of the arm, and ten more treasures appeared as well.

"There are more than ten thousand Mortal-ranked magic treasures, nine hundred-plus Earth-ranked magic treasures, and twelve Heaven-ranked magic treasures," Ning said. "Even if our Ji clan produces several Primal Daoists and a group of Wanxiang Adepts, these treasures should be enough for us."

"It's enough, it's enough. Immortal cultivators usually acquire magic treasures through adventuring in the outside world," Ninefire said hurriedly. "At most, the clan will provide a little bit of support. So many treasures...Ning, son, where in the world did you get them?"

Ning didn't answer. Instead, he waved his hand again. A large number of spirit-pills and valuable treasures and materials appeared.

"These are all spirit-pills and valuable materials," Ning said. "There are some commonly seen Immortal elixirs and pills here. Clan leader, if you flip through this book, you'll know what is here. As for the most precious spirit-pills and materials, I've written down a book explaining their value and usage. You can't be too wild in your use of these things; after all, some of them are poisonous in nature."

This caused Ninefire and the others to all feel breathless.

"These magic treasures are all external items." Ning solemnly waved his hand, and instantly, a vast, dense cluster of books appeared, filling more than half of the hall and rising to thirty meters in height.

"This will be our Dao Repository," Ning said. "It includes everything, and in number should be even larger than Snowdragon Mountain's."

He had killed Xue Hongyi, Youngflame Nong, and had also acquired the Dao Repository of the Witchriver Immortal Estate.

"These eighteen sets are the most important." Ning waved his hand yet again. "Here there are Immortal-ranked Ki Refining techniques, Fiendgod Body Refining techniques, divine abilities, and divine will arts," Ning said. "These are precious techniques which Celestial Immortals and those on their level use; some of them aren't even available to the Black-White College."

Ninefire, Truekeep, and Granny Shadow were all completely stunned.

Divine abilities?

Divine will techniques?

These were things that only existed in legendary Dao Repositories. Actually, these things had been left behind both by Immortal Juhua and the Witchriver Immortal Estate. Immortal Juhua had lived for millions of years, after all, and his combat power was comparable to a Celestial Immortal's; he had acquired quite a few Dao Repositories in his time. In other words, Ning's repository was the combination of the ones that had belonged to Immortal Witchriver and Immortal Juhua!

Immortal Juhua was a lone wanderer with no clan to worry about, and so the techniques he left behind were all top-notch, at least at the Heaven-rank.

"These eighteen sets that I'm giving to you," Ning said solemnly, "Absolutely must not be taught to others. They are the hope for our Ji clan's rise to power, the heart of our heart. Who to pass them down to? When to pass them down? I've left behind my recommendations on this book." Ning handed a book directly over to Truekeep. Truekeep, hands trembling, accepted it.

He was completely stunned. Perhaps this repository was quite a bit weaker than the Dao Repository which the Black-White College had accumulated over the course of countless years, but it definitely far surpassed the likes of Snowdragon Mountain, and definitely ranked amongst the top ten or so of the entire Stillwater Commandery. Those divine abilities and secret arts in particular...the other powers didn't have them at all.

Whoosh. Ning waved his hand yet again, and a pile of statues appeared. A total of nine golems, all of Qiongqi Manticores.

“Master.” The nine Qiongqi Manticore golems all looked towards Ning with respect.

He had originally acquired thirty-six Qiongqi golems and the black-armored male golem from the Witchriver Immortal Estate. The giant yellow bear had completely disassembled them, then rebuilt them into eighteen Qiongqi golems. As for that black-armored male golem? He was completely, truly finished; he no longer existed.

After the retrofitting of the eighteen Qiongqi golems, every single one of them was now close to a Loose Immortal in combat power. Nine of them could join together to form into a ‘Grand Nine Heavens Formation’, and even Ning’s Primaltwin fighting at full power still found it hard to overcome them when surrounded.

“These nine golems are each close to a Loose Immortal in combat power. For a single one to actually kill a Primal Daoist on its own might be difficult,” Ning said, “But once the nine join forces into a golem formation...they will be able to kill Primal Daoists as easily as killing chickens. This will become our Ji clan’s final trump card. Every single one of them has an elemental ki formation within their bodies, and they can absorb natural elemental energy and distill it into liquefied elemental essence, so there’s no need for you to provide them with a power supply. However, remember this...don’t use them too often. Once they use up the essence inside, they will no longer be able to fight. You can ask them yourself how much energy they have remaining and how much longer they can fight for.”

“Kill Primal Daoists as easily as killing chickens?” Ninefire, Truekeep, and Granny Shadow exchanged a glance. They were completely filled with joy by this situation.

“Ji Ning,” Ninefire said hurriedly, “I know about golems. Such powerful, mighty golems are incomparably valuable; it’s better to keep them by your side. You will be experiencing countless dangers; these golems will be of great use to you.”

“For me, killing Primal Daoists is also as easy as killing chickens,” Ning said..

Ninefire and the others were speechless.

These words were simply too savage and brutal. If Ning dared to say these words, that meant he absolutely had the combat power of a Loose Immortal! Actually, Ning’s true body wasn’t that strong, but his Primaltwin? It definitely did have that power.

“Hurry up and collect these,” Ning said.

“Right, right. Truekeep, hurry up and collect them,” Ninefire said hurriedly.

Truekeep nodded. “These treasures cannot leave the City of Ten Thousand Swords; in fact, they can’t even leave the Lord Prefect’s manor. I’ll allow these nine Loose Immortal golems to guard them.”

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Everything had been arranged.

The door to the hall swung open.

Ning led Uncle White and Little Qing out, transforming into a gust of wind that disappeared into the skies.

Truekeep, Ninefire, and Granny Shadow raised their heads, staring into the firmament.

“Our Ji clan’s foundation has been established. So long as we are given enough time, we will definitely become one of the local hegemony of Stillwater Commandery.” Ninefire murmured silently to himself, “Although my life is coming to an end...it’s enough...it’s enough. Even in death, my life will have been worth it. Yichuan...I knew your son was formidable, but not that he was this formidable! You produced a fine son!”

Truekeep and Granny Shadow were both in a stunned state as well.

They both understood...that because of the things Ji Ning had left behind today, the Ji clan now had a powerful foundation. Like seeds entering fertile mud, the only thing left to do was to wait. All they needed now...was time!