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Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 8: A Sense of Danger

The alluring woman nodded. "Understood. I always thought that the world of the Grand Xia wasn't that powerful. The world of Mount Steele, for example, has three True Immortals or Empyrean Gods."

"The world of the Grand Xia is blessed by tremendous luck; in all of the Three Realms, it ranks at the very top. Given that such a major world has been completely unified...how could it be weaker than the likes of the Mount Steele world?" The Cavemaster shook his head. "You have to understand that in order to unify a major world, the unifier has to have either tremendous personal power or an extremely significant background."

"Oh. Then, Master...that Ji Ning...what should we do to him?" The alluring woman asked.

"He trained in the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], which means that his master is one of the most supreme of Daofathers." The Cavemaster laughed. "However...it doesn't matter who his master is, because he definitely isn't on our side. If Ji Ning is allowed to develop within the world of the Grand Xia, he'll just end up being a source of serious trouble to us. Ideally, we should kill him right away! Even the Daofather behind him would probably have to seriously consider whether or not it is worth it for him to get involved for the sake of a single disciple."

"How should we kill him?" The alluring woman asked.

"Our Myriad Demons Cave is responsible for manufacturing golems. Fighting and killing isn't our field of responsibility. Killing enemies will be rewarded, if we don't fight, that's fine as well." The Cavemaster laughed, "Since even Buchasi was unable to do anything to Ji Ning, he's definitely going to be a tough nut to crack. Leave it to the Seamless Gate. Disciple, make a trip on my behalf to speak with the Gatemaster of the Seamless Gate. Have them kill Ji Ning, this unexpected variable, as soon as possible."

"Yes." The alluring woman respectfully assented to the order...and then she left the palace.

This commandery city was enormous, and it was divided into many regions. The insides of the city were tightly guarded. This alluring woman was a beloved disciple of the Cavemaster of the Myriad Demons Cave, and her status was comparable to an ordinary Celestial Immortal's. Thus, she was able to quickly arrive at the closest local headquarters of the Seamless Gate.

The Grand Xia Dynasty had been searching for the headquarters of the Seamless Gate this entire time to no avail.

This was because...the Seamless Gate's headquarters was located within this world, the Fifth World. This Fifth World was so powerful that even Celestial Immortals who dared to barge in would be instantly slain. If a True Immortal or Empyrean God entered, then immediately moved to flee, they might be able to escape...but if they tried to fight head-on, they would probably perish as well.

Figures could often be seen flying about in the air above the commandery city. Anyone who dared fly within a commandery city of the Fifth World had to be at least at the Celestial Immortal level. There were so many Celestial Immortals here that one could usually see at least ten thousand figures flying about in the skies. The total number of Celestial Immortals present was truly astonishing.

In truth, the Cavemaster of the Myriad Demons Cave and the Gatemaster of the Seamless Gate were all just a very small part of the full power of the Fifth World.

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“Silkworm greets you, Gatemaster,” the alluring woman said respectfully.

“What is it?” An azure-robed woman with long, unbound hair was seated in the lotus position, her eyes shut. She was the Gatemaster of the Seamless Gate. By her side were two standing maidservants.

The alluring woman said respectfully, “This matter involves someone named Ji Ning...”

She told the entire tale from start to finish with great detail.

“Your master’s assignment is the same as mine; we have been assigned the worlds of the Grand Xia, Mount Stele, and Dreamsong.” The azure-robed woman opened her eyes, then said calmly, “The toughest world to invade is the world of the Grand Xia...but your Myriad Demons Cave has actually made committed an error like this, making this assignment even harder to complete. And now, you want my Seamless Gate to wipe your ass for you and clean this up? Still...since your master has made the request, I’ll accept. Go back and say this...say...‘Old crow, if you can’t even accomplish a task like forging golems, I think you should let someone else take over your job.’”

The alluring woman’s face changed, but she didn’t dare argue back. She said respectfully, “Yes.”

“Go,” the azure-robed woman said calmly.

The alluring woman immediately departed.

The azure-robed woman called out, “Violetgrass.”

“Gatemaster.” One of the two nearby maidens, the one whose face was covered with a violet flowery tattoo, hurriedly called out with respect.

“You heard it all. I’m leaving this matter regarding Ji Ning for you to handle. How to deal with him, what arrangements to make; it is all completely up to you. You’ve followed me for many years, and you are quite familiar with our affairs in the Grand Xia. Although this is a somewhat troublesome assignment, I trust that you will be able to complete it well.” The azure-robed woman’s voice and tone was much kinder than before; clearly, she doted on this servant of hers very much.

“Don’t worry, Master. I know Ji Ning quite well; I have plenty of ways to deal with him,” Violetgrass said respectfully.

“Good. Go make your preparations, then head to the major world of the Grand Xia,” the violet-robed woman instructed.

That very day. The maiden, dressed in a golden robe that was embroidered with images of violet grass and flowers, led nine Celestial Immortals to quietly depart from the Fifth World and go to the world of the Grand Xia.

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Stillwater Commandery. A desolate area that was hundreds of thousands of kilometers away from Stillwater City. There was a beautiful lake here, with a wooden house next to it.

It was already dusk.

Two figures appeared in the air here, then landed on the ground.

“Little Xia...we’re back.” Mu Northson cupped that soultamer jade globe in his hands as he spoke out softly.

“The grass here had been completely destroyed, but it’s all grown back now.” A woman’s voice came out from the jade globe; she was very happy right now. “Fortunately, that battle didn’t end up damaging our house.”

Northson looked towards the wooden house as well.

He had personally chopped the wood and built that house, using some of his skill in the Dao of Constructs as he did so. Thus, despite the passage of twenty years, the wooden house remained in perfect condition. In fact, weaker individuals wouldn’t even be able to go inside it.

“It wasn’t damaged, but that was because we were too weak back then. Thus, we were captured effortlessly by those black-robed figures,” Northson laughed.

“We’re finally free. We’ve finally escaped. Northson, we won’t have to be so unhappy in the future,” the woman in the jade globe said, her voice filled with joy.

Ning just watched quietly from the side. In his heart, he sighed to himself.

His original plan was to allow the soul of Yu Xia to go and be reborn into his Ji clan. He would help Northson take care of the reincarnated Yu Xia and come up with a way for her to recover her memories! This was something which he was capable of doing; after all, after the Six Paths of Reincarnation were destroyed, all the major powers had begun to set up new paths of reincarnation for their territories.

Every single one of them was like a miniature cycle of reincarnation. The Crescent world, for example, had a miniature cycle of reincarnation within it as well.

“Alas...” Ning mused to himself, “There’s no way to change things now. She’ll forever be trapped within that soultamer jade sphere. Most likely, the only thing sustaining her right now is the love between her and Northson, as well as some things that she still cares for in the mortal world.”

“Senior apprentice-brother.” Northson came walking over.

“Junior apprentice-brother.” Ning looked at Northson. He could sense that although his junior apprentice-brother felt some regret and pain in his heart, he was clearly once more filled with vigor and energy. He didn’t look as tired and dispirited as he had in the past.

“If it wasn’t for you, I probably would’ve died in that place,” Northson said. “Senior apprentice-brother, no need to worry about me; you can go back now. In the future, if there’s anything you need, you can find me here.”

“The current world of the Grand Xia is filled with dangerous undercurrents, while you are a grandmaster of the Dao of Constructs. How am I suppose to rest my mind, knowing you are here?” Ning said hurriedly.

“There really is no need for you to stay. I’m a Void-level Earth Immortal now, after all; if I’m careful, I’ll be fine,” Northson said.

Ning frowned. Then, with a wave of his hand, he produced a storage magic treasure. One enormous construct after another instantly appeared next to them, such as a Turtle-Snake, a winged bird-man, or an eight-clawed serpent. In total, there were six golems.

“These are the golems I acquired after I killed the bronze-armored Fiendguard called Qu Huan. They feel fairly powerful to me,” Ning said. “Find one that is suited to you and which will allow you to increase your power the most.”

Northson glanced at them, his gaze settling down upon that of the winged golem. He called out in surprise, “A Winged Immortal golem? How can you have one of them? Generally speaking, bronze-armored Fiendguards aren’t qualified to possess golems of the Winged Immortal class.”

“Winged Immortal class?” Ning was curious as well.

“This is the second-ranked golem within the forbidden region,” Northson said. “Look at its wings; its wings can unleash the ‘Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds’, and its speed is extremely fast as well! Even a mere Loose Immortal or Earth Immortal who is in control of a Winged Immortal golem will instantly have the combat power of a Celestial Immortal. However, its main purpose is to unleash the ‘Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds’, then immediately flee. In battle, it should be extremely, extremely valuable.

Northson knew how to make these things, but he didn’t know exactly how much they were worth.

Ning, however, did. Upon hearing his junior apprentice-brother say these things, he could guess that this golem was probably comparable in value to a middle-grade Pure Yang treasure.

“The others are a bit weaker; perhaps all five them added together would be comparable to a single Winged Immortal class,” Northson said.

Ning thus immediately came to the conclusion that the other four were probably comparable to a low-grade Pure Yang treasure.”

“They really do spare no expense, thanks to their wealth. Every single bronze-armored Fiendguard had at least one such golem...this is probably the same amount of wealth as most Celestial Immortals possess,” Ning mused to himself.

But here, Ning was wrong. He valued them as a low-grade Pure Yang treasure, but that was the ‘list price’ here in the Three Realms for someone seeking to purchase them; in truth, to the mysterious power, these items were nothing more than a collection of precious ingredients, and the value of those ingredients was perhaps a tenth of the value of the complete item. For a truly supreme golem...the formation-diagram within it was actually of the greatest value. Without a detailed formation-diagram, no matter how good your ingredients were, you wouldn’t be able to complete the forging.

“Junior apprentice-brother, take this Winged Immortal class,” Ning said.

Northson was greatly shocked. He hurriedly said, "Senior apprentice-brother, this Winged Immortal class will be of great use to you. Ji Ning, you saved my life; I, Mu Northson, already feel tremendous gratitude to you for this. How can I accept this?"

"Haha, junior apprentice-brother, I was able to enter and leave that forbidden region as I pleased; not even that 'general' was able to do anything to me. This Winged Immortal golem might be important to others, but it really isn't that useful for me. All I would do would be to sell it off." Ning shook his head and laughed; this was nothing more than the truth, after all. The [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] was much better at protecting him than the golem would be.

"But..."

"If you don't accept it, how could I rest my mind? Enough, stop wasting words; I'm going to leave now." Ning waved his arm and collected the other golems, then disappeared without another word.

Northson held the soul-tamer jade in his arms. He murmured softly, "Senior apprentice-brother..."

"Northson, your senior apprentice-brother has helped us so much. Never forget it," the woman within the jade globe said.

"Right." Northson nodded.

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Ning secretly watched as Northson bound the Winged Immortal golem, then took the jade globe to go and sit down at the entrance to the wooden house, where he simply stared at the lake. Every so often, he would say a few things to the jade globe. This sight caused Ning to feel quite heartsick. After watching a time, he finally, truly left.

"It is time to go to the imperial capital of the Grand Xia."

"This time, I rescued my junior apprentice-brother, but I offended that mysterious power. I need to acquire Five Elements essence as soon as possible to train my [Starseizing Hand] to the Fourth Cycle." Ning had a premonition of incoming danger. This sense of danger was compelling him to increase his own power as soon as he could!

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Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 9: A Talk at Night

It was late at night. Ji Ning used a void blink to arrive within the centermost city of the entire world of the Grand Xia.

Within the Heavenly Treasures Mountain of the imperial capital of the Grand Xia. Within a residence. Ning was drinking wine by himself, facing the bright moon.

"Eh?" Ning's ears twitched; he glanced sideways. A white-robed, silver-haired man had just come walking in through the door.

"Senior Skyfox," Ning laughed, then rose to his feet.

“Since you’ve hurried here so late at night, I’m sure you must have an urgent matter to deal with.” The silver-haired man smiled as he spoke. “Ji Ning, if there’s anything you need, just tell me. His Imperial Majesty has ordered this long ago; I naturally won’t be the slightest bit negligent.”

Ning nodded. “I need to buy some precious items.”

“Precious? How precious?” The silver-haired man asked.

“I need fifteen thousand kilograms of gold-gems from the Heaven Realm, thirty thousand kilograms of azurespirit jade bamboo, forty-five thousand kilograms of arcane elemental Yin-water from the Milky Way, fifteen hundred kilograms of dragonfish spirit-lava, and six hundred kilograms of chaos spirit-earth,” Ning said.

Hearing this, the face of the silver-haired man changed. “That much?”

“At LEAST that much.” Ning nodded.

There were other alternatives, of course...but the items which Ning had reported were already the cheapest items with Five Elements essence that could be used to train in the Fourth Cycle of the [Six Cycles of the Starseizer]. If he had the chance, he would naturally be willing to choose the more expensive items; for example, Five Elements peacock plumes from a peacock Godbeast that was at the Empyrean God level would be more than enough; in fact, there would be a great deal left over!

However, the lineage of a Godbeast at the Empyrean God level would be incomparably pure. Such an item would be far too precious, more valuable than even an ordinary top-grade Pure Yang treasure! And, more importantly, such things were incredibly rare! Since the founding of the universe by Pangu, the total number of peacock Godbeast that had reached the Empyrean God level and which had access to all five of the Five Elements could be counted on one hand. Only two of them had perished, and the Five Elements peacock plumes they had left behind had long ago been acquired by various major powers in order to create even more valuable items. How could Ning possibly buy them somewhere? And even if he could find them, how could he afford it?!

“Your request is too great. These are all precious items of the Three Realms; they represent the essence of the Five Elements. There are many uses for such items, from forging artifacts to refining pills. I’ll help you ask his Imperial Majesty,” the silver-haired man said.

Ning laughed, then nodded.

The silver-haired man sat down, then poured himself some wine. He said with a laugh, “Let’s drink some wine first. His Imperial Majesty will give his answer shortly.”

“Alright.” Ning knew that this person was the Xia Emperor’s spirit-beast; they could communicate spiritually to each other.

“Ji Ning, what do you want these things for? Refining pills? Forging magic treasures? Creating golems?” The silver-haired man asked. “You’ve trained for less than a hundred years. Regardless of what you need it for...the art of refining pills and forging magic treasures is one that takes an enormous amount of time to study. The experts in these fields within the Three Realms are all at least at the Celestial Immortal level. Because they have limitless lifespans, they can slowly spend their time in analyzing these fields.”

Ning laughed as well. Indeed; the spirit of the underwater estate, for example, had used an utterly terrifying amount of time to upgrade the Thousandbull Sword. From a certain perspective, it could be said that the spirit of the underwater estate was actually fairly weak in this field; otherwise, he wouldn't have had to spend such an enormous amount of time.

"I have my uses for it," Ning said.

The [Starseizing Hand] was simply too famous, but no one knew exactly how one trained in it! He didn't have to worry at all about his [Starseizing Hand] being revealed thanks to him purchasing Five Elements items.

"Hahaha..." The silver-haired man laughed, not pursuing this line of questioning. A short while later, his eyes lit up. "Ji Ning, his Imperial Majesty has informed me that he can provide you with enough gold-gems from the Heaven Realm and arcane elemental Yin-water from the Milky Way, but he's not able to come up with enough of the other three items."

"Then let me change them to some different items." Ning suggested three different alternatives.

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"Don't have it."

"Not enough."

"Ji Ning, these treasures that you are requesting are all Five Elements treasures that are on the same level." The silver-haired man shook his head. "His Imperial Majesty says that he is not an expert in forging items or refining pills, and so he hasn't kept a large amount of these items in his stockpile. If you wish, he can go and find some of his friends and trade treasures with them to come up with enough for you."

Ning immediately said with gratitude, "I would be utterly grateful if he did."

"Ji Ning, you should know by now that the more valuable a treasure is, the harder it is to purchase; generally, you have to trade using items of similar value." The silver-haired man looked towards Ning. "If you want these items, you need to bring out enough treasures to trade for them. Do you have enough?"

"What sort of treasures do I need to bring out for them?" Ning asked.

"One normal high-grade Pure Yang Treasure is enough," the silver-haired man said with a laugh.

"Twenty of those arrows you brought last time is enough."

Ning sighed in his heart.

Five Elements ingredients and treasures were actually this expensive? But there was nothing for it. The [Starseizing Hand] required increasingly extravagant amounts of ingredients for the later stages. Fortunately, all he had to train was his pair of hands. If he had to train his entire body, like with the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], then the price would be even more ridiculous.

Right now, he had reached the sixteenth stage of the [Crimsonbright Diagram of the Nine Heavens]; he could train his [Starseizing Hand] to the Fourth Cycle now, and train all the way to the Sixth Cycle of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]. However, the resources needed for the Art was a thousand times greater than

the previous price he had paid...most likely, he would need at least ten top-grade Pure Yang treasures. This caused Ning to feel truly resigned!

Top-grade Pure Yang treasures had power comparable to middle-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures. Many Pure Yang True Immortals and Empyrean Gods used treasures on this level; for even one of them to produce ten such items would prove a serious burden. This was why even Ning's senior apprentice-brother, Empyrean God Silvermoon, had only trained to the Sixth Cycle of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art].

"For now, I can forget about training further in the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]. That's too distant a goal. First, the [Starseizing Hand]."

"Ji Ning, are you able to produce enough treasures?" The silver-haired man looked at Ning, a smile on his face.

"Please ask his Imperial Majesty to prepare enough of the Five Elements items," Ning said. "Once his Imperial Majesty has prepared them, I'll naturally bring out enough treasures to trade for them."

"Alright." The silver-haired man said, "His Imperial Majesty will personally act to gather these treasures for you. Once he has, I'll immediately notify you."

Ning waved his hand, producing a jade talisman. "This is my message talisman. Once you shatter it, I'll sense it and will hurry back here to the imperial capital." It was extremely easy to manufacture jade seals of this nature; Ning had actually prepared a large pile of them, handing them out to the Ji clan, Autumn Leaf, his master Immortal Diancai, and others.

"Alright." The silver-haired man rose to his feet. "Then wait for my news."

"Might I ask how long it will take?" Ning asked.

He could subconsciously sense danger coming, forcing him to train in the Fourth Cycle as quickly as he could. Upon succeeding, his hands would become comparable to supreme top-grade Pure Yang treasures, equivalent to middle-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures. They would be even more powerful than ordinary top-grade Pure Yang treasures, allowing his own strength to once more rapidly skyrocket to a new level. In addition, by relying on his [Three Heads, Six Arms] divine ability, he would have six mighty palms, each of which was comparable to a supreme top-grade Pure Yang treasure.

"It won't take too long; this is just a trade of treasures. A month should suffice." The silver-haired man intentionally added a bit of extra padding; in truth, just two or three days could be enough, or perhaps ten days at the most."

"Alright." Ning immediately rose to his feet.

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That very night, Ning went to King Yan's Estate. He was going to live there temporarily, so that he could spend some time with his cousin.

Within an ancient tower.

Five figures were seated in the lotus position, each occupying a different part.

Patriarch Arcanum opened his eyes, glancing at the area. The furrow in his brows grew deeper. Ever since his plan of asking Bloodcloud Hall to assassinate Ji Ning had failed, the Youngflame clan had grown ever-more convinced that Ji Ning was a true danger to them! However...no matter how hard they searched, they couldn't find an opportunity to act against him.

"If this continues, Ji Ning will continue to grow in strength. Once he explodes forth against us...our Youngflame clan will be in a disastrous situation." Patriarch Arcanum was beginning to worry. "And according to what our intelligence reports have discovered...Ji Ning is someone who cares deeply about filial piety. There's no way he'll forget about the grudge his mother bore for us."

"In fact, he was even able to endure the fact that we attempted to kill him in the imperial capital of the Grand Xia."

"This means he is very capable of suppressing himself and biding his time!"

"The reason he has done so is most likely because he feels he is not strong enough yet. Once he feels he is strong enough...our Youngflame clan will probably be in true danger." Patriarch Arcanum's heart was filled with worry.

Originally, all he wanted to do was give vent to his anger. But now...he was beginning to truly worry for his clan. It must be understood that supreme clans and major powers rarely got into true, life-and-death fights against each other! This was because supreme powers generally had Celestial Immortals protecting them. Celestial Immortals possessed truly infinite lifespans; even if one annihilated the enemy's clan, if the enemy Celestial Immortal was to survive, then what in a million years or ten million years, the enemy Celestial Immortal was to launch a sudden sneak attack! After the sneak attack, the Celestial Immortal could vanish for a long time...then launch another one.

If a Celestial Immortal with an infinite lifespan was to devote that entire life to harm a clan...that would be a truly terrifying thing.

Thus...

The more powerful an organization, the more rare it was for them to fight head-on against another such organization! Each would generally prefer to find a path to compromise!

But once they truly were to fight head-on...then they would use their full power to annihilate the enemy completely, or at least wipe out all of the enemy's top-tier fighters!

To the Youngflame clan, Ji Ning now posed a major threat. He was a monster who even Bloodcloud Hall had failed to assassinate successfully...

"Eh?" Suddenly, all five of the Celestial Immortals present opened their eyes.

They all pulled out a similar bronze talisman.

"It's the Seamless Gate," the white-haired, wizened elder said in a low voice.

"The Seamless Gate wishes to meet with our Youngflame clan?" The handsome youth frowned. "What are they going to do? When they previously tried to pull us into their orbit, we refused them. We aren't willing to become enemies with the Seamless Gate, but even less are we willing to betray the Xia Emperor."

“Everyone, I’ll make the trip.” Patriarch Arcanum rose to his feet. “I’m going to go see what this Seamless Gate wants, exactly.”

“Fine.”

“We’ll leave it in your hands, Arcanum.”

“Just delay for now. The Seamless Gate is very powerful; we aren’t capable of resisting them.”

“Right.”

Patriarch Arcanum exited from that ancient tower, traveling alone.

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Late night. A bright moon was hanging in the skies, bathing the world below with its glow.

A maiden was quietly waiting atop a solitary mountain peak, staring at the bright moon. Behind her were a total of nine golden-robed Celestial Immortals.

“Brother Arcanum, the Exalted Envoy is right there.” A cloud flew towards them, with two figures atop it. One of them was a tall, skinny, narrow-eyed elder; this was Patriarch Arcanum. The other was a golden-robed and seemingly quite amiable elder.

“Eh?”

Patriarch Arcanum stared into the distance, then his pupils contracted. That maiden actually had a total of nine Celestial Immortals with her?

“The Seamless Gate is unreasonably powerful. A single envoy is actually leading a squad of so many Celestial Immortals. I’m afraid that this squad alone is enough to annihilate most supreme clans.” Patriarch Arcanum couldn’t help but feel a surge of cold fear. Although he was quite arrogant and brash in front of others, in front of the Seamless Gate, he still felt nervous.

Patriarch Arcanum landed on the mountain peak, then immediately said, “Arcanum greets you, Envoy.”

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Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 10: Lying in Wait

“Mm.” Violetgrass nodded lightly.

Patriarch Arcanum secretly inspected her. This young female envoy before him wore golden clothes that were embroidered with eye-catching violet flowers; clearly, she was an extraordinary figure. The Celestial Immortals behind her were all dressed in more ordinary golden clothes; this clearly reflected their lower status.

“Celestial Immortal Arcanum of the Youngflame clan...do you know why I have come looking for you?” Violetgrass said with a laugh.

“Arcanum is unable to guess at your motives, Envoy.” Patriarch Arcanum’s attitude was quite humble.

Violetgrass laughed. “Hahaha...in recent years, our Seamless Gate has helped your Youngflame clan out quite a few times. I trust that by now, you can sense our sincerity. As for our power...although we’ve

only revealed a hint of it, you should have sensed how powerful we are. Our Seamless Gate goes where we please and does as we please within the world of the Grand Xia, and what does the imperial Xiamang clan do about it? Just stare at us and watch.”

“Indeed,” Patriarch Arcanum said.

Given how powerful the Seamless Gate was, they definitely knew how mighty the imperial Xiamang clan was, but they still dared to act with such abandon. Without confidence in themselves, would they dare to act this way? None of the Celestial Immortals under their command were fools; the response, or lack thereof, from the imperial Xia clan reflected how powerful the Seamless Gate truly was.

“I can tell you this. In the world of the Grand Xia, many powers have already thrown their support to our Seamless Gate,” Violetgrass said with a sigh. “Their tribes have only grown more powerful after doing so. I can promise you that so long as your Youngflame clan is willing to throw your support to us as well, your power will instantly increase many times over.”

Patriarch Arcanum simply continued to smile.

What a joke.

The only ones throwing their support were lesser powers like the Eastwoods Sect or the Blood God Church. Most likely, very, very few marquises had turned traitor. After all, upon doing so, that meant one would become true enemies with the imperial Xia clan. Behind the imperial Xia clan was Daofather Raindragon and Daofather Crimsonbright! It wouldn't be easy to deal with them! The two Daofathers could probably wipe them out with a wave of the hand.

“I trust that you can tell how sincere our Seamless Gate is, given that I've come in person,” Violetgrass said, looking at Arcanum.

“Arcanum is indeed grateful that you have come in person, Envoy. However, this is a matter that could involve the annihilation of my clan. Arcanum does not dare to make this decision without consulting others. Upon my return, I shall definitely inform my other clansmen, and we shall discuss this in detail,” Patriarch Arcanum said.

Violetgrass shook her head. “To show our sincerity...I'll tell you something else.”

“Pray tell.” Patriarch Arcanum's eyes lit up; the Seamless Gate had indeed helped out the Youngflame clan several times recently.

“I heard that your Youngflame clan has a major headache named Ji Ning,” Violetgrass said.

“Yes.” Patriarch Arcanum admitted it right away. His eyes lit up. “Can it be that you, Envoy, are willing to get rid of Ji Ning for our Youngflame clan? If you get rid of him, we will be endlessly grateful to you.”

“Get rid of Ji Ning? That's not impossible. If your Youngflame clan is willing to subordinate yourselves to our Seamless Gate, then within a single day, the Seamless Gate will take his life, regardless of who his backer is.” Violetgrass was filled with complete self-confidence. And then, with a half-smile on her face, she said, “If your Youngflame clan isn't willing to support us...then our Seamless Gate can't possibly act on your behalf.”

Patriarch Arcanum was laughing coldly in his heart.

Support them?

Ji Ning was a disaster, true.

But supporting the Seamless Gate would run the risk of true annihilation for the entire clan.

“This Ji Ning has several important friends and family members,” Violetgrass said calmly. “If you want to act against him, all you need to do is keep an eye on them; you’ll be able to find him eventually.”

“But his master, Immortal Diancai, is already a Celestial Immortal.” Patriarch Arcanum frowned. “In addition, he’s at Stillwater City. As for the important clansmen of the Ji clan, they are few in number and are all in Swallow Mountain. Our Youngflame clan has no chance at all.”

“No. He has a junior apprentice-brother named Mu Northson,” Violetgrass said. “The two of them are lifelong friends who went through life and death together.”

“But Mu Northson has been missing for twenty-plus year.” Patriarch Arcanum shook his head.

Violetgrass smiled. “Ji Ning’s already rescued him.”

Patriarch Arcanum was startled.

The Youngflame clan had already investigated Ji Ning in detail. They had even investigated the likes of Mu Northson and Immortal Diancai in detail. They knew long ago about Immortal Diancai becoming a Celestial Immortal, but they hadn’t found any information regarding Northson’s return. From this, one could see that the Seamless Gate’s intelligence network was much superior to theirs.

“In addition, Mu Northson isn’t at Swallow Mountain. Nor is he in Stillwater City.” Violetgrass waved her hand, and a leather scroll appeared. She tossed it to Patriarch Arcanum, who hurriedly accepted it.

“Mu Northson’s exact location is here on this map,” Violetgrass said. “As long as you keep an eye on him, within a short period of time you shall probably see Ji Ning going to visit him! In fact, if you are in a hurry...you can even kidnap Mu Northson and force Ji Ning to show himself. It’s entirely up to you how your Youngflame clan wishes to proceed.”

“Thank you, Envoy.” Patriarch Arcanum was overjoyed as he stared at this leather-bound scroll.

“Our Seamless Gate has helped your Youngflame clan once again,” Violetgrass said calmly. “Although our Seamless Gate is patient...our patience has a limit. If you continue to refuse to support us...then we will be forced to view you as loyal to the death to the imperial Xia clan. In the future, when we act against the imperial Xia clan...we might very well strike first against your Youngflame clan.”

Patriarch Arcanum’s face changed. He said hurriedly, “Don’t worry, Envoy. I can sense how sincere the Seamless Gate is. There is a good deal of debate within our Youngflame clan about what to do, but of one thing you can be assured; we are definitely not loyal to the death to the imperial Xia clan. Definitely now.”

“What wonderful words.” Violetgrass waved her hand. “Go.”

Only now did Patriarch Arcanum depart.

Soon, the only figures left on that solitary, icy mountain peak were Violetgrass and the ten Celestial Immortals.

“Milord, to have the Youngflame clan deal with Ji Ning...are they strong enough? He’s trained in the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art],” a golden-robed Celestial Immortal whispered.

“Don’t underestimate the Youngflame clan.” Violetgrass shook her head. “The Youngflame clan has existed since the era of Pangu’s World, eventually migrating here to the world of the Grand Xia. Ancient clan like this all have extremely formidable tools at their disposal. Consider this; in the past, the Kindwater clan fought with the Xiamang clan over the Emperorship of the Grand Xia. The Kindwater clan is a branch of a major clan of Pangu’s World which had a group of True Immortals and Empyrean Gods backing them. And yet, although the Kindwater clan and the Youngflame clan have been struggling against each other for so many years, the Youngflame clan has never been wiped out, even though they’ve suffered a bit. In fact, on the whole, the Youngflame clan has been full of vigor. How can you underestimate the Youngflame clan?”

“Mm.” The many Celestial Immortals all nodded.

“Watch and see,” Violetgrass said calmly. “We’ll let the Youngflame clan use their resources to fight first, while we’ll keep watch from the shadows, learning more about Ji Ning’s powers and tools. If the Youngflame clan truly is unable to wipe out this Ji Ning, then by then we will still have a high level of information regarding him. Naturally, at that point, we can lay a trap for him, then wipe him out with a single lightning-fast strike.”

“If my belief is correct...given that the Youngflame clan is willing to fight against the Kindwater clan to such a degree, they must have an astonishingly formidable background. So long as the Daofather behind Ji Ning doesn’t interfere, it shouldn’t be hard for them to kill him,” Violetgrass said with a laugh.

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The Youngflame clan began to deliberate in secret, coming up with numerous scenarios for killing Ji Ning, in accordance with the intelligence reports they had received.

“This time...let the four of us join forces. Arcanum, Deadwood, Goldclock, and myself, Infatuation, shall fight together.” The ancient elder swept the others with his gaze. “The three of you shall be under my command.”

“Alright.” Patriarch Arcanum nodded.

“Infatuation, we trust you,” the man who held a large clock in his hand agreed.

“Right.” The white-haired Patriarch Deadwood nodded as well.

Patriarch Infatuation was an ancient man who had a look of hidden grief within his eyes...but his power was truly enormous. Celestial Immortal Infatuation was fairly famous within the Three Realms, and was one of the truly top-tier Celestial Immortals.

“Sunfish, I’ll leave you to protect this tower,” Patriarch Infatuation instructed.

“Fine.” Patriarch Sunfish nodded.

“Let’s go,” Patriarch Infatuation said.

Instantly, Patriarchs Arcanum, Deadwood, and Goldclock followed him in departing.

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It was nighttime. These four Celestial Immortals stealthily made their way to Stillwater Commandery. All four of them were extremely powerful, with Patriarch Infatuation being the strongest. Patriarch Deadwood possessed powerful spells, while Patriarch Goldclock had a powerful magical item; the two were roughly on par with each other. Patriarch Arcanum was actually ranked as the weakest, but he was still quite an excellent Celestial Immortal.

Within Stillwater Commandery. A wild region. Four figures stealthily appeared in the air above a lake.

“Look. Over there.” Patriarch Arcanum pointed towards the distance, where a wooden house could be seen next to a lake. Outside the wooden house, a white-robed youth with some white hair was seated on the stairs, head raised as he stared at the bright moon. He was holding a jade globe in his hands.

“Little Xia, today is the sixteenth, right? The moon is actually even rounder than it was yesterday.”

“It really is round. According to the legends, the Fairy of the Moon Palace, Chang’e, lives upon the Lunar Star which is located outside of the Three Realms.” The maiden in the jade globe spoke with some envy.

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“Right. In the future, when I grow powerful, I’ll take you, Little Xia, to pay a visit to the Lunar Star. We’ll see for ourselves if there really is a Moon Palace, and if there really is a Chang’e,” the white-robed youth said, nodding his head.

The four distant Celestial Immortals had hidden themselves long ago.

“It really is Mu Northson.”

“The Seamless Gate’s information is accurate.”

“Prepare the formations now. After preparing everything, leave the formations un-activated; after Ji Ning arrives, we’ll activate them,” Patriarch Infatuation immediately ordered.

“Actually, why do we even need formations? Once this greatclock of mine is unleashed, he will perish,” the man holding the greatclock said confidently.

“Although this golden clock of yours was transported to this world of the Grand Xia long ago by our Youngflame clan from Pangu’s World, and although it is extremely powerful and a top-grade Pure Yang treasure...this Ji Ning was able to escape from even Bloodcloud Hall’s assassination attempt. We absolutely must not be careless. We have to prepare everything perfectly,” Patriarch Infatuation instructed.

And so, the four Celestial Immortals began to prepare their ambush by this lake. Given their abilities, Northson was completely unable to detect them.

Celestial Immortals possessed infinite lifespans, and so they possessed exceptional patience.

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The imperial capital of the Grand Xia. King Yan's Estate.

The second day after Ning took up residence within King Yan's Estate. He was accompanying his cousin, Yuchi Xiyue, in strolling about the streets of the estate.

"Leaving? So soon?" Yuchi Xiyue was rather reluctant to let him go. "Didn't you say that Swallow Mountain is protected by layers of formations, and that it is like an impregnable fortress? Isn't it very safe?"

"I'm going to go see my junior apprentice-brother. I feel uneasy," Ning said.

"What do you feel uneasy about?" A voice suddenly rang out.

From around the corner of the stone path, a tall, muscular figure appeared, dressed in loose robes.

"Respectful greetings to you, King Yan," Ning said hurriedly.

"You came to my place, but you plan to leave without even coming to see me?" King Yan said with a laugh. "Come, let's take a walk and have a talk."

Ning and Xiyue both moved to accompany King Yan on the walk, chatting about various important current affairs regarding the Grand Xia as they did. Ning suddenly said, "Senior King Yan, I heard that Daofather Crimsonbright has set up a miniature cycle of reincarnation for his major worlds. Do you know of this matter, senior?" Ning had been wanting to learn more about his parents this entire time.

King Yan was of the imperial clan; he naturally should know about the miniature cycle of reincarnation.

"Of course I do." King Yan nodded, then suddenly said with a chortle, "Could it be that you have forgotten my nickname?"

"Nickname?" Ning was startled.

King Yan's nickname was 'Yama-King'. 2

"After the Daofather rebuilt the cycle of reincarnation, he set it to encompass tens of major worlds and countless minor worlds," King Yan said with a laugh. "His cycle also has ten Yama-Kings, and I am one of them, the Ten Yama-Kings of Hell."

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 11: The Youngflame Clan Strikes

"Ah?!" Ji Ning revealed a look of joy.

"Grandpa, you are one of the Ten Yama-Kings of Hell?" The nearby Yuchi Xiyue was startled as well.

King Yan laughed loudly. "Merely one of the ten that are assigned to this minor cycle of reincarnation; we're only in charge of this region controlled by Daofather Crimsonbright. There are currently many Yama-Kings in the world; there's nearly a thousand of us. They are not, however, the ten original ones that governed the Netherworld Kingdom...those ten were all at the True Immortal or Emphyrean God level."

"Grandpa, how did you end up as one of the Ten Yama-Kings of Hell?" Yuchi Xiyue asked curiously.

“When the Daofather first re-established the cycle of reincarnation, he needed candidates for the Ten Yama-Kings and for the First Judge of the Dead, and so the various worlds began to propose people. The Grand Xia had to propose a person as well. Because I am of the imperial clan and just became a Celestial Immortal, his Imperial Majesty had me take up the position of Yama-King,” King Yan explained.

Ning understood. Given that he was of the imperial clan and that he had just become a Celestial Immortal, it made sense that he had been chosen to become one of the Ten Yama-Kings of Hell.

Positions such as this, within a minor cycle of reincarnation, actually weren't that exalted in status. But of course, back in the Netherworld Kingdom, the original Ten Yama-Kings of Hell were in control of all living creatures within the entire Three Realms; their power was truly enormous.

“Ji Ning, why are you asking about the minor cycle of reincarnation? Is there something you need?” King Yan looked at Ning.

“Yes.” Ning nodded. “Senior King Yan, this junior has a matter that I would beseech your assistance with.”

“Speak,” King Yan said.

The imperial clan had always been quite close-knit. Given that the world of the Grand Xia now had several powerful organizations hidden within it, the imperial clan had only become even more close-knit due to the pressure! Since the Xia Emperor had designated Ning as someone that could ‘only be befriended, not be made an enemy’, and since he felt very certain that Ning was most likely the disciple of a Daofather, he had naturally spread the word to all the Celestial Immortals within the imperial clan. King Yan's attitude towards Ning was now much different compared to the past, prior to the Conclave of Immortal Destiny. Back then, he treated Ning as he would any other junior, but now he treated Ning as someone on the same level as him.

“I trust you know, senior King Yan, that my father Ji Yichuan and my mother Yuchi Snow have already passed away many years ago,” Ning said. “I dearly desire to learn about how my mother and father are currently doing.”

“What's the point of investigating this?” King Yan looked towards Ning. “After being reborn, they won't have any memories of their past life.”

“If they are living good, happy lives after their rebirth, I won't disturb them,” Ning said. “I just want to see for myself...to see if they are doing well and to see if there's anything I can do for them.”

“Mm.” King Yan nodded. “Fine. Leave this to me. I expect that in a few months, I'll have an answer for you.”

“A few months?” Ning was startled.

“Do you feel that is a long time?” King Yan laughed.

Ning nodded.

King Yan asked him, “Do you know how many how many living creatures die every day across these dozens of major worlds and countless minor worlds?”

“But I heard that in the Netherworld Kingdom, such investigations are very fast,” Ning said.

“That’s because that place is the Netherworld Kingdom. It was built by Maiden Nuwa herself, and it also holds the treasured Book of Life and Death, which is one with the Dao of the Heavens,” King Yan said.

“The Book of Life and Death can duplicate itself into trillions of copies, and so it controlled the reincarnation, karmic merit, history, and life of all living things. But what we have here is merely a minor cycle of reincarnation established by Daofather Crimsonbright. We don’t have a Book of Life and Death! Thus, our minor cycle of reincarnation is actually even busier than the old one.”

“The process of simply recording the countless deaths and rebirths of the world, as well as karmic virtues and demerits, requires enormous amounts of information to be recorded every single day on magic books,” King Yan said. “And we only have roughly a hundred years of information; anything beyond that is completely lost.”

“Completely lost?” Ning was stunned.

“Right. There’s no way for us to investigate the records that existed before the Six Paths of Reincarnation were destroyed. Although we can go to the Netherworld Kingdom to seek out the First Judge of the Dead, Judge Cui, in order to investigate the history of a soul across a thousand lifetimes...the amount of information and history regarding every single person is simply enormous. There’s simply no way for us to record all the history regarding the countless living creatures that exist across countless millions of worlds. And so, we don’t even bother with it,” King Yan explained.

“In fact, nowadays the Judges for the various minor cycles of reincarnation don’t even bother with wasting time on examining the past lives of the souls of the dead. They just look at karma, then based on positive karma or negative sin, decide if a person will be reincarnated as an animal or as a person, and if the person will be reincarnated with wealth or into poverty.”

Ning was speechless.

When he had met Judge Cui, Judge Cui had instantly known everything that had happened to him during his previous life.

But the judges of this minor cycle of reincarnation only looked at karma and sin; they didn’t even look at a person’s life history! Still...this did speed things up considerably.

“I’ll send someone to help investigate on your behalf. Still...to search through the sea-like mass of records to find the specific history-tablets pertaining to your parents will indeed take some time,” King Yan said.

“Thank you, senior,” Ning said hurriedly with gratitude. Only now did he understand the magnitude of his request to search for someone who had been reincarnated.

Several months? So be it.

“Senior, where can one find the First Judge of the Dead of the Netherworld Kingdom, Judge Cui?” Ning asked.

“You want to find Judge Cui? He might be in the Heaven Realm, or he might be in the Netherworld Kingdom, or he might be somewhere else.” King Yan shook his head. “Ever since the Six Paths of

Reincarnation were destroyed, Judge Cui no longer had any tasks shackling him to a specific place. Given that the Book of Life and Death protects him, he can go wherever he pleases. If you want to investigate his whereabouts, you'll need to ask the Immortals of the Heaven Realm or the Netherworld, I imagine."

It was a dark, gloomy day today. Ning departed from the imperial capital of the Grand Xia, returning to Stillwater Commandery.

"In a few more months, I'll be able to know what happened to Mother and Father after they were reborn." Ning's heart was filled with hope. "I wonder if they are doing well. Are they Immortal cultivators in this life as well? Which world are they living in, in this new life? Is it still the Grand Xia?"

The skies were desolate and bleak.

Ning flew towards a distant lake. From afar, he could see the wooden house that was located next to it, the residence of his junior apprentice-brother, Mu Northson.

"Alas." Ning sighed to himself.

His junior apprentice-brother had no family to begin with...and now, his one and only Dao-companion had been trapped within that jade globe. Every day, Northson hugged that jade globe and talked to it. Ning was very worried for his junior apprentice-brother's Dao-heart. If this were to continue long-term...eventually, his Dao-heart might crumble, at which point he might go crazy and be unable to control his elemental ki, possibly resulting in self-detonation and death.

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"He's coming."

Within the wild grasses next to the lake, the four Celestial Immortal Patriarchs that were seated in the lotus position all opened their eyes to stare at that figure that had appeared in the distant horizons.

It was a youth who was riding the winds...Ji Ning, the source of trouble which their Youngflame clan had come for!

"He came so quickly. It seems this Ji Ning has a very deep relationship with Mu Northson," Patriarch Arcanum sneered. "I had thought we'd have to wait for a year or two. The Heavens truly are helping our Youngflame clan!"

"The Heavens are supporting us in eradicating this danger," Patriarch Deadwood growled as well.

"Our chance has come." The man holding the greatclock cracked his lips in a grin as well.

As for Patriarch Infatuation, a flash of cold light crossed his eyes.

This was their best-case scenario; after all, Immortal cultivators could go into closed-door meditation sessions and stay in them for extremely long periods of time. They had no idea how long it would be before Ji Ning would come to visit Mu Northson again. If they truly did have to wait for several years or a decade...they would probably end up choosing to capture Northson instead! They'd use him as a hostage, forcing Ji Ning to show himself...but in doing so, Ji Ning would be forewarned and might even bring his friends, such as his fellow disciples from that mysterious school he was from, or the likes of Immortal Diancai. That would render it very difficult for them to kill him.

“He’s completely unprepared right now.” A cold look was in Patriarch Infatuation’s eyes. “This is our best chance.”

“Right.” The other three Patriarchs nodded as well.

“Act according to our plans.” Patriarch Arcanum stared towards the distant Ning as he flew towards the wooden house. “This is the time. Attack!”

Ning was in midair. Through the open wooden door and open windows, he could see Northson within the wooden house. Northson had placed the jade globe on the table in front of him, and was chatting with it while drinking.

“He’s still chatting with Yu Xia’s soul?” Seeing this, Ning couldn’t help but feel even more pain and worry. “If this continues...how can he possibly prevent his Dao-heart from collapsing?”

Mortals were allowed to grow dispirited and depressed...but when Immortal cultivators did so, it would be extremely dangerous. It was one thing for Fiendgod Body Refiners; after all, even if their elemental ki exploded, their bodies would be able to withstand the damage. But his junior apprentice-brother Northson was merely a Ki Refiner; an explosion of elemental ki could be more than enough to cause him to perish.

“Junior apprentice-brother!” Ning called out loudly.

Northson, within the wooden home, picked up the jade globe. He walked to the doorway, raised his head, then smiled and called out, “Senior apprentice-brother!”

Right at this moment...

Ruuuuuuuumbble.

A powerful yet mysterious ripple instantly spread out from nearby. Like the rays of the sun, the strange ripple instantly encompassed the entire area, including Northson, the jade globe, and Ning.

Ning felt as though his soul had suffered a powerful blow, but his Dao-heart was incomparably resilient. In addition, his Fiendgod body had become completely fused with his soul, rendering it even more stable; he was naturally able to withstand this collision.

“Not good. My junior apprentice-brother!” Ning was shocked.

He had been able to withstand the blow, yes...but would Northson be able to withstand it? Northson had only recently reached the Void-level and become an Earth Immortal; he could only be considered an extremely ordinary Loose Immortal. Would he be able to hold?

“They...” As Ning turned his gaze towards his junior apprentice-brother, he also saw that far away, in the desolate plains, four figures had suddenly appeared. Given that he had read an intelligence report regarding the Youngflame clan long ago, Ning was shocked. “Celestial Immortals Infatuation, Arcanum, Goldclock, and Deadwood? Four Celestial Immortals?”

This coresense attack had been personally executed by Patriarch Infatuation.

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In the face of this terrifying coresense attack, the female soul within the jade globe was completely unable to resist. Her soul was, after all, merely the soul of a Wanxiang Adept; it was far too weak.

Like snow melting away under the rays of the sun...she evaporated away into nothingness.

In the instant that she evaporated away, she stared at Mu Northson. Simply stared at him...

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As Northson suffered the coresense attack, he almost automatically summoned his own power to resist...but before his very eyes, the jade-trapped soul that he loved melted away into nothingness before him.

“NO!!!!!!” Northson’s eyes instantly turned red. Blood vessels could be seen within them, and two bloody tears came falling out. He let out an utterly agonized and inhuman scream, a howl that was akin to the roar of a dying beast.

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Faced with the coresense attack of Patriarch Arcanum, Ji Ning was able to withstand it, Yu Xia’s soul was melted away, and Northson was sent into madness.

Northson raised his head, staring at the four incomparably powerful Celestial Immortals in the distance, his eyes filled with madness. “IT WAS YOU! ALL OF YOU WILL DIE!!!”

BANG!

An enormous Winged Immortal golem suddenly appeared behind him. Northson instantly merged into the body of the Winged Immortal golem, and its aura instantly exploded with power. As a grandmaster of constructs and one who had even personally made this sort of Winged Immortal golem before...

Under the maddened control of a grandmaster, the Winged Immortal golem became activated. Instantly, a series of wild gusts of wind appeared in the surrounding area. The gale smashed apart everything before it, and within the gale could be seen multiple spots of black light. Just looking at those spots was enough to cause a man to sink into oblivion.

The Desolate Era

Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 12: Four Mighty Celestial Immortals

“Arise!” The tall, skinny Patriarch Arcanum let out a cold shout.

Instantly, clouds began to gather from thousands of kilometers around. The world turned dark, the Five Elements were thrown into a state of chaos, and space became locked. No matter how violent the battle in the area became, it would be difficult for any spatial ripples to leak out!

“Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds? A puny Void-level Earth Immortal actually has a precious golem like this? What a waste!” Patriarch Arcanum let out a cold laugh. Instantly, a series of starlight began to appear, along with multiple meteors that flew out. A total of 360 meteorites instantly flew high into the air.

These 360 meteorites made up Patriarch Arcanum's true power. For the sake of killing Ji Ning, he had brought them out right away.

In midair, the illusion of 360 flowing stars could be seen. For countless ages now, the movement of stars in the night sky had been fixed and eternal. When this grand formation appeared...instantly, a layer of thick starlight appeared, completely blocking the wild electric wind.

"All of you, die, die, DIE!!!!" The Winged Immortal golem was in an absolutely berserk state as it released the Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds repeatedly...

The Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds were exceedingly powerful; even using all of his power, Patriarch Arcanum was only able to just barely block them. "Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds of such purity...this golem is allowing a mere Void-level Earth Immortal to block me. For such a precious golem to be in the hands of this Northson is truly a waste. If I had it, my power would increase dramatically."

The power of a golem was directly related to the power of its user.

There naturally would be a difference in power in the Seven Ruinous Winds as activated by Void-level elemental ki or Celestial Immortal-level elemental ki! By relying on the Winged Immortal golem, Northson could reach a Celestial Immortal's level of power...but in the hands of a true Celestial Immortal, the power would increase by at least two levels!

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As Patriarch Arcanum struck out, one of the other Patriarchs struck out as well. It was the elderly, white-haired Patriarch Deadwood.

The elderly Patriarch's hands formed together into a seal, and a series of powerful ripples seemed to merge with the earth itself, becoming one with the nearby grass and trees.

In truth, Patriarch Deadwood was an oddity even amongst Celestial Immortals, because the vast majority of them needed to use magic treasures. Patriarch Deadwood, in his youth, was looked down upon due to his lack of talent, and the clan gave him very few resources; in fact, he couldn't even procure any decent magic treasures. He was the stubborn sort, and he decided to focus all of his attention on magic spells.

No one would have imagined that he would manage to complete a Dao that was different from all others, one which only grew stronger as he moved further along it. All of the various 'geniuses' of his era failed and perished, while he actually overcome his tribulation to become a Celestial Immortal, and an extraordinary one at that. In the Youngflame clan, even Patriarch Goldclock, who had acquired their most precious treasure, was merely on par with him.

"Attack!" A single word came forth from Patriarch Deadwood's lips.

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

Instantly, the colors of the world seemed to change. The nearby lake shook, and the wild plains trembled. Enormous, thick, wood-green tendrils erupted forth from the surface of the lake and from the wild plains. A total of nine tendrils erupted forth, each of which was covered with flowing golden light and with ancient runes.

The nine tendrils soared into the heavens, each of them fathomless in length. They simultaneously struck towards the Winged Immortal golem and towards Ji Ning.

This took time to describe, but in reality, Northson's unleashing of the Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds, Patriarch Arcanum's usage of the Starlight Revolution formation to block, and Patriarch Deadwood's unleashing of his nine tendrils happened almost simultaneously.

Whoosh. The Winged Immortal golem continued to release the Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds while it flew through the air at high speed, avoiding the striking tendrils.

Every single tendril was like one of the pillars of heaven; they were incomparably thick and massive, and they also moved at incomparable speed.

The Winged Immortal golem was dodging at high speed. Just as it had clearly dodged a blow...the incomparably massive tendril suddenly sprouted many branches that were much thinner but extremely numerous. The tight cluster of tendrils erupted forth from the main tendril like a series of serpents, instantly entangling and catching the Winged Immortal golem.

"F*ck off, f*ck off!" The Winged Immortal struggled to resist, continuously releasing the Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds, but starlight descended, blocking a good part of it.

Even though some of the smaller branches were destroyed by the Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds, new ones quickly sprouted out. The Winged Immortal golem sank into a prison of tendrils...and no matter how it struggled, it was unable to escape.

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A total of nine tendrils were used to attack. Just a single one of them was used to trap the Winged Immortal golem; the rest were acting against Ning.

Ning was currently filled with both guilt and rage!

"Junior apprentice-brother." Ning's heart was filled with the utmost regret; as soon as he had seen the four mighty Celestial Immortals appear, he had understood everything. The four of them had been lying in wait here the entire time, but had only acted after Ning had appeared. Given that they were all of the Youngflame clan...without question, they were here for him. His junior apprentice-brother was simply caught in the crossfire.

His junior apprentice-brother had cared deeply about his Dao-companion's soul; Ning knew this very well. Upon seeing tears of blood streak down his junior apprentice-brother's face, Ning's own heart clenched with pain.

Next came rage!

Incomparable rage!

"YOUNGFLAME CLAN!!!" When Ning saw Patriarch Arcanum and Patriarch Deadwood unleash their abilities, he similarly unleashed his own as well.

Whoosh!

A black-robed Ning appeared by his side. His true body and his Primaltwin now stood shoulder-to-shoulder in midair. Simultaneously, they manifested more than three hundred top-grade Immortal-ranked flying swords to appear around them. The guilt-wracked and infuriated Ning instantly unleashed his most powerful killing attack.

[Greater Thousand Swords Formation] – Stage Four!

A large amount of sword-ki coalesced in front of Ning's chest, transforming into a golden flying sword.

"KILL!!!" His true body and his Primaltwin let out simultaneous, enraged roars.

ROAAAAR!

A divine black dragon appeared, raising its head out and unleashing an angry roar. It was the golden flying sword in draconic form. The divine black dragon, carrying a terrifyingly sharp aura, swept forward...and meeting it was an incomparably thick tendril, which slapped down with power that seemed great enough to shake the heavens and the earth. Even though the divine black dragon was incomparably agile as it moved to try and dodge past so as to help Northson...the tendril was also extremely agile, and it gave birth to many smaller branches that moved to impede the divine black dragon.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh...

A large amount of smaller branches were chopped apart, and a scar appeared on the body of the thick main tendril as well. And then...crack! It completely snapped apart.

Ning and his Primaltwin manifested a second streak of sword-light. A second divine black dragon flew out! Simultaneously controlling two streaks of sword-light generated from the fourth stage of the [Greater Thousand Swords Formation]; this was Ning's current maximum.

ROAAAAR!

The two divine black dragons moved as fast as lightning, slamming against the many tendrils. Thanks to the resistance from the tendrils, one of the divine black dragons was consumed and shattered, but the other one managed to slaughter a path to the Winged Immortal golem, tearing the tendrils apart and saving the golem.

"What?!" The four Celestial Immortals of the Youngflame clan, upon seeing this, narrowed their eyes.

"This Ji Ning is actually as powerful as this? He would be considered an excellent fighter amongst Celestial Immortals."

"Fortunately, thanks to Bloodcloud Hall's failed assassination attempt, we've known this entire time that he is extremely powerful, and so we came prepared."

Still, the four Celestial Immortals didn't panic in the slightest.

"Forest!" Patriarch Deadwood's eyelids twitched slightly, and a golden light began to flow within his eyes as he once more called out a word.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

From the lake and from the wild plains, a large number of tendrils began to appear. These tendrils were far thinner than the nine great tendrils that had appeared earlier; they were roughly just one percent of the originals in size. However, they were extremely numerous, and each was still at least a hundred kilometers long. The world had suddenly been transformed into a forest of tendrils.

The countless tendrils began to frantically wrap themselves around the nine main tendrils.

Ning's two divine black dragons, formed through using the fourth stage of the [Greater Thousand Swords Formation], were only able to strike around the margins. They were blocked repeatedly, and they only had enough strength to fight back, not to advance any further.

Whoooooosh. By Ning's side, Northson repeatedly unleashed the Seven Ruinous Thunderwinds, but Patriarch Arcanum's grand formation of starlight suppressed the wind time and time again.

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A single person, Patriarch Deadwood, was able to suppress both Ning and Northson; this was the power of a truly formidable Celestial Immortal! The general who had commanded the Eastwoods mountain range was even more formidable than Patriarch Deadwood; he was capable of completely suppressing and even defeating Ning. However, because he was unable to bind Ning, he was forced to negotiate with him.

Although Patriarch Deadwood was comparatively weaker, he was still able to suppress the two of them. With Patriarch Arcanum supporting him, the two made it impossible for Ning to even have a chance to use a Greater Teleportation Dao-seal.

Bang! A talisman suddenly appeared before Ning. A divine black dragon howled past it, and a thick streak of sword-light instantly shattered it.

Stillwater City.

It was in the afternoon, but the skies were rather dark and dreary.

"Not good!"

"It's Ji Ning."

Two figures simultaneously appeared in the skies above Stillwater City. The first was a hunchbacked, staff-wielding elder, Celestial Immortal Hunchmont. The other was the black-haired, black-robed Immortal Diancai. Both had shocked looks on their faces. It must be understood that when Immortal Diancai and Ji Ning agreed to ally with the Northmont clan of Stillwater, they had naturally prepared methods of helping each other out as needed. Everyone had a talisman for everyone else; upon shattering it, the others would be able to sense it right away.

"Ji Ning's power is formidable; what sort of situation could force him to request help??" Immortal Diancai was greatly shocked.

"It's within Stillwater Commandery, roughly a few hundred thousand kilometers away," Celestial Immortal Hunchmont sent mentally.

"Let's hurry over there." Immortal Diancai had a solemn look on his face.

“Right.” The two didn’t hesitate at all; they immediately used void blink techniques to hurry over.

Although the most powerful member of the Northmont clan of Stillwater was actually that ancient elder, his existence was a tightly-kept secret. Unless something truly critical happened, he wouldn’t reveal himself. Only if even Immortal Hunchmont and Immortal Diancai were unable to rescue Ning would he intervene.

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The world of the Grand Xia. Upon an island in the western seas.

This was a seemingly barren, unpopulated island. In truth...it was surrounded by layers of formations, causing outsiders to be unable to see the truth of what was within.

Within a mountain on the island. Inside a palace.

A maiden was seated on a royal throne here. In the center of the palace was an enormous mirror, a Pure Yang treasure known as the Divine Earthpiercer Mirror. This enormous mirror was currently displaying the battle that was happening far away, next to the lake.

“The Youngflame clan has made their move.” The maiden revealed a smile. “And even Celestial Immortal Infatuation has gone...and they brought a top-grade Pure Yang divine greatclock...”

There were more than ten gold-robed Celestial Immortals within the palace who were also staring at that giant mirror as they watched the battle within it.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 13: Suppressing the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]

As soon as Ji Ning exchanged blows with them, he had a bad feeling. Patriarch Deadwood and Patriarch Arcanum alone were able to completely suppress him and his junior apprentice-brother. “Not even the fourth stage of the [Greater Thousand Swords Formation] is able to overcome them. If I was also a Celestial Immortal and was able to use Celestial Immortal-level elemental ki in activating the fourth stage of the [Greater Thousand Swords Formation]...things would probably be different. It’s simply too taxing for Void-level Earth Immortals to battle Celestial Immortals.”

And so, not hesitating at all, Ning shattered the talisman, requesting aid from his master Immortal Diancai and Celestial Immortal Hunchmont.

“A message-talisman.”

“Ji Ning is asking for aid.”

“Quick.”

All four of the Celestial Immortals of the Youngflame clan were watching this battle. They naturally noticed how the divine black dragon of sword-light had suddenly shattered a talisman.

“Let me handle it.” The man holding the greatclock in his hand let out an angry roar, then waved the clock-wielding hand. The greatclock instantly soared high into the skies. The many tendrils that were

blocking out the sun opened a path for it, and so the greatclock transformed into a rainbow that instantly flew to a location a few kilometers away from Ning.

It hovered there in the air, its surface radiating a blurry golden light.

The man controlling the golden greatclock instantly used his own power to activate this top-grade Pure Yang artifact. This was an artifact which the Youngflame clan had come into possession of back during the era of Pangu's World; it had been passed down for countless years, and was one of the artifacts that was meant to safeguard the entire clan.

Claaaaang.

The golden clock suddenly emitted a ringing sound. The sound of the clock spread out in a slow manner. The base of the golden greatclock was aimed straight towards Ning, and as the clock rang out, circles of golden ripples that were visible to the naked eye appeared around it.

The circles radiated downwards, while the nearby tendrils quickly retreated, beating out a path for it, with the slower-moving tendrils instantly transformed into dust.

The golden ripples of light moved at an extremely fast speed. By the time Ning saw them, they had already nearly reached him.

"Careful!" Ning called out in shock, quickly willing the nearby black-robed Ning to disappear into thin air.

Claaaaang.

The golden ripples of light shattered apart one of the divine black dragons, then struck towards Ning's body, at which point it once more let out a slow, gonging sound. Ning felt as though countless heavy hammers were smashing against his body.

The nearby Mu Northson, who was in control of the Winged Immortal golem, was partially hit by the attack as well. The Winged Immortal golem was instantly knocked flying, spinning out of his control. Right at this moment, two of the nine incomparably massive main tendrils came snaking towards the Winged Immortal golem.

"Junior apprentice-brother." Ning immediately stretched his hand out, his palm increasing to a size of three hundred meters as he grabbed the somersaulting Winged Immortal golem. "Don't resist." He immediately brought the Winged Immortal golem back into his own mobile Immortal estate.

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The appearance of the golden clock forced the Primaltwin to retreat, while the Winged Immortal golem had already been finding it hard enough to deal with the 'Starlight Revolution'; there was no way it could fight back at all now. Ning's only choice was to have both his Primaltwin and his junior apprentice-brother retreat for now, leaving his true body to stand there by itself.

"Hahaha..." The man controlling the golden greatclock roared with laughter. "With my divine clock having emerged...death is the only outcome for you."

"What terrifying power." Ning's heart was filled with shock.

Patriarch Deadwood and Patriarch Goldclock were polar opposites; Patriarch Deadwood focused on control, suppression, and binding, whereas Patriarch Goldclock focused on raw power and straightforward crushing! In truth, as far as Ji Ning was concerned, Patriarch Deadwood was actually a greater threat to him! This was because, once he became bound and restricted by those tendrils, he'd find it very difficult to escape, even though he trained in the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]!

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The golden greatclock rang out in the skies, and the golden ripples of power struck towards Ning repeatedly.

By now, Ning had completely withdrawn all of his three hundred-plus Immortal swords. He had executed his divine ability, [Three Heads, Six Arms], and was relying on his six mighty palms to block.

The golden ripple of light struck out...but Ning was completely unharmed!

"Hmph." Patriarch Arcanum controlled the Starlight Revolution to attack, but Ning completely ignored it, allowing it to fall against his body as it pleased.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh...

An enormous number of tendrils came crashing over.

Only now did Ning begin to take things seriously. He executed his divine ability, [Obscuring Wind of the Nine Heavens], seeming to have transformed into a gust of wind. He was occasionally drifting and gentle, but occasionally savage and vicious in his movements. He shuttled through the tendrils in an unpredictable manner, while his six arms all used the [Starseizing Hand]. With unearthly power in his hands, comparable to that of Pure Yang treasures, he chopped with his palms in every direction!

Bang! Bang! Bang! The weaker tendrils and vines were blasted apart into dust; only the thicker tendrils were able to resist.

And thanks to his [Obscuring Wind of the Nine Heavens], Ning remained extremely agile and dodged about easily.

"How can this be?"

"Impossible!"

Patriarch Arcanum and Patriarch Goldclock were both shocked. Their attacks were actually very weak against Ning?! Patriarch Goldclock was especially shocked; his power was on the same level as Patriarch Deadwood's, but Ning was able to completely resist the power of his attacks head-on...and was even able to borrow from the momentum of the clock-strikes to increase his speed.

"This golden greatclock of mine is a top-grade Pure Yang treasure with extraordinary power; not even Celestial Immortals would dare to take it on head-on. Even if a Void-level Fiendgod were to encounter it, the only outcome would be death." Patriarch Goldclock couldn't believe it.

"He must have some protective treasure?" Patriarch Arcanum said.

“Even if he did, once it suffered an attack from my golden clock, it would instantly have its power used up.” Patriarch Goldclock truly couldn’t believe it.

After Patriarch Goldclock struck, the last of the four mighty Celestial Immortals, Patriarch Infatuation, began to launch a full-strength attack as well. Cold spheres of light began to manifest in the area around Patriarch Infatuation. These cold spheres of light numbered in the thousands as they hung around him, with flowing runes appearing on their surface. The flowing runes joined together, forming into an incomparably profound formation.

Rumble...

The area within three thousand meters of Patriarch Infatuation had been completely transformed into a world of frozen ice.

There was frozen ice everywhere. Patriarch Infatuation stood at the very peak of a tower made of frozen ice, like the only sovereign of this miniature world of ice.

“Chop!” Patriarch Infatuation looked at the distant Ji Ning, who was fleeing from the strikes of the golden greatclock and the giant tendrils. He pointed at him.

Instantly, more than half of the ice within this miniature frozen world began to gather in one location, forming into an enormous chopping sword of frozen ice. This was like the blade of an executioner...but it only had a blade, without a handle. This enormous executioner’s blade of frozen ice instantly slashed through the skies, chopping straight towards Ji Ning.

Ning, currently using the [Obscuring Wind of the Nine Heavens], raised his head and saw the enormous executioner’s blade of ice crashing down upon him.

Cold!

He felt a heart-piercing cold. Even before the executioner’s blade had fallen upon him, Ning felt a cold pain, misery, and fear fill his heart as he stared at it. This was a sort of fear and pain that one would naturally feel upon seeing that executioner’s blade.

“What a bizarre blade.” Ning felt that something was off. He immediately let out an angry roar: “F*CK OFF!”

Two of Ning’s massive hands punched straight upwards, looking like Pangu pushing up the heavens. 1

The enormous freezing executioner’s blade came crashing down!

BANG!!!

The executioner’s blade collided head-on with Ning’s twin hands!

Ning was blasted downwards by the power of the blow, like a meteor sinking into the ground. Ning had never before suffered an attack of such terrifying power. Even back in the Eastwoods mountain range, he had never received such a disastrously mighty chop.

“What? He didn’t die?” Patriarch Infatuation could hardly believe it. This technique of his, which he had used to roam and dominate the Three Realms, had been unable to kill Ji Ning? This blow was so powerful that even some Heaven-ranked magic treasures would be instantly blown apart.

“There’s no way a protective item could last for so long. Could it be that he’s using his body to block?”

“The [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]!!!” Patriarch Infatuation was suddenly shocked as he thought of this possibility.

Moments later, he became certain that this was correct; there was a very high chance that Ning had trained in the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]! This was because after Ning had suffered the first assassination attempt from Bloodcloud Hall, Bloodcloud Hall had actually dared to increase the price to an exponential level; this indicated that Ning probably wasn’t just relying on a protective treasure. Only the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] made sense.

“So what if he has the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]? He’s still only at the Void level; he won’t be able to escape from the combined attacks of us four Celestial Immortals.” Patriarch Infatuation instantly sent mentally to the other three, “It is very likely that this Ji Ning has trained in the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]. Deadwood, focus on binding him. Goldclock, draw him into your golden greatclock and keep him suppressed within it.”

“Alright.”

“Alright.”

.....

Ning was sent slamming downwards from the force of that frozen executioner’s blade. Rustle rustle rustle...instantly, the enormous rattan vines came twirling towards him.

“Not good.” The power of that chop had been simply too great; he was about to be trapped and entangled by those thick rattan vines. Ning gritted his teeth.

BOOM!

As Ning landed, his body suddenly separated into two as it was instantly torn apart, diving into two separate bodies. The two Nings slammed their palms into each other, and with a massive boom, borrowed from the momentum of the blow to send each other flying away at high speed, avoiding the many tendrils that were coiling towards them from below.

“He split his body?”

“He’s looking to die.”

Patriarch Deadwood let out a cold laugh.

Although this instantaneous creation of a clone had seemingly allowed him to dodge that trap, both of the clone bodies would now be much weaker; after all, each of the two bodies would only possess half of the soul that had been infused into every cell of the original body, and so the power of any sword-arts would also be dramatically lowered. Even the intricacy and effect of the [Obscuring Wind of the Nine Heavens] would be lowered! These were all weaknesses.

And once one of the clones was destroyed, the divine power within that particular clone would be completely used up.

BOOM! One of the Nings suddenly blew up.

The power of the other fleeing Ning instantly skyrocketed. A large amount of divine power was returning to him, and his divine soul was rapidly healing as well. Fiendgod Body Refiners...so long as their divine power was not used up, they could regenerate from as little as a single drop of blood.

“Quite decisive.” Patriarch Infatuation, standing atop his tower of frozen ice within his miniature ice realm, let out a cold laugh. “Let’s see how many times you can self-detonate.”

He pointed once more.

Instantly, that enormous frozen executioner’s blade once more swung over, quickly arriving in the air above Ning.

Ning gritted his teeth.

What was he to do?

Earlier, he had instantly split his body into two clones, then self-detonated one to recover part of his divine power...but this still used up a lot of divine power. That single self-detonation had already consumed twenty or thirty percent of Ning’s total power. This was a far faster rate of depletion than when he had been fighting; after three or four more self-detonations, he would be finished.

“What should I do?” Ning began to grow nervous. Hide within his mobile Immortal estate and use a Greater Teleportation Dao-seal to escape?

This was a seemingly good solution, but it was dangerous as well. Would his mobile Immortal estate be able to withstand the attacks of Celestial Immortal Infatuation and the other three?

Although his mobile Immortal estate was described as an ‘Immortal estate’, it wasn’t actually an Immortal-ranked magic treasure; if it had been, Ning wouldn’t have been able to bind it in the past! Treasures of this sort were mobile but did not possess significant defensive power. This one was roughly on par with Heaven-ranked magic treasures. Against Bloodcloud Hall’s Ba-Serpent, Ning had felt that it should be able to resist for a short period of time.

But in the face of the far more powerful Celestial Immortal Infatuation, who was being aided by three more Celestial Immortals...it might instantly be blasted apart.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 14: A Feud As Fathomless as a Sea of Blood

A spatial ripple suddenly appeared in the skies above the desolate plains. Two figures emerged from the spatial ripple; a staff-wielding Celestial Immortal Hunchmont, and a black-robed, black-haired Immortal Diancai.

“It’s up ahead.”

“But there’s a formation covering that area.”

Celestial Immortal Hunchmont and Immortal Diancai immediately released their coresense, using it to cover an area of tens of thousands of kilometers; they were naturally able to discover that large formation. The formations which the four Celestial Immortals of the Youngflame clan had set up here weren’t meant to be used to guard their headquarters; naturally, they wouldn’t pay too high of a price for them. These formations were merely meant for trapping enemies by mystifying them, barring spatial ripples, and causing enemies to be unable to use void blink techniques to escape; they were unable to completely block out the coresense of a determined Celestial Immortal.

“Ji Ning!” Both were shocked by what their coresense found.

They saw Ning, with three heads and six arms, suffering repeated attacks from four mighty Celestial Immortals within that grand formation.

Patriarch Arcanum used the Starlight Revolution to negatively impact Ning’s movements time and time again.

Patriarch Goldclock was using his top-grade Pure Yang greatclock in an attempt to trap and suppress Ning within it.

Patriarch Infatuation was continuing to unleash the full power of his miniature frozen world with every blow, beating Ning senseless and giving him no chance to fight back at all; he was a truly supreme Celestial Immortal.

Patriarch Deadwood was controlling countless tendrils and vines in an attempt to bind and constrict Ning.

Although he had the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], Ning was being forced to rely on body-separation, followed by self-detonation, something which he wouldn’t be able to sustain for very long.

“Hurry up and break the formation.” Celestial Immortal Hunchmont was shocked and worried. “Diancai, this great formation is mainly focused inwards and doesn’t have much resistance to outside attacks. If the two of us join together, we can break it open through raw force.”

“Alright.” Immortal Diancai was frantic as well.

“Let’s go.”

Immortal Diancai pointed from far away. Instantly, five Immortal swords appeared out of nowhere, instantly piercing through the skies, transforming into five dazzling rainbows of light. Every single sword manifested the illusion of a giant mountain...and moments later, the five illusory mountains actually joined together, transforming into a single enormous mountain with five peaks! These five peaks were like five fingers of different colors that carried the intent of utter extermination.

Five Elements Sword – Minor Five Elements Extermination!

“Mountainshift!” Celestial Immortal Hunchmont released a low growl as well. A total of nine massive seals appeared out of nowhere, each of which flew out at high speed and transformed into a massive mountain. These nine massive mountains were different in appearance, with some being towering,

some being squat, and some being sharp. They were completely different from Immortal Diancai's swords, as they were not illusory; rather, they were nine true mountain peaks.

In addition, around the nine true mountains, a host of illusory mountains could be seen as well. A total of eighty-one such illusory mountain peaks appeared..

It was like an entire mountain range was crashing down!

The reason why Celestial Immortal Hunchmont's nickname was 'Hunchmont' was precisely because he relied on this supreme ability of his, the [Mountainbringer] technique.

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The illusory five-peaked mountain of sword-light radiated an aura of extermination, while the nine true mountain peaks carried eighty-one illusory mountain peaks with them as they came crashing down with raw force.

The two joined together...and the formation flags which the Celestial Immortals had spread throughout the region were instantly shattered apart. Even the desolate plains themselves had massive, jagged scars blasted into them.

Both figures were extraordinary in their power.

Immortal Diancai had become a Celestial Immortal after undergoing six nine-sets of thunder tribulation; his sword-art, the 'Minor Five Elements Extermination', was on a level that was even higher than Ning's own sword-arts! In addition, he was using five top-grade Immortal-ranked flying swords to execute his technique. Ning's fourth stage of his [Greater Thousand Swords Formation] was probably roughly on par with his master's techniques in terms of sword-arts, but Immortal Diancai was now a Celestial Immortal...naturally, his power was much greater, due to the fact that he was using Celestial Immortal-level power.

As for Celestial Immortal Hunchmont, he was also on the same level as Patriarch Deadwood and Patriarch Goldclock; he, too, was more powerful than Ning.

And the two of them had just joined forces!

Naturally, they were able to completely smash apart that grand formation.

"Not good."

"Our formation's been destroyed."

"The newcomers are Hunchmont of the Northmont clan and Immortal Diancai of the Black-White College," Patriarch Arcanum sent frantically.

"Infatuation, what should we do now?" Patriarch Goldclock sent a frantic mental message as well.

"Damn!" Patriarch Infatuation had an ugly look on his face. He stared at the distant Ji Ning, who was frantically dodging past the many tendrils in an attempt to buy as much time as possible. What he saw made him feel all the more unwilling to give up; although Ji Ning had trained in the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], his foundation was far too weak. Patriarch Infatuation was now certain that if the four of them

were given just a bit more time, they would be able to suppress and trap Ji Ning within the divine greatclock!

Once trapped and suppressed within that top-grade Pure Yang treasure, even True Immortals or Empyrean Gods would be unable to escape, to say nothing of Ji Ning.

But of course...a True Immortal or Empyrean God wouldn't be so stupid as to let themselves be trapped within.

Rumble...

The five-peaked mountain of sword-light carried an incomparably fierce aura.

The nine true mountains carried a host of illusory mountains as they came crashing forward.

There was nothing to stop them.

"Damn, damn, DAMN!!!" Patriarch Infatuation was both frantic and enraged; they were so very close to victory! However, he knew that the appearance of Celestial Immortal Hunchmont and Immortal Diancai meant that they were now unable to suppress Ji Ning. After all, Ji Ning had trained in the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]; they were unable to kill him, and would only be able to suppress and trap him.

They no longer had the time necessary to do that.

"Leave!" Patriarch Infatuation sent with an angry roar. "Let's leave."

"Damnit." Patriarch Goldclock and Patriarch Deadwood felt similarly unwilling to just give up like this.

"If we had just a few extra moments, Ji Ning would've been finished." Patriarch Arcanum was unbelievably frustrated as well.

"Celestial Immortal Infatuation, this is my territory, Stillwater Commandery. By doing this, your Youngflame clan is truly showing no regard for our Northmont clan." A sonorous voice, backed by Celestial Immortal-level power, instantly shook every single inch of the surrounding area. The elderly staff-wielding hunch back and the black-robed, black-haired man had already begun moving towards them, side-by-side.

"Hmph." The four Celestial Immortals of the Youngflame clan couldn't even be bothered to talk to them; they each retreated at high speed, disappearing into the distant horizons.

They made quite a clean getaway.

"Ji Ning." Celestial Immortal Hunchmont and Immortal Diancai flew over to him.

"Senior Hunchmont. Master." Ning went over to welcome them.

"What happened? Four Celestial Immortals of the Youngflame clan joined forces to attack you?" Immortal Diancai was incomparably worried, while the nearby Celestial Immortal Hunchmont was secretly shocked as well. All four of the Celestial Immortals were exceedingly powerful; logically speaking, a slightly weaker Celestial Immortal should've been instantly killed! Ji Ning, however, had been able to hold on until their arrival.

“They have been looking to get rid of me for some time now. This time, they set up a trap here at my junior apprentice-brother Mu Northson’s place, waiting for me.” Ning’s heart was filled with guilt.

Junior apprentice-brother...

The thing most important to his junior apprentice-brother, the soul of his Dao-companion, had been destroyed. Ning didn’t know what his junior apprentice-brother was currently thinking right now; his junior apprentice-brother had completely been collateral damage in this attempt to kill Ning.

“If I had known this would happen, when he refused, I would’ve forcibly abducted him to Swallow Mountain.” Ning was filled with endless regret. Because his junior apprentice-brother was filled with longing and love for this place, he was unwilling to listen to Ning’s suggestions, no matter what Ning said. In addition, since Ning felt that nobody would know that Northson had returned to this place, and given that Northson also had the Winged Immortal golem, he didn’t force his junior apprentice-brother to go back with him.

“My junior apprentice-brother literally just returned. How did the Youngflame clan find out?” Ning mused to himself.

“Ji Ning, you spoke of a junior apprentice-brother?” Immortal Diancai hurriedly asked.

“Yes. Mu Northson.” Ning nodded.

“You found him?” Immortal Diancai was shocked.

“I found him. Let’s go back first; let’s not stay here.” Ning glanced at the surrounding area; even the wooden house which his junior apprentice-brother had built had been utterly annihilated by this battle. That earlier battle had simply been too frenzied.

Ning, Immortal Diancai, and Celestial Immortal Hunchmont first returned to Stillwater City. After discussing a few affairs in detail, even Immortal Diancai agreed, “Based on what you said, Bloodcloud Hall’s attempted assassination of you was very likely done at the request of the Youngflame clan. Now that they have personally attempted to remove you...they probably won’t let matters rest like this.”

“Agreed. Ji Ning, given your current level of power, you aren’t able to withstand the Youngflame clan yet. You have to keep waiting and enduring it. After you become a Celestial Immortal, your chances will be much greater,” Celestial Immortal Hunchmont urged as well.

Ning was filled with regret and hate.

Wait and endure?

For how much longer was he supposed to wait and endure?

In the past, his mother had carried the burden of knowing who their mortal enemy was by herself; she had been unwilling to tell him that their enemy was the Youngflame clan, precisely because in her eyes, her son was more important than vengeance. In addition, she was afraid; the Youngflame clan was truly far too powerful. She didn’t even dare imagine her son fighting against an ancient clan like this, one of the top ten clans of the entire world of the Grand Xia.

When the Youngflame clan had been frantically searching for him, and even trapping the Ji clan within Swallow Mountain, Ning had been forced to endure and bide his time!

When they had attempted to assassinate him within the imperial capital of the Grand Xia, Ning had still waited and endured!

He had never taken any reprisal actions against them.

In fact, even upon his return from Mount Innerheart, Ning had continued to wait and bide his time...because he didn't feel any confidence at all in his ability to deal with the Youngflame clan. The Northmont clan of Stillwater was already so incredibly powerful; what then of the Youngflame clan? The four Celestial Immortals that had appeared today were already incredibly terrifying...and this was probably not the full power the Youngflame clan could bring to bear.

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Swallow Mountain.

Only after returning to Swallow Mountain did Ning release his junior apprentice-brother.

"Youngflame clan...Youngflame clan...Youngflame clan..."

Within a house, a series of agonized, maddened growls could be heard. The nearby servants and maids who heard the voice felt their hearts shudder. A grand formation had long ago been set up around this house, causing Northson to be completely unable to escape.

Ning stood there on the hallway, listening to the heart-rending growls.

He walked through the grand formation. He walked to the room. He pushed the door open. He entered.

Within the room.

Mu Northson was sitting on his knees like a madman, his hair tousled and even whiter than before. He raised his head to look towards Ning.

"Senior apprentice-brother." Northson's face was twisted with agony. His eyes were blood-red, and he said in hoarsely, "I will take revenge. I will take revenge! I will kill the Youngflame clan. Kill them. Kill them all. They took everything from me. I'm going to take everything from them. Annihilate them. Senior apprentice-brother, let me out!"

"This was all my fault." Ning walked to his junior apprentice-brother's side, then knelt down as well, taking his junior apprentice-brother's hand into his own.

His junior apprentice-brother's hand was trembling nonstop.

Ning was filled with tremendous guilt.

This was all purely because of the feud between him and the Youngflame clan. His junior apprentice-brother had ended up being dragged into it.

“It isn’t your fault, senior apprentice-brother. It was the Youngflame clan,” Northson said hoarsely. “I will take revenge. Kill them. The more I kill, the better. Senior apprentice-brother, why don’t you let me out? Why?”

“Wait. Wait a few more days,” Ning said in a low voice.

“I need to keep waiting?” Northson’s eyes were filled with madness.

“Junior apprentice-brother, do you think I don’t want to wipe out the Youngflame clan?” Ning’s entire body began to tremble slightly as well. “I’ve been biding my time for so many years. I want to take revenge very badly...and not just for myself. This is for my mother...my uncle...my cousin...this is for all of them. I tell you this – Wait a few more days. Once my preparations are complete, I will definitely assault the Youngflame clan’s headquarters.”

“Wait how long?” Northson stared at Ning.

“Soon. Very soon,” Ning said consolingly.

Suddenly, Ning rose to his feet. Turning his head, he stared towards the south. His gaze seemed to pass through the walls of space and penetrate to the imperial capital of the Grand Xia. In this moment, within the imperial palace of the imperial capital, the silver-haired Skyfox had just shattered the talisman which Ning had given him.

Northson, noticing that Ning had suddenly risen to his feet, couldn’t help but turn his head to look at him.

“...Our chance just arrived,” Ning said softly. “I’ll go on a trip to the imperial capital of the Grand Xia first. After that...it will be time for the Youngflame clan to pay their blood debt to us.”

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 15: Exalted Immortal Blackheaven

“Pay their blood debt to us?” Mu Northson was startled, but then he frantically rose to his feet. “Senior apprentice-brother, this is my personal feud; even if I die, it doesn’t matter. But you...”

“No need to say another word.”

Ning shook his head, his gaze distant. “I’ve been wanting to fight with the Youngflame clan for quite some time now, but I’ve been biding my time and just enduring it for many years...it’s time to resolve this matter.”

“Senior apprentice-brother...” Northson was both frantic and worried. Although his heart was now filled with boundless hatred, he knew exactly how powerful the Youngflame clan was; from their battle against those four Celestial Immortals, Northson learned that there was still a significant difference in power between his senior apprentice-brother and the Youngflame clan. Thus, he didn’t wish for Ning to put himself in mortal danger!

“Wait here for me.” Turning his head, Ning strode out from the room.

Ning’s figure quickly disappeared outside the formation. No matter how frantic Northson was, there was nothing he could do.

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“Uncle White.” Ning walked to one of the beaches of Brightheart Island, where he saw a Whitewater Hound lying on the ground, staring at the lake.

“Ning, son.” The Whitewater Hound rose to its feet. “The treasures have arrived?”

“Yes,” Ning said softly. “It’s time to go to the imperial capital of the Grand Xia.”

A hint of a desire to kill appeared in the Whitewater Hound’s eyes as well, a killing intent aimed towards the Youngflame clan. In his heart, he viewed Ji Ning as his nephew. He knew that the Youngflame clan had tried repeatedly to kill Ning...how could he not be angered by this?

“Let’s go.”

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Ning and the Whitewater Hound soared into the heavens. Moments later, they used a void blink to quickly depart from Swallow Mountain.

The imperial capital of the Grand Xia. Heavenly Treasures Mountain.

Ning and the Whitewater Hound descended straight downwards from the skies.

“Ji Ning!” A voice echoed in their ears. Ning turned to look towards a particular residence within the main Heavenly Treasures Mountain, where he saw a silver-haired man. Ning and Uncle White immediately flew towards that residence.

“Senior Skyfox.” Ning walked over.

“Sit,” Skyfox said with a laugh.

Ning immediately sat down, while the Whitewater Hound lay down next to a flower basin within the courtyard.

“Ji Ning, you came quite fast,” Skyfox said with a laugh.

“The treasures are important,” Ning said.

Skyfox said with a loud laugh, “Don’t worry, all of the Five Elements treasures that you wanted have been assembled. Might I ask if you have prepared a high-grade Pure Yang treasure or an equivalent amount of other treasures?” As he spoke, Skyfox waved his hand. Instantly, a large number of enormous golden rocks appeared out of thin air, each of which was incomparably slick and glistening and radiated powerful auras of water. They were also slips of bamboo that were completely formed from jade, fist-sized drops of water, fiery flows of lava, and giant black chunks of a mysterious earthen material.

“Mmm.” Ning was instantly overjoyed upon seeing these things.

“The Xia Emperor truly is a trustworthy man.” Ning waved his hand. Instantly, Immortal swords radiating freezing auras or scorching auras suddenly appeared; these were the Sole-Ki Frost Swords and the Qiangang Inferno Swords.

Skyfox’s eyes lit up when he saw them.

“There are a total of forty-nine Sole-Ki Frost Swords and forty-nine Qiangang Inferno Swords,” Ning said. “They should be comparable to one high-grade Pure Yang treasure, yes?”

“Yes.” Skyfox laughed, then let out a sigh of praise. “Ji Ning, you truly do engage in business with style. These ninety-eight Immortal swords are indeed sufficient.”

Based on how treasures were valued, a single top-grade Pure Yang treasure was comparable to a thousand top-grade Immortal-ranked treasures. This was a rough equivalency, not an absolute one! After all, there were differences amongst top-grade Pure Yang treasures as well.

As for high-grade Pure Yang treasures, they were generally comparable to one or two hundred top-grade Immortal-ranked treasures.

The forty-nine Sole-Ki Frost Swords and forty-nine Qiangang Inferno Swords which Ning had brought out were a set that came from the same source! They were thus more valuable than a miscellaneous collection of top-grade Immortal-ranked flying swords, and so a total of ninety-eight of them was indeed enough.

As far as Ning was concerned, he had a thousand of these Immortal swords, while he could only use 729 of them at most. The other two hundred-plus were extras.

“Go ahead and inspect them.” Ning waved his hand, and the flying swords all moved towards Skyfox.

Skyfox immediately used his Celestial Immortal power to investigate them. “Yes, they are all excellent top-grade Immortal-ranked flying swords. Ji Ning, these Five Elements treasures are yours.” The many Five Elements treasures in midair all flew towards Ning, and Ning accepted with a wave of his hand.

Their trade had been completed!

“Ji Ning, if there is anything else you need, feel free to come find me.” Skyfox was in an extremely good mood. It must be understood that the Grand Xia’s control over this world wasn’t very stable right now, while those Five Elements treasures would need time to be refined into magic treasures; it was a fine trade for him to immediately acquire such excellent magic treasures for them.

“In the next two days, I think I will make some more requests of you, senior Skyfox,” Ning said. “However...this isn’t the time just yet.”

Skyfox was intrigued. He nodded lightly.

He then departed from the residence, but also instructed his attendant to wait here and obey Ning’s orders.

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The black-robed Ning and a white-robed, white-haired man were seated facing each other.

“Let’s drink some wine,” the black-robed Ning said with a smile.

“Alright.” Uncle White was puzzled. Why had Ning suddenly released his Primaltwin? What was his true body doing?

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The distant western seas, atop the secret island where the Seamless Gate's forces had been stationed.

"How useless." Violetgrass was seated atop her royal throne, a hint of anger gathering in her brows.

"The exalted Youngflame clan was unable to kill a puny Ji Ning, even when he was completely unprepared. They truly have disappointed me. It seems our Seamless Gate will have to handle this ourselves."

"Milord, let us attack Ji Ning; he'll definitely perish."

"At most, we'll have to spend a bit of effort on it."

"Milord, no need to be angry."

The golden-robed Celestial Immortals before the throne were all eating, drinking, and laughing.

The maiden frowned. "It will indeed require a bit of effort. We'll have to ask that old geezer to help out."

Ji Ning had the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] protecting his body; her subordinates alone might be able to kill him, but it would still involve an element of risk! For example, the four mighty Celestial Immortals of the Youngflame clan hadn't been able to kill him within an extremely short amount of time, resulting in his helpers arriving to rescue him! By this same principle...although her subordinate Celestial Immortals were definitely strong enough to completely dominate Ji Ning, they wouldn't be able to break through the protection of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]."

"Exalted Immortal Blackheaven is arriving." Suddenly, a figure appeared within the palace; it was a black-robed servant, who hurriedly said with respect, "Exalted Immortal Blackheaven has already left the Mount Stele major world and has gone to the Fifth World. He'll arrive shortly."

"That old geezer is arriving?" The maiden frowned.

All of the ten-plus golden-robed Celestial Immortals below her, however, all hurriedly rose to their feet. Celestial Immortal Blackheaven's fame was widespread; although they were all Celestial Immortals, in the face of Celestial Immortal Blackheaven, they still felt a hint of nervousness.

This was because...

Celestial Immortal Blackheaven was an old freak that had power that was almost comparable to that of a Pure Yang True Immortal! He was one of the absolute most supreme of Celestial Immortals.

"Ahahaha, little baby girl Violetgrass." After a spatial ripple, a loud laugh could be heard that echoed throughout the palace.

"Old bastard." The maiden pursed her lips.

A figure walked into the palace. He looked like a middle-aged man with long, unbound hair. He walked in barefoot, looking rather unkept and dissolute.

"Exalted Immortal Blackheaven."

"Lord Blackheaven."

"Milord."

The other golden-robed Celestial Immortals all hurriedly called out to him.

Exalted Immortal Blackheaven was someone which even the Gatemaster of the Seamless Gate had to give some face to. He was quite famous within the Three Realms. In terms of raw power in a frontal assault, he wasn't that formidable; at most, he was on the level of Celestial Immortal Infatuation. But he simply was a master of far too many strange, unorthodox techniques.

Fleeing techniques? Trapping techniques? Poison techniques? He had far too many techniques at his disposal; even True Immortals or Empyrean Gods would be miserable facing him! He was considered something of a legend in the Three Realms.

"Little baby girl Violetgrass, I didn't expect that you would end up begging for my help." Exalted Immortal Blackheaven said smugly, "Ahaha, when I first saw you, you were a little baby girl...and now, you have made something of yourself."

"You owe me, you old bastard." The maiden frowned.

"Haha, yes...in the past, I did indeed promise to fulfill three requests of yours. You've used up one of them; this will be the second one." Celestial Immortal Blackheaven laughed. "Speak! What do you want me to do?"

The maiden waved her hand, and a book appeared within it. She tossed it straight to the distant Celestial Immortal Blackheaven, who accepted it, read it, then frowned. "Ji Ning?"

"Within this book are all the intelligence reports we have gathered regarding this Ji Ning. Without question, he is not on our side; if he's given time to grow and develop, he'll probably end up being trouble for us. Thus, it's best to get rid of him early on. The Gatemaster has instructed me to handle it, but I want to ensure that things will go exactly as planned, which is why I've asked you to help," the maiden said.

"The [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]?" After reading through the intelligence reports, Celestial Immortal Blackheaven's eyes bulged out a bit. He then raised his head and said unhappily, "Little baby girl Violetgrass, this is a practitioner of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]; the only powers in the Three Realms who can teach and transmit the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] are those Daofathers. Those who have this art can be counted on two hands, and each of them are utterly terrifying. This Ji Ning's master is most likely one of them, and could crush me with a single finger."

"What are you afraid of? You think his master would dare intervene?" Violetgrass was disdainful.

"Maybe..." Celestial Immortal Blackheaven shook his head. "Too dangerous. This is too dangerous."

"You old bastard!" The maiden said angrily. She knew this Celestial Immortal Blackheaven quite well; after all, she had followed the Gatemaster and Celestial Immortal Blackheaven when she was very young. Celestial Immortal Blackheaven was legendary for his cowardice and caution, as well as being skilled in unorthodox abilities.

"Fine." Celestial Immortal Blackheaven said resignedly, "Perhaps the chances of his master intervening are indeed remote...since it is for you, I'll let one of my clones go deal with Ji Ning."

"A clone?" The maiden stared.

“Don’t worry. I’ll let my clone carry my ‘Polaris Godlocking Circlet’; once it emerges, he will definitely be locked in place by it, without any chance to resist.” Celestial Immortal Blackheaven chortled, “In the blink of an eye, I’ll have captured him. I’ll take him away and let you decide how to handle him.”

The maiden said, puzzled, “Polaris Godlocking Circlet’? What type of a treasure is that? Why haven’t I heard of it?”

“I have rarely fought others, from the Primordial Era to the present era. How much do you think you know? If it wasn’t for the fact that the Three Realms are about to be swept into a storm, I wouldn’t be willing to use any of these treasures of mine.” Celestial Immortal Blackheaven said loudly, “Alright, tell me...where is this Ji Ning? Tell me, and I’ll go collect him.”

The maiden, upon hearing this, laughed. “Our most recent intelligence places him at the imperial capital of the Grand Xia.”

“The imperial capital of the Grand Xia?” Celestial Immortal Blackheaven frowned. “That’s not a place I can go to. The Xia Emperor isn’t easy to deal with. After he leaves the imperial capital, I’ll make my move.”

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 16: The Fourth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand]

“Fine. As soon as Ji Ning leaves the imperial capital of the Grand Xia, I will immediately notify you.” The maiden nodded.

Celestial Immortal Blackheaven chortled merrily and nodded. “Then before I deal with Ji Ning...come! Let’s have a nice chat and catch up with each other.”

The imperial capital of the Grand Xia.

The black-robed Ning was seated face to face with Uncle White, while his true body had entered the underwater estate.

The underwater estate. Within the Still Room.

Ning’s true body was seated atop the bed of netherwater jade. Surrounding him were a large amount of Five Elements treasures, ranging from a thousand kilograms to tens of thousands of kilograms in weight. All of them were circling around Ning.

Time flowed on.

Some of the ripples coming from the Five Elements treasures were growing progressively weaker as they quickly began to transform from spirit-items to useless items. One could watch as the pieces of gold-gems from the Heaven Realm began to visibly decay, becoming worthless rocks that were a dull white color. The flows of liquid lava, formingly agile and graceful, swirled in the air, but were quickly being transformed into acidic water.

Ning’s twin hands were glowing with five colors of light. They were skyrocketing in power as they ravenously consumed the Five Elements essence from those spirit-treasures.

This continued for twelve full hours.

The surrounding area was now littered with floating bits of shattered rocks, rock-like strips of bamboo, ordinary and rather disgusting acidic water, as well as a large amount of random dirt.

“Whew.” Ning exhaled, lowering his head to look at his two hands. His hands were glowing with a dull light, and the power within them was truly shocking.

“Success.”

“The Fourth Cycle of my [Starseizing Hand]!”

Ning’s eyes were blazing. However...he could sense that his current hands had reached an absolute limit in power. There would be no way for him to strengthen them any further for now. If he wanted to...he would have to get his hands to qualitatively evolve and transform to a completely new stage, one which required him to first break through to the Empyrean God level.

“The Fourth Cycle of the Starseizer. My twin hands are now comparable to supreme Pure Yang treasures. When using [Three Heads, Six Arms], I’ll have the equivalent of six supreme Pure Yang treasures at my disposal...” Ning could sense how powerful his palms had become.

This feeling of tremendous power really was wonderful.

Magic treasures were extremely important to an Immortal cultivator. Why was it that at the early Wanxiang stage, one would be able to completely dominate a peak Zifu Disciple? The Primal level, the Void level, the Celestial Immortal level...advancing through the major stages caused an enormous increase in power, partially because one’s own elemental ki would change, but also because one’s magic treasures would dramatically improve! Even if one’s insights into the Dao were comparable to one’s foes, there would still be a huge difference in power.

Wanxiang Adepts were able to use Earth-ranked treasures, Primal Daoists were able to use Heaven-ranked magic treasures, Void-level Earth Immortals were able to use Immortal-ranked magic treasures, and Celestial Immortals were able to use Pure Yang treasures.

Magic treasures advanced in power to a truly staggering degree.

For example, Ji Ning! In terms of insights into the Dao, he was actually comparable to Patriarch Goldclock. And thanks to his [Starseizing Hand] divine ability, Ning’s foundation was actually superior to Patriarch Goldclock’s.

Why, then, had he been beaten silly by Patriarch Goldclock, without having any chance to fight back at all?

Why was it that he was clearly weaker than Patriarch Goldclock?

Precisely because Patriarch Goldclock had a top-grade Pure Yang divine greatclock!

For another example, Patriarch Deadwood and Patriarch Goldclock. In terms of insights into the Dao, Patriarch Deadwood was considerably superior to Patriarch Goldclock, but Patriarch Goldclock’s power was comparable to Patriarch Deadwood’s. This was because his magic treasure made up for their disparity in power.

“In the Three Realms, there are some experts who primarily rely on their magic treasures to roam the realms.” Ning had read up on many commonly known facts while at Mount Innerheart, and had learned that some Celestial Immortals relied on extremely powerful Protocosmic spirit-treasures to roam the Three Realms. By relying on some especially unique ones, they might even be able to fight against True Immortals or Emphyrean Gods!

“My two palms have just skyrocketed in power, from being just barely at the Pure Yang level to the very pinnacle of the Pure Yang level! They are comparable to supreme middle-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures. My close combat power has most likely increased by an enormous amount as well.”

Ning knew very well that with his [Starseizing Hand] having advanced from the Third Cycle to the Fourth Cycle, the amount of physical strength he would be able to instantly unleash had just risen dramatically.

In addition...his palms were now comparable to supreme Pure Yang treasures (supreme middle-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures); they were now on par with the Rahu Bow.

With these two factors combined...Ning’s power had just skyrocketed up several levels! Patriarch Goldclock? Ning now held him in no regard at all.

“I am stronger than Patriarch Goldclock in every conceivable way now.” Ning walked down from the netherwater jade bed, allowing all of the rubbish hovering within the room to be reduced to dust by his sword-light.

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Ning’s true body emerged from the Still Room and went to the main hall of the underwater estate.

“Ji Ning.” The giant yellow bear had a smile on his face. “Mm...you’ve mastered the Fourth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand]. You can now be considered a decently strong figure of the Three Realms.”

Ning nodded.

Although the [Starseizing Hand] ‘merely’ had a total of six cycles, he had to reach the True God level before he could train in the Sixth Cycle, while the Fifth Cycle required that he become an Emphyrean God. To become a True God was simply far, far too difficult. True Gods were comparable to Daofathers in power, and so for the foreseeable future, Ning would probably only have a chance at mastering the Fifth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand].

The Fifth Cycle would render Ning’s palms as powerful as a supreme Protocosmic spirit-treasure. In the Three Realms, this was enough to render many True Immortals and Emphyrean Gods jealous of him.

In truth, the Fourth Cycle alone was enough to make Ning’s palms truly precious ‘items’. If someone were to kill Ning and hack off his palms, they would probably be used as magic treasures!

“All my power is thanks to the fact that Master Threelives was able to develop such an incredible divine ability,” Ning said.

“Since Master left his legacy behind, you are the first person to reach such a level of power. Don’t underestimate yourself.” The giant yellow power laughed. “Alright...your power has now increased dramatically. The ninth level of the Wargod Hall...you now have a 99% chance of overcoming it. Wish to give it a try?”

Ning was instantly delighted.

The giant yellow bear was modest of speech, and would generally give very conservative estimates; for even him to use the term '99%' meant that Ning's success was virtually assured.

"I'm now comparable to a supreme Celestial Immortal?" Ning said in surprise and delight.

"Void-level Fiendgods can be comparable to Celestial Immortals. Since your [Starseizing Hand] has reached the Fourth Cycle, you can now compare to the most supreme of Void-level Fiendgods." The giant yellow bear laughed, "This naturally means that you are now comparable to the most supreme of Celestial Immortals. Will you challenge the Wargod Hall or not?"

"Yes, of course." Ning nodded.

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The ninth level of the Wargod Hall.

This was a completely empty void. Ning suddenly appeared out of nowhere within it.

"This is...?" Ning glanced around himself.

Whoosh. From far away, a drop of golden blood suddenly manifested. This drop of golden blood quickly transformed into a Fiendgod that was wearing a set of golden armor. He was tall and muscular, with blood-red hair and a long black spear in his hands. His eyes were filled with an unearthly killing intent, one strong enough to cause Ning to feel startled.

Ning stared in amazement at the figure that had just appeared.

"So you are Ji Ning?" The red-haired Fiendgod actually revealed a smile, a very gentle and kindly smile, the smile a father would have when looking at his child.

"You are...?" Ning was rather flabbergasted.

Although he had always felt that the Wargod Hall was quite peculiar, and had discovered more and more oddities as he had progressed through its ranks, he had never come to truly understand the secrets behind it. This opponent which he was now encountering here on the ninth level...he was far more powerful than any of the previous figures Ning had encountered. That aura alone...Ning could sense that this person might even be comparable to his senior apprentice-brother Silvermoon.

"My name is Redsnow," the red-haired Fiendgod said with a smile.

"You are an Empyrean God?" Ning asked.

The red-haired Fiendgod laughed. "Good eye. I am indeed an Empyrean God, but this is just an extremely weak clone of mine, created through a single drop of blood."

Ning understood the profound mysteries behind the art of clones.

The more divine power one put into a clone, the more power the clone would have. For example, a clone that was created from a single hair would naturally be extremely weak. To a Fiendgod, blood was

still quite important. A clone created from the blood of an Empyrean God would most likely be at the Celestial Immortal level. As to how powerful it was, exactly? Hard to say.

“Senior Redsnow, how do you know that I am Ji Ning?” Ning asked. He found this quite peculiar.

“It was the big bear who told me,” the red-haired Fiendgod laughed. “The Godking finally has a successor. All of us have waited far, far too long.”

Ning’s heart shook.

Waited far too long?

“Come, Ji Ning. The Godking chose you as his successor. Let me see exactly how strong you are...and if you are qualified to have your position.” The long spear in the red-haired Fiendgod’s hand trembled.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 15: The Sword Eradicates Celestial Immortals Chapter 17: The Rahu Bow At Full Power

The red-haired Fiendgod’s power caused Ji Ning to feel shock. He was far too powerful! That long spear...it moved like a ghost or an illusion. No matter how he used his hands to attack, be it with sword-fingers or various sword-arts, the long spear was able to easily break through his techniques. While breaking through, the long spear would also strike out in pierces, thrusts, or sideways swipes!

In short...Ning was at a complete disadvantage!

The long spear moved like a dragon, danced like a spirit through water. It carried inconceivably profound mysteries with it, causing Ning to feel like nothing more than a punching bag.

“No more, no more!” The red-haired Fiendgod finally came to a halt. Shaking his head, he sighed. “I lost.”

“Senior Redsnow, you clearly are far more powerful than...” Halfway through his sentence, Ning suddenly understood.

It was most likely that his opponent’s divine power was almost exhausted!

“Each time your palm clashed against my long spear, the force of the collision consumed a large amount of my divine power.” The red-haired Fiendgod looked at Ning, then said with a sigh, “The [Starseizing Hand] divine ability truly is formidable. This clone of mine has far too little divine power...after clashing against your [Starseizing Hand] ten-plus times, the divine power has almost been used up.”

“If your true body was here, senior, you’d probably wipe me out in one blow,” Ning said. Although his body was extremely powerful, the red-haired Fiendgod’s spear-assaults were even more savage than the strikes of Celestial Immortal Infatuation of the Youngflame clan. Each time Ning’s hands clashed against the tip of the spear, he felt as though his hands were about to be pierced through. In truth...his skin was already covered with countless white spots! If the red-haired Fiendgod’s true body was present, he probably would’ve been able to completely destroy Ning’s physical body! Fortunately, Ning had just trained in the Fourth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand]; if it had been pre-breakthrough, he probably would’ve been too weak and the red-haired Fiendgod’s divine power would have lasted longer than Ning’s divine power, which would’ve been used up first.

Once his divine power was used up and he was unable to use his divine ability, Ning would end up losing!

“Losing is losing.” The red-haired Fiendgod smiled merrily as he looked at Ning. “I hear that you’ve trained for less than a century?”

“Yes.” Ning nodded.

In his heart, he was murmuring to himself. Why did the giant yellow bear tell this Empyrean God everything?

“Less than a century...your sword-arts are quite excellent,” the red-haired Fiendgod said in praise.

“Facing you, all I could do was rely on [Three Heads, Six Arms] to increase the size of my palms and use them to block your longspear like miniature bucklers.” Ning shook his head, quite ashamed. He had been forced to use his hands like bucklers, and yet they had been broken past repeatedly; the difference in power was simply too great.

“Haha. Even as far back as the Primordial Era, I had already mastered multiple Grand Daos, to say nothing of my current level. If your sword-arts weren’t so powerful, you probably wouldn’t have been able to deplete my divine power.” The red-haired Fiendgod let out a sigh. “Your sword-arts are quite well-suited for defense.”

Ning laughed. Of course! He had the most insights in the element of Water; ever since he was young, his sword-arts had focused on defense.

“Train hard and become an Empyrean God soon!” The red-haired Fiendgod laughed. “Otherwise...you won’t be able to get those fellows to be loyal and submit to you.” After saying these words, he completely disappeared, melting away into the void.

“Be loyal and submit?” Ning murmured these words to himself.

Ning left, returning to the main hall of the underwater estate.

“Congratulations on overcoming the ninth floor,” the giant yellow bear said, a merry smile on his face.

But Ning had a frown on his own face. “Empyrean God Redsnow. Who is he?”

The giant yellow bear was momentarily startled. He then said calmly, “He was an Empyrean God under Master’s command...but that’s nothing you need to ask about for now. You are still far too weak; even here, in the world of the Grand Xia, just a single one of the three thousand major worlds, you still have to tread carefully. You aren’t qualified to get involved with the major powers that exist within the Three Realms.”

“All I can tell you is this...the Three Realms aren’t as simple as you might believe them to be. Not even Patriarch Subhuti will tell you everything before you become truly powerful. For the weak, the less you know, the better. Too much knowledge will be the death of you. The abilities of the truly major powers of the Three Realms are beyond what you can imagine. Even Master...in the face of the storm that swept the Three Realms long ago, he was nothing special. Even Patriarch Subhuti, who was even more powerful than Master, was afraid to take part in that war. So...how much of a chance do you think you have?”

Ning said softly, "The destruction of Pangu's World...a major secret is concealed within it? Can it be that everything I learned was wrong?"

"What you and your friends know is merely what the Daofathers wish for you to know. Do not ask anything else; only after you become a True Immortal or an Empyrean God are you qualified to know. As for Celestial Immortals...major powers can kill countless Celestial Immortals with a wave of the hand," the giant yellow bear said.

"Do you wish to go to the Treasure Hall to choose a treasure? You aren't an Empyrean God yet; there's actually no point for you to choose a Pure Yang treasure, you know."

"I will. Of course I will!" Ning said hurriedly.

"Rahu Bow."

Ning sent out a spiritual call.

Whoosh.

A black-robed youth instantly appeared next to him.

"I'm about to procure a bowstring for you. Choose what type of bowstring you would like," Ning said.

"Ahahaha...you are finally going to get a new bowstring for me?" The black-robed youth was instantly delighted. He then turned his head to look towards the giant yellow bear. "Big bear, where's that scroll I wrote out earlier?"

"Here." The giant yellow bear waved his hand, and a scroll appeared out of nowhere, hovering in the air.

"Master, this scroll includes the three types of bowstrings that are the best suited for me. Of course...they aren't cheap. The three of them are of three different levels; naturally, the higher the level, the better," the black-robed youth said excitedly. "Godbows...the body of the bow and the string of the bow are two separate parts. For a Protocosmic spirit-treasure like myself, a powerful body is the most important part, while bowstrings are easier to create and procure. The most important quality is their tensile strength and ability to store power, allowing the maximum amount of power from the formations engraved into the body of the bow to flow through them."

Ning accepted the scroll. Opening it, he said in surprise, "All are fire-attribute bowstrings? But your body is water-attribute, right?"

"Fire and water, body and bowstring; that's what is necessary for the power to be tremendous. Can it be that you have forgotten that when you discovered me within the Crescent world, I used the power of heaven and earth to form arrows of flame? In addition, the two arrows that you discovered; weren't they also fire-attribute?" The black-robed youth said.

"Understood." Ning laughed, then nodded. "Don't worry; I'll definitely procure a superb bowstring for you."

The main headquarters of the Heavenly Treasures Mountain. High noon.

“Uncle White, have you prepared the list?” Ning looked towards the white-robed, white-haired man before him.

“I prepared it long ago. Since we are going to act against the Youngflame clan, we naturally need to spare no expense.” Uncle White handed Ning a leather scroll.

Ning lowered his head to read through it, nodding slightly.

To deal with the Youngflame clan...

Ning already had a plan for doing this. But of course, plans rarely survived contact with the enemy. Since he wasn't sure about the trump cards which the Youngflame clan had in their possession, Ning naturally had to make multiple levels of preparations.

“Ji Ning.” A voice rang out.

A silver-haired man, Skyfox, came walking in. Smiling, he said, “Do you have some more good news for me?”

“I do indeed,” Ning said with a laugh. “Let me show you a few things.”

Whoosh.

Ten globes suddenly appeared in the air around Ning. One of the globes was a watery green, while the other nine globes were a fiery red. Every single globe was emanating incomparably terrifying ripples of power.

“These are...” Skyfox's eyes turned round and huge. “Can these all be...”

“Sole-Ki Nine Element Pearls!” Ning nodded as he spoke.

Skyfox cleared his throat, glancing towards Ning in disbelief. These Sole-Ki Nine Element Pearls...they were a set of Pure Yang treasures that were quite famous, even back in Pangu's World. They could transform into nine entire worlds! When a pearl smashed into a foe, it was as though an entire world was smashing into that person. But of course, that was when these Pure Yang treasures were used to their maximum potential.

“I need a set of top-grade Immortal-ranked Fuxi Staff Formation staffs.”

“I need twenty top-grade Pure Yang spirit-pills, or an equivalent amount of low-grade Pure Yang spirit-pills.”

“This list has a bowstring on it, as well as some cheaper alternatives.”

“I also need the objects written on this leather scroll.”

Ning handed over two different leather scrolls.

Ning was unable to use Pure Yang treasures for now. By the time he was able to use them, his power would probably be far greater than his current level of power, and in addition, his palms were already comparable to supreme Pure Yang treasures. Thus...he naturally chose to sell off this treasure, so as to increase his power right away!

“Ji Ning, you really are...” Upon seeing the leather scrolls, Skyfox’s face turned ashen. “Your requests are too excessive.”

“If the Xia Emperor isn’t willing, I won’t force this trade,” Ning said. “I can go seek out my fellow senior disciples.”