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Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 18: Executing Youngflame Freak

This was a fairly small base, with just a single Celestial Immortal protecting it – Youngflame Freak. It was similar to the Myriad Demons Cavern base which Ning had rescued Mu Northson out of; that place also had just a single Celestial Immortal within it.

This was on purpose. The relative weakness of each base made it easier for them to relocate as necessary, without paying much of a price.

“Who is it?”

There were groups of roving guards within the base, as well as some black-robed figures in the distance. The black-robed figures all had auras at the Loose Immortal or Earth Immortal level. For ordinary Immortal cultivators, a place like this was an absolute devil’s den...but to Ji Ning, this place normally wouldn’t be worth his time at all.

His target was the guardian of this base...Youngflame Freak!

“An enemy has barged in!”

“Attack!”

“It’s a Celestial Immortal.”

“Surround and attack him!”

The base was tightly guarded, and as soon as Ning used a Greater Teleportation to bypass the formations, he was instantly discovered.

“Attack!” The group of black-robed figures instantly set up a great formation, beginning to attack Ning en masse. All of them were Loose Immortals, and some of them were comparable in power to Loose Immortals who had survived for a million years. If they joined forces, they were absolutely capable of battling a Celestial Immortal.

“Unfortunately for you, I’m not a Celestial Immortal,” Ning sighed to himself.

Whoosh. A giant flag appeared in Ning’s hands, brimming with menace. This flag was a transformation of one of the Thirty-Six Heavens created by the 3600 stargold beads. This Protocosmic spirit-treasure could change form at will, and it possessed tremendous power; Ning enjoyed using it very much.

“Attack!”

“Tie him down! Once Immortal Bloodfiend arrives, he’ll be dead!”

“Right. Immortal Bloodfiend is incredibly powerful; no ordinary Celestial Immortal can match him. Tie him down!” The black-robed figures were all valiant and fearless. They formed together into an enormous black dragon, attempting to tie Ning down for now.

Ning held up the giant flag, pointing the tip of the flagpole towards them.

“Such hollow, meaningless attacks.” Ning stood there in the air, moving lightning-fast as he charged into the base. The flag in his hands swept outwards like an Immortal sword, causing golden light to appear in the skies. As for the black-robed figures who were in formation? Every single one of their chests was pierced straight through.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

As Ning advanced, the flag in his hands stabbed through the chests of nine of the black-robed figures. They were crushed like ants, all nine of them dying on the spot. The great formation was instantly dispersed.

“Who dares to barge into the forbidden grounds?!” An ugly old man charged out with a hideous roar, surrounded by the stench of blood.

“Milord.”

“Milord.”

The surrounding guards felt as though their savior had come. They all called out hurriedly towards him. They had been utterly terrified just now; the only reason they had dared to battle Ning was because they had a formation, but even the formation was useless against him. Faced with such a supremely powerful ‘Celestial Immortal’, they no longer dared to fight back at all.

“Name yourself!” The ugly old man said coldly.

Ning stood there in midair, staring at the ugly old man. He recognized him as Youngflame Freak right away; he had personally seen Youngflame Freak before, after all. Ning laughed coldly, then said angrily, “The Seamless Gate killed my loved ones. Now that my power has increased, I’m going to wipe you all out! If I find one, I’ll kill one; if I find two, I’ll kill a pair. I’ll make the Seamless Gate regret what it did!”

“All by yourself?” The ugly old man snickered. “The Seamless Gate isn’t something the likes of you can offend. I urge you to leave right away. Otherwise...don’t blame me for showing no mercy.”

“Leave? In your dreams!” Ning charged straight towards Youngflame Freak.

In his heart, Youngflame Freak was cursing to himself. “What horrible luck. I actually ran into a madman who wants revenge. The Seamless Gate has harmed countless people throughout the Three Realms; there are far, far too many people with grudges against it. This is a Celestial Immortal who I’ve never even seen before. He must’ve been harmed by the Seamless Gate in the past. Now that he’s broken through to become a Celestial Immortal, he’s gone mad for revenge. There are so many bases in the Winterherald world...why the hell did he have to choose mine? What horrible luck!”

He felt extremely unhappy, but since his foe was already attacking, Youngflame Freak didn’t dare to take him lightly. He produced a blood-colored horsetail whisk in his hand, then swept the whisk forward, transforming it into three thousand blood serpents that surged towards Ning.

Whoosh! The giant flag in Ning’s hands fluttered. The flagpole was still merely as thick as a palm, but suddenly it expanded to become three thousand meters long. It struck out lightning-fast, stabbing straight into Youngflame Freak’s chest with a piercing sound! As for those three thousand blood serpents...how could they possibly stop the might of this ‘Banner of the Heavens’?

“You...you...” Youngflame Freak’s eyes bulged out as he stared towards Ning in disbelief. His heart was filled with utter rage. “He’s close to a Pure Yang True Immortal in power? He absolutely is extremely close to that level. Why is my luck so horrible! A random attacking Celestial Immortal ends up having close to the power of a Pure Yang True Immortal. His treasure is an extraordinary one as well; it has to be a Protocosmic spirit-treasure.”

“What horrible luck.”

“Thank goodness I have many other clones. He shouldn’t be able to find the place where my other clones are hidden.”

Youngflame Freak gave Ning a cold glare, then died.

“Milord!”

“Quick, flee!”

“His lordship is dead!”

Everyone began to panic.

The giant flag in Ning’s hands swept forward. Boom! The Flag of the Heavens contained a world within it, and he immediately dragged all of the servants of the Seamless Gate’s base inside that world. In fact, he even absorbed some of the local palaces and structures into the Flag of the Heavens.

Within the world inside the flag.

“What is this place?”

“Where are we?”

This was an empty world. The Immortal cultivators and Fiendgods of the Seamless Gate were all terrified.

Rumble...

Two vigorous streams of power surged through the skies, forming a pair of enormous millstones above and below them. These two giant millstones began to grind down towards the people between them!

As the spatial millstones began to crush down...

Splat! Splat! Splat!

The servants all perished. Even the Fiendgods were completely slain and destroyed...and one of the bracelets worn by one of the Fiendgods was completely smashed apart. That Fiendgod’s other treasures, however, were left unharmed.

“What’s going on?!”

One old man after another began to appear. Each of them had different appearances, but their auras were all identical to Youngflame Freak’s aura. There was a total of fourteen of them.

Youngflame Freak's fourteen clones stared at their surroundings. Instantly, the looks on their faces changed.

"My fourteen clones have been captured." Youngflame Freak instantly understood...then began to panic. "How is this possible? That Fiendgod was just an ordinary Fiendgod, and his bracelet was just an ordinary Heaven-ranked storage treasure. Generally speaking, powerful Immortals wouldn't deign to act against such puny Fiendgods. Even if they did, they wouldn't go so far as to destroy a Heaven-ranked treasure."

But of course, he had no idea...that Ning knew exactly where he was. Patriarch Subhuti had told Ning long ago. Thus, there was no chance for Youngflame Freak to escape at all.

Boom! The millstones once more came smashing down...and so the fourteen Celestial Immortal clones were all crushed within this supreme Protocosmic spirit-treasure. It must be understood that Ning was using his True Immortal energy in controlling these treasures; even Empyrean Gods and True Immortals would perish if they were trapped within this stargold bead, to say nothing of Youngflame Freak!

The internal crushing power of the Stargold Beads of the Heavens was no lower than the power of the Eight Fires Qiankun World. Most importantly of all, once you entered it, there was no way out. Empyrean Gods might be able to endure the crushing power for a period of time, but they wouldn't be able to endure it forever.

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The Winterherald world. Within Ironsoldier Hall, one of the three major headquarters of the Seamless Gate.

This was a massive, towering edifice that was completely built using enormous swords, sabers, staffs, and other weapons. It had the appearance of a countless number of weapons plunged deep into the earth, but in reality all of the 'weapons' were parts of a single titanic formation. They were shaped as weapons for cosmetic purposes only.

"Eh?"

"Immortal Bloodfiend suffered an attack."

Within the main hall of Ironsoldier Hall. This was a grand hall that was shaped like an enormous axe. A middle-aged man was solemnly staring at a midair mirror as two other Empyrean Gods and True Immortals hastened over.

"Immortal Bloodfiend suffered an attack. These are the scenes from just now. Take a look." The leader of Ironsoldier Hall, 'True Immortal Ironsoldier', spoke out. His power was significantly stronger than the power of the other two, so he naturally became the temporary leader of the group. However, each headquarters only had a total of three Empyrean Gods or True Immortals, and so there really wasn't much of a difference in status.

"Oh?" The other two consisted of a male golden-armored Empyrean God and a female pink-robed True Immortal. The two appeared to be quite intimate with each other; clearly, they were a couple. They were known as the 'Goldred Couple', and they had a bit of a reputation in the Three Realms. They were fairly average in terms of power, but had a bit of a reputation for a rather unsavory reason. Empyrean

God Goldspear had thousands of concubines, while True Immortal Redflower had more than ten thousand male lovers. The two of them really were a perfect pair for each other.

The Goldred Couple stared towards the midair mirror, which was replaying the scenes from earlier.

“The Seamless Gate killed my loved ones. Now that my power has increased, I’m going to wipe you all out! If I find one, I’ll kill one; if I find two, I’ll kill a pair. I’ll make the Seamless Gate regret what it did!” The mirror-Ning’s eyes were filled with madness...and then he immediately attacked Youngflame Freak.

It took only one stance...and Youngflame Freak was wiped out.

He then completely uprooted and destroyed the entire base.

“I’ve never seen this Celestial Immortal before, but he’s quite handsome.” True Immortal Redflower nibbled her lips, an interested look in her eyes.

“Yes, he’s new. He must’ve come out from some backwater place. Most likely, he just broke through from being a Void-level Earth Immortal...but for him to have such power means that he must’ve had some special encounters. That flagpole is particularly powerful; it may well be a Protocosmic spirit-treasure,” Emphyrean God Goldspear evaluated. “In short, this is just a person who deeply hates our Seamless Gate, and who was lucky enough to break through to become a Celestial Immortal. He doesn’t really matter. Immortal Bloodfiend can only curse his own terrible luck, for him to have been chosen by this Celestial Immortal.”

“He has close to the power of a Pure Yang True Immortal. Can’t be too overconfident in dealing with him,” True Immortal Ironsoldier said.

“Agreed. Want me to go capture him?” True Immortal Redflower had a greedy look in eyes. She stared at the image of Ning as though she wanted to devour him.

“He’s already left that base. For now, his whereabouts are unknown,” True Immortal Ironsoldier said. “If I use coresense to search for him, I’ll probably disturb the Winterherald Army! Let’s just watch for now. Now that we are on guard, if we notice this Celestial Immortal attacking any of our other bases...Goldspear, you are an Emphyrean God. Teleport straight to him and execute him.”

“It’ll only take me a single spear-strike to kill him.” Emphyrean God Goldspear laughed in a disdainful manner.

True Immortal Ironsoldier felt resigned. It was his bad luck to have been assigned into a team with these two. Still...this was what his superiors had arranged. There was nothing he could do.

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“How did you find me?!” Youngflame Freak stared in terror at the Celestial Immortal in front of him. Just now, his other fifteen clones had been slaughtered by this Celestial Immortal. He had a total of sixteen clones within this world, with only Immortal Bloodfiend being a public figure; the other fifteen had all been hidden. The fourteen hidden within the magic treasure were all dead...and now, even the last one had been located.”

“Youngflame Freak...you are the reason I am here.” A cold voice rang out.

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Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 19: Shocking the Three Realms

“Who...who are you?!” Youngflame Freak stared towards the man before him in disbelief.

“It seems you’ve offended many, many people. You aren’t even able to guess at who I am.” Ji Ning stood there, his face and his aura beginning to completely change back to normal. The reason why he had used the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] was so that he wouldn’t rattle the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Seamless Gate, giving him the chance to first execute the sixteen clones of Youngflame Freak!

If he hadn’t hidden his true identity and had gone straight for Youngflame Freak, the Seamless Gate would’ve grown cautious and their Empyrean Gods and True Immortals might have immediately slipped away. If he had gone for them first instead, the Daofathers behind the Seamless Alliance would’ve been alerted, at which point Ning wouldn’t have the time needed to deal with Youngflame Freak.

“Ji...Ji Ning?!” Youngflame Freak couldn’t believe it. He hurriedly said in terror, “Spare me, spare my life!”

He had a total of eighteen clones. Sixteen were hidden here, while the other two were in the Crimsonbright Realm.

The Zhuangu Realm was fairly safe, but the Seamless Gate had already lost the war for the Crimsonbright Realm. The two clones he had hidden there were in grave danger, but he didn’t dare disobey the Seamless Gate’s orders. As for creating new clones? It must be understood that every single clone of his was an extraordinary one, comparable to his ‘true body’. So long as one survived, he would remain alive.

But in turn, the creation of these clones required a very long period of time. The storm had already descended; he simply didn’t have enough time at all. Thus, once these sixteen were destroyed, only the final two would be remaining. If they died as well, then he would be truly dead.

“So long as you spare me, I can give all of the bugs that I’ve been raising to you. All of them!” Youngflame Freak said frantically. “And Protocosmic spirit-treasures; I can give them to you as well.”

“Just die.” Ning coldly stabbed out with the flagpole in his hands, and it pierced straight through Youngflame Freak’s chest. The difference in power between the two was simply too great; Youngflame Freak wasn’t able to resist at all.

“No!” Youngflame Freak was filled with terror and rage.

“When you die, your treasures will become mine regardless.” Ning casually ripped the flagpole out of Youngflame Freak’s body...and the soul in that body dispersed.

“Wiping out the sixteen clones of Youngflame Freak is just the appetizer. Soon, I will start preparing for the main course.” Ning’s gaze was cold as he turned to look at the other clones.

His true targets were the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals! They were what really mattered in this war for karmic luck. They were able to command armies of Immortals and Fiendgods, and were able to use incredibly powerful spells and magic treasures. Only when they were the commanders would the armies of Immortals and Fiendgods possess truly shocking levels of power. Without them at the head,

those armies would be much weaker. The Three Realms only had so many Empyrean Gods and True Immortals; every single loss would be noticed and felt by the Seamless Gate. If ten were to die...that would be more than enough to cause heartache for the Seamless Gate.

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The Starseizer world. A vast, desolate wilderness.

Ning appeared out of nowhere in midair.

“Respectful greetings to you, Manorlord.” An awe-inspiring sea of Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals all fell to their knees upon seeing Ning.

“Manorlord.” Empyrean God Redsnow and the rest of the seven all bowed as well.

The reason why Ning had sent Ninefangs back to the Starseizer world was naturally to have the people here get ready for battle. They had made their preparations for war long ago.

“My Starseizing Manor has been hidden for many years now. The Three Realms have long since forgotten our might and our name. As for you...you have lived here within the Starseizing world for countless years. Now...it is time for you to show the Three Realms your fangs!” Ning spoke in an icy voice as he stared at the horde of Immortals.

“Fight!”

“FIGHT!” A heaven-shaking roar rang out from the mouths of the countless Immortals. Their eyes were all blazing with eager fire. They had always known that the Three Realms were just outside, but never had the chance to actually go out. They had been sealed in here for far, far too long. The other Immortals of the Three Realms could rove about, making friends everywhere, but they had to stay here.

Now that Ji Ning had bound the Starseizing Manor, they could leave, yes...but this was a time of war. Which Celestial Immortal would dare to travel about by himself to visit friends? The entire Three Realms had been swept up into a storm of blood, and many of the Immortals had all gathered together into armies.

These Immortals had all been feeling very stifled. But now...they would have the chance to show their power in the Three Realms.

“Assemble the formation!” Ning ordered.

Instantly, with a series of rumbling sounds, the countless Immortals began to fly into the skies. In a very orderly manner, they began to surround the midair Ji Ning. A flood of natural energy surged towards them, quickly coalescing into the form of an enormous Fiendgod. The Starseizing world was a major world, after all, and the amount of natural energy it contained was extremely vast. It was extremely simple for a perfect Heaven Punisher to be formed.

Soon, a Heaven Punisher took shape, with a Seven Planets God next to it. Both were thirty thousand meters tall.

“Redsnow, you go to the second headquarters. I’ll go to the first one,” Ning said. “We’ll handle the third one together.”

“Alright.” The Seven Planets God nodded.

“Let’s go.”

Ning’s Heaven Punisher and the Seven Planets God simultaneously left the Starseizer world.

They were simply too fast. Both of them used a spatial teleport to move towards their destination.

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Ironsoldier Hall, one of the three headquarters.

“Come, drink.”

True Immortal Ironsoldier and the Goldred Couple were sipping wine and relaxing within a palace. There were maintaining a constant vigil, however; once they found that crazy Celestial Immortal, Emyrean God Goldspear would immediately attack.

“Come here, my pretty.” Goldspear pulled one of the dancing, singing women into his arms, and the woman laughed as she picked up a cup of wine. “Milord.”

“Come, let’s drink together.” Goldspear drank a cup, then lowered his mouth to kiss the woman, passing the wine into her mouth from his. As for his hands, both of them were already kneading and playing with the woman’s chest. The nearby female Immortal, Redflower, didn’t care at all....because she had two of her male playthings by her side, attending to her needs. Ironsoldier felt rather uncomfortable with this, but since he was a True Immortal, he was able to calmly ignore it all.

They had no idea that Ji Ning had already killed the sixteen clones of Venomflame Freak. Those fifteen hidden clones really had been hidden too well.

BOOM!

Suddenly, a massive explosion could be heard from outside. The entire Ironsoldier Hall shook violently, and even the palace itself was trembling. Winecups shattered and wine spilled everywhere as the dancers all cried out in shock.

“Not good.”

True Immortal Ironsoldier, Emyrean God Goldspear, and True Immortal Redflower all transformed into streaks of light, charging into the skies above the palace. But upon reaching the outside, they became dazed...because a massive, towering, thirty thousand meter Fiendgod had appeared before them. This Fiendgod had no head, was barefoot, and wielded a pair of massive swords in its hands. The formations in front of him were all gleaming with golden light, but they were all visibly shuddering as well.

“Xingtian the Heaven Punisher?”

“Look at the face on its chest; that’s Ji Ning! Sword Immortal Darknorth, Ji Ning!” The three of them were now stunned. Ji Ning had commanded a Heaven Punisher in the Crimsonbright Realmwar and displayed godlike valor; this story had long ago spread throughout the Three Realms. Ji Ning definitely stood at the very peak of power amongst the Emyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Three Realms.

Although the three of them had been assigned to the Zhuangxuan Realm, they had read very detailed intelligence reports regarding Ji Ning.

BOOM!

Ning's Heaven Punisher slashed out with the giant twinswords, and with a boom, the entire formation completely broke apart.

"What?! How can this be!"

"The formation was destroyed?"

All three of them felt terror in their hearts.

"Flee!"

The formation had been meant to protect their headquarters; it would be able to hold out for a period of time even if twenty Emyrean Gods and True Immortals jointly assaulted it. However, Ning's Heaven Punisher was far more powerful than twenty Emyrean Gods. It was at the Daofather level of power...and in truth, even a Daofather golem had been suppressed by Ning's might.

All Ning had been forced to do was deliver nine successive sword-blows in a short period of time and the formation was completely chopped apart. As soon as the three Seamless Gate experts had charged out and recognized Ning, Ning had finished the job and charged straight towards them.

"Run, run, RUN!" All three of them were completely terrified.

"TOO LATE!" A flood of sword-light swept towards them, many tens of thousands of meters in size, covering the skies and blotting out the sun. In fact, this strike was even more terrifying than the strikes Ning delivered during the Realmwar, because his sword-arts had clearly grown even more exquisite and even faster. The slowest of the three, True Immortal Redflower, saw the sword-light sweep past her body...and her body was instantly transformed into ash. The only thing left behind was the final echoes of an unwilling scream.

"No." True Immortal Ironsoldier hurriedly used an evasive technique, but how could he compare in speed to Ning's weapons? He was slain as well.

At such close range, and faced with such a fast attack...there was no time to use a spatial teleportation technique at all, much less use Greater Teleportation. As for hiding within an estate-treasure? The only result would be that Ning would collect it; it represented certain death. Thus, if they wanted to escape, their only chance lay in fleeing at high speed! When true experts of the Three Realms engaged in battle against each other, they would generally rely on their evasive techniques. Thus, everyone possessed some formidable evasive skills. If they didn't, possessing Protocosmic spirit-treasures that were highly suited for fleeing also worked.

The Xia Emperor, for example, had once commanded a lightship that allowed him to match the extremely fast speed of the Great Sage Who Swallows the Skies, of the three Diremonster Gods of Mount Dragoneater.

But alas, True Immortal Ironsoldier's evasive techniques were poor, and he didn't have any top-quality Protocosmic spirit-treasures meant for fleeing. Naturally...the only result was death.

“Spare me. Spare me!” Empyrean God Goldspear was utterly terrified. As he begged for mercy, he immediately transformed into nine clones that fled in nine different directions. Although every single clone was fairly weak, if he didn’t do this he wouldn’t have any chance to escape at all.

Rumble...

The sword-light spun around, causing the tens of thousands of meters around it to become a region of death.

All nine of Empyrean God Goldspear’s clones were slain!

Ning swept the area below with his gaze. Instantly, the world itself seemed to shatter as the terrifying, fleeing Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals were blown into dust.

“Next.” Ning’s Heaven Punisher turned and used a teleportation technique to head towards the third headquarters.

His own Realmwar had ended more than two years ago. Ning’s soul heartforce technique had made some further, minor improvements. Now...he was able to control a hundred percent of the perfect Heaven Punisher’s power! He was already very close to reaching maximum power in the past, and now that he had perfect control over it, no energy leaked out of it at all. Thus, he was now able to use the Heaven Punisher to teleport with him, as though it was part of him.

If he didn’t have full control over it, there would be no way to teleport with it. He’d have to rely on treasures like the Voidboat in order to travel.

But now...there was no need!

Sneak attacks had to be carried out quickly, with overwhelming force. Thus, Ning immediately used the Heaven Punisher upon attacking!

The first headquarters had been wiped out with incredible speed. The news of its destruction had yet to even reach the third headquarters before Ning arrived. The massive, towering Heaven Punisher stood barefoot upon the desolate wilderness. Raising its twin swords up high, it furiously chopped down upon the palace that was built atop the towering mountain peak. The light of a formation began to flicker and flash as three Empyrean Gods and True Immortals charged out from the palace.

“FLEE!” A voice rang out in the minds of the three.

“It’s the Daofather.” The three instantly understood. The Seamless Gate’s Daofather had finally noticed and was frantically trying to warn them...but alas, it was too late!

BOOOM!!

The formation collapsed. Ning’s overwhelming powerful Heaven Punisher, two giant swords in its hands, began its massacre of the three Seamless Gate experts. The Empyrean God managed to have one of his clones escape, but alas, the other seven clones he created were all destroyed, and the parts of his soul in them were obliterated. He had lost too much of his soul; the remnants of his soul in the seventh clone were unable to survive on their own, and so his soul shattered and he died.

This was a weakness of Empyrean Gods. Although their divine bodies were formidable, once you destroyed their souls, they would die. For example, when Ning acquired the Rahu Bow in the Crescent world, he had encountered the corpse of Empyrean God Qi. Although Qi's divine body was in perfect shape, his soul had been destroyed.

When one's soul suffered too much damage, the remaining parts would crumble as well.

"Ji Ning, I've wiped out the second headquarters. They almost managed to escape. You moved much faster than me." The space around Ning turned blurry for a moment as a voice rang out in his mind, then a towering, spear-wielding Fiendgod appeared. It was the Seven Planets God.

"Redsnow, let's go," Ning sent back.

As they spoke, a large boat that was three hundred meters long appeared. This was the Protocosmic spirit-treasure, the Voidboat. Ning currently had three top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures; this was one meant for escape.

Whoosh! Ning's Heaven Punisher and the Seven Planets God both flew into the Voidboat. Although the Voidboat looked like it was only three hundred meters long, it was like a tiny speck of sand that was capable of holding an entire world within it. It was actually extremely spacious inside; naturally, Ning's Heaven Punisher and the Seven Planets God were able to enter it.

Swish!

They tore a hole through space, and the Voidboat departed from the Winterherald world...heading towards a different majorworld of the Zhuanyu Realm.

Ning wasn't going to let up so easily!

Nine dead Empyrean Gods and True Immortals? Not enough!

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"What's going on?"

"What's this all about?"

The Winterherald Army on Winterherald planet had immediately noticed the ripples of power. Their Empyrean Gods and True Immortals were all gathered together, watching the scenes being displayed within the mirror. By the time they noticed it, however, Ning had already started to wipe out the third headquarters.

They saw a massive, nearly naked Fiendgod who was dressed only in a fur loincloth and who wielded two giant swords in his hands. The Fiendgod chopped down against the formations, then completely swept through the headquarters, not letting a single one of the three survive.

"Quick, look at the other two locations," an Empyrean God said.

The images in the mirror quickly transformed to display the other two headquarters of the Seamless Gate.

Utter annihilation!

Utter devastation!

Both headquarters had been completely destroyed.

“Wiped out?” The commanders of the Winterherald Army stared at each other, stunned. The three headquarters of the Seamless Gate held a total of nine Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, all of whom were hidden behind the protective embrace of formations. They were all wiped out? They had battled these nine Empyrean Gods and True Immortals for countless years!

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The major powers of the Three Realms all possessed remarkable abilities. As soon as Ning wiped out the first headquarters, some of them began to take notice.

“What a formidable man, Ji Ning!”

“He really is quite bold.”

“This Ji Ning actually dares to launch sneak attacks by himself, outside of a Realmwar? He really is going all-out against the Seamless Gate.” These major powers all sighed in amazement. They knew very well that launching this sort of merciless sneak attack against the Seamless Gate would utterly incense it!

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Within a different major world. This vast world was filled with an endless aura of cold. This was one of the true, major headquarters of the Seamless Gate...the Third World!

The wars against Crimsonbright Realm and certain other realms were conducted by the Fifth World of the Seamless Gate.

As for the Zhuanxu Realm, the even more powerful Third World was responsible for attacking it.

Within the Third World.

“Ji Ning?” At the very peak of a towering mountain that emanated an aura of infinite cold, there was a palace with a man seated in the lotus position within it. The man had long, jade-green hair and jade-green eyebrows. His eyes were open, and they were filled with ice. His coresense had spread out to cover the entire Zhuanxu World. Nine of his Empyrean Gods and True Immortals had perished in such a short period of time...he was now completely enraged and stunned.

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Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 20: Kill, Kill, Kill!

“He’s courting death!” The skinny, jade-haired elder seated atop the cloud of beds was absolutely stunned and enraged.

Whoosh.

Black energy swirled in the air beneath his cloud, coalescing into the form of a black-robed man. The black-robed man raised his head to look at the skinny elder. “Uncle-master Helljade.”

“Godking.” Daofather Helljade glanced at the black-robed figure below him. He addressed him respectfully as ‘Godking’, as this man was still the nominal leader of the Seamless Gate. Although in power, Daofather Helljade was a bit more powerful than the ‘Godking’, the Godking was the sole heir to their true ‘king’, who every single True Fiend and Daofather of the Seamless Gate venerated.

Naturally, this veneration extended to the ‘Godking’ as well. Normally, Daofather Helljade stood guard over the Third World, but it was still the Godking who was usually in charge of deployments and army movements. In fact, all of the Seamless Gate’s matters throughout the Three Realms were the responsibility of the Godking.

The Fifth World, for example; there was actually a different Daofather who stood guard over it, but at important moments the ‘Godking’ would make the arrangements and deployments. He had learned the techniques of the ‘king’ of the Seamless Gate, the Lord of the Demonheart, allowing him to silently and soundlessly communicate in secret with any living creature of the Three Realms. This made it so that the Nuwa Alliance found it very hard to uncover the deployments and schemes of the Godking.

“Don’t panic. My true body is already beginning to summon our generals.” The Godking chuckled, but his eyes were filled with ice. “No matter what, we aren’t going to let Ji Ning escape again.”

“Right. We absolutely cannot let him escape again,” Daofather Helljade said angrily. “He killed nine of our Emyrean Gods and True Immortals just now. We’ve fought with the Zhuanxu Realm for so long, but we had only lost a single True Immortal to date. Now, all of sudden, we’ve lost this many! This Ji Ning is simply far too brash and wild. He actually dares to sneak attack us? He’s looking to die! We have to wipe him out. He cannot be allowed to escape!”

“Agreed.” The Godking nodded as well. He, too, felt pain in his heart at what had happened.

They had already lost dozens of Emyrean Gods and True Immortals during their defeat at the Crimsonbright Realmwar. Now, Ji Ning had suddenly struck out of nowhere and wiped out nine more. How could he not feel pain? How could he not feel anger?

“Don’t worry. The army is already assembling. Just give me a bit of time, and he’ll definitely die.” The Godking’s voice was filled with a murderous intent.

.....

“Quick, assemble.”

“Assemble!”

“Quick!”

The Fifth World held a truly shocking number of Emyrean Gods and True Immortals. Once they received the Godking’s order, they immediately began to assemble together.

.....

The Skylands major world of the Zhuanxu Realm. There was a towering golden structure in this world within a region surrounded by mountain peaks. It was quite dazzling and eye-catching. This was one of the two major bases of the Seamless Gate on the Skylands world, and it held a total of four Emyrean Gods and True Immortals within it.

“Quick, let’s go.”

“Withdraw.”

The four of them had been relaxing, but upon receiving their orders they began to panic. One had been training quietly, one had been teaching disciples, and the others had been eating as the Godking’s orders had suddenly come.

Space shattered apart, and a three hundred meter boat crashed in through the Void, appearing outside this towering edifice. Two massive Fiendgods appeared simultaneously. The Seven Planets God simply willed it, and the surrounding space became completely sealed and locked. Ning’s Heaven Punisher and the Seven Planets God simultaneously struck out with their weapons.

An explosive collision could be heard, as though the heavens themselves had been shattered. In the blink of an eye, the extremely tough and tenacious formations surrounding the structure had been shattered.

Ning and the Seven Planets God simultaneously charged forward.

“Quick, flee!”

“Let’s go!”

If they were one step ahead, they would survive. If they were one step behind, their souls would die.

The four Empyrean Gods and True Immortals had received the order to withdraw...but alas, only one of them was able to just barely escape. The other three were slaughtered by Ning and the Seven Planets God.

“Manorlord.” The Seven Planets God looked towards Ning.

Ning stared at the rubble before him. His coresense had long ago spread out to cover the entire Skylands world, and he sent mentally to Redsnow, “We’re not going to have any more opportunities. We were incredibly fast, tearing straight through the Void to travel from Winterherald to this place, but were just barely able to kill three of them. The other headquarters here on Skylands has already been evacuated. I imagine the other major worlds have been evacuated as well.”

“They’ve spread multiple headquarters across many major worlds. I refuse to believe they’d be willing to withdraw from all of them,” the Seven Planets God sent mentally.

“Let’s go to the other major worlds and take a look. Even if we can’t kill many of them, we can destroy their bases.”

It wasn’t easy to build up a headquarters like this. Ning had paid a significant price to set up the grand formations around Swallow Mountain, and the formations that were protecting these Seamless Gate headquarters were powerful enough to receive nine successive strikes from Ning’s Heaven Punisher, which had the power of a Daofather. Every single headquarters had been very expensive to build up.

Whoosh.

The Voidboat flew out from the Skylands world, once more tearing through the Void and hastening to another major world.

.....

“Withdraw.”

“Withdraw.”

“Withdraw.”

The Godking’s true body was sending the orders and redeploying his soldiers. “The six of you, stand guard over Divine Goldlight Mountain. The eight of you, stand guard over the Seamless City...”

Various individuals were being ordered to withdraw, but the Godking was also sending some Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals out to gather together at some special locations, such as the Seamless City or some other citadels. Once ten of them hid inside these war-citadels and joined together...even Ji Ning would find it difficult to breach their defenses.

Of course, if they didn’t have any war-forts protecting them, Ji Ning would find it much easier to deal with them. But those war-forts were very hard to breach.

This was why, during the Realmwar against the Crimsonbright Realm, once one side retreated into its war-citadel, the other side would halt its attacks. Both sides understood that unless there was an enormous disparity in power, it would be very hard to breach the defenses of a war-citadel.

“You guys, go draw Ji Ning’s attention and tie him down.”

“Go draw his attention.”

“Buy some time.”

The Godking’s orders came in rapid succession.

.....

Whoosh!

The Voidboat tore through the Void, arriving at yet another major world.

“There are eight Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals hiding within the Seamless City here.” Ning’s heartforce instantly discovered the black, levitating Seamless City. He immediately sent a mental message to the nearby Seven Planets God.

“Hiding inside a Seamless City? Hmph. If they are hiding inside a war-citadel...even if we attack, it’ll be hard for us to break through,” the Seven Planets God sent mentally. “If there were eighteen of them standing guard within a Seamless City, we’d have no chance at all...but there are only eight of them. If we join together, we still have a chance. The Seamless Gate is intentionally giving us false hopes; they want us to attack and waste time here. I imagine that they are currently deploying their armies against us. Soon, their armies will arrive.”

“Agreed.” Ning understood this as well.

“Next world.”

Boom! The Voidboat once more departed, heading towards yet another major world.

In fact, Ning actually decided to leave the entire Zhuangxuan Realm and head to a different realm, the Xingtian Realm. Wargod Xingtian, the Heaven Punisher, was a tremendously powerful figure. How could anyone who was proclaimed as a ‘God of War’ during the Primordial Era be weak? And given that he was a member of the Primordial Imperial Clan, the realm under his control was definitely not weaker than the Zhuangxuan Realm at all.

“Damn.”

“Withdraw!”

Ning’s sudden assault against a completely different realm resulted in him reaping the rewards he wanted.

.....

In one realm after another, the forces of the Seamless Gate fell into chaos.

These were all supreme, top-tier realms...and so the entire Seamless Alliance was filled with commotion.

“He’s just running around randomly.”

“Ji Ning really moves quite quickly.”

“Damn him.”

The True Gods and Daofathers of the Seamless Gate were so angry, their teeth hurt. In fact, all of them wanted to personally intervene...but they could sense coresenses of the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance clashing against their own coresenses. The Nuwa Alliance was watching all this happen as well. The major powers of the Seamless Gate could sense the coresenses of terrifying figures such as Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Daoist Three Purities, Subhuti, Fuxi, Sui ren, and others. Instantly, they all calmed down.

All they could do was watch and do their best to redeploy their soldiers.

.....

The Third World.

A total of 289 Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals had all been gathered here.

The black-robed Godking and Daofather Helljade stared downwards at the group of Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals. The Third World was meant to deal with the Zhuangxuan Realm and other top-tier Realms. Monarch Zhuangxuan alone had more than six hundred Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals under his command, to say nothing of the rest of the Five Monarchs and the other realms. He controlled several times as many experts as Daofather Crimsonbright. This was the difference between a powerful realm and a weak realm.

Empyrean Gods and True Immortals all preferred to follow experts, after all. If you could become a disciple to Daofather Three Purities, why would you choose to become a disciple to Daofather Crimsonbright instead? The strong would naturally grow stronger and the weak would naturally grow weaker. The likes of Lord Buddha, for example, had an entire pile of Daofathers under his command.

The Zhuanxu Realm alone had so many Empyrean Gods and True Immortals. The Third World had to simultaneously deal with the Zhuanxu Realm and multiple other realms; naturally, it had a large number of Empyrean Gods and True Immortals. Thus, it didn't take too much time for it to summon 289 of them.

"Join together into the Seamless Infinity Formation. You have to slay Ji Ning," the black-robed Godking ordered.

"Yes," the 289 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals acknowledged in unison.

"Head out!" The Godking gave the order, and the battalion of Empyrean Gods and True Immortals all flew into a black shuttle, then disappeared into the skies.

The Seamless Infinity Formation, when formed by more than two hundred Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, was unfathomably more powerful than the Three Eyed Demon that had been formed by the three Diremonster Gods of Mount Dragoneater. It had the power to battle against even real True Gods or Daofathers! It would indeed be quite easy for it to slay Ning's Heaven Punisher. One or two Empyrean Gods or True Immortals might not be a match for it, but a large number of them would prove to be a terrifying threat.

In any war, a single person by himself was a puny, unremarkable force.

Unless, of course, you had reached Nuwa's level. Even the leaders of the Daoist Path and the Buddhist Sangha had a chance of dying in the war, which was why Subhuti hadn't joined in the first one.

.....

A Voidboat continued to frantically travel from one major world to the next. Ning knew that he was taking on tremendous risks, but his decision to incense and incite the Seamless Gate was always a dangerous one. So he would kill, kill, kill! Kill as many as he could! His heartforce was spread around him in a giant bubble; as soon as something happened, he would immediately flee.

After killing those nine on Winterherald, he had killed six more in his dangerous lightning strikes. Ning, however, wanted to kill even more.

"Hurry, Ji Ning! The Seamless Gate's army has arrived. You need to flee! Subhuti's voice suddenly blasted out within Ning's mind.

"What?!" Ning was shocked.

BOOM!

Far off in the distance, space itself blew apart as a black shuttle suddenly appeared.

When the 289 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals had assembled on the Fifth World, the Godking had personally cast a spell to completely prevent any outside force from scrying on it! Subhuti's [Dream of the Three Worlds] was formidable, but the Godking had been personally been taught by the Lord of the

Demonheart, and so his abilities were incredible as well. If he focused on blocking any scrying, he was still capable of preventing Subhuti from detecting what he didn't want them to detect.

Only after the group of Emyrean Gods and True Immortals left the Third World aboard the black shuttle did Subhuti discover them.

He immediately notified Ning...just as the grand army was about to arrive.

BOOM! Subhuti's voice transmission caused Ning to feel shocked, but he immediately tore into the Void to flee. Thus, just as the Seamless Gate's army appeared, Ning began to flee.

"Chase him!"

BOOM! BOOM! As soon as the Voidboat tore into the Void to escape, the black shuttle also pierced into the Void. They were able to trace the spatial ripples to find out exactly which region Ning's Voidboat was headed towards.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 19: Emyrean God Chapter 21: All For Nothing

This was a world filled with fire, a vast, endless world. In fact, it was a bit vaster than even the Celestial Realm or the Netherworld Kingdom! This world was comparable to a hundred Grand Xia's in size.

This place was a holy land for the human race!

This was a world created by the most powerful and oldest human alive...Suiren.

When Mother Nuwa had created the human race, it had started off very weak. Suiren was alive during those earliest of days. Despite his weakness, he not only learned how to control fire and taught it to his fellows, he also unified the weak human race under his rule and led the humans to a path that permitted their survival during the ancient era where Fiendgods ruled. Suiren was tremendously talented and tremendously steadfast, and he managed to create an inconceivable path for himself and his race.

He was the most exalted, most revered, most supreme emperor of the entire human race...the leader of the Three Emperors!

Suiren was low-key and a down-to-earth person. He often roamed in the primordial chaos, and even cut a canal through it, creating a vast major world in the canal. This world was the Kindfire major world, and it became a truly sacred land for the human race. One could use the size of a created world to judge the power of its creator, and Suiren's Kindfire world was second only to Nuwa's world in size.

In terms of power...

Suiren's power was unfathomable. During the Primordial Era, even the Elder God of Fire, Zhurong, a god who lived for battle, admitted that he was not a match for Suiren after sparring against him. Fuxi and Shennong often appeared in the Three Realms, but Suiren always kept to himself in seclusion. His very existence, however, was a mighty sword hanging over the necks of any who dared to cause the human race harm. He was the oldest and most powerful member of the human race. Even if he didn't actually emerge from seclusion, no one in the Three Realms would dare to forget about him.

Even the Seamless Gate felt great dread towards this almighty human expert. Some powerful Outsiders had run into Suiren in the primordial chaos, and Suiren had slaughtered them all! That scene had stunned the entire Three Realms, and had made the Seamless Gate even more nervous regarding his power.

It was his power that ensured that the human race remained the unquestioned leader of the myriad races. Not even the True Gods of Primordial Chaos would argue against him.

At the very top of a towering, divine mountain of fire, a man was seated in the lotus position, nearly naked and clad only in a fur loincloth. His black hair was spread casually over his shoulders, with every single strand of hair having an aura of inconceivable might, as though they were the horns of a dragon. His face was covered with a thick beard, and his eyes seemed capable of seeing into the future. Although he simply sat there atop the mountain...in truth, his gaze was spread throughout the Three Realms.

He was a transcendental figure that cared about little...but now that the storm had arrived, he was watching over everything.

“Guo Zi.” Suiren’s voice was vigorous and powerful. It was transmitted more than three hundred thousand kilometers away, straight into the ears of a woman who was amongst a crowd of thousands who were quietly training in front of a massive image of a god.

“Father.” The human woman, face covered with divine tattoos, rose to her feet. The tattoos on her face was a relic from back when humans tried out many different types of cultivation methods. Guo Zi was one of the humans who had been willing to try anything, no matter the risk, and Suiren had eventually accepted her as his foster daughter.

“Lead your brigade to go rescue Ji Ning,” Suiren order.

“Yes,” Guo Zi said respectfully.

Suiren, as the oldest Human Emperor, had many, many experts following him. In the Kindlefire world alone, he had more than ten Daofather subordinates and more than ten thousand Empyrean God and True Immortal subordinates! The number of Celestial Immortals under his command was even more astonishing. This place, a holy land for the human race, could be described as the most powerful of the major worlds. The Seamless Gate didn’t even dare to attempt to infiltrate it.

.....

The Voidboat was hurtling forward through the infinite Void. Every so often, it would tear through the Void to travel to another world, then once more begin to fly at high speed.

Aboard the Voidboat.

Ning and the Seven Planets God didn’t dare to be the slightest bit overconfident.

“The Seamless Gate’s army is very powerful. If we end up trapped, we’ll definitely die,” the Seven Planets God sent mentally. But suddenly...

“Ji Ning, hold on for just a while longer. Human Emperor Sui ren has already sent Empyrean Goddess Guo Zi in command of 365 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals to reinforce you.” Subhuti’s voice rang out within Ning’s mind.

“Good.” Ning let out a sigh of relief, then turned to glance backwards. The long black shuttle behind him was still chasing at high speed.

“Damn. We were just a fraction too slow.” There were nearly three hundred Empyrean Gods and True Immortals gathered aboard the black shuttle. The leader was a tall, skeletal-looking Fiendgod whose flaming eyes stared intently towards the distant Voidboat. “If Ji Ning was just slightly slower just now...our Seamless Infinity Formation would’ve been able to lock the surrounding space and prevent him from fleeing. It was so close! But now, we can’t catch up to him no matter how we try. Damn. Damn!”

“The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance truly are formidable as well. We were quite fast; we tore straight through the Void and into the Three Realms, but they were still able to discover us and notify Ji Ning. Ji Ning ran quite quickly as well.” A man holding a scimitar in his arms gave his solemn opinion.

“Yes. What a pity.”

“Just one step behind.”

The other Empyrean Gods and True Immortals felt resentful as well.

Fortunately for Ning, Subhuti had warned him, and so he had chosen to enter the Voidboat and flee without hesitating at all! He had been just half a step ahead of them. If it wasn’t for that half-step, his foes would’ve been able to activate their Seamless Infinity Formation and completely lock down the surrounding area for ten thousand kilometers. The power of that formation was enough to ensure that even the Voidboat would find it difficult to tear a path to the Void.

Alas...Ning had been able to escape before their all-encompassing net had been set up.

“Keep chasing.”

“Chase him down, no matter what. If Ji Ning makes even the slightest mistake, we’ll be able to catch and trap him,” the skeletal Fiendgod growled. If Ning made some mistakes due to being panicked by this life-threatening situation, he would be caught.

One continued to flee, the other continued to chase.

Through the infinite Void, through the major worlds, through the minor worlds...the pursuit continued. Ning was riding aboard the Voidboat, while his foes were also riding a supreme Protocosmic spirit-treasure, the ‘Heavenwitch shuttle’. Both were extremely well-suited for high-speed maneuvers through the Void, and for a time the two were equally matched.

“Not good.” The face of the skeletal Fiendgod aboard the Heavenwitch shuttle changed, along with the faces of his fellows.

A blazing mountain had appeared, hanging in the skies above the vast, sea-like heavens. The blazing mountain had multiple figures standing on it, each possessing an aura of ancientness. These were all experts who had been alive since the Primordial Era, and the leader was Empyrean Goddess Guo Zi,

whose murderous aura filled the heavens. A total of 365 Emphyrean gods and True Immortals were by her side.

As for the Voidboat, it flew straight next to the blazing mountain, and as it did two towering Fiendgods came walking out from it.

The two armies stared at each other from afar.

Both consisted of the elites of their respective camps. One side was skilled in the the 'Seamless Infinity Formation' which the Seamless Gate's king had created, while the Nuwa Alliance had its own incredibly powerful 'Sidereal Stargod Formation'. During the Primordial Era, the Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals who used this grand formation were similarly able to fight against True Gods and Daofathers.

"Do you wish to battle?" Emphyrean Goddess Guo Zi stared at them coldly. Her voice was like ice, but it shook Heaven and Earth.

"Darknorth." The skeletal Fiendgod pointed towards Ning, then said coldly, "Consider yourself lucky this time. You managed to escape by a hair. But your actions...well, you are looking to die."

"Looking to die? Then come here and kill me."

Ning looked back at him, his voice similarly icy. "If you have the ability to kill me, come and do so. I'm right here. What's the point of just making empty threats?"

The skeletal Fiendgod ground his teeth.

Two flames blazed within his eyes as he swept his gaze over the powerful Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals standing atop the fiery mountain. All he could do, however, was swallow his resentment. Although Ji Ning was rather reckless in what he did...by holding on for a period of time, he had been able to receive reinforcements from the Nuwa Alliance. The Seamless Gate had not decided to launch the Endwar yet. For now, they were helpless when faced with such a powerful enemy army.

"Withdraw." The Godking's voice rang out within the mind of the skeletal Fiendgod.

"Let's go." The skeletal Fiendgod had no choice but to give this resentful order.

Boom! The Heavenwitch shuttle tore a hole into the Void, departing from this world.

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The Third World. Both the Godking and Daofather Helljade were standing in midair, watching as this unfolded.

"Damn." The Godking's eyes flashed with cold light.

"What a pity. We were just one step behind." Daofather Helljade said in a cold voice, "But that one step meant that we were unable to catch him. This Ji Ning fellow actually has a supreme Protocosmic spirit-treasure, the Voidboat. This Voidboat is a treasure that existed long ago, even before our Seamless Chaosworld had engaged in the first war against the Pangu Chaosworld. It originally belonged to Daoist Threelives. Threelives...he truly was a valiant, courageous warrior. He was extraordinarily brave, and quite willing to be vicious to himself when needed.

“Agreed.” The Godking nodded as well. He, too, remembered the valiant, powerful Daoist Threelives. Although Threelives had never mastered a Heavenly Dao, he was able to rely on his powerful True God body and his utterly terrifying divine ability, the [Starseizing Hand], to slay multiple True Fiends and Daofathers of the Seamless Gate. The power of his [Starseizing Hand] was simply too great.

“Ji Ning has the Voidboat. The only way to kill him is to first seal off spacetime in the area around him or set up a trap for him. The second way is to use an even better flying treasure, but the only ones better than the Voidboat are all Chaos treasures.” The Godking frowned. “Our side only has a single Chaos treasure meant for high-speed flying, but it’s with Daomother Devilhand! Daomother Devilhand is a very solitary figure. She wouldn’t necessarily be willing to hand such an incomparably important Chaos treasure over to a few Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals.”

“Yes. Given Devilhand’s temperament, it’ll be hard to make her agree.” Daofather Helljade nodded.

Daomother Devilhand...

She was a truly terrifying fiend who had once unleashed a storm of blood and murder across the Seamless Chaosworld. The countless experts of the Seamless Chaosworld had all been terrified whenever they had heard her name. Her power also came from her hands, but she was different from Daoist Threelives. The reason why Daomother Devilhand’s hands were so powerful was because she had acquired a set of glove-type Chaos treasures in the primordial chaos. She had created a divine ability to go with the gloves, a supreme technique known as the ‘Extinction Devilhands’. Perhaps in terms of fleeing abilities, she was inferior to the Lord of All Fiends, but she wasn’t the slightest bit weaker than him in terms of actual combat power. It had been the Lord of the Demonheart, and him alone, who had been able to subdue this demon amongst demons.

“Ji Ning really is courting death.” The more the Godking thought about what had just happened, the angrier he became. Ji Ning’s slaying of those fifteen Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals didn’t have much of an impact on his total combat force, but it had grave implications for his disposition of forces across the entire Three Realms.

If he continued to lay down forces in a spread-out manner as he currently did, Ji Ning would once more succeed in his ambushes. But if he was to change his force layout, then he would have to do so throughout the entire Three Realms. The price of such a change would be enormous!

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Ji Ning was currently expressing his thanks to Emphyrean Goddess Guo Zi.

“Thankfully, you and your friends came in the nick of time, fellow Daoist Guo Zi. Otherwise, I would’ve been in grave danger.” Ning had already dispersed the Heaven Punisher and allowed his million-plus Immortals to teleport back into the Starseizer world. By his side stood only Redsnow and the rest of the seven.

“I came to rescue you on orders of Human Emperor Suiren. If you want to thank someone, thank the Human Emperor.” Emphyrean Goddess Guo Zi smiled and nodded towards Ning, and the ancient Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals behind her nodded towards him as well. They all treated Ning in quite a friendly manner, because Ning himself was of the human race. These Emphyrean Gods and True

Immortals had been born in an era when the human race was still young and weak, and so they placed even more importance on solidarity with their fellow humans.

The Desolate Era

Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 22: Negotiations

“However...Ji Ning, your actions are far too risky,” Empyrean Goddess Guo Zi said. “Right now, our two sides are only engaging in small-scale skirmishes against each other. Both sides are still holding back, as no one is willing to expand the scale of the war just yet. Both sides are searching for weaknesses and openings, so as to win the war for karmic luck. Not only are we trying to win, we are also trying to ensure that our Empyrean Gods and True Immortals will survive. The Seamless Gate is trying to do the same thing.”

“Even if we win the war for karmic luck, if all of our Empyrean Gods and True Immortals end up bdyng, along with the majority of our True Gods and Daofathers...what’s the point?” Guo Zi looked towards Ning. “Until the final moment arrives, neither side is willing to launch a frenzied, all-out assault. When that final Endwar comes, it will be a massacre on both sides.”

“There is an invisible line which neither side is willing to cross. But you...you’ve crossed that line.” Guo Zi gazed towards Ning. “But of course, that’s just you, and so the Seamless Gate will only act against you and you alone. The further across that line you dare step, the more effort they will put into getting rid of you.”

Ning nodded.

“Still...don’t worry too much. If they begin to deploy their Empyrean Gods and True Immortals in large numbers, we’ll immediately move to stop them, because any actions involving nearly three hundred such experts is an act of war.” Guo Zi continued to look at Ning. “But if they just send small numbers of their most top-tier Empyrean Gods and True Immortals to kill you, there’s no way we can send an army to stop them.”

“You are very powerful, but the Seamless Gate also has some truly astonishing Empyrean Gods and True Immortals on their side.”

Ning nodded. “Fellow Daoist Guo Zi, I understand these things. But since I’ve already chosen to embark on this path, I naturally am prepared for the consequences.”

Guo Zi no longer tried to dissuade him. She knew that Ning was a powerful Empyrean God and a True Immortal, not a fool. And so she bid farewell and left, along with her forces.

As for Ning, he rode his Voidboat back to Sword Immortal world.

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Sword Immortal world. The mountain peaks of the Five Treasure Peaks still pierced high into the clouds, and things were as quiet as ever.

Ning and the seven Empyrean Gods landed atop the mountains.

“Ji Ning, you can’t ignore what Guo Zi said just now,” Empyrean God Redsnow said worriedly. “Although you are powerful, our Nuwa Alliance alone has multiple figures who are on your level, such as the

various divine archers. If any of them are given Daofruit of primordial chaos, they'll probably be a bit more powerful than even you with your perfect Heaven Punisher. The Seamless Gate has powerful figure as well, and none of them are easy to deal with."

"If I encounter an army, there's nothing I can do, but if I encounter just one person, I can still fight back," Ning said.

"Don't disregard what she said. There are those who are more powerful than us when they use Chaos treasures or Daofruit," Redsnow said. Primelight and the rest of the seven looked towards Ning as well.

Ning understood. In truth, both sides had a tacit understanding with each other.

If you are fighting by yourself, then I'll send a single person to deal with you. Whoever ends up dying can only blame himself for being too weak.

But now, a madman appeared on your side who is ambushing and murdering my subordinates? He's going too far. I'm going to send my army after him! If this madman halts his actions, I'll naturally no longer have an excuse to send out an army; only if you employ an army will we do the same.

This came without any negotiations or public declarations, but this was indeed how both sides acted. This was a rule of their war!

If there were no rules at all, then it would be easy for things to rapidly escalate until a point was reached where the Endwar would begin prematurely. Clearly, neither side wished for the Endwar to begin just yet.

.....

Within the thatched cottage. Ning was seated in the lotus position, waiting patiently.

He had risked his life today. Why? To incite the Seamless Gate.

Rumble...suddenly, a thought-strand descended upon Ning.

"Ji Ning." An icy voice rang out.

"Finally." Ning allowed the thought-strand to guide him into the dreamworld. This was exactly what he wanted; to negotiate with the Seamless Gate.

Within the dreamworld of darkness. The towering throne was still hovering within the center of this world, and the black-robed Godking sat upon it, staring down at the figure which had just appeared.

"Ji Ning." The Godking roared with absolute fury, "You actually dare to rely on your personal power to assault some of the bases of my Seamless Gate? You are the first person in the Nuwa Alliance who dares to do such a thing!"

In truth, there were quite a few Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals with deep-seated hatred towards the Seamless Gate. However, Ji Ning was the only one who was actually willing to risk his life in such a manner, and who had the power to carry it out! The formations around those bases were generally capable of withstanding the combined attacks of more than twenty Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals for a period of time, after all.

“What do you want?” Ning raised his head to look at the Godking.

The Godking paused, then growled out, “Fifteen Empyrean Gods and True Immortals have died by your hand. If you let matters rest, I can let bygones be bygones.”

The Godking, in the end, had chosen to swallow his rage. He had to take into consideration his disposition of forces across the entire Three Realms, and he couldn’t perpetually be on alert against Ji Ning’s ambushes. His only option would be to change his force disposition throughout the entire Three Realms, but that would come at a price. For example, if he withdrew all the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals from the bases and headquarters, there were a number of major worlds that would become impossible to penetrate and infiltrate.

“Let bygones be bygones?” Ning looked at the Godking. “I can let matters rest...but I have a request.”

The Godking was utterly enraged. This child actually dared to make a request? But the Godking still suppressed his anger and said, “Speak!”

“Give senior apprentice-sister Yu Wei back to me,” Ning said.

“Yu Wei?”

The Godking was stunned...and then he began to roar with laughter. His laughter, tinged with fury, shook the entire world of darkness. “So the reason why you’ve gone so crazy is for Yu Wei. It seems that woman is quite important to you, for you to risk your life in such a way.”

“Yes.” Ning nodded. “I can risk my life for her sake. If you hand her to me, I’ll immediately halt. If you don’t...I’ll keep killing!”

“So you are doing this to extort us, to force our hand?” The Godking’s voice was like ice. “Ji Ning, you value yourself too highly. I’m just trying to avoid a bit of unnecessary trouble, which is why I gave you a chance to calm things down with us. But you actually dare to threaten us, the Seamless Gate? You truly are too arrogant. Do you think that just because you succeeded with your first ambush, you’ll succeed in a second or a third ambush? Do you really think that our Seamless Gate is unable to deal with a stripling like you?”

Who was the Godking? He was, nominally speaking, the leader of the entire Seamless Gate. He could converse as equals with even the Three Emperors of Mankind or the leaders of Daoism and Buddhism.

Just now, the Godking had been putting on a charitable, magnanimous air; if Ning halted, he would spare Ning. But now, Ning dared to make requests of him? Fine, then; if the request wasn’t excessive, the Godking would agree to it. But Ning had actually carried out these actions to threaten the Seamless Gate, to force them to do something they didn’t want to do? That was courting death!

“I only hope for you to return her to me, Godking.” Ning looked at the Godking.

“Impossible.” The Godking stared back at Ning. “You only have two options before you. To halt and be spared, or to continue and perish. As for Yu Wei...you can forget about her.”

Ning stared at the Godking.

The Godking stared back at Ning.

Whoosh. Ning disappeared into thin air.

“He really is courting death.” The Godking felt even angrier now. “An Empyrean God actually dares to try to threaten and extort the Seamless Gate? What a joke. A joke!”

The Seamless Gate’s original incarnation was that of the Seamless Chaosworld, a world on par with the Pangu Chaosworld. How could a power like this allow itself to be extorted?

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Ning sat there by himself within the thatched cottage. He sat there for a long, long time.

“Senior apprentice-sister.”

“Although the chances are very slim...I will still go and kill them. Kill them until they can no longer bear it.” A breathtaking determination could be seen in Ning’s eyes. This was a dangerous path, a path which involved repeatedly risking his life...but that was the nature of his decision.

Ning cast the matter to the back of his mind, sending his mind into the Starseizing Manor.

Within the main palace of the manor was a large pile of treasures. These were the treasures he had acquired during his earlier ambushes. Ning quickly began to bind them to himself. These treasures might not be too useful to him, but they’d be plenty of help to other Empyrean Gods and True Immortals. If he could increase the power of his forces, their chances of success in the future would be slightly greater.

“Pure Yang treasure.”

“Pure Yang.”

“A Protocosmic spirit-treasure...but it’s just a low-grade one of ordinary power. Still, quite interesting.”

“Quite a few Pure Yang Immortal pills. Great Firmanent Immortal pills. Poison?” Ning quickly finished sorting through all of the treasures of the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals.

And then, Ning began to bind all of the various treasures left behind by the many slain Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals. This happened quite quickly, as these were the treasures dropped by the low-level figures he had casually mopped up after killing the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals. Their items weren’t particularly valuable, with most being at the Immortal-rank at best. Every so often, he would be lucky and encounter a Pure Yang treasure.

“These are the treasures left behind by Youngflame Freak. Hrm...where’s the Worldhold Pagoda?”

“Pity. The Worldhold Pagoda isn’t with these sixteen clones.” Ning still remembered how the Worldhold Pagoda had sent him to the Nihilum Zone. Still, after searching through all the items, he still hadn’t been able to find it. Instead, he encountered some bugs and aberrations.

Ning paid no notice to most of Youngflame Freak’s treasures, but one treasure did attract his attention.

“What’s this?” Ning was startled.

An enormous, pitch-black stone stele was hanging there in midair. The stone stele was emanating a faint aura of might. Although the aura was very weak, it had an exalted quality about it, far more exalted than even the aura which Patriarch Subhuti had.

Whoosh.

Although Ning's true body remained within the thatched cottage, he quickly sent out a strand of divine power to form a body which manifested within the Starseizing Manor. He took a personal, close look at the levitating black stone stele.

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Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 23: Stone Stele

The enormous black stone stele was 299 meters tall, and it emanated an aura of majesty that was so faint, it could only be sensed from less than 300 meters away. The aura, however, had an exalted quality about it. Ji Ning only saw two enormous, strange characters carved into the face of the stone stele facing him, while the other side was filled with countless strange characters that were clustered as densely as ants.

"These characters...?" Ning examined them carefully. "I've never seen these characters before. It seems as though the Three Realms doesn't have a language like this."

Ning had never seen them before, but was certain that these were characters from a language, because they were actually quite similar to the characters of the human race. The two enormous characters on the front, in particular...Ning could almost sense what they meant.

"Let me try with coresense first." Ning willed his coresense to surge forward.

"This...?" Ning stared at the stone stele in surprise. "How can this be? Impossible. Why is it that my coresense sees nothing at all? It's as though nothing is there."

"Can it be that this stone stele is covered with a restrictive spell that blocks out coresense?" Ning pondered for a moment. "Let me try with heartforce."

Heartforce was invisible, undetectable, and extremely formidable.

Instantly, his true body in the outside world sent its powerful heartforce into the underwater estate to cover the stone stele. This caused Ning's face to truly change, because he discovered...that all his heartforce found nothing whatsoever. It was as though the stone stele didn't even exist.

"But, but..." Ning stretched his hand out to touch the stone stele. The stone was icy cold, and its surface was very rough. "This stone stele is clearly right in front of me. How can it be that not even heartforce can detect it?"

"This is an extraordinary item. In fact...it isn't even of the Three Realms."

This thought instantly flashed past Ning's mind.

The two enormous characters engraved on the stone stele...the countless tiny characters on the back of the stele...the unique runes engraved on other parts of it...clearly, someone had created this item! The

stone stele's aura was so powerful that the creator had to at least be on the level of the Buddhist and Daoist leaders. In fact, he might be even more powerful.

For heartforce to be unable to discover the stone stele when one could see it with the naked eye and touch it with the hand...Ning had never, ever heard of such a strange item. Such an item shouldn't be able to exist within the Three Realms.

Then...

It had to have come from the primordial chaos outside the Three Realms! Ever since the most ancient of days, the unique items found within the primordial chaos were generally referred to as Chaos treasures. They were either used as ingredients for forging treasures, or used as treasures themselves. When used as treasures, they would become far more powerful than Protocosmic spirit-treasures, and so they would be titled 'Chaos treasures'.

Where and how were Chaos treasures born? Hard to say. The primordial chaos did indeed give birth to Chaos treasures, but the terrifying golems that the 'Lord of All Things' had created were definitely no weaker than any Chaos treasure. Thus, the Three Realms had suspected for some time now that some of the more powerful Outsiders were perhaps capable of creating artifacts that rivaled Chaos treasures in might.

"Can this be a Chaos treasure?" A thought flashed through Ning's mind.

Whoosh!

Instantly, a figure appeared. Ning's true body descended upon the clone, merging into it. As for the outside world...Ning left a small amount of his divine power there, in the form of yet another clone.

"Neither coresense nor heartforce can detect it. That leaves just divine power and Immortal energy" Ning picked up the stone stele, then gently placed it down within the very center of the hall. Previously, he had thought this to simply be a treasure which Youngflame Freak had acquired by luck; he didn't think it could possibly be particularly powerful. But now, it seemed, this stone stele had a weighty background to it.

Not even coresense or heartforce could detect it. Most likely, the other major powers of the Three Realms didn't even know that it existed.

"Youngflame Freak. Oh, Youngflame Freak. For a Celestial Immortal like you to have been in possession of a treasure like this...if it wasn't for the fact that I wanted to gain revenge for my mother and for junior apprentice-brother Northson, I probably wouldn't have been able to acquire something like this. This should be an item from the primordial chaos...I wonder if it is a Chaos treasure?" Ning felt a certain itchiness in his heart. If this really was a Chaos treasure, this would be a tremendous stroke of luck for him.

But of course, not all items from the primordial chaos were particularly valuable. For example, when first testing out the Heaven Punisher, Ning had been able to shatter apart 'chaos goldstone'. Shennong located many different medicinal herbs within the primordial chaos, but their value was far, far lower than that of a Chaos treasure.

“Let me try to bind it first.” Ning sat down in the lotus position, placing his hand atop the giant stone stele. The stone stele was nearly 300 meters tall and nearly 30 meters thick. The divine power within Ning’s body instantly flooded into the stone stele.

“Eh? Not a Chaos treasure?” As soon as Ning sent his divine power into it, he realized something was wrong. There was no way to bind this treasure. Ning knew exactly how it felt to bind a treasure, even a Protocosmic one, but when his divine power flooded into this treasure, he found the insides to be empty. There was nothing at all for him to bind.

However, when his divine power flooded into the two massive characters at the front of the stone stele, a ripple of information was transmitted straight into Ning’s mind.

“Seventeen.” Ning instantly understood what the enormous characters meant.

“Those two words mean ‘seventeen’. What does that mean? Can it mean that there are many of these stone steles, and that this is the seventeenth?” Ning guessed. “Right; there are many other characters at the back.”

Swoosh!

Ning’s body blurred, then he appeared in the lotus position to one side of the stone stele. He began to pour a large amount of divine power into the stele. As his divine power flooded into it, it quickly began to interact with the countless characters on the other side of the stone stele. As it did, Ning could sense a tremendous, invisible force resisting his own power; clearly, to forcibly scan and understand the information contained within those countless characters was beyond what his capabilities.

“Wait.” Ning came to a halt. “The front side only has two characters, whereas the back side has at least a million. Two characters didn’t give me much pressure, and I was able to understand them right away, but a million is far more than what I can handle.”

The stone stele was nearly three hundred meters tall, and its rear was filled with those tiny, worm-like scribbles. As best as Ning could tell, there was roughly 1.2 million of them.

“Let’s start from the top and proceed slowly.”

Ning immediately began to attempt to fill up a few characters with his divine power.

“This is so slow.” Ning immediately found the process to be quite taxing. Despite that, a good amount of information began to fill Ning’s mind.

“[Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]...” An extremely ancient technique immediately began to be transmitted into Ning’s mind. As Ning’s divine power filled each character, more and more information regarding this technique entered his mind. Soon, he completely memorized this entire technique.

“It...it’s actually a cultivation technique.” Ning stared at the stone stele in astonishment. “And this is just a small part of the top.”

The characters on the stone stele were divided into seven major regions. The first region had this technique, the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods].

“What a powerful technique. It actually allows you to divide into eighteen different bodies.” Ning let out a sigh. “Although Fiendgods can divide into many different clones, once the clone dies, the part of the soul within it will die as well. This will result in the soul fragmenting, and when too much of the soul is destroyed, you will die.”

“But this technique...upon mastering the first level, you’ll be able to perfectly divide the soul into eighteen different spawns. Although each spawn will have less than a tenth of the power of the original body, they are all capable of surviving on their own. In addition, if the other seventeen are destroyed, the final spawn will slowly be able to recreate the other spawns.”

“Once you reach the second level of this technique, the eighteen spawns will all have the same level of power as the original body.”

“If you master the third level...the eighteen spawns can merge back into the original body at any point in time, and the original body can also divide into those eighteen spawns. When they merge into the original body, the power of the original body will explosively increase.” Ning sighed in amazement.

If he mastered this technique, it would be as though there were eighteen Ji Ning’s. Even if he chose to use his original body to fight by itself, his power would still exponentially increase.

How monstrous a technique was this?!

“It seems that this is the technique which Youngflame Freak used, and that he was only able to train to the first level of this technique.” Ning immediately understood. “I had thought that he trained in a secret art like the Bloodshadow Incarnation...but it seems he’s actually training in this unfathomably profound technique.”

The Three Realms had powerful techniques of its own. The Bloodshadow Incarnation, for example, guaranteed that so long a single incarnation remained alive, the others would come back to life as well. However, true experts would rarely use this technique, because the power of each incarnation would drop dramatically; it was better to keep the true body at maximum power instead! Everyone believed that Youngflame Freak had trained in this technique because he was a coward who feared death, but who would’ve thought that he actually was in possession of a technique like this [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]? The relative weakness of his bodies was only due to the fact that he had merely trained to the first level.

“Where did this technique come from?” Ning let out a sigh of amazement. “Still...it will be very hard to truly master this technique.”

There were detailed notes regarding this technique. It was easy to gain a basic level of skill in the technique and master the first stage, but the second stage was thousands of times more difficult. As for the third stage? It would be easier to ascend to the heavens than to master it. It required both talent and luck.

It must be understood that even Daoist Three Purities was only capable of dividing himself into the Three Pure Ones. As for the Lord Buddha, he only had his five major clones! The second level of this technique immediately allowed for the creation of eighteen clones that were as strong as the original. This...this was absolutely unearthly.

“Let’s see what the second technique holds.”

Ning once more filled the stele with his divine power. Instantly, the information pertaining to the second technique began to leak into his mind.

The second technique was named the [Nine Bug Solutions].

This was an extremely mysterious and marvelous method for cultivating bug-type beasts. Ning now understood why Youngflame Freak had been able to cultivate and rear such powerful bugs. Everyone in the Three Realms thought that Youngflame Freak had received a particular expert’s legacy, as there were quite a number of experts who specialized in rearing powerful bug-type beasts. Since Youngflame Freak’s skills in raising bugs wasn’t excessively amazing, no one paid much attention to him.

But what the outside world didn’t know was that the issue was that Youngflame Freak was too weak and didn’t have access to enough treasures and materials, which was why he didn’t have the chance to rear any powerful bugs at all.

“This technique needs an enormous amount of time and effort. It doesn’t suit me.” Ning immediately gave up on the technique.

“Time for the third technique.” Ning slowly began to notice that the further down he read, the more taxing it became, as the resistive force which filled the stele seemed to grow in power. What Ning didn’t realize was that Youngflame Freak himself had only been able to acquire parts of the first technique and second technique. He had been completely unable to gain access to any of the other parts.

He was merely a Celestial Immortal, after all.

Youngflame Freak treated this stone stele as his most valued treasure. He cared about it far more than the Worldhold Pagoda, and was extremely careful about it. The reason he had kept it hidden with him in the Winterherald world was because it was a ‘safe’ place where he was extremely low-key. By contrast, he was still willing to keep the Worldhold Pagoda in the Grand Xia...but who would’ve thought that Ji Ning would end up acquiring it?

“Every single technique is marvelous.” Ning could sense that his divine power was finding it harder and harder to ‘read’ the meaning of the characters. By the time he reached the fifth technique, he was completely unable to make any more progress.

“Let me try with my Pure Yang energy.” Unwilling to give up, Ning immediately tested out his Pure Yang energy, flooding the stone stele with it.

Whoooooosh!

Ning discovered, to his utter amazement, that the Pure Yang energy was clearly much more effective in reading the characters on the stone stele.

“I might just be able to acquire all seven of these techniques.” Ning instantly felt a certain eagerness in his heart. In fact, he had a feeling...that once he learned all seven techniques, he would perhaps know where this stone stele came from.

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Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 24: The Seven Mighty Techniques

Pure Yang energy was clearly better suited to penetrating these characters on the stone stele. Ji Ning received the complete fifth technique, the sixth technique...the seventh technique...!

Ning's eyes began to turn bloodshot. He was pouring all of his energy and effort into acquiring these techniques, which had completely stunned him. They were simply far too incredible.

Some of these were comparable to the most supreme of techniques the Three Realms had. As for some of the others...they surpassed any techniques of the Three Realms.

The first technique, [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods], had already caused Ning to feel extremely excited.

The second technique, [Nine Bug Solutions], contained unlimited potential. However, since the storm had already arrived, Ning didn't have enough time to meditate on them.

The third technique, [Sin Armaments], was a technique that was very similar to the Fiendgod Rites of Bloodforging. This was a technique that absorbed the hatred and resentment left behind by slain enemies, using them to forge weapons. These weapons were truly terrifying armaments that possessed tremendous power. By comparison, the Rites of Bloodforging was excessively simple and crude in the manner through which it absorbed the negative energy. [Sin Armaments] was thousands of times more profound than the Rites of Bloodforging. It allowed weapons to rise in power far more quickly, and in a more perfect manner. Weapons created through [Sin Armaments] had much greater potential, and could even become Chaos weapons!

The fourth technique, [Jewel Talisman], was a technique to create Dao-talismans. It was extremely complicated. Although Ning had memorized it, he didn't understand it whatsoever; clearly, it was incredibly profound.

The fifth technique, [Qiankun Reversing Gestalt-Formation], was a formation that worked together perfectly with the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] technique, because this was a technique that required eighteen cultivators whose minds were as one. If one mastered the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] technique then set down this grand formation, an entire Heaven would be created that could be used to trap one's foes. It would be as though they were trapped someone else's a major world! This was a technique that was perfectly suited for defense and for trapping, rather than attacking. However, due to how profound and abstruse it was, it would probably take a very long period of time to master.

The sixth technique, [God of Ghosts], was a technique meant for cultivating and raising ghosts. The soul was the foundation of all life, and the ghosts that were left behind after one died held limitless potential within them. The [God of Ghosts] technique allowed one to constantly strengthen ghosts all the way to the True God level. In fact, there was even a chance to raise ghosts to have the power of an Elder God!

The seventh technique, [Indestructible Body], was a technique that was similar to the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art].

However, compared to the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], this divine ability was even more incredible. The [Indestructible Body] had a total of six stages; Empyrean Gods could only train in the first three, while only True Gods could train in the final three. According to the description of this divine ability, the first three stages alone were comparable to the complete [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], while the final three stages, based on what Ning could tell, would allow the divine body to become comparable to a supreme Protocosmic spirit-treasure.

During the Primordial Era, the various major powers had joined together to develop the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], with the goal of developing a total of twelve cycles. Alas, in the end they were only able to complete nine of them.

This [Indestructible Body] technique, however, had achieved what those major powers had aspired to. But of course, it required an enormous amount of magic treasures. The Ninth Cycle of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] required an astonishing amount of Great Firmament Immortal pills. As for the [Indestructible Body]? There were few even amongst True Immortals and Daofathers who could absorb the necessary cost.

Seven mighty techniques, each of which was astonishing. [Sin Armaments] and [Indestructible Body] were specially prepared for Fiendgod Body Refiners; the sinblades would generally be used in close combat, after all.

[Nine Bug Solutions] and [Jewel Talisman] were meant for Ki Refiners to use.

As for the remaining three techniques, both Ki Refiners and Fiendgod Body Refiners could execute them.

“I’ve finally finished.”

Finally, with great difficulty, Ning finished reading the characters of the seventh technique. All seven of them were now memorized in his heart.

“What a tremendous stroke of karmic luck. These definitely are not techniques that were created by the major powers of the Three Realms. Many of the described materials don’t even exist in the Three Realms. For example, the [God of Ghosts] is probably completely unusable. The [Indestructible Body] will also be hard to train to a high level, because the treasures described are not present here.” And yet, Ning understood...“Despite all that, these techniques are still incredible.”

“The alien Outsiders in the primordial chaos...they truly are incredible.” Ning let out a sigh.

The alien Outsiders who had arrived in the Three Realms, such as the terrifying Lord of All Things, were capable of doing things like secretly manipulating the Pangu Chaosworld and the Seamless Chaosworld into a collision course. In addition, the Lord of All Things had been able to create golems and Queen Mother armies that were comparable to the full might of the entire Pangu Chaosworld. From this, one could tell how terrifying the alien Outsiders could be.

“Eh?” Ning’s gaze landed upon the divine runes engraved on the edges of the stone stele. “Just now, I only focused on the characters. I wonder what these divine runes hold within them?”

Ning felt a certain excitement in his heart. He had the feeling that the power and aura of the stone stele primarily came from the divine runes. The characters didn’t hold any power in them, but the divine runes held tremendous auras of might.

“Go.” Ning willed the stone stele to be sent to a side hall within the Starseizing Manor, then sent his Pure Yang energy into it from afar. That way, even if something dangerous happened...given that the Starseizing Manor was a nigh-unbreakable Protocosmic spirit-treasure, he should be able to stay safe.

“It really is hard to fill.” His Pure Yang energy slowly filling the divine runes, Ning instantly began to sense a connection to that exalted aura of supremacy, as well as how hard the runes were to penetrate.

“Keep going. Keep going. Just a little more. Just a liiiiittle more...”

Finally...all of the divine runes on the stone stele were completely filled with Ning’s Pure Yang energy. Although the characters had been rather tiring, by comparison they weren’t that hard. These divine runes had actually caused Ning’s vision to go dim; he had used up almost all of his heartforce before just barely being able to succeed.

In the instant when he successfully finished pouring his energy into the runes...

BOOM!

An inconceivable aura of power exploded forth from the stone stele. The divine runes lit up with dazzling golden light, carrying an aura that was so exalted, it was even superior to that of the Dao of the Heavens. As it exploded outwards, it followed the path of Ning’s unleashed Pure Yang energy to instantly arrive at Ning himself.

Ning had a feeling that this exalted, mighty aura was something which no one in the Three Realms aside from the legendary Mother Nuwa and Pangu were capable of matching. They, too, were supposedly superior to the Heavenly Daos themselves.

The exalted aura completely surrounded Ning. In the face of its might, Ning was like an infant, completely unable to fight back.

Swoosh!

The aura of power rapidly flew back into the stone stele, and the golden light covering the countless divine runes slowly dimmed and faded to a normal color. It just stood there like an ordinary stone stele...except Ji Ning had already disappeared from the underwater estate.

“Master!” The giant yellow bear appeared, absolutely frantic.

All he knew was that Ji Ning had been analyzing that stone stele. As for what mysteries the stone stele contained? The bear had no idea. However, upon sensing his master disappear, he had naturally panicked.

“I’m fine.” Ning’s voice rang out within the giant yellow bear’s mind. Now that he had completely bound the manor, he had a true master-servant connection to the giant yellow bear.

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A blurry region of chaos, merely a few hundred meters in size.

Ning appeared out of nowhere within this region.

“Where am I?” Ning was extremely puzzled. He could, however, still sense the panicking giant yellow bear outside, and so he hurriedly consoled the bear.

“What’s that...?” Ning saw two figures fly towards him from far way, each of whom had auras of tremendous power. They had swarthy black skin and were many meters tall. Ning immediately grew guarded as he saw them approach.

After arriving, the two figures...simultaneously fell to their knees, then prostrated themselves on the ground. "Respectful greetings to you, Overseer!"

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Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 25: Tremendous Fortune

Ji Ning looked at the two prostrating figures, his heart clenching. "It seems my blunder has resulted in them believing me to be the 'Overseer'. I have to be very careful. The first thing I should do is get a sense as to what an 'Overseer' does. I can't let them see through me; that'll put me in grave danger." That exalted aura he had sensed earlier told him that he was a very weak figure, compared to the power of the stone stele.

"It seems they are very respectful to me; their status should be lower than mine." Ning pondered for a moment, then said, "The two of you, report your names."

"This humble one is Eastcricket." The taller man was the first to respond respectfully. His voice was low and deep, and seemed quite honest.

"This humble one is Westbat," the pudgier one said. "The two of us have been awaiting you, Lord Overseer, for three full chaos cycles. Ever since we were created, we've been diligently working here at Prisonworld 17. Without you here, Lord Overseer, we've been quite nervous and restless. We were worried that something unexpected had happened to this prisonworld."

Ning's heart clenched. Three chaos cycles? A 'chaos cycle' had to be a unit of time...and from the sound of it, it was a very long period of time.

After being created? Were not they living creatures?

Prisonworld 17? As the 'Overseer'...was he supposed to be in charge of this prison?

"Has anything unexpected happened in this Prisonworld?" Ning casually followed their line of conversation. He needed to ask as many questions as he could and learn more information from them.

"We were blessed by your good fortune, and so nothing has happened during the past three chaos cycles. It won't be so easy for the imprisoned criminals to cause any problems!" The pudgy Westbat hurriedly added, "I knew that you have to be busy, milord. The various duties of the Prisonworld can be left to the two of us for handling. If there really is a major event, we'll immediately notify you. All you need to do is then report it to His Majesty. You can spend your time touring the Prisonworld, or you can quietly train by yourself. If there's anything you need, just inform us."

"Right. Report it to His Majesty..." Ning nodded slowly.

His Majesty?

Of which kingdom? Could it be that this stone stele belonged to a particular nation?

"Tell me about the various matters, great and small, that have occurred during the past three chaos cycles," Ning said.

The tall Eastcricket blinked at Ning, then mused to himself, "How long would it take to describe all the events that occurred over the course of three chaos cycles? How bored is he?"

In contrast, chubby Westbat grew excited. "Milord, allow me. Uh...shall I start from the time when the last Lord Overseer left, or...?"

"Tell me a bit about the previous Lord Overseer, then speak about the past three chaos cycles." Ning wanted to learn more, but he was afraid of exposing himself. Thus, he was very careful with his words. These two jailors seemed to be very respectful to him, but Ning still had a strange feeling about them.

In truth, ever since his Pure Yang energy filled the divine runes, he had gained a strange sort of control over this chaotic region. In fact, he could easily leave it if he chose. And yet...he didn't have any direct control over these two jailors. Clearly, they had to have been produced by this mysterious 'Dominion' and only answered to the dictates of the Dominion. If they were to discover that Ning was a foe, they would probably attack him.

"Ah...well, the previous Lord Overseer would chat with us when he was bored. Now, it could just be that he was bragging for the sake of bragging, but he claimed to be the son of an Elder God, and that the only reason he had been punished to serve as an Overseer for a chaos cycle was because he had run afoul of the law." Westbat mused to himself, "I don't know if he was just bragging or not, but based on my own judgment, I think he was telling the truth."

"Generally speaking, Overseers are all core members of our Pangaea chaos-kingdom. After all, even though being forced to stay here in solitude for a full chaos cycle is technically a form of punishment, it also allows the offender to learn those seven supreme techniques. In addition, the offender is even allowed to enjoy one of the bottles of chaos nectar which Prisonworld 17 is able to refine from the primordial chaos around us. This is actually a great benefit! Ordinary Immortals would be willing to spend a full chaos cycle in solitude to gain a bottle of chaos nectar or to learn the seven supreme techniques, but they wouldn't even have a chance!"

"Chaos nectar?" Ning's eyes lit up.

[Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] was divided into three stages. The first stage was very easy to learn, but the second stage was thousands of times more difficult, because it required one to be able to transform into eighteen mighty clones, each of which was as powerful as the original body. Even the soul had to be identical in power. It was easy to train in divine power or Immortal energy, but to duplicate the soul eighteen times while maintaining the same level of power was incredibly difficult. It required the assistance of precious supportive treasures.

Chaos nectar was incomparably precious. If he had chaos nectar, he would be able to master the second stage of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods].

"Right. Chaos nectar." Jailor Westbad said hurriedly, "A bottle of chaos nectar, based on the experiences of the past Lord Overseers, is generally enough to allow mastery of the second stage of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]."

"Where is the chaos nectar?" Ning asked.

“The previous Lord Overseer took the chaos nectar back with him to offer it to His Majesty. However, during the past three chaos cycles, Prison-World 17 has continued to distill primordial chaos, accumulating quite a bit. The two of us have been working hard on this task. Given that it’s been three chaos cycles since we’ve been contacted...we have a total of eighteen bottles. The nineteenth bottle isn’t full yet; we still need to spend some time and fill it up,” Westbat said.

“Give them to me,” Ning instructed.

The chubby Jailor Westbat was startled. He hesitated momentarily, then waved his hand.

Whoosh.

Instantly, a total of eighteen black bottles appeared before him, hovering in the air. The ancient surfaces of the bottles were covered with divine runes. They were clearly extraordinary items.

“Milord,” Westbat said hurriedly, “Milord, you’ll be here for at least a full chaos cycle. You are only permitted to use a single bottle; no matter what, don’t use more than that. His Majesty knows exactly how much we are able to harvest. If you use too much, you’ll probably run into trouble. Chaos nectar is extremely valuable...generally, we only give it to the Lord Overseer when he finishes his tour of duty.”

“Relax. I’m not suicidal,” Ning chuckled. He waved his arm, collecting the eighteen bottles.

Westbat hurriedly laughed ingratiatingly. “Right, right, right. You have an exalted status, milord; naturally, you won’t act rashly.”

“Eheh. Are there any other treasures here in Prisonworld 17?” Ning’s eyes seemed to be shining right now.

“Nothing.” The chubby Jailor Westbat shook his head repeatedly. He had served quite a few Overseers, and he knew that all of them had special statuses. All of them were core members of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, which was why they were sent to such an important location as this. Although it was nominally a punishment, it was also a great boon. There were many of them who acquired chaos nectar, then greedily desired other things as well.

“There really is nothing else. This is just a Prisonworld with many prisoners,” the chubby jailor said. “If you are talented enough to get something out of the prisoners, that’s entirely your business. However, all of the prisoners are filled with hatred, and many of them are incredibly powerful; I imagine that not only will they not give you anything, they’ll try to kill you. If you really want to interact with the prisoners, milord, I urge you to hurry up and master the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]. That way, with eighteen clones, you at least won’t be at any risk of death.”

“Right.” Ning nodded.

Prisoners?

“Continue telling me about Overseer duties, as well as the various events that have occurred during the past three chaos cycles. I’m actually quite bored right now. Ugh...a full chaos cycle! It’ll feel like forever,” Ning sighed.

“Please permit me to elaborate,” the chubby Jailor Westbat said excitedly. He loved to talk, but Eastcricket was a stuffy gourd who was always silent. This caused Westbat quite a bit of irritation, and

he would often go chatting with some of the prisoners. Many of the prisoners wanted to kill him, but fortunately for him he always stayed outside of the protective formations, preventing them from injuring him.

More than half of the prisoners of Prisonworld 17 absolutely hated this chattering, prattering jailor.

“The last Lord Overseer had a rather foul attitude. In my opinion, he had indeed been spoiled rotten by an Elder God. As soon as he arrived...” The chubby Jailor Westbat began to narrate nonstop.

As for Ning, he just smiled and listened in a very ‘relaxed’ way.

Relaxed? He wasn’t relaxed at all! But he knew very well that his acquisition of the stone stele was a stroke of tremendous karmic fortune. The greater a stroke of karmic fortune, the more careful one had to be. Otherwise, one might end up with nothing, or worse!

As Ning continued to listen, he began to understand more and more. An entire world had indeed been placed within this stone stele, and from the sound of it the world was extremely vast! This was a place where many of the criminals of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom were located.

The Pangaea chaos-kingdom was an extremely powerful kingdom. The most powerful figure was the King of Pangaea, an exceptionally formidable and powerful figure. The stone stele which held this prisonworld had been created by the King of Pangaea, and there were a total of thirty-six of them. The thirty-six stone stele prisonworlds would naturally join together into the shockingly powerful ‘Nine-Layered Heaven Chaining Formation’, making it incredibly hard for enemies to enter. Only members of their own kingdom could enter.

Each of the thirty-six stone steles had seven mighty techniques engraved upon them, for a total of 252 techniques. These techniques had all been left behind by the King of Pangaea. Although these weren’t the supreme techniques which the King of Pangaea had used to dominate his opponents, they were still some of the best techniques he had to offer. Every single Overseer would have the opportunity to learn the seven techniques on their respective stone steles, but they wouldn’t be permitted to learn from any of the others.

“Hmm...hmm...Pangaea chaos-kingdom? From its name, it has to be a kingdom located within the primordial chaos,” Ning mused to himself. “The primordial chaos truly is an absolutely amazing place. In the past, there have been quite a few incursions by alien Outsiders into our Three Realms. The primordial chaos is vast and infinite, capable of giving birth to many True Gods, Elder Gods, and even figures like Pangu. It makes sense that a nation like the Pangaea chaos-kingdom would exist.”

“However...judging from what these jailors said, the ‘Nine-Layered Heaven Chaining Formation’ which these thirty-six stone steles are a part of is nothing more than a joke.”

“This stone stele ended up in Youngflame Freak’s hands during the Primordial Era, and now it is in my hands. Its always been by itself for these countless years. I imagine that the formation was long ago destroyed, resulting in the stone steles being scattered apart. I wonder what this stone stele experienced, for it to have ended up here in the Three Realms.”

Although Ning was surprised and delighted, he was still cautious. The Three Realms had often battled against alien Outsiders such as Rahu or the even-more-powerful Lord of All Things, but had killed all of

them. Most likely, many in the Three Realms had acquired some of the treasures or supreme techniques of the alien Outsiders. Ning had merely acquired a single such treasure...albeit, his seemed to be quite impressive.

Ning continued to listen 'relaxedly' for some time, then said with a laugh, "Alright, you can stop for now."

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 26: Training in the Chaos Region

"The two of you can go patrol the prisonworld," Ji Ning instructed.

"Understood." The two jailors respectfully assented to the order, then began to fly back the way they came. Far away, there was a blurry spatial door. Upon entering it, the two disappeared from Ning's senses.

The only person left in this region was Ning.

Ning sat down in the lotus position. Below him was the 'edges' of this chaos region. Although it was invisible, it was enough to support Ning.

"Chaos nectar? Distilled from primordial chaos? I've never even heard of such a thing in the Three Realms." Ning waved his hand, producing a black bottle. "A single bottle of chaos nectar is enough to train the second stage of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]? But from the sound of it, this chaos nectar is incredibly valuable. Generally speaking, in the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, only Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals are allowed to enjoy this nectar. Aside from them, only some people with special statuses will be occasionally bestowed a bit of it."

'Ancestral Immortals' was a term of power from the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. As far as Ning could tell, it referred to 'Daofathers'.

The language of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom was incredibly similar to that of the human language of the Three Realms. The words were very similar to each other, and even the pronunciation was similar. Previously, when the torrent of information regarding the seven mighty techniques had entered Ning's mind, he could hear echoes of a great Dao, allowing him to easily understand their language. In truth, it could even be treated as a mere human dialect of the Three Realms.

"A person assigned to be an Overseer would have to have a high level of status in the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. They would be 'punished' to stand guard for a chaos cycle, but would then acquire a bottle."

Ning now knew exactly how long a chaos cycle was.

The chatty Westbat had spoken for three days and three nights. He had provided much information, allowing Ning to hypothesize even more.

Chaos cycles...

They referred to the natural cycles every chaosworld would go through. Its birth, the slow passage of time, its eventual aging, and then its final destruction. This extremely long period of time was known as a 'chaos cycle'! But of course, there were some chaosworlds which were attacked and destroyed by outside forces during their prime.

For example, the primordial world of Pangu was a chaosworld that had collided with the Seamless Chaosworld, then experienced a battle that caused its destruction. Still, in the end, the destruction of the Pangu Chaosworld and the Seamless Chaosworld had resulted in the birth of the new world, the 'Three Realms'.

"Prisonworld 17?" Ning glanced at the distant spatial doorway.

He now knew that once he left this region, he would enter Prisonworld 17. This was one of the thirty-six great prisonworlds that were used to hold the prisoners of the ancient Pangaea chaos-kingdom.

"Chaos nectar is extremely valuable and rare; it's hard to say if it even exists anywhere else in the Three Realms. I absolutely cannot waste such a precious treasure." Ning pondered on what to do next. As for the jailor's instructions for him to only use a single bottle, Ning didn't give a damn. Who knew in what corner of the primordial chaos the Pangaea chaos-kingdom was even located? In fact, it might've been destroyed long ago! And of course, Ning himself was merely feigning allegiance to it.

All eighteen bottles would naturally belong to himself!

"According to what the jailor said, all of the Overseers would choose to use their bottle of chaos nectar to train in the second stage of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]." Ning nodded. "The Overseers were all core members of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. They should have known exactly how valuable chaos nectar was. If they chose to use it for this technique, then it should be worth it."

"That'll be my choice as well. First, I'll train in [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]."

Ning's primary issue was that he knew far too little about chaos nectar. Chaos nectar was gathered by the vast prisonworlds, which had created incomparably complicated formations to harvest it from the primordial chaos. Every single chaos cycle, only a total of six bottles would be harvested! In addition, there wasn't necessarily anyone in the entire Three Realms who was capable of setting up such a complicated formation. Most likely, only Mother Nuwa, who had established her own Nuwa world, would be able to do so. No matter how Ning looked at it, it seemed as though acquiring more chaos nectar would be extremely difficult.

The chaos nectar of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom would generally go to the King of Pangaea, who would occasionally bestow a bit to his subordinates.

Every single bottle used would represent an irrevocable expenditure. He had to be judicious and sparing in its use. Perhaps in the future, he might discover an important effect or use for it! But of course, the second stage of [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] was absolutely shocking in power. Ning deeply desired to train in it, and so he started to do so immediately.

The blurry chaos region was only a few hundred meters wide.

"Although this region of primordial chaos is very small, it's extraordinary marvelous." Ning stared at his surroundings. "Earlier, when I was outside, I couldn't find anything when I sent my divine power into the stone stele. The stone stele holds this chaos region within it, as well as the prisonworld. I had to activate the divine runes before I was drawn inside."

"The strangest thing is..."

“It seems as though this place is not under the jurisdiction of the Heavenly Daos.”

By now, Ning was at a formidable level of power. He could vaguely sense how the Heavenly Daos of the Three Realms functioned.

To surpass the jurisdiction of the Heavenly Daos was possible if one went into the vast Void. Although a Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos was present there, the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos of the Void was different from that of the Three Realms, even though the ‘rules’ were the same, as they belonged to different regions. Similarly, the primordial chaos itself held a Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos, as did this stone stele, but the Heavenly Daos of the Three Realms did not have any sway outside the Three Realms or inside the stone stele.

“The stone stele is clearly inside my Starseizing Manor, but it isn’t subject to the dictates of the Three Realms. It seems that the major power who created this stone stele is also a figure who has surpassed the Heavenly Daos.”

After coming to this conclusion, Ning no longer thought any further on the matter. Whoosh! A green jade bottle appeared within his hands, with some Pure Yang Immortal pills located inside of it.

“The first stage of [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] is very easy. All I need to do is use up some Pure Yang Immortal pills.” Ning opened the stopper to the green jade bottle, then placed it to one side as he began to train.

Criss-crossing lines of gold began to appear all over Ning’s body. Slowly, golden runes began to take form. As more time passed, the golden runes became more and more numerous. In the blink of an eye, a golden rune-covered kasaya seemed to have appeared over Ning’s body! A certain aura began to emanate from it.

Rumble...

The many golden runes began to connect to each other in an organized way, linking together into lines that began to ripple and flow. The lines of golden runes thus began to merge into each other in an extremely marvelous way.

A strange, nameless aura began to drift out.

Boom! As time flowed out, the lines of golden runes finally completed their fusion, having transformed into a single, enormous divine rune. This enormous divine rune had completely covered Ning’s body...and then, with a swoosh, it went straight inside Ning.

Slowly, a miracle began to happen...

“My truesoul...”

Ning felt a sensation akin to intoxication. Everything felt blurry, but he could still sense that his truesoul was slowly being divided into halves...thirds...quarters...

His soul was beginning to split apart as well. As he felt his body grow low on energy, Ning immediately began to consume some Pure Yang Immortal pills.

This dream-like state persisted for a period of time. Then...whoosh. Seventeen rays of light suddenly shot out from Ning, each of which then transformed into a white-robed youth.

The eighteen white-robed youths all sat there in the lotus position within the chaos region. Their auras were absolutely identical, and their power was the same as well.

“They actually became independent, self-sustaining bodies. Every single one of them has a perfect truesoul and soul. They even have Pure Yang Jindan’s within their body.” Ning was absolutely delighted and shocked. The eighteen clones shared memories together, as they were fundamentally the same person. However, the death of one wouldn’t have any impact on the other seventeen at all.

In addition, thanks to the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods], a slain clone could be remade. However, the cost to remake another soul and another Pure Yang Jindan would be quite large.

This time, Ning hadn’t paid much of a price to train to the first stage. This was because Ning’s true body had essentially had its power divided by eighteen to create those seventeen additional bodies.

“Absolutely identical. Even the divine tattoos are identical.”

The eighteen Ji Ning’s simultaneously stared at their respective palms; each of them had Starseizing Tattoos on their hands.

When Empyrean Gods created clones, their power would only be slightly affected, and they would still have their divine abilities. The fatal flaw of those clones, however, was that their souls weren’t stand-alone. If too many clones died, the soul would be tattered and break apart. Ning, however, didn’t have to face this danger...but his power did decrease.

“Time to train the second stage.” Ning didn’t hesitate at all, immediately pulling out a bottle of chaos nectar.

The eighteen white-robed youths all sat down in the lotus position, forming into an enormous circle with the chaos nectar at the center of the circle.

Drip. Drip. Drip. Droplets of chaos nectar flew out from the black bottle. Although each dropped looked translucent, it was as though they held entire worlds within them. Tiny little bubbles occasionally appeared within each drop, occasionally breaking apart and popping. The little ‘worlds’ within those bubbles were similarly being born and destroyed.

An inconceivably powerful aura of life emanated from those chaos droplets.

In raw power alone, each drop was perhaps only comparable to a Great Firmament Immortal pill, but the chaos nectar seemed to hold everything within them. Truesoul, soul, heartforce, Immortal energy, divine power...all types of energy seemed to be hidden within them.

The primordial chaos could give birth to worlds. It could create countless living creatures.

Chaos nectar was distilled and extracted from the primordial chaos. It was incomparably marvelous and incomparably valuable.

One drop of chaos nectar after another flew out, moving towards the eighteen white-robed youths. When the chaos nectar entered Ning’s body, Ning felt an unprecedented cold sensation fill it. Even his

soul itself felt chilled. However, this icy feeling was quite comfortable, and he felt more refreshed and awake than he ever had before. Every part of his body, from his muscles and his flesh to his soul, felt alive and refreshed, as though he had just been bathed.

Ning immediately began to apply the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] technique in guiding the chaos nectar to take affect in the necessary manner.

First the soul, then the Pure Yang Jindan...

They immediately began to grow at high speed, like a sapling growing into a tree. Even Ning's divine power was rapidly increasing...

The auras of all eighteen white-robed youths were strengthening at a shockingly fast pace.

In truth, the first stage of this powerful technique was easy to learn precisely because it involved dividing the power of the true body into eighteen different bodies. The reason why the second stage was thousands of times harder was precisely because it involved using different types of extremely rare items to rebuild the lost power...but finding items that could replenish the soul and heartforce was incredibly difficult.

The third stage not only had high material requirements, it also required a certain level of insight, making it even harder to train. But once one succeeded, the eighteen clones would be able to once more merge together, resulting in a simply shocking increase in power. In truth, there had been many in the Pangaea chaos-kingdom who had acquired this technique, but aside from the King of Pangaea himself, no one had ever been able to train to the third stage.

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The chaos region was completely silent.

The bottle of chaos nectar had long ago been used up. At the very bottom of the black bottle, a little bit of remaning chaos nectar could be seen.

"Success." The eighteen white-robed youths simultaneously opened their eyes.

"From this day forth...I finally have the strength I need to truly battle against the Seamless Gate." Ning could finally sense that the terrifying pressure the Seamless Gate had brought him had begun to lessen. Finally, he had a true chance to rescue his senior apprentice-sister.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 27: Prisonworld

In terms of value, the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] was comparable to the other six techniques. However, thanks to this bottle of chaos nectar, Ji Ning had been able to train to the second level of the technique, causing his body to undergo a fundamental change in quality.

"There's actually a bit left over." Ning waved his hand, causing the black bottle to fly into it. The drops of chaos nectar were clearly visible at the base of the bottle. "Each bottle holds a total of ninety-nine drops. There are actually twenty-two left. According to what Jailor Westbat said, the previous Overseers would all use up nearly an entire battle. It seems as though my strength is slightly lacking, compared to the previous Overseers."

The more powerful one was, the more chaos nectar would be needed to train to the second stage of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods].

The price of training the first stage and creating eighteen clones was having one's strength lowered. The price of training the second stage lay in consuming chaos nectar to quickly return back to one's original level of power. Thus, the more powerful one was, the more chaos nectar would be needed. For example, the Jindan and the soul which True Gods and Daofathers possessed were far more powerful than Ning's, and so they would need far more chaos nectar as well. This, too, had been recorded within the details of the technique.

The generations of Overseers were only permitted to assume their position after showing that they were capable of 'reading' the entire stone stele. Ning had just barely succeeded, but had still successfully become an Overseer. This meant his level of power was still quite close to that of the previous Overseers. Clearly, the previous Overseers hadn't reached the True God or Daofather level.

"Prisonworld...?"

The other seventeen clones remained seated, pondering the remaining six techniques. One of them, however, arose and walked out towards the spatial gateway.

Whoosh.

Upon passing through the gateway, the world seemed to change.

He was now in a wide, vast world. At the very peak of a ten thousand kilometer mountain, a white-robed youth appeared out of nowhere.

"So this is a prisonworld...?" Ning saw that this vast world was dark and blurry. There were no stars, no sun, no moon. Countless divine runes could be seen swimming through the skies like dragons. These golden divine runes caused the skies to glitter, perpetually casting the vast earth in dim light.

"Spread out." Standing atop the peak of the towering mountain, Ning willed his heartforce to emerge.

Boom! His heartforce instead spread out in every direction. Ning did not dare to release his coresense in this region, where so many prisoners were located, for fear of suffering an attack! Comparatively speaking, using heartforce was much safer.

In an instant, his heartforce spread out to cover an area that was at least three times the size of the Grand Xia.

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"Eh?"

Far away, there was a filthy-looking old man who was leaning against a stone cliff. His legs were shackled together, and the shackles emanated strange, mysterious ripples of power. It was precisely because of these shackles that he had been imprisoned here for more than ten chaos cycles.

"Heartforce...? It seems that the new Overseer has arrived. The Overseers are all young fellows. This one has fairly strong heartforce, at least." The filthy-looking old man raised his head, a green light emanating from his eyes. Instantly, a surge of powerful heartforce swept out to cover an area of a thousand

kilometers. As for the heartforce which Ning had sent into the region, it was completely surrounded and smothered by this second surge of heartforce.

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Off in the distance, there was a wild dog who was lying on the ground. The wild dog's fur and skin was damaged so badly that his black bones could be seen in some places. The wild dog blinked. "This kid really doesn't know his own limits. That old bastard, Pangaea, is increasingly lax when sending out his Overseers. Doesn't he warn these kids? Still...his heartforce is much stronger than that of the previous Overseer."

Everything within a thousand kilometers suddenly turned dark. Even the surrounding space trembled slightly.

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Still atop the distant mountain peak, Ning's face suddenly turned ashen. He gritted his teeth. "Break!"

Instantly, Ning forcibly severed off part of the heartforce which he had sent out. He treated it as though he had shot out an arrow with heartforce, completely severing it from himself.

"How terrifying...b-b-but..."

Only after breaking the connection did the fear hit Ning.

"The region my heartforce was able to cover had to be just a tiny portion of this prisonworld. The most terrifying figures within this region were that old man and that wild dog." Ning swallowed, hard. "That old man had to be at the Daofather level, while the wild dog should be at the Elder God level. That old man's heartforce is merely at the fourth stage as well, but he's far more powerful than me in using techniques to apply it. He was actually able to instantly trap me in an illusion. Fortunately, both of us are at the fourth stage of heartforce, which is why I was able to forcibly sever the connection."

"As for that wild dog...his divine ability is simply incredible. He was able to devour my heartforce in the blink of an eye." 1

Ning instantly understood that those two figures were definitely not people he could mess with.

"The area I scanned also contained eighteen True Gods, thirty-three Pure Yang True Immortals, seventy-one Empyrean Gods, and ninety-six Celestial Immortals." Ning did some quick calculations.

The auras of the True Gods were as powerful as expected. The Pure Yang True Immortals also gave Ning a sense of tremendous danger.

"The Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals shouldn't be too dangerous." Ning pondered for another moment. "Right. I'll choose a Celestial Immortal as my first contact. Celestial Immortals are the weakest. I should be able to discover quite a few secrets from them."

The two jailors were nothing more than constructs; they didn't understand any cultivation techniques at all. The prisoners here, however, did.

Whoosh.

Ning sat down within his Voidboat. The Voidboat transformed into a streak of light, rapidly advancing through the dark prisonworld. Ning intentionally kept more than a thousand kilometers away from the prisoners, because every single prisoner was surrounded by complicated formations that were a thousand kilometers around them. These formations were meant to subdue the prisoners and prevent their techniques from going outside.

There was no way to tear through the space in the prisonworld, nor was there any way to engage in spatial teleportation. The only choice was to slowly fly forward.

It usually took the two jailors more than 120,000 years to complete a full inspection of all the prisoners in the prisonworld. From this, one could tell how vast this world truly was. But of course, this was also a testament to how slow the jailors were. As constructs, they were able to absorb enough energy from the world to stay alive, but their flying speed was ridiculously slow. If they had a Voidboat like Ning did, they would be much, much faster.

Ning flew for half a day.

“Here it is.” Ning put away the Voidboat, then landed within a valley.

“That Celestial Immortal is right up ahead.”

As he walked through the valley, Ning moved hundreds of kilometers with each step. He quickly arrived at the margins of the formation.

The blurry formation barrier covered the region like a giant dome. The prisoner was completely unable to step past the formation barrier. However, the barrier was only effective against the prisoner; Ning and the two jailors could enter and exit as they pleased.

Whoosh. Ning took a single step forward. The barrier didn’t harm Ning at all.

Ning once more sent out his heartforce, using it to encompass this region.

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Far away, there was a youth dressed in tattered clothes who was seated in the lotus position. The youth had a pair of black shackles around his feet. The chains attached to the black shackles stretched off into the distance, disappearing into an empty region as though they had emerged from it. The black shackles were absolutely terrifying; once they were attached, there was no way to remove them at all. Not even Elder Gods could do it.

Although the black shackles looked like they were attached to the legs, in truth they bound the soul and the truesoul.

Suddenly, faint footsteps could be heard off in the distance.

“Eh?” The youth dressed in tattered clothes blurrily opened his eyes.

It had been far too long. He had been here far, far too long, so long that even the magic treasure clothes he wore had been reduced to a tattered state. In truth, all he had to do was use a bit of energy and he would be able to instantly repair them, but there was no way to absorb any energy whatsoever within

the prisonworld. All any of them could do was rely on the original amount they had to sustain themselves.

He had committed a grave crime, so great that not even his school could save him. His master had given him many spirit-pills, so that he might live longer within this prisonworld. His master had said to him, "Goodhill, I'm unable to save you. Be sparing with these spirit-pills. You'll only be able to survive within the prisonworld by relying on your own Immortal energy, but once it is used up, once the spirit-pills are used up, you will die! Only if you manage to stay alive will you be able to escape. I'll definitely help you and come up with a way to save you, so you have to hold on. No matter what, don't kill yourself. Hold on!"

"Someone's finally come. It's been far, far too long." A look of hope was in the youth's eyes. "Am I going to be released?"

It was this hope which had sustained him for three chaos cycles, which kept him going even now. He had been extremely sparing with every drop of energy, and fortunately his master had provided him with many spirit-pills. However, by now he had already used up the majority of them; most likely, he would only be able to hold on for another chaos cycle, at which point he would succumb.

"Eh?" The youth looked at the white-robed figure. "His aura...True Immortal? Wait...why is he...so weak?"

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Ning stared at the skeletal-looking youth. This youth had a human-like appearance, but he was too skinny. Still, Ning's heartforce had discovered that every single prisoner seemed to be extremely gaunt, as though they were ordinary mortals that were starved to the brink of death. No...not even starving mortals would be as ridiculously gaunt as them.

The Elder God in the shape of a wild dog, for example...he had been starved so badly that his very skin had broken apart, revealing his black bones.

"You must be the new Overseer." The youth looked at him. "I am a Celestial Immortal, but an Overseer has actually come to visit me...are you going to release me?"

"Release you?" Ning was startled.

"Why didn't you bring the talisman of command? Without it, you won't be able to open these shackles." The youth shook his head.

Ning shook his own head as well. "I don't have it. I have no way to release you." Not even Elder Gods could break these shackles, to say nothing of Ning.

The youth was stunned. He stared at Ning in amazement. "Y-you...you aren't of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom! Who are you? How did you enter this prisonworld? What happened to the Pangaea chaos-kingdom?"

"I'm the Overseer which His Majesty sent," Ning said, looking at the youth.

"Don't deny it." The youth shook his head. "If you came from our Pangaea chaos-kingdom, if you were sent by His Majesty, then you would definitely know that His Majesty would personally send an Elder

God or Ancestral Immortal to open the shackles. Even if you did have the command talisman, you still wouldn't be able to open the shackles. But just now, when I asked you about opening the shackles with the command talisman, you didn't express any puzzlement at all."

Ning was stunned.

He hadn't revealed anything in front of those two golems...but as soon as he interacted with an actual intelligent being, a Celestial Immortal, he had immediately revealed himself.

Still, Ning didn't panic at all. When he had first entered, he had been worried about his true identity being revealed, but after chatting with Westbat for so long, Ning realized that this stone stele was a very special treasure, much like his Starseizing Manor. It contained many formations and restrictions within it, but he now truly was the master of the stone stele. As for the two golems, they were nothing more than laborers. Perhaps they weren't weak, but they would never, ever be able to leave the stone stele.

Ning, however, could leave the stone stele world whenever he so chose. And so, he was no longer worried about any danger.

"Why did you suspect my identity? Why did you test me?" Ning asked.

"Tell me, what has happened to the Pangaea chaos-kingdom?!" The youth asked frantically.