

## Desolate 601

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 28: Celestial Immortal Goodhill

The youth stared at Ji Ning, his eyes filled with hope.

“It was destroyed,” Ning replied. Even if it wasn’t destroyed, the thirty-six stone steles had been split up. Given how long this one had been within the Three Realms, there was likely no way the Pangaea chaos-kingdom would ever find it again.

“Destroyed? Destroyed. But...how...? Princess...Master...n-no...” The youth finally broke down. He had resolutely stood firm for three full chaos cycles because of that unyielding desire in his heart. Three full chaos cycles! There had been many True Gods who had felt despair due to solitude and killed themselves, but he, a mere Celestial Immortal, had been able to persevere for so many years.

“It was your people. You wiped out our Pangaea chaos-kingdom...you destroyed everything...took everything from me...n-no...” The youth went crazy.

“Go DIEEEEEEE!” Hundreds of streaks of light suddenly exploded forth from the youth’s body. The streaks of light swirled around him, and then an enormous, jade-green sword-shadow suddenly appeared, chopping down towards Ning.

Ning had been fairly calm, because all of this was as he had expected, and the person before him was merely a Celestial Immortal. Upon seeing the attack, however, Ning was truly stunned. The enormous jade-green sword-shadow carried so much power that his heart clenched. This wasn’t an attack which Celestial Immortals were capable of. In fact, not even every Pure Yang True Immortal was as powerful as this!

“Impossible! [Starseizing Hand]!!!”

Ning didn’t dare to hesitate at all. He immediately executed the [Starseizing Hand] ability.

Whoosh!

An enormous palm, glowing with blurry light, smashed downwards towards the giant jade-green sword-shadow.

BOOM! The two collided. Shockwaves spread outwards from the collision, causing the earth to tremble and crack.

Ning couldn’t help but be knocked several steps backwards by the collision. As for the youth, he still stood there, eyes completely bloodshot as he stared crazily at Ning.

“How can this be? You are merely a Celestial Immortal. How can you be this powerful? This is impossible.” Ning was completely stunned. This outcome had completely turned his world upside-down. After using the [Starseizing Hand], he could be considered a supreme Empyrean God. Why, then, was he put at a disadvantage when colliding against that sword?

“Die, die, DIE! GO DIE!!!” The youth had gone completely mad.

“It seems I’ll have to suppress him in order to understand what is going on.” Ning unleashed his full power. “[Starseizing Hand]!”

The same technique, the [Starseizing Hand]...but this time, Ning’s powerful fourth-stage heartforce was completely activated at full power. The power of the [Starseizing Hand] instantly increased once more. Most likely, it was comparable to a full-strength arrow from the divine archers of the Three Realms.

Rumble...

The enormous palm smashed downwards with unearthly powerful. It was markedly and visibly far more powerful than before. When the Celestial Immortal’s enormous jade-green sword-shadow chopped against it, there was a sudden explosion, followed by the sword-shadow instantly breaking apart. The giant palm, however, continued to chop downwards. The youth wanted to dodge, but the giant palm made a sudden grabbing motion.

Whoosh! It seized the youth, capturing the youth within itself.

“Fourth stage heartforce?” The youth stared at Ning, laughing like a madman, his laughter tinged with desolate grief. “So what if your heartforce is at the fourth stage? You are such a weak True Immortal.”

“Speak! How could a Celestial Immortal like you be so powerful?” Ning stared at him.

“Ahahaha...I’m not powerful, you are just puny!” The youth stared at Ning. “I would never have thought that the Pangaea chaos-world would be destroyed and that this prisonworld would end up in the hands of someone as weak as you.”

“Answer me!” Ning’s giant palm clenched around the youth as he said coldly, “How can a Celestial Immortal be as strong as you? Why did you say I am weak?”

“It’s too late...too late. Even if you found out, it’s still too late.” The youth truly seemed gripped by madness as he giggled, “But I still refuse to tell you. Not gonna tell you! Ahahaha...”

Ning frowned. He could sense that this youth truly seemed to have gone crazy.

“If you tell me, not only will I spare you, I can give you what you want,” Ning said.

“What I want? I want to go back to the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. I want to leave this place. I want to see the princess. I want to see Master. Can you do these things? Can you accomplish even one of them?” The youth stared at Ning, madness apparent in his eyes. “Someone as weak as you couldn’t possibly accomplish any of them. You can’t do it!”

Ning was stunned. He didn’t even know where the Pangaea chaos-kingdom was. As for letting the man leave? He didn’t have the ability to do so!

“It’s true that I can’t do it,” Ning said. “However, I can make it so that your life is a bit more comfortable. I can let things be more pleasant for you.”

“Ahahaha...comfortable...ahahahaha! It’s over...over...all over. Master...Princess...I’ve waited bitterly for three full chaos cycles...but this is the result? This is my destiny? Ahahaha...” The insane youth couldn’t stop laughing. “Master...Princess...Goodhill is on his way now...”

BOOM!

The youth in Ning's giant palm suddenly blew apart, his soul completely shattering.

"Suicide?" Ning shook his head.

The man had stewed here for three full chaos cycles by himself. It would indeed be hard to persuade such a person with just a few simple words.

.....

Ning stood there, staring at a large pile of items. These were the relics which the young prisoner had left behind.

"I hope I can find something that will tell me about the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, something that can explain why the youth was so powerful." Ning carefully looked through the items. The first things he noticed were those jade-green flying swords. He saw a total of 360 of them, each of them emanating an invisible aura of sword-intent.

"B-but..." Ning was instantly stunned as he inspected them more carefully. "Top-grade Pure Yang flying swords? All of them are top-grade...and there are 360 of them." Ning knew very well that the youth had controlled these 360 Pure Yang flying swords to form that jade-green sword-light to fight earlier. "How could he, a Celestial Immortal, possibly be able to simultaneously control so many top-grade Pure Yang swords?"

It was extremely hard to control such powerful treasures. Even most True Immortals would be unable to control so many top-grade Pure Yang swords.

"And inside this..." Ning instantly began to bind some of the storage treasures and investigate their contents. He began to discover one item after another.

The deceased 'Goodhill' could be considered a core member of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. Otherwise, as a Celestial Immortal, there was no way he would even be qualified to be imprisoned here; he would've simply been executed, rather than locked in here for countless years. Clearly, the King of Pangaea had certain concerns of his own; most likely, he didn't want to so directly offend the school behind Goodhill.

And so, Goodhill naturally had quite a few treasures.

"He actually has a second set of 360..." Ning was shocked and delighted. Aside from the first set of 360 jade-green Immortal swords, there was also a second set of 360 fiery-red Immortal swords.

Both sets were of top-grade Pure Yang swords!

These two sets, combined, were better than any of the Pure Yang treasure sets which Daoist Threelives had left behind. But of course, they were still far from being a match for the 3600 goldstar beads, which were supreme Protocosmic spirit-treasures. Every single bead was more valuable than a top-grade Pure Yang sword, and there were 3600 of them. That set was something which Daoist Three Purities had acquired!

“For a Celestial Immortal to have so many treasures...his wealth is far more staggering than that of the vast majority of the True Immortals of our Three Realms. Most likely, only supreme Empyrean Gods and True Immortals like me or Patriarch Lu would be able to compare to him,” Ning mused to himself.

He continued to carefully inspect the other items.

Most of the treasures being carried by the youth were Pure Yang treasures. All the items were on the Pure Yang level. It was as though to this youth, Pure Yang treasures were just common items. However, the strange thing was, the youth didn't have so much as a single Protocosmic spirit-treasure on him. It must be understood that even people like the Xia Emperor had multiple Protocosmic spirit-treasures.

“He destroyed all his spirit-pills and Immortal herbs?” Ning looked at some shattered bits and pieces of items, then shook his head. Before dying, the youth had destroyed everything he could. However, he had been unable to destroy the Pure Yang artifacts, and so Ning had acquired them.

“He really didn't want to leave anything nice for me at all. Still, in the end these Immortal swords became mine. Two sets of flying swords, 360 in each set.” Ning sighed to himself.

What Ning didn't know was that one of the two sets was the set which Goodhill normally used, while the other set was a backup set.

Aside from the weapons, the other treasures were quite ordinary. For example, the treasures meant for fleeing were all merely at the Pure Yang level; they were far from being a match for the likes of the Voidboat.

.....

After going through Goodhill's possessions, Ning was unable to find a single cultivation technique or any records of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom.

“It makes sense. Generally speaking, techniques are directly transmitted into the mind. Secret manuals are rarely carried around.” Ning nodded. After he had learned techniques from the Black-White College and the Tristar Crescent Abode of Mount Innerheart, he had either put the secret manuals back where they belonged or destroyed them. There was no way he would just carry them around with him.

This was why it was virtually impossible to acquire techniques like the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], the full [Crimsonbright Diagram of the Nine Heavens], or [Houyi's Archery] through killing enemies. Ning, for example, simply wouldn't be carrying those techniques on him. He had memorized them all within his mind.

“Ah, right. All that aside, Celestial Immortals and even Empyrean Gods probably have low status within the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. There's no way they would be allowed to carry complete techniques around. And generally, when a master teaches an art, various soul-oaths will be employed as well,” Ning mused to himself. The more important a technique was, the more a school would work to ensure it wouldn't be leaked out. In fact, even soulscouring usually wouldn't be effective in acquiring a complete technique.

“Still, things might be different for someone with high status.”

“High status individuals might have the ability to acquire some special techniques, including ones that can be taught to those who are of a different school,” Ning mused to himself.

In the Three Realms, True Gods and Daofathers could choose to teach some techniques to outsiders, if they so desired. In the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, the Elder Gods and Daofathers could probably do the same.

“Earlier, when I used my heartforce to scan the region, I found an Elder God and a Daofather.” Ning nodded slowly. “The Elder God should be more powerful, and he looks like a wild dog. Perhaps it’ll be easier to persuade him.”

Right now, Ning desperately wanted to know why a Celestial Immortal could be so powerful.

.....

After Ning left Goodhill’s prison ‘cell’, he sat back into his Voidboat and fly towards the Elder God that looked like a wild dog.

In truth, Pure Yang treasures were now of limited benefit to Ning, and they were also useless to Daofathers and True Gods. Daofathers and True Gods generally used Protocosmic spirit-treasures or Chaos treasures! Ning’s most powerful treasure set right now was the Stargold Beads of the Heavens, but these two top-grade Pure Yang swords could be used in setting up the [Greater Thousand Swords Formation]. If he gave it to his Primaltwin, his Primaltwin would also have a powerful treasure to use.

The Voidboat carefully flew forward, avoiding the many ‘prison cells’ in the region.

Divine runes continued to flow densely through the dark skies of the world. Their power and aura made it so that Ning’s flying speed was much slower here than it was in the Three Realms.

After flying for more than three days, he finally arrived at the location where the wild dog Elder God was located.

“Senior.” Ning stood outside the formation, but sent a strand of his divine power inside of it in the form of a clone. The clone carried a wooden platter with it, covered with two flagons of wine and fine delicacies. A fragrance of saliva-inducing meat wafted out from the plate.

“Senior,” Ning’s clone called out, carrying the platter forward into the formation towards the direction of the wild dog Elder God.

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 29: Meeting the Elder God**

Even though they were hundreds of kilometers apart, Ji Ning’s clone could still see the distant form of the utterly emaciated wild dog lying on the ground. He immediately grew even more courteous and respectful. His heartforce had shown him how formidable this seemingly-unremarkable wild dog was. It had been able to devour even the invisible, formless power of heartforce; how could Ning possibly be a match for it?

“Senior, this junior is the newly-arrived Overseer. There’s something I would ask of you, senior,” Ning’s clone said.

Sniff. Sniff. The wild dog's nostrils flared a few times, and then its eyes opened, revealing a pair of ancient-looking dark-yellow pupils. It opened its mouth.

Rumble...

Everything within a thousand kilometers began to change.

The platter which Ning's clone was holding actually flew into the air and towards that mouth. The fine wine and delicacies on the platter flew with especial speed!

"Eh?" Ning's clone was completely unable to resist this power. "What a formidable divine ability."

As the wine and food reached the wild dog's mouth, they began to shrink in size, then flew straight into it. Even Ning's clone was about to be sucked in!

"Senior! Senior!" Ning's clone called out repeatedly, but the wild dog completely ignored him.

Whoosh.

Ning's clone could sense that he was shrinking in size, while the wild dog before him was growing larger and larger, seemingly as large as the heavens themselves. It flew helplessly into the mouth of the wild dog, then dispersed.

Outside the formation.

"Thank goodness I only sent a clone; all I lost was a bit of my divine power." Ning stood outside the formation, calling out, "Senior, there's something I need to ask of you."

But the wild dog, a few hundred kilometers away, just continued to lie there as though he was asleep.

"And of course, if there is anything you need, senior, I'll do my best to satisfy you," Ning said.

"Lucky kid, are you able to release me? Let me out of here?" Finally, an ancient voice rang out by Ning's ears. The eyelids of the distant wild dog lifted upwards as he glanced at Ning.

"Uh..." Ning immediately asked, "Might I ask, what do I need to do to release you?"

"There are two methods," the ancient voice said. "The first method is to have an Elder God or an Ancestral Immortal with a talisman of command from the King of Pangaea come here, then activate the talisman to unlock the prison chains. At that point, you as the Overseer can bring me out of this prisonworld, and I will regain my freedom. The second method is to have a mighty individual who has reached the World-level to forcibly shatter these shackles."

"World-class?" Ning was stunned. "What's the 'World-level'?"

The wild dog glanced at Ning, a hint of disappointment in its eyes. Still, it answered Ning's question. "They are the ones who have ascended beyond the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. You look as though you live in a chaosworld. You should have heard rumors that your chaosworld was originally formed from the primordial chaos by a mighty Fiendgod, yes?"

"Yes." Ning nodded.

“Those who are capable of creating a chaosworld are at the World-level of power. However, those Fiendgods who are born from the primordial chaos at the World-level will all perish upon creating their chaosworld. They were born for the sole purpose of establishing a world, and there is no way for them to continue living afterwards. As for other Gods or Immortals who manage to train to the World-level after countless years and experiences, they are even more powerful than those Fiendgods who were born at the World-level. Those individuals are capable of destroying these shackles outright. In fact, given enough time, they are even capable of destroying this entire prisonworld.”

Ning now understood.

Pangu!

The World-level was Pangu’s level! Mother Nuwa had reached Pangu’s level as well. No wonder Mother Nuwa had been able to effortlessly dominate the Lord of All Things as soon as she broke through to Pangu’s level! The Lord of All Things had been powerful, and the Seamless Chaosworld had been quite formidable, but Mother Nuwa had immediately slaughtered the Lord of All Things, then frightened the Lord of the Demonheart into merging himself into the Heavenly Daos. As for the Lord of All Fiends, his escaping abilities were quite impressive; he had been able to escape while bringing along many of the shattered remnants of the Seamless Gate’s forces. They had hidden themselves in the primordial chaos, not daring to return until Mother Nuwa left the Three Realms.

Once anyone reached her level, they would be able to effortlessly dominate all comers. The difference in power was like the difference between Heaven and Earth.

“So above the Elder God and Ancestral Immortals are the World-class experts? Then what level has the King of Pangaea reached?” Ning asked.

“He’s also a World-class expert.” The wild dog looked towards Ning. “However, he’s an extremely powerful World-class expert. The Pangaea chaos-kingdom has a total of three World-class experts, which is why it is so powerful. You must understand that it is very, very rare for a chaosworld to give birth to even a single World-class expert.”

Ning nodded.

The Seamless Chaosworld, for instance, hadn’t produced a single one. As for the Pangu Chaosworld, only Mother Nuwa had reached that level. Apparently, this was a level of tremendous power, even within the endless primordial chaos.

“Your master, your elders...are any of the experts you know at the World-class?” The wild dog looked at Ning. “They can be World Gods of the Fiendgod path or Chaos Immortals of the Immortal cultivation path; so long as they have reached the World-class, they can forcibly break apart these shackles.”

“I know of one.” Ning nodded.

“Truly?” The wild dog’s eyes lit up with eagerness. Given his incredible level of power, he was completely capable of telling if Ning was telling the truth or not.

“However, I haven’t personally met this person yet.” Ning looked back at the wild dog.

"I can sense that you aren't lying to me." The wild dog's attitude instantly became noticeably better. Previously, he had been rather indifferent towards Ning, because his experience was that it was incredibly rare for a World-class expert to appear within the primordial chaos. However...now that he knew that Ning's side had a World-class expert behind it, and given that he himself knew that Ning's side wasn't an enemy...suddenly, he saw the light of hope.

Freedom.

He desperately craved it.

The many prisoners jailed here all craved their freedom.

"Senior, tell me more about these 'World-class' experts. My master has met that mighty individual before, but I have not. I know nothing about them. Please tell me a bit more, senior," Ning said. And indeed, Subhuti had met Nuwa before. Ning was telling the truth.

"Your master met this person?" The wild dog's attitude became even better. "Mm. The paths of cultivation are divided into three. The first path is the Fiendgod path. The primordial chaos will give birth to some living creatures that will title themselves 'Gods', and they will subconsciously choose to call their enemies 'Fiends'. The Fiendgod cultivation path is generally created by these Fiendgods who were born from the primordial chaos, which is why it is named that."

"The second path is the Ki Refining path, which allows ordinary commoners born from the mortal dust to constantly improve themselves and break through to higher levels."

"Finally, there is the invisible, formless path of the heart."

"These three paths are the three major paths of cultivation."

"The Fiendgod path can be divided in the 'mortal', 'Empyrean God', 'True God', 'Elder God', and 'World God' levels. Supposedly, there are even higher levels of power in the primordial chaos, as well as figures who are even more powerful than the King of Pangaea. However, in my sixteen chaos cycles of life, I've never encountered such a powerful figure."

"The Ki Refining path can be divided into the 'mortal', 'Celestial Immortal', 'True Immortal', 'Ancestral Immortal', and 'Chaos Immortal' levels."

"As for the path of the heart...even I do not understand it."

The wild dog continued, "The core of any Ki Refiner lies in the Jindan golden pellet within the body. This is their heart, which contains all of their ineffable might. At the World-class, however, the cultivator shall completely destroy the Jindan region, letting it return to the primordial chaos it sprang from. When that happens, a chaosworld will emerge within the Jindan."

Ning was surprised. The region within the Jindan was extremely vast; all of Ning's magic treasures were placed within it, as was his sea of Immortal energy. To destroy it all and let it return to the primordial chaos, then give birth to a chaosworld...?"

"When that happens, the Chaos Immortal shall have a chaosworld located inside his very body. Naturally, his power will be utterly indomitable," the wild god said. "As for the 'Daos' which young fellows like you inside the chaosworld train in, these 'Daos' are nothing more than the rules by which

the chaosworld operates. The 'natural energy of Heaven and Earth' which you cultivate is the energy of the chaosworld itself. All you are doing is temporarily borrowing it for your own use."

"However, to reach the World-level, you'll have to establish a chaosworld of your own, inside your body. Although the chaosworld within your Jindan wouldn't be as vast as a real chaosworld in the outside world, you will be the ruler and absolute master of it. Naturally, your power will become enormous. It would be very easy for you to destroy an actual chaosworld."

Ning nodded. Mother Nuwa did indeed have the power to destroy the Three Realms.

"Because Immortal cultivators at the World-level have established a world region of primordial chaos within their Jindans, they are known as Chaos Immortals."

"As for Fiendgods, their path involves continually increasing the power of their divine bodies. With each improvement in their body, their power will increase greatly. World Gods possess almost limitless power, and they are capable of establishing chaosworlds of their own. Thus, they are referred to as World Gods."

"These two paths are equal in power," the wild dog said.

"Equal?" Ning was suddenly startled. "Senior, are you saying that Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals should be equals? True Gods and True Immortals should be equals? Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals are equals?"

"Of course. Although these are two different paths of cultivation, the two paths are indeed equal in power." The wild dog nodded.

Ning was stunned. How could the two paths be equal?

True Gods were clearly comparable in power to Daofathers, while Empyrean Gods were on the same level as True Immortals.

"The Ki Refining path is a path that has been slowly developed and tested over countless years, a path that allows ordinary mortals to cultivate and rise in power. Thus, there are many different methods of Ki Refining." The wild dog stared at the distant Ning. "However, there are three primary methods through which a person can overcome the Celestial Tribulation and become a Celestial Immortal. These three different methods will result in Jindans of different qualities."

"As for you...you've trained the worst method." The wild dog shook his head. "Your Jindan is incredibly puny. Even though you are now a 'True Immortal', powerful Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals are probably on par with you."

"Right, right, right! Earlier, I fought against a Celestial Immortal in here. We were indeed on par with each other," Ning immediately said.

The wild dog shook his head. "The Ki Refining path you people train in is too weak. If your world had a Chaos Immortal within it, things wouldn't be this bad. I believe the person on your side who broke through to the World-level had to have made the breakthrough as a Fiendgod cultivator. This person must be a World God."

Ning didn't deny it. Nuwa had followed in Pangu's path. She had indeed walked the Fiendgod path.

“There are three different paths for Ki Refiners. Breaking through to become a Celestial Immortal is the most important checkpoint in all of cultivation. The Jindan formed during the breakthrough will determine the power and potential the cultivator will have in the future,” the wild dog said. “The weakest type of Jindan is formed when the cultivator has to laboriously draw in the natural energy, condensing it into a Jindan.”

“A higher level method is to rely on many precious treasures in forming the Jindan, guiding the essence of those treasures to come together through your own personal power. These Jindans are much more powerful.”

“The best method of all is a method which imitates the birth of Fiendgods from the primordial chaos. The bodies of those Fiendgods are formed from the power of chaos itself. To create the most supreme of Celestial Immortal Jindan’s, you have to use an entire vast world as your furnace. This world needs to be extremely large, at least on par with this prisonworld. What you need to do is to summon all the limitless power of that vast world, then condense it into a Jindan. This is the best-possible Jindan, and it will contain tremendous power of incredible purity.”

“Of the three methods, the best method is to use the energy of an entire world in order to cultivate the Jindan. The second method is to rely on precious items to help you increase your power. The third method primarily relies on you relying on your own power to draw more in.”

“But of course, there are advantages and disadvantages to everything. The best method requires you to use an entire vast world as your furnace, which is only possible with the assistance of a Chaos Immortal. In addition, when undergoing your tribulation, the power of the Celestial Tribulation will be a bit more powerful than even an Emyrean Tribulation.” The wild dog looked at Ning. “In the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, only a very small percentage of the core members are capable of using the best method to produce a Jindan.”

“As for you...it’s too late. You are already a True Immortal. Your path is set. There’s no way to change it.” The wild dog shook his head.

## **The Desolate Era**

### **Book 19: Emyrean God Chapter 30: Upgrading the Jindan**

“My path is set?” Ji Ning refused to accept this. He immediately asked, “I’m a True Immortal right now! My Jindan is still fairly weak. Is there really no way to upgrade it by even a single tier?”

According to the cultivation techniques of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, True Immortals and True Gods should be on the same level of power! That meant he would be equivalent to a Daofather in the Three Realms!

“It’s useless. Your Jindan is already formed. No matter how much you struggle, your path is already set.” The wild dog’s dark-yellow eyes stared at Ning. “You have the weakest type of Jindan possible. Even though you are a True Immortal, some of the most powerful Celestial Immortals will be stronger than you. Even if you become an Ancestral Immortal, top-tier True Immortals will be comparable to you in strength. You will always be a step behind them.”

Ning gritted his teeth. In the Three Realms, things were different. True Immortals were comparable to Emyrean Gods, while Daofathers were comparable to True Gods.

“But the heavens always leave behind at least a sliver of a chance. There has to be some way!” Ning said.

“Oh, technically there is,” the wild dog said. “However, the Jindan is formed after the tribulation. To upgrade it later...this will be far, far more difficult than even the Celestial Tribulation itself.”

“What method?” Ning immediately asked.

“Special treasures from the primordial chaos,” the wild dog said. “The primordial chaos has given birth to many marvelous things. Certain treasures, when mixed together, can allow the Jindan to be upgraded in quality. However, very few know this method for upgrading the Jindan, and even fewer are able to locate these incredibly rare chaos ingredients. It’ll be almost impossible for you to upgrade your Jindan.”

“And...even if you do manage to scrounge up the necessary chaos ingredients as well as the upgrade method, you’ll at most be able to upgrade your Jindan to the second tier. That’s the absolute limit,” the wild dog said.

“The second tier?” Ning’s eyes lit up.

“The first tier is the tier where True Immortals become equal to True Gods. The second tier will only allow for True Immortals to be comparable to the weakest of True Gods. As for the third tier, your tier...any True God would completely massacre you,” the wild dog said.

Ning said delightedly, “The second tier is perfectly fine.” To have a foundation comparable to that of a weak True God was enough.

“Perfectly fine? First of all, very few know the Jindan upgrade method. To acquire the necessary chaos ingredients is even more difficult.” The wild dog looked at Ning.

“Senior, I wonder if...?” Ning eagerly awaited the response.

“I do indeed know a method for upgrading the Jindan.” The wild dog shook his head. “However...I couldn’t possibly teach it to you for no reason at all. But of course, if you were able to bring that World-level expert here, I would immediately teach you the Jindan upgrade method.”

Ning hurriedly said, “Senior, the stronger I am, the higher my status will be. Only then will I have a chance of meeting that individual.”

“I’ve said everything I need to say. Bring the World-level expert here. If that person doesn’t come, then you can forget about bringing anyone else, such as your Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. There’s no point in them coming.” The wild dog closed his eyes.

“Senior. Senior..!” Ning repeatedly called out to the wild dog for a long period of time, but the wild dog completely ignored him, acting as though he was asleep.

Ning understood. The wild dog wasn’t going to act without an incentive; as the saying went, ‘you don’t release the hunting hawk until you’ve seen the hare’.

The only reason this ancient Elder God was even willing to tell Ning so much was because of Mother Nuwa’s existence. The Elder God, however, wasn’t willing to actually help out Ning at all, unless he was given an incentive to do so.

Half a day later.

“Senior.” Ning’s clone once more was carrying a wooden platter of food and wine, but this time he was walking towards the filthy-looking old man.

Only now did Ning understand that in the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, Daofathers and Elder Gods were considered to be on the same level. This filthy-looking elder was equal to the wild dog in power...and most importantly of all, he walked the Ki Refiner path! Ning naturally felt tremendous hope.

Thanks to his experiences in conversing with the Elder God, Ning was very careful in his actions. The filthy-looking old man also wanted to leave this place, and he was also capable of telling that Ning was not lying to him. Thus, he told Ning many things. This old man also knew a method for upgrading the Jindan, and he even had two of the chaos ingredients needed to carry it out, although he didn’t have all of them.

However...he wasn’t willing to give Ning anything at all.

“Senior, would you like for some fine wine or delicacies?”

“Senior, do you need any slaves or servants? Some people to accompany you, serve you, and amuse you?”

Ning knew that there was no way to force it out of him, and so he tried a softer tactic.

“Kid, stop wasting your energy. I have an estate-treasure with me, and inside the estate are a large number of servants and slaves. All sorts of wonderful wine and food are inside the estate, just waiting for when I feel hungry.” The filthy-looking old man gave Ning a glance. “I’m an Ancestral Immortal. I’m capable of drawing on the power of primordial chaos to replenish the energy of my treasures. Although this prisonworld has set up a grand formation to harvest chaos nectar, I’m still able to pull in enough energy to keep myself and my estate-treasure in perfect shape!”

Ning was speechless. The man was carrying servants and slaves with him?

“Don’t bother with any other tricks. None of them are able to beguile an Elder God or an Ancestral Immortal. I’ll only be willing to help you once you bring that World-level expert over and release me from my captivity,” the filthy-looking old man said. And then, he shut his eyes as well, paying no more attention to Ning.

“They really respond to nothing whatsoever. He’s just like the wild dog. He won’t act without an incentive.” Ning sat there on his Voidboat, grinding his teeth in a very discontented fashion. “If I was able to meet with Mother Nuwa, why would I be here? If Mother Nuwa was around, the Seamless Gate wouldn’t dare to cause trouble. In fact, the Lord of All Fiends and his Seamless Gate army wouldn’t even have dared to return from the primordial chaos.”

“Ugh.”

This prisonworld had imprisoned quite a few Daofathers and Elder Gods. All of them were shockingly powerful, but none of them were able to do anything to their shackles. Only if their power increased to Pangu’s level, the World-level, would they be able to forcibly shatter them.

“What should I do? These experts at the Daofather or Elder God level all have some degree of insight into the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos. All of them are able to withdraw energy from the primordial chaos.” Ning pondered on what to do. The Celestial Immortals present here all had to rely on consuming spirit-pills to stay alive, but the Daofathers did not; the filthy-looking old man, for example, was able to sustain even his estate-treasure!

Most likely, every single Elder God and Ancestral Immortal was still at peak combat power.

“The reason the King of Pangaea keeps Overseers in his prisonworlds is to keep a watch on them. Once an Overseer sees that an Elder God or Ancestral Immortal is breaking through to the World-level and shattering the manacles, the Overseer is to immediately notify the King.” Ning understood this. Not even the King of Pangaea was able to prevent these Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals from meditating on the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos.

The Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos was everywhere, after all. But of course, becoming a World-level expert was far too difficult.

Generally speaking, those capable of succeeding would do so within a single chaos cycle. Mother Nuwa, for example, had done so long ago. In truth, these Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals who had already been alive for multiple chaos cycles had almost no chance of succeeding. However, they were very long-lived and very powerful. Even if Ning asked his master Subhuti to come here to help out, Subhuti would have no chance of breaking the manacles...and if Subhuti attempted to kill these people to steal their treasures, he might end up suffering a backlash from it.

“I should take things slow. If things look grim for us when the Endwar begins to approach, I’ll tell Master and the others about this prisonworld.” Ning wasn’t a completely selfless person; this prisonworld was equivalent to an enormous treasury. It was up to him to figure out a method to unlock it and access the treasures within.

The treasures and techniques these Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals possessed were all definitely extraordinary.

However, for now Ning had no ways to access any of them. Even if he summoned Subhuti, Daoist Three Purities, Tathagata, Sui ren, and the others to join forces, they would still be taking on an enormous risk. Once these ancient prisoners began to go berserk...

There was no way for Ning to assess exactly how powerful these prisoners. He was, however, certain of one thing; the Pangaea chaos-kingdom was far more powerful than the Three Realms.

.....

Ning rode the Voidboat at high speed for more than four hours before lowering it to the ground.

He slowly walked forward across the desolate landscape. More than a thousand kilometers from him was a woman, seated in the lotus position.

“Hrm?” The woman’s eyelids twitched, then slowly opened.

“Finally...finally...a living being approaches.” The woman’s eyes lit up. She was far too lonely. It was hard for her to even stay alive here, much less sustain an estate-treasure. Generally speaking, only the Daofather and Elder God prisoners within this prisonworld were able to waste energy on such a thing.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen an Overseer.” The woman looked at the distant Ning...but upon seeing him, her face instantly changed.

“A True Immortal?”

“He’s clearly a True Immortal, but...such a weak True Immortal...? The Overseers of Pangaea are all core members of the kingdom. Any True Immortal Overseer should be a supreme, top-tier True Immortal.” Suddenly, a thought entered the woman’s mind. She instantly felt completely stunned.

The white-robed youth walked over, then said in a calm voice, “As you suspected, the chaos-kingdom of Pangaea has been wiped out. You only have two paths before you...to serve me, or to die.”

### The Desolate Era

#### **Book 19: Epyrean God Chapter 31: Soulscur**

The seated woman didn’t panic at all. Instead, she began to laugh loudly as she rose to her feet. As she did, her formerly-emaciated figure began to transform. She became full-figured, and her skin became soft and tender. In the time it took for her to rise to her feet, she transformed from a starving beggar to a truly peerless beauty.

“Lilisoft greets you, True Immortal.” The woman smiled merrily. “It’s been a long time since I’ve seen an outsider, and three chaos cycles since I’ve seen an Overseer. I truly feel delighted by your appearance. Most delightful of all is the news that Pangaea has actually been wiped out. Wonderful...ahaha...wonderful!”

Ji Ning stared at the woman. She wasn’t going to panic at all?

“Might Lilisoft learn your name or sobriquet, True Immortal?” The woman asked.

“Darknorth.” Ning looked at her.

“Darknorth?” The woman nodded slowly. “If you are able to release me, True Immortal, I will submit to you. I’d even be willing to become your servant.”

“I’m unable to release you,” Ning said.

The woman was slightly startled, but she then nodded. “Right. It is too difficult to open these shackles. Only a Chaos Immortal or a World God can open these shackles without a talisman of command from the King of Pangaea. However...True Immortal, I don’t wish to die. Thus, I’m willing to submit to you. I would like to ask, however, that you not place a soul-imprint upon my soul.”

Ning actually chuckled. “You agreed quite quickly.”

“When the chaos-kingdom of Pangaea existed, the King of Pangaea wouldn’t kill me, as he had to worry about other factions and factors. Now that it is destroyed, however...in your eyes, True Immortal, all of us are nothing more than alien prisoners. In a case like this, the only outcomes are either death or servitude. I don’t want to die, so I have to serve,” the woman said with a smile.

Ning nodded.

This was much like how things were in the mortal world. Humans and monsters were born enemies. Humans would kill wild beasts and cook them, while wild beasts would attempt to eat humans when possible. Of course, powerful Immortal cultivators and Diremonsters wouldn't fight that much against each other.

In the eyes of those of the Three Realms, no mercy at all could be shown to any alien Outsiders. If they released one, that person might return with other alien Outsiders and wipe out the entire Three Realms! Thus, all of them had to die...unless they could be forced to pledge fealty!

"The soul-imprint...?" The woman looked at Ning. A soul imprint would have a slight impact on her ability to comprehend the Dao, making it even harder for her to progress on her Immortal path.

"There's no need for a soul-imprint." Ning shook his head. "However...I am going to use a soulscour technique on you. You are not to resist." Since there was nowhere for these people to go, there really was no need for him to soul-imprint them.

"Soulscour?" The woman hesitated for a moment. This was equivalent to revealing everything about herself to this man.

"If you are unwilling to comply, then you are of no use to me," Ning said.

The woman gritted her teeth. "Fine. Lilisoft will comply, True Immortal."

Although the True Immortal in front of her was of the weakest tier...if they ended up actually fighting, even if the True Immortal was unable to kill her, he would be able to force her to use up her Immortal energy. Once it was all used up, she'd be finished. By contrast, the True Immortal in front of her was the Overseer; his own energy would be constantly replenished from the side world.

"Excellent." Ning nodded.

Ning felt no pity at all for these alien Outsiders from the primordial chaos. For the sake of his own race...for the sake of his wife and daughter...Ning would show them no mercy, no matter how many he had to kill.

Ning walked into the 'cell'.

Lilisoft shut her eyes. She sighed to herself. "I used an innate beauty spell, but it had no effect on him at all. Alas..." Just now, she had used up her Immortal energy to restore her appearance, then cast an innate beauty spell that enhanced her natural charm. This sort of natural, innate charm and beauty was even more effective than ordinary, coarse 'charm' spells.

But alas, Ning's heartforce was shockingly powerful, having reached the fourth level. It wasn't something which the beauty of a Celestial Immortal like her could possibly shake. In truth...Ning hadn't even noticed that this woman had cast a spell; all he had felt was that this woman truly was surpassingly beautiful. However, ever since he had sent his wife, Yu Wei, into the Infinity Hells...to him, external beauty was nothing more than rouge applied to a skeleton.

Ning reached out, placing his hand upon the top of Lilisoft's head, immediately using a soulscouring technique.

Within her body was a dazzling, enormous golden Jindan. Above the Jindan, there were images of heaven, earth, mountains, rivers, and other things. The aura of the Jindan was incredibly powerful.

“First-tier Jindans truly are formidable. She clearly is just a Celestial Immortal, but her Jindan isn’t weaker than my True Immortal Jindan at all.” Ning felt absolutely stunned as he sent his coresense into the Jindan. However, he immediately cast that aside as he began his soulscouring.

Her soul had merged into her Jindan, becoming one with it. However, invisible strands of soul energy began to infiltrate her Jindan like dots of starlight, teasing their way into her soul. Fairy Lilisoft would’ve been able to effortlessly fight back, as she was actually Ning’s equal in power; there was no way for Ning to forcibly soulscour her. However, Fairy Lilisoft had already given her. She suppressed her instinctive desire to fight back, not daring to resist at all, allowing Ning to investigate as he pleased.

Instantly, Ning began to flip through a large amount of memories.

The many things Fairy Lilisoft had experienced after being born...

The vastness and the might of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom...

Everything was laid bare before Ning.

“Oh, these are the cultivation techniques.” Ning finally located information regarding Ki Refining techniques within Fairy Lilisoft’s memories.

“Eh?”

These memories were sealed like bubbles. Ning wanted to go inside them, but the surface of these ‘bubbles’ was covered with many mysterious runes. No matter what Ning tried, he was unable to look inside these memories. All he was able to do was see a few odds bits and pieces from the outside.

“In our Three Realms, people usually swear oaths to the Dao of the Heavens or swear Demonheart Oaths that they will not divulge or reveal the secrets behind certain important techniques. Even if an enemy attempts to soulscour them, the Dao of the Heavens will intervene to prevent it. This technique the Pangaea chaos-kingdom uses, however, is even tighter than that.” There was nothing Ning could do.

The mysterious runes covering these memories were incomparably marvelous and profound. No Celestial Immortal could’ve possibly devised these runes; it had to have been her seniors within her school who had created them.

Ning’s only choice was to give up and to continue viewing her other memories.

He spent a full twelve hours doing so before he finally moved his hand away from Fairy Lilisoft’s hair. She simply had far too many memories, and Ning had wanted to get a detailed understanding of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, which was why he had spent such a long period of time.

“So that’s how things are.” A smile appeared on Ning’s face. “What an unexpected surprise.” After fully reviewing Fairy Lilisoft’s memories, he understood quite a bit about the Pangaea chaos-kingdom.

Fairy Lilisoft had a very special status. Her grandfather...was the King of Pangaea! The King of Pangaea had three sons, and Fairy Lilisoft’s father was the second. When wandering the world, the second prince had ravished a sacred maiden of a local school, then went on his merry way, completely forgetting about

her. Generally speaking, the more powerful one was, the harder it would be for one to conceive. The King of Pangaea, for example, had all three of his children prior to reaching the World-level, and none after.

The second prince had never imagined that this casual rape of his would result in the birth of a daughter. For a 'sacred maiden' to grow pregnant and give birth...instantly, countless people cursed her as shameless, and her life became very difficult. Fairy Lilisoft had grown up by her mother's side. She had watched as her mother was tormented, beaten, and cursed at until her mother finally committed suicide.

This caused Fairy Lilisoft to feel boundless hatred towards this father she had never met.

Some time after this, the King of Pangaea had cast a spell that alerted him to the fact that there was actually a member of his bloodline outside the palace. He found this granddaughter of his, then brought her back.

Fairy Lilisoft's status had instantly skyrocketed, and she was able to effortlessly destroy the school that had become a nightmarish hell for her mother.

However, she actually felt even more hatred towards her father, the second prince. She had lain in wait like a viper, waiting for her chance. Finally, her chance came, and she sent the completely unprepared prince into the 'Sea of Infinite Suffering'. Although the King of Pangaea quickly arrived to rescue the second prince, he had still spent a full hour inside the Sea of Infinite Suffering...and as a result, he had gone insane.

The King of Pangaea had been utterly enraged by this. There were very few members in the imperial clan, however...and so instead of killing her, he had imprisoned her within a prisonworld!

"The King of Pangaea truly is incredible. He was actually able to conquer a total of twelve chaosworlds. In fact, he has actually killed at least three World-level experts!" Ning was secretly amazed.

After a chaosworld was born, it would slowly grow old with the passage of time, then perish. After its destruction, however, a new Fiendgod would be born who would establish a new chaosworld. Thus, the Pangaea chaos-kingdom had actually been commanding a very large region for a very long period of time.

"He was able to kill someone at the level of Pangu and Mother Nuwa. The King of Pangaea is both a Fiendgod and a Ki Refiner. He truly is incredible." Ning sighed.

In terms of power...the Pangaea chaos-kingdom was far more powerful than the Three Realms.

"However, I didn't expect that the [Five Treasures] sword-art is actually this incredible." Ning's eyes lit up. "There definitely was no way that Daofather Fujū came up with this sword-art. He must've found it somewhere."

Only after searching Fairy Lilisoft's memories did Ning realize that only those who had reached the World-level could create a technique that surpassed the limits of the Heavenly Daos, with emphasis on the word 'could'! Not every Chaos Immortal or World God was capable of creating such a technique. Not even Mother Nuwa had been able to do so.

Even the Pangaea chaos-kingdom only had three techniques that surpassed the Heavenly Daos in some way.

The Pangaea chaos-kingdom had a total of three World-level experts, with the King of Pangaea being the most powerful of them. The other two World-level experts, however, hadn't been able to create any techniques that surpassed the Heavenly Daos. Two of the three had been created by the King of Pangaea, with the third having come from a chaosworld which they had conquered in the past.

Techniques that surpassed the Heavenly Daos...even Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom had to render major merits to the kingdom before they would be bestowed and taught one of the techniques. Celestial Immortals and Empyrean Gods weren't even qualified to learn them at all. As for True Gods and True Immortals? They had to have astonishing talent, have extremely high statuses, and have rendered many contributions to the kingdom before they would be taught one.

Those who were taught one of the three techniques would have to swear 'life-oaths' that they would not teach it to any others.

In the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, the only one with the power to transmit these three major techniques to others was the King of Pangaea himself. All the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals had sworn life-oaths upon acquiring them.

"In other words...there's no way I could possibly acquire any techniques that surpass the Heavenly Daos in this prisonworld." Ning felt truly stunned. "Daofather Fujū of our Three Realms, however, actually possessed such a technique...something which only a tremendously wise person who was on Mother Nuwa's level of power could devise."

Ning suddenly thought of the fact that before Daofather Fujū had died in the primordial chaos, he had actually arranged for this legacy to be taught to others. It was as though he had known that he would be in great danger.

"Daofather Fujū must've acquired the [Five Treasures] sword-art from somewhere else. However, he didn't want to divulge the location, which is why he claimed he created it," Ning mused to himself.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 32: Dominating True Gods and True Immortals**

Lilisoft stood there, not daring to say a word. She knew that the 'Overseer' before her was thinking.

Finally, Ji Ning looked towards her. "Excellent. I know that you are running out of spirit-pills. This bottle of spirit-pills should be enough for you to stay alive for a period of time." As he spoke, he produce a jade bottle in his hand, filled with Pure Yang spirit-pills. These pills instantly caused Lilisoft's eyes to light up.

"Thank you, True Immortal." Lilisoft was extremely respectful. This was exactly what she needed right now. In truth, Celestial Immortals used up very, very little energy if they focused on staying alive and didn't fight against others. However...they simply couldn't deal with the obscene amount of time they had been imprisoned here. A chaos cycle was an incredibly long period of time, and total the amount of Immortal energy they used up each chaos cycle was quite shocking.

"There's something I would ask you," Ning said.

“Pray tell, True Immortal.” Lilisoft was puzzled. The man knew all of her memories; why did he need to ‘ask’ her anything?

“I trust you can tell that my Jindan is the weakest type of Jindan,” Ning said. “I’ve heard that there are ways to use chaos ingredients and special techniques to transform and upgrade the Jindan to the second tier. This prisonworld currently holds many prisoners. What should I do in order to acquire what I need from them and upgrade my Jindan?”

Although he had seen her memories, her thoughts and her ideas remained her own.

“Do you have any assistants, True Immortal?” Lilisoft looked at Ning.

“I’m by myself,” Ning said.

“If that’s the case...” Lilisoft pondered for a moment. “The weakest prisoners here are Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals. The higher level figures are True Gods and True Immortals, while the highest are Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. The last two are able to draw upon the energy of primordial chaos and are very powerful; I imagine, True Immortal, that you won’t be a match for them.”

“As for the Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals...they were fairly weak members of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. No matter how ‘special’ they were, and even if they do know of methods to upgrade the Jindan, they would’ve been forced to swear life-oaths to never teach these methods to others. In addition, it’s virtually impossible that they might have valuable chaos ingredients on them.”

“Thus, only the True Gods and True Immortals are left.” Lilisoft looked at Ning. “Only from them might you find the materials that you need, Lord Darknorth.”

“Those True Gods and True Immortals generally haven’t reached the level of being able to draw upon the energy of primordial chaos, and so they are also forced to rely on using spirit-pills to survive. It’s one thing to use spirit-pills to preserve their lifeforce, but quite another to fight in battle.” Lilisoft smiled merrily at Ning. “If you continuously attack the True Gods and True Immortals, forcing them to use up their divine power or Immortal energy...no matter how many spirit-pills they have, they won’t be able to keep fighting for too long. In the end, they’ll end up running out of energy and dying.”

“Milord, you can force them to submit to you! Alternately, you can kill them and take their treasures for yourself.”

“The treasures which True Gods and True Immortals have are all far superior to the treasures which Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals have.” Lilisoft looked at Ning. “The prisonworld is a vast place, and there are many True God and True Immortal prisoners here. Kill them or force them into servitude. If you completely sweep through all of them...I trust, Lord Darknorth, that you’ll be able to find what you need.”

Ning gave Lilisoft a glance.

What a vicious mind she had. She was merciless, even to members of her fellow race. Although Ning had access to her memories, he truly hadn’t come up with an idea like this before.

“Milord, all you need to do is stay outside the formation. You can attack them, but they won’t be able to attack you.” Lilisoft smiled at Ning. “The only outcome will be their defeat. Either they submit...or they perish.”

“I’m far from being a match for True Immortals and True Gods.” Ning let out a sigh.

To kill a True God? Or a True Immortal who was equivalent to a Three Realms Daofather?

In the outside world...Ning wouldn’t even dare imagine such a thing, given his current level of power. But it would indeed be possible, here within the prisonworld.

“Milord, all you need is patience. Each of the True Gods and True Immortals will be defeated by you, one by one. You’ll dominate them and sweep through them, aside from any who might be able to draw upon the energy of primordial chaos,” Lilisoft said. “Perhaps there are some with that power in this prisonworld, but they are definitely in the tiniest of minorities, less than one in a hundred.”

Ning chuckled. “Very good.” He then turned and left.

Time flowed on.

Ning continued to sweep through the Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals, going through six more of them. Two of them, upon learning that the Pangaea chaos-kingdom had fallen, went berserk and tried to kill Ning. However, Ning was protected by the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]; he wasn’t someone they could kill. Those two naturally ended up dying. As for the other four, they were actually delighted by this news, and they willingly allowed Ning to soulscour them.

Their choice, after all, was to serve or to die. They knew what to choose.

Ning had scoured the memories of a total of five Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals, Lilisoft included. He instantly knew far more regarding the Pangaea chaos-kingdom.

“It seems I really do have to turn towards those True Gods and True Immortals.” Ning sat there within the Voidboat. “The idea which Celestial Immortal Lilisoft came up with is the only possible solution.”

True Gods and True Immortals were far more exalted figures than Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals. Just like in the Three Realms, the difference in status was like the difference between Heaven and Earth.

Status...power...treasures...they were on a completely different level. In fact, in the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, some powerful True Gods and True Immortals of certain schools were permitted to transmit the Dao on their own accord, and so they actually carried certain techniques with them.

Whoosh. The Voidboat flew into the air above a lake. The lake was dotted with tiny little islands, one of which had a True Immortal prisoner on it.

Atop the island.

True Immortal Winterpeak was seated in the lotus position, completely absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly, he sensed ripples from the outside world and was startled into wakefulness.

“Someone’s coming?” True Immortal Winterpeak opened his eyes. He instantly saw the white-robed figure who was a few hundred kilometers away. He was quite surprised. “A...True Immortal? With such a puny aura? This is a True Immortal of the weakest variety possible.”

For the denizens of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, True Immortals had a much higher status than Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, who were considered equal to each other. Ning’s true body was both a Fiendgod and a Ki Refiner, and Winterpeak could sense the Fiendgod aura emanating from Ning’s body, but he paid much more attention to Ning’s Pure Yang aura. Except...the Pure Yang aura around Ning was ridiculously weak.

“You are the new Overseer?” The look on True Immortal Winterpeak’s face suddenly changed. “What happened to Pangaea? How could it have sent you here?”

“I imagine you have guessed it already. The Pangaea chaos-kingdom is no more.” Ning stood there in midair as he spoke. “This prisonworld has now fallen into my hands. The previous Overseers probably wouldn’t have dared to assault and kill the prisoners with no cause, but...I dare.”

True Immortal Winterpeak scoffed. “You?”

Naturally, he felt quite arrogant. This sort of puny True Immortal was too weak; Winterpeak would be able to effortlessly dominate him.

“I’ll give you two options.” Ning could sense the aura of danger emanating from the man before him. The aura was so terrifying, it dwarfed even the combined auras of the nearly three hundred Empyrean Gods and True Immortals the Seamless Gate had sent to kill him. This True Immortal of Pangaea definitely was on par with the True Gods and Daofathers of the Three Realms.

“The first choice is to submit to me,” Ning said.

“The second choice is to resist me. I’ll continuously assault you from outside the formation, while you will be unable to attack me at all. Your power is incredible, and you are much more powerful than me...but when you fight against me, you’ll use up your Immortal energy. Once it is all used up, you’ll die.”

“Choose,” Ning said calmly.

True Immortal Winterpeak’s eyes flashed with cold light. In the era of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, this sort of puny True Immortal would be terrified and quiver in his presence.

“You overestimate your abilities, you crawling insect,” True Immortal Winterpeak said coldly. “None of the trillions of living creatures under my domain would have dared to disobey my commands. An inferior True Immortal like you who was born to a lowly caste...I can stand here and allow you to attack me, and you still won’t be able to injure me.”

His pride and his arrogance, as well as the status he had enjoyed for so long, prevented him from lowering his head before such a weak True Immortal.

It must be understood that even though he had committed a major offense, the exalted King of Pangaea had only elected to imprison him here.

“Is that so? Then permit a lowly, crawling insect such as myself to see your power.” Ning waved his hand.

Whoosh.

Instantly, a total of 729 Pure Yang flying swords appeared around him. 720 of them had come from the slain Goodhill. All of them were imprinted with the runes of the [Greater Thousand Swords Formation]. With Ning’s fourth-stage heartforce aiding his soul, he was able to activate and command all 729 flying swords at the same time.

Ning’s current soul was capable of controlling even the perfect Heaven Punisher, to say nothing of a few flying swords.

Instantly, a jade sword took form in front of Ning.

[Greater Thousand Swords Formation], level nine!

“Oh, so you have a bit of ability.” True Immortal Winterpeak sat there in the lotus position, a cold smile on his face. This crawling vermin...if it wasn’t for this formation, Winterpeak would be able to easily annihilate him.

Swish.

A streak of light appeared in the skies as the jade sword stabbed straight towards True Immortal Winterpeak.

“Hmph.” Winterpeak just let out a cold snort. A streak of golden light shot out from his eyes, and with a boom, the jade sword formed by Ning’s ninth-level [Greater Thousand Swords Formation] was instantly blasted apart. It was as though Ning’s sword-light was an egg smashing against a rock. Naturally, it had been a completely one-sided ‘fight’.

The difference in power was too great.

“He really does have the power of a True God or Daofather of the Three Realms.” Ning began to feel even more desire for the chance to upgrade his Jindan, even if it was ‘only’ to the second tier. At least the difference in power wouldn’t be this ridiculously huge.

“Go, go, go!” Ning formed one jade sword after another in front of him. The light of the [Greater Thousand Swords Formation] flashed repeatedly as the swords chopped towards True Immortal Winterpeak.

True Immortal Winterpeak blocked three successive attacks. Finally, he began to frown.

“I’m using up my energy too quickly. If this continues...” True Immortal Winterpeak didn’t want to admit it, but the truth was that controlling magic treasures to fight in this manner used up his energy far too quickly, even though it was simple.

“Go!” A look of anger and embarrassment appeared on his face as he let out this angry roar.

Instantly, a thirty meter tall bowl-shaped treasure appeared. It covered the area where True Immortal Winterpeak was located, protecting him.

For Winterpeak, cowering like a turtle in this fashion was a source of humiliation. But by hiding under a magic treasure, he was able to use up much less of his energy.

Boom! Boom! Boom! One flash of sword-light after another came chopping down upon the bowl-shaped magic treasure, but they were unable to break through.

“Eh?” Ning frowned. “The [Greater Thousand Swords Formation] uses up energy too quickly. If I rely on just absorbing natural energy from the outside world, it’ll take me forever to kill him. If I use spirit-pills to replenish my energy...I’ll end up using too many pills. It seems I have to come up with a low-energy tactic. Ah...right!”

Ning suddenly was struck by a thought. He was reminded of a treasure he had...the Eight Fires Qiankun World! The Eight Fires Qiankun World held eight different types of truefire within it, and their blazing power was quite terrifying. All Ning had to do was use a bit of his own energy to activate and maintain the Eight Fires Qiankun World. In addition, his foe was trapped within a region of a thousand kilometers; he wouldn’t be able to attack the Eight Fires Qiankun World at all. His only option would be to sit there and be roasted.

This was indeed a perfect method. The burning power of the Eight Fires Qiankun World wasn’t one whit weaker than Ning’s sword-chops with the [Greater Thousand Swords Formation], but it used up far less energy.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 33: Roaming the Primordial Chaos**

“Eh?” True Immortal Winterpeak, hiding under the bowl-shaped treasure, discovered to his astonishment that Ji Ning had halted his attacks.

“He stopped?” With but a thought, Winterpeak dismissed his bowl-shaped treasure. The mere act of keeping a treasure active required him to use up Immortal energy. There were many prisoners here who wouldn’t even use their energy on maintaining their clothes, causing them to corrode and decay over the course of time. Although it was very hard for magic treasures to be damaged, if enough chaos cycles passed, they would still end up destroyed.

Winterpeak raised his head, staring at the white-robed youth in the skies. He smirked. “I urge you to give up. A puny True Immortal like you must be forced to consume an enormous amount of energy to release sword-light of such power. Soon, your energy will be used up, and you’ll have to leave the prisonworld to replenish it, which will take time. It will take a very, very long amount of time for you to wipe out my energy using such a method.”

“Are you afraid?” Ning suddenly asked.

Winterpeak twitched. “Hmph.” After a cold snort, he fell silent.

It was true. He had no way to replenish his Immortal energy, while the Overseer was able to constantly regain it. With enough time, his Immortal energy would be used up in the end.

“Let’s see just how patient you are,” Winterpeak mused to himself.

.....

Ning had placed the Eight Fires Qiankun World within the Starseizing Manor. He had just sent one of his clones to leave the stone stele and bring it back. Because there was a bit of distance to travel, it took him a full day of flying before he returned.

“Eh?” Winterpeak frowned. He could see yet another white-robed figure flying towards him from afar. “[Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]?” He instantly was able to guess at the technique.

“Do you really think it’ll take me a lot of energy to attack you?” The white-robed youth waved his hand, and a lotus of fire quickly soared into the skies, moving to a location that was directly above Winterpeak. The flaming lotus faced the ground and began to swivel. At the same time, it quickly expanded to become a thousand kilometers in size as all the petals of the lotus flower began to open.

A total of eight lotus petals completely unfurled, and streams of truefire began to surge towards the ground.

“SHIT!” Winterpeak’s face instantly changed, and the bowl-shaped magic treasure once more appeared around him.

As the sea of flames surged towards him, every single inch of the bowl-shaped treasure was bathed in fire. The ground around him was charred into ash. Winterpeak just stood there in midair, protected by that giant bowl as eight different types of truefire frantically assaulted him from every direction.

“Hmph. This is much easier.” Ning just stood there in midair, watching. The Eight Fires Qiankun World created an independent world of its own, filling it with flame to assault its foes. However, it wasn’t invincible; once the enemy fled outside the world created by the treasure, the enemy would no longer have to fear the assaults of those eight streams of truefire. But alas, these prisoners were completely unable to leave the region they were in.

All the could do was endure the eight punishing streams of truefire.

This was a treasure that had been personally forged by Zhurong, Elder God of Fire. The combined power of these eight types of truefire was truly astonishing. However...since the treasure itself contained and nourished these eight types of truefire, the only attack it really had was truefire. All Ning had to do was to keep the treasure active, then occasionally replenish a little bit of energy.

“Shit, shit, SHIT!” Winterpeak was truly beginning to panicking. “This blazing treasure relies on internal flames to attack. It won’t use up much of his energy; he can keep it active indefinitely. I, however, have to continuously use my treasure to defend against it. If this continues...”

“...Where the hell did he find a treasure like this?!”

Winterpeak was both furious and frantic.

The Eight Fires Qiankun World held eight types of truefire in it. This treasure, by itself, was worth more than a hundred top-grade Pure Yang treasures. Although Ning had killed three Celestial Immortals and Empyrean Gods within the prisonworld, he hadn’t acquired a treasure like this from them.

.....

Within the Starseizing Manor.

A stone stele was placed within a hall.

Swoosh.

Ning appeared out of nowhere. He glanced at the stone stele, then willed it to transform into a streak of light that flew into Ning's forehead.

"Come out." Ning glanced sideways, then fifteen more figures appeared out of nowhere. All of them had the auras of Celestial Immortals, and they all had different appearances. These fifteen were fifteen of the eighteen bodies Ning now had, transformed using the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art].

"When they are using the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] to disguise themselves, not even True Gods or Daofathers will be able to see through them, unless those Daofathers see them in person and use special ocular techniques to test them. Not even the major powers who have the ability to view the entire Three Realms and see into Protocosmic spirit-treasures like the Starseizing Manor should be able to tell from far away that these fifteen are all my clones," Ning mused to himself.

It was very difficult to infiltrate Protocosmic spirit-treasures and see inside of them. The number of people in the Three Realms who could do such a thing could be counted on two hands. After activating the Ninth Cycle of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] and transforming...there was definitely no way someone would be able to see through the technique when it was used within the Starseizing Manor.

"Only when no one knows how many clones I have will the clones be safe and effective," Ning mused to himself.

Ning emerged from the Starseizing Manor, going back to his little thatched cottage. He dispersed the minor clone he had left there, then raised his head and looked towards the Five Treasured Peaks.

"Ninefangs," Ning sent mentally.

Instantly, a streak of light shot towards him. The bald old man, Emphyrean God Ninefangs, immediately said respectfully, "Manorlord."

"Return to the Starseizer world for now. There's something I need to do," Ning said.

"Acknowledged," Ninefangs said.

And then, Ning left by himself aboard the Voidboat, departing from Sword Immortal world.

.....

The infinite, vast Void held many enormous stars within it. The most dazzling of all stars were the Solar Star and the Lunar Star. In terms of size, even Nuwa's world or Suijen's Kindlefire world were much smaller than the Solar Star and the Lunar Star. The light that emanated from these two supreme celestial bodies shone down upon the entire Three Realms.

These were stars that were formed from the primordial chaos as well.

When Pangu had established Heaven and Earth, he had used up an enormous amount of primordial chaos, so much so that a massive area around him became empty and devoid of all matter. This was where the seemingly-infinite Void came from. With all the primordial chaos sucked away, the stars that had been hidden within them now emerged.

Swoosh. A Voidboat was travelling at high speed through the Void, passing through one star after another. Soon, it reached the end of the Void. Although the Void was often described as 'infinite', there was an end to it...and at the end of the Void was the primordial chaos itself! The Voidboat plunged into the primordial chaos, continuing to fly forward.

"Eh?" Within a world of darkness. The Godking, seated upon his massive, levitating throne, mused pensively to himself, "Why has Ji Ning entered the primordial chaos?"

The Nuwa Alliance had yet to notice Ning's abrupt departure from Sword Immortal world and entry into the primordial chaos, but the Seamless Gate had. This was because the Seamless Gate was worried that Ning was preparing to ambush them once more, and so they had people watching him at all times.

"What's he doing in the primordial chaos?" The Godking was puzzled. "Unfortunately, there's no way for us to investigate."

The Godking possessed formidable divine abilities, and his invisible power could infiltrate and investigate even the Void itself; there was nothing in the Void that could block it, after all. But there was far too much energy and matter in the primordial chaos; there was no way for him to scan it at all.

.....

The primordial chaos was vast and truly endless, filled with limitless amounts of gray fog that contained marvelous types of energy and power. If one was able to comprehend the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos, one would be able to extract chaos energy from these chaos clouds. Ning, however, clearly was not capable of this. He was unable to replenish his energy from the primordial chaos, and so his only choice was to use up his spirit-pills to do so.

But of course, this was fine for a short journey into the primordial chaos. If he spent too much time within it, the end result would be that his energy would be depleted and he would die trapped.

"So many stars."

He often encountered stars within the primordial chaos. The smallest were perhaps just a million kilometers in size, while the largest were far larger than even a major world.

Although these stars were located within the primordial chaos, they were so close to the Three Realms that the major powers of the Three Realms had already thoroughly searched and investigated them, marking them out in maps. Ning had acquired these maps from Mount Innerheart, and so he travelled the quickest route possible past the various stars.

"I'll choose this star."

The star which the Voidboat had reached was a star that was completely formed from unyielding ice. In terms of size, it was probably comparable to the Grand Xia. The entire star emanated an aura of absolute ice, and the surface of the star was dotted with enormous crevices that looked like gorges, as well as bulges that looked like mountain peaks. A wild wind blew through this star, but there were no living creatures on it at all.

Not even Fiendgods or Immortals would be willing to live within such an icy, harsh environment.

“Go.” Ning willed it, and the stone stele instantly flew out from his forehead. As it flew out, it flew straight towards the deep abyss located in front of Ning. Soon, the gusts of wind blew it deep into the bottom of the abyss. Ning used his coresense to watch as the stone stele landed at the bottom. Very soon, a layer of icy frost appeared atop it, causing it to completely freeze within the abyss.

Ordinary people wouldn’t be able to use coresense to locate it. Ning, however, was the master of the stone stele; he was naturally able to sense it, wherever it was.

“There is no way for anyone to locate the stone stele here,” Ning mused to himself. “Not even major powers should be able to scan and locate it from far away within the Void. Even if some of them are so incredibly powerful that they can reach this place with coresense...the stone stele is an incredibly mysterious object. Others have to see it with their actual eyes.”

Even if a major power knew that Ning had the stone stele and had hidden it within this star, the major power would have to visually and physically search through every single inch of the star.

To search through every inch of a star that was the size of the Grand Xia? Hah!

And of course, no one even knew that Ning had placed the stone stele here.

“This place shall be my base for a last stand. If I end up being destroyed, at least the two clones that I will keep within the stone stele will be able to continue to cultivate, eventually restoring all the other clones as well,” Ning mused to himself.

Swoosh.

The Voidboat then continued its journey forward, going past several of the other stars in the primordial chaos before Ning departed from it, returning to the great Void. At his current level of power, he only dared to voyage through the portions of primordial chaos that were very close to the Three Realms and had already been fully investigated by others. He didn’t dare to delve any deeper into the chaos.

No one knew that on this voyage into the primordial chaos, Ning had hidden a stone stele with two clones inside of a star. Those two clones would use the Eight Fires Qiankun World and other Pure Yang treasures that could unleash elemental attacks to assault the True Immortal and True God prisoners inside the prisonworld.

Ning returned to the Void, then passed through it to enter the Grand Xia.

Standing in midair, Ning produced a talisman in his hand, filling it with his energy.

“Disciple.” Subhuti’s voice rang out in Ning’s ears.

Ning said, “Your disciple wishes to return to the Crescent world. In addition...there’s something I need to speak to you regarding, Master.”

Whoosh.

Instantly, a whirlpool appeared in the air next to Ning. Ning stepped into it, then began to head towards the Crescent world.

## The Desolate Era

### **Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 34: A Surprise for Subhuti**

Ji Ning passed through the spatial vortex. A massive, levitating mountain suddenly appeared before his eyes – Mount Innerheart.

“Uncle-master.”

“Uncle-master.”

“Grand uncle-master.”

Ning occasionally exchanged a few words with familiar faces as he walked up Mount Innerheart. Eventually, he reached Subhuti’s Daoist temple. The two novices at the entrance, Clearwater and Whiteriver, didn’t move to stop him. Clearly, they had already received instructions from the Old Patriarch.

Ning entered the Daoist monastery, then saw his master Subhuti seated in the lotus position in the distance.

“Master.” Ning bowed respectfully.

“What is it?” Subhuti looked towards Ning.

“I ambushed the Seamless Gate’s forces multiple times and killed more than ten Empyrean Gods and True Immortals,” Ning said. “I wanted to force the Seamless Gate to release my senior apprentice-sister, but they still refuse to agree. What I didn’t expect...was that I gained a surprising spoil of war.”

Subhuti chuckled. “And why have you come in person to tell me, your master?”

“The treasures of the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals weren’t that special. My greatest spoils came from the death of a Celestial Immortal, ‘Youngflame Freak,’” Ning said. “Amongst Youngflame Freak’s relics, I found a unique item that contained seven great techniques. These seven techniques are all unfathomably profound, and I had to struggle quite hard in order to learn them. After I learned them, the unique item actually shattered apart and dissolved into nothingness.”

Ning had pondered for a long time before deciding on explaining things thusly.

He could choose to keep these seven techniques a secret from his master, but given that both alliances were at war with each other, and that most of these techniques were useless to him, it was better for him to report it to his superiors.

He wasn’t afraid of the Seamless Gate acting against him; rather, he was more afraid of someone from his own alliance acting against him! For example, if a major power who was on par with Subhuti suspected that Ning had acquired formidable treasures from alien Outsiders, then killed Ning, Subhuti might be enraged...but it would be too late for Ning.

“Oh?” Subhuti smiled and nodded. “It may have been a legacy left behind by a major power.”

It was fairly common for a legacy-teaching item to automatically shatter once the legacy was taught. This was done to prevent the legacy leaking and becoming too widespread.

“These are the seven techniques your disciple has memorized.” Ning produced a bamboo scroll. “Your disciple has already copied them down in their entirety. Master, please take a look.”

Subhuti accepted the scroll, then sent his coresense into it to read.

A full hour passed. Subhuti was completely occupied by his reading, while Ning simply stood there to one side, waiting quietly.

“Ji Ning.” Finally, Subhuti raised his head, a look of surprise and delight on his face. “You’ve just done a great deed.”

Ning felt a relaxed feeling in his heart. It would be good if this could help his alliance. His personal power was limited, and of the seven techniques, the only ones that were of benefit to him were the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] and [Armaments of Sin]. [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] could only be trained to the second level if one had some extraordinarily precious ‘chaos nectar’. As for the other techniques, for now it was difficult for him to advance in them.

“These seven techniques are definitely techniques left behind by alien Outsiders.” Subhuti let out a shocked sigh. “I didn’t expect that this weak little Celestial Immortal was actually holding techniques like this. It seems that a slain alien Outsider must have left his relics and treasures behind somewhere in the Three Realms, with Youngflame Freak discovering them.”

“I know quite a few alien Outsider techniques, but these seven techniques are definitely top-tier ones. The [Jewel Talisman] is the most useful one of all!” Subhuti’s face was covered with excitement.

“You have quite a few alien Outsider techniques?” Ning looked at his master.

“Of course.” Subhuti laughed. “We’ve killed quite a few alien Outsiders in the years since the Primordial Era. Some were as powerful as Rahu, and the Lord of All Things was particularly powerful. He had a mighty army under his command, but we wiped them out. Naturally, we ended up with the relics they left behind. The seven techniques you gained must have similarly been left behind in the Three Realms by a slain alien Outsider.”

Ning nodded.

“However...while some alien Outsider techniques are very useful, some are...” Subhuti shook his head. “Some require treasures that exist in the worlds where they were from, but don’t exist in the Three Realms at all; those techniques are naturally useless. For example, the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]; an enormous amount of treasures are needed to train to the second level, some of which I’ve never even heard of.”

“We’ve previously acquired two types of ‘clone body’ techniques from the alien Outsiders. These two are the [Twelve Heavens Fiendgod] and the [Thousand Bodies Sutra]. The [Twelve Heavens Fiendgod] technique is very similar to this technique of yours, but it allows for the creation of only twelve bodies, and it’s a bit easier to train as well. There are a few experts amongst the major powers who train in it. As for the [Thousand Bodies Sutra], it’s extremely formidable; when mastered, one can use it to transform into a thousand clones, each of which is as powerful as the original body. Once they merge together, the true body’s power will explosively increase. But alas, just gaining a basic level of skill in the [Thousand

Bodies Sutra] requires a treasure known as a 'Worldheart'. Where are we supposed to find treasures like that?"

"Thousand Bodies Sutra?" Ning was shocked. To be able to transform into a thousand clones? That was too terrifying!

"A 'Worldheart' is created after countless years pass in a chaosworld and the chaosworld begins to grow old. When the chaosworld dies, it'll transform into an extremely small gemstone which is the source of energy for many new Fiendgods to eventually be born and establish a new chaosworld. This gemstone is known as a 'Worldheart'." Subhuti chuckled. "The [Thousand Bodies Sutra] requires a Worldheart. We only have a single chaosworld, the 'Three Realms'; where are we supposed to find a Worldheart?"

Ning had searched the memories of several Celestial Immortals and Empyrean Gods of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. He knew of Worldhearts.

Worldhearts were treasures that were even more valuable and rare than chaos nectar!

The Pangaea chaos-kingdom might have acquired some in the past, but without question they were in the hands of the King of Pangaea or the other two World-level experts. The Ancestral Immortals and Elder Gods could forget about acquiring them!

"Of the seven techniques you acquired, the [Jewel Talisman] is the most useful technique of all. [Armaments of Sin] will also be of some use in an era like ours; I trust that it will give birth to some new Protocosmic spirit-treasures," Subhuti said. "However...to rely on slaughter alone to give birth to Chaos treasures is far too difficult. I can't even imagine how many people you would have to kill to give birth to one."

The leaders of Buddhism and Daoism, the Three Emperors, the Five Monarchs, Subhuti, and many other mighty major powers had access to Chaos treasures. Thus, they wouldn't care too much about [Armaments of Sin].

"But of course, this [Armaments of Sin] technique will be of use to you." Subhuti chuckled. "Still...the [Jewel Talisman] technique allows for the creation of Dao-seals. Every single Dao-seal creation technique is tightly guarded. You can create Dao-seals in advance, then use a large number of them in battle to overwhelm and slay your foe."

"Naturally, that's only possible if we can find an expert in Dao-seals who can understand the mysteries of this [Jewel Talisman]. In the Three Realms, the most powerful expert in the art of formations and talismans would be Human Emperor Fuxi," Subhuti said with a smile. "Even I feel delighted upon having reviewed the [Jewel Talisman], and I'll be able to produce some new Dao-seals. When Fuxi sees it...he might be able to learn everything within it."

Ning was speechless.

The [Jewel Talisman] was simply unfathomably profound; when he read it, he felt like he was reading gibberish. To Human Emperor Fuxi, however, this would indeed be shockingly useful.

"Right. You said that Youngflame Freak was in possession of that item; did he learn these seven techniques?" Subhuti's face suddenly changed.

Ning hurriedly explained, "Master, I had to use all my power to learn these seven techniques. Given that Youngflame Freak was a Celestial Immortal, I expect that he was probably just barely able to learn the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] and part of the [Nine Bug Solutions]. He wouldn't have the ability needed to learn the rest."

"That's what I hoped to hear." Subhuti chuckled. "The [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] and [Nine Bug Solutions] aren't that dangerous. In the past, when there was peace between us and the Seamless Gate, many of us were friends with each other. In fact, some of us became lifelong, bosom friends, and we exchanged many techniques. They have many of ours and we have many of theirs. They have the [Twelve Heavens Fiendgod] and the [Thousand Bodies Sutra] as well. As for the [Nine Bug Solutions]...given that a very long period of time is needed to breed these bugs, and that the process is a very expensive one, neither side has the luxury of time and resources that would be needed."

Ning nodded.

"Still...just to ensure that nothing unexpected happens, Youngflame Freak needs to be gotten rid of," Subhuti said.

"Right." Ning nodded.

Ning had first bound the treasures left behind by the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, then began to work on the many other relics he had acquired. Only at the very end did he discover the stone stele hidden away amongst the miscellaneous items. Binding so many treasures had taken him a full day. If Youngflame Freak was going to reveal it to anyone, he would've done so long ago, and so Ning hadn't been in a rush to kill his final few clones, pulling up grass by the roots.

.....

Indeed...

Youngflame Freak was hoping to be lucky enough to survive.

"Of those seven techniques, I was only able to learn the first technique and part of the second technique." Youngflame Freak was sitting within a palace, drinking wine. "I could tell, however, that these were all inconceivably profound techniques. And the aura that stone stele emanated...it was even more terrifyingly powerful than the Heavenly Daos! If I was to report this loss to the Seamless Gate...in order to ensure that none of the techniques are leaked, they'll probably kill me to silence me, once they acquire the technique from Ji Ning."

"Ji Ning will probably hide those seven techniques for his own use. He won't be willing to tell others about them."

"Right. It has to be that way."

Youngflame Freak himself had kept those seven techniques hidden without telling anyone else at all. He believed that Ji Ning would do the same.

In addition, he didn't even dare to make a report. If he gave such a powerful technique to the Seamless Gate, he might be silenced and killed instead of rewarded. Youngflame Freak knew exactly how the Seamless Gate acted...they were absolutely savage and brutal.

“Uhh...” Youngflame Freak suddenly felt his head turn dizzy.

“W-what’s going...”

.....

“Die...”

“I...might as well die...”

Youngflame Freak’s eyes turned dim...and then his soul dispersed and shattered. He died...and the same happened to his other clone.

.....

Mount Innerheart.

Subhuti closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them. He looked at Ning. “The other two bodies of Youngflame Freak have now died. All eighteen bodies have perished now.”

Ning let out a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Youngflame Freak didn’t possess a treasure like the Voidboat; he didn’t dare to journey out within the primordial chaos, and so he kept all his clones within the Three Realms. Subhuti was thus able to effortlessly kill him. Much like how Ning would be able to effortlessly hypnotize weaker cultivators, Subhuti was able to effortlessly cause a Celestial Immortal to commit suicide.

Of course, the Seamless Gate would’ve deeply desired to cause Ning to commit suicide in such a manner as well. However, Ning’s heartforce had reached the fourth level, the same level as that of many Daofathers; there was no way the Seamless Gate could force Ning to commit suicide.

“Let’s go. Accompany me on a visit to Human Emperor Fuxi,” Subhuti said with a laugh. “When he sees this [Jewel Talisman], he’s going to be delirious with joy. A top-tier seal-creation technique like this...this is something he dreams of.”

Whoosh. A spatial vortex appeared before them.

Subhuti took Ning by the arm and led him straight into the spatial vortex.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 35: Meeting Fuxi**

They emerged from the spatial vortex. In front of them, as far as the eye could see, were endless flows of primordial chaos. A short while ago, Ji Ning had journeyed by himself into the primordial chaos, but of course he had only toured the region that was very close to the Three Realms.

“Fuxi is currently within the primordial chaos, working on various formations,” Subhuti said. “Of the Three Emperors of Mankind, Shennong and Fuxi spend most of their time in the primordial chaos, with Sui ren usually staying at the Kindlefire world.”

As he spoke, he led Ning forward at high speed.

Space and time constantly shifted about them, causing them to move incredibly fast.

“Is that...” Due to the speed at which they were moving, the flows of primordial chaos around them became blurry and hard to see. However, Ning suddenly saw an enormous blazing fire appear in the distance.

“There we are.” Subhuti’s voice rang out as their speed suddenly and dramatically lessened.

Ning was quickly led by his master towards those towering flames. The flames roared and hissed in a veritable sea of conflagration. It was hard to see where the sea of flames ended.

“Water?” Ning suddenly discovered to his astonishment that there seemed to be dark, barely-visible waves that were rippling above the sea of flames. Only when he stared at them carefully did he recognize them for what they were...countless waves of black water.

Below was an endless sea of flames, while above were endless waves of black water. The two seemed to be part of a whole, and the space between the flames and the waves seemed to be continuously destroyed.

“Fuxi,” Subhuti called out.

Whoosh!

Instantly, a corridor appeared within the sea of flames in front of them. The flames on each side of the corridor couldn’t enter it in the slightest.

“Come, let’s go inside,” Subhuti said.

Ning followed behind Subhuti, the two of them flying inside.

“Is this a formation which the Human Emperor set up?” Ning couldn’t help but ask. “These flames...I can’t even tell what type of flames they are.”

The most famous flames in the Three Realms were the nine types of truefire.

“This is the ‘Eternal Kindlefire’ which Human Emperor Suiren developed,” Subhuti said. “These flames surpass the nine types of truefire in power. As for the waves of water above them, they were formed by extracting the essence of Arcane Moonwater from the Lunar Star. The Kindlefire was established with the help of Suiren, which is why the flames are so numerous. The essence of the Lunar Star, however, has to be extracted by Fuxi himself, which is why there is a bit less of the water. This is a formation that Fuxi has been working on for some time, and it isn’t perfected yet.”

Ning was stunned. Eternal Kindlefire? Arcane Lunar Water?

Most weaker cultivators, including Ning himself, had no idea that there were any flames more powerful than the nine types of truefire. Ning himself only found out now.

Solar Truefire was commonly seen on the surface of the Solar Star; there was an enormous amount of it there. However, Golden Solarfire came from the very core of the Solar Star, and its power was far greater than that of Solar Truefire. Golden Solarfire...even True Gods and Daofathers had to be careful around it. If they weren’t carefully, they’d be burnt to death.

Golden Solarfire came from nature itself. However, the Zhurong Godfire which Elder God of Fire Zhurong created was also a type of fire that surpassed the nine mighty types of truefire. Alas...Elder God Zhurong himself had perished long ago.

Human Emperor Sui ren had developed the Eternal Kindfire, which was another type of fire that surpassed the nine types of truefire.

The Three Realms also had nine types of truewater. Above them in power were two types of water; Arcane Moonwater from the Lunar Star, and the Gonggong Godwater from Elder God of Water Gonggong. Alas, Elder God Gonggong had also died long ago.

The ten exalted Elder Gods had fought amongst themselves during the Primordial Era, and several of them had died in their struggles for supremacy.

In truth, Pangu wasn't really an 'Elder God', he was a World God. However, back then the various Fiendgods didn't know what 'World Gods' even were. Because Pangu was simply far too overwhelmingly powerful, the ten Elder Gods considered Pangu to be in a class of his own, the 'Pangu level', a level which surpassed all Immortals, Buddhas, Fiends, and Gods.

Pangu established Heaven and Earth, then died from his labors.

Mother Nuwa entered the primordial chaos, never to return.

Elder God Fuxi had been reborn as a human, becoming Human Emperor Fuxi.

Multiple Elder Gods had died during the struggles for supremacy of the Primordial Era.

The war against the Seamless Chaosworld and the Lord of All Things that destroyed the Primordial Era had resulted in the deaths of even more Elder Gods.

Thus, the likes of Human Emperor Fuxi were now forced to laboriously extract Arcane Moonwater from the Lunar Star. Fortunately, Fuxi was a master of the Heavenly Daos of Yin and Yang, which was why he was able to draw upon the supremely Yin-aligned Arcane Moonwater. However, clearly his skill in controlling water was not a match for Sui ren's skill in controlling fire.

"Fuxi has focused his efforts on the art of formations. If he was to focus his efforts on water...given his power and his insights into the Heavenly Daos of Yin and Yang, he probably would've long ago been able to develop a form of arcane water that surpassed the nine types of truewater," Subhuti said with a sigh.

"In his past life, he was an Elder God that was a master of the Heavenly Dao of Destruction. In this life, he is a Human Emperor, but he has decided to focus on formations." Ning felt extremely curious regarding Fuxi.

Fuxi was someone who stood at the very peak of the Three Realms, in both this life and the previous one.

Whoosh.

After they passed through the flame corridor, they saw an island that was a few hundred meters long hover there in the midst of the primordial chaos. Atop the island was a tall, muscular man dressed in Daoist robes who was seated in the lotus position. His robes were covered with many Taiji diagrams,

Eight Trigrams diagrams, stellar diagrams, and other types of formation-diagrams. The area surrounding him was filled with countless swirling runes. Fuxi was staring at the countless runes, occasionally changing them and occasionally moving them around.

“Don’t be impatient. Wait a bit,” Subhuti instructed.

“Understood.” Ning nodded.

After the time needed to boil a kettle of tea, the distant Fuxi finally came to a halt, allowing all the runes around him to disappear.

Smiling, Fuxi looked towards Subhuti and Ning. “Subhuti, why have you brought your treasured disciple here? Come, sit.”

He waved his hand, producing a pair of prayer mats in front of him. In front of each prayer mat was a table covered with wine.

Subhuti led Ning forward. The two seated themselves.

“Naturally, I come bearing good news.” Subhuti handed the scroll Ning had given him to Fuxi. “Take a look.”

“Oh?” Fuxi accepted the scroll, then immediately sent his coresense into it to examine it. Upon doing so, he instantly became completely transfixed.

“Don’t be impatient,” Subhuti said to Ning. “This is just how Fuxi is. Let’s just wait here for now. Come, taste the wine. This is wine which Fuxi personally created using his insights into the art of formations. There’s no other place with wine like this.”

Ning lifted up his winecup, taking a sip. Instantly, an incredibly comfortable feeling spread throughout his body. Even his soul felt more relaxed.

“It really is fine wine.” Ning sighed in amazement.

“No one else can make it,” Subhuti agreed.

These two, master and disciple, began to chat and drink the wine. The tables were covered with what appeared to be small flagons of wine, but in truth every single flagon contained an enormous lake of Immortal wine within it. The two drank to their hearts content for more than a full day before Human Emperor Fuxi finally withdrew his coresense from the bamboo scroll.

“Good. Good. Good!” Fuxi was so excited, he said the word ‘good’ three times in a row.

“What do you think?” Subhuti looked at him. “The [Jewel Talisman] is nice, eh?”

“The Dao-seals recorded within the [Jewel Talisman] are all incredibly marvelous. I had to spend six hours to completely comprehend all of them. Once I acquire all the necessary materials, I’ll be able to construct quite a few powerful Dao-seals.” Fuxi chuckled, “Thanks to these Dao-seals, our Nuwa Alliance will have an extra tool to rely on. Although the benefits will be minor...when many minor effects are added together, they’ll be able to influence the overall course of events.”

Upon hearing the words 'benefits will be minor', Ning instantly understood that the Nuwa Alliance had an extremely deep foundation, many of which he had no idea about.

The Seamless Gate had formidable abilities, but the Nuwa Alliance did as well.

"At this point in time, there are very few things that can increase the power of our Nuwa Alliance as a whole. This [Jewel Talisman], however, is one of them." Fuxi shook his head and sighed. "However, as far as I'm concerned, the most beneficial technique of the seven was the [Qiankun Reversing Gestalt-Formation]. The reason I spent so much time just now was primarily because of that formation."

"What? The [Qiankun Reversing Gestalt-Formation]? It helped you significantly?" Subhuti was puzzled. "This formation requires eighteen individuals to set up, and it also requires them to be of completely one mind. How could it have been of assistance to you?"

"Ah, this is where you are wrong." Fuxi shook his head. "Although this is an excellent formation, the formation that I'm developing is even more astonishingly powerful. I naturally won't turn towards setting up the [Qiankun Reversing Gestalt-Formation]. However...the mysteries and secrets this formation contains are completely different from those used to set up formations in the Three Realms. In addition, it is especially powerful in the 'Qiankun Reversal' aspect."

Fuxi sighed. "All these years, I've been slowly working on my Waterflame Apocalypse Formation and coming up with ideas on how to better combine these two types of supreme fire and water. The 'Qiankun Reversal' in the gestalt-formation gave me many new ideas. Although the [Qiankun Reversing Gestalt-Formation] isn't that powerful, the person who developed it is most likely much more powerful than even myself in the Dao of Formations."

At Fuxi's level, when he looked at a formation, Fuxi looked at how the formation was constructed. He was able to completely 'disassemble' it into its component parts. Clearly, Fuxi had gained what he had needed from this formation.

And it was true; this [Qiankun Reversing Gestalt-Formation] had indeed been created by a major power within the primordial chaos, expressly for those who trained in the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]. However...when Fuxi said that this person was superior to him in the Dao of Formations, Fuxi had been wrong. The major power that had created this formation had lived in a completely different environment, which was why there were naturally many differences in the mysteries this formation contained. This was the reason why Fuxi had gained so many new ideas upon seeing this formation. In terms of actual insight into the Dao of Formations, however, the creator of the [Qiankun Reversing Gestalt-Formation] was just barely on par with Fuxi.

"Can it help you perfect the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation?" Subhuti was surprised and delighted.

Eternal Kindlefire, Arcane Moonwater; either of the two were tremendously powerful on their own. But if Fuxi was to successfully and perfectly combine the two of them...the results would be utterly astonishing. It would be extremely useful during the final Endwar, and it would give them better chances of winning it.

"It was indeed of use." Fuxi nodded. "However, I'm still far, far away from being able to completely perfect this technique. I still need to spend some more time analyzing this gestalt-formation in detail. Mm. These seven techniques...all of them are excellent. They clearly do not belong to the Three Realms;

they should have come from alien Outsiders. Since you brought your disciple over...was it Ji Ning who discovered these seven techniques?"

"Yes." Subhuti nodded.

Suiren looked towards Ning, then sighed in a gratified manner. "All people are selfish. Petty selfishness is focused on the self; nobler selfishness is focused on one's family, one's clan, one's nation, one's race, and even one's entire world. You are merely an Empyrean God and a True Immortal. For you to be willing to hand over these seven precious techniques...this really is quite rare and admirable."

Ning felt ashamed upon hearing this. He had indeed given the seven techniques to his master for the sake of the Nuwa Alliance, but he had kept the stone stele for himself. He had hidden it away without telling anyone, partially because he was worried about the Seamless Gate's formidable intelligence mechanisms, but also because he wanted to keep something in reserve for himself. It was very possible that he might die as a result of this storm that was sweeping the Three Realms. He wasn't afraid of dying, but if he died, who would protect his daughter?

"Of the seven techniques you provided, the [Jewel Talisman] will be of benefit to the entire Nuwa Alliance, while the [Qiankun Reversing Gestalt-Formation] is of considerable benefit to me. Mm...I can't just take these things from you without giving anything back," Fuxi said.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 36: Skyrocketing Cultivation**

Fuxi pondered for a moment, then said, "Ji Ning, how much of the perfect Heaven Punisher's power can you control?"

"I can already control all of it," Ji Ning said respectfully.

"Oh..."

Fuxi revealed a small smile. "This type of grand formation that involves commanding countless Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals is extremely taxing on both heartforce and Immortal energy, and it also requires a powerful soul heartforce technique. Of all the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Three Realms, you are the one who is best-suited to commanding these formations. Prior to this, there was no one as skilled as you in this regard, which is why the likes of the perfect Heaven Punisher Formation were viewed as the apex."

Ning nodded. There were several formations comparable to the Heaven Punisher Formation, and his own master Subhuti had access to some of them. Since their power was on par with that of the Heaven Punisher Formation, Ning hadn't asked for them.

"Fourth level heartforce, and a soul heartforce technique...yes, you really are a perfect fit for these formations." Fuxi chuckled. "Give me a bit of time, I'll gift you with a formation that will allow you to control even more Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals. Naturally, the maximum power of the formation will greatly increase as well! However, controlling it will also be considerably more difficult."

"Thank you, Human Emperor." Ning was overjoyed. In truth, he wasn't interested in any treasures the Human Emperor could give him, because Ning already had access to Protocosmic spirit-treasures. In addition, two of Ning's clones were within the prisonworld and were assaulting the various True Gods

and True Immortals; he would definitely have plenty of powerful treasures in the future! A Chaos treasure would be excellent, but what were the chances that Fuxi would give him one? Many major powers didn't even have access to such treasures!

A formation that was more powerful than the Heaven Punisher Formation was something which Ning was in desperate need of. This was because Ning's most powerful battle-mode was the Heaven Punisher mode. However, he had already completely utilized all the power available to the perfect Heaven Punisher; there was no way to increase his level of power at all. But alas, there were no superior formations of this type in all the Three Realms, and there were very few individuals who were capable of creating one.

Fuxi, however, was definitely the most powerful expert in the Three Realms in the Dao of Formations.

"This won't be too difficult for me. All I have to do is spend a bit of effort on it when I'm not working on the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation. I imagine I should be able to complete it within ten years," Fuxi said.

"Disciple." The nearby Subhuti looked towards Ning. "You can count on one hand the number of times Fuxi has custom-designed a formation for someone. This is incredibly rare. Fuxi, Ning and I won't disturb you any further."

"Alright." Fuxi smiled and nodded. "I'll have to trouble you to leave my formation first."

Whoosh.

A corridor appeared in the endless sea of flames in front of them.

Subhuti immediately led Ning out through the corridor. Within this Waterflame Apocalypse Formation, not even Subhuti was able to engage in teleportation. He had to first leave the formation area, then teleport. This was a formation that Fuxi had spent countless eons perfecting; its power was truly terrifying.

They returned to Mount Innerheart.

"Master," Ning said respectfully, "I wonder if I can teach this [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] technique to Uncle White and the others."

Subhuti said, "This is a technique that you acquired; by all rights, I shouldn't stop you from teaching it to others. However, it's best if you do not. Your spirit-beasts are all too weak, after all. It's impossible for the Seamless Gate to stealthily steal this technique from your mind, but your spirit-beasts haven't even undergone the Celestial Tribulation. That 'Godking' would probably be able to steal away those techniques from them in their dreams."

"How about this? If you want to teach them something, teach them the [Twelve Heavens Fiendgod] technique. There are others in the Three Realms who have mastered it and are able to transform into twelve bodies that each have the power of the original."

"Understood," Ning said. "I'll go pay them a visit, then I'll leave the Crescent world."

"Go." Subhuti nodded.

First, Ning carefully read through the entire [Twelve Heavens Fiendgod] technique. This technique was very similar to the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]; both were divided into three levels.

The first level allowed the true body to divide into twelve clones, with each clone being much weaker in power than the original. This state was actually not a very good one; the only benefit was that it allowed the user to have a much better chance at staying alive.

The second level allowed for all twelve bodies to rise in power, returning to the level which the original body had been at.

The third level allowed for all twelve bodies to merge back together into a single true body once more, with the true body instantly and explosively increasing in power.

This was almost identical to the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] formation. However, it was noticeably easier to train in, and it required less materials. In fact, all of the ingredients needed to train to the second level could be located within the Three Realms! But of course, all of those ingredients were still quite rare and expensive. In addition, the more powerful one was, the more of the ingredients would be needed, as the cost of training would increase.

After soulscouring the prisoners of the prisonworld, Ning had learned quite a bit. Fairy Lilisoft, for example, had been the King of Pangaea's daughter. The other Empyrean God and Celestial Immortal prisoners were similarly extraordinary figures who also knew many things.

For example, Ning had learned from them that to train to the second level of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods], a Celestial Immortal of the first tier would generally need a full bottle of chaos nectar!

Ning had roughly used up a full bottle as well, but a little was left over. This was because Ning was the lowest-tier True Immortal. In terms of the quality of his Immortal energy, he was merely on par with the highest-tier Celestial Immortals. But in terms of how much energy he had, he actually had much less. This was because first-tier Celestial Immortals formed their Jindans through absorbing the energy of an entire vast world. Their Jindan regions were quite shocking, and the amount of Immortal energy they contained was huge.

First-tier True Immortals would generally need a hundred bottles of chaos nectar to succeed! In every aspect, be it the Jindan or the soul, first-tier True Immortals were far more powerful than first-tier Celestial Immortals.

First-tier True Immortals...their coresense was enough to cover an entire chaosworld! In the Three Realms, only True Gods and Daofathers had this sort of power. One could judge the power of one's soul from the strength of one's coresense. To split such a powerful soul into eighteen parts, then have all of them return to the power level of the original soul...the amount of chaos nectar that would be consumed was enormous.

If a first-tier Ancestral Immortal was to train in the technique, the price would increase a hundredfold!

The more powerful one was, the greater the price one would have to pay to acquire eighteen clones of tremendous power. Thus, even the King of Pangaea had only been able to train to the second stage as a True Immortal. After becoming an Ancestral Immortal, he had wandered through the primordial chaos and experienced many hardships before being lucky enough to acquire the resources to master the third

stage of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]. His power level had instantly exploded, making him an absolute hegemon amongst Ancestral Immortals. After he broke through to the World-level, he was thus able to build up an extremely powerful nation and slay other World-level experts, with two such experts electing to follow him.

In the entire Pangaea chaos-kingdom, only the King of Pangaea had fully mastered this technique.

.....

Within a quiet little city.

A black-robed Ning was seated within a winehouse, staring far away while holding a winecup in his hands. He watched as a woman was leading a girl forward through the distant streets.

The woman was Autumn Leaf.

The girl was Brightmoon.

“Junior apprentice-brother. Uncle White.” Ning looked towards Mu Northson and Uncle White. “Wait here for now. I’m going to make a short trip, but I’ll be back soon.”

“Alright, senior apprentice-brother. Go ahead. We’ll keep an eye on things here,” Northson said with a laugh.

“Don’t worry, son,” Uncle White said.

They had spent the past period of time wandering the Crescent world alongside the childlike Brightmoon. Everyone had been quite relaxed, and this caused both Northson and Uncle White to both become more amiable and gentler.

The black-robed Ning nodded, then disappeared without a trace. Although some people in the winehouse were watching, none of them thought that anything was amiss.

Outside the little city, there was a seemingly ordinary-looking Immortal estate. This was a Pure Yang treasure which Ning’s Primaltwin was controlling, their temporary home. Because he wanted to give his daughter Brightmoon a good upbringing, he naturally couldn’t just let her wander about the Crescent world willy-nilly. She had to have a permanent place to call home.

The black-robed Ning flew into the Immortal estate. A white-robed Ning was already inside, having come here to deliver a bottle of chaos nectar.

Just half a day later, within a private room inside the Immortal estate. Eighteen black-robed Ji Nings were seated in the lotus position. All of their auras were completely suppressed, and they seemed to be ordinary mortals. All of them opened their eyes, smiling at each other.

“The second level is complete.”

After handing them the copy of the [Twelve Heavens Fiendgod] technique, Ning’s true body had immediately left. The Primaltwin had used up a bottle of chaos nectar to master the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] technique. However, all eighteen clones had completely suppressed their auras. When Ning had broken through to become a Pure Yang True Immortal, none of the other major powers of the Three

Realms had been able to find out, because of this aura-suppressing technique which Patriarch Subhuti had taught him.

Ning continued to keep his aura suppressed. So long as Ning didn't voluntarily activate these eighteen clones, no one would be able to find out how powerful Ning's eighteen Primaltwin clones were.

.....

Sword Immortal world. The Five Treasured Peaks.

Ning had returned.

"All the arrangements have been made." Ning stood there in front of his thatched cottage, staring at the distant, towering Five Treasured Peaks. The five peaks continued to emanate that shocking, breathtaking aura of majesty. "The stone stele has already been hidden away. I now have a better chance of surviving this great storm. My Primaltwin has now successfully manifested eighteen clones as well. Only...I only have slightly more than sixteen bottles of chaos nectar left."

.....

Within the Starseizing Manor. Those fifteen clones of his true body were all seated in the lotus position, completely focused on meditating on the [Five Treasures] sword-art.

.....

Within the stone stele. The two clones of his true body were using some of their energy to maintain the Eight Fires Qiankun World, but they didn't have to spend much attention on it, and so they were also meditating on the [Five Treasures] sword-art.

.....

Within the Crescent world. Seventeen clones of his Primaltwin were all meditating on the [Five Treasures] sword-art, with the final clone spending all of its time and energy on taking care of Brightmoon.

.....

It could be said that right now, thirty-five Ji Nings spread across his 'true bodies' and 'Primaltwins' were simultaneously meditating on the [Five Treasures] sword-art. Or, to put it another way...compared to before Ning had started to train in the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods], Ning's training speed was now thirty-five times faster.

"This sword-art is incomparably arcane and unfathomable..."

The thirty-five clones all shared the same mind and memories. When one gained an insight, all of them gained the insight, and so a nonstop flow of insights was entering his mind.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 19: Empeyan God Chapter 37: Roaming the Three Realms**

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

Next to a towering, cloud-piercing mountain peaks. Ji Ning stood atop a cloud, staring upwards towards the sword-art left behind on the mountain wall.

Bottlenecks were terrifying things for cultivators to face. There were many who would be stuck at a bottleneck for countless years without being able to advance! Time alone wouldn't necessarily suffice for a cultivator to break through a bottleneck; if one could constantly improve, then logically speaking all Celestial Immortals should eventually become True Immortals. Clearly, however, this wasn't the case. The reason why Ning had been able to break through the final bottleneck and master the complete Dao of the Sword was because he had battled in the Nihilum Zone for eighteen years, and had mastered first level swordforce. This was why things proceeded so smoothly for him.

"This next breakthrough won't be so easy. What should I do?" Ning frowned. At this point, not even his many clones could help him.

"Standing here like an idiot won't be of any use. Breakthroughs require luck and destiny." Ning immediately sent a mental message. "Ninefangs."

Swoosh! A streak of light flew over, landing atop the cloud. It was the bald old man, Ninefangs. Emphyrean God Ninefangs immediately said respectfully, "Manorlord."

"I wish to travel through the Three Realms," Ning said.

"Travel through the Three Realms?" Ninefangs was startled. He gave Ning a close look. He had thought that Ning wanted to once more ambush the Seamless Gate...but now, it seemed, that wasn't the case.

"Let's go." Ning immediately led Ninefangs away from Sword Immortal world.

.....

Within a vast world of darkness. The Godking, seated upon his great, levitating throne, immediately received word of Ning's departure.

"Ji Ning has left Sword Immortal world." The Godking immediately released his powerful coresense to investigate Ning's whereabouts. "He's already gone to...Tigerfang major world."

After having suffered such severe losses last time, the Seamless Gate would naturally be prepared for a reoccurrence. They wouldn't succumb to the same trick twice.

.....

The Tigerfang world.

A wooden ship was drifting through a wide river. Atop the wooden ship was a white-robed youth who was drinking wine by himself. Next to him stood an old, respectful, bald-headed servant.

"This Tigerfang world belongs to the mighty Immortal Tigerfang. He rose to sudden prominence during the Primordial Era, and even took part in the war that ended that era. However, he likes to travel alone and does as he pleases, and so he dislikes taking apprentices. There are still two Emphyrean Gods who are willing to follow him, and he is quite a powerful figure of the Three Realms.

The Xia Emperor had relied on his experts and his background to unify the Grand Xia. Mighty Immortal Tigerfang, however, had completely relied on his own personal power.

“If I didn’t rely on the Heaven Punisher Formation, I probably wouldn’t be a match for him either,” Ning chuckled. The Three Realms had many Emyrean Gods and True Immortals, the most supreme of which all had formations of their own that were comparable to the Heaven Punisher Formation. In this regard, none of them were able to overcome Ning. But in a purely one-on-one fight...there indeed quite a few who were stronger than Ning. In fact, in his very own school, Mount Innerheart, there were a number of fellow disciples who were superior to him.

Redsnow, Patriarch Lu, Immortal Tigerfang...they were at the very precipice of becoming True Gods or Daofathers. In terms of the Dao or in terms of techniques, they were significantly superior to Ning. Ning had to admit to their superiority in these areas. He simply hadn’t spent enough time cultivating, and his mind had been focused on cultivating his swordforce and heartforce. After all, he simply didn’t have enough time slowly meditate on many Daos in the midst of this great storm.

“Manorlord, be wary of the Seamless Gate,” Ninefangs cautioned mentally.

“Don’t worry,” Ning said. Once they entered the Tigerfang, Ning had immediately sent his heartforce out to cover the entire world.

“The Seamless Gate is currently quite cautious. When I was in Sword Immortal world, there was someone using his coresense to watch over me at all times. They probably knew the moment I left the world. Although Tigerfang world has quite a few bases of the Seamless Gate, only one of them has Emyrean Gods and True Immortals. That base has a total of nineteen. They should’ve just hurried over there a short while ago. If nineteen Emyrean Gods and True Immortals hide behind protective formations...there’s no way for me to breach their defenses at all.” Ning shook his head.

In his heart, however, Ning sighed. He had succeeded in his first ambush, but it would now be far more difficult for him to give the Seamless Gate a few more vicious cuts.

“Come, try again.”

“Tired already? Is this all you have?”

“Come on!”

Voices could be heard from far away.

Ning turned to sweep towards that area with his gaze. Far away, there was a village located next to the side of the river. The villagers relied on the river to make their living. Within the village, there was a tall, muscular, fur-clad man who was training a youth in using the sword. The muscular man was calling out repeatedly, “Come on! Hit harder! Hit smarter! Your sword-arts need to be more direct and forceful. All those fancy flourishes are useless!”

Boom! The youth’s sword came chopping down, but he instantly was knocked flying. He landed on the ground, then quickly and grimly clambered to his feet and charged forward again.

Each time they collided, he was knocked flying. Each time he was knocked flying, he rose to his feet. And each time, the tall man continued to berate him.

Ning watched this scene from afar, aboard his boat. He could tell that the man and the youth looked similar; most likely, they were father and son. This scene caused Ning to think of how his own father, Ji Yichuan, had taught him how to use the sword all those years ago. Compared to the tall man, however, Ning's father's sword-arts were slightly superior.

Still...in terms of actual power, this man wasn't any weaker than Ning's father had been. This was because this man had already reached the Zifu level. His only weakness was that his sword-arts weren't a bit weaker than Yichuan's had been.

"This is quite an ordinary little village, but this man is a Zifu Disciple. It seems he's brought his son here to live in seclusion," Ning mused.

"If..."

"If Father was still alive...if I could still train in the sword alongside Father...how wonderful it would be."

Suddenly, Ning rose to his feet.

"Manorlord!" Ninefangs immediately called out.

Ning took a single step forward.

Whoosh.

He instantly appeared next to the tall man and the youth.

.....

Bu Feng stared in astonishment at the white-robed youth who had suddenly appeared. Although he had been training with his son, as a Zifu Disciple he had kept a continuous watch on the surrounding area. He had seen long ago that a wooden boat had appeared a few kilometers away, drifting about on the river, and he had also noticed the white-robed youth who was seated on the boat, drinking wine, but...that youth had suddenly appeared before him in the blink of an eye.

"No spatial ripples. It wasn't teleportation." Although Bu Feng was merely a Zifu Disciple, he had come from a major school. "He relied simply on pure speed to instantly arrive here...and the wind around us is still very calm and gentle. Skill like this...not even Primal Daoists can accomplish it."

"Who are you?" The mud-splattered youth looked towards Ning.

"Yun'er!" Bu Feng barked. The youth was instantly terrified, no longer daring to make a sound.

Ning, however, simply smiled towards the tall man. "Don't panic. I've just come to compete with you in sword-arts."

"Compete?" Bu Feng was completely flabbergasted. Was this a joke?

"Just come on," Ning said.

Bu Feng didn't dare to disobey. This person could probably wipe him out with a single finger! He immediately suppressed all of his other thoughts, focusing entirely on the sword.

"Be careful, then!" A heavy sword suddenly appeared in front of Bu Feng.

Ning reached out with his two hands, and a pair of longswords suddenly manifested in front of him. These longswords had been formed by Ning out of natural energy; at his level, any swords he casually created would be far tougher than Mortal-ranked swords.

Upon seeing this, Bu Feng felt even more stunned and terrified. "What the hell is this senior playing at?" But he didn't dare to hesitate at all. He immediately activated his Zifu-level ki, sending his heavy sword howling forward like a streak of light as he stabbed towards Ning.

Clang!

Ning's twin swords instantly seemed to transform into flowing water as the heavy sword came stabbing towards him. He blocked multiple times in succession, but was still knocked flying backwards. In fact, after he landed on the ground, he actually staggered back a few steps.

"Father seems to be very afraid of this white-robed man, but why is it that he seems so weak?" The mud-splattered youth was puzzled.

"How can this be?!" Bu Feng, however, couldn't even believe it.

As for Ning, he softly mused to himself, "It seems as though when using Houtian-level strength to execute my sword-arts...even I will find it very difficult to resist the magic treasures of a Zifu Disciple." He hadn't used any spells of silence, and so Zifu Disciple Bu Feng was able to hear what he said. Bu Feng couldn't help but feel speechless; the man had merely used Houtian-level strength to resist the treasures of a Zifu Disciple?

Houtian, Xiantian, Zifu.

The gap between each level was enormous.

"Continue," Ning instructed.

Bu Feng didn't dare to disobey. He immediately launched yet another attack. His heavy sword, controlled by his Zifu-level ki, attacked with absolutely savagery. However, although Ning's sword-arts seemed simple, they went straight to the essence of the sword. In truth, Ning would be able to manifest swordforce from his longswords with but a thought, but if he did that, there was no way this fight could continue. Thus, Ning forcibly kept all of his power suppressed, ensuring that his strength would be no more than that of a Houtian-level expert. This naturally meant that his even the speed of his sword had dropped drastically.

His sword was slow and weak; he had to completely rely on his sword-arts in order to block.

Fortunately, his foe was merely a Zifu Disciple, and Ning's own understanding of the sword was far greater than his foe's.

"I didn't expect that this sudden whim of mine would have actually..." Ning had never experienced something like this before. He kept himself at a Houtian's strength, with his foe's heavy sword completely eclipsing Ning's swords in both speed and power. The end result was that Ning was forced to use every single scrap of skill and talent he had in order to defend.

He had a feeling...that he was improving.

He had found the right path! Through this path, he might be able to break through this bottleneck and reach an even higher level of sword-arts.

“How powerful. How can sword-arts be this marvelous, this miraculous? T-this...this is impossible.” Bu Feng frantically unleashed all the most powerful sword-arts he had, and in fact he even began to use some of the rare, unique flying sword techniques he had learned. That way, the mysterious white-robed youth in front of him would reveal even more sword-arts for him to see.

The sword-arts of this white-robed youth had completely broadened his horizons. It was as though an entire new universe had appeared before him. He discovered, for the first time...that the sword could be used in manners like this!

It was precisely because Ning continued to use a mere Houtian's speed and strength that a Zifu Disciple like Bu Feng was able to see all these things clearly. However, although he was able to see it clearly, he still felt that it was all unspeakably arcane. Even the simplest of sword-stances caused Bu Feng to feel befuddled, no matter how hard he worked to comprehend it as he continued to unleash more attacks.

And yet, despite that...he could sense that his own insights into the sword were rising nonstop.

“Karmic luck. A tremendous stroke of karmic luck.”

“I, Bu Feng, was forced to flee with my son...but I actually ended up stumbling into such a tremendous stroke of karmic luck. The Dao of the Sword...I can embark upon the Dao of the Sword. I can reach a higher level of understanding, and I'll be able to quickly become a Wanxiang Adept or even a Primal Daoist. By then, I'll be able to go back. I'll rescue my woman. I'll...” Bu Feng's heart was filled with wild joy...but he then immediately suppressed all other thoughts.

He focused all of his efforts on attacking Ning, while also doing his very best to memorize some of Ning's sword-stances. Although these were all techniques which Ning casually came up with and displayed on the spot, to Bu Feng these stances were like a pegasus soaring through the skies in a bold, unconstrained manner. Every single technique was incomparably exquisite.

Ning was a peerless genius of the Dao of the Sword who had long ago mastered it. Right now, his foundation was the [Five Treasures] sword-art, a sword-art which surpassed the limits of the Heavenly Daos themselves. For someone who was studying the art of the sword, even the tiniest part of Ning's insight was enough to give that person limitless benefits.

“Perhaps...perhaps this is the true essence of the sword. Forget about heartforce...forget about swordforce...forget about all outside sources of power and strength...only then can you truly find what the essence of the sword truly is. The [Five Treasures] sword-art is something which truly guides one towards the very essence of the sword itself. Yes...from today onwards, I shall roam the Three Realms, competing against countless people with the sword.” As a ray of clarity suddenly shone down upon Ning, Ning immediately came to his decision.