

Desolate 611

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 38: Sword-Training Throughout the Realms

Bu Feng and Ji Ning battled for a full day and night. Empyrean God Ninefangs used a technique to completely separate this area from the outside world, ensuring that the commoners in the village wouldn't be able to see the battle. The only ones that could see were Ninefangs and the mud-splattered youth.

Huff. Huff. Huff. Bu Feng's face was turning pale as he panted.

He had been working hard to unleash as much power as he could. The ki in his Zifu region had long ago been used up, and so he had been using spirit-pills to replenish it. Finally, the last of his spirit-pills was gone, causing him to mentally panic. He knew very well that spirit-pills weren't worth a damn, compared to this chance to spar against this mysterious figure. This was a tremendous opportunity for him, and he wanted to make use of it to fight for a bit longer.

"Alright. You can stop now," Ning said. He could sense that his opponent's attacks had grown quite weak; the man was clearly out of ki.

Bu Feng had no choice but to stop.

"Here are some spirit-pills for you to replenish your ki with." Ning tossed a bottle of spirit-pills to him. Bu Feng hurriedly accepted the bottle, and as he took a look inside, he was instantly shocked and overjoyed.

Good heavens...not even Primal Daoists would be able to produce as many pills as this! What he didn't realize was that this was something Ning had acquired when he had slaughtered countless Immortals and Fiendgods during the Realmwar. Back then, every single White-Faced Flood Dragon he had slain contained a hundred thousand Loose Immortals, each of who had been carrying a large amount of Immortal pills with them as they fought. Ning had simply pulled out a random bottle, one which belonged to a Loose Immortal. To a puny Zifu Disciple like Bu Feng, however, this was something that utterly shocked and overwhelmed him with joy.

"Senior, I can keep fighting," Bu Feng said hurriedly.

"I've had enough," Ning said with a laugh. "Ninefangs, let's go."

"Yes, Manorlord," Ninefangs said respectfully.

Whoosh. The white-robed youth and the bald old servant disappeared into thin air.

"B-but..." Bu Feng was incredibly agitated. This bottle of pills was probably comparable in value to the entire fortune of an average Primal Daoist. This would give him the resources he needed, and the mysterious, profound sword-stances he had managed to memorize would serve as lamp-posts that would guide him on his Immortal path! He would be able to walk much farther along his path, and would be able to make his dreams a reality.

"Father?" The mud-splattered youth looked at Bu Feng.

“Let’s go home, right away!” Bu Feng said hurriedly. He immediately pulled his son back into their home within the village. He wanted to immediately and fully memorize and record the many sword-arts he had seen during the battle, for fear that he might forget them.

In the days to come, Bu Feng continued to teach his son sword-play. Eventually, he would manage to gain a basic level of insight into the Grand Dao of the Sword. Sixteen years later, when Bu Feng returned to his former school, he was already an expert of the Dao of the Sword.

Atop a wooden boat within the river.

“Manorlord, the techniques you put on display came from the [Five Treasures] sword-art, a technique that surpasses the Heavenly Daos which was created by the number one Sword Immortal in the history of the Three Realms. Learning even the tiniest little morsel of that sword-art represents a tremendous stroke of karmic luck for that Zifu Disciple,” Ninefangs said. He had personally witnessed the mighty power of the [Five Treasures] sword-art. Generally speaking, not even Celestial Immortals could endure seeing the power and majesty contained within the full sword-art. As for a few scattered techniques and stances...even if they saw it, they wouldn’t be able to understand it.

Ning had personally put the sword-art on display, and had sparred with Bu Feng for a long period of time, which was why Bu Feng had managed to understand how truly formidable these sword-stances truly were. Naturally, it had been much easier for him to understand them than others.

“I gained some insights of my own,” Ning chuckled.

In truth, after spending just an hour sparring against Bu Feng, Ning had already been able to completely understand and defeat all of Bu Feng’s stances. The reason why Ning had spent a full day and night fighting against him was because he was testing new ideas and gaining new insights.

“Three thousand kilometers from here, there’s a Zifu Disciple who is quite skilled in longsword techniques. Come.” Ning’s heartforce had already discovered a Zifu Disciple three thousand kilometers away who was training in quite an extraordinary flying sword technique.

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Atop a distant mountain peak. A scarred, gray-robed woman was standing here, controlling a flying sword from afar.

Suddenly, a white-robed youth and an old, bald servant appeared next to her out of thin air.

“Eh?” The scarred woman was badly shocked, but she hurriedly said respectfully, “Respectful greetings to you, senior.”

“Use your flying sword to attack me at full force,” the white-robed youth said.

“Uh?” The scarred woman was stunned. This mysterious figure was very strange! Still, she didn’t dare to refuse, and so she immediately began to attack.

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Time flowed on, day after day.

The Seamless Gate's Godking continued to maintain a close watch over Ning, taking a look at him every so often. After half a month of doing so, the Godking finally ran out of patience. To him, Ji Ning wasn't a true threat, after all, just a troublemaker. The truly dangerous figures in the Three Realms were the True Gods and Daofathers of the Nuwa Alliance, as well as the many preparations they were making in secret for the Endwar.

"Ji Ning is actually dueling some laughably weak cultivators in order to train in the sword? What a joke. Even if he gains any insights, how strong could they be?" The Godking could no longer be bothered to pay any more attention.

Day after day. Month after month. Year after year...

Ning roamed the Three Realms. Although low-level Zifu Disciples and Wanxiang Adepts were weak, different places had different battle styles. In the trillion minor worlds in particular, the differences in combat styles were particularly noticeable. In fact, there were certain sword-art techniques which caused even Ning to feel tongue-tied and speechless.

Ning sparred against countless combatants and against countless styles. He never used any of his Immortal energy, his heartforce, his swordforce, or anything else. He simply relied on his Houtian-level strength to battle against the Zifu Disciples, and on Xiantian-level strength to battle against the Wanxiang Adepts.

This caused Ning to gain quite a few more insights into the [Five Treasures] sword-art. His many clones were all focused on meditating and visualizing new techniques, extracting the essence of his insights from battle.

Nine years later.

Ning was within a beautifully scenic minor world. This minor world was in a very remote region, but occasionally Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realms would pass by here, as did Ning. However, this was a place with many people; in terms of population size, it was comparable to Ning's previous home of 'Earth'. Here, experts were divided into several different ranks; Mortal-rank, Earth-rank, Heaven-rank, and the Legend-rank. In truth, this was essentially equivalent to the Houtian, Xiantian, Zifu, and Wanxiang levels.

The energy cultivation methods in this world were extremely coarse. Anyone who was able to reach the 'Legend' level was actually comparable to the Primal Daoists of the Grand Xia in terms of their insights into the Dao. In fact, some Legends had even mastered a complete Dao. It was precisely because they had such deep insights into the Dao that they were able to forcibly train their way into the Wanxiang level, despite having such terrible energy cultivation methods.

Swordforge Mountain Villa. This was viewed as a sacred place within this minor world.

The lord of the Swordforge Mountain Villa was given the exalted title of Sword Saint! He was a Legend, and the entire world only held three Legends. Sword Saint, however, was publicly acknowledged as the most powerful of the three.

"Master."

Thirteen disciples were standing there respectfully. In front of them was a middle-aged man dressed in simple clothes who was seated in the lotus position. This middle-aged man was Sword Saint! The number one expert of the world!

These thirteen disciples were thirteen of the 'Fifteen Celestial Swords' of Sword Saint's school.

"Number six, you first," Sword Saint said.

"Yes, Master," the sixth disciple said respectfully.

Right at this moment...

Whoosh.

A white-robed youth and an old, bald man suddenly appeared next to them. Because Sword Saint was seated facing them, he was the first to see them appear out of nowhere. His face instantly changed. "How could they have suddenly appeared here without me detecting them?"

Upon seeing the look on Sword Saint's face, the thirteen disciples all followed his gaze. They also saw the youth and the old servant, and they too were startled. However, although they were startled, they didn't panic. This was because everyone knew that Sword Saint was the undisputed number one expert in the world. Still, it was true that there were some people who were especially skilled in stealth.

The sixth disciple instantly barked, "This is a restricted area of the Swordforge Mountain Village. Who are you two! Report your names!"

The white-robed youth, however, just looked towards Sword Saint. "I heard that you are the strongest person in this world, and that your sword-arts are the best. Use your sword and display your strongest sword-arts."

"Didn't you hear—" The thirteen disciples all grew angry...but Ninefangs just glanced at them, then said softly, "Sleep."

Thud. Thud. Thud.

The thirteen disciples all collapsed, having fallen asleep.

This scene completely stunned Sword Saint. The majority of his thirteen disciples were all at the Heaven-rank, but they were all actually sent into a deep slumber in an instant? An ability like this was utterly inconceivable.

"Ugh. If this was a major world, things wouldn't be such a pain." Ning shook his head, then released his aura. Instantly, Sword Saint felt as though he was nothing more than an ant drowning within a sea that was vaster than the heavens themselves. In fact, he could sense that his body couldn't even move in the presence of this boundless aura of might.

Moments later, Ning finally retracted his aura.

If he didn't reveal a bit of his power, most likely this 'Sword Saint', who had long ago become accustomed to being the 'number one in the world', wouldn't be able to realize what the situation was

in a short period of time. If they were in a major world, the man most likely would've immediately begin to respectfully address Ning as 'senior'.

"Attack," Ning commanded.

"Senior, your power is truly tremendous. I, Woodclear, have roamed the world for a hundred years. I thought that I was the number one expert in existence, but now I see that I was nothing more than a frog in a well gazing towards the heavens." Sword Saint looked towards Ning. "Over the course of my many years, I have developed a technique known as the Ninety-Nine Swordforged Swords. Please have a look."

Although he knew the difference in power between them, his many years of pride at being the 'best in the world' compelled him to want to prove himself through his sword-arts.

A short while later.

"How can this be..."

"But..."

He was completely stunned and speechless.

"He's able to block my sword-arts while merely using Earth-ranked strength and speed?" Sword Saint was truly dazed. He was proudest of his accomplishments in sword-arts, but compared with the youth before him...this youth used seemingly-simple stances, but no matter how hard Sword Saint tried, he simply couldn't understand or comprehend any of them. Still, he was unconsciously inspired in many ways by this battle, and in the short period of time they sparred, he had already come up with several different sword-arts in his mind, all of which were far more powerful than the 'Ninety-Nine Swordforged Swords' he had spent so many years working on."

"Although this 'Sword Saint' is from a minor world, he's really quite strong. He's mastered an ordinary Dao, and he's even gained a basic level of insight into the Grand Dao of the Sword."

"Of the Wanxiang Adepts I've dueled, this is the one with the best sword-arts thus far."

Ning was very cautious. He continued to use Xiantian-level strength against Wanxiang Adepts, but he naturally was beginning to choose increasingly powerful Wanxiang Adepts to fight against. This was the first time that he had fought against a Wanxiang Adept who had already gained insight into a Grand Dao.

Whoosh. Whoosh. Ning's sword-arts were like a black hole, devouring any and all attacks which Sword Saint attempted to unleash, no matter how berserk they were.

"Finally...my defensive sword-art is beginning to take embryonic form." Ning felt joy in his heart. Over the past few years of dueling, he had gained an even deeper understanding of the sword. In fact, he began to have a vague idea of the path that he would take in the future, and the outlines of a sword-art had begun to take shape in his heart. Ning could sense that this sword-art would have a total of five different stances.

But of course, he hadn't developed any of the five senses yet. Today, however, as he dueled against this 'Sword Saint', Ning finally began to gain an idea of how one of the five stances should be shaped.

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Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 39: Soleheart

The Three Realms. The Celestial Realm. The Dao Palace in the eastern regions was extraordinarily lively on this day.

Many major powers had gathered here. Even Buddhas Tathagata and Amitabha had arrived to celebrate, along with many others.

“Congratulations, fellow Daoist.”

“Eastflower, you’ve finally made your breakthrough.”

“Congratulations!”

“Haha, Eastflower, you finally broke through. I’ve been waiting for this day since the Primordial Era.”

The Dao Palace was bustling with activity. The man of honor for this occasion was not Daoist Three Purities. Rather, it was someone who the Daoist Path had placed great expectations in...Patriarch Lu, Lu Dongbin. For some time now, Lu Dongbin had been journeying through the primordial chaos. Upon returning...everyone discovered that he had already broken through to reach the Daofather level. Thus, upon his return almost all the major powers had learned of Lu Dongbin’s breakthrough.

“Fuxi!”

“Fuxi, long time no see!”

The major powers all chatted amongst themselves in small groups. Some had come in person, while others had sent their clones or incarnations.

“Subhuti.”

“Fuxi.”

Subhuti and Fuxi ran into each other in the Dao Palace. Subhuti had come in person, while Fuxi had merely sent over a clone.

“Eastflower caused quite a stir when he returned from the primordial chaos. It seems he encountered quite the stroke of karmic luck,” Fuxi said with a laugh. “And from what I saw...it seems as though Eastflower should have mastered the fifth level of taiji-force as well. Amazing, truly amazing.”

“He wished to merge the teachings of Buddhism and Daoism together...Eastflower truly is an ambitious man.” Subhuti sighed with emotion. “However...it was precisely because his ambitions were too great that, despite possessing deep insights in both his previous life as ‘Eastflower’ and his current life as ‘Lu Dongbin’, he remained unable to make the final breakthrough. This time, thanks to a lucky encounter in the primordial chaos, he was able to make a fortuitous breakthrough, merging Buddhism and Daoism into one, with the Taiji supporting him. Upon making this breakthrough...he has now become one of the top-tier Daofathers of the Three Realms. No wonder Three Purities, Carefree, and the others all viewed him with such favor.”

Fuxi nodded as well. Everyone felt quite moved.

True Gods and Daofathers could roughly be divided into three levels of power.

The first level of power was the level which ordinary True Gods and Daofathers were at. Most True Gods and Daofathers were on this level, and unless they made a qualitative, transformative breakthrough, they would find it very difficult to improve any further.

The second level was the level often described as the ‘top-tier’ level. The Five Monarchs of the human race, Daofather Carefree, Wargod Xingtian, and other extraordinarily powerful figures were considered to be on this level.

The third level was the ‘overlord’ level. This was the level the two leaders of Buddhism and Daoism were on, along with the three mighty Human Emperors.

In truth, it was certain that the likes of Subhuti, Old Man Yuan, and Houyi were significantly more powerful than the likes of Wargod Xingtian. Most people usually viewed them as being very close to the ‘overlord’ level, but because their exact power level was a mystery, it was hard to say if they had reached the ‘overlord’ level or not.

Lu Dongbin had managed to combine his cultivation in both Buddhism and Daoism, and his taiji-force had reached the fifth level. He definitely had reached the top-tier Daofather level of power!

There had been others who had made such powerful breakthroughs in the past. Xingtian was another example, as was Houyi, whose breakthrough was even more ridiculous. Youdu was another example. As an Empyrean God, he had trained in the [Twelve Heavens Fiendgod] and reached the second level, and so he had twelve clones that were all equal in strength to his true body. After he broke through to become a True God, he had combined his twelve bodies and also become a top-tier Daofather.

But of course, what the Nuwa Alliance had, the Seamless Alliance also had.

“That disciple of yours has formidable heartforce,” Fuxi said. “If he can break through to the fifth stage of heartforce, he’ll instantly have the power of a top-tier Daofather as well.”

“It’s not that easy. Eastflower only succeeded because he’s been building up a foundation for countless years. Honestly, if it wasn’t because he was simultaneously training in so many things at once, he probably would’ve become a Daofather long ago. Eastflower is simply too ambitious, which is why it took him this long to make his breakthrough.” Subhuti shook his head. “As for Ji Ning, he hasn’t trained for long enough. It’s far too difficult for anyone to reach the fifth stage of heartforce. To be honest, I’ve always felt that his talent lay more in the sword than in anything else. To this very day, I feel that way. Compared to the Dao of the Sword, heartforce is too ephemeral and formless a path.”

Fuxi nodded in agreement. “How’s he doing in his Dao of the Sword?”

“He’s still building up his experiences,” Subhuti said.

“Oh, right. Here’s the formation I promised Ji Ning.” Fuxi waved his hand, producing a bamboo scroll. “I brought it along with me to give to you.”

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The Seamless Gate was naturally aware of Lu Dongbin’s breakthrough. All they could do, however, was gnash their teeth in silence.

The Nuwa Alliance had gained yet another powerful ally! In truth, they had wanted to get rid of Lu Dongbin long ago, but he was the True Immortal which the Daoist Path cared about the most. Everyone knew that given Lu Dongbin's cultivation path, he would become incredible as soon as he made that final breakthrough, and so the Daoist Path had treated them as a precious treasure. In addition, Lu Dongbin hadn't been as suicidal as Ning, and so the Seamless Gate had never had the chance to do anything to him.

"For him to make his breakthrough just as the storm arrives...Lu Dongbin is going to be a threat. Still...in the end, victory will be decided in the Endwar." The Godking was absolutely furious, but on the whole was still calm and level-headed about it.

In this war between the two alliances, the addition of a single top-tier Daofather was something they could still handle. If, however, an overlord-level Daofather was to appear within the Daoist Path...he really would go crazy with shock and rage.

As for Ji Ning?

The Godking had all but forgotten about Ji Ning by now. Based on Ji Ning's current actions, it seemed as though Ning was completely focused on training in swordplay and was no longer going to ambush the Seamless Gate. "Ji Ning has finally wised up."

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The news that a new Daofather had been born was mainly circulated amongst the major powers themselves. Very, very few Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals knew of this matter. Because Ning was completely focused on his training with the sword, Subhuti didn't tell him about this matter. In fact, he wasn't even in a rush to give Fuxi's formation to Ning. "It'll be easy for him to learn this formation. This disciple of mine is currently wandering the Three Realms, training in the sword like a madman. It's best if I don't bother him for now. After he's completed his training, I'll give it to him."

Subhuti's judgment was quite accurate.

Ning had indeed entered a berserk state. When he had mastered the Dao of the Sword, he had just reached the first stage of swordforce. Upon reaching the second stage of swordforce, a new world had opened up before his eyes. And so, Ning wandered the Three Realms, constantly training and competing against others in swordplay. He began to gain an increasingly clear picture of the path he had to take. As for all the insights he gained, he merged all of them into those five stances he had visualized.

As Ning saw it...

"The essence of all sword-stances in the world, including those of the [Five Treasures], can be merged into these five stances."

"This sword-art that I, Ji Ning, will create...let it be called the [Brightmoon] sword-art. In the many years to come, I will spend much of my time constantly improving and perfecting these five stances."

This was what Ning's idea, for these five sword-stances to encompass all the mysteries of swordplay which the Three Realms contained.

In truth, sword-arts were quite simple when broken down. The most fundamental sword-stances were to chop, pierce, scrape, sweep, break, tap, cleave, support, intercept, twist, lift, draw, and sheath. Although they were seemingly simple...like the Dao itself, these simple concepts gave birth to countless different things, and were capable of transforming into infinitely powerful sword-arts.

Based on his own experiences, Ning had come up with five all-encompassing stances. Strictly speaking, these five stances represented five different types of sword-intent; what mattered the most was the intent, not the actual technique.

The fifteenth year of Ning's training with the sword.

"Careful!" A Primal-level Fiendgod roared as he charged towards Ning.

Ning was using Zifu-level strength to fight back with a sword in each hand. When his sword struck out, it was like a black hole had been created, draining and weakening his opponent's massive strength. No matter how fast the opponent attacked, he remained unable to escape.

Bang!

In fact, the Fiendgod's own power was beginning to work against him. He couldn't help but stagger back by two steps.

"The five stances of the bright moon...I didn't expect that the first one to take form would be this one. I shall call it 'Soleheart'." Ning nodded slowly.

The [Brightmoon] sword-art.

He had named it after his daughter. His decision to do so reflected the fact that to Ning, she was that which he had to protect above all others!

The 'Soleheart stance' of the five stances of the bright moon was a sword-art that was meant for defending in a one-on-one battle. It represented the most profound insights Ning had gained in defensive sword-arts. When his sword struck out, it was as though a black hole had formed that would absorb and trap the enemy's strength. But of course, this sword-art was still very crude and unfinished...but it was still the most powerful sword-art which Ning currently possessed.

In this moment...

Ning silently and soundlessly reached the third stage of swordforce. However, Ning actually didn't care too much about that. The only thing in his heart right now was his [Brightmoon] sword-art. This sword-art represented the crystallization of all his blood, sweat, and effort. This would be the true foundation of his sword-arts in the future.

Only after creating all five sword-stances would Ning rest.

"Eh? I've finally subdued that True Immortal Winterpeak." Ning suddenly cracked a smile.

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Within an ice-locked stone stele that was located deep within a gorge of an icy star that was within the infinite primordial chaos.

Prisonworld 17.

Eight lotus petals were high in the sky, facing the ground as they continued to unleash eight streams of truefire. The streams of truefire completely filled the ground beneath the lotus petals, blazing away at a bowl-shaped treasure.

A white-robed youth was located outside the restrictive formation, eyes closed as he continued to meditate on his sword-arts. Every so often, he would add in a little bit more energy to keep the treasure active.

Although his opponent was 'only' a Pure Yang True Immortal, this sort of top-tier True Immortal was comparable to the Daofathers of the Three Realms! Once he hid himself under the bowl-shaped magic treasure and began to fill it with his energy to defend against the eight blazing streams of truefire...he had been able to hold on for fifteen full years.

"I-I...admit defeat." The embarrassed, enraged, and resentful voice of True Immortal Winterpeak finally rang out from underneath the bowl-shaped treasure. His energy and his pills had all been used up. He would at most be able to endure for another three days.

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Book 19: Emyrean God Chapter 40: Raking It In

Ji Ning waved his hand, and the eight downward-facing petals instantly withdrew their streams of truefire. The eight petals then shrank in size and flew back into Ning's hands.

"Heh, as the saying goes, it looks like you 'wouldn't shed tears until you saw your coffin'. You knew that you were eventually going to die if you fought against me, but you still just had to fight against me until now." Still, Ning had to sigh at how strong his foe was. Ning had eight types of truefire to rely on, while the enemy had to actively control a magic treasure to defend; this True Immortal was using up far more energy than him, but thanks to his Daofather-equivalent level of power, he had been able to survive for fifteen years!

From this, one could see how vast a gulf in power there lay between Ning and a Daofather. If it wasn't for the fact that this person was imprisoned, there was no way Ning could've forced him to bow his head.

Whoosh. The bowl-shaped magic treasure disappeared, and True Immortal Winterpeak reappeared. A hint of anger and humiliation was in his eyes as he stared at Ning. "I admit defeat. I...I'm willing...to serve..."

Anger.

Humiliation.

All sorts of complicated emotions filled his mind. For him to prostrate himself before Ji Ning was like having Ji Ning prostrate himself before a Celestial Immortal! Experts had their own pride and arrogance. Fortunately, he had been imprisoned here for many chaos cycles, which had whittled it away a bit; otherwise, he would probably would've chosen to die rather than to bow his head. Even the current-him had spent fifteen years resisting before submitting after realizing that he had already reached the end of the line.

“There’s no need to feel so upset,” Ning said. “I’m unable to allow you to leave your prison cell, and so you’ll continue to live here as before.”

Winterpeak knew that Ning was trying to ‘console’ him and make him more pliable and less resistant. He said calmly, “What do you wish for me to do? Do you want magic treasures? Or to ask me certain questions? I can give you any treasures you desire; imprisoned here, they are of no use to me anyways.”

“I need you to not resist me whatsoever. Open up your soul to me. Let me see your memories,” Ning said.

“You...” Winterpeak’s face completely changed. “Overseer, don’t go too far.”

“It’s a mere memory search,” Ning said.

Winterpeak ground his teeth as he stared at Ning. “Impossible! I can give you all of my magic treasures, but a soulscouring...impossible!”

To completely open up his soul meant that this person would know everything about him. He wouldn’t be able to fight back against a Chaos Immortal or World God who wished to do this to him, but this person was far weaker than he was. To completely expose himself in such a manner to a weakling? An expert like Winterpeak truly couldn’t accept it.

“To you, I’m nothing more than an outsider,” Ning said. “Those private memories of yours are useless to me.”

Winterpeak shut his eyes. Memories and scenes began to flash through his mind.

“Junior apprentice-brother.”

“Grandfather.”

“Disciple.”

He would never be able to forget these people. These were the most important people in his life.

Perhaps the Pangaea chaos-kingdom had truly been destroyed, but even so, perhaps some of the important people in his life were still alive. He wanted to go see them, go search for them.

“Fine.” Winterpeak opened his eyes. He looked coldly at Ning. “I accept...but I imagine you wouldn’t dare to come inside and soulscour me.”

“Haha...” Ning chuckled, then immediately stretched out his arm.

Whoosh! His arm instantly expanded to become hundreds of kilometers long, stretching out to land on Winterpeak’s head.

“Coward,” Winterpeak sneered. “Even after training in the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods], you are still so cowardly.”

“If a prisoner like you was to suddenly wipe out one of my clones in a desperation attack...that really wouldn’t be worth it for me.” Ning stood there outside the formation, but his incredibly long arm had reached Winterpeak.

Even if his foe wanted to suddenly counter-attack, Ning could instantly and voluntarily separate that arm. The severing of an arm would only result in the loss of some divine power, and in fact some of the divine power from the arm would make it back to him.

“Come, then.” Winterpeak shut his eyes, still seated in the lotus position.

Ning’s hand was pressed against the top of Winterpeak’s head. He began to invade the man’s soul...and Winterpeak didn’t fight back at all.

Instantly, magnificent scenes of an expert’s rise to power began to appear before Ning. As a top-tier True Immortal, Winterpeak’s life experiences had been far more exciting than those of the Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals, and his status had been much higher as well.

A full day and a night passed before Ning withdrew his hand. He closed his eyes in thought.

“It seems...there really is no hope of gaining a top-tier Jindan.” Ning sighed to himself.

Although he had expected this, after searching through Winterpeak’s memories Ning became certain of it. To form a first-class Jindan, one of the prerequisites was that a Chaos Immortal had to be by your side, assisting you. In addition, in Pangaea the technique of forming a first-class Jindan was only known to the three World-level experts! Not even Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals were qualified to learn this technique.

Second-class Jindans...there were quite a few who knew the technique for this, including True Gods and True Immortals. Winterpeak, however, was not one of them.

This made sense. The Jindan-creation techniques were only needed by mortals who wanted to train to become Celestial Immortals! Ji Ning, for example, had long ago become a Pure Yang True Immortal; these techniques really were of no use to him. The reason why Ning had searched for more information about them was so that he would be able to transmit them to Brightmoon and the others, assuming they all survived this great storm.

“And there truly are very few ways of upgrading a True Immortal’s Jindan.” Ning shook his head. A Jindan upgrade method was what Ning truly want. However...

In truth, these upgrade methods were also fairly valuable as well. This was because there were some Immortals in backwater regions who were incredibly talented, but who had already become Celestial Immortals or True Immortals using inferior methods. The various powers in the Pangaea chaos-kingdom would often recruit them, then work with them to upgrade their Jindans. Still, since even the best techniques only allowed them to upgrade the Jindans to the second tier, they weren’t THAT valuable.

Almost all the True Gods and True Immortals imprisoned here possessed the most elite level of power at their rank. They had incredibly high statuses, and so there was a chance that some of them knew these techniques. The chances that an Elder God or an Ancestral Immortal knew these techniques were even higher, but alas there was nothing Ning could do to any of them.

“Let’s take it slow. If I can’t find it from one True Immortal, I’ll go find a second True God or True Immortal. Ten...a hundred...I’ll just keep searching. Eventually, I’ll definitely succeed.” Ning then looked towards Winterpeak.

“Did you find what you wanted?” Winterpeak looked at Ning.

“Give me your ‘Flashing Skystars’,” Ning said.

Winterpeak ground his teeth. “You’ve already soulscoured me. Now, you want my Protocosmic spirit-treasure?”

“Hand it over,” Ning said.

“Hmph.” Winterpeak truly didn’t want to give it up, but he waved his hand. Instantly, a large amount of eight-cornered, deep-blue stars appeared in midair. There were a total of ninety-nine of them, and each of them seemed to contain the vast skies within them. This was the most important treasure which Winterpeak possessed, a Protocosmic spirit-treasure set.

“Take it.” Winterpeak dispersed his soul imprint on the treasure set, then tossed it towards Ning.

Ning’s hand expanded to become three hundred meters in size as he caught the various treasures.

“Here is a bottle of Immortal pills and a message talisman. The pills should be enough for you to stay alive for a period of time. If there’s anything urgent, you can shatter the talisman to summon me.” Ning waved his hand, tossing out these two items. Winterpeak immediately accepted them. He had completely used up his spirit-pills; this was exactly what he needed right now.

“Hmph.” Winterpeak gave the items a look, then snorted.

Ning knew that this person was feeling rather frustrated after having been soulscoured, then forced to hand over his most powerful treasure. Thus, Ning didn’t quibble about his attitude, instead transforming into a streak of light and departing.

“Judging from True Immortal Winterpeak’s memories, hierarchical stratification is extremely strict in Pangaea.” Ning flew forward atop a cloud, thinking to himself. “True Gods and True Immortals all generally use Protocosmic spirit-treasures, but only first-class True Immortals like Winterpeak are allowed to use entire sets of Protocosmic treasures, such as these ninety-nine stars.”

“Most importantly of all, Pangaea actually has methods of producing even higher-class treasures.” Ning sighed in amazement.

In truth, it was actually quite simple to upgrade the power of a Protocosmic spirit-treasure. The method was to add more seals into the treasure itself!

His own Goldstar Beads of the Heavens, for example, had the nine chaos seals infused into them. This was a method strengthening spirit-treasures...but of course, you had to be capable of binding and infusing the necessary seals! Or, for another example, Daoist Three Purities had devised his Immortal Slaying Swords’ sword-diagrams using a total of seven seals. The more profound the seals were, the more powerful they would be.

This set of ‘Flashing Skystars’ also contained seals within them, and their power was extraordinary.

“However...this set of treasures isn’t a good fit for me,” Ning murmured softly to himself. “Still, the more treasures my side has, the stronger my side will become. I have to take away all the Protocosmic spirit-treasures these True Gods and True Immortals have.”

In the Three Realms, only some of the major powers had access to Chaos treasures...and the majority of them weren't meant for combat! Thus, the absolute vast majority of major powers still used Protocosmic spirit-treasures in battle. Treasures like the Goldstar Beads of the Heavens were actually rather useless to most major powers. For Ning, of course, the beads were quite suitable, thanks to his powerful heartforce. To the others, however, treasures like the Flashing Skystars were more valuable, and the seals they contained inside them would delight quite a few major powers.

"I can trade this to the Emperors of Mankind for other treasures," Ning mused. "Once I acquire a few more treasures, I'll go and do a trade."

The Emperors of Mankind, the Daoist Path, and the Buddhist Sangha all had vast treasuries. If he went with treasures of his own, he could trade the ones he didn't need for ones which he could. But of course, the value had to be equivalent.

Now that the storm had descended, all of the various headquarters of the Nuwa Alliance had placed the various items they didn't need within those treasuries, including many precious materials, Chaos ingredients, Immortal pills, and other things. That way, members of their alliance could trade for what they needed, making the alliance as a whole grow more powerful!

"I succeeded against a True Immortal. Now...let me see if I can deal with a True God." Ning's cloud flew straight towards a large mountain.

Atop the mountain, there was an emaciated, green-haired man seated in the lotus position. As soon as Ning landed, the man opened his eyes.

"What a True God!" Ning felt a bit breathless. The True Gods of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom were comparable to the True Gods of the Three Realms.

"Overseer?" The green-haired man's eyes were as sharp as a hawk's as he carefully scrutinized Ning. "What happened to Pangaea? Why have they sent you?"

"The chaos-kingdom of Pangaea has already been destroyed." Ning stood there atop the mountain as he spoke. "I am now in control of the entire prisonworld. You have two choices before you. The first is to resist me. The second is to submit to me. Just now, True Immortal Winterpeak submitted to me, and I have already acquired his Protocosmic spirit-treasure, the 'Flashing Skystars'."

Ning revealed the ninety-nine deep-blue eight-sided stars that were hovering above his hands.

The green-haired man narrowed his eyes. "Winterpeak, that useless piece of...he actually submitted to you?"

"Will you?" Ning looked at him calmly.

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Book 19: Emperean God Chapter 41: Initial Successes in the Sword

The green-haired man let out a snort, then shut his eyes. He just sat there at the mountain top, not moving at all, as though he couldn't even be bothered to pay any attention to Ji Ning.

“If that’s the case...I have no choice but to attack.” Ning shook his head, then waved his hand. A streak of sword-light instantly slashed across the skies, leaving behind an enduring scar in the heavens. This sword-strike looked simple, but Ning had filled it with his fourth-stage heartforce.

It instantly traversed hundreds of kilometers and stabbed directly against the green-haired man.

Clang!

It was as though it had stabbed into a magic treasure. A ringing sound could be heard, but the green-haired man didn’t even budge. He opened his eyes, glancing sideways at Ning, then smirked. “Is that all you have? I can just sit here, and you won’t be able to harm me at all. Hurry up and beat it.”

“Oh?” Ning shook his head and laughed. “Although the power of that sword-attack wasn’t great, if you didn’t resist its power at all, you would’ve been knocked flying. Don’t tell me you didn’t use up any of your divine power at all in order to ensure that you were able to sit there without budging an inch.”

He knew exactly how powerful his sword-attack had been. A minor world like Earth probably would’ve been smashed into dust by it! Even if his enemy’s body was as tough and unbreakable as a magic treasure, once a blow of such power landed it should’ve been knocked flying, just as a magic treasure would have been.

“Hmph. I have the body of a True God. You can’t possibly damage it at all,” the green-haired man said calmly. “I simply care about my image and my face. If it wasn’t for that, I wouldn’t use up any divine power at all, no matter how you strike me.”

“None? What a joke! Any expert, no matter how formidable, has to use up divine power or Immortal energy to stay alive.” Ning smirked. “Ki Refiners use up their ki energy, while you need to use up your divine power. Why are you so emaciated? Isn’t it precisely because you are trying to conserve your divine power? Even if I don’t act against you...in a few chaos cycles, your divine power will be used up and you’ll still die.”

The green-haired man’s face turned ugly.

All living creatures had to use up energy to stay alive! The reason why Gods and Immortals could stay alive was because they were able to absorb the natural energy of Heaven and Earth. If, for example, they were trapped in primordial chaos without being able to draw upon either the energy of chaos or natural energy, they would die after their Immortal pills were all used up!

“If you want to stay alive, you have to continue to use up your divine power. Every attack I launch against you will speed that process up. Let’s see how long you can hang on for.” Ning stretched out his right hand. A lotus flower appeared within it, and then the eight petals of the flower quickly flew into the air above the mountain peak. They transformed to become three thousand meters in size, then began to swivel facing the ground. The petals bloomed open, releasing streaks of flame that roared downwards like divine dragons, completely covering the area where the green-haired man was.

The eight streams of truefire blazed around the green-haired man, but he was able to easily resist their power.

“Stop wasting your time and effort,” the green-haired man growled. “These flames can’t hurt me.”

“No rush. I have plenty of time.” Ning responded coldly, “Your divine power will be consumed quite quickly by my Eight Fires Qiankun World.”

The green-haired man had an ugly look on his face. His divine body was comparable to a Pure Yang artifact; in hardness, it was comparable to Ning’s own body, after he had mastered the complete [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]. Although this True God had access to an even better protective ability, that divine ability required even greater resources, and so he hadn’t been able to master it yet. Thus, his body was like a magic treasure, but even untouched magic treasures would eventually decay and break apart after the passage of multiple chaos cycles. This was why many of the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals here had damaged-looking clothes. They only needed to use up a little bit of energy to repair them, but they weren’t willing to do so.

Nothing could truly exist perpetually. Even chaosworlds would eventually decay and perish.

When Ning battled, he allowed people to strike his body with impunity, and it could be described as ‘not using up divine power’. But in truth, everything used up energy and power. Even speaking used up power! However, the amount of power consumed was very tiny. At Ning’s level, the enormous amount of energy he could draw from the natural world with a single breath was more than enough to render irrelevant the amount which he had lost!

“Shit. Shit!” The green-haired man’s face was ugly. He had been imprisoned here for a long time. He had slowed down the rate at which he used up his divine power, allowing him to stay alive for a long period of time. However, the Eight Fires Qiankun World was capable of burning Emyrean Gods to death. Although True Gods wouldn’t die, the amount of divine power they would be forced to consume to defend against it was very significant! By comparison, he was now using up his divine power at an explosively greater speed than before.

If he was in the outside world, he would be able to replenish his lost energy tenfold with but a single breath. But alas...here, there was no source of energy at all.

“Submit to me and you’ll have a chance to leave this place in the future,” Ning said calmly. “Continue to resist...hmph. Your only exit will be death.”

“Damn. This treasure with fire inside it...” The green-haired man was both frustrated and nervous. “This Overseer can rely on these eight types of fire to attack me while using up very little energy, and he can go to the outside world whenever he needs to in order to replenish his power. I, however, am stuck here. Who the hell came up with this treasure, anyhow? These eight types of fire are clearly quite weak, but when they are combined they actually become as powerful as this.”

Seeing that the green-haired man wasn’t responding to him, Ning fell silent as well.

This was yet another who ‘wouldn’t shed tears until he saw his coffin’!

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“Hurry up and submit!”

Yet another clone of Ji Ning, in another part of the prisonworld, was standing in midair, surrounded by a bottle, a gourd, a bracelet, and three other types of magic treasures. These six magic treasures were releasing truefire, godwind, truewater, and other types of attacks. The world was filled with fire and

water, and a dark wind howled forth. All of the attacks were aimed at a female True Immortal who was hiding behind the protection of a magic treasure.

“True Immortal Winterpeak has already surrendered. If you continue to waste my time like this...don’t blame me for being merciless!” Ning barked.

The woman just gave Ning a cold glare.

As for Ning, he could only sigh to himself. He had two clones here; one was controlling the Eight Fires Qiankun World, while the other was carrying many other types of magic treasures. Clearly, the second clone’s treasures couldn’t compare to the Eight Fires Qiankun World, which was indeed a perfect treasure to use against these prisoners. It primarily relied on the truefire it contained, after all; there was very little need for Ning to use his own energy.

This process of sweeping through the people in the prisonworld was guaranteed to be a slow one. These True Gods and True Immortals were all comparable to the Daofathers of the Three Realms. Ning would have to use up an enormous amount of effort to deal with each and every one of them.

Still, dealing with these prisoners didn’t use up too much of his mental energy, and so his clones were all mainly focused on meditating on sword-arts.

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The thirty-second year of Ning roaming the Three Realms.

“Be careful, senior!” A Primal-level Fiendgod was wielding two massive warhammers in his hands. He bound through a forested region as he charged towards Ning, the trees around him all blasted apart and knocked down by his might. In fact, some were immediately reduced into dust!

The white-robed youth, Ji Ning, held two swords in his hand, and he moved at the speed of a Zifu-level Fiendgod. His sword-light was like a black hole, drawing a warhammer aside. And then, with another flash, the sword-light stabbed towards the Fiendgod.

Clang! A warhammer was able to block in time.

“That was close!” The Fiendgod was badly terrified. “This senior clearly isn’t using much power, and his blows seem weak. But that sword just now...why was it so bizarrely fast? I was almost unable to block in time.”

Ning, however, frowned. He then continued to battle against the Fiendgod.

Every so often, he’d launch that stab once more.

Ning’s stabbing attack had far, far exceeded the mysteries that were contained in an ordinary mastery of the Dao of the Sword. This was a sword-art that contained some of the mysteries of the [Five Treasures] sword-art, which itself had exceeded the Heavenly Daos. Even when using Zifu-level strength, the power of the stab was enough to cause the Primal-level Fiendgod to feel uneasy and nervous.

SLASH!

Finally, a terrifyingly fast sword managed to lash out with enough speed that it stabbed straight through the forehead of the Fiendgod.

The terrifyingly fast speed brought a shocking penetrative power with it as well.

“Right. That’s the feeling!” Ning revealed a hint of a smile.

“Senior!” The Primal-level Fiendgod was completely stupefied. “This junior admits to being vastly inferior. Senior, your sword-arts are simply inconceivable. This junior has never even heard of such powerful sword-arts before.”

“Continue,” Ning instructed.

Slash! Slash! Slash!

Poor Fiendgod. He was repeatedly lacerated and stabbed over and over!

“This sword-stance...of the five stances, it looks the simplest, but it is the fastest and most direct sword-stance. It is the second stance to take form.” Ning nodded. “This sword-stance...let me be known as ‘Blood Drop’.”

The Blood Drop stance...the fastest, most savage, most penetrating sword-stance of the five.

.....

The thirty-sixth year of Ning training in the sword. Within a minor world.

“Go! Go! Go!” A violet-robed maiden was controlling a pair of azure and violet flying swords from afar, sending them streaking towards Ning as streaks of light.

Boom! Boom!

Ning had two swords in each hand. These two swords were both shockingly heavy. When Ning wielded it, he felt as though he was striking out with a hammer or a mace. When his two swords collided against the flying swords, two deep booming sounds could be heard as he smashed the flying swords back, knocking them far away.

“How can this be?! This senior clearly isn’t that strong; his power is merely at the Zifu-level. I’m a Primal Daoist. How could he have smashed back my flying swords with raw force?” The violet-robed maiden was completely stunned.

“This third sword has finally taken form as well.” Ning revealed a smile. “This sword-stance shall be the ‘Heavenbreaker’ stance of my five stances.”

All magic treasures could change in weight. Even the most ordinary of Mortal-ranked or Earth-ranked treasures could, through the usage of certain seals, transform to weight ten thousand kilograms or become as light as a feather. As for Protocosmic spirit-treasures like the Goldstar Beads of the Heavens...they could be as heavy as a small star or as light as a bubble.

Of course, not even Ji Ning would be able to control the 3600 beads if he made all of them weigh as much as a small star. Thus, a weight that was a good fit would be the ‘best’ weight.

The Heavenbreaker stance involved changing the sword to make it heavier, then using that weight to strike! If a sword was ridiculously heavy, it would become very slow...but if a sword was too light, there would be limits on how fast it could be. To reach the fastest speed possible, one had to find the perfect weight for a particular cultivator, based on his or her actual strength.

The Heavenbreaker stance was very fast, but it also contained tremendous force. It was capable of splitting apart Heaven and Earth.

.....

The forty-third year of Ning training in the sword.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Countless divine needles, more than ten thousand in total, had completely surrounded Ning.

Ning was holding those two twin swords in his hands.

Two streaks of sword-light lit up. Instantly, two vortexes of water that were spinning in completely opposite directions appeared in midair. When the ten thousand-plus needles struck, they were completely blocked by these two curtains of water that were spinning in opposite directions.

"This stance shall be called Yin-Yang." Ning nodded.

Yin-Yang stance...a defensive sword-stance to be used when faced with countless simultaneously attacks.

.....

The fifty-first year of Ning training in the sword.

"...What's up with this senior? His strength and speed are both quite low, merely at the Zifu-level, but he's able to simultaneously fight with us thirteen brothers at the same time."

"He really is odd."

"But he's quite formidable. In close combat or in ranged combat, we are completely unable to harm him."

Thirteen Primal Diremonsters had joined forces against Ning, each of them Fiendgod Body Refiners.

Ning still held those two swords in his hands.

Occasionally, the swords would transform into black holes; at other times, they would transform into vortexes of water that surrounded him. All attacks were blocked, and at the same time he continued to battle against the three Primal-level Diremonsters closest to him.

This attack went on for a full day and two full nights.

"Still not quite there yet."

"No, that's not it."

Ning could sense that he was close to the critical component, and so he hadn't stopped.

Suddenly...

Three strange sword-flashes suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

All three of the nearby Diremonsters had their heads severed apart. Although those heads quickly flew back and reconnected to their bodies, the thirteen Diremonsters were completely stunned. They had surrounded and attacked this man, but he was still able to sever the heads of three of them, all Primal-level Diremonsters?

“Mmm. Finally. That’s more like it.” Ning grinned. “This sword-stance...let it be known as Shadowless.”

Shadowless stance...the strangest stance, and a very fast one. Its speed was second only to the Blood Drop stance, and it completely surpassed the speed of the other three. The Blood Drop stance, by comparison, was honorable and open, whereas this Shadowless stance was strange and unpredictable.

.....

A wooden boat was drifting about within a river.

Ning was seated within the boat, meditating. His old bald servant, Emphyrean God Ninefangs, was quietly standing guard next to him.

“I’ve been training for fifty-one years with the sword. I used the [Five Treasures] as the foundation, coming up with five stances of my own, based on my insights into the Dao of the Sword. Finally, these five stances have all taken form.” Ning felt a joyful feeling in his heart. Years ago, a vast, broad world of the sword had opened up before him. Only today had he finally managed to truly separate that world into five major parts.

All sword-arts could be divided up as belonging to one of his five stances.

The [Five Treasures] sword-art had been infused by Ning into these five stances as well. As a result, all five of these sword-stances were incredibly fast!

“The five sword-stances of the [Brightmoon] sword-art...Soleheart, Yin-Yang, Blood Drop, Heavenbreaker, Shadowless.” Ning had a feeling that any of the five sword-stances, when trained to the utmost limit, would far surpass all other types of sword-art that existed in the Three Realms.

But of course, that would only happen if he was able to continuously improve upon them and perfect them. They were nothing more than rough outlines, right now.

“Disciple.” A spatial vortex suddenly appeared within the wooden boat, with Patriarch Subhuti emerging from within it.

Ning hurriedly rose to his feet. “Master.”

“Patriarch.” Emphyrean God Ninefangs was shocked as well, and he immediately bowed with respect.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 19: Emphyrean God Chapter 42: The Humanworld of Yu the Great

“You succeeded?” Subhuti sat down in the lotus position, facing Ji Ning. “Sit.”

Ning sat down in the lotus position as well. Nodding, he said, "Still, it's just an outline for now."

"What's the name of this sword-art?" Subhuti asked.

"The [Brightmoon] sword-art," Ning replied.

Subhuti nodded. "The sword-art you created isn't bad. It has a certain quality about it, as though a school can be founded around it. Although it's still quite new and young, its future potential is limitless. Haha...the method you used to come up with this sword-art was quite amusing. You actually suppressed your own power to go spar against Zifu Disciples, Wanxiang Adepts, and Primal Daoists...and you actually succeeded in developing a set of sword-arts. Before you, all we would ever see was major powers of the Three Realms occasionally providing some guidance to young cultivators through sparring. There has never been anyone who actually sparred against them in earnest and thus developed a peerless sword-art."

"I'm a bit embarrassed," Ning said.

"I thought about it carefully, actually. Weak cultivators do indeed have slow, weak swords. When you suppressed yourself to make yourself even weaker to spar with them, you were forced to constantly ponder ways to improve your sword-arts, given the disparity in strength and speed." Subhuti nodded. "However...in the end, you won't be able to accomplish great things solely by sparring against weaklings. Your future opponents won't be as weak as them."

Ning said, "Your disciple understands. I only competed against them for the sake of creating a rough outline for my sword-arts."

When two experts competed, it was easier for both sides to see what their strengths and weaknesses were. Ning had discarded swordforce, heartforce, Immortal energy, and all other sources of power in his quest to find a sword-art that belonged to him. Now that the rough outlines of the sword-art had taken shape, in the future he would compete against true experts. That would be how he would perfect his sword-arts.

"Haha, I have to say, you were quite patient." Subhuti nodded. "Mm. It's good that you understand this principle. Now, I've come here today because of Fuxi."

Ning instantly felt a surge of joy. Fuxi? When he had offered up those seven mighty techniques, Fuxi had promised to create a special formation just for him. However, he had said that it would be done within ten years.

"You've been meditating on the sword all this time, and so I didn't wish to disturb you." Subhuti pulled out a bamboo scroll. "This was created just for you. It's a formation that is very suited to you. Study it carefully."

"Yes." Ning reverently accepted the scroll, then sent his coresense into it. All the information regarding the formation was rapidly transmitted into his mind.

This was a formation that was far more complicated and profound than the Heaven Punisher Formation. It was based on some of the mysteries behind the divine body of the deceased alien invader, Rahu. When executed, the formation would allow for the creation of a Rahu-body! And so, this formation was known as the Rahu Formation.

The Rahu Formation had a total of three levels.

The first level allowed one to command 6000 Celestial Immortals and 360,000 Loose Immortals. This level alone was already comparable to the perfect Heaven Punisher; the wielder would have just barely reached the Daofather level.

The second level allowed one to command 30,000 Celestial Immortals and 2.1 million Loose Immortals. At this level, the Rahu's strength and divine body would be comparable to that of an actual True God or Daofather.

The third level allowed one to command 90,000 Celestial Immortals and 8 million Loose Immortals. At this level, the Rahu would actually be a bit stronger than most True Gods and Daofathers. But of course, Ning himself had a lower level of insight into the Dao than True Gods and Daofathers had. Thus, if Ning was in command, the strengths of the formation would counteract Ning's weaknesses in the Dao...and in turn, that meant that Ning would be able to battle against actual True Gods and Daofathers without being at any disadvantage.

But of course, that was only if he could command and control the power of 90,000 Celestial Immortals and 8 million Loose Immortals!

This was incredibly difficult, a hundred times more difficult than controlling the perfect Heaven Punisher! Even amongst True Gods and Daofathers, there weren't many who could succeed.

"So many Loose Immortals and Celestial Immortals..." Ning was rather dazed. "I-I...how am I supposed to command so many?"

"Take it slow," Subhuti advised. "Oh, right. At present, you don't even have that many Loose Immortals and Celestial Immortals under your command."

Ning nodded.

"As Fuxi developed this formation for you, he also arranged for an Immortal army to be placed under your command," Subhuti said. "You can head to the Humanworld of Yu the Great and go speak with Daofather Hasbear. Fuxi has already notified Daofather Hasbear; if you go see him, you will be given an Immortal army of 90,000 Celestial Immortals and 8 million Loose Immortals."

"Aaaaa?!" Ning was shocked and delighted. Fuxi's gifts truly were extraordinary...but it made sense. Even Daofather Crimsonbright had nearly 1 million Celestial Immortals and countless Loose Immortals under his command, and he was considered one of the weaker Daofathers. The likes of the Five Monarchs had far, far more soldiers under their command.

As for the Humanworld of Yu the Great...that was the central headquarters of the Primordial Imperial Clan! Yu the Great was also known as Xia Yu; he was the founder and ancestor of the Xia clan, also known as the imperial clan of the human race! His world was thus the place where the Primordial Imperial Clan was based in. This world, the Humanworld of Yu the Great, was essentially an enormous military base for the Primordial Imperial Clan, and so it possessed tremendous power.

To the Primordial Imperial Clan, Fuxi giving Ning an army of this size was like him giving away a single strand of hair from a yoke of nine oxen!

“Right...you still wish to act against the Seamless Gate, yes?” Subhuti looked at Ning. “Why haven’t you done anything for so long?”

“After I ambushed them last time, the Seamless Gate became incredibly careful. While I was roaming the Three Realms, they kept a continuous watch on me through coresense. Even if I did try to ambush them again, it would be hard for me to succeed,” Ning said.

Of course Ning wanted to attack them again! In truth, he felt very impatient...but he knew that being impatient would do him no good. If he made a single misstep, he would pay a calamitous price.

“Mm.” Subhuti nodded. “It seems you are still cool-headed. Good. Take it slow. To force the Seamless Gate to bow its head before you won’t be an easy task. Work hard on your sword-arts, especially the [Five Treasures] sword-art. If you can completely master the entire [Five Treasures], then you’ll be able to receive Fujū’s legacy. Fujū was always a secretive, mysterious man. I have no idea what he left behind. Both our side and the Seamless Gate has tried to find out, but we weren’t able to reach it at all. It seems that the only method really is for a Fiendgod Body Refiner to master the [Five Treasures] sword-art.”

Ning nodded. He, too, was curious as to what Daofather Fujū had left behind. Daofather Fujū’s death made no sense, after all...and it was as though he had actually arranged for everything to be taken care of perfectly.

A while later, Subhuti left. As for Ning, he first had Emphyrean God Ninefangs return to the Starseizer world, then travelled by himself to the main headquarters of the Primordial Imperial Clan...the Humanworld of Yu the Great.

Whoosh. Seated upon his Voidboat, Ning traversed through the void, heading towards the Humanworld.

By now, Ning wouldn’t even be able to teleport if it wasn’t for the Voidboat. This was because he had already completely forgotten everything he had learned regarding the Grand Dao of Qiankun, due to the effects of training in the [Five Treasures] sword-art.

“What an imposing aura it has.” Standing atop his Voidboat, Ning stared at the distant, vast world.

As far as the eye could see, there were interconnected cities that were spread out throughout the world. Some of the cities were even levitating in midair! All of the cities were drawing in enormous amounts of natural energy, so much so that one could see with the naked eye a vortex of energy swirling around each city. Clearly, the number of Immortals within those cities was simply massive, resulting in a storm of energy that testified as to the stupendous level of consumption of natural energy here.

“After the Primordial Era ended, the Primordial Imperial Clan moved to this place. Now that the storm has arrived, this has become an enormous military camp.” Ning sighed with emotion.

“So it’s fellow Daoist Darknorth.” A distant figure suddenly appeared via teleportation, then flew towards Ning’s direction. It was a muscular, fur-clad man who had a bare chest. This particular expert of the Primordial Imperial Clan had gotten used to dressed in animal furs when he was young, and so even after he became a divinity, he continued to dress in this manner.

“Empyrean God Fuqu,” Ning called out to him. This was the headquarters of the Primordial Imperial Clan; he didn’t dare act rashly here. After appearing here, Ning had been waiting for someone to welcome him. Whenever anyone entered this world, the Primordial Imperial Clan would immediately know.

“I’ve already received Daofather Hasbear’s command. Fellow Daoist Darknorth, come. Let’s go meet Daofather Hasbear,” Empyrean God Fuqu said.

Ning nodded.

Daofather Hasbear...

He had quite a high level of status amongst the human race. Although he rarely engaged in battle, he was one of the truly ancient figures of the Primordial Imperial Clan. When Mother Nuwa had created the human race, Daofather Hasbear was one of the first humans who she had personally created. He had been born in an area which had wild bears, and so he was given the name ‘Hasbear’. In that era, the human race had been incredibly weak and primitive, and so they had chosen names for themselves in a very casual manner. 1

Back then, Daofather Hasbear was an ordinary mortal, but he still founded a small tribe of his own, the Hasbear tribe. In fact, an incredible figure actually ended up emerging from Daofather Hasbear’s tribe...Huangdi the Yellow Emperor, one of the Five Monarchs of the human race. The Yellow Emperor came from the Hasbear tribe, and after his rose to prominence, he actually unified the human race for a time. Hasbear thus supported the Yellow Emperor, allowing him to stabilize the world. 2

Whoooooosh. A wild wind howled, and the distant army banners fluttered in the wind.

There were citadels scattered everywhere, each of which had armies of Immortals and Fiendgods stationed within them. Some of these armies had existed since the Primordial Era, while some had recently been moved here from other major worlds.

The Humanworld of Yu the Great didn’t just have many Immortal and Fiendgod soldiers; it also more than twenty True Gods and Daofathers who were permanently stationed here, with Daofather Hasbear being one of them.

“This is Daofather Hasbear’s territory. These armies are all under Daofather Hasbear’s command,” Fuqu said with a chuckle. “Daofather Hasbear himself is located inside the largest city over there.”

1. This comes from actual Chinese quasi-history; there was once a tribe named Youxiong, ‘Has Bears’, because the tribe was located in a region that had bears. This was the tribe that gave birth to a very, very important figure in Chinese history...

2. The Yellow Emperor is arguably one of the most important figures in Chinese history/mythology. There are many stories about him, but in short, he is regarded as the founder of Chinese civilization and the ancestor of all Chinese people. To this very day, Chinese people waxing poetic will refer to themselves as the ‘descendants of Yan and Huang’, with Yan being another famous Emperor.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 43: Years of Seclusion

Guided by Empyrean God Fuqu, Ji Ning was led before an ancient figure of the human race, Daofather Hasbear. Although Daofather Hasbear was as old as Suiren and also had very high status, he was even more low-key than Suiren. There were many stories in the Three Realms of the power of the Five Monarchs, but there were many Celestial Immortals who had never even heard of Daofather Hasbear.

“Daofather, Ji Ning has arrived,” Fuqu said respectfully.

“Ji Ning pays his respects to you, Daofather,” Ning said respectfully.

They were within an enormous, plainly adorned palace.

A muscular old man was seated on a prayer mat in the lotus position, dressed in simple animal furs. His beard and hair looked as hard and tough as iron, and he had the face of someone with an explosive temper. When he opened his eyes, however, a look of eternity could be seen within them. In fact, the ancient aura that emanated from him caused Ning to unconsciously calm down and feel peaceful.

As Daofather Hasbear looked towards Ning, a loving look slowly but naturally took form with his gaze.

“Good.” Daofather Hasbear smiled.

Mother Nuwa had created the human race. Hasbear was one of the first humans to be created, and he had watched as the human race had struggled, survived, and thrived. In his heart, he naturally felt very loving and protective towards every single dazzling human descendant he saw.

Although this was Ning’s first time meeting Daofather Hasbear, he couldn’t help but feel a natural veneration towards him.

“Fuxi has already spoken to me. This is a minor matter, and I’ve already made the arrangements.” Daofather Hasbear smiled as he looked at Ning. “It’s rare for our human race to produce someone so talented in heartforce. You were able to reach the fourth stage of heartforce despite having trained for less than a century; I want you to make sure you make something of yourself. Before the Endwar comes, I want you to make a breakthrough to the fifth stage. Let the myriad races of the Three Realms know that our human race is capable of giving birth to a heartforce expert of the fifth stage!”

“I shall do my utmost,” Ning couldn’t help but say.

“Good. That’s the attitude I like to see. Defeat isn’t frightening; what’s frightening is not even having the courage to try.” Daofather Hasbear smiled and nodded. “Seize every moment to train. If you can become a True God or Daofather before the Endwar comes, our side will be all the stronger for it.”

“Yes.” Ning didn’t speak any modest words at all. In his heart, he truly desired to become a True God and a Daofather.

The Three Realms had far, far too many Empyrean Gods and True Immortals.

It must be understood that the primordial chaos had given birth to ten great Elder Gods, eighty-one mighty True Gods, and 108,000 Empyrean Gods! 108,000! Although many died during the countless wars of the Primordial Era, as well as in the war which destroyed Pangu’s Chaosworld, many others eventually trained to reach the Empyrean God and True Immortal level. The Seamless Alliance itself also had many Empyrean Gods and True Immortals within their ranks.

Thus, there were currently many at this level of power in the Three Realms. The addition of Ning, by himself, had almost no affect on the overall balance of power as a whole.

In the face of a massive army, a single person's power wasn't even worth talking about.

Only when one became a True God or a Daofather would one have the ability to have an impact on the Endwar!

"Master." A short, muscular man with a greataxe on his back walked into the palace.

"Luozou," Daofather Hasbear said, "Give it to Ji Ning."

The short, muscular man looked towards Ning, then produced a palm-sized city within his hands. He handed the miniature city towards Ning, then said, "Darknorth, I heard that you are skilled in commanding soldiers in a formation. Don't let these Immortals down."

"Don't worry, Emyrean God Luozou," Ning said.

During the Primordial Era, when the human race was still young and primitive, its cultivation methods were imperfect and flawed. They learned many of their techniques from Fiendgods, which was why many humans from the earliest days of the Primordial Era trained as Fiendgod Body Refiners. Later on, after Ki Refining techniques became better, more Celestial Immortals and True Immortals began to slowly appear.

"Go." Daofather Hasbear looked towards Ning, a look of eagerness in his eyes.

Ning bowed respectfully, then departed.

The city had a total of 100,000 Celestial Immortals and 10 million Loose Immortals inside of it! Ning sent all of these Immortals into his own Starseizer world and made arrangements for them, then transmitted the basic components of the Rahu Formation to them. Most likely, the Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals would only need half a yaer to master it, at which point they would be able to set up the formation.

Sword Immortal world. Five Treasured Peaks.

In truth, when he had gone to meet Daofather Hasbear, he had done so with a sense of pressure weighing down upon him.

.....

Within a vast world of darkness.

The Godking, seated atop his towering throne, gently strummed the fingers of his left hand against the armrest. Tap. Tap. Tap. The tapping sounds echoed throughout the entire dark world.

"I didn't expect that Ji Ning would end up making a play like this. He actually gave up alien Outsider techniques to Fuxi, who developed a formation just for him and gave him 100,000 Celestial Immortals and 10 million Loose Immortals." The Godking pondered silently to himself. "What sort of techniques did he hand over? And what sort of a formation did Fuxi give him?"

Although their intelligence methods were formidable, there was no way it could be detailed to such a level. They weren't even able to find out the details of the formation Fuxi had created.

"And it seems Ji Ning has finished developing his own sword-art."

"Mmm...Swordfather Darklight evaluates it as being extraordinary. Third-stage swordforce? This kid, Ji Ning...through sparring with those puny little cultivators, he actually ended up reaching the third stage of swordforce. Sheesh..." The Godking shook his head. He himself didn't know much regarding the Dao of the Sword. Swordfather Darklight, however, was a terrifyingly powerful member of the Seamless Alliance who, in the Seamless Chaosworld, had been their number one expert in the Dao of the Sword.

However, the Seamless Chaosworld and the Pangu Chaosworld were both destroyed, resulting in the birth of the Three Realms...and by then, everyone acknowledged that he was a bit inferior to Daofather Fujū!

"I knew that Ji Ning was formidable in heartforce, but he's actually this impressive in swordforce as well? Still, he's merely at the third stage; that's nothing." The Godking shook his head. "Not much of a threat."

And then, the Godking cast Ji Ning to the back of his mind, turning his attention to other matters.

He was responsible for the entire Seamless Gate, and compared to his many other concerns, Ji Ning truly was a minor figure.

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The stone stele. The prisonworld.

The prisonworld held two of Ning's bodies. One was dealing with a True God, while the other was dealing with the female True Immortal.

"Eh?" Ji Ning opened his eyes, ceasing his meditations on his sword-art. He looked downwards.

The bottle, gourd, bracelet, and other magic treasures around him continued to unleash torrents of fire, water, and wind against the foe below. The enemy's magic treasure was shuddering, and its defensive force was beginning to weaken.

"Fifty-six years. Finally, she's unable to hold on any longer." Ning felt a hint of eagerness in his heart. Perhaps this female True Immortal would be able to help him by providing him with extremely powerful techniques or magic treasures.

Ning willed it, and whoosh! Instantly, the fire, water, and wind all returned to their respective treasures. Everything returned to normal. Ning definitely didn't want to accidentally roast the woman to death!

"Submit." Ning looked at the female True Immortal.

The female True Immortal dispersed her own magic treasure as well. She gave Ning a cold look.

Ning could sense how resolute she was. He couldn't help but sigh and say, "Why must you be like this? You are going to be imprisoned here for countless ages, no matter what; so what if you choose to serve me? All I need are some of your magic treasures and some of the techniques you hold in your memories.

I won't harm you or lower your own personal power at all. In the future, you'll have a chance to escape this place."

"Stop dreaming." The female True Immortal continued to look at Ning coldly. "You lowly, crawling insect...forget about making me, Shui Jin, submit!"

"Empress Jin?" Ning was stunned.

When he had scoured True Immortal Winterpeak's memories, he had learned of some of the more famous True Gods and True Immortals of the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. The woman before him was extremely emaciated, and her aura was unfamiliar to Ning. This was why, prior to this moment, Ning had no idea as to who she was. She was an extremely domineering True Immortal who was even more powerful than Winterpeak, and so she was referred to by others as 'Empress Jin'.

"Empress Jin..." A reminiscent look appeared in the female True Immortal's eyes. "That's all in the past now. All in the past. Pangaea is gone. Everything is gone."

"You want me, Shui Jin, to submit? Submit to someone as weak as you? Hahaha...ahahaha..." She began to laugh loudly, laugh wildly, laugh in a dreary, desolate way...

Whoosh.

She suddenly vanished, her soul dispersing. The only thing left behind was the echoes of her desolate laughter, which reverberated in the empty world.

Ning couldn't help but sigh upon seeing this. Upon learning that she was Empress Jin, Ning had realized right away that it was highly unlikely that she would submit. In truth, every single top-tier True Immortal possessed incredible pride and self-confidence. The only reason why there was even a chance for them to submit to Ning was because their souls had been tormented by their chaos cycles of imprisonment within this prisonworld. Some, however, would still rather die than submit!

But despite this, Ning didn't waver in his decision.

He needed to acquire more power from this prisonworld. He wanted to survive this tribulation, to survive the Endwar. He wanted to rescue his wife, to ensure that his daughter Brightmoon would be able to live a long and happy life. He wanted to ensure that his master and his other loved ones would survive as well. Thus...Ning would only give these alien Outsiders a single chance to survive: Submit to him! If they refused to choose to submit, then...they could all go die!

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 44: Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals

After the female True Immortal known as 'Empress Jin' perished, Ji Ning carefully went through the relics that she had left behind. Although his gains were significant, he didn't find any important techniques or chaos items which he was in desperate need of. Clearly, prior to coming to this prisonworld, she had exchanged items that she couldn't use for large amounts of spirit pills and Immortal pills. Here in this prisonworld, those were what really mattered.

"Although I used six types of treasures at the same time to unleash fire, water, and wind against her...clearly, the power was vastly inferior to that of the Eight Fires Qiankun World." Ning shook his

head. "I'll let my other clone deal with the True Gods and True Immortals. I should have this one deal with the Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals. Although their treasures are much less valuable, and although the chances that they are in possession of a powerful technique are very low, at least I can kill them or force them to submit in a much shorter period of time. I can also use them to train and temper my [Brightmoon] sword-art."

In addition, he created the [Brightmoon] sword-art through dueling weak Immortal cultivators. Only by battling against experts on his level in actual, life-and-death duels would he be able to further perfect this sword-art!

Obviously, outside the prisonworld it would be hard for him to find so many experts on his level to spar against. The prisonworld, however, had many.

"Overseer?" A skinny, weak-looking youth sat there, head raised as he stared at the distant Ning. "A True Immortal...but with such a weak aura? Strange. Logically speaking, a position as important as 'Overseer' should be given to core members of Pangaea. How could a core member be a True Immortal of the weakest possible level? Can it be that the prisonworld has fallen into enemy hands?"

"DIE!" Ning let out a loud roar, and his twin swords howled through the skies towards the youth.

Upon seeing Ning attack him without even speaking to him, the skinny youth was shocked...and then a mad look appeared in his eyes. "So it really is an enemy. You want me to die? Puny True Immortal, you go die first!"

The skinny youth let out a low growl as the muscles on his tiny frame suddenly began to bulge out. His rune-covered skin became pure-white as he instantly transformed from a skinny, beggar-like youth to a figure that looked like a god of war. His body went blurry for a moment, then four different faces appeared on him, as well as a total of eight arms, each of which was wielding a strange, black, staff-like weapon. He growled, then pounced towards Ning. "Outsider, die!"

Ning viewed these people as alien Outsiders. They, too, viewed Ning as an alien Outsider!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Sword-light flashed everywhere, as did dancing staff-shadows.

Ning was knocked flying backwards in their very first clash. He smashed hard against the ground, creating a deep ditch within it. Ning's body then blurred momentarily before he, too, gained three heads and six arms, with a sword in each hand. "Master's words were wise. If I wish to truly perfect [Brightmoon], I have to fight against more experts." A blazing light was in Ning's hands as he once more charged forward.

The two battled nonstop. It seemed as though the skies would collapse and the earth would shatter. The fight was absolutely frenetic.

This prisoner had four faces and eight arms, and his staff-techniques were extremely profound. Imprisoned here for countless eras, the only thing he had to do was to meditate and cultivate, resulting in his staff-techniques become even more formidable, far more so than Ning's [Brightmoon] sword-art. Ning was at a complete disadvantage in their battle. Fortunately, however, Ning was protected by the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], and so even when he was struck he wouldn't be injured at all.

Ning didn't use the [Starseizing Hand] or his heartforce; the [Starseizing Hand] used up too much divine power, while heartforce was quickly depleted in a battle. In addition, what Ning really cared about right now was to further perfect his sword-arts. By relying on the protection of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], Ning was able to continue the fight, even though he was being completely outclassed.

"Damn. What the hell type of protective ability is this? As a Fiendgod Body Refiner, he's clearly just an Empyrean God. How the hell is his divine body this tough?!" The youth was beginning to panic.

Even in the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, protective divine abilities were extremely precious. It was incredibly difficult for someone at the Empyrean God level to be able to train his body to become comparable to a top-grade Pure Yang treasure. For example, the True God which Ning's other clone was dealing with only had a body that was on Ning's level as well! In truth, the only reason why Ning himself was able to completely master the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] was because of his accomplishments in the Realmwar in the Grand Xia. Daofather Crimsonbright wished to express his thanks, which was why he had gifted Ning with the many Great Firmament pills Ning needed.

"If this continues...my divine power continue to be depleted. Once it is all used up, I'll die." The youth was both furious and frantic. "But even if I die, I'm not going to let this alien Outsider off."

"Outsider...DIE!" The youth's entire body suddenly began to glow with red light. Clearly, he had used some sort of divine ability that allowed his power to increase by an explosive amount.

However, Ning was extremely skilled in defensive techniques, and his [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] continued to render his opponent's attacks ineffective. He was still able to endure the blows and continue fighting.

After battling for another hour, Ning had become completely familiar with this foe's techniques. The youth had begun to repeat them over and over, and they were of no further use to Ning in terms of perfecting his sword-arts.

"[Starseizing Hand]!"

"Heartforce!"

"Shadowless!"

Ning's swords suddenly became blurry. Whoosh! The youth's four-faced head was instantly severed and sent flying into the air. The severed head's eyes were filled with a look of shock. He had clearly been dominating his foe...how was it that his foe had suddenly exploded with power that far surpassed his own? He had no idea that when Ning used both the [Starseizing Hand] and his fourth-stage heartforce, Ning's power was vastly superior to his own.

When he had overpowered Ning, he had struck Ning more than a hundred times without being able to breach Ning's [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] in the slightest.

When Ning had overpowered him...a single sword had lopped his head off!

This made it obvious how important a protective divine ability was. Alas, the [Indestructible Body] technique which Ning had learned from the stone stele required an incredible price to be paid for mastery. Even the likes of Fuxi and Subhuti, upon seeing the price, had instantly discarded the notion of

training in it. This was because they hadn't even heard of some of the chaos materials necessary to master it.

Swoosh. The severed head came flying back, reattaching itself to the body.

"Eh?" The youth frowned in puzzlement as he stared at Ning. "Outsider, why didn't you kill me?" Given that Ning was able to sever his head with a blow, Ning clearly was capable of completely crushing and destroying his body...and yet, Ning had not, allowing his head to fly back and reattach to it.

"Ahahaha...I've long heard that the Immortals and Gods of Pangaea are incredibly formidable. My hands were a bit itchy, so I wanted to see it for myself," Ning said with a laugh.

"See it for yourself?" The youth was speechless. "Y-y-you...aren't you afraid of me killing you?"

"Are you able to?" Ning rebutted.

The youth was stunned. Yes...given how formidable the man's protective divine ability was, it would be impossible for anyone on his same level to overpower and kill him. The only solution would be to keep him suppressed!

"Right. Even if I suppressed you with my power...eventually, my divine power would be used up and I would still die." The youth shook his head. What he didn't know was that Ning actually had another body here. Even if the Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals of Pangaea were powerful enough to suppress him, the other clone could come and, by relying on the Eight Fires Qiankun World, slowly roast to death any and every Empyrean God or Celestial Immortal.

To roast the energy out of a True God or True Immortal might take dozens of years, but to do the same to an Empyrean God or Celestial Immortal would be far quicker.

"What exactly has happened to Pangaea? And...what exactly do you want?" The youth looked at Ning.

A short while later, the youth succumbed to Ning's combination of threats and blandishments, electing to serve Ning. Ning was more powerful than him, which naturally made it so that he didn't feel as opposed to serving Ning as more powerful figures might.

"If you really just wanted to spar against me...you could've first recruited me, then fought me. Both of us could've simply lowered the amount of energy we used to keep things safe. Wouldn't that be easier?" The youth still felt a bit of resentment; that battle just now had used up an enormous amount of his divine power.

"If I had first recruited you, would you have been willing to go all-out against me?" Ning shook his head. If the youth hadn't had the desire to go all-out and try to kill Ning, the battle would've been completely different.

After recruiting the youth, Ning searched his memories, then went to the field of primordial chaos to replenish his divine power. The chaos region inside the stone stele was just a few hundred meters in size, but it was completely split apart from the prisonworld itself. This was because this chaos region was meant for Overseers to use. Because the chaos region had been created by the King of Pangaea, it naturally converted the primordial chaos within it into elemental energy.

The previous Overseers would occasionally wander the prisonworld, but they generally spent most of their time in the chaos region.

After replenishing his divine power, Ning spent a bit of time pondering the [Five Treasures], then improved his [Brightmoon] sword-art before once more seeking out that youth for more sparring.

Only after a full month did Ning leave to go deal with the next Empyrean God or Celestial Immortal.

And so, just like that, Ning began a voyage through the prisonworld in which he would sweep through all the Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals. Although the prisonworld was vast, it actually didn't have that many Empyrean Gods or Celestial Immortals. There weren't many, after all, at that level of power who would be qualified to be locked up in a place like this. Ning took every single battle very seriously, and after each battle he would gain many new ideas for further perfecting his sword-arts.

The [Brightmoon] sword-art continued to improve, and its power grew greater and greater.

In the blink of an eye, another forty-plus years had passed.

Ning had swept his way through more than four hundred Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals. It must be understood that the entire Prisonworld 17 only held a bit more than a thousand individuals at that level of power. These four hundred-plus Empyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals 'offered' Ning many treasures, and he even acquired a pair of Protocosmic spirit-treasures! As for the number of Pure Yang treasures he acquired, the number was ridiculously high. Ning couldn't help but sigh at how different the Pangaea chaos-kingdom was from the Three Realms.

In the Three Realms, these Pure Yang treasures would be considered quite rare and valuable. Powerful Empyrean Gods and True Immortals would generally all have Protocosmic spirit-treasures on them.

In the Pangaea chaos-kingdom, however, Protocosmic spirit-treasures were very rare...but extremely powerful Pure Yang treasures were very common. Judging from the memories Ning had sifted through, Pangaea had far superior methods for manufacturing and producing magic treasures, which was why there were so many top-class Pure Yang treasures.

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Boom! Boom! Boom! Eight streaks of truefire dragons continued to blaze away at the green-haired man.

It had been eighty-two years!

Ning had used the Eight Fires Qiankun World to burn away at the green-haired man for eighty-two years. As far as this True God was concerned, every one of these years had been more difficult to endure than a trillion 'ordinary' years. His divine power continued to deplete without any replenishment at all.

"Stop it." Finally, the green-haired man called out.

Ning's clone had been analyzing some sword-arts. The past eighty-two years had been quite boring; all he did was occasionally add a bit of ki into the treasure while spending most of his energy on his sword-arts. Upon hearing the green-haired man's call, Ning immediately woke from his meditative trance.

Upon seeing the green-haired man looking towards him, Ning smiled.

If the man intended to commit suicide, he probably wouldn't have called out to Ning. He would've rather been burnt to death than speak.

Since had had spoken out...he was most likely about to submit.

Prior to him, Ning had dealt with two True Immortals. This would be the first True God who would submit to him. Perhaps there might be an unexpected surprise.

The Desolate Era

Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 45: Great Fortune! Great Fortune!

The green-haired man's eyes were like those of a starving hawk's as he glared at Ji Ning. He said hoarsely, "If I submit to you...what do you wish of me?"

Ning laughed. Clearly, the man was considering submitting. However, he was also a True God; if Ning went too far in humiliating him, he'd probably rather die than submit. Ning explained, "I need the treasures that you have on you. Here in this prison, your treasures are of no use to you anyhow. You might as well give them to me. Also – I need to search your memories..."

"Memories?" The green-haired man's face changed.

"To you, I'm an alien. To me, you are an alien." Ning smiled. "Your personal secrets might be very important to you, but they are completely meaningless to me. Don't worry; I won't tell anyone about them."

The green-haired man stared at Ning.

"I guarantee," Ning said, "That these two requests are all I want! If you accept, you continue living a peaceful life here. In addition, I'll provide you with spirit-pills to ensure that you'll be able to continue to survive. If you stay alive, you'll have a chance to leave the prisonworld in the future."

"Fine!" The green-haired man said hoarsely, "I accept."

Ning was pleasantly surprised by how forthright the man was in accepting.

The green-haired man shut his eyes, continuing to sit there within the formation. Ning reached out with his right hand from outside the formation, his arm instantly expanding to become hundreds of kilometers long. His palm pressed down against the top of the green-haired man's head as he sent his soul energy forward, beginning to execute the soulscouring technique. The green-haired man didn't attempt to fight back at all. If he did, there was no way Ning would be able to accomplish the soulscouring.

This True God had an awe-inspiringly large number of memories. Countless thought-bubbles filled his mindspace, each of which represented major memories. Some of the bubbles were covered with complicated seals, none of which Ning was able to see through. Empyrean Gods, Celestial Immortals, True Gods, and True Immortals all had to swear life-oaths after learning powerful spells and techniques. Even if they wanted to teach them to others, they wouldn't be able to.

"No wonder he was willing to submit..."

“So he harbors such tremendous enmity in his heart...and his foes are all Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. Even if Pangaea really was destroyed, some of those Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals must have been able to successfully flee.” After searching through the memories, Ning understood who this True God was and the hatred this True God harbored.

This man wanted to leave, to find his foes, to kill them all! Even if Pangaea was destroyed, he would still search its ruins to find his foes. He wouldn't feel satisfied until he was certain they were all dead.

Ning didn't pay too much attention to the exact details of this feud. He discarded that information, focusing his attention in a different direction...

Whoosh.

After Ning's soul energy entered a particularly thought-bubble, a profound technique suddenly entered his mind.

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Sword Immortal world. The Five Treasured Peaks.

A white-robed Ning was seated within the thatched cottage, meditating on sword-arts. He was suddenly startled awake as the information pertaining to that technique entered his mind.

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“Master, Brightmoon is causing trouble again. She saw injustice occurring and insisted on intervening, resulting in her offending several Immortal cultivators. After she beat them up, their elders came. She just went ‘kill, kill, kill’ and ended up slaughtering quite a few of them. She's in real trouble now; the Patriarch of their clan is a Celestial Immortal. I'm not worried about his flunkies, but if he personally appears we're going to be in serious trouble. Neither I nor Autumn Leaf have undergone our tribulations!” Little Qing frantically reported the above to the black-robed Ji Ning.

“Oh? It's fine. Don't worry.” The black-robed Ning nodded. “Brightmoon has a kind heart. It's good to let her experience more of the world. Still...keep a close eye on her. Don't let her embark upon the path of evil.”

“Don't worry, Autumn Leaf and I are keeping a close watch on her.” Little Qing nodded repeatedly. “Alright, I'm going to go back now.”

Swoosh. She disappeared into thin air, teleporting away.

The black-robed Ning just chuckled. After so many years, Brightmoon had become much more mature than before. In fact, she didn't like to roam about in her natural childlike form, and so changed her appearance into that of a young woman. In addition, she had been blessed with talent by her parents. Given that Patriarch Subhuti doted on her as well, she had long ago reached the Void-level. However, due to her extraordinary background, it was guaranteed that her Celestial Tribulation would be an extraordinary one. Thus, she was still building up power in preparing for it. Ning allowed Brightmoon to roam the outside world, only asking that she keep Little Qing and Autumn Leaf by her side.

In truth, there was something which none of the three realized...

Ning's Primaltwin had been split into eighteen clones, and one of them was hidden within an ordinary-looking jade talisman which Brightmoon was carrying. In reality, this jade talisman was a Pure Yang treasure, one which Ning had gone to Mount Innerheart to ask his senior apprentice-brother Lord Jiang to forge. Lord Jiang had set up seals atop this jade talisman, making it look like an ordinary item that was completely unremarkable.

After binding the jade talisman to himself, Ning had gifted it to his daughter. It was very rare for Ning to give her gifts, and so Brightmoon loved this one and carried it with her at all times. What she didn't realize was that this 'ordinary' jade talisman was actually a Pure Yang treasure which contained a pocket dimension inside it. Within that pocket dimension was a clone of Ji Ning which primarily focused on meditating and training in sword-arts while being prepared to protect his daughter at all times.

However, Ning didn't want his daughter to know that he was with her. Once she knew, this adventure would no longer be much of a 'tempering' for her, and she would probably be angry with him as well.

"Brightmoon is really...sheesh." Whenever he thought of his daughter, he couldn't help but smile...but then the look on his face froze.

A profound technique had suddenly filled his mind.

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Eighteen clones of his true body. Eighteen clones of his Primaltwin.

Every single clone learned this technique at the same instant...and all of them were stunned. Ning had spent more than ninety years sweeping through the prisonworld, dealing with more than eight hundred Emphyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals, as well as three True Gods and True Immortals. Upon soulscouring this True God...finally, Ning gained something of true value.

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Within the prisonworld.

After completely learning and memorizing the entire technique, Ning suppressed his excitement and continued to search through the rest of the True God's memories. Only after finishing his search did he stop the soulscouring.

A look of delight and joy was in Ning's eyes. His body was actually quivering slightly, and he murmured to himself, "Great fortune...a great fortune..."

"The heavens are helping me."

"The heavens are helping me!!!" Ning's eyes were filled with blazing excitement.

Ning had always believed the Pangaea chaos-kingdom to be even more formidable than the Three Realms, which meant that it had to have some truly powerful divine abilities and spells. The Three Realms had the [Starseizing Hand], the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], and other techniques. Logically speaking, Pangaea should have techniques which were even more powerful. And it was true; Pangaea did indeed have formidable divine abilities at its disposal, but the ones which Ning had discovered thus far had all been sealed away with life-oaths, preventing him from 'reading' them.

This time, however, Ning had finally acquired a technique...and it was a technique which he deeply desired.

“The [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent] evasion technique,” Ning murmured softly to himself. “Within the primordial chaos, there are seas of lightning, and within those lightning seas there are spirit-snakes with nine horns on their heads...”

“I can train in this.”

“I can absolutely train in this. This is something that can be used in the Three Realms.” Ning hadn’t expected that he would encounter such a tremendous stroke of fortune.

In the Three Realms, evasion techniques were extremely important. The more formidable an evasion technique, the faster one would be able to move. The most famous techniques in the Three Realms included the [Somersault Cloud] of his senior apprentice-brother, Sun Wukong, as well as the [Wings of the Garuda] of the great golden-winged Roc. These were some of the most supreme evasion techniques of the Three Realms. When one reached the apex of the [Somersault Cloud] or [Wings of the Garuda], one would be able to move a hundred and fifty thousand kilometers in a single instant! This was a level of speed which even many True Gods and Daofathers found difficult to reach.

Ning, however, knew the truth...that the truly supreme, number one evasion technique of the Three Realms was a legendary technique known as the [Golden Sunstreak]!

The most supreme of stars, the Solar Star, would give birth to a type of Godbeast known as the Golden Crow! Only Golden Crows which were completely born from the energy of the Solar Star were considered true, perfect Golden Crows. As for lesser Golden Crows that had mixed heritage or which were born after true Golden Crows copulated with other living creatures, there was no way their bloodlined could ever reach the level of perfect purity.

During the Primordial Era, the Solar Star had once given birth to ten Golden Crows at the same time. These ten Golden Crows all possessed incredible power. By relying on their innate divine abilities, they were able to roam the Primordial World without fear. One of them actually reached the True God level, and was given the respectful title of ‘Emperor of Monsters’. The ten Golden Crows all radiated infinite amounts of blazing heat. They were like ten suns that baked the Primordial World, causing the entire world endless amounts of anguish.

In addition, all ten of them had an incredibly powerful evasion technique...the [Golden Sunstreak]! The power of a True God, combined with the [Golden Sunstreak] divine ability...not even Mother Nuwa and the other Elder Gods had been able to catch them.

And then...Houyi had acted.

Houyi was just as terrifyingly talented as the Golden Crows, and he possessed a level of power that was enough to stun and shake the Primordial Era. His arrows were the fastest in the world, and they possessed enough power to cause even major powers to feel fear. Of course...not even Houyi was certain that he would be strong enough to slay the Golden Crow that had been titled the ‘Emperor of Monsters’. Thus, Houyi had spent quite a long period of time producing ten arrows of incredible power...and then, Houyi had struck! It was as though spacetime was completely incapable of impeding his arrows. Even the ‘Emperor of Monsters’ had been unable to escape and had perished to his first

arrow. As for the remaining nine? Although they were ridiculously fast, there was no way they could escape Houyi's arrows. Houyi slew eight of them. In the end, Mother Nuwa interceded, resulting in the last one being spared. 1

However...the fact that they died didn't mean that the [Golden Sunstreak] was a weak divine ability!

The [Golden Sunstreak], in truth, simply converted the user into a streak of light! Its speed was the speed of light itself! Once one merged one's body into the [Golden Sunstreak], the body would go wherever that streak of light went. As for the speed of this technique...it allowed the user to travel three hundred thousand kilometers in an instant! This was the absolute limit in terms of raw speed. Not even major powers were able to surpass the speed of the [Golden Sunstreak]. Their only options were to use their control over spacetime or certain treasures and spells to slow down the Golden Crows, causing them to fly slower; only then would they be able to catch up.

None of them, however, were capable of catching up to the Golden Crow that had reached the True God level. Not even Houyi! Houyi had to produce special arrows of terrifying power in order to catch them and kill them with his shots.

[Golden Sunstreak]...the speed of light!

This was definitely a technique that allowed one to move faster than any other living creature of the Three Realms. Ning's third apprentice-brother was a Golden Crow that had been birthed from the Solar Star during the era of the Three Realms, and he was a master of this divine ability.

Many major powers deeply desired to train in it, but...only Golden Crows that were born from the Solar Star could do so!

"[Ninehorn Lightning Serpent]?" Ning was incredibly excited.

This technique was an evasive divine ability that was on the same level as the [Golden Sunstreak].

The [Golden Sunstreak] involved a streak of blazing light that only Golden Crows could control.

The [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent], in turn, involved a bolt of living lightning!

It was incredibly difficult to train in, and in fact it could be said that cultivators had a 90% chance of dying when attempting to train in it. Upon mastering it, however, one would be able to enter the lightning serpent and move far away in a single lightning bolt. The speed of this lightning bolt was just as fast as the speed of light; both had reached the utter limit of speed possible.

"If I was to master this technique, I'd be able to roam the Three Realms and attack the Seamless Gate's bases as I pleased. They wouldn't be able to catch me!" Ning knew that this evasion technique was extremely difficult to train in, but he instantly decided that he was going to master it, no matter the cost!

1. The legend of Houyi shooting down nine of the ten suns is one of the more famous Chinese legends, and is in fact the principle legend of Houyi and the reason why he is a legendary Chinese archer.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 19: Emyrean God Chapter 46: [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent]

After a period of excitement, Ji Ning began to ponder as to how he should train in this technique.

The [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent] evasion technique was definitely a first-class technique even in the Pangaea chaos-kingdom. It had already reached the utmost apex of speed. An incredible technique like this...the price one would have to pay to get even a basic level of skill in it would be similarly shocking.

The first requirement, for example, was to transform the divine body, making it so that the lightning serpent could swim about within it without harming it at all.

This, however, was incredibly difficult...

The [Golden Sunstreak], for example, consisted of Golden Solarfire that had gained sentience. Golden Solarfire was a type of fire that surpassed the nine mighty types of truefire; not even True Gods or Daofathers would dare to use their bodies to take it head-on. Even if they tried to use spells or artifacts to block it, they might still be roasted to death! The Golden Crow, however, was born within the deepest depths of the Solar Star. Ordinary mortals would drown when they fell into the sea, but fish would swim within it with ease. In a similar manner, Golden Crows would be able to bathe in Golden Solarfire as though they were at home. They were naturally gifted with the ability to be completely unharmed by it, which is why they were able to master the [Golden Sunstreak] technique.

The wild and untamable Ninehorn Lightning Serpents held the same level of power as Golden Solarfire!

Even though Ning had the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] protecting him, he would still be instantly reduced to dust by the power of the lightning serpent! Thus, he had to first transform his divine body...but the transformation process was the most dangerous part of training in this technique, with a 90% chance of death. If he made just the slightest mistake, his divine body would be reduced by the lightning serpent into ash!

The second requirement...

Once the lightning serpent became able to roam within the divine body without harming it, the cultivator could begin to nourish and create the divine tattoo of a 'lightning serpent egg'. This would give the lightning serpent a 'home', as it would be able to coil up within that 'egg'. In addition, the divine tattoo of the egg would slowly transform the lightning serpent, making it evolve and change in a qualitative manner. It would be as though the lightning serpent was a blade that had been put in a scabbard, no longer capable of causing any damage.

Otherwise...given how wild and violent these lightning serpents were, there would be no way to control them at all. The lightning serpent had to be tamed and rendered harmless. Only then would it be docile, at which point it could be used to execute the evasion technique!

The same was true of the [Golden Sunstreak] technique which the Golden Crows used. After being tamed by the Golden Crow, the streak of sentient sunlight would no longer have its inherent, terrifying offensive power. It would become very docile and gentle, under the complete control of the Golden Crow. It would allow the Golden Crow to go wherever it wanted to go.

But of course, taming and transforming something like the Ninehorn Lightning Serpent was an incredibly dangerous process. This was because during the taming and transforming process, the lightning serpent would be incredibly violent. An external source of power would be needed to help subdue it, and within

the [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent] evasion technique there was a record of methods involving 'Myriad Thunders Godgems', 'Thousandrot Godfruits', or 'chaos nectar'.

Thousandrot Godtrees...when they reached the end of their lifespan, they would begin to rot away and decay, but after they completely rotted away a brand new sapling would emerge from within and begin to grow. This new tree would become even taller and greater than the previous one, but eventually it too would begin to rot away...

Each rotting would lead to the next tree growing ever larger and filled with ever more vitality and energy. Finally, after a thousand rottings and rebirths, the godtree would reach the maximum limit of power, at which point in time it would bear fruit. This sort of fruit was known as the 'Thousandrot Godfruit'. The total time needed for the fruit to be created was a full chaos cycle. After ripening, it would instantly fall down from the tree. However, as soon as it landed and touched anything besides primordial chaos, it would instantly transform into dust. Thus, one had to wait there in advance and prepare to catch the godfruit.

After the fruit ripened and fell, the Thousandrot Godtree would once more decay and rot away, beginning a completely new cycle.

Thousandrot Godfruit possessed incredible, unfathomable, miraculous power. In the chaos-kingdom of Pangaea, it was something which only the three World-level powers were permitted to possess.

Myriad Thunders Godgems, by comparison, were even rarer than Thousandrot Godfruits.

Within the infinite primordial chaos, seas of lightning would appear on occasion. In these regions, large amounts of lightning would come together, resulting in the emergence of lightning sea serpents of tremendous power; these things were on the same level of power as Golden Solarfire. If the lightning sea serpents gained sentience, they would grow nine horns on their heads, at which point they would be known as Ninehorn Lightning Serpents. Only the sentient lightning serpents with nine horns were tamable.

If the sea of lightning was vast enough, and there were enough Ninehorn Lightning Serpents present...sometimes, Myriad Thunders Godgems would be crystallized. Ninehorn Lightning Serpents love to swim around these godgems. Thus if one acquired one such godgem, one would be able to easily tame a lightning serpent.

Alas...

The primordial chaos was infinitely vast, and seas of lightning would only be encountered every so often. Seas of lightning that contained Myriad Thunders Godgems were even rarer, and whenever they were discovered, the major powers who found out would immediately think up ways to seize them for themselves!

Chaos nectar was also incredibly mysterious. One had to establish a vast world, then use it as the foundation for a grand formation meant to extract essence from the primordial chaos. Each chaos cycle, only six bottles of chaos nectar could be harvested! In addition, since chaos nectar possessed no elemental qualities of its own, it was usable in many different ways. The primordial chaos gave birth to all things, after all! Thus, chaos nectar could also be used to tame a Ninehorn Lightning Serpent.

To tame a Ninehorn Lightning Serpent, one would normally need either nine Thousandrot Godfruits, a single Myriad Thunders Godgem, or six bottles of chaos nectar.

“In the Three Realms, I’ve never even heard of this godfruit or this godgem. I do, however, have chaos nectar.” Ning pondered to himself. “No matter what, I’ll need a Ninehorn Lightning Serpent; first to transform my body, then to tame it for ‘riding’. The Three Realms does, however, have a Ninehorn Lightning Serpent within it.”

“Time to pay a visit to Exalted Celestial Thundergod,” Ning mused to himself.

In the Three Realms, there was a major power who was capable of controlling Ninehorn Lightning Serpents. He was Exalted Celestial Thundergod!

This was an incredibly mighty major power who perpetually kept to himself in seclusion. Even to this day, with the Three Realms gripped by a storm, he rarely intervened. In truth, there were many major powers like him, who kept to themselves in seclusion. They were all preparing quietly, waiting for the Endwar to come before they would erupt with their full power and slay their foes.

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Sword Immortal world. The Five Treasured Peaks.

Ning was seated within the thatched cottage. Rising to his feet, he called out, “Ninefangs.”

A streak of light flew towards the cottage from far away, landing in front of it. It was Ninefangs.

“Accompany me to the Thundergod major world,” Ning instructed.

“Yes,” Ninefangs acknowledged.

The two entered the Voidboat, then exited Sword Immortal world via the Void, hastening towards the Thundergod world.

Long ago, in the distant past, before the Primordial Era had even begun, the primordial chaos had given birth to ten mighty Elder Gods and eighty-one True Gods.

The eighty-one True Gods were all born with mastery over a Grand Dao. One of them was Exalted Celestial Thundergod, who was born with control over the Grand Dao of Lightning. He naturally possessed tremendous talent in thunder and lightning. However, although his divine body was capable of withstanding many lightning bolts, it was unable to withstand the power of the lightning sea serpents or the Ninehorn Lightning Serpents of the primordial chaos. He only had a True God’s body, after all.

Elder God of Fire Zhurong, for example, was able to withstand the Golden Solarfire and Golden Sunstreaks. Alas, Elder God Zhurong did not have any methods at his disposal for actually taming any of those streaks of fiery light.

The Golden Crow’s ability to do so was an innate one.

.....

BOOM!

A vast world, filled with countless bolts of lightning that were thundering down from up high. One could see with the naked eye a thousand lightning bolts at any given moment.

The Voidboat was currently in the skies of this world. Although lightning bolts continuously hammered against it, they were unable to damage it at all.

“Let me take a look first.” Ning spread out his heartforce.

“Exalted Celestial Thundergod is over there. Let’s go,” Ning said. Although Thundergod possessed tremendous power and was one of the top-tier Daofathers, his skill in heartforce was inferior to Ning’s.

Swoosh.

The Voidboat flew through the skies, quickly arriving before a levitating mountain. The peak of this levitating mountain was surrounded by a large amount of electricity, and there were armored soldiers guarding the peak as well.

“Who goes there!” A Celestial Immortal soldier barked out.

“I am Ji Ning. I wish to pay my respects to Exalted Celestial Thundergod,” Ning said respectfully.

“Ji Ning?” The group of soldiers was quite surprised. They had all naturally heard of the famous Sword Immortal Darknorth, Ji Ning. The soldier immediately replied, “Sword Immortal Darknorth, please wait a moment. I’ll go make a report right away.” Instantly, the soldier quickly departed to relay the message. As for Ning and Ninefangs, a cloud appeared beneath their feet. They stood atop the cloud and waited patiently. This was the territory of a top-tier Daofather; they didn’t dare to be the slightest bit discourteous.

A short while later, the Celestial Immortal flew back.

“The Exalted Celestial has instructed for you to go see him, Sword Immortal Darknorth.”

“Ninefangs, waited for me here,” Ning instructed. Ning then flew by himself towards the top of the mountain peak, where the Celestial Immortal was waiting for him. “Sword Immortal Darknorth, please follow me.”

As Ning was led forward, he secretly sighed to himself. Generally speaking, most major powers would beautify their residences. The Dao Palace of the East, Mount Ling of the West, Mount Innerheart, the Celestial Court...these were all beautiful places. Exalted Celestial Thundergod, however, had chosen a place that was nearly pitch-black. This levitating mountain didn’t even have a single speck of vegetation.

“The Exalted Celestial is over there,” the soldier said hurriedly.

Ning took a look. He saw a tall, towering figure seated in the distance. The figure had to be at least thirty thousand meters tall.

True Gods were born with bodies of this size; it could be considered a ‘normal’ height.

“Good.” Ning smiled and nodded, then walked towards the figure. He soon arrived at the dais before the figure, then said respectfully, “Ji Ning pays his respects to you, Exalted Celestial Thundergod.”

The towering, muscular figure, dressed in pitch-black armor, opened his eyes. Sparks of lightning could be seen within them as he gazed down at the miniscule Ning. “Ji Ning. I’ve heard of you before. Suhbuti is indeed talented in teaching his disciples. Go ahead and speak. Why have you come to my place?”

Ning secretly let out a sigh of relief. From the sound of it, this person would most likely be willing to give Ning’s master, Patriarch Subhuti, some face.

“This junior is in desperate need of a Ninehorn Lightning Serpent,” Ning said respectfully. “Of the major powers of the Three Realms, only you, Exalted Celestial Thundergod, are in possession of these lightning serpents. This junior would like to beg you, Exalted Celestial, to bestow one such serpent. I am willing to use Protocosmic spirit-treasures to trade for it.”

The towering Thundergod just closed his eyes. He said in a calm voice, “Leave. Immediately.”

Ning was stunned.

Exalted Celestial Thundergod wasn’t even going to discuss this, and instead had ordered Ning to leave immediately? What was he supposed to do?

“Exalted Celestial, this junior is willing to use treasures to trade for it. Please consi-...” Ning said frantically.

Exalted Celestial Thundergod opened his eyes. His gaze was like ice. “If you don’t leave...don’t blame me for showing no mercy!”

For a moment, Ning didn’t know what to do.

“SCRAM!” Exalted Celestial Thundergod glared coldly towards Ning as he roared at him.

Ning’s face turned ashen. He immediately bowed, turned, and left.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 19: Empyrean God Chapter 47: No Other Options

Empyrean God Ninefangs was waiting outside the levitating mountain atop his cloud. Suddenly, he saw his Manorlord, Ji Ning, appear from within the distant mountain peaks. Ning was hurriedly walking in his direction. Ninefangs couldn’t help but feel surprised: “Why has the Manorlord returned so quickly from his meeting with Exalted Celestial Thundergod?”

Swoosh.

With a single step, Ning moved to Ninefangs’ cloud.

“Manorlord?” Ninefangs whispered softly.

“Let’s leave.” Ning didn’t waste time explaining. He immediately released his Voidboat, entered it alongside Ninefangs, then departed through the Void.

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A Voidboat suddenly appeared amidst the clouds of the major world known as the ‘Hu Kingdom’.

“When Exalted Celestial Thundergod first saw me, he was clearly quite courteous. But as soon as I mentioned the Ninehorn Lightning Serpent, he immediately turned hostile.” Ning carefully pondered what had just happened. Given that the Three Realms had been swept into a storm, most of the major powers in their alliance were fairly friendly towards the younger fellows. Ning had already met with figures like Daofather Crimsonbright, Fuxi, and others. All of them were very friendly to him. Although Exalted Celestial Thundergod was famous for his explosive temper, he had also been quite friendly at first as well.

“Why did he turn so hostile when I mentioned the Ninehorn Lightning Serpent? I was willing to use treasures to trade for it, but he wasn’t even willing to consider it.” Ning frowned in thought. “What should I do? The only major power in the Three Realms that possesses Ninehorn Lightning Serpents is Exalted Celestial Thundergod. If I can’t acquire one from him, then I’ll have no choice but to go to a lightning sea if I want to train in this technique...”

Capturing Ninehorn Lightning Serpents was incredibly difficult. Not even the major powers who were skilled in capturing creatures were generally willing to spend the effort necessary, as the Ninehorn Lightning Serpents were of no use to them. The only one who was willing to spend so many years on this task was Exalted Celestial Thundergod, who had captured quite a few of them over the countless eons.

“Manorlord?” Ninfangs asked, puzzled, “Why have we come to the Hu Kingdom?”

“To visit True Immortal Hu Yu, of course,” Ning said.

The Hu clan was a clan that was subordinate to the Primordial Imperial Clan of humanity. Although it was quite flourishing, it had never given birth to a True God or a Daofather. After the Primordial World was destroyed and the Three Realms were born, the Hu clan had moved here to this major world, taking it over! Given the Hu clan’s power, conquering a major world was very easy.

Even back during the Primordial Era, the Hu clan had more than eighteen Empyrean Gods and True Immortals amongst their ranks. By now, they had more than thirty!

“True Immortal Hu Yu?” Ninfangs was puzzled. He didn’t understand why Ning wished to meet with True Immortal Hu Yu.

Whoosh. Ning spread out his coresense to encompass the entire major world, quickly discovering True Immortal Hu Yu’s location.

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Within a secluded mountain valley. There were a few thatched cottages scattered throughout the valley. A few women could be seen teasing each other, some of them playing around within the waters of a creek.

“Fellow Daoist Hu Yu.” A voice suddenly rang out within the valley.

“Mm?” One of the women playing around within the water, a green-robed woman, unleashed her coresense. She immediately located the white-robed youth and the bald elder located outside the formation protecting this valley.

“Ji Ning?” The green-robed woman immediately recognized him. “That bald old man by his side should be Empyrean God Ninefangs, one of the seven Empyrean Gods led by Empyrean God Redsnow who appeared within the Realmwar for the Crimsonbright Realm.”

“Big sister, what is it?”

“Big sister.”

The other women all emerged from the creek and from their respective houses, gathering around her. In truth, women were all Celestial Immortals who were under the tutelage of True Immortal Hu Yu. However, True Immortal Hu Yu disliked referring to others as ‘disciple’ or being referred to as ‘master’, and so these women usually referred to her as ‘big sister’.

“No more playing around,” True Immortal Hu Yu instructed. Instantly, the female Celestial Immortals all fell silent, no longer daring to run around. However, they were all curious...who was this visitor?

True Immortal Hu Yu waved her hand.

Whoosh.

An opening suddenly appeared at the end of the gorge. This gorge had been covered by a protective barrier which wasn’t easy to penetrate. From the opening emerged two men, a white-robed youth and a bald old servant.

“Fellow Daoist Darknorth.” True Immortal Hu Yu smiled merrily.

“Fellow Daoist Hu Yu. I’ve come with a request,” Ning said.

“Oh? Come inside and speak. If there’s anything I can help you with, fellow Daoist, I definitely won’t just stand by idle.” True Immortal Hu Yu was extremely curious. What did this famous Sword Immortal Darknorth wish of her? She immediately guided Ning into a thatched cottage.

The interior of the thatched cottage was decorated in a very refined manner. Ning and Hu Yu both sat down facing each other, with Hu Yu pouring some Immortal wine for Ning.

“Before I came to your place, fellow Daoist, I paid a visit to your master; Exalted Celestial Thundergod,” Ning said. “I visited him with the intention of trading him some treasures for a Ninehorn Lightning Serpent...but I didn’t expect that he immediately ordered me to leave without even letting me finish my words. I was out of options, so I came here to meet with you, fellow Daoist, in the hopes that you might have an idea.”

Hu Yu was the disciple which Thundergod doted on the most.

Exalted Celestial Thundergod was born from the primordial chaos with control over the Grand Dao of Thunder. His temper was equally explosive as his Dao; although there were some disciples he doted upon, there were others he was extremely strict with. The one he doted on the most was his one and only female disciple, True Immortal Hu Yu. This was why Ning had come to meet with Hu Yu, in the hopes that she might have an idea.

“You want a Ninehorn Lightning Serpent?” Hu Yu was surprised.

“Yes.” Ning nodded.

“That’s...going to be hard.” Hu Yu shook her head. “It’s true that the only person in the Three Realms who possesses these serpents is my master...but to Master, these serpents are incredibly important. Once, long ago, Daoist Three Purities asked for Master to provide him with a Ninehorn Lightning Serpent for use in forging a certain magic treasure. Master was extremely unwilling. In the end, Daoist Three Purities gave my master multiple Chaos ingredients that he needed before my master accepted. However, that was a long, long time ago. Now that the storm has decided...there’s no way even Daoist Three Purities would be able to acquire another serpent from him, to say nothing of you.”

“Oh?” Ning was surprised.

“Don’t you know that Master’s most important treasure is the ‘Hammer of Punishment Thunder’?” Hu Yu asked.

“I do know.” Ning nodded. “Exalted Celestial Thundergod wields the Hammer of Punishment Thunder, releasing lightning to punish wicked Immortals and Fiends alike.” Ning was puzzled. “But what does that have to do with the Ninehorn Lightning Serpents?”

“Where do you think the lightning of the hammer comes from?” Hu Yu shook her head and smiled. “Master can simply summon some of the weaker types of lightning from the natural world, but he has to work hard to extract the more powerful types of lightning from lightning seas in the primordial chaos. This is especially true for the supreme type of lightning, the Ninehorn Lightning Serpents. After extracting them, he has to refine them before he can smelt them into his Hammer of Punishment Thunder. This allows him to release them at a critical moment to assault his foes, then draw them back after the attack is finished.”

Ning was startled.

It was true that of the various types of thunder, the most powerful types were the lightning sea serpents and Ninehorn Lightning Serpents. The lightning sea serpents were not sentient, while the Ninehorn Lightning Serpents were. Thus, comparatively speaking the horned serpents were easier to refine and smelt, as the mindless lightning sea serpents were completely uncontrollable.

This was why even the likes of Elder God Zhurong was unable to take control over Golden Solarfire, forcing him to devise his own ‘Zhurong Godfire’. Suiren had similarly been unable to control Golden Solarfire, which was why he had to devise his own Eternal Kindlefire, which was equally powerful.

The reason why they couldn’t control it...was because it was simply too explosive and wild!

Golden Solarfire didn’t possess any sentience. Thus, it was too explosive and wild! Even Fuxi, the number one formations expert of the Three Realms, was merely able to ‘guide’ the Golden Solarfire into his formation, and the guiding process was still extraordinarily tiresome. He had completely mastered and fused the Heavenly Daos of both Yin and Yang, and his skill in formations was tremendous...but that was still all he was capable of.

Lightning sea serpents were just like Golden Solarfire; they were both too wild and untamable.

Ninehorn Lightning Serpents were sentient, which was why one could bind them. However, they were extremely rare; only a tiny percentage of the already-rare lightning sea serpents would gain sentience and transform into Ninehorn Lightning Serpents.

“As far as Master is concerned, these serpents are part of his killer weapon, his most powerful attack. Master has spent an enormous amount of blood and sweat binding every single serpent and infusing them into his hammer.” Hu Yu continued, “If it wasn’t for this great tribulation, there might be a tiny chance that Master would be willing to give up one of them...but the tribulation has arrived, and he might very well die in the Endwar. There’s absolutely no way he would give up any of them at all.”

“This is something that will have an impact on his chances of his survival. Given Master’s temperament...it’s useless for anyone to try to convince him.” Hu Yu gave Ning a look. “I’m just his disciple; there’s nothing I can do at all.”

Ning nodded. “So that’s why. I was rash and foolish.”

“Fellow Daoist Darknorth, I urge you to give up your hopes of acquiring the Ninehorn Lightning Serpents,” Hu Yu said. “Aside from Master’s serpents, the only way you can find them is by going to the lightning seas within the primordial chaos. However, those lightning seas contain many lightning sea serpents, with a small number of Ninehorn Lightning Serpents intermingled within. Not even major powers would dare to go too deep within. Master has the body of a thundergod, and thus he is most likely the number one figure in the Three Realms in terms of catching these serpents. Despite that, it took him a long time and much work before he was able to catch a few.”

“I know.” Ning nodded slowly. “Sorry to have troubled you, fellow Daoist Hu Yu. I’ll leave now.”

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Ning ordered Ninefangs to temporarily return to the Starseizer major world, then went by himself via Voidboat into the primordial chaos.

Chaos mist billowed everywhere around him.

If he went too far and too deep into the primordial chaos, it was entirely possible that he would become lost. Thankfully, Ning had some maps regarding the chaos regions around the Three Realms. Two lightning seas were marked down on the maps, and so Ning naturally headed towards the closest one. However...this still took him much deeper into the primordial chaos than he went last time. Thus, he advanced very carefully, for fear of becoming lost.

He advanced continuously through the primordial chaos in his Voidboat, tearing through space and using the various stars as his signposts. He advanced for twelve full hours, and the amount of space he travelled past in the Voidboat was most likely several times larger than the Three Realms themselves.

“Here I am.”

Ning stood up within the Voidboat, staring into the distance.

A vast, endless sea...

A sea of lightning and thunder...

As far as he could see, there were countless streaks of jagged white lightning that came together to form an endless sea of electricity. The deeper one went into the sea, the darker it became. At the deepest parts, one could even see black flashes of lightning. These black flashes of lightning were all shaped like giant serpents. These were the 'lightning sea serpents', living lightning-beings that even major powers feared.

A single lightning sea serpent was one thing, but the depths of the lightning sea held countless black streaks of lightning within them. The lightning sea serpents there were simply uncountably numerous. Even the mightiest of major powers would have to go all-out in order to go deep into the lightning sea. However, Ninehorn Lightning Serpents were incredibly rare, with less than one in ten million lightning sea serpents giving birth to one such sentient serpent. From this, one could tell how difficult it was to find and catch them!

"I have no other choice."

"I'll have to take the risk." Ning stood atop the Voidboat, gazing deep into the endless lightning sea.