

## Desolate 671

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#### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 5: Daomother Devilhand**

Of the disciples under Subhuti's tutelage, Silvermoon's battles against the Seamless Gate were the most savage of them all.

At first, Ji Ning didn't understand why. Later, he learned that Silvermoon had once had a Dao-companion. However, during the war that destroyed the Primordial Era, his Dao-companion had died...and it was as though Silvermoon had lost his soul.

Later on, the Lord of All Fiends had brought back the survivors of the Seamless Gate to the Three Realms, and the Nuwa Alliance had been unable to do anything to him. Thus, the two sides had made peace, resulting in the Seamless Gate being allowed back into the Three Realms.

But Silvermoon had attacked. He started a wild massacre of the Seamless Gate's forces. He was even willing to kill Celestial Immortals! As for Empyrean Gods and True Immortals? Nearly twenty of them died by Silvermoon's hands! He had fought in such a berserk fashion that he had accidentally killed many weak cultivators as well. He had fought like a man possessed, causing the True Gods and the Daofathers of the Seamless Gate to be both shocked and enraged.

Back then, the Seamless Gate wanted to live a peaceful life in the Three Realms. Because Silvermoon was the disciple of Subhuti, they didn't kill him; instead, they negotiated this matter with the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance. In the end, Silvermoon's master had forcibly ordered him back to Mount Innerheart, where he was given the low-key position of overseeing the Divinities Palace.

He had slaughtered and murdered so many that he, too, suffered the effects of karmic sinflames. Back at Mount Innerheart, he talked and laughed as though nothing had ever happened, and his life within the Divinities Palace was a relaxed, leisurely one. No one knew, however, that the hatred and fury in his heart had never subsided. When the storm had descended, he had been willing to follow Ji Ning and kill alongside him, as he could see that Ji Ning was as berserk as he was. However, who would've thought that Ji Ning would suddenly stop fighting? He had thus ventured out on his own to fight alone. He didn't blame Ji Ning at all. He knew very well that if it was his Dao-companion, he probably would've made the same choice as Ji Ning had.

"Alright." Subhuti nodded. "Who else?"

"Me."

"I'll go."

"It's been a long time since I've fought in a war."

The many disciples actually all began to call out. Of the many disciples present, the only two not to speak out were actually Ji Ning and Redsnow. Ning hesitated a moment, then said, "Master, let me go. This Realmwar is different from the others."

"There's no need for you to go." Subhuti shook his head. "A Realmwar on this level...your participation won't have much of an effect."

Ning was stunned.

His master's words were correct. A grand formation created by just 200-300 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals would be comparable to a true Daofather in power! His own Rahu God was actually probably a bit weaker than those formations. In this war, each side was mobilizing 2000-3000 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, who would be using some truly powerful formations. Even ordinary Daofathers would die if they intervened. Whether Ning participated or not really wouldn't make much of a difference.

In a war like this, massed power was what really made the difference.

"Redsnow? How about you?" Subhuti looked towards Redsnow. Redsnow had been the follower of Daoist Threelives, and was legendary for his warmaking abilities.

"I won't go." Redsnow shook his head. "Your disciple has gained some insights lately and is at a critical moment."

"Oh?" Subhuti's eyes lit up. He didn't believe Redsnow was lying about this.

Ning wasn't surprised. Ever since he had given a bottle of chaos nectar to Redsnow, allowing Redsnow to train to the second stage of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods], Redsnow had entered secluded meditation for some reason! The only reason Ning had reached out to him was due to Subhuti's summons; otherwise, he wouldn't have bothered Redsnow.

"If that's the case, focus on your training. It would be wonderful if you can break through to become a Daofather before the Endwar," Subhuti said with a smile. He knew that Ning had given a bottle of chaos nectar to Redsnow, as Ning had actually discussed this with him before doing so.

To Subhuti, a single bottle of chaos nectar wasn't enough. Any True God or Daofather would need at least a hundred such bottles in order to train to the second level of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods]. A single bottle? It would only be of use when given to Empyrean Gods and True Immortals.

Two days later, Subhuti led his disciples to the Deerchaser major world of the Yellow Emperor Realm. The Deerchaser major world was the world where the Yellow Emperor, Xuan Yuan, lived.

Within the imperial palace of the Deerchaser world.

Subhuti and Xuan Yuan were both seated, with Ji Ning and the rest of the disciples all standing to one side. Ning carefully inspected this legendary figure, this Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan who had once defeated even Shennong in their battle for dominance over the world. In terms of appearance, Xuan Yuan was an immaculately handsome man. His gaze seemed to bring an aura of the spring wind with it, causing others to unconsciously feel well-disposed towards them.

It must be understood that when they fought long ago, Xuan Yuan was merely a top-tier Daofather. Although it was true that Shennong's mind wasn't really focused on leading his armies, he was still someone on the same level of power as the leaders of the Daoism and Buddhism. For Xuan Yuan to be able to achieve victory was testament to his military prowess.

In all the Three Realms, Xuan Yuan was most likely the number one military mastermind.

"Aside from Ji Ning, all of these disciples will take part in the battle," Subhuti said with a smile.

“Ah?!” Xuan Yuan was overjoyed. He immediately said, “That’s wonderful! I was worrying about this just before you came. The more powerful a formation, the more requirements are placed upon the centers of the formation. Before Mother Nuwa departed, she left us with three mighty formations meant to protect our entire race. Logically speaking, we should have Daofathers assume central command, but since neither side has deployed Daofathers yet, we are forced to use Empyrean Gods and True Immortals...and the more powerful, the better! I was worrying about not having enough powerful Empyrean Gods and True Immortals. Subhuti, you came just in the nick of time. This is like delivering warm coals to a freezing man in the midst of winter!”

“This war will be different from the previous ones. The previous Realmwars were all small-scale battles; this one is going to be far greater,” Subhuti said seriously. “After this Realmwar ends, the other large-scale Realmwars shall begin as well. The Realmwar for your Yellow Emperor Realm will be the very first of the large-scale battles; we have to make sure that the outcome is a beautiful one. Let’s deal the Seamless Gate a heavy blow!”

“Right.” Xuan Yuan nodded. “If we can seize the advantage, we’ll be able to keep the advantage. This war will indeed be very important.”

As the saying went, a thousand-kilometer canal could be collapsed by a single errant anthole!

This battle would be a critical one. If they were to lose, the upcoming battles would become more difficult as well.

Time flowed on.

Aside from Subhuti’s forces, the other major powers of the Three Realms sent reinforcements of Empyrean Gods and True Immortals as well. In fact, quite a few came by themselves! Within the span of a single short month, the number of Empyrean Gods and True Immortals who had gathered here within the Deerchaser world numbered more than 2800. All of them were focused on learning the foundational parts of these mighty formations.

Nine Empyrean Gods/True Immortals including Goldcrow and Empyrean Phoenix, who were ranked amongst the most powerful of experts and were also indisputably loyal, were permitted to learn the core techniques to these ancient, powerful formations.

Rumble...

Suddenly, one day, the entire Deerchaser world trembled. Ning hurriedly emerged from his residence, raising his head to stare towards the outside, his eyes blazing with torch-light. He was able to clearly see the sky split apart tens of millions of kilometers away, as a castle that was radiating limitless amounts of bloody light came flying out from within that giant crack in the skies. The aura that emanated from the castle quickly swept through the entire Deerchaser world.

The castle was ten thousand kilometers long. It slowly descended, then came to a halt in midair. Above the castle was a glowing streak of bloody light that rose high into the heavens.

“Daomother Devilhand.” Subhuti, Xuan Yuan, and Sui ren stood shoulder to shoulder, staring towards the distance. Subhuti frowned as he made this statement.

“Devilhand actually came? And she came in person, in her true form.” Suiren frowned as well. He had merely sent one of his clones here, while Subhuti and Xuan Yuan were both here in person.

The Lord of All Fiends was the most mysterious figure within the Seamless Gate, and he had incredible escaping techniques. Not even Mother Nuwa had been able to do anything to him when he had chosen to flee.

The Lord of the Everwood was someone that the Nuwa Alliance did not wish to make an enemy out of. He was skilled in countless techniques and spells.

Daomother Devilhand was the most berserk member of the Seamless Gate, and her power was absolutely astonishing. She was so berserk that during the war that ended the Primordial Era, she had actually dared to duel Mother Nuwa one-on-one for a long period of time. In fact, she had even dared to go battle the two leaders of Buddhism and Daoism all by herself! In the end, she had been heavily wounded by Daoist Three Purities’ ‘Immortal Slaying Sword Formation’.

She was an absolute madwoman. When gripped by bloodlust, she wouldn’t even care about her own life. However, no one dared to deny that she was powerful. Even during the war that ended the Primordial Era, the only ones who could be described as unquestionably more powerful than her were Mother Nuwa and the Lord of the Demonheart. No others!

“It seems the Seamless Gate really wishes to win this battle,” Subhuti said. “They actually sent Daomother Devilhand to guard their forces.”

“We want to win, but so do they,” Xuan Yuan said. “In the end...victory will be determined on the field of battle.”

“Have all our preparations been made?” Suiren asked.

“Yes.” Xuan Yuan nodded.

Everyone in the Deerchaser world was jittery right now.

Two mighty castles, one surrounded by bloody light, the other surrounded by golden light. Both hung there in midair, facing each other from several hundred thousand kilometers away.

Both armies were gathering within their respective castles, prepared to launch the war at any moment.

“This war...it’ll be the largest war that we will fight before the final battle for karmic luck.” Silvermoon stood alongside Ning atop the city walls, staring at the distant Seamless City as it glowed with bloody light. “The total number of Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals on our side for this war number nearly three thousand. The Realmwars that come after this one in the Realms of the various top-tier Daofathers will generally involve just a few hundred, maybe a thousand at most.”

“There are many Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals. As for Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals, it feels as though there is an infinite number of them,” Ning said with a soft sigh.

In his heart, he felt a bit of regret.

Regret that he wouldn’t be able to take part.

Keep waiting. Bide your time.

Even if he took part in this battle...given how vast it was, he really wouldn't make much of a difference. He really wondered...

How much longer were those two clones of his going to remain within Undermoon Lake?

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#### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 6: The War Begins**

The two castles hung in the air, facing each other from afar.

As for the army of the Seamless Alliance, it had been dispatched already. They covered the wilderness, calling out the Nuwa Alliance for battle.

The first time they called out for battle, the Nuwa Alliance completely ignored them, not responding at all. The second time the Seamless Gate did this...the Nuwa Alliance still ignored them.

It must be understood that when calling out the enemy for battle, the insults would be absolutely atrocious to hear. The worse the insult, the better! This was true amongst mortals, and it was similarly true amongst these Immortals and Fiendgods, who were quite boorish and foul-mouthed in their catcalls.

The third time. Still nothing.

"Master, the Seamless Gate is calling us out again," a white-robed youth said respectfully.

Xuan Yuan sat in front of a desk, leisurely flipping through a book in his hands. Hearing his disciple's report, he laughed softly. "Daomother Devilhand lives up to her reputation. Had the Seamless Gate sent over any other Daofather, that person probably wouldn't be so quick to bare the fangs in such a manner."

Know thy enemy and know thyself; only then would you be the victor in all your battles.

Due to the long years of peace that had previously existed between the Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance, the Nuwa Alliance had learned much of the history of Daomother Devilhand when she lived within the Seamless Chaosworld. Although she was a madwoman, she was extremely adept at leading soldiers in battle. All of her disciples were females, and all of them were just as crazy as she was.

She led her madwomen in a conquest across the chaosworld, sweeping through it like a storm. In the end, it had been the Lord of the Demonheart himself who had to be the one to stop her.

In terms of frontal attacks, not even Lord Demonheart was a match for Daomother Devilhand. But of course, in terms of manipulating the mind and understanding the demons that lay in every heart, who could possibly match up to Lord Demonheart? Conquering the world wasn't merely a matter of warfare! And so, in the end it had been Lord Demonheart who had unified the Seamless Chaosworld.

"Mm." Xuan Yuan put down his scroll, then said with a smile, "Give the order. Assemble for battle!"

"Uh huh..." For a second, the yellow-robed youth was as calm as ever...but suddenly, he stared wide-eyed towards Xuan Yuan.

“Why are you still here?” Xuan Yuan turned to look at him.

“R-right. Your disciple shall go immediately.” The yellow-robed youth hurriedly flew out, beginning to summon the various parties.

Xuan Yuan walked outside of the room. Standing by the rails, he stared at his vast citadel. As the order was given, a sea of soldiers came flooding out from throughout the citadel, quickly assembling together. Xuan Yuan nodded lightly. “This is the fourth time they are calling for battle. It’s about time. This war is critical; if we win it, we’ll be halfway to winning the war for karmic luck.”

“We have to win.” An awe-inspiring light flashed through Xuan Yuan’s eyes.

Atop the city walls.

Subhuti, Xuan Yuan, and Suiren were standing shoulder-to-shoulder, staring at the two armies facing off against each other on the desolate wilderness.

Ning, the yellow-robed youth, and a number of other disciples were following behind them. None of them dared to so much as breathe too loudly. They all knew exactly how important this war was going to be.

Boom!

Whoosh!

Thud!

Both of the two distant armies had begun to assemble into mighty formations.

The Seamless Gate had the Seamless Infinity Formation, the ‘Life and Death Formation of the Twin Realms Calamity Dragons’ 1, and the Infinity Fiendgod Formation. These were their three primary formations, and each of these terrifying formations needed two to three hundred Emyrean Gods/True Immortals in order to be formed. There were also some golems which Ning couldn’t even name, each of which was on an even higher level of power than the Daofather golem Ning had previously encountered. The golems glistened with violet light, emanating a heart-shaking aura of terror.

There were a total of three formations of Calamity Dragons. Above these three formations swam a countless number of black dragons, each of which was as powerful as an ordinary Emyrean God. The important thing was...there was an absolutely incredible number of them!

There were a total of two Seamless Infinity Formations.

There were also two Infinity Fiendgod Formations. They had come together to form a pair of towering, white-haired, red-eyed Fiendgod.

The Nuwa Alliance also had three primary formations. They were the Sidereal Star Formation, the Myriad Immortals Armageddon Formation, and the Pangu Genesis Formation. There were three of Sidereal Star Formations, five of the Myriad Immortals Armageddon Formation, but only one Pangu Genesis Formation!

Aside from them, there were also more than a hundred Seven Planets Gods who were scattered everywhere, moving with great agility.

As for golems? The Nuwa Alliance didn't have a single golem on their side. Clearly, a battle at this level meant that only golems of a certain power level could be used. The Nuwa Alliance obviously didn't have any golems of such power.

"In terms of formations, the Seamless Gate is far inferior to us," Subhuti said calmly from his position atop the walls. "The Seamless Infinity Formation was created by Lord Demonheart. As for the Life and Death Formation of the Twin Realms Calamity Dragons, the Seamless Gate stole it from us. Back then, we didn't expect that a day like this would come, and so we were willing to teach them formations of this level. As for the Infinity Fiendgod Formation...it should've been devised by Everwood. It's actually the most powerful of the three...but alas, it's still vastly inferior to our Pangu Genesis Formation."

"After Mother Nuwa broke through to the Pangu level, she spent a tremendous amount of research and effort in order to devise the Pangu Genesis Formation. Before she left the Three Realms, she imparted it to us as a formation for protecting our entire race," Xuan Yuan said with a laugh. "How could their formations possibly match up to it?"

"Fortunately, Mother Nuwa had misgivings early on. She warned us sternly long ago that these three guardian formations were absolutely not to be taught to others. This is why we now have the power to keep them suppressed in formation power." Subhuti let out a sigh.

Suiren nodded slowly. "Fortunately, we have those three protective formations."

Ning and the others secretly nodded upon hearing this. They had heard the stories as well.

If it could be said that the Nuwa Alliance was deeply envious of the Seamless Gate's mastery over the art of golems, then the Seamless Gate was similarly envious of the three mighty guardian formations of the Nuwa Alliance. All three of these formations had been left behind by Mother Nuwa after she had broken through to become a World God. She had spent tremendous blood, sweat, and effort on these formations, precisely because she was afraid that once she left, other powerful alien Outsiders like the Lord of All Things would appear. She was afraid that the Three Realms would not be strong enough to withstand another such Outsider, and so she created and imparted these three formations.

These three formations would generally have a True God or Daofather at the center, with many Emyrean Gods and True Immortals acting as support. Their power was utterly shocking!

But of course, a simplified version could be used which allowed for an Emyrean God/True Immortal to server as the center. The power of the formation would drop dramatically, of course, but despite that it still wasn't something the Seamless Gate could compete against.

"The Pangu Genesis Formation." Ning stared off into the distance.

The Pangu Genesis Formation had, at its center, the disciple of Daofather Fujū – True Immortal Jimin, the 'Sword Immortal of the Outer Heavens'. 580 Emyrean Gods were supporting him, joining together into this utterly astonishing formation! This formation was so powerful that it was as strong as a top-tier Daofather! Most importantly of all, True Immortal Jimin was the person controlling this formation. True Immortal Jimin was the only Emyrean God or True Immortal in the Three Realms who had mastered

the [Five Treasures]. His sword-art surpassed the limits of the Heavenly Daos, allowing him to unleash truly astonishing levels of power from this Pangu Genesis Formation.

“I still remember my arrival into the Netherworld Kingdom after I died in my previous life. Back then, I encountered this Life and Death Formation of the Twin Realms Calamity Dragons.” Ning couldn’t help but sigh. The terrifying, world-shattering formation that had destroyed even the Sixth Paths of Reincarnation had once more appeared before him. Back then, in the Netherworld Kingdom, Ning had been nothing more than a puny human ghost.

Even the slightest aftershock ripple from an attack by a Calamity Dragon would have completely destroyed his soul.

“It’s begun.”

Everyone on the walls were nervous.

Subhuti, Suiren, and Xuan Yuan stared intently at the battle below, especially Xuan Yuan. Xuan Yuan’s coresense filled every part of the battlefield, and he was constantly rearranging the military deployments, arranging for the various Seven Planets Gods to better harmonize with the major formations.

The Nuwa Alliance had nine mighty formations, each of which had nine central figures.

Three of Subhuti’s disciples were in command of three mighty formations; they were Emyrean Phoenix, Goldcrow, and Junwu.

Senior apprentice-brother Goldcrow was in command of a Sidereal Star Formation. 2

Senior apprentice-sister Emyrean Phoenix and senior apprentice-brother Junwu were each in charge of a Myriad Immortals Armageddon Formation.

“Go.”

Each of the towering, massive Myriad Immortals Armageddon Formation were composed of a hundred True Immortals, a hundred thousand Celestial Immortals, and more than a hundred million Loose Immortals. Together, they were capable of summoning an utterly enormous amount of natural energy.

An enormous figure of a giant appeared in the air above the formation. It was senior apprentice-brother Junwu, his white robes fluttering gracefully. He raised up his painting brush, casually swiping towards the heavens with it. Instantly, countless weapons appeared in the skies that shot towards the distant forces of the Seamless Gate. With another stroke of the brush, he manifested countless divine soldiers and divine generals and sent them to attack as well.

“Senior apprentice-brother Junwu.” Ning felt eager when watching this. Junwu was the young child who loved to paint which Subhuti had accepted as his disciple long ago. Upon meeting, Subhuti had given him a single line of guidance...and overnight the child had completely mastered a Dao-Path, the Dao of Inkwater. It could be said that he was the most talented disciple Subhuti had ever accepted.

Battling against Junwu was an extremely headache-inducing decision, because his techniques were simply too complex. His flicks of the brush were capable of virtually drawing anything in the world...but precisely due to the complexity of his Dao, Junwu had yet to break through to become a Daofather.



2. Raws said he was in command of a Seamless Infinity formation, but this is clearly an author error.

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#### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 7: The Envoy of All Things**

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The heavens trembled. The ground shook.

A Pangu God, clad in a fur loincloth, had just engaged in battle with an armored Infinity Fiendgod.

The Nuwa Alliance's 'Myriad Immortals Armageddon Formation' was exchanging long-distance attacks with the Seamless Gate's 'Life and Death Formation of the Twin Realms Calamity Dragons', disrupting the entire battlefield with their attacks.

Long-distance attacks, protective stances, rapid response reinforcements...the Seven Planets Gods and the golems were quite nimble, and they served to cause chaos throughout the battlefield.

The desolate wilderness was utterly annihilated, so much so that the empty Void could be occasionally seen in multiple places as space was torn apart, then reformed.

"Once Empyrean Gods and True Immortals are massed in numbers, they truly do become quite terrifying." Ning was nervous as he watched the war. "If either side reveals a single weakness, it's entirely possible that there will be a large-scale collapse."

"The marshals on both sides are quite powerful as well. Under Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan's guidance, the major formations and the hundred-plus Seven Planets Gods seem to work together like a perfect whole, leaving behind no flaws or openings to exploit. Daomother Devilhand's attacks, however, are absolutely fiendish. In fact, she nearly destroyed a Seven Planets God just now."

Indeed. Despite having battled for quite some time, the Nuwa Alliance had yet to lose even a single Seven Planets God! This was testament to how flawless and how formidable Xuan Yuan was in commanding his troops.

"Withdraw." Xuan Yuan gave the order.

Rumble...

Under Xuan Yuan's guidance, the great army of the Nuwa Alliance began to retreat in an orderly fashion, not giving their enemies even a single chance to attack.

And so, the first exchange of blows had come to an end.

Even a madwoman like Daomother Devilhand was extremely calm and collected when commanding a battle of this level. This was because even the slightest of mistakes could result in the entire war being lost. In truth, wars like this weren't won, they were lost when one side made too many errors! Although Daomother Devilhand was legendary for her ferocious attacks, she actually made very few mistakes when commanding troops. It was simply that she believed in the adage that 'the best defense is a good offense'.

Her assaults had caused the Seamless Gate to put Xuan Yuan under tremendous pressure. However...Xuan Yuan was clearly even more talented and skilled than her, and his force deployments were even better. He moved his troops about like the floating clouds and the flowing water, showing no flaws at all.

In the blink of an eye, three engagements had occurred and more than a month had passed.

"Aunt-master, if this continues, it won't be good for us. With each clash, we have lost more than our foes. It won't be apparent in the short run, but if this sort of battle persist for two or three years, our weakness will become apparent." The black-robed Godking stood off to one side, looking at the slender, violet-robed woman seated before him. In his heart, he felt rather nervous.

The violet-robed woman's eyes seemed to be like two endless seas of blood. In terms of slaughter, she was the undisputed number one of the Seamless Gate, a demon amongst demons.

"Mm?" The violet-robed woman looked at the black-robed Godking.

"I'm just concerned," the Godking said hastily.

"You are right." The violet-robed woman lightly tapped on her armrest, a white crystalline bracelet around her arm. "I fought countless battles in the war for the Seamless Chaosworld, but I never met someone as formidable as him in leading armies. Battles on this level happen at incredible speed, and multiple variables are introduced every moment...and yet, he's actually able to factor them all in while deploying his forces in an utterly perfect manner. No wonder this Xuan Yuan fellow was able to defeat Shennong during the Primordial Era."

"Then what should we do?" The Godking said hurriedly. In the Seamless Gate, the only ones capable of making the Godking act in such an obedient manner were the Lord of All Fiends, the Keeper of the Everwood, and Daomother Devilhand.

"We have to win this war." The violet-robed woman continued, "If we lose this war, the wars that come later will be much, much harder to win. We'll need to spend even more effort, but we still might not be able to achieve victory in the final war for karmic luck."

The Godking mumbled mentally to himself. No shit. Everyone knows this.

"Arrange for an Envoy of All Things to come," the violet-robed woman ordered.

"An Envoy of All Things?" The black-robed Godking was shocked. He couldn't help but ask, "We're going to have an Envoy of All Things come? Now? B-but...we were preparing to use them in the final battle for karmic luck."

"Make the arrangements. Otherwise, we won't be able to win," the violet-robed woman said calmly.

"Alright. However...we'll need the Lord of All Fiends to concur in this matter," the black-robed Godking said hurriedly.

"Hurry up and go." The violet-robed woman frowned, a dangerous glint of anger appearing in her eyes. The black-robed Godking was instantly so terrified that his heart quailed. He had grown up in the Seamless Chaosworld, after all. Even though he was now a Daofather, he still felt dread when facing Daomother Devilhand. She was a madwoman! Others would perhaps give him face as the nominal

leader of the Seamless Gate and as the disciple of Lord Demonheart, but this madwoman would even dare to assault Lord Demonheart himself, to say nothing of the 'Godking'.

The Allfiend world.

At the top of a solitary mountain.

A red-robed, azure-haired man was seated here, staring into the boundless Void. His gaze had long ago pierced through the dimensional barriers separating worlds, allowing him to see through the space beyond them.

Whoosh. A figure suddenly materialized next to him. It was the black-robed Godking.

"Fiendlord," the Godking said respectfully.

"What is it?" The Lord of All Fiends glanced at him.

"Aunt-master believes that our chances of victory are low. If things continue, we may very well lose. She instructed me to come here to request an Envoy of All Things," the Godking said.

The Lord of All Fiends frowned. "If that's the case...go speak to Blackheaven. Take an Envoy back and give it to Devilhand."

"Yes." The Godking respectfully departed.

The Lord of All Fiends once more stared into the Void. He murmured softly, "I truly wish I could go back to the old days, when I could hide myself behind Demonheart and Everwood...but alas, I've been forced to stand forward. They even address me as the 'Lord of All Fiends', as Fiendlord. It was far better when I was simply 'Windfiend'; life as Windfiend was far more relaxed and carefree than life as the 'Fiendlord'. I really wonder what this war will end up like. Although Mother Nuwa has already departed, she left these three mighty formations behind. It's hard to say exactly how powerful those three protective formations are."

"If worse comes to worst, I'll try to save as many as I can, then leave the Three Realms." The Lord of All Fiends shook his head.

He had no taste for power.

During the era of the Seamless Chaosworld, he had been a very low-key figure. Back then, the most dazzling figures had been the Lord of the Demonheart, the Keeper of the Everwood, and Daomother Devilhand. No one had paid much attention to Windfiend, even though he was also born an Elder Fiend like the rest of them. In fact, there were many major powers in the Seamless Chaosworld who believed that Windfiend's power came solely due to his good fortune in being born as an Elder Fiend, as it didn't seem as though he had improved much at all since being born.

They only showed him respect because he was an Elder Fiend as well.

Windfiend didn't really care. He enjoyed being carefree and unbound...but the war that ended the Primordial Era had simply been too devastating. So many of his old friends, his brothers, had ended up dying in battle. The Lord of All Things had been very vicious; he had wanted to wipe out everyone in

both chaosworlds! As for Mother Nuwa, she was an even more terrifying figure; she had actually broken through to a brand new level, dominating all comers and slaying even the horrifying Lord of All Things.

Windfiend's only choice was to reveal his full power...and faced with death, he had actually made a breakthrough of his own, making it so that not even Mother Nuwa was able to catch him as he fled.

After spending a long period of time wandering the primordial chaos in solitude, he had returned.

"In truth, all I wanted was a safe place to call home." The Lord of All Fiends shook his head. The survivors of the Seamless Gate had insisted on venerating him as the 'Fiendlord', making him the true, undisputed leader of the Seamless Gate.

"What exactly is the cause of this tribulation? That old fellow, Demonheart, is plotting something...but it feels as though there's more to it than that..." The Lord of All Fiends frowned.

Ever since he had made his breakthrough while fleeing from Mother Nuwa, his ability to sense the tides of fate had most likely become number one in all the Three Realms. He could vaguely sense how terrifying this tribulation truly was.

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Celestial Immortal Blackheaven stood in front of him, pointing towards a titanic, ape-shaped golem that was completely dark-red in color and wreathed in tongues of flame. "Take it away, I suppose."

The black-robed Godking swept the surrounding area with his gaze. Upon seeing all the other Envoys of All Things in the area, he couldn't help but feel his heart itch.

"Remember, let the most powerful Empyrean God you have command it," Blackheaven instructed.

"Logically speaking, it should be reserved for a Daofather to command, but despite that, this Envoy of All Things should be able to unleash power comparable to that of a top-tier Daofather."

"Understood." The black-robed Godking nodded hurriedly.

All those years ago, the Lord of All Things had led an army of such Envoys, each of which had reached a level of power that was fully capable of launching attacks against the leaders of Daoism and Buddhism. They were utterly terrifying on the field of battle.

Even with Empyrean Gods in command of them, they were comparable to top-tier Daofathers.

"Also, make sure Devilhand knows that no matter what, we can't let the Nuwa Alliance capture this Envoy of All Things." Blackheaven laughed coldly, "My worry is that the Nuwa Alliance will act in an utterly shameless way, having experts like the Three Sovereigns or the leaders of Buddhism and Daoism to suddenly attack and capture the Envoy."

'Don't worry. Masters Devilhand and Everwood, as well as the Fiendlord, are paying close attention to this battle. The True Gods and Daofathers of the Nuwa Alliance won't be given any chance at all," the black-robed Godking said.

"Right. Is Ji Ning taking part in the battle?" Blackheaven suddenly asked.

"No." The Godking shook his head.

“A pity.” Blackheaven felt resentment.

He truly, truly wanted to kill Ning. Although almost all of his efforts were centered on these golems, he still felt hatred for Ning. It was rare for him to feel affection for someone...and that little girl had died, just like that. Although Ning had merely killed her in his counter-attack when they had attempted to assassinate him, Blackheaven really didn't give a damn about the particulars.

“Don't worry. If Ji Ning dares to enter the field of battle, I'll make sure to ask aunt-master Devilhand to give him some special attention,” the black-robed Godking laughed. “I'll take my leave, Grandmaster.”

“Go, go.” Blackheaven nodded.

The Godking waved his hand, collecting the Envoy of All Things, then left the Allfiend world, heading towards the Deerchaser world once more.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 8: Descent**

Daomother Devilhand stood atop the castle walls, the black-robed Godking next to her.

They stood shoulder-to-shoulder, staring at the distant wilderness. The army of the Seamless Gate was there, calling out for battle.

“Are you sure that they haven't found out that you brought an Envoy of All Things?” Daomother Devilhand asked.

“Don't worry, aunt-master,” the black-robed Godking said hurriedly. “I personally went to collect the Envoy of All Things. How could I possibly allow the Nuwa Alliance to find out about it? In addition, the Envoy only requires a single Empyrean God/True Immortal in control. While I was in the Allfiend world, I also brought along Empyrean God Bloodwave. This, too, was kept a secret. Empyrean God Bloodwave is extremely skilled in close combat; he was our number one choice for controlling an Envoy during the final war for karmic luck. With him in control, the Envoy will be able to unleash more than enough power and be capable of rivaling top-tier Daofathers.”

“Although their Pangu Genesis Formation is quite powerful, it's one of the three protective formations left behind by Nuwa! All three of them have tremendous power, but in order to unleash it they need a True God or Daofather to serve as the core of the formation. They have True Immortal Jimin, who mastered the [Five Treasures], serving as their core, which means that the size, scale, and power of the formation is much weaker now. It is just barely a match for top-tier Daofathers; there is still a significant gap in power between it and our Envoy of All Things.”

“The sudden appearance of the Envoy of All Things will immediately disrupt the balance of the battlefield. Don't be fooled by how seamless Xuan Yuan appears to be in moving around his forces; once a collapse starts, it will be complete and total.” The black-robed Godking was quite confident.

“Mm.” Daomother Devilhand nodded. “I hope this Envoy of All Things truly is as formidable as you say.”

The Envoys which the Lord of All Things had created were indeed quite powerful; they had proven their strength during the war that ended the Primordial Era. But the Envoys created by the Seamless Gate were developed by Grandmaster Blackheaven. Grandmaster Blackheaven was a peerless talent in the

Dao of Golems who the Lord of All Things had found in some unknown place. He was actually also capable of creating these Envoys, and the power of his Envoys seemed to be equivalent to those which the Lord of All Things had made.

“They are coming out.” The black-robed Godking’s eyes lit up.

“They finally came out. Xuan Yuan...” A hint of a cold light flickered through Daomother Devilhand’s eyes. “This time, I’m going to make you crumble.”

Boom! Boom!

Both armies once more charged towards the other.

The Nuwa Alliance’s army had a slight edge to begin with. With Xuan Yuan’s truly superb military skills, the Nuwa Alliance’s advantage was even more apparent. Although Daomother Devilhand was also skilled in commanding her troops, occasional setbacks still occurred for her forces.

It was just like all their previous clashes. Each time, the Seamless Gate’s forces would be whittled away slightly.

“Hmph.” Atop the castle walls, Daomother Devilhand sent a mental order. “Release the Envoy of All Things.”

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On the field of battle, the Pangu God and the two Infinity Fiendgods battled with the most ferocity.

The Pangu God formed by the Pangu Genesis Formation held an utterly enormous sword in its hands, executing sword-arts that all exceeded the limits of the Heavenly Daos. It naturally possessed nigh limitless power. As for the two white-haired, red-eyed Infinity Fiendgods, they were quite powerful as well. The Infinity Fiendgod Formation had been developed by Keeper Everwood, after all, and he had poured endless amounts of blood and sweat into it. Both Infinity Fiendgods were dressed in incomparably precious Protocosmic spirit-armors, which they relied on to defend against the Pangu God’s terrifying sword-arts. Both Infinity Fiendgods supported each other at all times, and so although they were at a disadvantage, they were still able to hold on against their foe.

“Kill.” The Jimin-Pangu was extremely calm. He was waiting...waiting for his foes to make a mistake!

No matter how well those two Infinity Fiendgods fought together, they were still commanded by two different people, not one. In a frenetic, high-powered battle, it was inevitable that they would eventually commit mistakes. Once they made a mistake, he would seize the opportunity to wipe out one of them. Once one was destroyed, the other would not be of any concern at all.

“What’s that?!” The Jimin-Pangu was shocked to discover that behind the two Infinity Fiendgods, an ape-shaped figure had suddenly appeared out of thin air without any warning. This creature’s entire body was wreathed in flames, and its aura was so powerful as to instantly stun the Jimin-Pangu. In fact, the subconscious sense of danger emanating from this creature was so strong that he couldn’t help but mentally shiver.

“Jimin, be careful! That’s an Envoy of All Things.” Xuan Yuan’s voice immediately rang out. “Ignore those two Infinity Fiendgods; I’ll send people to help you block them. Focus on defending against the Envoy!”

“Alright!” The Jimin-Pangu instantly understood. He had heard of these Envoys long ago, but he had never seen one of them in person before.

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As soon as the Envoy appeared, Xuan Yuan’s face instantly changed. However, he remained cool and collected as he quickly began to redeploy his forces, squeezing out every drop of power he could to relieve the pressure on the Jimin-Pangu, so as to let him fight against the Envoy without worrying about anything else. That way, the Jimin-Pangu would have at least a sliver of a chance of defending against the Envoy of All Things.

However, if the white-haired, red-eyed Infinity Fiendgods were allowed to join forces with the Envoy, then the Jimin-Pangu would definitely suffer a swift defeat. And once he collapsed...the entire field of battle would collapse.

“Stop them.”

“The five of you, go block the Seamless Infinity Formation closest to you.”

“The two of you, retreat and stop that group of golems!”

Xuan Yuan was processing many things in parallel, sending simultaneous orders to all the major formations as well as the Seven Planets Gods.

The entire battlefield suddenly transformed in a chaotic, disastrous way.

Atop the city walls. Xuan Yuan was watching over the entire battlefield here, quickly redeploying his forces. Next to him were Subhuti and Sui ren, and their faces had turned grave.

Ji Ning and the other disciples standing behind them were even more frantic than the three.

“Not good.” Ning instantly saw the situation turn grim for their side. “In order to allow the Jimin-Pangu to safely focus on dealing with the Envoy of All Things, he’s sending the Sidereal Star Formations and Myriad Immortals Armageddon Formations to keep the Infinity Fiendgods tied down. Although this will make things a bit easier for the Jimin-Pangu, that means everyone else will now be under much greater pressure.”

Their strongest asset on the battlefield was the Jimin-Pangu. Before the appearance of the Envoy, the strongest assets the enemy had were those two Infinity Fiendgods! Defending against the two of them put enormous pressure on the rest of the army.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The distant Jimin-Pangu was exchanging blows with the Envoy of All Things.

“AWUUUU!!!!” The fiery, ape-like Envoy of All Things raised its head, bellowing with utter madness as it lashed out with its long claws.

Clang!

The Jimin-Pangu landed a piercing blow on the Envoy with a streak of sword-light, but the only result was a clear, ringing sound. The blow didn’t manage to penetrate through at all! The Envoy, however,

became even more savage, its sharp claws filling the skies with endless attacks, with the lashing whip-strikes from its simian tail also possessing astonishing power. The Jimin-Pangu was at a complete disadvantage in this battle.

“They are beginning to retreat.” Ning, watching from far away, was immediately able to notice that their entire army was moving backwards, receding slowly as a whole, like the receding tides of the sea.

“What an incredible figure Xuan Yuan is.” Ning couldn’t help but feel admiration for him. If an ordinary commander was in charge, once their side was unable to withstand the enemy attacks, they would begin to crumble and break apart; it would be extremely hard for the army to retreat intact. But despite the adverse battlefield situation, Xuan Yuan was able to silently, perfectly coordinate a wholesale withdrawal. Although the Seamless Gate realized this, there was nothing they could do; they were already fighting with all their strength.

Boom! Ning’s face suddenly changed. He stared towards the distance, where a distant Seven Planets God just crumbled. A chain reaction began to occur, with the five Seven Planets Gods next to him being thrown into grave danger as well.

As the withdrawal continued, more and more Seven Planets Gods began to suffer damage.

Xuan Yuan was still quite calm as he continued with his arrangements. Clearly, in the eyes of Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan...the loss of twenty-seven Seven Planets Gods wasn’t too heavy a price to pay. If any of their nine major formations were destroyed, their losses would be devastated. As he saw it, to suffer some casualties during a retreat was unavoidable. All he could do was minimize their losses as much as he could.

“Kill! Kill! Kill!”

Some of the Seven Planets Gods were especially dazzling. One of them, a Seven Planets God who wielded a pair of scimitars, was particularly outstanding. It was the Seven Planets God commanded by Ning’s senior apprentice-brother, Emphyrean God Silvermoon.

Silvermoon had exploded forth with truly astonishing combat power. The missions which Xuan Yuan had given him were all quite complicated, but he still carried them out to perfection. He was as effective as three Seven Planets Gods, all by himself.

The withdrawal continued, and their side continued to suffer losses.

Boom! Finally, a Myriad Immortals Armageddon Formation suffered a collapse from all the attacks it had sustained.

A hundred True Immortals, a hundred thousand Celestial Immortals, and more than a hundred million Loose Immortals instantly began to be massacred. Faced with the terrifying, horde-like army of the Seamless Gate, they weren’t able to fight back at all. Even their formation had been destroyed; how could they possibly withstand these attacks?

Xuan Yuan’s face slowly turned ashen.

“Not good.” Ning suddenly discovered that Silvermoon’s dazzling, berserk Seven Planets God was in a dangerous situation. His earlier performance had been simply too showstopping; clearly, he had drawn



the attention of the Seamless Gate's army, which viewed him as a tough-to-chew bone that they had to get rid of as soon as possible. Thus, the True Immortal controlling the nearby Life and Death Twin Realms Calamity Dragons Formation suddenly pointed towards him.

Rumble...

The black dragons in the sky began to streak downwards, flocking towards Silvermoon's Seven Planets God.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 9: Confluence**

"Hahahaha...come, come! The two of you, go! Leave this golem to me!" Silvermoon's Seven Planets God roared like a frenzied devil, charging forward to block a violet-light golem on his own. This was the first time the Seamless Gate had deployed these golems in a battle, and they were fairly rare. Each of them was a bit more powerful than a Daofather golem.

There was no way a single Seven Planets God could withstand it...but Silvermoon's Seven Planets God charged forward to fight it solo, as though he had gone mad.

Black dragons continued to descend from the heavens, assaulting Silvermoon as he fought against the Daofather golem. Even the golem was affected by collateral damage from their attacks; this was simply unavoidable.

Boom!

Silvermoon's Seven Planets God finally collapsed.

The savage, violet-light golem was about to massacre the Immortals within, but right at this moment, a towering, handsome, white-robed man suddenly appeared before him. It was Emphyrean God Silvermoon! Silvermoon transformed to become three hundred thousand meters tall, with each palm thirty thousand meters long. He stretched out his massive hands, simultaneously grabbing onto two of the closest violet-light golems next to him.

"Ahahaha..." The handsome, white-robed man roared with laughter, but held onto those two golems with a death-clutch.

Although both golems did their best to fight back, and although they were still able to move forward, their were clearly slowed down dramatically by Silvermoon's deathgrip on them. There was no way they could possibly chase after other members of the Nuwa Alliance. There were only so many of them to begin with, and now two of them had been suddenly bogged down at the same time.

"Send two more. Trap him into a magic treasure and seal him away." Daomother Devilhand, atop the walls of the Seamless Citadel, frowned as she sent the mental order.

"I've mastered the Ninth Cycle of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], precisely because I want to keep fighting without pause on this field of battle!" The white-robed Silvermoon allowed the enemies to freely assault him. The Seven Planets God was merely a formation, but his body itself had reached the Ninth Cycle of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]; it was nearly indestructible!

“Senior apprentice-brother Silvermoon.” Ning watched the seemingly berserk Silvermoon fight on the battlefield. Due to how recklessly and madly Silvermoon had fought each time on the battlefield, Subhuti had decided to give Silvermoon many Great Firmament Immortal pills, enough to ensure that he could master the Ninth Cycle of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art]. Subhuti had warned Silvermoon, “Mastery of this art will only give you a higher chance of survival. If you insist on acting in a suicidal manner, no one and nothing will save you.”

On the battlefield, Silvermoon could see two more of the golems charging towards him. His divine body suddenly split apart into thirty, each of which fled towards one of three directions.

“Silvermoon, you’ve done enough! Hurry up and flee back here!” Xuan Yuan immediately sent mentally.

All by himself, Silvermoon had tied down four of the enemy golems, allowing the pressure to ease up considerably on the other Seven Planets Gods.

A short while later, the grand army of the Nuwa Alliance completed its withdrawal, leaving behind only the army of the Seamless Gate, which continued to call out mockingly towards them.

“Damn that Empyrean God Silvermoon.” A baleful aura was in Daomother Devilhand’s eyes.

Silvermoon’s sudden actions had indeed impacted the situation across the entire battlefield. If it hadn’t been for him, with a bit of luck the Seamless Gate might’ve been able to cause the entire army of the Nuwa Alliance to collapse. Even if there was no collapse, their losses definitely would’ve been much heavier.

“His divine body is quite powerful. He must’ve trained in the Ninth Cycle of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art],” the black-robed Godking said. “He was willing to risk it all in using his own body to tie down our forces. This did indeed have an impact on our pursuit. But...aunt-master, Silvermoon split up into multiple bodies and fled in many different directions, and we killed many of them. His life essence has definitely been badly damaged. It’s entirely possible that it will be a thousand years before he can fully recover.”

“Perhaps.” Daomother Devilhand nodded, a cold smile on her lips. “It took multiple clashes for Xuan Yuan to kill a small portion of my forces. I managed to cause him painful losses in just one.”

“In this battle, he must have lost nearly six hundred Empyrean Gods and True Immortals...and that’s because they were lucky. Next time, they won’t be so lucky.” The black-robed Godking was filled with confident as well.

“You need to remain on your guard.” Daomother Devilhand instructed, “And ask for your master to help out. We have to get a clear sense of what the Nuwa Alliance is planning.”

“Yes.” The Godking smiled and nodded.

.....

The Nuwa Alliance.

Within the levitating citadel.

The mood here was quite depressed. Those who were allowed to wander about freely within the castle were all Empyrean Gods or True Immortals. As for the Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals, they

were all required to remain within their respective camps. That way, they would be able to assemble more quickly.

“Senior apprentice-brother Silvermoon, you were too rash. You nearly died just now!” Ning looked at Silvermoon, whose aura was noticeably much weaker than before. Those destroyed clones had all contained part of Silvermoon’s soul. He had lost more than half his soul this time. Although his Dao-heart was powerful enough for him to remain clear-minded and have his soul dissipate, he was still at the very brink of it happening. After fleeing, he had to eat a spirit-pill Subhuti had given him before he was able to stabilize his soul. Right now, Silvermoon’s power was perhaps just barely on the level of an ordinary Celestial Immortal’s.

“If I didn’t try something crazy, even more Empyrean Gods and True Immortals would have died,” Silvermoon said softly. “To be honest...perhaps a death on the battlefield is the most suitable refuge for me. I was able to allow more of my friends to survive than would’ve otherwise. It was worth it.”

“Junior apprentice-brother Silvermoon. Junior apprentice-brother Darknorth.” A distant voice rang out.

Ning and Silvermoon both turned to look. It was their golden-haired, golden-robed senior apprentice-brother Goldcrow who was walking towards them.

“Senior apprentice-brother Goldcrow.” The two of them called out to him.

“Silvermoon, you truly rendered major merits to our cause this time. Just now, Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan said that if it wasn’t for you, the situation would’ve been even uglier for us,” Goldcrow said.

“Senior apprentice-brother Goldcrow, after you took control of a Sidereal Star Formation, you rescued the Jimin-Pangu and its hundreds of Empyrean Gods on multiple occasions. You are the one who has truly done great things,” Silvermoon said. This was the truth as well; because the Jimin-Pangu had to hold off the Envoy of All Things, it had to be the last to flee. Since Goldcrow had the ‘Golden Sunstreak’ divine ability, he had indeed assisted the army in escaping, ensuring that the Seamless Gate was unable to catch up.

“No need for us to talk about who did more. We were defeated this time, and disastrously so.” Goldcrow shook his head.

“Yes. This was disastrous.” Silvermoon nodded. “Many of my good friends died in battle.”

“Yes.” Ning’s heart sunk as well.

Nearly six hundred Empyrean Gods and True Immortals had died!

Good heavens!

It must be understood that the Realms of the rest of the Five Emperors, such as Emperor Zhuanxu, held just barely six hundred Empyrean Gods/True Immortals in total. For so many to die in a single battle...for every five that took part in the battle, one had died! How many friends, brothers, disciples had perished?

Subhuti’s disciples were all quite powerful, and they had all been quite lucky; all of them had actually survived. But most of them had just barely been able to escape, and even Silvermoon, who had mastered the Ninth Cycle of the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art], had very nearly perished.

This time, they had survived.

Next time?

The entire citadel was filled with agony, resentment, and an unwillingness to accept this result. Their casualties had been horrendous, primarily because they had lost a Myriad Immortals Armageddon Formation as well as a Sidereal Star Formation.

Ning had wandered the Three Realms for six centuries. He had visited every single major world, and he had made many friends such as True Immortal Luoshui. And this time...of the nearly six hundred slain Empyrean Gods and True Immortals...there were 129 friends who had drank, chatted, and laughed by Ning's side. Some had even sparred with him before!

Ning's heart was filled with misery.

"Master."

Ning had gone to visit Subhuti by himself.

"Eh?" Subhuti was seated in the lotus position. He looked at Ning.

"Let me join the battle," Ning pleaded. "My Rahu God is comparable to those violet-light golems. If I send eighteen of my clones, that'll represent a force capable of matching eighteen violet-light golems."

Subhuti sighed and shook his head. "I understand how you feel right now...but right now, the main problem isn't the golems. It is the Envoy of All Things! No matter how many low-level forces we have, if we can't use them together in an effective manner, there's no way we'll be able to overcome the higher-level forces. The Envoy of All Things is simply too strong. Even the Pangu Genesis Formation was at an absolute disadvantage when facing it. It would be able to survive a short clash, but if they fought for a long period of time, the only result would be destruction.

"Tell me." Subhuti looked at Ning. "Would Seven Planet Gods, even a hundred of them, be able to deal with a single Envoy of All Things?"

Ning shook his head.

A thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals trying to mob a Daofather would be massacred, unless they were capable of some sort of formation that allowed them to join their power together!

"The Envoy of All Things has the power of a top-tier Daofather," Subhuti said. "Your Rahu God is much weaker than it, and its body is merely composed of divine power. It will crumble as soon as its defenses are breached."

"Yes." Ning nodded.

"We have methods for dealing with the other golems and formations. The real problem is this Envoy of All Things. If we can't find a way to deal with it, there's no way we can win this war." An expression suddenly flickered across Subhuti's face. "Leave me for now. Other major powers have arrived. I need to go meet with them as well."

“Alright.” Ning respectfully withdrew, departing from Subhuti’s residence. Upon stepping out, he suddenly raised his head to stare off into the distance. Far away, one major power after another was descending, each of them surrounded by auras of incredible power. All of these major powers descended directly into Xuan Yuan’s palace.

“Now that an Envoy of All Things has appeared, things have become problematic for us. Not even the Pangu Genesis Formation can withstand it.” A graceful, poised woman was next to Ning, also staring towards the skies with her head raised. It was senior apprentice-sister Empyrean Phoenix. “The Pangu Genesis Formation was left behind by Mother Nuwa. It is extremely powerful, but it really needs a Daofather commanding it in order to unleash its true power.”

“Mm.” Ning nodded.

“Who can stand against an Envoy of All Things?” Empyrean Phoenix shook her head. “The major powers have all come here to discuss this very question, no doubt. For so many major powers to be forced to convene...this is testament to how problematic this Envoy is.”

Ning could sense the weight of the invisible pressure brought by the Envoy as well.

So many of his friends had died in battle...was it all for nothing? Were they going to lose?

Suddenly, Ning’s body trembled.

Rumble...

A flood of memories began to surge into his mind from far away.

.....

At a blazing, fiery star within the primordial chaos.

Whoosh.

Spacetime twisted and a white-robed youth emerged from within.

“So the exit is actually located here. It’s quite well-hidden. After six hundred years...finally, I’m out.” The white-robed youth’s body suddenly trembled.

A flood of memories surged towards him from the distant Deerchaser world of the Three Realms.

A confluence of memories!

His two clones had been completely separated from the rest after they had entered Undermoon Lake, and so there was no way for their memories to join together. Upon exiting Undermoon Lake...instantly, the memories of the two clones once more connected together with the memories of all the other clones, joining together into a confluence.

Part of the memories were formed from his six hundred years in Undermoon Lake and his time spent studying World God Northrest’s many sword-arts, which allowed Ning to understand and master the number one sword-art of the Three Realms.

The other part of his memories were formed from his experiences of roaming the Three Realms, watching many events happen and gradually learning to understand the human heart. They also included his experiences and battles in Prisonworld 17.

The two different memories began to collide against each other, merging into one whole.

Different insights into the sword.

Different insights into the heart.

They continued to collide, merge, and fuse together...

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 10: The Return**

Although the core of the blazing star was incredibly hot, the flames on its surface were at most capable of harming Void-level Earth Immortals and Loose Immortals.

The white-robed youth stood there, not moving at all. Six hundred years worth of memories were fusing together nonstop.

It could be said that in Undermoon Lake, Ji Ning was completely and utterly infatuated with and devoted to the sword. All of his efforts had been spent on it, and his heart had barely changed at all. But in the outside world, Ning's heart had changed on a fundamental level. He had spent six hundred years dominating and soulscouring the prisoners of the prisonworld and had seen so many memories. Memories of darkness, of madness, of love, of betrayal...

Every time he soulscoured someone, the memories he saw would affect him slightly. If an ordinary person was to see someone else's memories, it was entirely possible that the memories would all bleed into each other and intermingle. Of course, this wouldn't happen for someone on Ning's level, but generally speaking it wasn't uncommon for shadows to be cast over one's mind. If one could endure it, however, it would serve as a form of tempering.

For someone like Ning, the backlash caused by soulscouring really wasn't worth mentioning. However, his heart had still slowly evolved, becoming as bottomless as an endless abyss, capable of holding anything within its depths.

As for the time he spent wandering the Three Realms and meditating on the Nine Chaos Seals, it had continuously tempered and refined Ning's heart even further.

One side had reached an astonishing level in the sword.

The other had seen a transformation of the heart.

Even mortals had the saying, 'put your heart into it'. Two experts might be at the exact same level of sword-arts, but they would be able to produce completely different results based on the level of their heart.

"My sword was always a bit too excessively sharp; it wasn't quite stable and steady enough. In Undermoon Lake, I was never quite able to make a breakthrough in this regard," the white-robed youth mumbled. He suddenly pointed forward with his finger. At the tip of his finger suddenly appeared a

swirling whirlpool that was formed from diametrically opposed types of power. Swish! The Void itself was pierced through.

“Now...I’ve finally made a bit of a breakthrough.” Ning nodded slowly.

During the past six hundred years in Undermoon Lake, Ning had almost completely focused on the sword. This became even more the case after he had viewed the ninety-eight stone steles which World God Northrest had left behind. They revealed a brand new path for Ning. Ning had wanted to reach the fifth level of swordforce very much, but going from the fourth level to the fifth level was as hard as ascending to the heavens. It was much like how only the great divinity Houyi had ever managed to reach the fifth level of heartforce; the number of fifth-level swordforce experts in the Three Realms could be counted on one hand.

To break through and reach the fifth stage of swordforce with just a few short centuries of training was simply far too difficult. Ning had always worked very hard, and although he hadn’t made a breakthrough in swordforce, he had learned much and actually been able to embark upon a different path. He had slowly gained insight into yinforce and yangforce, and had even been able to join them together into infiniforce. Ning was able to infuse many of his insights regarding World God Northrest’s sword-arts into his infiniforce technique.

World God Northrest’s sword-arts actually contained many different types of force, including swordforce, infiniforce, spacetime-force...

But clearly, when training with the sword, Ning had gained more insights into Yin and Yang, resulting in him comprehending the essence of infiniforce. In truth, during his early years at Swallow Mountain, Ning had simultaneously trained in two mighty sword techniques, one of fire, the other of ice. When he trained in using ice and fire at the same time, he was unconsciously training in the basics of Yin and Yang as well. However, Ning had only spent so many years training, and most of those years had been focused on the Dao of the Sword and the Grand Dao of the Waterdrop. He was completely unwilling to divide his attention towards other Daos.

In Undermoon Lake, Ning didn’t train in any other Daos at all, only training in the sword.

And so...in the end, had gained insight into infiniforce.

After three years, he had gained a basic level of insight into infiniforce. Strictly speaking, in the outside world it could be said that he had already gained insight into the Grand Dao of Infinity.

After twenty years, his infiniforce had reached the second level.

After less than a century, it had reached the third level.

And yet...he had yet to be able to reach the fourth level.

However, upon leaving Undermoon Lake and reconnecting with the memories from the outside world, his heart began to change. He drew upon the many insights regarding the sword he had gained during six centuries of roaming the Three Realms...and so, naturally and unconsciously, Ning reached the fourth level of infiniforce as well. But most importantly of all, because Ning’s insights were derived from World God Northrest’s sword-arts, his infiniforce and his swordforce began to join together into a perfect, flawless whole.

“The fifth stage of swordforce...” Ning could sense it much more clearly now than before.

“It seems the experiences of my predecessors were correct.” Ning nodded mentally to himself.

World God Northrest had left behind many bamboo scrolls. Aside from containing techniques, some contained knowledge and guidance for training in general, as well as information regarding the endless primordial chaos. Alas, World God Northrest had fled in a blind panic, and so even he wasn't certain how many different regions and dimensions of spacetime he had traversed before reaching the Three Realms. Thus, the few maps he had regarding the primordial chaos were all useless to Ning.

The knowledge and guidance for training in general, however, was very useful.

According to what World God Northrest had said, if one wished to reach the fifth stage of swordforce, one would ideally come up with ways of infusing other types of force into one's sword-arts, producing sword-arts of greater power. The more powerful one's sword-arts were, the closer one would be to the fifth stage of swordforce. To reach the sixth stage of swordforce would be to reach the stage known as the true 'World of the Sword'. This was the stage of World Gods, a stage that completely eclipsed the Heavenly Daos. The best way to reach this level was to train in sword-arts that surpassed the Heavenly Daos!

This was because the World God level, in and of itself, surpassed the Heavenly Daos. Thus, training in sword-arts that surpassed the Heavenly Daos, even in just one aspect such as the [Five Treasures] and speed, would still help tear a small 'crack' in the barrier the Heavenly Daos presented. This would allow Ning to move closer to that level.

“Following the guidance of my predecessors is akin to standing on their shoulders.” Ning wouldn't be so arrogant as to disregard their guidance.

What he needed to do was constantly improve himself until he reached a point where he surpassed even his predecessors.

When he had been forced to personally consign Yu Wei into the Infinity Hells, Ning had suddenly comprehended many things. He had murmured to himself: 'Though I come from the mortal dust, my heart still soars towards the heavens.'

“Eh? I just mastered the Dao of Rainwater.”

The white-robed youth stood there on the surface of the blazing star, stunned.

Because of his mastery over the [Five Treasures], he was finally able to comprehend other Daos again. Within just a few breaths of time, he completely mastered the Dao of Rainwater!

This was primarily because Ning was at simply far too high a level of understanding right now. When his ninth apprentice-brother, Junwu, was still just a mortal child, a single word of guidance from Subhuti had caused him to suddenly master an entire Dao overnight. What level of enlightenment had Ning reached? His sword-arts had surpassed the Heavenly Daos, and his swordforce and infiniforce had joined together perfectly. He had also absorbed the essence of the elite sword-arts left behind by World God Northrest, and his self-created [Brightmoon] sword-art was already definitely the number one sword-art of the Three Realms.



He possessed an incredibly high level of insight, and also possessed an incredibly high level of heartforce. Comprehending the various Daos he already had an affinity towards? It was just a matter of time.

“Time to pay the prisonworld a visit.” The white-robed youth entered a boat-type treasure, shuttling through the Void.

Upon reaching the icy star and entering the prisonworld...

“Eh? I just mastered the Dao of the Thunderclap?” As soon as Ning entered the prisonworld, he was shocked by this revelation. He was surprised because prior to training in the [Five Treasures], he had no talent for lightning-affinity Daos at all. But now, he had suddenly mastered it with tremendous speed. It was second only to the Dao of Rainwater; he hadn’t even regained his other previous Daos, such as the Dao of the Inferno. Instead, it was the Dao of the Thunderclap which had come first.

Still, it made sense.

His divine body had long ago become baptized by lightning, becoming a lightning-attribute divine body. In terms of his body’s affinity for lightning, he was actually on an even higher level than Exalted Celestial Thundergod, who had been born out of the primordial chaos itself. His body was able to completely become one with the Ninehorn Lightning Serpent, just as perfectly as a Golden Crow would be able to become one with the flames of the sun.

In truth, at this point in time, Ning’s affinity for and talent in lightning actually surpassed even his talent for water! However, he had focused on the Grand Dao of the Waterdrop in the past. Even though his memories of it were lost, he would instinctively gain insights into it much faster than in other Daos, allowing him to quickly master the Dao of Rainwater.

And then...

The Dao of the Inferno and the Dao of the Gale all revealed themselves as well. He even began to gain insights into the Dao of Space once more.

“The more solid a foundation, the more one shall comprehend.” Ning was quite calm.

According to what World God Northrest had said, different chaosworlds all had different Heavenly Daos! For example, the Pangu Chaosworld and the Seamless Chaosworld both had Heavenly Daos of Earth, but although they were extremely similar, there were still a number of differences. 1

For true experts, however, what really mattered was a solid foundation of fundamental forces such as swordforce, infiniforce, taiji-force, or chaosforce. Once one reached a sufficiently high level of insight into these fundamental forces, then no matter what chaosworld one entered, one would be able to rapidly gain insights into the many local Daos. By now...Ning had gained a very stable foundation.

“The prisonworld.”

“In the past, my vision was far too limited. Or perhaps it would be more fair to say that the True Gods and True Immortals of Pangaea had limited vision.” Ning was quite moved.

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A series of white-robed youths stood there atop a grassy area within the prisonworld. There were a total of eighteen of them, and they were scattered throughout the region. In front of them was placed a large amount of Protocosmic spirit-treasures and unique treasures. The most powerful aura came from a sword...a Darknorth sword.

After six centuries of sweeping through the prisonworld, more than twenty True Gods and True Immortals had died by his hands! All the baleful aura released by those deaths had allowed one of Ning's six Darknorth swords to finally break through and evolve to become a Chaos treasure, thanks to the 'Armaments of Sin' technique.

"Thankfully, World God Northrest left behind certain techniques to me, allowing me to recognize how these treasures are meant to be used."

1. In the original Chinese, the character for 'Earth' used in Pangu and Seamless were different.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 11: Meeting the Godking**

While roaming the vast primordial chaos, one had to be able to recognize treasures for what they were. If you saw one without recognizing one and passed it by, how laughable would that be? World God Northrest had naturally left behind many records, allowing Ji Ning to identify the treasures he was currently in most desperate need of.

"Come." Ning willed it, and a dirty-looking cauldron flew towards him.

Ning had acquired this cauldron from an imprisoned Empyrean God. That Empyrean God had spent quite some time analyzing the cauldron after acquiring it, but wasn't sure exactly how it was to be used. In fact, not even the seniors of his sect that he asked knew the answer.

"A Five Elements Cauldron." Ning nodded slowly. "I had thought that after leaving Undermoon Lake, I would need to spend time and effort scrounging up the materials I would need to forge one of these things. Now, I realize that I actually already have one...and this one is at the level of a Protocosmic spirit-treasure. Although it's nothing in the eyes of someone like World God Northrest, I probably wouldn't be able to make one as good."

Five Elements Cauldrons were used to destroy magic treasures.

Right. Destroy them!

Precious items and minerals, along with magic items, damaged or undamaged, could be thrown into these cauldrons. They would be completely destroyed, and then reformed into five types of Five Elements essences; Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, Earth. Virtually every single treasure born from the primordial chaos could be melted down into essences of the Five Elements.

Even the primordial chaos itself could be converted into the Five Elements!

The extracted essences could be used to forge new magic treasures, as treasures that were infused with them would undergo certain transformations.

The reason why Ning was in desperate need of such a cauldron was for the sake of that damaged sword, the most important treasure World God Northrest had left him.

“Violetjewel...although its core essence is intact, the sword itself is so heavily damaged that it is close to the brink of breaking apart. The sword is damaged so heavily that there is no way it can be used in battle at all. I have to use Five Elements essence in order to repair it!”

If given sufficient Five Elements essence, Violetjewel’s physical structure could be repaired enough to allow it to be once more used in battle. By then, it would definitely be far more powerful than a mere Chaos weapon.

Given even more Five Elements essence, Violetjewel could be completely repaired, allowing it to regain all of its former power.

To spend some Five Elements essence in exchange for acquiring a weapon that surpassed Chaos treasures? Of course Ning was willing!

All those years ago, World God Northrest’s efforts were completely focused on finding a way to halt the decay of his truesoul. He was focused on trying to stay alive, and so had no desire to waste time on creating a Five Elements Cauldron, much less collecting the many treasures that would be needed to refine a sufficient amount of Five Elements essences. As far as World God Northrest was concerned, repairing the treasure would be of no use to him. Staying alive was what really matter.

“Arise.”

Ning naturally possessed the techniques needed to use a Five Elements Cauldron. He was even capable of creating one anew, much less merely using one.

However, the Emyrean God of Pangaea who had formerly owned the cauldron did not know these techniques. In fact, his clan had never even heard of it. Generally speaking, only the major powers of the primordial chaos would have access to Five Elements Cauldrons, as only truly powerful figures would be willing to throw so many precious treasures into a cauldron and destroy them. The only reason why Ning himself had so many treasures was because he had the prisonworld.

Rumble...

The dirty-looking Five Elements Cauldron had been silent for countless years. And now, it finally had a chance to reveal its brilliance. Five streaks of light shot out from its five handles, shooting towards the skies.

“Go.” Ning pointed towards the cauldron, and ten top-grade Pure Yang treasures were instantly flung into it. Ning had already completely swept through all the Emyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals of the prisonworld, and he had a simply enormous amount of top-grade Pure Yang treasures. Every single Emyrean God and Celestial Immortal had quite a few; Celestial Immortal Liangqiu, for example, had possessed more than seven hundred flying swords. One of the prisoners had more than ten thousand top-grade Pure Yang treasures!

Ning just threw in ten to test it out.

Hisssssss.

Like snow being thrown into a furnace, a series of hissing, crackling sounds could be heard as all ten Pure Yang treasures were completely annihilated, leaving behind just a few tiny bits of debris. The

essence of the Five Elements flowed into the holding region for the Five Elements located within the cauldron.

“How savage.” Ning pointed, and with a series of whooshes, a dense cluster of at least ten thousand flying shuttles all flew into the Five Elements Cauldron.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! All the Pure Yang treasures started to splinter.

“Uh oh.” Ning could sense that his energy was depleting at a rapid pace. He hurriedly pulled out a Pure Yang Immortal pill and tossed it into his mouth. “World God Northrest actually neglected to notify me that using the Five Elements Cauldron to destroy treasures and refine them into essence is a process that uses up an enormous amount of energy.” But what he had forgotten was that the clone he was using to control the cauldron merely had a third-tier Pure Yang Jindan, after all.

World God Northrest was a World God. The amount of energy used up by the cauldron was utterly negligible for him.

“Time to go.”

Ning left behind one clone to refine the treasures into essence for repairing Violetjewel. As for the other seventeen clones, he had all of them leave the prisonworld. The ninety-eight stone steles and jade shrine which World God Northrest had left behind had all been placed into the prisonworld as well. Ning had brought them back, as the pocket dimension Ning had been in collapsed as soon as he left it.

The core of that pocket dimension was the sword Violetjewel. Once Ning took it away, the pocket dimension would naturally crumble, leaving behind no traces of its passing.

A white-robed youth appeared once more on the surface of that frozen star. His other sixteen bodies were located within the estate-treasure he carried alongside him, with fifteen of them focusing on training in the [Icefire Jindan Smelting] technique.

As Ning saw it, of his eighteen clones of his main body, he would have seventeen upgrade their Jindans. The reason he was going to leave one behind was because he was going to leave it in the prisonworld and let it focus on operating the cauldron. That one would remain un-upgraded, in case that Ning’s other bodies were all destroyed in the war in the Three Realms.

Once they were destroyed, the remaining body could use chaos nectar to quickly rebuild the other seventeen! Ning would then be able to simply use more Ninefire Lava and Iceheart Pith to re-upgrade their Jindans.

But if he was to upgrade his Jindan to the second-tier, allowing him to become a half-step Daofather, then the cost of remaking seventeen clones would become considerably higher, perhaps requiring ten times the amount of chaos nectar. Ning had very little chaos nectar left; there was simply no way he could afford that.

“160,000 kilograms of Ninefire Lava, 160,000 kilograms of Iceheart Pith. That’ll be enough for fifteen clones of my true body and seventeen clones of my Primaltwin.” Ning nodded. As for the remaining amount, he left it all behind within the prisonworld.

Ning was going to leave behind a 'seed' of both his true body and his Primaltwin, just to be safe. No one could predict what was going to happen within this tribulation. Even though he was now much more powerful, Ning was still going to be cautious.

"Time to meet the Godking."

Whoosh.

Ning flew out from the frozen star.

Right now, the war for the Deerchaser world was a pivotal moment in the war for karmic luck!

Many of his friends and brothers had died in battle, causing Ning to wish to participate as well. And indeed, he now had the power to make a difference. The so-called 'Envoy of All Things'? Ning was confident in being able to deal with it! But before doing so, he had to first rescue Yu Wei. Otherwise, once he revealed his full power on the Deerchaser world, the Godking would most likely have second thoughts and once more use Yu Wei to blackmail him.

Thus...

He had to first rescue his wife.

Only then could he return to the Deerchaser world!

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Whoosh.

A white-robed youth appeared out of nowhere within the northern seas of the Grand Xia.

Although the Seamless Gate had been defeated in the war for the Grand Xia, they had still launched repeated, minor incursions against the world. True Immortal Dongyan had died in one such clash.

"Eh?" Ning spread out his heartforce, quickly discovering one of the Seamless Gate's bases in the northern seas.

"I am Darknorth. I wish to speak to the Godking of your Seamless Gate. Make the report right away," Ning sent mentally.

The base was only staffed by a Celestial Immortal. Upon hearing Ning's mental message, he was badly frightened. He was of the Grand Xia; naturally, he knew of the legendary power of Ji Ning, Emphyrean God Darknorth. Darknorth was someone who had roamed the Three Realms and slaughtered many members of the Seamless Gate.

The Celestial Immortal put everything else aside and immediately made a report to his master.

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The Deerchaser major world.

The black-robed Godking and Daomother Devilhand were both standing atop the castle walls, staring at the vast wilderness in front of them. The great army of the Seamless Gate filled the wilderness, and they were calling for the enemies to come engage them in battle.

“They remain behind their fortifications, not daring to come out and fight.” The black-robed Godking laughed.

“Yesterday, quite a few True Gods and Daofathers of the Nuwa Alliance descended upon the castle. It seems they are discussing what to do about this war.” Daomother Devilhand laughed coldly, “Hmph. What sort of ideas can these major powers possibly come up with? The Envoys of All Things were devised by the Lord of All Things. What, does the Nuwa Alliance think that they can also create a golem of this level?”

“How could they? The Lord of All Things was someone capable of bringing disaster to two chaosworlds and nearly destroying them both.” The black-robed Godking laughed. “Not even the protective formations which Mother Nuwa left behind are able to withstand the Envoys. They are definitely going to lose-...eh?”

Daomother Devilhand looked towards the Godking, puzzled.

The black-robed Godking laughed. “It’s fine. A young fellow wishes to meet with me.”

“A young fellow?” Daomother Devilhand was puzzled. “Who?”

“That Ji Ning kid, who once forced me to bow my head before him...” The black-robed Godking laughed softly.

“Ji Ning?” Daomother Devilhand nodded. “A mere Emypyrean God/True Immortal. Hurry up and deal with this minor matter. This war before us is the critical pivot on which our chances of winning the war for karmic luck shall turn. This is what truly matters.”

“Yes, aunt-master,” the black-robed Godking assented.

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 12: Wishful Thinking**

The world of the Grand Xia. An island atop the great Darknorth Sea.

Ji Ning was viewing the scenery before him. Although it was winter, the innate heat within this island kept it in perpetual spring. The island blossomed with flowers and was quite beautiful to behold.

“Senior apprentice-sister.”

“We’re going to meet again soon. Our family will be reunited.” Ning still remembered how she looked, all those years ago, when she stroked her belly as she watched him train in the sword. That warm, loving environment...ever since the destruction of Shennong’s medicine and the shattering her soul, it had completely disappeared. For the sake of getting it back, Ning had risked his life and had done everything he could possibly do. Thankfully, he had been lucky enough to acquire the [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent] evasion technique, had been lucky enough to possess powerful heartforce, and had been lucky enough that senior Fuxi had created the Rahu Formation for him. This was the reason why he had been able to force the Seamless Gate to bow its head.

Finally...he and his daughter was going to be reunited with his wife. The three of them would be reunited once more, as a family.

Rumble...

A ripple of power descended. Startled, Ning turned his head to look.

A black-robed man was standing at the end of an upraised path in the distance. The black-robed man sauntered towards him, a smile on his face. "This island isn't bad. It's quite beautiful. Your Primaltwin remains on the Deerchaser world, but your true body has appeared. It seems you have emerged from Undermoon Lake."

"Yes." Ning nodded.

"Formidable, formidable." The black-robed Godking nodded, letting out a sigh of praise. "To tell you the truth, Ji Ning...although the two of us are on enemy sides, I admit I'm quite shocked and impressed that you were able to emerge from Undermoon Lake in just six hundred short years. Jueming entered during the Primordial Era and was only able to escape during the Three Realms era."

Ning said, "I've emerged. Isn't it time for you to hold to your promise?"

"Did you bring the treasures I asked for?" The black-robed Godking laughed, "Per what I originally said, I would only release Yu Wei's soul to you once you gave the treasures to me."

"I brought them." Ning's heartrate began to speed up uncontrollably, but he was able to remain calm.

"I trust that you have the other two treasures...but what of the Iceheart Leaf?" The black-robed Godking laughed.

Ning waved his hand. A semi-transparent, crystalline Iceheart Leaf suddenly appeared, levitating above his hands.

"It really is an Iceheart Leaf." The black-robed Godking inspected it carefully, a slightly intoxicated look in his eyes. "It really is quite beautiful, just as the legends said it to be. This is my first time to see an Iceheart Leaf in person. Mmm...alright. You can destroy it now."

"Destroy it?" Ning's heart sank. What was the meaning of this? Why was he being told to bring, then destroy the Iceheart Leaf?

"Now that I've seen it, it's of no further use to me." The black-robed Godking looked at Ning. "I just wanted the chance to look at it, that's all."

"I brought you the treasures that you asked for. Please give my senior apprentice-sister's soul back to me," Ning immediately said.

"Ahaha...." The black-robed Godking let out an ear-piercing laugh, an uproarious laugh, a crazy laugh. He laughed so hard, tears nearly came out of his eyes. His entire body trembled from laughter as he pointed a quivering hand at Ning. "Oh, Ji Ning, Ji Ning...and to think that you are a 'peerless genius of this age'. Haven't you understood yet? When I told you to get me Iceheart Leaf, I simply wanted to force you into Undermoon Lake. The leaf, the other treasures...although they are of some use to me as a Daofather, they are meaningless to the Seamless Gate as a whole. Did you really think I would care about those three treasures?"

"All I wanted was for you to enter Undermoon Lake!"

“Although you managed to emerge after six hundred years...it was enough. It was enough. Our ‘Three Realms infiltration phase’ is complete. Our Seamless Gate is battling against your Nuwa Alliance on the Deerchaser world, and soon the entire war for karmic luck will be at an end. The infiltration phase is over. It no longer matters.” The black-robed Godking roared with laughter. “If you came out after just one or two centuries, I’d probably have to come up with something else, but six hundred years? You are no longer a threat.”

“No threat at all.”

“Nowadays, our Seamless Gate’s forces are sent out in massive armies. You, a mere True Immortal with that feeble Rahu-something formation...what can you possibly do?” The black-robed Godking continued to roar with ear-piercing laughter like a madman.

Years ago, the Godking had been forced by Ning to bow his head. The Godking had been enraged to the point of wanting to kill Ning, but it wasn’t appropriate for him to personally act. However, the chance to see Ning enraged, see Ning feel despair...that would be even more delightful than simply killing him.

As the black-robed Godking laughed with abandon, he kept a careful watch over Ning, noting every single change in expression. He wanted to see Ning’s face become filled with panic and despair. Only then would the demon in his heart be satisfied! Other Immortal cultivators might be afraid of their dark side, but the Godking was a cultivator of Lord Demonheart’s arts. He himself was the veritable incarnation of a mental devil, while his master was the Lord of the Demonheart.

But...he was disappointed.

Ning just stood there. Stood there, not reacting at all.

Crack. Something suddenly seemed to shatter.

That woman who had quietly, blissfully watched with a smile on her face as Ning had trained in the sword...she was never coming back.

Pain!

Ning felt agonizing pain in his heart. Pain that made him feel nauseous. Pain that was about to drive him insane. He wanted to laugh...he wanted to roar...but he couldn’t make any sound at all. For many years now, the karmic sinflames had been constantly burning against his body, but Ning had never cared about the pain they brought. In this moment, however...the pain he felt was ten thousand times greater than the pain from the karmic sinflames.

“Ha...haha...”

Suddenly, a dry laugh rattled out from Ning’s mouth.

He sounded almost like a toddler who had just learned how to speak.

“Aha...ahaha...ahahaha....” Ning began to laugh wildly. He finally began to laugh, and his tears finally began to fall as well.

Upon seeing this, the black-robed Godking finally let out a satisfied smile. This was more like it. This was the reaction he had expected. For a brief moment, just now, the man hadn’t been reacting at all.



“Ahahaha...I knew all along that you weren't worthy of my trust...” Ning's eyes were completely bloodshot now. He laughed wildly, “I knew it all along. You, 'Godking', you toy with the hearts of men, causing chaos throughout the Three Realms. How could your promises be worth believing? But I still chose to believe, and I even entered Undermoon Lake, doing everything I could to return as soon as possible.”

“I even impatiently ran over here to hand those three treasures over to you. I knew that your promises were as worthless as dogshit...but I still came. I held onto hope. A tiny shred of hope...hope...hope that she would be able to come back.”

“I hoped that she would be able to come back.”

“Brightmoon and I...we miss her. I want our family to be together again. That's all I want. My family to be together.”

“But you...finally...you have finally destroyed my last bit of hope. You destroyed it.” Ning laughed so madly, he was shaking. “Ahaha...it was all just wishful thinking...I was just dreaming. I was lying to myself this entire time. Lying to myself. Telling myself that we could still be together. What a joke. I am such a joke. A joke!”

The black-robed Godking could sense how the heart of the youth before him had shattered. Could sense his agony. His despair. The destruction of that last shred of hope.

The Godking...was satisfied.

Was pleased.

This was more like it. This was true agony. This was true heartbreak.

The Godking looked at Ning. “It is time for you to wake up. You need to understand that at this current stage of the war, a single Empyrean God like you cannot have any impact at all. By now, only a large number of Empyrean Gods and True Immortals joined together will have any effect. Still...I'm a man who appreciates talent.”

“I'll once more invite you to join the Seamless Gate. So long as you are willing to join us, you'll immediately be able to reunite with your wife. Don't you wish to be with her? Don't you wish for your daughter to reunite with her mother? If you join the Seamless Gate, it will all happen. As a member of the Seamless Gate, you'll be one of us...and I'll naturally stop plotting against you. In fact, I'll be quite good to you. You are a true expert amongst Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, after all. Although you won't be able to change the course of the entire war for karmic luck, you'll still be of some use.”

“If you join the Seamless Gate now, you'll be able to reunite with your wife. But if you refuse...well. She'll be of no further use to me. I'll kill her. I'll shatter her soul. Ahahaha...”

“You have no other choices.” The black-robed Godking looked at Ning.

Ning...was still bent over with laughter. “Joke. I'm a joke.”

“Thank you.” Ning straightened his back, raising his head to stare unblinkingly at the black-robed Godking.

The black-robed Godking's heart skipped a beat.

What sort of a look was that? Such powerful heartforce...such a terrible gaze. If this was the gaze of an ordinary mortal, the Godking wouldn't care at all, but this was Ji Ning, who had reached the fourth stage of heartforce. The black-robed Godking could sense that behind that gaze, there was an endless, blazing, burning hatred that not all the waters of the Three Realms would suffice to quench.

A desire to kill that had seeped into his spirit...his very truesoul itself.

"Thank you for destroying my hopes. Thank you for bringing my wishful thoughts to an end. Thank you...for freeing me from all my doubts."

"Let's take it slow, you and I. The day is still young. Soon...I will make sure to properly thank you for all you have done."

After speaking, Ning turned and left, transforming into a streak of light.

"If you refuse, your wife will be useless to me. I will kill her," the black-robed Godking immediately howled after him.

"My wife is already dead. I killed her!" Ning's voice echoed in the air, but he himself had already departed from the Grand Xia.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 13: A Month From Now**

The black-robed Godking stood there at the island, staring into the skies. Ji Ning had already departed from this place.

"Hmph." The black-robed Godking laughed coldly. "He cares deeply about love, and yet is able to sever it. Quite an impressive figure. During ordinary times, I might need to be concerned about you...but now? The war is in full swing. Soon, even the major powers shall begin to die in large swathes. A single Emyrean God...nothing more than a minor character."

Whoosh. The black-robed Godking left behind as well. The only thing left behind was that beautiful island, where countless flowers continued to bloom.

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The Deerchaser world.

Atop the walls of the Seamless Citadel. Daomother Devilhand and the black-robed Godking continued to stare at their army, spread throughout the vast wilderness. Their army was calling out for battle, but the Nuwa Alliance refused to come out and fight.

"That little kid." The black-robed Godking suddenly let out a low, cold chuckle.

"Eh?" Daomother Devilhand looked towards him.

"Ji Ning." The black-robed Godking laughed, "Just now, I sent one of my incarnations to go meet with him. I toyed with him for a bit."

Daomother Devilhand said calmly, "Given how far the war for karmic luck has advanced, a single Empyrean God like him is no longer a threat to us."

"I know. That's why there's no way I would possibly give Yu Wei's soul back to him. Even if it's useless to me, Ji Ning can forget about getting it," the black-robed Godking said with a calm laugh. "Don't worry, aunt-master. I won't spend too much of my time on that kid. The big picture is what really matters, and the issue before us is the war for karmic luck. As for that Ji Ning? If an opportunity arises, I'll use it to dispose of him. If no opportunity comes, then I won't bother with him. Spending time and effort on him is a waste of my energy."

"Mm. It's good that you know what matters." Daomother Devilhand nodded calmly.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Their army flew through the air in an awe-inspiring horde that covered the skies as they returned to the Seamless Citadel.

"Eh?" The black-robed Godking raised his head. He saw a distant black bolt of lightning flash in the skies, followed by a streak of light flying into the distant, hovering citadel of the Nuwa Alliance. The Godking cracked his lips into a grin. "It's Ji Ning."

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The Deerchaser world. The hanging citadel of the Nuwa Alliance.

Ji Ning's residence.

Whoosh. The white-robed Ning waved his hand, and the black-robed Ning in front of him was drawn into the portable estate-world.

The world inside the treasure was an entire world of its own, with mountain peaks soaring into the skies. There were a total of 319 mountain peaks, which served as the 'foundational pillars' of this world, ensuring its stability.

A number of white-robed youths were all seated on their respective mountain peaks, training in the [Icefire Jindan Smelting] technique.

Whoosh.

Seventeen black-robed Ning's appeared as well. As with his true bodies, Ning had only brought seventeen of his Primaltwin clones here. He had left one behind to accompany his daughter, Brightmoon.

Whooooooosh. Ninfire Lava and Iceheart Pith began to fly out.

The seventeen black-robed Ning's separated from each other, each occupying a mountain peak of their own. They then began to train in the [Icefire Jindan Smelting] technique as well.

The 'original' white-robed Ning remained standing within that distant courtyard. He waved his hand, and instantly a large horde of people appeared within it.

"Brother Darknorth."

“Where is this place?”

“Brother Darknorth, we’ve been waiting for centuries. You’ve finally let us out.”

“Eh? Where are we?”

The throng of Empyrean Gods that had just appeared were Empyrean Gods Sin and Sealthroat, the Seven Dragon Gods, Empyrean God Feiyou, Empyrean God Cloudscar, and the rest of the two hundred-plus Empyrean Gods of Undermoon Lake. Each of them was extraordinarily powerful.

“Is this...the Deerchaser major world?” Empyrean God Roughpeak suddenly said, stunned.

“Deerchaser?”

“The Three Realms.”

“We’ve returned.”

The Empyrean Gods quickly grew excited by this revelation. They each began to spread out their coresense, causing the already-present Empyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Nuwa Alliance to notice them...and realize to their astonishment that these coresenses seemed to be of old friends and brothers that they had not seen for a long, long time.

Soon, quite a few Empyrean Gods hastened to Ning’s place.

“Ah!? Oddwitch, it really is you! I thought my senses were fooling me.”

“S-senior apprentice-brother! Y-you...are still alive!?”

Ning’s residence quickly became quite a lively place...and in the commotion, no one noticed that Ning had quietly departed.

Traveling alone, Ning headed towards the palace where Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan resided.

There were guards outside the palace.

“Empyrean God Darknorth, there are many major powers who are convening inside right now. They must not be disturbed,” a golden-armored guard said.

“Help me relay a message. Tell them that I have extremely important information for my master,” Ning said.

The golden-armored guard was slightly startled. If Ning had insisted on seeing Xuan Yuan, he would’ve stopped him, but since Ning just wanted to meet with his own master...it wasn’t really appropriate for him to stand in the way. He immediately nodded. “Empyrean God Darknorth, just wait a moment. I’ll send the word right now.”

Ning nodded. He stood there quietly, waiting.

His master, Xuan Yuan, Suiren, and other major powers were all gathered here. If Ning wished to meet them, he naturally would have to act in a proper manner and pay his respects accordingly. He couldn’t just sweep out his heartforce or send a mental message to them from afar; that would be far too brash!

A short while later, the golden-armored guard returned. He gave Ning a curious look. "His Imperial Majesty said to let you in."

When he had made the report, Xuan Yuan, Daoist Three Purities, and the others all said the same thing: 'Let Ji Ning come in.' This caused this guard, who was merely a Celestial Immortal, to be extremely puzzled.

Ning nodded, then stepped forward onto the stairs.

He walked through the corridor, passing into an extremely wide plaza as he walked towards a great hall. Even before entering, Ning was able to make out the seated figures within the great hall. All of them were major powers of the Three Realms. There weren't that many of them here. This was mainly because all of the major powers had hastened here after the appearance of the Envoy of All Things. After their day of initial discussions, some of the major powers had left.

"Come in." Xuan Yuan's voice rang out, and Ning entered the palace.

There really weren't that many True Gods/Daofathers inside, just eighteen in total. However, the most puissant powers were all present. Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Shennong, Fuxi, and Sui ren were all present. Subhuti was seated there as well, and he nodded towards Ning. He was responsible for keeping watch over the Seamless Gate's actions, and so he already knew of Ning's meeting with the Godking and knew what had happened.

He couldn't help but sigh. He knew that his disciple's path was a hard one, but one which only his disciple himself could walk.

"Ji Ning." Xuan Yuan smiled. "We learned just a moment ago that you brought more than two hundred Empyrean Gods back from Undermoon Lake. And...I can sense that all of them have extremely powerful auras. All of them are top-tier Empyrean Gods, and some of them are quite shockingly powerful. To gain the allegiance of such a group of Empyrean Gods during the war for karmic luck is helpful for our side."

"You came out after six centuries. You were much faster than Jueming," Lord Tathagata said with a smile.

"Disciple." Subhuti spoke out. "Why have you sought me?"

All the major powers were watching Ning. Even the weakest of these eighteen were top-tier Daofathers! Before Ning had arrived, they were pondering the question of how to deal with the Envoy of All Things.

Ning had just brought them two hundred more Empyrean Gods, which was quite a pleasing bit of news to them, as many of these Empyrean Gods were their disciples. But this was just an emotional bit of pleasure. They knew very well that the addition of these Empyrean Gods would have very little impact on the big picture. In the last battle alone, they had lost nearly six hundred!

As for the Envoy, using Empyrean Gods and True Immortals against it was useless. Empyrean Gods and True Immortals had to rely on formations in order to unleash sufficient amounts of power. True Immortal Jimin, commanding a Pangu Genesis Formation, had already reached what they believed to be the theoretical maximum level of power that could be unleashed by an Empyrean God or True Immortal when wielding a formation. They couldn't come up with any better ideas at all.

“The Envoy of All Things,” Ning said.

“The Envoy?” Subhuti was startled. All the major powers were startled. The only reason why they had been willing to meet with Ning was to thank him for having rescued so many Empyrean Gods...but now, all of them instantly turned quite serious.

“Can the Seamless Gate eavesdrop or spy on this location...?” Ning asked.

“Don’t worry. The many major powers of the Three Realms are all gathered here, and we have each employed our own methods to block out spying. Even the Heavenly Daos themselves have been blocked off,” Subhuti said.

Ning was startled. A moment later, he realized that this was true. He couldn’t even sense the Heavenly Daos in this place. This was testament to how agitated he was, that he hadn’t even noticed this.

“Speak.” Subhuti looked at his disciple.

“The Envoy of All Things is quite formidable. However, your disciple’s clones have departed Undermoon Lake after six hundred years, and all memories have been joined together once more. Your disciple has a way to deal with the Envoy of All Things,” Ning said solemnly.

“You have a way?” Exalted Celestial Thundregod, seated nearby, frowned. Although he didn’t like Ji Ning, this was something that had to do with the survival of their alliance. He wholeheartedly wanted to come up with a solution for dealing with the Envoy, but none of the major powers present had come up with any ideas. For Ji Ning to suddenly claim that he had a solution caused Thundregod to frown. “Are you aware that the Envoy of All Things is comparable to a top-tier Daofather in power? You, an Empyrean God, have a method of dealing with it?”

“When the Envoy of All Things appeared, I was by Master’s side on the city walls,” Ning said respectfully. The meaning of this was clear; he knew exactly how powerful the Envoy was.

“You really have an idea?” Yu the Great, the founder of the Primordial Imperial Clan, was seated close by. He couldn’t help but ask this question.

Ning nodded, his eyes filled with unprecedented self-confidence and determination. “Elders, please give me just a month. A month from now, I, Ji Ning...shall go and deal with the Envoy of All Things.”

“War is not a joking matter. This will have implications for the lives of countless Immortals and Fiendgods.” The commander of their army, Xuan Yuan, spoke out in a solemn voice.

“This junior wouldn’t dare to make such a joke.” Ning spoke out in an equally solemn manner.

“Fine.” Xuan Yuan nodded. “I trust that you know that in war, one cannot make idle promises. Since you’ve promised it, a month from now I will order our army to once more battle the Seamless Gate.”

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 14: True Body**

Ji Ning departed respectfully.

The supreme figures of the Nuwa Alliance within the hall watched as Ning departed. They then exchanged glances. Clearly, they all had their doubts and concerns.

“Everyone...do you believe that Darknorth truly has a solution?” Exalted Celestial Thundergod couldn’t but say, “It’s not that I look down on him; rather, we all know exactly how powerful the Envoy is. When the Lord of All Things led his army of Envoys, he nearly wiped out both the Pangu Chaosworld and the Seamless Chaosworld. Fortunately, Mother Nuwa made her breakthrough and swept through all challengers. Although this Envoy before us is merely under the command of an Empyrean God, it still definitely has the power of a elite Daofather. Ji Ning...I really can’t imagine how he can come up with any solution.”

“Mm.”

“I can’t imagine it either. What could he possibly do?”

“Can it be that his swordforce or his heartforce has reached the fifth stage?” Emperor Zhuaxu frowned.

“The fifth stage isn’t that easy to reach. Swordforce and heartforce increase exponentially in difficulty with each stage. The fifth stage is harder to reach than becoming a True God or Daofather.” Xuan Yuan slowly shook his head. “He’s just returned from Undermoon Lake. My best guess is that he must’ve acquired some sort of treasure in Undermoon Lake. Something which allows him, an Empyrean God and True Immortal, to be able to unleash the power of a elite Daofather.”

“Can such a treasure truly exist?” Exalted Celestial Thundergod was puzzled.

“They do. For example...” Xuan Yuan said softly, “The Envoy of All Things! If Ji Ning also had an Envoy, given the power he displayed in overcoming Undermoon Lake, he could probably defeat the enemy.”

Everyone present blinked.

“Everyone, we’ve been guessing all along that Undermoon Lake was created by an ancient major power, yes?” Xuan Yuan chuckled. “That major power must have been shockingly powerful; it’s not impossible that he might’ve left behind a golem comparable to an Envoy of All Things. But of course, that’s just a guess. The other possibility is that Ji Ning is so infuriated that he’s completely overestimated himself.”

“Ji Ning is an Empyrean God and True Immortal; there’s no way he would be that unreliable.” Shennong frowned as he spoke in a calm voice.

“The person who knows Ji Ning best is his master.” Fuxi looked towards Subhuti.

Everyone present looked towards Subhuti. Quite a few people had spoken, but thus far Subhuti had yet to say a thing.

Subhuti frowned, then said slowly, “Xuan Yuan...it’s best if you still make preparations in the event of defeat.”

“Oh?” Xuan Yuan was startled.

The hearts of everyone present sunk.

Subhuti said nothing else. He didn't want to reveal all of Ning's secrets to everyone! Still, in Subhuti's heart, he was indeed a bit nervous. He knew that throughout the course of history, from the Primordial Era to the present day, the word 'love' had caused quite a few major powers to be driven mad. Even Houyi, whose heartforce had reached the fifth stage, was unable to escape from this word, 'love'.

Subhuti himself wasn't sure as to how heavy a mental blow Ning had been delivered by what had just happened.

"Fine. I'll make complete preparations." Xuan Yuan nodded.

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News of the return of more than two hundred Empyrean Gods quickly spread throughout the Three Realms. The Empyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Three Realms all heard that the return of all these people was thanks to Ji Ning.

Far away, in the Celestial Realm. Mount Ling, in the eastern lands.

Buddha Jueming's palace was a simple, plain, unadorned one. There were only two novice monks here, guarding the entrance. He only became truly famous in the Three Realms after returning from Undermoon Lake, then training to become a True God and Daofather. Ever since then, he had never caused much of a stir, as he had lived here in seclusion by himself.

"Mm?" Buddha Jueming was seated in the lotus position. Slowly, he opened his eyes. "Undermoon Lake? Empyrean God Darknorth overcame Undermoon Lake?"

"Has Darknorth also acquired [Forlorn World God] and [Nine Elements Annihilation]?" Buddha Jueming mused to himself. The [Forlorn World God]...it was indeed the best Fiendgod Body Refiner technique that World God Northrest had access to which could be taught to others. Right now, Ning was indeed training in the [Forlorn World God].

The key to this technique lay in the word 'Forlorn'.

One would have to search through endless solitude and dullness in order to find the secrets regarding the divine body, then make the breakthrough.

Thus, in order to train in this technique, what one truly needed was silence and calm. Sometimes, a single 'forlorn' meditation session could span ten thousand years or a million years. Buddha Jueming himself was perpetually seated in the meditative posture, and thus he naturally understood the profound secrets to this art. Long ago, it was this art which he used to break through to become a True God.

"So, there is now yet another cultivator of the [Nine Elements Annihilation] and the [Forlorn World God]," Buddha Jueming mused to himself. "The power of this divine ability is truly endless; the only thing one really needs is a long period of time to meditate on it. Unfortunately, Darknorth hasn't spent enough time cultivating. Otherwise, he would be of tremendous benefit in this war."

The longer one cultivated, the more powerful he realized the [Forlorn World God] and the [Nine Elements Annihilation] to be. These two techniques alone were enough to allow one to become an unparalleled expert amongst Elder Gods, and perhaps even break through to the World God stage.



News that Ji Ning was about to enter the fray was kept completely secret. Even the other major powers of the Nuwa Alliance such as Buddha Jueming were not informed.

The only ones who knew were the leaders of Daoism and Buddhism, the Three Emperors, and around ten-plus other major powers. Although they were worried that Ning would fail, they still felt a hint of hope. Naturally, they would keep this a tight secret.

Time passed, one day at a time. In the blink of an eye, a month had gone by.

Within the world of the estate-world.

This was a world of towering mountain peaks. Ning's seventeen true body clones and seventeen Primaltwin clones had all gathered here, at the very top of one of the mountain peaks.

"The Jindan smelting process is complete."

"Time to train in the [One True Body] technique."

The seventeen white-robed youths all sat down in the lotus position together. Slowly, the bodies of two of them began to emit a hazy white light. Their bodies, their Jindans, and their souls were all emanating this hazy white light which was filled with arcane, abstruse divine runes. Ning was completely, slavishly imitating the technique and runes as it had been written down. This technique had been created by a major power of the primordial chaos, and its runes were incredibly profound and mysterious. There was no way Ning could understand these runes at all; all he had to do was memorize them and then replicate them.

Rumble...

The two white-robed youths began to slowly draw closer to each other. One of them actually ended up flying into the body of the other, causing the aura of white light to dramatically expand.

It was an extremely slow and very relaxed, comfortable process.

It was like a baby bird sleeping inside the egg shell.

It was like a baby child sleeping within the mother's womb.

The ball of white light completely surrounded the blurry figure. In this moment, all thought was impossible. Clearly, the Jindan, soul, and bodies had all begun to merge together. Only things that had come from the same source could merge together in such a manner. The divine bodies, Jindans, and souls of these clones were all absolutely identical. There were no differences whatsoever!

If there was even the slightest bit of difference, the merger would become impossible.

For example, Ning's Primaltwin had been formed through a Sole-Ki Pearl of Primalwater. Thus, there were a major differences between it and Ning's true body. And so, there was no way whatsoever for the Primaltwin and the true body to merge together! But of course, the eighteen Primaltwin clones could all merge into each other.

Whoosh.

The blurry white light completely faded away, withdrawing into the remaining clone's body. The white-robed figure emerged once more, and it once more became capable of thought. As Ning regained his senses, he could immediately sense how his body had changed. "My divine power has transformed in some way. The Pure Yang energy in my Jindan has become more pure, and the Jindan region has expanded in size by a bit. My soul has become more powerful as well...even my heartforce has grown considerably stronger."

When two completely identical souls fused together, the resultant soul would of course be much stronger. This sort of fusion would result in an upgrade in every single aspect and area.

Long ago, when the King of Pangaea had been an Elder God, he had relied on mastering the complete [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] to join his clones together, allowing him to surpass other Elder Gods in every single aspect. It had given him overwhelmingly superior power.

"Continue."

Whoosh.

Yet another white-robed youth was drawn into the first one's body. The first clone's body continued to rise in power, and the soul, divine power, heartforce, and Pure Yang energy all continued to evolve.

One clone after another was absorbed into the first one.

The [One True Body] technique relied on the fact that all the clones originated from the same source. This was the reason why the technique could work. The more clones were absorbed, the more powerful one would become. If Ning had been able to train in the even more ridiculous [Thousand Bodies Sutra], he would've been able to fuse a thousand clones together. The increase in power would be even more ridiculous, in that case, allowing an Empyrean God to become the equivalent of a True God, and a True God to become the equivalent of an Elder God. An Elder God would become the equivalent of a World God!

This was what made the [Thousand Bodies Sutra] to be such an unearthly, almighty technique! But alas, the price of training in this technique was simply too great. For even a weak Empyrean God to train in it would require a Worldheart to be consumed. The price that would need to be paid for someone more powerful would be truly incalculable. Which World God would be willing to part with a Worldheart, giving it away to an Empyrean God for cultivation? Even if the Empyrean God was to succeed, that person would still be tremendously weak and unable to help the World God at all. It would only make a difference if the Empyrean God was able to train all the way to become an Elder God...but in the path of Immortal cultivation, advancing through every single major stage saw tremendous difficulties. Far, far too many cultivators were washed out at each stage.

Whoosh.

With each merger, Ning continued to transform.

Finally, all seventeen white-robed youths had merged into one. Into one true body.

"What a strange sensation." Ning looked at his surroundings. His soul was now far more powerful than it had been before, and even the rate at which he gained insights into the Dao was now far faster. Even

though he previously was able to simultaneously train with thirty-six different bodies, the speed at which he gained insights was less than his current speed, after his one true body had been formed.

“This...is this the level of Daofathers?” Ning murmured softly to himself.

Seventeen clones, each of which had second-tier Jindans. Now that they had merged together into one true body, the power of the Jindan inside his body was comparable to first-tier Jindans! True Immortals of Pangaea with first-tier Jindans were indeed on the same level of power as the Daofathers of the Three Realms, and in fact they actually had deeper reservoirs of energy.

“My energy is on the level of a Daofather’s.”

“My divine body has surpassed the limits of an Empyrean God; it can be considered a half-step into the True God level.”

“My soul...it should have thirty to forty percent of the might of an ordinary Daofather’s soul. In order for my soul to reach the level of a true Daofather, I’ll need to spend another century nourishing it. Of my seventeen clones, two had long ago gained second-tier Jindans, and so their souls had been nourished significantly. The other fifteen had only just recently upgraded to second-tier Jindans. Their souls didn’t have enough time to evolve.”

Ning understood this principle. Still...it was enough.

His true body’s soul was already more than a hundred times stronger than that of an ordinary True Immortal’s. Daofathers could easily cover the Three Realms with the coresense, while Ning could perhaps just barely do the same, if he went all out. As for Empyrean Gods and True Immortals? They generally were only capable of covering a major world with their coresense. From this, one could easily see the difference in soul power!

“Compared to Daofather Holyflame...let’s see. We have equivalent levels of energy. I have more technically profound sword-arts, but his have been infused with the Heavenly Dao of Fire. However...I have a Darknorth sword that is a Chaos weapon.” Ning nodded to himself. “In terms of power...my true body should be comparable to Daofather Holyflame.”

“If I were to use the Rahu Formation...”

“I would be given a divine body that was comparable to that of an elite Daofather. In that case, my total power would surpass Daofather Holyflame’s.”

“Defeating the Envoy of All Things will be simplicity itself!”

Ning willed his aura to be retracted into his body. Instantly, the incredible aura of power surrounding him, an aura comparable to a Daofather’s, was completely retracted inside of him. This wasn’t the aura-hiding technique which Subhuti had taught him; it was one of the many techniques which World God Northrest had left behind for him. While wandering the primordial chaos, one would easily perish if one’s power was revealed for all others to know.

The estate-world treasure which Ning was within was something which he had acquired from a True God of the prisonworld. Not even Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals would be able to spy on it.

Whoosh.

Ning turned to look towards the side. Next to him were the black-robed Ning's, and they were in the process of fusing together as well. Soon, they transformed into a single black-robed Ning. This Ning also had the power of a elite Daofather.

"There's not much of a difference between fusing eighteen clones and fusing seventeen clones. It's best to leave one behind as a 'seed'. If I'm going to war against the Seamless Gate...best to remain cautious." Ning willed it, and with a swoosh he disappeared from the estate-world.

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The Starseizer major world. A large shrine.

"We pay our respects to you, Manorlord!"

Empyrean God Ninefangs and Empyrean God Snow Scorpion, upon seeing Ning suddenly appear, hastily bowed towards him.

"Ninefangs, summon the army immediately," Ning instructed.

"Yes." Ninefangs immediately went to make the arrangements.

"Has Redsnow left seclusion?" Ning looked towards Snow Scorpion, who shook her head and laughed.

"Redsnow is still in seclusion. I really have no idea when he will emerge."

"No rush." Ning nodded, then immediately walked outside. Ninefangs remained the weakest of the seven, and was also the last to become an Empyrean God. Thus, he was also the most industrious of the seven, and many of the miscellaneous tasks were left for him to handle.

Soon, the plaza before the shrine became filled with a teeming horde of Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals.

Whoosh.

A white-robed youth emerged from the divine hall. Instantly, the throng of Celestial Immortals and Loose Immortals turned their gazes towards him, Ji Ning. They all called out respectfully, "Manorlord."

"Assemble the formation," Ning commanded.

Instantly, the countless Immortals all flew into the air together. Ning flew to the very center of the host of Immortals, and the energy of Heaven and Earth began to flow into him in such a flow that it was affecting the entire Starseizer world. An utterly ferocious, titanic Fiendgod began to emerge. His body was pitch-black, but his lower back was covered with extremely fine strands of silver fur. Six burly, thick arms grew out from the body. Then, a head that was rather similar to Ning's own head grew out and emerged as well.

The Rahu God had manifested.

"This body is far more powerful than a True God's body." Ning's six hands clenched tightly into fists. Boom! Space itself was trembling.