

## Desolate 701

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#### Book 21: The Bloodlotus Blooms Chapter 35: True God Shiyu

“Although I’ve grown much more powerful, compared to the leaders of Buddhism and Daoism, I’m still rather lacking. The Endwar is coming. The more powerful I become, the better. The Heavengazer Tower of Radiance...I have to acquire it.” Although Ji Ning desperately desired this treasure, he first still carefully meditated on the insights he had gained from his fight with True God Ultrafish, reflecting on what had happened in that fight.

Three days after his battle against True God Ultrafish, Ning finally set off for True God Shiyu’s region.

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A beautiful mountain gorge, filled with flowers and grass. A silver-haired man was here, attending to the flowers.

Whoosh.

A black lightning serpent flew towards him from far away, instantly arriving in the air above him.

“Eh?” The silver-haired man raised his head, giving it a glance. He saw a white-robed youth descending towards him from the heavens.

“So you are the new Overseer?” The silver-haired man looked puzzledly at Ning.

“True God Shiyu, you actually have the energy and presence of mind to be a gardener?” Ning said, “Almost all of the primordial chaos energy in this prisonworld is being refined and distilled into chaos nectar. All of the Elder Gods, Ancestral Immortals, and supreme True Gods and True Immortals are doing their best to absorb energy from what little primordial chaos remains. You only have access to a small amount of it, and yet you actually use it to take care of these flowers.”

The environment in the prisonworld was rather stark and grim. It was a world of perpetual dusk. Here in True God Shiyu’s gorge, however, there were fragrant flowers located everywhere. It was completely different from the region outside the thousand kilometer restrictive formation keeping him here. Clearly, it was True God Shiyu who was taking care of these flowers.

“If my guess is correct, those Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals are all using the energy they absorb from the primordial chaos to maintain their estate-world treasures. Their estate-world treasures contain a world inside of them with many living creatures, and so the Ancestral Immortals and Elder Gods have sent their minds and their incarnations into those worlds, roaming through them and experiencing the vicissitudes of life.” True God Shiyu laughed softly. “But...that’s the behavior of a weakling.”

Ning was startled.

“Now that they’ve been imprisoned here, they’ve lost all their motivation and willpower; all they care about is enjoying life.” True God Shiyu laughed coldly.

“Their actions aren’t exactly wrong.” Ning shook his head. “They have been imprisoned here for countless years. How many would be willing to endure such loneliness for so long? If they can’t endure it, why shouldn’t they go and enjoy life in another world?”

“Weaklings.” True God Shiyu let out a cold laugh. “They have completely given up on escaping this place.”

“Oh? You haven’t given up?” Ning looked at him.

“I’ve never given up. I train in infiniforce and taiji-force; I only need to break through to the sixth stage in one of them and I’ll be able to break these shackles. In fact, I’ll be able to break apart this entire prisonworld as I regain my freedom.” True God Shiyu didn’t try to hide it at all. All of the Immortals and Fiendgods imprisoned here, Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals included, hoped to make a critical breakthrough and shatter their fetters, then break apart the prisonworld and leave.

“If you were to reach the sixth stage, you would be at the World-class of power.” Ning nodded. “That would indeed be possible. But...you’ve been imprisoned here for a very long period of time.”

“Nearly five chaos cycles.” True God Shiyu nodded, staring at Ning. “I know what you are going to say. You are going to say, if a person is unable to break through to the World-level within one chaos cycle, it will be forever impossible for them to make that breakthrough. Am I right?”

Ning looked at him. This was common knowledge.

After searching through many memories of the prisoners of Pangaea, he had learned many things. Ning had also learned many bits of common knowledge from the information imparted to him by World God Northrest. If a person wasn’t able to reach the World-level within a single chaos cycle, it was virtually impossible for him to succeed for the rest of his life.

“But there are no absolutes in life. There’s always a chance.” True God Shiyu gritted his teeth as he stared at Ning.

Ning nodded. It was true. There really were no absolutes!

For example, perhaps someone only didn’t make that breakthrough because his cultivation techniques were too poor, or because he didn’t have a good teacher. He might spend multiple chaos cycles of painstaking work to become a ‘mere’ Elder God. However, once he gained detailed information regarding a top-tier cultivation technique or guidance from a World-class expert, he might quickly break through to the next stage and become a World God himself.

Or perhaps an Elder God or Ancestral Immortal might experience an unexpected event that would allow a breakthrough to be made.

In short...there was always a chance of a lucky stroke of fate!

None of the major powers of the Three Realms had access to truly top-notch cultivation techniques, and none of them had been guided by particularly powerful figures. Houyi was a good example. Although he had been alive for more than a chaos cycle, he had trained painstakingly on his own and developed his heartforce technique all by himself, as well as his archery techniques. If he was given truly top-tier

techniques or had the guidance of Vastheaven Palace, however, it was entirely possible that he would've broken through to become a World God by now.

"Here in the prisonworld, True God Shiyu has no one to provide him with tutelage, and he won't have any lucky encounters either. It has been nearly five chaos cycles, but he still wishes to reach the World-level? It really is almost impossible." Ning couldn't help but secretly sigh to himself.

"I've come here for just one reason." Ning looked at him.

"Speak." True God Shiyu looked at Ning calmly. He didn't hold this Overseer in any regard at all.

"Your Heavengazer Tower of Radiance," Ning said.

True God Shiyu's face changed. He stared at Ning, then let out a cold laugh. "You actually know about the Heavengazer Tower, eh? What, you want me to give you a Chaos treasure? You? A trifling Overseer? Your only job is to watch over this prisonworld. You should just f\*ck off and stop bothering me." He couldn't even be bothered to waste words with Ning. How could he hand over such a precious treasure to someone else?

"If that's the case, I'll have no choice but to fight you." A pair of swords appeared in Ning's hands.

"You'd actually dare to assault me?" True God Shiyu was shocked. "Y-you...you aren't a member of Pangaea?"

The chaos-kingdom of Pangaea would generally send Celestial Immortals with first-tier Jindans to be Overseers. How would a Celestial Immortal possibly dare to attack him?

"Pangaea has been destroyed." Ning held his swords in his hands. "This prisonworld is now under my control, and you are my prisoner. I don't wish to kill you, but you WILL hand over the Heavengazer Tower to me."

"In your dreams." True God Shiyu snapped back in a frozen voice.

"Then we'll simply have to fight it out."

Swoosh.

Ning's words still echoed in the gorge, but his lightning-fast streak of sword-light had already reached True God Shiyu. It was the fastest stance of Ning's [Brightmoon] sword-art: Blood Drop stance!

"What a fast sword!" True God Shiyu was shocked. He no longer dared to be brash, and he produced a pair of short cudgels in his hands as well. The cudgel glowed with golden light, and the head of the cudgel had a triangular shape to it that seemed incredibly sharp.

Clang!

True God Shiyu's twin cudgels had manifested the faint outline of an enormous Taiji diagram before him, blocking Ning's sword-attack. After doing so, he suddenly spun his twin cudgels, transforming the Taiji diagram into an orb of black light and sending it smashing towards Ning with frenzied might.

Boom! Ning's own sword-light transformed into a pair of black holes as he used the Soleheart stance to block. He could sense an incomparably savage and bizarre surge of energy smash against him, and he couldn't help but be knocked flying backwards.

"What tremendous power." Ning landed on the ground, stunned. He immediately understood that True God Shiyu had to have trained in some sort of special divine ability that was akin to Ning's own [Starseizing Hand], an ability that allowed him to explosively increase his power. In fact, it was possible that his divine ability was even more powerful than the [Starseizing Hand]; otherwise, there was no way the twin cudgels could have produced such enormous power.

The distant True God Shiyu had a solemn look on his face as well. He stared at Ning, not daring to be overconfident. He said softly, "What a fast sword. It has surpassed the limits of the Heavenly Daos? A pity that it won't be of use."

"Is that so?" Ning's body blurred momentarily, then two more heads and four more arms grew out of him, allowing him to wield a total of six swords.

"Hmph." In response, True God Shiyu manifested a total of six arms as well. He now wielded six cudgels, but four of them had noticeably weaker auras than the original two.

The two once more began to clash against each other at full power. As they did so, True God Shiyu felt even more shocked, because this time Ning used the Blood Drop stance, Shadowless stance, and Heavenbreaker stance in succession. The most dangerous attack for True God Shiyu was the Shadowless stance, as it was both fast and incredibly unpredictable, making it extremely difficult for him to block.

Those six swords worked together in harmony, unleashing those three mighty sword stances in a series of berserk attacks. Although True God Shiyu's divine ability was formidable, he still had to fight in an extremely cautious manner.

The two continued to fight for quite a long period of time.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The flowers and the grass in the area around the gorge had long ago been reduced to dust, but True God Shiyu couldn't spare the attention to worry about them. Although he had spent considerable time on these flowers, they were nothing more than a way for him to relieve the loneliness in his heart. He wasn't willing to waste the energy needed to maintain an entire world, and so he used a comparatively much lower amount of energy to maintain a garden.

"It's useless. Your sword-arts are indeed powerful; in fact, I admit that they are extremely powerful. I roamed the chaos-kingdom of Pangaea for countless years, and I've met more True Gods and True Immortals than I can count. However, I've see no one with sword-arts which can compare to yours. Sword God stage sword-arts which are faster than the limits of the Heavenly Daos...and yet, your divine body is far too weak, and your divine abilities are too ordinary." True God Shiyu's voice echoed within the gorge.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

The two collided once more, with both being knocked flying backwards.

Ning came to a halt. Staring at True God Shiyu, he said in a low voice, "It seems I'll still have to rely on long-range attacks."

"Long-range attacks?" True God Shiyu was stunned.

Thirty-six Swords of the Heavens suddenly appeared around Ning, and an enormous torrent of Daofather-level energy began to flow through them.

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The swords were filled with Ji Ning's Daofather-level energy, causing each of them to emanate auras of blinding might. This caused True God Shiyu's face to change as he became even more solemn. "It seems this Overseer's abilities as a Ki Refiner are even better than his abilities in close combat."

"Go."

The distant midair Ji Ning waved his finger.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! The Swords of the Heavens instantly soared out like streaks of light, striking towards True God Shiyu from every direction. They didn't move that fast, not even surpassing the limits of the Heavenly Daos; their speed was something which True God Shiyu could handle. However, as soon as the thirty six Swords of the Heavens closed in on True God Shiyu, they suddenly sped up dramatically, accelerating past the limits of the Heavenly Daos. Each of them moved in bewildering, mysterious ways as well, as all of them were using the Shadowless stance of the [Brightmoon] sword-art.

The [Brightmoon] sword-art which Ning created had a total of five stances, each of which had its own will and intent. Ning designed them to have unlimited potential; so long as Ning himself could grow stronger, they could continue to be perfected.

Swish swish swish! True God Shiyu was in a three-headed, six-armed form, and the six cudgels in his hands swept out in streaks of light. True God Shiyu seemed to have become an enormous Taiji diagram, capable of blocking all assaults.

"Eh?" Ning frowned. His long-range attacks were somewhat more powerful than his close-range attacks, yet he still remained unable to injure his foe.

"I refuse to believe you can keep blocking my attacks." Controlled by Ning's soul heartforce technique, the thirty-six Swords of the Heavens attacked even more frenetically as he put all sorts of dazzling, arcane sword-arts on display. When they struck in unison, they seemed to encompass all types of sword-arts...but True God Shiyu just focused completely on defense, his six cudgels forming a simply flawless, impregnable defense.

"Hahaha..."

True God Shiyu continued to block while roaring with laughter. "Overseer, have you heard? In the past, I battled multiple times against Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals, but they were unable to do anything to me. Compared to them, you are even weaker."

"When we first started to fight, your sword-arts really did give me a bad scare! Hah! But although your sword is rather fast, it's still within the realm of what I can handle. Even if I just used two arms, I'd be

able to defend against you, to say nothing of using six.” As True God Shiyu spoke, he actually dispelled four of his arms, returning to his normal appearance and wielding just two cudgels.

The two cudgels worked together in a truly flawless manner, like Yin and Yang coming together. His defense was completely airtight, and the faint image of an enormous Taiji diagram completely covered him.

Ning had an ugly look on his face. “How come...”

“I was quite cautious when we first started to fight. But now, it seems, you haven’t reached a level of power comparable to Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals yet. If I simply focus on defense, I don’t even need to use my full power.” True God Shiyu said calmly, “I don’t need to use any divine abilities at all. We can just keep fighting like this, and I’ll keep absorbing energy from the primordial chaos here. I can fight like this very a long, long time.”

Ning knew this as well. If he could force the man to use divine abilities, the man wouldn’t be able to keep it up for too long. Ning would be able to use his long-range attacks and spirit-pills to slowly exhaust the man...but now, it seemed, True God Shiyu’s defense was utterly unshakable. If he didn’t attack and instead focused solely on defense, he would be able to defend against Ning’s attacks without using any divine abilities at all.

“Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals have better abilities than you and greater power as well.” True God Shiyu said calmly, “But my taiji-force and infiniforce have both reached the fifth stage, and I’ve merged them together into a perfect whole. I can survive attacks from Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals and escape to tell the tale. You? You aren’t even close.”

Elder Gods had divine bodies that were far more powerful than the bodies of True Gods. Their bodies alone ensured that they would have close to the power of an overlord-class expert.

Ancestral Immortals with first-tier Jindans were far more powerful than the Daofathers of the Three Realms. They were equivalent to Elder Gods, and the weakest of them would be close to the overlord level as well.

The overlord level...

This was a clear, dividing line within the Three Realms.

To be at the overlord level meant that one had to have reached the Elder God level of power. Elder Gods were generally born at this level of power, with Mother Nuwa being an example. She had also been born with mastery over the Heavenly Dao of Life. She had then mastered the Heavenly Daos of Yin and Yang, then the Heavenly Daos of the Five Elements of Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, and Earth. This ensured that even amongst Elder Gods, she was at the absolute peak of power.

This was why Mother Nuwa had been the number one figure of the Primordial Era, superior to the other Elder Gods and the leaders of Daoism and Buddhism!

In the Seamless Gate, the only one who was a match for her had been the Lord of the Demonheart. Although Daomother Devilhand had been able to fight Mother Nuwa one-on-one, that was just in a short clash. She was still considerably weaker than Mother Nuwa.

The Lord of All Fiends was also born an Elder God, but his fleeing skills were superior to that of a World God's! From this, one could see how formidable he was.

True God Shiyu, in turn, was able to escape the clutches of a number of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. From this, one could see how terrifyingly perfect his fusion of taiji-force and infiniforce was. And of course, True God Shiyu had other divine abilities which could allow him to unleash incredibly mighty amounts of power. When matched with his taiji-force and infiniforce, it allowed him to withstand even Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals for a brief period of time.

"Hmph." Ning assaulted him furiously for a short while longer, then unwillingly came to a halt.

"It seems that although I can suppress him in power and force him to focus on defense, I'm still just 'close' to the overlord level of power. True God Shiyu specializes in defense. Beating him will be very difficult." Ning pondered to himself. "But I still have to acquire the Heavengazer Tower of Radiance as quickly as possible. If too much time passes, the Endwar might begin. By then, acquiring the Heavengazer Tower will be pointless."

The whole reason why he desperately needed the tower was because the Endwar was coming soon.

"To grow much more powerful in a short period of time..." Ning pondered to himself. "There are two methods."

"The first method is to become a True God. Once I become a True God...given the power of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] and the [One True Body] techniques, I'll essentially be half a step into the Elder God realm of power. Although I'll still be physically weaker than actual Elder Gods, my sword-arts should ensure that I'm no weaker than an ordinary Elder God. By then, I should be at the overlord level of power. Although True God Shiyu was able to defend against Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals, that was just for a short period of time before he fled. He's trapped here in the prisonworld with nowhere to run. If we really were to get into a fight...once I am at the overlord level of power, he would definitely lose."

"But..."

"To actually become a True God..." Ning frowned.

Technically speaking, he should've already fulfilled all the necessary requirements for breaking through to become a True God long ago.

The first requirement was to have a perfect divine body, and his body had reached that level long ago. The second was to have mastered a Grand Dao, and Ning had mastered three of them already; the Grand Dao of Lightning, the Grand Dao of the Waterdrop, and the Grand Dao of the Sword.

"According to the [Solitary World God], I'll need to find a spark of inspiration from within the midst of endless solitude. Once I find it, I'll be able to make my breakthrough."

"That...sounds incredibly opaque and mysterious. Ugh...the most important thing needed for the [Solitary World God] is time. The thing I lack the most is also time." Ning shook his head.

The critical part of training in this technique lay in the word 'solitary'. Once one actually began to cultivate in it, one would sit there without moving whatsoever, just like a solitary, withered tree. Only

then would one be able to find that necessary spark of insight. This technique generally needed a great deal of time.

“The second method is to use Violetjewel,” Ning mused to himself. “Violetjewel was the most important weapon owned by World God Northrest, and it is powerful enough that it would cause Chaos Immortals and World Gods to go crazy over it. According to what World God Northrest said, so long as I can repair even just the surface layer of the weapon, its power will vastly surpass that of any Chaos treasures. If I can use this weapon, my power will dramatically increase as well.”

“By comparison...my chances of repairing Violetjewel in time are probably better.” Ning nodded to himself.

He had already repaired the surface of Violetjewel by roughly 20%. Now, he had reached the fifth stage of swordforce. Although he was unable to defeat True God Shiyu, Shiyu was known to be one of the most powerful and most troublesome Gods of the entire prisonworld. The other True Gods should be much easier to deal with.

He could sweep through all of them, acquire their treasures, and then use them to repair Violetjewel’s surface layer.

“Then let’s begin.”

After pondering for a moment, Ning flew out of the gorge in the form of a black lightning serpent, disappearing into the horizon.

True God Shiyu watched as Ning left, a cold look in his eyes. “He wants to take my treasures? I have three Chaos treasures on me. If I didn’t have a few tricks up my sleeves, others would’ve taken those treasures from me long ago. Ugh...damn the fact that I’m imprisoned here and have nowhere to run.” Aside from being skilled in defense, he was also skilled in fleeing...but alas, he was now shackled and had nowhere to run.

As for Ning, he began to act against the True Gods and True Immortals of the prisonworld on a large scale. There were far fewer True Gods and True Immortals here than there were Emphyrean Gods and Celestial Immortals. Thus, Ning prized every one of them. After every battle, he would immediately meditate on any new insights he felt he had gained, so as to gain the most benefit possible from these battles.

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Some True Gods and True Immortals were much weaker than Ji Ning. They only had the power of an ordinary Daofather, and so Ji Ning was able to easily defeat them. He didn’t even gain many insights from battling them, only spending a few hours in meditation afterwards.

After battling the more powerful ones or the ones who had some special abilities, Ning might spend seven or eight days carefully reflecting on their battle.

Twelve months after Ning began his sweep through the prisonworld. He was within a region filled with dark fog where a True Immortal was kept prisoner. Boom! Boom! Boom! The sounds of a major battle could be heard booming out from within the fog, causing the fog itself to roil and roll about.



Within the fog.

“Go!” The seemingly berserk violet-eyed woman pointed towards Ning, causing a sky filled with black light to shoot towards Ning

Ning held his twin swords in his hands, slowly stepping through the air and advancing.

He was in no rush to attack his opponent. He just slowly advanced through the air, giving his opponent plenty of time to attack him.

Although collecting enough treasures to repair Violetjewel was important, his own personal skill and power was his true foundation of strength. He had to treat every battle against these True Gods and True Immortals seriously.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Ning’s sword-light fluctuated in an unpredictable manner. He even used his attacking stance, ‘Shadowless’, to defend against all the enemy’s attacks. From this, one could tell how transcendent his sword-arts had become and how vastly superior he was compared to his foe.

“Is that your ultimate attack?” Ning continued to stroll forward as he spoke.

The violet-eyed woman’s face was ashen. She growled out, “Come back.”

Whoosh. Instantly, the countless streaks of black light flew back to her and entered her body. Only then did her face recover a bit of color.

“You are far more powerful than me. If you want me to submit, I’ll submit.” The violet-eyed woman came to this decision in a straightforward manner.

“A hundred and ninety-two.” Ning nodded and murmured softly to himself.

The violet-eyed woman was stunned. What did the Overseer mean by mumbling that number?

“Alright.” Ning pondered for a moment. “I’ve swept through a hundred and ninety-two of the True Gods and True Immortals of the prisonworld. That’s more than half of them. That should be enough treasures to repair the surface layer of Violetjewel.”

All the treasures he had acquired from the Celestial Immortals and Empyrean Gods here, combined with a few treasures from True Gods and True Immortals, had only been able to repair a fifth of the surface damage to Violetjewel.

This time, he had collected far more treasures. It was most likely enough.

“Time to give it a try.” Ning immediately made the decision to temporarily stop his campaign and instead go give repairing Violetjewel a try.

But of course, before he went to repair Violetjewel, he still had to finish what he came here to do.

Ning reached out with his hand, letting it rest upon the head of the violet-eyed woman. Ning was going to search through the memories of every single True God and True Immortal. Perhaps he might some information which might be of some help to him.

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Next to a beautiful lake.

The white-robed youth, Ji Ning, landed on the ground next to it. With a wave of his hand, he caused the jade shrine to appear on the grassy banks of the lake. The enormous stone sword-steles landed next, followed by the 3600 enormous Goldstar Beads of the Heavens that surrounded everything.

Ning then stepped into the jade shrine, seated himself on the prayer mat, then began his meditations.

After each battle, he would carefully reflect on every single thing he had seen.

Although he had decided to go repair Violetjewel after this battle, he still chose to first calmly meditate on the battle he had just experienced.

Time slowly flowed on...

Ning just sat there quietly in the lotus position. A full day later, he opened his eyes, rose to his feet, then walked outside the shrine.

He was in quite a good mood right now. In the past year or so, his sword-arts had continued to slowly improve a bit, and he had now acquired enough treasures to be able to repair Violetjewel. With Violetjewel in hand, he would probably be at the overlord level of power. Even though he might be a bit lacking compared to those elder figures who had long ago reached this level of power, the difference wouldn't be as great as it had been in the past.

"The Nine chaos Seals." Ning's gaze fell upon the nearby goldstar beads, each roughly ten meters tall right now. The goldstar beads were covered with the complicated flowing runes of the Nine Chaos Seals, which continued to change and transform with every moment in a pattern which was never repeated.

Ning had a smile on his face, and he continued to look at the beads in quite a fine mood.

"Eh?" Suddenly...

Ning felt a tremor in his heart. He stared closely at the constantly changing runes.

He stared unblinkingly at the runes for a full hour...and then he sat down on the grass and immediately shut his eyes.

After sitting there meditating on the grass for nearly a day, Ning opened his eyes.

"Arise." Ning willed it.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! The 3600 goldstar beads all rose into the air in a massive, dazzling, dense array. They hung high in the air like the stars in the sky. Ning's powerful Immortal energy quickly filled every single goldstar bead. Then, he imposed his will upon them, causing them to rapidly transform. The aura of every single goldstar bead began to grow in power. In fact, every single goldstar bead seemed to grow to become more powerful than top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures before the strengthening process ceased.

"I've finally completely mastered the third chaos seal," Ning murmured softly to himself.

"Eh?"

His subconscious had suddenly connected to a place that was infinitely distant from Ning. It was beyond space, beyond time, beyond distance itself. In the past, Ning had never sensed this place before. Now that he had mastered the third chaos seal, his powerful heartforce, assisted by the chaos seals, was allowing him to vaguely sense it.

“Kill.”

“Kill.”

“Kill.”

This was a place that was filled with an aura of boundless murder and death. It was infinitely far away from him, but just sensing the place caused Ning’s heart to shudder...and at the same time, the aura seemed to stir that killing intent that Ning had buried deep in his own heart, the killing aura that stemmed from his hatred of the Seamless Gate and his desire to kill the Godking.

Ning’s eyes turned completely red upon being struck by this surge of killing intent. His veins began to protrude out from his body, which was trembling. Even with Ning’s skill in heartforce, it took a long time for him to calm down.

What he didn’t know was that different people would experience different things upon mastering the third chaos seal. For example, when Ning had been roaming the mortal world, he had mastered the second chaos seal and gained insight into the workings of fate, causing him to become much more attuned to it. Now, his heart had become filled with a desire to kill, and his heartforce was also extremely strong, which was why he became attuned to the essence of slaughter.

“Huff. Huff.” Ning panted as he slowly calmed down...but as he did, he became even calmer than before.

He stared at the 3600 goldstar beads hovering in the air. At present, the goldstar beads...had already transformed into many closed blood-colored lotus buds.

The thirty-six hundred blood-colored lotus buds hung there in the air, so beautiful as to inspire terror.

“Condense.” Ning willed it. Instantly, the 3600 lotuses began to merge together, soon transforming into a total of thirty-six enormous blood-colored lotus buds.

“Bloom,” Ning ordered.

The thirty-six beautiful blood-colored lotus buds slowly began to bloom. Previously, they were absolutely beautiful, but once they bloomed...a boundless aura of murder and slaughter instantly spread out in every direction.

“The bloodlotus blooms only for the sake of slaughter.” Ning could sense how tremendously powerful the goldstar beads would be in the form of these bloodlotus flowers. The Goldstar Beads of the Heavens now had three ideal forms they could assume. The first was the ‘bead’ form which was the most ordinary and well-rounded. The second was the ‘mirror’ form which was well-suited for defense. The third was this ‘bloodlotus’ form which was perfectly suited for slaughter.

The way in which the bloodlotus slaughtered was different from that of ordinary weapons.

“These goldstar beads...although they were formed from valuable materials, the crystals that form from the energy left over after stars perish, it is the Nine Chaos Seals which gives them their true power and makes them truly valuable.” Ning understood this. The reason why he became more attuned to fate and could even sense that distant place of endless slaughter was because of these Nine Chaos Seals.

“Daoist Three Purities’ ‘Immortal Slaying Sword Formation’ was derived from the seventh chaos seal. No wonder it is known as the number one killing formation of the Three Realms.”

Ning stared at the bloodlotus flowers. His heart was filled with bellowing rage and murder, but he also felt strange, unnatural calm that he had never felt before.

“Hm?” As he was absorbed in the special mental state that came with controlling the bloodlotus flowers, Ning could suddenly sense something special happening within his divine body. His divine body was absolutely perfect and flawless, with every single cell in his body being completely without blemishes. However...right now, Ning could vaguely sense that every single part of his body was filled with desire. An extremely powerful desire.

It was...as though his body was starving.

This sensation was very vague, and Ning could just barely feel it. But suddenly, a thought entered Ning’s mind. He murmured softly, “It is said in the [Solitary World God] that one needs to find a spark of inspiration from your own body in the midst of solitude. If you find it, you’ll be able to step into the True God level.”

“It seems that my body was ready long ago. It has been starving...but in the past, I simply couldn’t sense it. I had no idea as to what I should do.”

“But now...I’ve found it.”

“I’ve found that spark.”

Ning revealed a smile as he softly said these words to himself.

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### **Book 22: True God Chapter 1: Becoming a True God**

Ji Ning opened his eyes and looked at the beautiful bloodlotus flowers hovering in the air around him. Although their baleful aura filled the entire region, the aura was unable to disguise their beauty. Ning almost felt as though he could see a dazzlingly beautiful woman surrounded by that sea of blood. The woman’s face was the face of the woman he wished to see the most. She silently stood there, amidst the bloodlotus flowers, smiling at him.

“Senior apprentice-sister...”

Ning gently murmured these words to himself. He was silent for a moment, then waved his hand and took back the bloodlotus flowers.

Then, Ning sat down in the lotus position and began to train in the [Solitary World God].

Stillness.

His heartrate began to slow down; in fact, it very nearly stopped. His blood flow began to stop as well. Ning just sat there, seeming to have become a solitary, withered tree. However, his senses were more acute than ever before.

“My divine body...” Ning traced the sensations of starvation back to its source, finding the sense of hunger that permeated his entire body.

“There we go.”

“Time to begin.”

Ning immediately initiated the technique for making the breakthrough.

“Let the Dao of the Sword serve as the core.” Instantly, the divine power that permeated every single cell in Ning’s body began to change, transforming into countless tiny swords. Every single drip of divine power was in the shape of a sword, making it as though Ning’s entire body was composed of countless tiny swords. Every single tiny sword embodied the essence of a Grand Dao, the Dao of the Sword.

When breaking through to become a True God, an Elder God, or a World God, there was one thing in common that was needed: A specific Dao had to be used as the core.

Two identical sets of rocks. If one’s construction techniques were poor, they would result in a flimsy, easily destroyed building. But if one’s construction techniques were good, they would result in a building that would last for thousands of year.

The principle was the same. If one wished to build a powerful divine body, one needed to use absolutely brilliant techniques. The trick here lay in the Dao that was used for the core.

Take Ning, for example; as an Empyrean God, his divine body had reached the level of perfection long ago. He wasn’t able to make any further improvements whatsoever. However, to step into the higher realm of True Gods, he first had to have sufficiently pure divine power. His divine power had to be more than a hundred times more pure than that of an ordinary Empyrean God, which meant that he would have to change even the core Dao which was the source of his divine power. When Ning had become an Empyrean God, his core Dao had been the Dao of Rainwater. Now, for the sake of breaking through to become a True God, Ning chose to use the Dao of the Sword as his core.

In in the Three Realms, it was believed that there actually weren’t any ‘taboo’ Daos that could not be used as the core. Upon mastering a specific Heavenly Dao, one would generally use that Heavenly Dao as the core for becoming a Daofather.

However...

The techniques passed down by World God Northrest included many details notes within them.

With each breakthrough to a new realm, the divine body would be remade anew and perfected. The core Daos used each time should not be contradictory ones! For example, if he had become an Empyrean God through using the Dao of the Inferno as his core, then when he became a True God he shouldn’t use the Grand Dao of the Waterdrop. If he did, the two Daos would interfere with each other.

He would still be able to become a True God, but he would never have any chance of becoming an Elder God again.

In the Three Realms, becoming a True God through cultivation was considered the apex of power; they naturally wouldn't care about such a thing.

However, some of the high-level cultivators within the endless primordial chaos had set their sights on greater heights. They learned from the wisdom of their elders, and so also set down rules of their own to ensure their successors would know which choices were taboo. For example, the Daos that you chose for making your breakthrough absolutely could not be Daos that repelled each other! Once that happened, the divine body would have an unstable foundation and it wouldn't be able to advance much further.

The element of water and the Dao of the Sword, however...one was an elemental Dao, while the other was an attacking Dao; there were no contradictions at all. Thus, there wouldn't be any issues caused by choosing the two.

If both Daos were elemental Daos, such as the Daos of Fire, Water, Metal, Earth, and Wood, there would be contradictions. The only question would be how serious the contradictions were.

If both Daos were attacking Daos, such as the Daos of the Sword, the Saber, etc., there would also be contradictions.

If the contradictions were minor, one would still eventually be able to become an Elder God, but becoming a World God would be much more difficult.

If the contradictions were major, with the Daos being opposite-aligned, then even becoming an Elder God would be extremely difficult. As for becoming a World God, there would be no hope of that at all.

In the primordial chaos, this was considered to be secret information. Only people with exalted statuses would be in possession of this knowledge. World God Northrest, for example, knew these things because Vastheaven Palace had an excellent repository of legacies. Ordinary cultivators weren't in possession of this information. Ning wished to tell his master and the others, but when World God Northrest had transmitted these legacies to Ning, Ning had long ago been forced to swear a lifeblood oath that unless he became a World God, he was not permitted to teach anyone the things which World God Northrest had taught him.

Boom!

Ning activated the technique for making a breakthrough.

Instantly, his divine body gave birth to an incredibly powerful sucking effect that filled the prisonworld. The prisonworld had an enormous formation that was meant to distill the primordial chaos within it into chaos nectar, but as Ning made his breakthrough, his body began to ravenously draw energy from the primordial chaos. This caused the formerly calm primordial chaos within the prisonworld to suddenly become turbulent.

Rumble...

More and more chaos energy was drawn into Ning's body and converted into divine power.

The Dao of the Sword served as his core, and it transformed the chaos energy into divine power that was far purer than the divine power he had as an Empyrean God. It was the divine power of a True God.

As more and more divine power built up inside Ning's body, it slowly began to evolve and transform. Every single bit of divine power in his body was transforming.

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"What's going on?"

"Why can't I draw any more divine power? The prisonworld's formation is constantly leeching energy from the primordial chaos, taking away more than 90% of it, but we should still be able to draw power from the remaining amount. But now, I can't draw any power from it at all."

"What happened to the primordial chaos? Why did it become so frenzied and turbulent?"

The Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals imprisoned within the prisonworld, alongside exceptional True Gods and True Immortals who were able to tap the power of primordial chaos such as True God Shiyu, all became puzzled.

"A breakthrough?"

"A Fiendgod Body Refiner has made a breakthrough. By the looks of it, it is at least a breakthrough to the True God level. In fact, it could very well be a breakthrough to the Elder God level." Upon sensing how frenzied the primordial chaos had become, the prisoners quickly understood what was happening. However, they were quite puzzled. Generally speaking, those with enough potential to make a breakthrough would've done so long ago in the outside world. There was no way to even sense the Daos in this world. In the past three chaos cycles, not a single prisoner had made a large breakthrough like this. Who had just broken through?!

Some prisoners quickly thought of the newly arrived Overseer.

"Could it be the Overseer?" True God Shiyu, who had replanted his flower garden within the gorge, couldn't help but frown.

The Fiendgod Body Refining techniques of the Three Realms generally drew on the power of outside stars. The [Crimsonbright Diagram of the Nine Heavens], for example, drew from the energy of the Solar Star and the Lunar Star. The other techniques would draw from the Seven Big Dipper Stars or from other star systems and constellations.

Where did the energy of stars come from?

The primordial chaos gave birth to many stars. The energy given off by stars, 'stellar energy', was essentially the energy of primordial chaos that had already been converted. This sort of pre-converted energy was naturally easier to absorb. The [Solitary World God], however, was even more profound; when breaking through, one could draw energy straight from the primordial chaos itself.

However, only in the exact moment of the breakthrough would this be possible. It was much like how the [Crimsonbright Diagram of the Nine Heavens] allowed for the energy of Lunar Truewater and Solar Truefire to descend upon its practitioners in the moment of breakthrough. During normal cultivation, however, one needed to slowly, steadily draw upon stellar energy.

The [Solitary World God] was able to absorb all types of stellar energy. It could even absorb energy from the frozen star on which Ning was currently located.

If Ning had some insights into the Dao of Primordial Chaos, then even during normal cultivation he would be able to draw energy from the primordial chaos.

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A grassy area.

Ning was seated in the lotus position, surrounded by an crater. It was as though he was an enormous meteor that had smashed on the ground and created a crater, but in reality it had been created by the enormous flow of chaos energy that had surged here earlier.

“Whew.”

Ning opened his eyes.

“I’ve changed.” Ning could sense how powerful his body had become. Previously, he was a mere Empyrean God, but thanks to the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] and the [One True Body] technique he was equivalent to a half-step True God! Now that he had broken through to become an actual True God, he could be considered half a step into the Elder God realm of power.

“In all the Three Realms...”

“The likes of Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata the Buddha...the likes of Suiren, Shennong, and Fuxi...and even the likes of Daomother Devilhand and Keeper Everwood of the Seamless Gate...they are nothing more than True Gods,” Ning murmured to himself. “I am a True God as well, and I can be considered a half-step Elder God. Finally...I finally have the power I need to change the course of the entire war for the Three Realms.”

The major powers of the three Realms were primarily composed of Daofathers and True Gods.

Three Purities, Tathagata, Suiren, Shennong, Fuxi, Subhuti, Houyi, Daomother Devilhand, Keeper Everwood...all of them were True Gods! True Gods and Daofathers!

The reason why they were able to unleash the overlord level of power and be comparable to Elder Gods in might was primarily because their insights into the Dao were far, far too profound.

Tathagata, for example, had thoroughly mastered all five of the Heavenly Daos of Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, Earth. These five Heavenly Daos formed a complementary set known as the Five Elements, joining together to unleash a truly dominating level of force. His insights into the Dao of Primordial Chaos had also reached an inconceivable level! By relying on his insights into the Daos, he was able to unleash a level of power that was comparable to that of Elder Gods.

The same was true for the likes of Fuxi, Shennong, and Suiren; they all had exceedingly high levels of insights into the Daos!

Mastery of the Heavenly Daos of Yin and Yang, mastery of the Heavenly Daos of the Five Elements...all of them had extremely profound levels of insight into the Dao, which was why they were comparable to Elder Gods!



Daofathers could be divided into three levels of power.

Ordinary Daofathers were quite ordinary indeed; they would usually have mastery over one or two of the Heavenly Daos.

Top-tier Daofathers generally held mastery over fifth-stage taiji-force, infiniforce, swordforce, or other types of force.

Overlord-class Daofathers were equivalent to Elder Gods! Firegod Zhurong, Watergod Gonggong, the Ancestor Dragon, the Phoenix, and the other Elder Gods were born with mastery over one Heavenly Dao, and their insights into the Daos were significantly inferior to that of Tathagata and Three Purities. However, thanks to the great power of their divine bodies, they still were overlord-class powers. Alas, some died in the wars for supremacy during the Primordial Era, while others died in the war that ended the Primordial Era.

Nuwa had eventually left.

Fuxi had chosen to reincarnate. He had become a human, but to this very day he had yet to awaken his memories from his past life. He was just a True God and a Daofather, not an Elder God.

A number of the Elder Gods of the Seamless Gate had also died in battle, with the Lord of the Demonheart having fused himself into the Heavenly Daos.

In all the Three Realms...the only true Elder God was the Lord of All Fiends. Him and him alone! The second could be considered Ji Ning...a half-step Elder God!

"My insights into the Dao, compared to the other overlords, are rather lacking. However, my path is the path of swordforce. By relying on my fifth-stage swordforce and my sword-arts which surpass the limits of the Heavenly Daos, as well as my half-step Elder God divine body, I should have the power of an overlord Daofather." Ning had battled against Daomother Devilhand, and so he knew exactly where he ranked in terms of power.

"Seamless Gate. Godking!" Ning's eyes were filled with a strong, murderous intent. Now that he had become more powerful, his murderous intent had only strengthened even further.

"I've changed."

"The world...shall change as well."

Ning murmured these words softly to himself, his voice filled with a thick desire to kill.

In the past, he had to wait. Had to endure.

That was only because back then, he wasn't strong enough yet. But now...he was!

"I won't rush things. First, I'll repair the surface layer of Violetjewel. By then, I'll be even more powerful." Ning waved his hand, putting away the stone sword-steles and the jade shrine. He then transformed into a black lightning serpent, disappearing into the horizons with a flash as he flew towards the location of the Five Elements Cauldron.

## The Desolate Era

### **Book 22: True God Chapter 2: Divine Sword, Violetjewel**

Ji Ning descended from the skies, landing next to the Five Elements Cauldron. He turned to look at the ancient stone platform next to it, as well as the the blood-colored sword placed atop it. The sword's body was still filled with cracks.

"Violetjewel..." Ning stared at the sword for a moment, then waved his hand. Whoosh! A large amount of treasures came flying out of nowhere, every single one emanating astonishingly powerful auras. The treasures almost instantly formed a small mountain in size. These were virtually all of the Protocosmic spirit-treasures Ning had acquired from the hundred-plus True Gods and True Immortals.

And after sweeping through so many True Gods and True Immortals, Ning had also acquired a Chaos treasure. The Chaos treasure was a great warhammer that sparked with countless flickers of lightning.

"So many Protocosmic spirit-treasures...well, no point to having too many of them." Ning pointed to the distant Five Elements Cauldron. "Activate."

Rumble...

The Five Elements Cauldron instantly began to emanate an aura of power and might as its handles radiated with five blinding colors of light.

"In you go." Ning released a thin sliver of sword-attribute divine power that immediately swept all those Protocosmic spirit-treasures up. The sabers, swords, axes, beads...the various Protocosmic spirit-treasures continuously flew into the mouth of the Five Elements Cauldron, which furiously ground them apart and extracted the Five Elements essence from within them. In just ten seconds, Ning had thrown nearly thirty Protocosmic spirit-treasures into the cauldron, transforming them into tiny bits of debris. The amount of Five Elements essence inside the cauldron's storage region had increased by quite a bit as a result.

The many Protocosmic spirit-treasures flew in, batch by batch.

Any major power of the Three Realms would've been terrified by this sight. Ning himself felt pain in his heart as well, but for the sake of repairing Violetjewel...it would all be worth it.

Crackle...hiss...pop...

Sounds of treasures being broken down rang out continuously from within the Five Elements Cauldron. The mountain-sized pile of treasures that had been next to it was shrinking rapidly, at a pace that could be detected with the naked eye. Soon, almost all of the treasures were completely used up.

"So much essence?" Ning looked at the Five Elements Cauldron. The storage region within it now contained an enormous amount of Five Elements essence.

A large amount of debris and rubble flew out from within the mouth of the cauldron. As it flew out, it was merely the size of a sphere that was roughly a few meters in radius, but once it completely exited the cauldron it quickly expanded to become a massive mountain of debris that was thirty thousand meters high. Ning 'pincer'ed the rubbish with his divine power, then gave them a casual toss. Swoosh!

The massive pile of debris flew hundreds of kilometers away, and where it landed a giant mountain was born.

“Let’s see if it works, this time. Based on my previous experiences...this amount of essence should be enough.” Ning turned to look at the blood-colored sword atop the stone dais. Swoosh! The sword instantly flew into the air and came to hover in front of Ning.

“Emerge.” Ning pointed at the sword.

Five streams of colored energy surged out from the Five Elements Cauldron; the gold of Metal, the blue of Water, the green of Wood, the crimson of Fire, and the black of Earth. They swirled around the blood-colored sword in circles, and Violetjewel instantly began to shudder. It was like a starving beggar who had suddenly encountered a scrumptious feast. It instantly began to furiously devour the ‘food’ surrounding it. The five streams of energy completely surrounded it, but one could still vaguely see that the surface of the blood-colored sword was slowly beginning to heal. Some cracks were visibly growing smaller and smaller before disappearing entirely.

Time slowly passed.

More and more of the energy streams flowed out of the cauldron and into Violetjewel. The speed at which the sword was being repaired at was noticeably much faster now than when Ning had been using Pure Yang treasures.

It spend more than two hours swallowing the energy of the Five Elements essence before the cauldron finally ran empty.

“Eh?!” Ning stared at the beautiful blood-colored sword hovering in the air, a slight frown on his face. The sword was breathtakingly, terrifyingly beautiful, but two tiny cracks could still be seen on the body of this beautiful sword. These two were the two final cracks that remained.

“It actually isn’t repaired yet.” Ning frowned. “What should I do? I’ve used up almost all the Pure Yang treasures and Protocosmic spirit-treasures. I only have a single Chaos treasure that I don’t need, but there’s a limit to how strong this cauldron is. It wouldn’t necessarily be able to destroy a Chaos treasure,” Ning mused to himself.

The Five Elements Cauldron was just a Protocosmic spirit-treasure. It would be extremely difficult for the cauldron to destroy a Chaos treasure and extract essence from it.

“Oh, right.” Ning suddenly thought of another treasure. With but a thought, he instantly caused an ape-shaped golem to appear in the air. It was the Envoy of All Things.

“The critical components to this Envoy are all destroyed. There’s no point keeping it around. The Seamless Gate paid an enormous price to create each of these Envoys; when a Daofather is in command of them, they are all capable of unleashing power close to that of an overlord-class figure. This treasure is far more useful than a Chaos treasure, and it is made from more valuable materials as well.” Ning secretly nodded to himself. “It has to have a great deal of Five Elements essence within it.”

Although the Envoy was powerful, the physical makeup of the Envoy itself was merely comparable to top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures. For such an enormous, powerful golem to reach the Chaos treasure level in its entirety was far too difficult.

“Go.” Not hesitating at all, Ning threw the Envoy into the Five Elements Cauldron as well.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The Envoy instantly began to be ground apart. It was extremely hard to forcibly break apart a top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure, but the Five Elements Cauldron was able to accomplish it easily. It operated on the basis of principles that were completely antithetical to the existence of treasures such as the Envoy! After a long while, the entire Envoy had been completely harvested. Nothing was left but some debris, with a large amount of Five Elements essence having been extracted.

“A single Envoy contains far more essence than a hundred Protocosmic spirit-treasures. No wonder the Seamless Gate, despite all of its vast resources, was only able to produce a few of them.” Ning’s eyes lit up. He immediately guided the extracted Five Elements essence outwards, sending those five streaks of energy to once more swirl around Violetjewel.

Rumble!

Violetjewel began to emit a ringing soon as it quickly absorbed the Five Elements essence. Ning carefully stared at those two small cracks, watching as they quickly shrank in size and depth, then completely disappeared. Next, some of the shattered rune-lines on the inside of Violetjewel began to be repaired as well. However, repairing the internal structure of Violetjewel was far more difficult.

A short while later, all of the Five Elements essence was used up. The amount of internal damage that had been repaired, however, was almost negligible.

“World God Northrest’s words were correct.” Ning sighed softly. “Repairing the surface layer is easy, but repairing the internal damage...it’ll be thousands of times more difficult.”

“Fortunately, the most critical and precious part of the sword, its core, remains perfectly intact. Even though my sacrifice of the Envoy and all those treasures only allowed me to repair the surface layer, the sword can still once more unleash some of its true power.” Ning stretched his hand out and the blood-colored sword fell into his hands.

As soon as the blood-colored sword entered Ning’s hands, he could sense the inconceivable power held within it.

However, because the internal structure of the sword was badly damaged, only a portion of its full power could be unleashed at present.

“What a terrifying sword.”

Ning gently swung the sword.

Whoosh.

The space in front of him split apart, creating a tear in space that stretched out to ten thousand kilometers.

“Although only part of its power is usable, it’s still terrifyingly strong. Thanks to this sword, in all the Three Realms my offensive attack power is most likely number one. Only Keeper Everwood, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, and a few others who are extremely skilled in defense would be able to

withstand a head-on blow from me,” Ning murmured softly to himself. The existence of this sword made a huge difference to him in terms of power.

Without this sword, Ning was still an overlord-class figure, comparable to an Elder God...but with it, he stood at the very peak of power, even amongst overlords! As for exactly who was stronger and who was weaker, that was a question that could only be settled through actual combat. It had been a long time since the war that had ended the Primordial Era, after all; no one knew exactly how much stronger the major powers on each side had become. Perhaps there were other figures who were hiding their true power as well.

For example, Buddha Jueming of the Buddhist Sangha. He had also trained in the [Solitary World God], and also had the [Nine Elements Destruction]. Ning believed that after so many years of training in it, Buddha Jueming had to have become an extraordinary figure as well. However, Buddha Jueming remained very low-key in the Three Realms, which was why most major powers viewed him as being just an ordinary True God or Daofather.

“It is important to be cautious at a time like this.”

“It’s best if I avoid using Violetjewel, but if I’m forced to use it, I’ll need to ensure that it has a tremendous effect.” Ning knew very well that unleashing his trump card in a sudden, explosive manner would make it extraordinarily effective. If Violetjewel was to make an appearance, he wanted to make sure that the major powers of the Seamless Gate would lose their lives as a result.

“Come here.” Ning willed it, and the blood-colored sword immediately flew into his body, resting itself within the Jindan region inside of him.

“Now, it’s time to go deal with True God Shiyu.” Ning wanted to acquire the Heavengazer Tower very badly. The thing he needed the most right now was time. If he was able to master a Heavenly Dao, he would have a chance of becoming an Ancestral Immortal or Elder God!

Swish. A Darknorth sword appeared in Ning’s hands.

There were a total of six Darknorth swords. During his recent battles, he had encountered some True Gods and True Immortals who would rather die than bend the knee to him. Ning had shown them no mercy at all and slain them, allowing all six of his Darknorth swords to be upgraded to the Chaos treasure level. However, according to how World God Northrest ranked things, Ning’s six Darknorth swords could only be considered standard-grade Chaos treasures.

Chaos treasures, according to the records which World God Northrest had given Ning, could be divided into standard-grade, high-grade, and top-grade treasures.

“Against True God Shiyu, the Darknorth swords will be enough.” Darknorth sword in hand, Ning transformed into a black lightning serpent that disappeared into the horizons.

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 22: True God Chapter 3: A Single Sword**

Within the mountain gorge.

A silver-haired man was standing amidst a garden of flowers. He gently plucked a flower, lowering his head to smell its fragrance. His face, however, remained a bit gloomy and downcast.

“Overseer...” The silver-haired man murmured these words to himself. “Is it him?”

The earlier turbulence in the primordial chaos...True God Shiyu had also come to the conclusion that it had most likely been someone breaking through to become a True God or perhaps Elder God! The prisoners, however, had been trapped in the prisonworld for far too long; if they had any breakthroughs to make, they would've made them long ago. The chances for one of the prisoners to make a breakthrough was far, far too low. Thus, the most likely answer was that it was the alien Overseer who had been lucky enough to stumble across the prisonworld who had made the breakthrough.

“That alien is extraordinarily powerful. If he really did make a breakthrough...things will be rather troublesome.” The silver-haired man's face was troubled. “He's the Overseer, after all; he surely has many treasures on him. Although my defensive skills are formidable, I won't be able to outlast him in a battle of stamina.”

His only option was to slowly draw energy from the primordial chaos inside the prisonworld. The prisonworld had an enormous formation in it that was monopolizing the vast majority of the primordial chaos, distilling it into chaos nectar. Thus, the amount which he could make use of was quite miniscule. The Overseer, however, was able to replenish his strength from the outside world. This alone guaranteed that he wouldn't be able to match the Overseer in a battle of stamina.

“Eh?” True God Shiyu suddenly turned his head.

A black lightning serpent had appeared in the distance. With a flash, it appeared in the air above the gorge. It was that white-robed youth, and he was wielding a black sword in his hand. The white-robed youth descended from the skies, landing on the ground. His aura was extremely ordinary, almost like that of a mortal's, but True God Shiyu's face turned solemn as he looked at the youth. True God Shiyu then let out a cold laugh. “It hasn't been that long since our last fight, but you've come again. It seems that it really was you who made the breakthrough just now.”

“It was.” Ning walked towards him, Darknorth sword in hand.

“So what if you did? Last time, I was able to easily defend against you without using any divine abilities at all. Even if an Elder God or Ancestral Immortal came, I'd still be able to hold out, much less against you.” True God Shiyu stared coldly at Ning. He remained quite prideful. Back when he had lived in the chaos-kingdom of Pangaea, he had been able to survive multiple fights against Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals and escape unscathed.

“You being strong...that's what makes it fun.” Ning smiled as he stepped forward, a single sword in hand.

True God Shiyu manifested a cudgel in each of his two hands, staring solemnly at Ning as he approached. Suddenly, Ning transformed into a streak of light, his aura increasing by an explosive amount. When he struck out with his sword, it was as though he was Pangu cleaving apart Heaven and Earth. His massive black sword seemed to cause the world itself to begin to crumble as it went smashing towards True God Shiyu with irresistible power.

“Hmph.” True God Shiyu’s twin cudgels spun in two distinct lines, coming together to vaguely form a gigantic Taiji diagram which he used to defend against that terrifying sword-blow.

BOOM!!!!

Ning’s sword was like Pangu’s axe, chopping down against the two crossed cudgels. True God Shiyu was immediately smashed flying backwards, and even the ground beneath his feet was shattered. A massive gouge appeared in the ground, and the nearby flowers were all instantly crushed into dust by the shockwave. Even the distant mountains began to tremble and crack apart.

[Brightmoon] sword-art, Heavenbreaker stance!

“Your sword-art has improved, compared to last time.” True God Shiyu stood within that massive crater, looking back at Ning. “It’s only been a short while, but not only has your divine body become far more powerful, even your sword-arts have improved.”

What he didn’t know was that Ning had spent six hundred years training in Undermoon Lake, engaged in multiple life-and-death battles in the outside world, then even more battles in the prisonworld. These battles had been like a whetstone that had continuously served to polish and sharpen Ji Ning’s skills. It was only natural that his sword-arts continued to improve at a dramatic rate.

“And your cudgel-arts remain as mysterious and profound as ever.” Ning stood in front of him, still wielding just a single sword. With a flicker, he charged towards True God Shiyu once more, causing a dazzling crescent moon of sword-light to suddenly flash.

Faced with this beautiful crescent of sword-light, True God Shiyu’s face turned even more solemn. Twin cudgels in his hands, he hurriedly strove to block against this dazzling strike.

Thud!

In the end, the sword-strike was dodged. True God Shiyu, however, didn’t dare to relax in the slightest, because Ning’s next sword-strike was now arriving. Sword-light flashed again, and it was as though the dazzling sun in the skies had suddenly been covered by dark stormclouds, casting the world in shadow. True God Shiyu felt as though this terrifying strike had cast him into a nightmarish world.

Slash! Slash! Slash!

Every single attack Ning now used was the ‘Shadowless’ stance of the [Brightmoon] sword-art. It had always been unpredictable and fast, but now that it was being unleashed by someone who was a half-step Elder God, it became even faster and even more astonishingly powerful. It was already a sword-art that surpassed the limits of the Heavenly Daos. Thus now, although it was just slightly faster than before, it instantly became much more difficult to block than it had been in the past.

“I hate this type of sword-art the most.” True God Shiyu hurriedly blocked three sword-strikes before he was forced to use a divine ability to manifest four more arms. Each of his six arms now held a cudgel as he hurriedly strove to block.

Ning continued to merely use a single sword. This single sword, however, was incredibly taxing for True God Shiyu to defend against! “Where the hell did he learn a sword-art like this that surpasses the Heavenly Daos?” True God Shiyu ground his teeth. “He has such a powerful body, and his sword-arts are

absolutely marvelous. How the hell did he luck out into learning something that surpasses the Heavenly Daos?!" If this sword-art hadn't surpassed the limits of the Heavenly Daos, it would have been much easier for True God Shiyu to defend against them. Instead, True God Shiyu now found it hard to defend against Ning's single sword, even when he was using six cudgels to fight back.

The Shadowless stance...it was ephemeral and unpredictable, and it moved faster than lightning.

In terms of raw, overwhelming power, the most formidable strike was the 'Heavenbreaker' stance.

In terms of an assassin's strike that focused on instant, sudden speed, the most formidable strike was the 'Blood Drop' stance.

Ning's sword-arts continuously fluctuated between forms, with his Shadowless stance continuing to shock and unnerve True God Shiyu, putting him in a bad position. His sword-art were simply far too unpredictable and strange. The 'Heavenbreaker' stance relied on raw power, and each time Ning used it he was able to send True God Shiyu flying away. The Blood Drop stance was an assassin's strike that was the most penetrative attack of all; each time Ning unleashed it, True God Shiyu could feel his entire body turning cold.

Last time, it had been fairly easy for him to defend against the Blood Drop stance, since it was a straightforward attack with few transformations to it; it focused mostly on speed. Now, however, Ning's speed had become so incredibly fast that even though it was straightforward, it was still so hard to block as to cause True God Shiyu's heart to tremble. If it was just a hair faster, he probably wouldn't be able to block at all; the sword would go straight through his head and kill him.

"I admit defeat." Suddenly, a voice rang out.

Ning was stunned.

True God Shiyu retreated backwards by a considerable distance. He stared at Ning, a look of helplessness and resentment in his eyes.

"Admit defeat?" Ning was a bit speechless. Although his main goal was to acquire the Heavengazer Tower of Radiance, True God Shiyu was an excellently skilled foe. Such a foe was not easy to find! He had actually been able to resist more than ten sword-strikes from Ning, who had been using the three main attacking stances of [Brightmoon]. This was truly incredible, as even Ning believed himself to have reached the overlord level of power.

Ning truly treasured the chance to fight against such a formidable foe. After all, at present Ning didn't have any plans to fight against Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals.

The entire prisonworld only had a total of sixteen imprisoned Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals! All sixteen of them had foundations that were superior to his, and they surely had far greater insights into the Dao as well. The True Gods and True Immortals here couldn't be compared to them. Most likely, Ning wouldn't necessarily be a match for them even when simply comparing offensive attacks.

For example, although Ning had fifth-stage swordforce and attack speed that surpassed the Heavenly Daos, True God Shiyu had mastered and merged fifth-stage taiji-force and infiniforce. Although True God Shiyu's body was a bit weaker, he was still able to hold out against Ning for quite a long period of time.



The Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals would most likely have an even higher level of attainment in the Dao.

They had a stronger foundation and more insights into the Dao. The only advantage Ning had was Violetjewel, which gave him some degree of confidence in being able to retreat safely. However, it was also quite possible that the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals had some special tricks up their sleeves as well. Their bodies and Jindans were all equivalent to that of the Lord of All Fiends, after all! Individuals at this level of power couldn't be judged according to common standards. Even in the chaos-kingdom of Pangaea, they were second only to those three World Gods.

The techniques of Pangaea were somewhat more advanced than the techniques of the Three Realms as well. What abilities did these sixteen Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals have? Ning wasn't sure, and he wasn't confident in fighting them. If his true body was killed in battle, rebuilding it would be no easy task. This was because Ning's 'spare' clone had also become a True God as well.

When one clone advanced to a new stage, all other clones would make the same breakthrough. This was one of the hidden laws which governed the world. When the breakthrough was made, the primordial chaos would be agitated as it voluntarily sent its power into the bodies of the clones. Thus, the 'spare' clone was also filled with the power of primordial chaos, and also became a True God.

To remake seventeen True God bodies would require an exceedingly long period of time.

"Yes. I admit defeat. Last time, I was easily able to defend against you, even when you were in your three-headed, six-armed form." True God Shiyu shook his head. "Now, I'm using six arms of my own, but you are able to push me back so easily with just a single sword. I'm exhausted. I can sense that if you send a few more sword-strikes my way, I will definitely lose. You've improved your sword-arts so quickly, and its speed surpasses the limits of the Heavenly Daos. I'm thoroughly convinced by my defeat and of your superiority. I can give you my three Chaos treasures...but I hope in the future you will give me my freedom when you have the power to do so."

"Alright." Ning nodded.

In the future, he would have to follow his lifeblood oath and leave the Three Realms, as Mother Nuwa had done before him. He would enter the primordial chaos and search for Vastheaven Palace. If he had the power to release the prisoners of the prisonworld by then, he would do so.

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 22: True God Chapter 4: The Crescent World**

True God Shiyu was highly skilled in defensive techniques and fleeing maneuvers, precisely because he was someone who valued his own life dearly. He obediently bent the knee and submitted.

Ji Ning soulscoured him, took his three Chaos treasures, then left.

"He was so astonishingly powerful and dazzling, even amongst True Gods and True Immortals. As expected, there were some marvelous reasons for that." After soulscoring him, Ning had learned that True God Shiyu had once acquired the legacy of a deceased World God along with four Chaos treasures. The Heavengazer Tower of Radiance was one of the four. True God Shiyu had traded two of the other Chaos treasures for a 'Darkwind Skysplitter Cudgel'. His possession of this cudgel was an important part

of the reason why he was able to fight back against Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals despite being a mere True Immortal.

True God Shiyu had learned powerful divine abilities from that legacy, but alas, all of those divine abilities were sealed with a lifeblood oath. Not even soulscouring him had allowed Ning to acquire them.

Ning had searched through the memories of many True Gods and True Immortals by now. Each of them had experienced special encounters which had allowed them to reach this level of power.

Whoosh. Ning landed atop a mountain. He waved his hand, producing a small tower before him.

The tower was completely silvery-white in color, and it was covered with a faint aura of golden light. The tower was shaped just like a pyramid. Ning held the small tower up with one hand, sending his senses inside of it. He could sense that spacetime within the tower was rather chaotic. Normally, spacetime should be extremely stable and hard to disrupt. Daofather Subhuti was capable of affecting spacetime, and this little tower was also capable of it.

“Bind.” Ning immediately sent his divine power into the tower, binding this Chaos treasure. As he bound it, he immediately made it suppress its aura. It became quite unremarkable to behold, no longer emitting any golden light at all.

Before being bound, a treasure would generally emit an aura of power. After being bound, everything was up to the desire of the treasure’s owner. It would be very easy to change its appearance.

“In I go.” Ning willed himself inside. He disappeared from the mountain. The only thing left was the pyramid-shaped tower, levitating in the air at the peak.

“Eh?” Ning looked at his surroundings. This was a region that merely had a perimeter of three hundred meters. The region was pyramid-shaped and seemed extremely stable, but the flow of time was clearly quite different inside here.

“How strange.” Ning raised his head to look at the pyramid-shaped region he was in. At the very tip of the pyramid, circles of dim light could be seen where spacetime was rippling faintly. These dim circles of light could be also be seen at each of the four corners of the pyramid. Ning’s divine power filled the entire tower, and thus he could use it to ‘see’ the many divine runes that were constantly flowing through the insides of the tower.

“It has changed spacetime, and in an extremely stable manner.” Ning sighed softly in amazement.

“Although Mother Nuwa was able to do this, that was only with a grand formation. In addition, it was only possible in a set location that couldn’t be moved. This Chaos treasure, however...the person who created the Heavengazer Tower was most likely even more formidable than Mother Nuwa, the creator of the Six Paths of Reincarnation. But of course, Mother Nuwa entered the primordial chaos long ago. I imagine she’s even more formidable now than she was in the past.”

“Ten times.”

Ning’s thoughts and memories were linked to his clones in the outside world. He could thus naturally sense how much more quickly time was progressing within the tower. The difference was quite obvious.

“Time to speed up the flow of time.” Ning immediately began to test out the process of further speeding up time. His Immortal energy began to rapidly deplete, and the flow of time began to speed up as well, going from ten times to twenty times, then thirty times. His energy began to deplete more and more rapidly as the tower’s energy consumption began to skyrocket.

“At twenty times the normal rate of time, I use up energy at the same rate as I replenish it.”

“Thirty times the normal rate of time starts to take a bit of effort.”

“Forty times...I can still handle it.”

“Fifty times...getting difficult!”

Ning came to a halt after increasing the flow of speed to fifty times that of the outside world. He smiled. “My true body and my Primaltwin are both inside the tower; this places a major burden on it. However, when my true body is outside battling, I can have my Primaltwin calmly spend its time meditating in the tower. That’ll be ideal.”

The white-robed Ning immediately left the Heavengazer Tower, leaving behind only the black-robed Ning.

“Maintaining fifty times the normal flow of time...I’m still using up a lot of energy, but it’s much easier now than before.”

“Sixty times...the energy usage is getting fast again.”

“Seventy times...”

“A hundred times...this is getting difficult.”

“Two hundred times...energy is being used up way too fast.”

“Three hundred times...the amount of energy being used up is astonishing.”

For the sake of getting a better sense of how much energy would be used, Ning continued to furiously increase the flow of time.

Four hundred times! Five hundred times! Six hundred times! A thousand times!

At a thousand times the normal flow of time, half of his energy was consumed in an instant. Shocked, Ning finally came to a halt.

“There’s a limit to how much the Heavengazer Tower can speed up the flow of time.” Thanks to his control over this treasure, Ning could tell that there was a limit to its power. He nodded to himself.

“According to what I just sensed...a thousand times should be that limit. However, I can only maintain that speed for two seconds. Training requires time. I need to at least be able to train for a hundred years worth of time in the outside world. A hundred years of time in the outside world translates into thousands or tens of thousands of years within the tower. If I use up energy too quickly, no amount of spirit-pills will suffice.”

He spent a few moments calculating and pondering. In the end, given that the Endwar was looming, Ning decided to take the risk of maintaining a flow of time that was a hundred times that of the outside world's!

"I'll need to prepare some extra Great Firmament Immortal pills to stay at this speed for an extended period of time. It's now time to return to the Three Realms." The white-robed Ning put the tower away, then left the prisonworld.

The Primaltwin remained inside the tower. It needed to spend time meditating on the Dao!

Ning's goal was to master an entire Heavenly Dao! He could only do this upon returning to the Three Realms. There was no way to meditate on other Daos when within the endless primordial chaos. Upon mastering a Heavenly Dao, Ning would have a chance of becoming an Ancestral Immortal or an Elder God. His power would definitely surpass that of an overlord-class Daofather by then!

However, Ning didn't dare to feel too confident. The Lord of All Fiends was an Elder God himself! He had been able to escape from the clutches of Mother Nuwa, who had broken through to become a World God, and he was the person who worried Ning the most. In addition, more than half a chaos cycle had gone by since the end of the Primordial Era. That was enough time for a minor figure to become a mighty one! How powerful were the two alliances? Hard to say. Things would only be made clear when the Endwar came.

And...what was the cause of this great war?

It was still a mystery!

Although he already stood at the very peak of power in the Three Realms, Ning still wished to reach even higher heights.

Within the endless Void.

Ning appeared out of nowhere. He stared at the distant Solar Star, blazing with seemingly infinite heat, then gave the icy Lunar Star a glance as well.

"The Three Realms." Ning murmured softly to himself, then took out a message talisman and filled it with his Immortal energy, notifying his master of his arrival.

"Disciple." Subhuti's voice echoed within the empty space around him.

"Master, I wish to return to the Crescent world," Ning said.

"Very well." Instantly, a spatial whirlpool appeared in the empty space around him. Ning gave the spatial whirlpool a hard look. He could now vaguely sense that aside from changing space, this whirlpool also made slight alterations to time. The Crescent world didn't exist in the same temporal dimension as the rest of the major worlds of the Three Realms, which was why the other major powers had no way of finding it at all.

Ning stepped into the spatial vortex and disappeared from the Void.

Blue skies and white clouds greeted his arrival.

Ning appeared in the middle of the air. “Eh?” Ning glanced downwards with surprise, seeing a beautiful island off in the distance.

“Master actually led me here?” Ning was quite surprised, as he thought that the whirlpool would’ve led straight to Mount Innerheart.

“Eh? Uncle White. Little Qing. And...my daughter Brightmoon? All of them are on the island?” Ning became even more surprised. His ‘spare’ Primaltwin clone was still by his daughter’s side, albeit quietly hidden. It wouldn’t make an appearance unless his daughter was in grave danger. Upon arriving, Ning could sense that his Primaltwin was right at that island. Clearly, his daughter, Little Qing, and Uncle White were there as well.

“She’s already a Celestial Immortal. Why is she staying on this island?”

“In the past, Master always brought me directly to Mount Innerheart. Why has he brought me here, this time?” Ning felt quite curious, but he still flew downwards. As he moved closer to the island, he could sense his heart clench involuntarily. Ning gave the beautiful island a closer look, and as he did his face blanched as though he had seen something terrifying.

“This formation...it’s so mysterious, but even the tiny bit of it that I can sense is utterly terrifying.” Ning felt dread in his heart. He was already an overlord-class figure, but he could still feel a vague sense of danger emanating from this island.

“Disciple, come in.” Subhuti’s voice suddenly rang out.

“Yes.” Ning quickly landed. Although this island held a terrifying formation within it, the formation didn’t act to impede him at all. Ning was able to easily and safely land on the sandy beaches, and as he did he immediately saw a distant group of Immortals flying around in the skies above the island. He also saw a number of linked palaces that radiated mighty auras.

“Isn’t that the Carefree Immortal Palace of Exalted Celestial Carefree? That’s a top-grade Protocosmic estate-treasure.”

“And...that’s the Three Realms Dragonrover Ark of Daofather Snowdragon?”

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 22: True God Chapter 5: A Change in the Three Realms**

As a half-step Elder God, Ji Ning possessed incredibly sharp vision. When he swept the island with his gaze, he saw many Immortal palaces, flying arks, and mazes that were extremely famous in the Three Realms. Many were treasures belonging to True Gods and Daofathers, and all of them possessed extremely powerful defenses.

“Junior apprentice-sister, look, that’s Sword Immortal Darknorth.”

“So he is Ji Ning?”

“I heard Father say that Sword Immortal Darknorth’s sword-arts are absolutely astonishing. In fact, his sword-arts are the best sword-arts of the Three Realms, and he’s just as powerful as Father is.”

“Best in the Three Realms? That’s a bit exaggerated, isn’t it? He’s simply mastered the [Five Treasures]; his swordforce is still merely at the fourth stage. His true body has been wiped out by the Seamless Gate as well. When he was using the Envoy, he was perhaps comparable to Master, but I heard that the Envoy’s been ruined. With his true body lost as well...he surely is much weaker than Master now. He was born at the wrong time. If he was given another ten thousand years, he would probably be far more powerful than he is now.”

“Look. That’s Ji Ning over there.”

“Sword Immortal Darknorth?”

“Such a pity. I heard that he was ambushed by the Seamless Gate.”

“The killer was Swordfather Darklight...supposedly, he was killed by Houyi afterwards. Houyi truly is incredible. He didn’t even use his arrows; he just used a single blow from his hatchet to kill Swordfather Darklight.”

“My senior apprentice-sister told me that Ji Ning’s talent is absolutely incredible. He’s no less talented than Houyi.”

“Perhaps. But for now, there’s no way that Ji Ning can be compared to Houyi; the difference in power is simply too great. If his true body was still alive, then after a few million years he would perhaps be a match for Houyi. Now, however...there’s no hope of it happening.”

“A pity.”

The island wasn’t that large, just a few hundred thousand kilometers in size. Given how many Immortals were present, quite a few noticed as soon as Ning arrived on the island. All of them felt pity for Ning. They all felt that Ning had been born at the wrong time! He was born with utterly astonishing talent, but alas he had been born just a little too late.

“What’s going on? So many treasures have appeared here, and the secret formation protecting this island is utterly terrifying...” Ning’s heart was filled with questions. “And these Immortals...there are even Empyrean Gods and True Immortals here, many of whom are the descendants and progeny of major powers.”

“Come over here.” A mental message was sent to him.

Ning turned to look in towards the direction from which the message had come. His eyes were filled with torch-light, and he was able to see a seemingly ordinary Daoist monastery looked far off in the distance.

“Master?” Ning was truly stunned now. This was the monastery which Patriarch Subhuti lived in. It had been located on Mount Innerheart for countless years. Why did it now appear atop this island?

Swoosh. Ning immediately flew a hundred thousand kilometers before landing before the monastery.

“Uncle-master.” Standing at the entrance of the monastery were the two Dao-novices, Clearwater and Whiteriver. Both of them called out quite respectfully, and their eyes were filled with curiosity and admiration as they stared at Ning.

Ning relaxed slightly upon seeing these two 'children'. Their presence meant that everything should be fine. Ning immediately strode into the monastery.

Soon, he saw the white-haired Patriarch Subhuti seated on the ground in the distance.

"Master." Ning immediately walked towards him, then respectfully knelt on the ground.

"Sit." Subhuti smiled as he looked at Ning.

Ning sat down in the lotus position as he looked at his master.

"Aren't you curious?" Subhuti looked at Ning.

"Of course I am." Ning nodded. "The Crescent world...in the past, this island didn't exist. Now, it suddenly has appeared out of nowhere, and has such a terrifying formation protecting it! The estate-treasures, palaces, and flying arks of many major powers are here as well, as well as many of their disciples and progeny. And you, Master...you actually moved your own monastery here as well!"

"Master, can it be that the major powers of the Three Realms are using this place as their refuge?" Ning frowned.

Subhuti nodded. "This place has indeed become a place of refuge."

Ning felt an uneasy feeling in his heart.

"Master, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Daoist Three Purities, the Primordial Imperial Clan...they each have their own abilities. It shouldn't be hard for them to protect their disciples and progeny. Why is it that they've all been moved over to the Crescent world?" Ning hurriedly asked, "Has the war taken a turn for the worse?"

"It has indeed, but we are doing this just to prepare for the worst," Subhuti said.

"It really has taken a turn for the worse?" Ning was shocked. He had only spent six years in the prisonworld. How could such drastic changes have occurred in the outside world?

"What's going on?" Ning immediately asked.

"Listen to me carefully," Subhuti said. "When the Seamless Gate ambushed you, we negotiated with them and agreed that they were no longer to use Envoys in the war for karmic luck, while you were not to participate either. After the negotiations, the Realmwars began once more, and everything proceeded as we expected. However, half a year ago..."

Ning was secretly shocked. Something unexpected had happened half a year ago?"

"Half a year ago, Daoist Three Purities could sense that given how ferocious the war for karmic luck had become, as soon as it ended the Endwar would immediately begin! Aside from our two sides, there are two other forces that we have to reckon with. If they aren't dealt with, then it is very possible that those two forces will take advantage of our conflict to become the final winner."

"Two other forces?" Ning was stunned.

“The first is Old Man Yuan’s forces,” Patriarch Subhuti said. “The Four Ancestors of the River Source aren’t that powerful; before the Endwar begins, they will have to choose to join one side or another. In truth, they aren’t powerful enough to try and take advantage of the war to become the final victor.”

“The second, however...is the Primordial Ruinworld!” Patriarch Subhuti had a solemn look on his face.

Ning was suddenly jolted.

The Primordial Ruinworld?

Right.

The Primordial Ruinworld! He had been so focused on the Seamless Gate that he had nearly forgotten the Primordial Ruinworld. When he had been exiled into the Nihilum Zone, he had suffered attacks from the Snaphorn world of the Primordial Ruinworld. In the end, it had been his master Subhuti who had intervened to rescue him and wipe out those three Queen Mothers. The Snaphorn world was just a weak power in the Primordial Ruinworld; if the entire Ruinworld rose up together, they would constitute a terrifyingly powerful force! Not even True Gods or Daofathers would dare to casually enter the Primordial Ruinworld; they could very well die if they did!

“The Primordial Ruinworld is far more powerful than the Four Ancestors of the River Source,” Patriarch Subhuti said. “After the war that ended the Primordial Era, Mother Nuwa drove all of those alien Outsiders into the harsh environment of the Primordial Ruinworld.”

Ning nodded. The Primordial Ruinworld’s environment was indeed harsh and inhospitable. Both space and time were scrambled there. The environment itself was quite deadly; ordinary True Gods and Daofathers could easily die if they encountered a shattered region of spacetime.

“When Mother Nuwa became a Pangu-level divinity,” Subhuti explained, “She invincibly dominated all her opponents. The reason why she didn’t wipe out the alien Outsiders was because she wanted to leave them behind for us as ‘neighbors’, constantly reminding us of the importance of being vigilant. We were to never again engage in internal civil wars. In fact, their very existence was a way of subtling ensuring that we would continue to train and grow more powerful.”

“Mother Nuwa’s actions were quite correct, and we agreed with them back then. During the Primordial Era there were no outside invaders and so we constantly engaged in internal wars, causing many major powers to perish.”

“Ever since Mother Nuwa left them behind, we have never again engaged in large-scale civil wars,” Subhuti said. “In fact, experts from the Three Realms will often enter the Primordial Ruinworld region to test and temper themselves. This has resulted in the Immortals and Fiendgods of the Nuwa Alliance to constantly grow more powerful, resulting in quite a few new True Gods and Daofathers being born.”

Ning nodded. An outside threat was a good way to ensure internal unity.

“Daoist Three Purities decided that before we were to begin the Endwar against the Seamless Gate, we should first deal with the Primordial Ruinworld,” Patriarch Subhuti said. “Those alien Outsiders have been forced to live in the deadly Ruinworlds, and they have always wished to enter our Three Realms. Once both the Seamless Gate and our Nuwa Alliance are both exhausted by the Endwar, they will definitely seize this opportunity to invade from the Primordial Ruinworld.”



“Right.” Ning agreed with this.

“And so, we raised this matter with the Seamless Gate. Since there’s no way to avoid the Endwar, it would be best if both sides join together to deal with this future threat first.” Patriarch Subhuti shook his head. “But the Seamless Gate was completely disinterested in fighting against the Primordial Ruinworld.”

“They weren’t interested?” Ning was puzzled. “Why is that? Do they want to leave it up to us to handle? They want the Nuwa Alliance to waste its own power? But...but they aren’t fools. They should understand that if we don’t get rid of the Primordial Ruinworld, neither side can fight the Endwar with confidence.”

“It’s not as simple as you think.” Subhuti shook his head. “Several other major powers and I have been investigating in secret. We’ve discovered...that the Primordial Ruinworld is now filled with many, many terrifyingly powerful formations. Fuxi has looked at these formations, and he can recognize them as being the work of Keeper Everwood.”

“Master...” Ning was shocked. “Did you just say that the Primordial Ruinworld is filled with many formations that were laid down by Keeper Everwood?”

“Yes.” Subhuti nodded. “We can say with a 90% certainty that the Primordial Ruinworld allied in secret with the Seamless Gate a long time ago.”

A cold look was in Subhuti’s eyes. “The Seamless Gate...we permitted them to remain in the Three Realms and live amongst us, but now, for the sake of winning the Endwar, they actually dare to ally with those alien Outsiders? Have they forgotten? The great war between the two chaosworlds was instigated by those alien Outsiders to begin with! Hmph. Hmph! Enough of that. As far as those of us from the Pangu Chaosworld are concerned, the Seamless Gate is also an organization of alien Outsiders.”

“Then what should we do?” Ning quickly asked.

“You saw it for yourself. The Crescent world has become a place of refuge.” Subhuti said coldly. “We have already sent a strike force of major powers deep into the Primordial Ruinworld. We are going to wipe out all of the alien Outsiders within the Ruinworld!”

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 22: True God Chapter 6: Those We Protect**

“Wipe out all the alien Outsiders in the Primordial Ruinworld?” Ji Ning was rather worried. “Is that really doable?”

“Now that they’ve joined forces with the Seamless Gate, it’s uncertain,” Subhuti said. “However, the major powers that we sent out are led by Fuxi and Tathagata.”

“Fuxi is a master of formations and skilled in tying down foes, while Buddha Tathagata possesses incredible defenses and is skilled in dealing with dangerous situations. With them leading the strike force, even if unexpected circumstances arose they would be able to hold out for a period of time, more than enough time for reinforcements to make it to their side.”

Ning relaxed slightly.

Fuxi was the number one formations expert of the Three Realms.

Tathagata could be said to have the most durable divine body of all major powers.

“They are leading a total of nineteen Daofathers with them on this strike mission, including both elite Daofathers and ordinary Daofathers,” Subhuti said. “They will work in unison, but they’ll split up into four squads to do so. All four squads will simultaneously attack a single world together.”

“A single world?” Ning was puzzled.

“Right. The Primordial Ruinworld has many worlds within it,” Subhuti said. “The Snaophorn world you encountered in the past was just an ordinary, unremarkable, small part of the Ruinworld. We’re not sure about exactly what the Ruinworld holds either, or what alien Outsider major powers are hiding where. The only choice we have is to crush all their worlds, one by one! They’ll simultaneously attack the same world together.”

“The reason why they have split up into four squads is because they are worried that they might fall into an enemy trap or formation,” Subhuti explained. “By splitting up into four squads as they attack each world, they can ensure that even if one squad does fall into a trap formation, the other three squads would immediately become aware of it and will thus be on their guard, and can also go reinforce them and rescue them. That way, even if the Seamless Gate or the Primordial Ruinworld have set up traps, they won’t be able to get all of us at once.”

Ning nodded. He was silent for a moment, then said solemnly, “Master, I wish to go to the Primordial Ruinworld.”

“You wish to take part in the battle?” Subhuti was stunned.

“Yes.” Ning nodded seriously.

Subhuti was silent for a moment, then looked at Ning. “In the Primordial Ruinworld, both space and time are in a state of chaos. They are located in an extremely dangerous part of the Ruinworld right now. If you were to enter, you would first need to join together with them, but we don’t have a clear sense of where they are exactly. This is because the Primordial Ruinworld is simply too chaotic. I would only be able to tell you the general region they are in. It would be very dangerous for you to try and join together with those squads.”

Subhuti said these words in the hope that Ning would change his mind. He knew, after all, that Ning’s Envoy had already been ruined!

“I’m confident in my abilities.” Ning looked at his master, and as he did his eyes flashed with hidden sword-light.

“You...” Upon seeing that seven-colored sword-light flash in his disciple’s eyes, Patriarch Subhuti felt stunned.

B-but...

Lu Dongbin had mastered fifth-stage taiji-force, which was already quite impressive. But now, Ji Ning had mastered fifth-stage swordforce, which possessed even more powerful offensive abilities! It must be understood that the reason why Swordfather Darklight was so powerful as an assassin, powerful

enough to kill Ji Ning's true body with a single sword-strike, was because of how powerful his swordforce was! Ji Ning, however, was different from Swordfather Darklight; his sword had surpassed the limits of the Heavenly Daos in terms of speed.

His sword-arts alone would ensure that he would be extremely close to the overlord level of power!

"I didn't expect that in the blink of an eye, you would've reached such a level of power." Patriarch Subhuti laughed. "It seems I was worrying over nothing. You might as well go. You have a self-cloning technique; for you to adventure through the Primordial Ruinworld won't be too great an issue."

"Right." Ning nodded. "Your disciple wishes to first visit with his daughter."

"Your daughter, Brightmoon, has been worried about you all this time. It is indeed time for you to visit her," Subhuti said.

"Worried..." Ning was stunned for a moment, then nodded gently. He immediately left.

Subhuti stroked his beard and smiled as he watched Ning leave. "This old Daoist judged correctly, all those years ago. Ji Ning's talent for the sword truly is superior to his talent for heartforce. In less than a thousand years, he's upgraded his sword-arts to such an incredible level. His sword-arts alone shall ensure that he can stare down upon the entire Three Realms from his lofty perch."

.....

By the side of a lake.

A black-robed maiden was quietly seated by the lakeside, staring at the waters of the lake.

"Brightmoon." Autumn Leaf walked to her side and called out to her.

The black-robed maiden turned her head to glance at her, then turned to stare at the lake once more. She stared at the lake silently.

"What's wrong? Why are you unhappy?" Autumn Leaf asked.

"I'm fine, Aunt." The black-robed maiden shook her head.

"Worried about your father?" Autumn Leaf sat down next to her.

The black-robed maiden hesitated a moment, then nodded slowly. "A little. Father's been completely devoted to his cultivation, and he was the only figure ever since the Primordial Era who was comparable to Houyi. But Aunt...you must have heard it as well. Those people were saying that Father's true body was slain by the Seamless Gate. They said that Father's golem was destroyed as well. I didn't believe it, so I went to ask Patriarch Subhuti...and the Old Patriarch didn't deny it..."

"Stop worrying." Autumn Leaf stretched her arms out to gently take Brightmoon into her embrace. "I watched your father grow up. Your father will ignore all setbacks and continue to grow more and more powerful. He definitely won't despair. He will never give up. You need to have faith in your father."

"Can you tell me some more stories about Father?" Brightmoon looked at Autumn Leaf.

"Alright." Autumn Leaf laughed and nodded.

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Ji Ning, Uncle White, and Little Qing were watching the two from afar.

“The Nuwa Alliance’s major powers have all moved their progeny and disciples here. Thus, Ji Ning, there was no way for us to continue hiding from Brightmoon what had happened to you on the Deerchaser world,” Uncle White said. “Brightmoon didn’t believe it at first and she even argued with them. Afterwards, she paid a personal visit to Patriarch Subhuti...only then did she truly believe the stories about what had happened on the Deerchaser world. She’s been worried about you for months now.”

“Mm.” Ning looked at his daughter, a warm feeling in his heart.

“Go. When she sees you, she’ll definitely be very happy,” Uncle White said.

“Alright.” Ning walked towards her.

Autumn Leaf was speaking to Brightmoon in a soft voice, telling her of her father’s stories. Brightmoon was listening intently. No matter how often she heard these stories, she never got tired of them. She always hoped to hear more.

Ning secretly felt a sense of guilt. He really was a failure of a father, having made his daughter worry so much about him. Although one of his clones had been quietly protecting his daughter this entire time, that clone had always kept in hiding, not even paying attention to the affairs of the outside world. Only when his daughter was in danger would certain restrictive seals be dispelled, allowing the clone to take a look at what was happening outside.

It had been many years, but the clone had never been activated. Thus, Ning didn’t know anything at all about what had happened in the Crescent world.

“My clone’s been staying in hiding all this time. Although this helps to temper her...perhaps sometimes, love is more important than training?” Ning quietly pondered to himself. “Was I wrong?”

“Father!” Brightmoon had turned her head, as though she had sensed his presence. When she saw Ning standing behind her, she immediately clambered to her feet in surprise and delight, then charged straight towards Ning.

“Father. You finally came back! I’ve been waiting forever and ever for you. You’ve been gone for way, way, way too long.” Brightmoon clutched at Ning, babbling nonstop.

Ning gently stroked his daughter’s hair. Ever since she had become a Celestial Immortal and manifested her body, she had chosen this appearance for herself. She looked very similar to her mother, Yu Wei. In fact, she also liked to wear black clothes. When Ning looked at his daughter, he sometimes felt as though his wife was by his side. However, his wife’s gaze was soft and steadier, while his daughter’s gaze was filled with veneration and love.

His wife was a bit colder.

His daughter was a bit more playful and hyper.

“Father, the Immortals and Fiendgods on the island are all saying that your true body was destroyed. They said you...” Brightmoon looked at Ning, her hands tightly wrapped around Ning’s arm. She said softly, “Can you stop fighting against the Seamless Gate?”

“The elders and teachers of those Immortals and Fiendgods on the island...are any of them shirking in their duties?” Ning shook his head. “I cannot simply run and hide. You should understand, Brightmoon.”

“But Father, you’ve already sacrificed enough. Your true body was destroyed and you’ve been drastically weakened. What more do they want from you? Father, you are now just a True Immortal. Even if you have powerful heartforce and can use it to command the Rahu Formation, you still aren’t a True God or a Daofather. There are many Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals on the island who aren’t taking part in the war. You’ve already done much more than them, Father.” Brightmoon looked at Ning, at the verge of tears. “I’m so afraid. I’m afraid that your Primaltwin will also be killed. I’ve already lost Mother. I can’t lose you too!”

Ning’s heart shook.

“Promise me.” Brightmoon looked at Ning. “Just stay with me. Alright?”

“I’ll stay with you.” Ning’s heart ached when he saw that look in his daughter’s eyes. He nodded gently. “I’ll always stay with you. From today onwards, my Primaltwin will stay with you here.”

“Primaltwin?” Brightmoon was puzzled.

“Don’t you know? I only wear white robes with my true body.” Ning patted Brightmoon on the head.

“I thought...I thought...” A look of joy appeared in Brightmoon’s eyes.

“Others might underestimate your father, but you really should not.” Ning laughed. “My true body and my Primaltwin are both fine. In fact, I’m even more powerful than before.” Ning stretched his hand out, and his hand glowed dimly with a seven-colored sword-light. The dazzling, brilliant rainbow sword-light possessed an aura of utterly terrifying power.

Brightmoon stared at the rainbow sword-light in shock.

She was Ji Ning’s daughter, and a disciple of Mount Innerheart. She naturally knew many things. Given that Ji Ning walked the path of the Sword Immortal, Brightmoon had learned long ago what fifth-stage swordforce was like. Thus, she recognized it right away.

“Father, y-you...” Brightmoon was filled with both joy and pride. Fifth-stage swordforce, and speed which surpassed the limits of the Heavenly Daos? This was her father! Those Immortals and Fiendgods had all been prattling on and on, but her father had actually become far more powerful than before.

“Father, you said you were going to have your Primaltwin stay by my side. Then...your true body...?” Brightmoon suddenly realized what this meant.

Ning laughed. “Will go out and fight, of course. Your father can’t just hide.”

“B-but...” Brightmoon chewed on her lips, then said softly, “I, I really don’t want you to go to war any longer, Father.”

“The Endwar is nigh. We have to step forward to face it,” Ning said it with a smile.

“When the skies collapse, let the big guys handle it,” Brightmoon argued.

“Your father is now one of the big guys,” Ning laughed. “Enough. You are a Celestial Immortal now, you know. You are acting like a little girl.”

His daughter was by his side once more. Ning could sense a surge of strength and energy come from his heart in an unbroken stream. It came from an absolutely indomitable determination that was etched into his very bones.

“I have to protect my daughter.”

“Even if it costs me my life.”

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The white-robed Ning turned his head, giving the black-robed maiden who was standing at the side of the lake a final glance. Then, he cast aside all his doubt. “Master, send me away,” Ning sent mentally.

“Be careful in the Primordial Ruinworld.” Subhuti’s voice rang out by Ning’s ears as well.

“Right.” Ning nodded.

A spatial vortex appeared in front of Ning. Ning stepped into it.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 22: True God Chapter 7: Darkstill World**

The Nihilum Zone of the Primordial Ruinworld. The waves of the Void continuously came crashing through this region.

Whoosh. A spatial whirlpool appeared within the Void, and from it emerged a white-robed youth. He stood there in the Void, staring towards the infinitely vast realm that was before him.

“According to what Master said, right now Fuxi and Tathagata’s squads are around the Darkstill world.” Ning’s eyes were blazing with torch-light, allowing him to clearly see the enormous, distant realm of the Primordial Ruinworld. He was quickly able to identify the region that was known as the Darkstill world.

The Primordial Ruinworld had been divided up into many parts by various alien Outsider organizations into many different ‘worlds’. The closer these worlds were to the core, the more powerful they were.

The ‘Snaphorn’ world was one of the outermost border worlds of the Primordial Ruinworld. Comparatively speaking, it was fairly weak. The most powerful members of the Snaphorn world were those three Queen Mothers, and strictly speaking they weren’t really at the level of True Gods or Daofathers! Empyrean God Redsnow, when commanding a Seven Planets God, had been able to battle against all three of them for a long period of time. Patriarch Subhuti had been able to easily annihilate all of them with a single palm. From this, one could see how weak the Snaphorn world had been.

The Darkstill world was far more powerful than the Snaphorn world.

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The Primordial Ruinworld. The Darkstill world.

Riiiiip.

Space was forcibly torn apart, allowing a white-robed youth to fly to this location atop a boat.

“The Darkstill world...it really is a dark, silent place.” Ning swept the area with his gaze. Even the skies were grey and dark. Everything seemed to be covered by a hazy layer of gray fog, and it was completely silent here.

“I wonder where Fuxi, Tathagata, and the other Daofathers are.”

Ning’s Primaltwin was still in the Crescent world. Ning had made a special Primaltwin incarnation to accompany Brightmoon, with the incarnation being able to converse with Patriarch Subhuti whenever necessary. According to what he had heard, Fuxi, Tathagata, and their squads were currently located at the Darkstill world, but it would be hard to find their exact locations without being there.

The main reason was because spacetime was in a state of chaotic flux here. One could set clear target coordinates for teleportation, but upon actually arriving one might be ridiculously far off from the original target!

This was why Subhuti had sent Ning to the Nihilum Zone, then told Ning to board his Voidship and fly from the Nihilum Zone to the Darkstill world.

“Let me search for them.” Ning immediately sent out his heartforce. Whoosh! His heartforce rippled out like the waters of a lake, spreading out in every single direction. This was a little trick which World God Northrest had taught him. With this technique activated, no one in either the Three Realms or the Primordial Ruinworld would be able to escape his detection.

His heartforce quickly spread out to encompass an enormous region. It spread out past tall mountains, deep lakes, and quite a few alien Outsiders. Those alien Outsiders were all quite weak. They weren’t even close to becoming Celestial Immortals.

“Eh?” Ning suddenly frowned. There were some regions where both space and time were both so badly shattered that not even Ning’s heartforce could see past them.

“I’m only able to scan a region of a few hundred thousand kilometers. There’s no way to scan any further.” This was Ning’s first trip into the actual Primordial Ruinworld itself, and it was the fairly stable Darkstill world. He immediately understood why this place was known as the ‘Ruinworld’! Such a dire, inhospitable environment simply wasn’t suitable for life to flourish on a large scale.

“I wasn’t able to find Fuxi and the others...however, towards the east I can see some signs of a battle.”

Swish. Ning immediately transformed into a black lightning serpent, instantly flying more than two hundred thousand kilometers east towards the region which had been scarred by battle.

By ‘east’, Ning was referring to the direction from which the Solar Star would rise. Thus, in the Three Realms and in the Primordial Ruinworld, east meant a different direction for different worlds.

“Here?” Ning stood there in midair, staring down at the vast basin below him. The basin was shaped like an enormous palm print that was more than a thousand kilometers wide, and the ground below it was completely scorched black. “A palm? Could it be that Tathagata launched a strike?”

“Reverse.” Ning immediately willed a temporal inversion to begin.

In places like the Primordial Ruinworld where the Heavenly Daos did not exist it was extremely difficult to use temporal inversion techniques. However, as Ning had slowly gained more insight into the Nine Chaos Seals, he was instantly able to see into the past history of most mortals. He had gained the ability to easily seeing into the past, which was really the fundamental essence of how the ‘temporal inversion’ technique worked.

Thus, Ning was able to easily accomplish the temporal inversion.

Whoosh. Whoosh.

Many images of the past began to flash past Ning. Soon, time had ‘inverted’ back to a point where four major powers had appeared in this place.

Those four major powers were led by the smiling yellow-robed Lord Buddha, Tathagata. By his side were three other Buddhas, each of which glowed with boundless holy light.

“Darkstill, you think to stop us with small tricks such as these?” Tathagata flew forward atop an auspicious cloud, a smile on his face as he spoke. “Hurry up and show yourself. Otherwise...your Darkstill world won’t exist for much longer.” As he spoke, he stretched out his hand. Shining with golden light, his hand descended from the heavens and smashed downwards towards the land.

The ground trembled violently as a massive palm-sized basin was imprinted deep into the earth.

“Tathagata!” An ear-piercing screech rang out, but it was quickly silenced.

“Thearch Darkstill is one of the most famous major powers of the Primordial Ruinworld. We’re destroying the various formation bases located throughout his world, but he still refuses to show himself? He must be scheming something big,” Tathagata said.

“Lord Buddha, there’s no need to worry about his plots and schemes. Let us continue to destroy their worlds, one by one.”

“Let’s go.” Tathagata nodded, then led his three mighty Buddhas to continue forward to their next destination, flying off on that auspicious cloud.

A short while later.

Swoosh. Swoosh. Swoosh. One gray-skinned, gray-cloaked alien Outsider after another descended from the heavens. They landed within the basin, then exchanged glances with each other, their eyes filled with cold rage. They then flew off as well, heading in the same direction which Tathagata and the others had just gone.

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After Ning finished viewing what had happened here roughly two hours ago, he nodded slightly. “The leader of the Buddhist Sangha and Human Sovereign Fuxi became overlord-level figures during the Primordial Era. Even though they haven’t broken through to become Elder Gods, their techniques have surely become much better. With them in command, and with their forces split up into four squads...no single world in the Primordial Ruinworld can possibly withstand all of them at once.”

Swoosh. Ning also flew towards the direction where the others had gone.

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Although the Darkstill world was located in a region of relatively stable spacetime, there were still many regions in it where spacetime was distorted. The alien Outsiders who lived here were used to these regions and knew them well. There were some regions where only they dared traverse, and they were only able to do so because generations of predecessors had sacrificed their lives to help their race accumulate experience.

“Someone’s coming.”

“A white-robed youth.”

“He’s hesitating a bit. Oh, he’s actually come inside.”

Three alien Outsiders were gathered together within a region of distorted spacetime, staring past a restrictive formation at the white-robed youth who had just flown in from the outside world.

“Captain, the Buddhist leader of the Three Realms, Tathagata, has led three of his Daofathers to attack this world. Why has this white-robed youth appeared?” These three alien Outsiders had pale white skin, handsome faces, and were dressed in gray cloaks. All of them were top-tier Empyrean Gods in power, and they were skilled in fleeing through space.

“Judging from his appearance...it should be Sword Immortal Darknorth of the Three Realms, Ji Ning.” The alien captain frowned. “Sword Immortal Darknorth, Ji Ning...his sword-arts are extremely profound, said to be the best in the entire Three Realms. However, he himself is just a True Immortal, and his true body has already been destroyed by the Seamless Gate. The one who just appeared should be his Primaltwin. Judging from his aura, he should still be just a True Immortal. But I’m puzzled...why would a True Immortal dare to brave our Primordial Ruinworld by himself? Is he planning to just rely on his Rahu Formation? The Heavenly Daos do not exist in the Primordial Ruinworld; there’s not much natural energy for the Rahu Formation to make use of. It won’t be nearly as powerful as it was in the Three Realms.”

“Captain, he’s advancing quite quickly. He’ll be past our observation range soon,” one of the alien Outsiders quickly reminded.

It was extremely hard to set up an observation formation within a field of distorted spacetime. There was no way to make it have an extremely long detection range.

“Let’s go test him out.” Beneath his gray cloak, the alien captain had a cold look on his face. “Let’s see how powerful this Pure Yang True Immortal is.”

The three of them quickly flew out in pursuit.

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A few moments later, all three of them were dead.

Ning stood quietly within the Void, giving each of their corpses a glance. "Chase me?" He was a half-step Elder God. How acute were his senses? As soon as those three alien Outsiders had gotten slightly closer to him, he had immediately discovered them. These three puny Empyrean God pawns...Ning had easily killed two of them, then heavily wounded the third one. He had planned to soulscour the third one, but alas the alien had voluntarily destroyed his own soul.

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Deep within the Primordial Ruinworld, within a round castle that glowed with dark golden light.

An alien major power was seated atop a throne here. He had a long green tail, a bald head, and handsome features. He was resting his head on his one hand, contemplating as he tapped the armrest of the throne with his free hand. Six golden-armored figures stood solemnly at attention before him, each of which radiated auras that were far superior to the auras of ordinary Daofathers.

"These aboriginals really are quite something." The alien Outsider seated atop the throne let out a congratulatory chuckle. "They actually destroyed twelve of my worlds. The Seamless Gate really is useless. They created all those formations, but not a single one of the True Gods or Daofathers of the Three Realms have died to them. It seems we can't simply rely on those fools after all. In the end, it'll be up to us."

"Master, this chaosworld has given birth to a World God. We cannot be overconfident." One of the golden-armored figures standing below him gave a respectful reminder.

"The 'Lord of All Things'...it's all his fault for being an idiot!" The seated alien Outsider laughed coldly. "He spent quite a bit of time roving about the primordial chaos and has seen quite a few chaosworlds. Back then, when Nuwa had yet to become a World God, he should've immediately attacked. Instead, he set up a stupid scheme to have the two chaosworlds fight against each other? How bored was he? Why didn't he just destroy one chaosworld, then destroy the other? Instead, he started a war that caused these primitives to give birth to a World God. Before she left, she definitely left behind some techniques for her allies."

"A chaosworld that had given birth to a World God is not so easily conquered. That's the reason why I've acted so carefully and waited for the perfect opportunity."

"Master...how about we just go back for now? Let's build up our forces before we return. We know exactly where this place is now. When we are more powerful, we can return!" A skinny golden-armored figure suggested.

Whap!

The seated alien Outsider's long green tail suddenly swept out and knocked the golden-armored figure flying.

The seated alien Outsider pointed at the golden-armored figure and cursed, "You fool! We barely survived the trip here; you really want us to risk the trip back? Unless we make a major breakthrough in

strength, if we go back the same way we came in, we are almost guaranteed to die. It's better for us to join forces with the Seamless Gate and slowly grind down the Nuwa alliance."

"Master! Almighty Master!" A voice suddenly called out from outside.

"Darkstill?" The alien Outsider chortled merrily. "Let him in."

Instantly, a gray-skinned, golden-robed man strode in, emanating an aura of great power. It was the master of the Darkstill world, 'Thearch Darkstill'. He respectfully fell to his knees. "Almighty Master, my minions just discovered that yet another invader with the power of a Daofather has entered the Darkstill world."

"Another enemy Daofather has come?" The seated alien outsider frowned. "Who?"

"He belongs to the Nuwa Alliance of the Three Realms," Thearch Darkstill said respectfully. "Sword Immortal Darknorth, Ji Ning!"