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Book 23: Endwar Chapter 26: Unexpected Events

The white-robed Ji Ning and the black-robed Ji Ning were standing shoulder-to-shoulder, staring towards the Seamless Gate. Although they were in the process of withdrawing, Ning's heartforce was still kept active, continuously rippling out as he kept a careful watch over the region.

At a time like this, there was no such thing as being too careful. The enemy forces still had the Lord of All Fiends, after all?

"Eh?" Ning suddenly frowned slightly. Just now, there seemed to have been a small ripple...but the ripple was so hidden and secretive that he couldn't completely detect it.

Ning glanced all around him, rather puzzled. As he did so, he told himself to be even more careful.

BOOM!!!!

Suddenly, a towering explosion of natural energy manifested in the form of an endless sea of flames and a boundless sea of water. The massive attack swept towards the grand army of the Nuwa Alliance as well as the major powers of the Seamless Gate, catching both sides completely off-guard.

"Fuxi, what are you doing?!" Three Purities, Tathagata, Shennong, and the others were all shocked.

"No...!"

The Emyprean Gods and True Immortals of the Nuwa Alliance were completely caught off-guard. Initially, they weren't too worried as Fuxi was on their side; when he used the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation in the past, he had made sure that the water and the fire would stay away from them. This time, however, the water and the fire swept straight through their ranks. By the time they realized what was happening, it was far too late.

"Why?!"

"No!"

"Fuxi?!"

All sorts of agonized cries rang out as countless Immortals and Fiendgods perished to the endless floods of fire and water.

Suddenly, circles of icy energy began to swirl around the area, furiously ablating the power of the Waterflame Apolcaypse Formation. It managed to block and stop parts of the water and the flame.

One frozen lotus after another was hanging in midair, emitting enormous amounts of frozen energy that completely blocked off the effects of the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation. Ji Ning was using his power as a first-tier Ancestral Immortal to control this treasure, which Fuxi was merely controlling his formation with the power of a third-tier Ancestral Immortal. Thus, although Fuxi's formation was far more formidable, Ning was still able to withstand it.

“Why has this happened...” Although Ning had managed to block the attack, he was still in a dazed state of disbelief. He had become even more cautious when he had sensed that ripple of power, but when Fuxi struck he was still momentarily dazed. Although he quickly recovered and moved to stop the attack, a large number of Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals still perished.

“Senior brothers Lord Jiang and Junwu...” Ning’s heart was filled with pain and confusion.

In that brief moment, the terrifying power of the Eternal Kindlefirer and Arcane Moonwater had caused more than thirty thousand Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals to die! Far more died in that instant than had died during the entire war. Many of Ning’s good friends, as well as many of the drinking buddies and conversation partners he had met while wandering the Three Realms, had died. In fact, many of the disciples of Mount Innerheart had just perished as well.

Whoooooooooosh. The thirty-six frozen lotuses hovered in the air, surrounding the Nuwa Alliance’s army and defending them from the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation.

The entire Nuwa Alliance was in a state of disbelief.

The deaths of so many Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals had dazed them...but for Fuxi to be the culprit had completely struck them dumb.

“GONGGONG!” An agonized scream rang out. Shennong stared in disbelief at Gonggong, who was standing right next to him. Gonggong had a cold look in his face, and his right hand...had pierced directly into Shennong’s chest.

Boom! Shennong’s entire body disintegrated. As Shennong died, a look of agony and pain was in his eyes as he murmured his final words. “Gonggong is dead...”

“Die,” Gonggong said coldly.

“Kill!”

“Kuafu, what are you...!”

“Thundergod attacked me first!”

“Kill!”

The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance suddenly found themselves thrown into chaos as a furious battle broke out within their own ranks.

This was all too sudden! Ji Ning, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Daoist Three Purities, Buddha Jueming, Houyi, and the others were all stunned. Fuxi had first activated the ‘Waterflame Apocalypse Formation’ and attempted to wipe out all their Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals with utter cruelty...and then Elder God Gonggong and other major powers had suddenly attacked them!

“Stop this!”

“Stop fighting!”

Ji Ning, Buddha Jueming, Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata, and the others began to make their move. They had been vigilantly watching their surroundings, and so they knew exactly which major powers had attacked first. Thus, they immediately attacked the offenders.

“Let’s go!”

“Withdraw.”

The ambushers quickly began to withdraw from the ranks of the Nuwa Alliance.

“Stop right there.” Elder God Gonggong’s body suddenly transformed to become a million kilometers tall, waves swirling around his entire body as though he was an ocean world unto himself. His palm swung out, and as it did it seemed to be a massive tidal wave that was crashing towards his foes.

BOOM!

Ning’s Triult Swords transformed into that semi-translucent golden sword, then struck directly against that titanic tidal wave.

Rumble...

His attack was actually stopped!

“Gonggong is actually this powerful?” Ning was stunned. Previously, Gonggong had battled against Old Man Yuan for quite some time. From what Ning could tell, Gonggong didn’t seem to be that powerful, appearing to be weaker than Ning himself. But now, it was evident that Gonggong definitely had the power of an elite Elder God. In fact, no one in either alliance had anyone who was definitely more powerful than Gonggong right now.

Only the deceased Lord Demonheart was unquestionably more powerful than him, while Houyi had been heavily injured and was no longer capable of slaying any Elder Gods.

“Ink Bamboo, you...!” Keeper Everwood stared in disbelief at the distant Daofather Ink Bamboo. “Y-you...”

“You hid your power quite well.” Daofather Ink Bamboo gave him a cold glance, then quickly fled.

“Kill!”

“Senior apprentice-brother, you...!”

The major powers of the Seamless Gate were suddenly thrown into turmoil as well as they began attacking each other. The Lord of All Fiends was completely stunned.

“Chase him down!” The Lord of All Fiends quickly came back to his senses. His eyes became filled with fury and murder as he chased after the major powers who had just launched sneak attacks against their friends.

“You can stop right there.” Old Man Yuan, who was within the Seamless Gate’s ranks, said these words softly as he flicked out his horsetail whisk.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Countless white strands flew out from his whisk, covering the skies like a series of giant white waves that protected the fleeing, traitorous major powers.

“Die.” Murder radiated from the Lord Allfiend’s eyes as he clutched his weapon. He had never wanted to kill someone more than he did right now. Only a few major powers had died during the battle between the two sides, but this sudden ambush had resulted in him losing more than twenty of his major powers! This loss caused the Lord of All Fiends to go berserk.

As for Old Man Yuan, who was protecting these traitors? The Lord of All Fiends wanted to kill him more than anyone else.

Whooooooosh. The white strands of the horsetail whisk undulated, blocking off all paths. No matter how the Lord of All Fiends tried to move past them, he was unable to do so.

Finally, the Lord of All Fiends came to a halt. All of the traitors had already fled. He stared coldly at the distant Old Man Yuan, who had used the horsetail whisk in his hands to prevent any pursuit. The traitors of the Seamless Gate had joined together with the Nuwa Alliance, and they had docilely flown to Old Man Yuan’s side as if they were children running to the side of their father.

The entire battlefield fell completely silent.

The Nuwa Alliance had been dealt a grievous blow. More than thirty thousand Emyrean Gods and True Immortals had perished, while more than twenty major powers had died. Fortunately, Ning had been able to block the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation; otherwise, their losses would have been even greater.

Although the Seamless Gate’s major powers had collected its Emyrean Gods and True Immortals, more than twenty major powers had been slain. The Seamless Gate had fewer major powers than the Nuwa Alliance to begin with, which meant that their casualties were proportionally higher. Once those major powers had died, the traitors who had slain them had also seized their items and estate-treasures, including the Emyrean Gods and True Immortals contained inside. It was obvious what would happen to them.

The two alliances both stared furiously at the traitors.

Old Man Yuan continued to hold his horsetail whisk in his hands, a smile on his face. Behind him stood a group of towering major powers, including Gonggong, Fuxi, Daofather Ink Bamboo, and more than thirty other True Gods and Daofathers.

The power which Old Man Yuan controlled was actually just as formidable as the power of either alliance.

“The Nuwa Alliance lost thirty thousand Emyrean Gods and True Immortals.” Old Man Yuan smiled. “I’ll make things fair. Children, release the Emyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Seamless Gate.”

“Yes.”

Instantly, the Seamless Gate traitors released the many Emyrean Gods and True Immortals they were holding.

More than twenty major powers of the Seamless Gate had been slain, while more than ten had turned traitor. Each major power had collected nearly ten thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, and so a total of nearly thirty thousand were released!

It must be understood that the Seamless Gate's losses during the previous battle had been very heavy; thirty thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals represented more than half of their total forces!

"You can all die now." Old Man Yuan laughed calmly, the countless strands of his horsetail whisk surrounding every single captured member of the Seamless Gate. Before the abductees even had a chance to react...boom! All of them were slain.

"No!"

"Stop!"

Keeper Everwood, Lord Allfiend, and the others all stared with bloodshot eyes, but to no avail...all of the captured Seamless Gate members were slain.

Old Man Yuan had just slain nearly thirty thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals with a smile on his face. This caused the Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance to feel two things...cold fear, and burning rage! They all stared at Old Man Yuan and the large group of major powers behind him.

"They are all dead." Lord Tathagata had a pained look on his face. "Those 'traitors'...all of them are already dead."

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Book 23: Endwar Chapter 27: The Nine Divine Generals

"Why would you say that they are dead?" Old Man Yuan flicked his whisk, a smile on his face. "They are alive and well. Isn't that right, Gonggong?"

"Yes, Master." Gonggong spoke in a low, respectful voice.

Upon Gonggong say the word 'master', whispers broke out within both the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate. Looks of pain and hatred appeared in the eyes of Ji Ning, Daoist Three Purities, and the others. They wanted nothing more than to kill Old Man Yuan right now. They weren't fools; they could tell that it was Old Man Yuan behind all of this.

"So it was you, Old Man Yuan, who caused them to turn traitor?" The Lord of All Fiends growled.

"They are all my children. Why speak of 'betrayal'?" Old Man Yuan smiled.

Everyone in both alliances, be it Ji Ning, Daoist Three Purities, the Lord of All Fiends, or Keeper Everwood, was completely enraged. Still, they knew that they had to maintain their calm. They knew very well that this was a critical moment; they had to be even more careful than they were before. Old Man Yuan's ambitions were truly terrifying, and he was in control of so many major powers. Once he mobilized them...he would be even more dangerous than Lord Demonheart had been.

"You've taken control of them?" Ji Ning suddenly spoke out.

Soul control. This was something which terrified any and every cultivator.

It meant to be controlled, to lose all free will, to feel complete and slavish devotion. If the master ordered the soulslave to die, the soulslave would commit suicide with a smile on his face. This was what made soul control so terrifying! Once you were controlled, it might look as though you were still alive, but you would lose all of your free will. It would be no different from death.

In the endless primordial chaos, there were certain supreme major powers who knew soul control techniques. However, they would generally only be able to use it against weaklings.

By contrast, Old Man Yuan had actually been able to make the likes of Fuxi and Gonggong his soulslaves. This meant that he was most likely incredibly skilled in ways of heartforce, perhaps to the point of being an actual, terrifying Heartforce Cultivator.

“He definitely is a Heartforce Cultivator.” Godfiend and Witherspike were both watching from far away, and both of them were stunned. Saber immediately said, “To be able to stealthily take control over so many major powers without revealing any flaws at all...this Old Man Yuan is definitely a terrifyingly powerful Heartforce Cultivator. He’s even more terrifying than Houyi.”

“For someone like Houyi to appear within this local chaosworld is one thing, but how could a true Heartforce Cultivator appear here? Aren’t they supposed to be extremely rare and extremely mysterious, with very few legacies left behind for others?” Godfiend Witherspike felt his heart grow cold.

No Heartforce Cultivator could be underestimated.

Heartforce...it was ephemeral, formless, and extremely strange.

The cultivators of the endless primordial chaos were primarily divided up into three major paths: Fiendgod Refiners, Ki Refiners, and the mysterious Heartforce Cultivators! Fiendgod Refiners primarily focused on refining the body, Ki Refiners focused on cultivating their Immortal energy, and Heartforce Cultivators focused on cultivating the ephemeral power of heartforce.

“Just before you joined the Seamless Gate, you sought me out,” Ning said. “You suddenly launched a heartforce attack against me. Were you attempting to take control over me as well?”

“Yes.” Old Man Yuan smiled. “Your rise to power was simply far too sudden, much faster than I had expected. Given that the Endwar was nigh, I didn’t have any time to slowly infiltrate your soul defenses. To be honest, I acted against you in a brutish and rather inelegant manner, and I knew that my chances of succeeding would be much lower as a result. When I took over Gonggong and Fuxi, I slowly worked on them over the course of countless years, causing them to fall under my control without even knowing about it. I tried to do the same against Three Purities and Tathagata as well. These locals naturally weren’t able to notice a thing, but their hearts were far too powerful. There was no way for me to truly control them.”

“What?” Three Purities and Tathagata were both shocked.

So Old Man Yuan had tried to secretly take control of the two of them as well. They had automatically defended against it without even knowing about it.

This was simply too terrifying.

“Ahaha, you local yokels...how could you possibly understand how truly formidable heartforce is?” Old Man Yuan laughed coldly, then glanced at the distant Houyi with a look of praise in his eyes. “But for someone like you, Houyi, to emerge in a backwater chaosworld is quite admirable. You received no legacies at all, but you were actually able to come up with a few heartforce techniques on your own. Although you are a child when compared to true Heartforce Cultivators, you are still quite impressive.”

“Heartforce Cultivator?” Lord Tathagata’s face changed. “You are a Heartforce Cultivator?”

They had acquired quite a bit of information from alien Outsiders they had slain. They knew a bit about what Heartforce Cultivators were and knew exactly how terrifying they were.

“Yes.” Old Man Yuan smiled and nodded, continuing to look at the distant Houyi. “Houyi, I actually wanted to take control over you a long time ago. I knew it would be easy, because your spirit has an obvious weakness...her.” Old Man Yuan waved his hand, causing an absolutely peerless beauty to appear by his side. The woman looked towards Old Man Yuan with absolute adoration on her face.

“Chang’e.” Houyi’s face changed. 1

“As I said, your flaw is obvious. Although your heartforce is powerful, I’m completely convinced that I could take control over you. Alas...after the war that ended the Primordial Era, I was never able to find you. I had no chance to seize your soul.” Old Man Yuan shook his head. “So you were hiding by Subhuti’s side all this time. You hid yourself quite well.”

“What did you do to Chang’e...” Houyi was enraged.

“Ahaha...” Old Man Yuan glanced at Chang’e, who stood by his side.

Chang’e called out in a soft voice, “Master.”

This sight caused Houyi to feel even more miserable. Still, he quickly regained his calm...but his eyes remained as cold as the edge of a blade as he stared at Old Man Yuan.

“Stop trying to scare me. You can’t actually kill me with your eyes, you know.” Old Man Yuan shook his head. “If you were at full power, I’d need to use a bit of effort to deal with you, but now, after killing the Lord of the Demonheart? Hmph. Although I look down upon you local bumpkins, I have to admit that he had the power of a supreme Elder God. In killing him, you most assuredly did considerable damage to your own vital essence as well. I could just stand here and let you attack me as you please, but even if you used up all of your divine power you still wouldn’t be able to kill me. And...I won’t actually let you hit me, of course. Your techniques might be useful against other major powers, but against me? You are still just a kid.”

Daoist Three Purities said in a cold voice, “From what you are saying, I assume you already started to take part in our wars during the Primordial Era?”

“Correct.”

Old Man Yuan said, “I arrived in this place during the Primordial Era. Back then, it was still the Pangu Chaosworld. I was heavily injured when I arrived, so I possessed Old Man Yuan and took his body for my own. Back then, he wasn’t that powerful, and he was a very solitary figure. After I took his body, I slowly began to grow more powerful and took control over other major powers. I’ve been here all along,

partially because I wanted to take the Worldheart, and partially because I wish to acquire Subhuti's spacetime techniques."

"You honor me too much." A white-haired old man in Daoist robes appeared next to Ji Ning. It was Subhuti's incarnation. "So all those years ago, when you risked your life to save this old Daoist, it was all part of your plan?"

"Ahaha...who in the puny little Pangu Chaosworld could possibly do anything to me? Everything was part of my plan." Old Man Yuan shook his head. "The Dao of Spacetime...it truly is quite incredible. Once you reach a truly high level in this Dao, you can effortlessly travel through both space and time, making it impossible for your foes to find and kill you. I really did want to acquire those abilities of yours and learn them from you...but you refused to teach them to me."

"You have no talent in that regard." Subhuti shook his head.

"You simply refused to give me the techniques you came up with." Old Man Yuan's gaze was icy cold. In the primordial chaos, spacetime techniques were considered incredibly valuable techniques, far more valuable than most divine abilities.

Subhuti was a prime example of why this was the case. At his level of mastery, he could leave a place whenever he wished. He was different from the Lord of All Fiends; the Lord of All Fiends had managed to merge the Dao of Wind and the Dao of Space to an unfathomable degree, resulting in him being able to move at incredible speeds. Subhuti, however, had completely surpassed speed itself. He operated in the realm of spacetime and was able to transport himself to a completely different time continuum, making it impossible for any enemies to catch up to him.

This was quite a terrifying ability, especially when used for subterfuge, assassination, or escaping. The value of this technique was actually greater than that of the Worldheart!

"Still, I'm a patient man." Old Man Yuan smiled. "I'm never hasty. I always wait for the end before making any move. I was quite patient during the war that ended the Primordial Era as well...and it was a good thing I did. I watched as Nuwa, Lord Demonheart, and the Lord of All Things fought against each other. I saw Nuwa make her sudden breakthrough and dominate all her foes...and because I waited and watched, I managed to avoid bringing disaster upon myself."

"This time, however, the two sides decided to stop fighting, forcing me to make my move." Old Man Yuan shook his head. "A true pity. As a result, I won't be able to acquire Subhuti's spacetime technique. This disappoints me greatly."

Ning let out a secret sigh of relief.

His master had only transmitted his spacetime technique to Redsnow, teaching it to no others at all. The only people who even knew that Redsnow had learned this technique were Ji Ning, Crazy Ji, and Subhuti himself.

If it wasn't for that, Old Man Yuan would probably have gone after Redsnow.

"Spacetime techniques are actually this valuable?" True God Redsnow, protected behind the Nuwa Alliance's formations, was shocked upon hearing this. He had lost one of his clones during the chaotic battle just now, but fortunately he had a total of eighteen clones. Prior to this, he had simply believed

spacetime techniques to be powerful...but he had no idea that they were this powerful! Now, it seemed as though the 'Worldheart', an item which countless alien Outsiders would go mad for, was not necessarily as valuable as his spacetime techniques.

"Forget it. Can't win'm all. If I can't get it, I can't get it." Old Man Yuan turned his head to glance at the distant dark-golden castle. "Witherspike, do you still remember that black lotus? If you do, give me a hand. I'll definitely reward you heavily."

Godfiend Witherspike and Saber were located deep within that dark-golden castle. Upon hearing these words, both their faces changed, with Witherspike's face turning completely ashen. He had always believed Old Man Yuan to be a local, but upon listening Old Man Yuan's soliloquy he started to have a feeling that something was off. Now...he finally understood everything.

"It's him." Godfiend Witherspike was stunned. "Him. He's one of the Nine Divine Generals under the command of God Emperor Blacklotus...the Mindlord. Why has he appeared in this backwater?! Let's leave! Let's leave right now! We need to get the hell out of here!"

"One of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus?" Saber's face turned pale as well.

Each of the nine were supremely powerful Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals who were utterly, terrifyingly powerful. Compared to them, lone wanderers like Witherspike and Saber were nothing.

"Let's go!"

Swoosh.

The dark-golden castle instantly fled, disappearing like a streak of light.

"How useless." Old Man Yuan watched as the dark-golden castle fled at high speed, then shook his head. "Kids like them are as slippery as eels. As soon as they sense a bit of danger, they'll immediately slip away."

1. Chang'e is an important part of the Houyi legend in Chinese mythology. She was his wife, and in many versions of the story she betrayed him, be it intentionally or accidentally.

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Book 23: Endwar Chapter 28: I Have a Solution

Although the dark-golden castle had fled far away, Godfiend Witherspike had left an incarnation behind.

"He's actually one of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus..." Godfiend Witherspike watched from afar. "Hmph. I need to keep my true body far away from this man, but this battle is still worth watching. I might still have a chance." Godfiend Witherspike was far less nervous now that his true body wasn't at any risk. There was no longer any danger here.

"The Nine Divine Generals are all famous figures, with the Mindlord being a particularly formidable Heartforce Cultivator." Godfiend Witherspike's eyes suddenly lit up. "They've started to fight."

In the Void.

“It seems that the formations which Nuwa left behind are just so-so after all.” Old Man Yuan said calmly, “Assemble my formation.”

Elder God Gonggong, Daofather Ink Bamboo, Fuxi, and the other major powers all quickly assembled into formations. They drew upon the power of chaos, centering it around Old Man Yuan and forming an enormous formation around him. A giant black lotus flower began to bloom around him, a lotus flower with a total of three lotus petals.

Old Man Yuan stood atop the center of the black lotus, flywhisk in hand. Next to him stood Chang’e, the mistress of the Lunar Palace which was also known as the Frozen Palace. Elder God Gonggong, Daofather Ink Bamboo, and Fuxi each commanded a squad of major powers, with the three squads standing on those three black lotus petals.

Rumble...

Chaos energy began to surge violently.

Old Man Yuan and his subordinates had joined their powers together perfectly, and their combined aura was far more powerful than that of Lord Demonheart’s.

“Kill.” Old Man Yuan’s eyes were filled with lofty disdain, as though he was staring down at a pile of ants. This was his true face, the face of the Mindlord.

The Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance had both become enraged long ago. The sudden betrayal had caused devastating losses to both their sides, and their hearts were filled with endless hatred. The only reason why they had not attacked was because they wanted to get a better understanding of Old Man Yuan first. Now, they understood that Old Man Yuan was actually a terrifyingly powerful alien Outsider, one who had lain in wait for a long period of time and who had silently taken control over quite a few major powers. He was an even more terrifying figure than the long-deceased Lord of All Things had been.

Swish.

Swish.

Swish.

Three dazzling streaks of light shot through the air towards Old Man Yuan.

These streaks of light were Ji Ning’s Triult Swords, Daoist Three Purities’ Immortal Slaying Swords, and the Lord of All Fiend’s shuttle. These were the three fastest attackers. Because Old Man Yuan was somewhat closer to the Seamless Gate, the Lord of All Fiend’s attack was actually the first to arrive.

“You backwater locals.” Old Man Yuan calmly willed the lotus petals to swivel slightly.

Boom! The sharp shuttle stabbed directly against the slowly swiveling black lotus petals but was completely blocked.

Boom! Boom! The attacks from the Triult Swords and the Immortal Slaying Swords arrived as well. The black lotus simply slowly swiveled to block the two attacks. Although it trembled, it was still able to endure the strikes.

One of the enormous lotus petals gently brushed against the body of the Lord of All Fiends, who had moved into close combat range. He was knocked flying backwards and he vomited up a mouthful of blood.

“You can’t take those attacks head-on. Those lotus petals are as powerful as Demonheart was.” The Lord of All Fiends sent a hurried mental message to the others. He was more than fast enough to have dodged the attack, but he wanted to test those black lotus petals and see how powerful they were.

This caused the major powers in both alliances to feel their hearts grow cold.

Ji Ning, Three Purities, the Lord of All Fiends...the three of them striking out essentially represented the three most powerful attackers in both alliances striking out. Although they had caused the black lotus petals to tremble, it was still clearly quite stable and far from the point of breaking down.

And a single, simple strike from a petal was comparable to a blow from Lord Demonheart?

T-this...

Boom! The enormous black lotus came smashing straight towards the Seamless Gate.

“What should we do?”

“How should we stop him?”

The major powers of the Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance were both panicking. After suffering such heavy losses a few moments ago, both sides were now much weaker than before. Even the attacks of Ji Ning, Three Purities, and the Lord of All Fiends had been useless against the black lotus. Most likely, even if everyone in both alliances attacked together they still wouldn’t be able to breach its defenses.

“I have a solution. It might be able to kill Old Man Yuan.” A voice suddenly rang out in the minds of the overlords of both the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate.

“Subhuti.” Three Purities, Tathagata, and the others were intrigued.

“Master?” Ji Ning was stunned.

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The Crescent world.

Subhuti was standing atop the clouds, staring at past the skies towards the war in the Three Realms. He was able to see everything very clearly.

“Shennong...given what has come to pass, it is time to use that flower.” A hint of grief could be seen in Subhuti’s eyes as a fiery red flower appeared in his hands. “A pity that you won’t be able to see it.”

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Six years ago.

The two of them were standing together at a farm deep within the primordial chaos. There was a thatched cottage by the side of the farm, and Shennong, dressed as an old farmer, was smiling as he pointed towards a certain plot. “See that, Subhuti?”

The restrictive formations covering the field had already been withdrawn, revealing its true appearances. There were small creeks and many different plots, with a fiery red flower having appeared in the very center of the field.

“What’s that?” Subhuti paused for a moment, then his face changed slightly. “I-I...why do I sense your aura in it?”

“Yes.”

Shennong said softly, “That’s because I used my own blood and soul to nourish it. Finally, just before the Endwar, it has come to maturity. This is the most terrifying plant that I have ever created in all my life. Normally, I delight in creating medicinal plants that can save lives. But this time...I have a bad feeling about this Endwar. I feel as though there has to be someone causing it, someone scheming behind our backs.”

“Yes. Who is causing this great calamity?” Subhuti frowned as well. “The Seamless Gate has coexisted peacefully with us for countless ages now. Why, then, am I now subconsciously sensing that destiny is telling us that either we survive or they survive? What is happening?”

“I’ve poured my heart and soul into the art of plants and flowers.” Shennong smiled. “I’m afraid that I won’t be of that much use when the war begins. I suppose this flower is the only real contribution I can make.”

“This flower is for you to use.” Shennong looked at Subhuti.

“Me?” Subhuti was stunned.

“Nuwa trusted you. I trust you as well.” Shennong nodded. “This flower has a very simple name. It is the ‘Lifeseizer Flower’. When the flower blooms, it shall seize away life! Right now, it has yet to bloom. Once you fill it with your divine power, you’ll be able to make it bloom...and once it does, everything within thirty meters shall be attacked by it. Even Elder Gods will see their souls shattered and even their truesouls annihilated.”

Subhuti was shocked by what he heard.

“However, you need to get within thirty meters of your target,” Subhuti said. “My concern is that the instigator of the Endwar will appear and be too powerful for me to handle. If I’m too weak, I won’t even be able to draw near him. But you, Subhuti, have incredible mastery over the Dao of Spacetime. You can silently draw near our opponent...although you’ll probably have to sacrifice a bit of divine power once you lose that clone.”

“Alright.” Subhuti nodded. This definitely was a killer weapon for them to keep hidden.

“Subhuti...remember, you can’t use this weapon casually. It can only be used once, after all,” Shennong said.

“I understand.” Subhuti nodded.

Shennong nodded slowly as well. “I hope to one day see the beauty of the flower blooming...and yet, I also hope that day will never come.”

For the flower to bloom meant that they were in truly desperate straits.

“You might be worrying just a bit too much.” Subhuti smiled. “You know how powerful our side is, and we also have the three guardian formations. On the whole, we should be overwhelmingly more powerful than the Seamless Gate.”

“No one can predict the future. It is best to be cautious.” Shennong turned to stare at the creeks flowing through his fields and the tiny little eddies within them. “You and I are different. Suiren and I both watched as our fragile little human race slowly rose to prominence. Many of our comrades died during that process. That’s why I know that life and death are both unpredictable things. There will always be unexpected events in every war.”

“Look at those little eddies in the creeks. They can represent all the deceased heroes of the human race. They risked their lives for the sake of giving their descendants a brighter, safer future. This tribulation is a great tribulation for all the Three Realms. I hope that the Three Realms will be able to safely endure it and once more return to peace.”

“Right.” Subhuti sighed as well. He, too, was concerned.

The war of the Primordial Era had resulted in both chaosworlds being shattered.

What would happen this time?

“Let us fight. If someone wishes to take over our home or destroy it, we shall fight them to the bitter end.” Shennong waved his hand, causing the flower to fly over and land within it. He lowered his head to look at it, then handed it to Subhuti. “I entrust it to you.”

“Alright.” Subhuti nodded.

.....

The present day.

“I have a solution that might allow us to kill Old Man Yuan.” Subhuti’s voice rang out within the minds of Ji Ning, Jueming, Three Purities, Houyi, Everwood, and Allfiend.

“So long as I can get within thirty meters of him, I’ll have a very good chance of killing him! Even if he doesn’t die, he will still be heavily wounded,” Subhuti said. “However, the issue is that this black lotus formation has completely locked down spacetime around him. There’s no way for me to draw near him. I need all of you to help me breach that black lotus formation. Without it locking down spacetime, I’ll be able to instantly appear next to him and launch my attack.”

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 23: Endwar Chapter 29: All To Let the Flower Bloom

“Subhuti, are you really sure about this?”

“Even if we can temporarily breach the formation, Old Man Yuan has a host of servants guarding him. He himself is also unfathomably powerful.” Everyone began to question him.

Subhuti continued to stand there atop the clouds of the Crescent world. His divine body suddenly split in half, resulting in a second Subhuti appearing next to him. "I'm sure."

It wasn't that he had faith in himself.

It was that he had faith in Shennong! Shennong had said that even Elder Gods would see their souls shattered and their truesouls destroyed by this flower.

"Good." Keeper Everwood sent mentally, "Subhuti, my old friend, I believe in you. I never would've thought that we would have the chance to fight alongside each other."

"I believe in you."

"We have no other options."

"Everyone, how should we break that black lotus formation?"

The overlords were all speaking mentally to each other.

Houyi had been silent this entire time. Suddenly, he sent mentally, "I need your help. All of you, attack the black lotus formation! Put it under some pressure, and then I'll use my archery to break through it with one strike."

Ji Ning and the others were all stunned upon hearing Houyi say this.

They had great confidence in Houyi, because Houyi was the one who had slain Lord Demonheart! However, Houyi clearly was heavily injured right now.

"This arrow will be my most powerful arrow, an arrow that will be far stronger than the ones I used to kill Lord Demonheart," Houyi said.

"Fine. We'll do as you say."

"Alright."

The various major powers quickly came to a decision.

"Everyone, we no longer have any other way out of this." Lord Tathagata let out a growl as he and the Emyrean Gods around him all stared at the black lotus formation as it assaulted the distant army of the Seamless Gate. Everyone's eyes were filled with hatred...and then they summoned the natural energy of Heaven and Earth, quickly forming a Pangu Genesis Formation around Lord Tathagata.

"Hahaha...we've been forced to the brink. My fellow Daoists, come fight by my side!" Daoist Three Purities let out a laugh as the Pure Yang True Immortals around him quickly joined together into the Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation.

"My fellow Diremonster brethren, let us kill this Old Man Yuan! After we kill him, we'll drink and feast together!" Sun Wukong let out a loud roar which was immediately followed by the cries and cheers of the many Diremonster Gods around him as they formed into a Pangu Genesis Formation around him. The massive Pangu-Wukong charged forward through the Void towards their enemies.

“Daoist Yuan...today is the day you shall die.” Buddha Amitabha took control of a Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation as well.

Kuafu...

Daoist Jade Cauldron...

Buddha Maitreya...

All of these powerful figures who were close to the overlord level took control of a grand formation. None of the Empyrean Gods or True Immortals within the formations shirked back from their duty. They all fearlessly followed their major power leaders into war.

“Amitabaha...to be able to join so many friends in battle is truly a blessing,” Buddha Jueming said with a smile as he sped through the Void towards the black lotus formation.

“Brightmoon.” In this moment...Ning’s mind was filled with images of his daughter, Brightmoon.

“No one will be able to harm you.”

“No one.”

A black lightning serpent streaked across the Void, charging towards the black lotus formation.

Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation had been watching this battle from afar. Upon seeing all the experts of the Three Realms charge straight towards the black lotus formation, Witherspike felt astonishment. He couldn’t help but reminisce to himself as he murmured softly, “By all rights, the Mindlord isn’t someone that these locals can defeat. They are fools to true! And yet...when I see this, I can’t help but hope for their victory, much like how I hoped that my own homeland would win that great war. Alas...in the end, this world is a world where the strong reign supreme.”

“Kill! Kill! Kill!”

Old Man Yuan showed no mercy at all. The black lotus petals ground away at the attackers like a meat grinder, quickly causing the deaths of many major powers and the destruction of multiple formations.

Ji Ning, Buddha Jueming, Keeper Everwood, and the Lord of All Fiends had charged to the very front, seeking to aid the other major powers as much as they could. They relied on the power of their divine bodies or the strength of their defensive techniques to charge into the most dangerous situations, ensuring that their allies would suffer fewer losses as they furiously attacked the black lotus formation.

The Triult Swords, the Immortal Slaying Swords, and other streaks of jade light, bloody light, sword-light, and various Chaos weapons all struck out towards the grand formation.

Both alliances were attacking with full strength, holding nothing back whatsoever.

Far off in the distance, Houyi calmly watched this all happen. “Everyone...I promise that I will not let you down.” He drew his bow.

Old Man Yuan had been calmly watching everything happen from within his black lotus formation. Upon seeing Houyi draw his bow, Old Man Yuan’s face changed slightly as he stared at Houyi. He knew exactly how formidable every single Heartforce Cultivator could be. Although Houyi only knew some techniques

he had devised on his own, he had been able to use those techniques to kill the Lord of the Demonheart! Old Man Yuan didn't dare to underestimate Houyi's attacks. This was one of the reasons why he had taken control over Chang'e all those years ago; he wanted to be able to influence and perhaps restrict Houyi's actions.

"Houyi." Old Man Yuan issued a silent order, causing Chang'e to immediately fly in front of him.

"If you wish to act against me, you'll have to kill Chang'e first." Although Old Man Yuan felt confident that he could handle this next arrow, he still acted with caution.

"Houyi." As Houyi drew his bow, he felt as though he had returned to those bygone days, the most beautiful days in his life.

"Houyi, have a taste. Does it taste good?"

"Everything you make is wonderful, Chang'e."

Although certain things happened afterwards that broke his heart, the beauty of those oldest memories had never faded.

Houyi smiled as he pulled the bow to a full draw.

Rumble...the Void shook as a flood of chaos energy began to fill Houyi's divine bow.

Rumble...the bowstring also began to tremble.

Houyi's divine body transformed into a breathtakingly brilliant beacon of light...and then all the light was also poured into that arrow.

Chaos energy was his bow. Heartforce was his bowstring. His own body, his very life itself, was his arrow.

This was an arrow which Houyi had developed over the course of countless years of melancholy and spiritual sorrow. An arrow which required the life of the archer...

Twang.

The bowstring sang.

The arrow flew.

The only thing left in the Void was Houyi's divine bow, which seemed to be sobbing in pain.

The arrow pierced through the skies, gathering and swallowing all of the chaos energy and natural energy nearby. This arrow streaked through the Void like a meteor, becoming increasingly brilliant as it flew forward. The entire Void seemed to have turned silent. All the major powers, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals were staring at this arrow. They were frantically assaulting the black lotus formation, precisely so that they could give this arrow a chance.

They understood that Houyi had sacrificed his very life for this arrow.

Although they felt sorrow, they also felt hope. Hope that this arrow would succeed. If necessary, they would be willing to make the exact same sacrifice.

“A suicide arrow.” Protected by his black lotus formation, Old Man Yuan frowned. “This Houyi truly is a madman. He is tremendously talented in heartforce, but why is it that every single technique he came up with is borderline suicidal? He used what could be described as a desperation attack in order to kill Lord Demonheart, but this arrow? It’s completely a suicide attack.”

The arrow was too fast. There was no way to dodge it at all.

“These madmen.” Old Man Yuan frowned. The grand formation was being battered by everyone in both alliances. Although the individual cultivators were quite weak, when they joined forces they were so powerful that even Lord Demonheart would find it hard to withstand them. The black lotus formation truly was under a significant amount of pressure.

Boom!

The arrow had expanded to become an utterly enormous comet, and it slammed directly against the black lotus formation, causing a tremendous boom. The formation had already taken a tremendous amount of punishment...and now, it could take no more. With a bang, it blew apart and dissipated, but as the lotus petals broke apart the giant comet became much dimmer as well. The arrow within it could now be seen as well as it continued to shoot straight towards Old Man Yuan.

Old Man Yuan stood there, horsetail whisk in hand. The strands of his whisk coiled around him, forming multiple layers of protection. He also ordered Chang’e to stand in front of him as well.

Boom!

The arrow streaked forward without changing course.

It pierced both through the body of Chang’e and the whisk-barriers. As it appeared before Old Man Yuan, Old Man Yuan struck out with his palm against the tip of the arrow.

BOOM!

Old Man Yuan was knocked quite a few steps back. Blood leaked out from the corner of his lips, but he grinned. “You were able to breach my formation, but in doing so you lost all your power. You were only able to consume up a small bit of my divine power.” The only thing which he was worried about was Houyi and his arrows.

Chang’e fell to her knees, holding a hand to her chest.

Whoosh. A blurry shadow appeared in front of them, a shadow with Houyi’s appearance. It was his truesoul.

“Chang’e.” Houyi’s shadow looked at Chang’e. He gently stretched out his hand, touching her face. He said in a soft voice, “I...never...hated you.”

Chang’e just looked at him, her eyes as cold as ice.

And yet...two tears silently streaked down her face.

She felt pain in her heart. She knew exactly what had happened, but there was nothing she could do.

Upon seeing the two tears streak down the face of Chang'e, Houyi's shadow smiled gently. And then...it dissipated.

"He used a suicide arrow attack, but was actually able to keep his truesoul intact for a brief moment out of pure willpower?" Old Man Yuan glanced coldly at Chang'e. She had fallen to the ground and her aura was already beginning to weaken. Her body had been penetrated by that terrifying arrow; how could she possibly survive?

"Hmph." Old Man Yuan waved his hand, causing a surge of divine power to sweep out and smash down upon her body, transforming it into ash.

And right at this moment...

"Eh?" Old Man Yuan's face changed...because right behind him, a white-haired old man in a Daoist robe had suddenly appeared.

An utterly dazzlingly flower flew out from Subhuti's hand, and as it did so it began to bloom. The petals of the flower began to spread out, revealing what could truly be described as the most indescribably beautiful flower to ever grace the Three Realms.

Ji Ning, Buddha Jueming, Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, the Lord of All Fiends, the Keeper of the Everwood, Kuafu, Sun Wukong, Crazy Ji, Jade Cauldron, Buddha Maitreya, Amitabha, and all the other major powers were watching. They stared at that flower as it bloomed. Everything they had done...Houyi's sacrifice...it was all for the sake of letting this flower bloom.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 23: Endwar Chapter 30: Unto Death

The flower bloomed.

Daoist Subhuti watched as the flower bloomed...and then, his gaze grew dim. Although divine power still rippled through his body, his aura of life had completely vanished.

Ji Ning and the others watched from afar, staring hopefully at Old Man Yuan who stood at the center of that giant black lotus. A look of horror appeared on Old Man Yuan's face, and his aura trembled then weakened dramatically.

"He didn't die."

"He didn't die!"

Ning and the others were all stunned. The Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realms were in a state of shock.

"He actually didn't die." Daoist Subhuti, back within the Crescent world, let out a soft sigh. His own clone had been instantly slain and so he knew exactly how terrifyingly powerful that flower had been. Old Man Yuan, however, had actually been able to withstand it.

"Shennong said that even Elder Gods would have their souls shattered and their truesouls wiped out. Old Man Yuan, however, is far more powerful than ordinary Elder Gods." A hint of grief was in Subhuti's eyes. He understood that since the Lifeseizer Flower had failed to seize Old Man Yuan's life, the

upcoming battle would be the cruelest, deadliest battle of them all. If Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Buddha Jueming, Crazy Ji, Ji Ning, and the others were not able to withstand Old Man Yuan...then all living beings in the Three Realms would truly be annihilated.

“That flower...?” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation was still watching from afar. As he saw this, he nodded to himself. “Subhuti’s clone no longer has any aura of life around it, but the body of the clone is fine. It would appear as though that flower doesn’t distinguish between friend or foe; it should be something that attacks all souls and truesouls around it. Alas...the flower might’ve been powerful, but the Mindlord is a powerful Heartforce Cultivator. Heartforce Cultivators have more techniques for protecting their souls and truesouls than anyone else. Still, it looks as though the Mindlord was heavily injured; even his life aura has grown unstable.”

“Kill.”

“Kill him.”

“Kill.”

Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata, the Lord of All Fiends, Keeper Everwood, Ji Ning, Buddha Jueming, and the rest of the major powers were briefly disappointed, but then their eyes turned red with bloodlust as they let out furious roars and began to launch all-out attacks with abandon.

Old Man Yuan’s face turned ugly. He barked out in a cold voice, “Kill them!”

He knew quite well that this was the critical moment. As he gave the order, his soulslaves immediately sprang into action, forming into multiple smaller formations and engaging the Nuwa Alliance and Seamless Gate in battle. The three guardian formations of the Nuwa Alliance were particularly deadly, and the ones under the command of Buddha Maitreya, Buddha Amitabha, and Daoist Jade Cauldron were actually able to hold the upper hand, tying down the likes of Elder God Gonggong for now.

“Blacklotus Guard.” Old Man Yuan sat down into the lotus position and activated a secret art.

Whoosh!

Instantly, the area around him transformed into countless lotus flowers. He was seated atop a lotus throne, while the sea of black lotuses around him and spread out to cover an area of nearly ten thousand kilometers. Spacetime around him instantly became sealed, blocking out any movement.

“Attack.” Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata, the Lord of All Fiends, Keeper Everwood, Ji Ning, and Buddha Jueming were clearly more powerful than the other major powers. They either charging forward alone or attacked from afar with the help of mighty formations, furiously assaulting Old Man Yuan.

There were seven figures in total, as Ji Ning was using both his true body and his Primaltwin. This represented seven elite Elder Gods assaulting Old Man Yuan!

The most powerful forces on both sides had joined together to attack him; even Lord Demonheart at his peak would have been suppressed in power. However...although Old Man Yuan had clearly been heavily injured, he was able to rely on his ‘Blacklotus Guard’ to block all attacks. The lotus petals slowly swiveled around him, rendering the area around him completely impervious to attack.

Old Man Yuan was one of the Seven Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus. He was a supreme Elder God, and an extraordinary one at that! He was most skilled in heartforce and knew many secret arts, and he naturally knew the 'black lotus techniques' which God Emperor Blacklotus had developed.

This Black Lotus Guardian was something which Ji Ning and the others were not capable of breaching.

"Die." Old Man Yuan, seated atop the lotus throne, had an ugly look on his face. He reached out with his right hand which instantly expanded in size and glowed with black light, stretching out hundreds of thousands of kilometers to strike at Daoist Three Purities. Daoist Three Purities wasn't too far away, as he had to rely on his Immortal Slaying Swords to attack. Only Houyi, who attacked with arrows, was capable of attacking from a greater distance.

Old man Yuan's fingers reached out towards him like the very pillars of heavens themselves.

"Not good." The black-robed Ning immediately willed his Triult Swords to arc out in a streak of curved light, stabbing towards that palm.

"Hmph." Daoist Three Purities also used his Immortal Slaying Swords to strike out at the attack.

"And here I was worrying that he would keep hiding inside without coming out." The Lord of All Fiends was the fastest of them all. He instantly appeared next to Old Man Yuan's elongated right arm, then whipped down his long shuttle at the arm.

Boom! Bang! Bang!

The attacks from the three major powers forced Old Man Yuan to withdraw his arm once more.

"What?! His body is comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic treasure?" This exchange of blows caused the hearts of Daoist Three Purities, Ji Ning, and Allfiend to clench. When their attacks had landed on Old Man Yuan's arm, they had only been able to cause a few sparks to appear.

"I never would've thought that I'd have to fight with full power in order to kill you backwater locals of the Three Realms. That flower should have been devised by Shennong, I believe? It was quite nasty." Old Man Yuan's face was quite pale. He put away his horsetail whisk, then a total of six arms suddenly appeared on his body. His six arms all dramatically elongated, striking out at the various major powers.

Old Man Yuan continued to sit there atop his black lotus throne, striking out with his six arms in every direction, his hands executing different types of marvelous palm-arts and finger-arts.

"The heavy injury he suffered just now was to his soul. Now, he's using up his divine power as well. Every bit of divine power he uses up, a bit of his soul is used up as well." Lord Tathagata sent mentally, "Everyone, keep fighting. If we can hold on for long enough, he won't be able to endure it."

"All of you can go die." Old Man Yuan also knew that he wouldn't be able to stay in battle for too long.

Faced with six attacking arms at once, Ning and the others had to fend for themselves by themselves.

Boom!

Old Man Yuan's giant palm clashed directly against Keeper Everwood's wooden ruler.

Bang!

An invisible wave of power struck out at Keeper Everwood's soul. Keeper Everwood's wooden ruler turned sluggish, giving the palm a chance to slip past it and strike directly against his body.

"Everwood!" Lord Allfiend's face twisted. He never would've expected that Keeper Everwood, so skilled in defense, would actually be the first to fall into danger.

"I won't be able to escape." Keeper Everwood quickly understood that he wouldn't be able to avoid death.

His mind became filled with thoughts of how he had journeyed as a mortal through the Seamless Chaosworld.

He thought of a wooden house.

Keeper Everwood had played an everwood flute in front of that house as a certain woman had danced by his side.

"I really wish I could go back...but I never will..."

Swish!

The giant palm pierced straight through Keeper Everwood's body...but as it did, Keeper Everwood actually laughed.

BOOM!

His body suddenly exploded. Pierced through by that palm, he had unhesitatingly chosen to self-detonate. This explosion, the self-detonation of an Elder God, rocked the entire battlefield. The power of this explosion was great enough to cause the already-injured Old Man Yuan's face to turn even paler.

"These damn locals." Old Man Yuan knew that at a critical time like this, he had to either kill these Immortals and Fiendgods or be killed!

He never would've imagined that he would be in such a dangerous situation. It was all due to that flower!

No...it was all because of Houyi.

If it wasn't for Houyi, his black lotus formation wouldn't have been breached.

"Die." Old Man Yuan grew even more berserk. This time, he simultaneously struck out with two of his palms against Daoist Three Purities. Daoist Three Purities' 'Immortal Slaying Swords' had tremendous penetrative power. As a result, his attacks were actually the most damaging to Old Man Yuan.

"My fellow Daoists, are you willing to accompany me unto death?" Daoist Three Purities knew that he wouldn't be able to survive this attack; the defensive power of his 'Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation' was far lower than that of an Elder God's body.

"It is our honor to follow you, Daofather."

"Let's fight!"

As the giant palms came smashing towards them, Daoist Three Purities and his 3600 True Immortals all smiled. Then...they transformed into an incomparably dazzling sun that was even more brilliant than the Solar Star itself.

"You've gone ahead of us, my old friend," Lord Tathagata murmured to himself.

"I swear I will slay this Outsider!" Ning's eyes were filled with crimson bloodlust.

"Amitabha." Buddha Jueming was even more berserk.

"These damn yokels!" Old Man Yuan was going crazy from rage as well. Keeper Everwood had chosen to self-detonate, then Daoist Three Purities and several thousand True Immortals had chosen to do the same, allowing all of the Immortal energy in their body to completely burst forth. The explosive power was simply too great; even Old Man Yuan was injured by the waves of power.

"Die! Die!" Old Man Yuan then sent three of his palms to strike out towards Ji Ning. Aside from the Immortal Slaying Swords, Ji Ning's Triult Swords were the most dangerous weapons on the battlefield. The two people Old Man Yuan wanted dead above all others were Ji Ning and Daoist Three Purities.

Ning's true body was able to block one palm...but the other two palms continued forward to strike against Ning's Primaltwin. The black-robed Primaltwin's body was quite weak, after all; he wouldn't be able to resist any close range attacks that landed against him. Ning's true body had been helping out this entire time, but now that three palms were simultaneously striking out against him...the only possible result was death.

"Outsider..." The black-robed Ning shut his eyes.

BOOM!

Yet another dazzling, enormous sun suddenly lit up.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 23: Endwar Chapter 31: The Destiny of the Three Realm

When the distant incarnation of Godfiend Witherspike saw those enormous suns erupt one after the other, even he was moved by the grief he could sense radiating from them. Some of his most ancient memories were stirred, and he couldn't help but sigh softly, "Even I hope that they can kill the Mindlord. Perhaps the Mindlord really will end up falling by the hands of these locals."

Keeper Everwood, dead.

Daoist Three Purities and his 3600 True Immortals, dead.

The black-robed Ji Ning, dead.

"Die, you yokels! All of you, die!" Old Man Yuan was utterly enraged. Even if he won this battle, his soul would have been so heavily injured that even he didn't know how long it would take for it to heal. He sent three of his enormous arms reaching out towards Lord Tathagata the Buddha.

Lord Buddha murmured in a soft voice, "If I do not go to Hell, who shall? My friends, are you willing to venture into Hell alongside me?" 1

“I am willing.”

“I am willing.”

The Emyrean Gods by his side were all extremely calm as the most unforgettable memories of their lives slowly drifted through their minds. They all had things they had once sworn to protect, and they would not shirk back from their duty, not even if it cost them their lives.

The three enormous palms descended upon them.

Lord Buddha and his 5800 Emyrean Gods were all completely calm and peaceful.

BOOM!!!

A blindingly brilliant sun erupted once more.

Although Lord Tathagata had an indestructible golden body, he knew very well that he was still just a True God. If he didn't self-detonate, Old Man Yuan would end up suppressing him and then sealing him away. The end result would still be death, and he wouldn't even be able to harm Old Man Yuan! Thus, Lord Buddha didn't hesitate at all. He immediately self-detonated, the shock of the explosion causing Old Man Yuan's hands to shudder and quickly draw backwards.

Old Man Yuan's face turned even uglier to behold.

“Kill!” Old Man Yuan had already made up his mind to wipe them all out. His next target was Buddha Jueming. Buddha Jueming's protective divine ability was incredibly formidable. Given that he was also an Elder God...he made Old Man Yuan rather uncomfortable.

“Amitabha. Northrest, my benefactor...this monk won't be able to travel to Vastheaven Palace.” Buddha Jueming silently murmured these words to himself, smiling as he watched those three massive palms descend towards him.

BOOM!!!

Buddha Jueming also transformed into a dazzlingly bright sun, the power of the explosion furiously draining away Old Man Yuan's divine power. However, given that Old Man Yuan was a Heartforce Cultivator, he'd still be able to survive even if the only part of him left was his truesoul! When World God Northrest had fled, he had lost both his body and his soul. The only part of him left was his truesoul, and his truesoul was actually beginning to dissipate as well. Despite all that, he had managed to stay alive for a long period of time.

Obviously, Old Man Yuan wasn't as formidable as Northrest. However, although quite a bit of his divine power and soul had been consumed, he was still able to continue to launch attacks of tremendous power.

This was the difference between himself and Lord Demonheart. He was one of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus!

“He's still not dead?”

“How is he not dead?!”

The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate all felt heartbroken over their losses, and yet somehow Old Man Yuan was still alive!

“Ji Ning, die.” Old Man Yuan next sent five of his arms to strike at Ji Ning. Ji Ning’s true body had mastered the [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent], making it extremely hard for Old Man Yuan to kill him with just one or two arms. However, Old Man Yuan’s arms were all capable of attacking as fast as the limits of the Heavenly Daos. When five of those arms attacked simultaneously, there really was no way for Ji Ning to dodge, especially since he had been fighting in close combat to begin with.

In addition...Ji Ning never even considered fleeing.

None of the other major powers had additional clones like he did, yet they had all decided to self-detonate in the hopes of exhausting more of Old Man Yuan’s divine power. Ning had clones. How could he flee?

In this moment, he threw all other thoughts to the back of his mind. He focused on just one thing...to injure Old Man Yuan as best he could. Perhaps he might be the straw that broke the camel’s back, causing Old Man Yuan to die.

Keeper Everwood had died.

Daoist Three Purities and his 3600 True Immortals had died.

The black-robed Primaltwin Ning had died.

Lord Tathagata the Buddha and his 5800 Emphyrean Gods had died.

Buddha Jueming had died.

Now, even Ning’s true body was going to die.

“My fellow Daoists...I’m not afraid of death, but I have to ensure that the Seamless Gate will live on. If all of us were to die here, the Immortals and Fiendgods who died for our sake would have died for nothing.” The Lord of All Fiends finally decided to flee.

“Let’s go.”

“We’re leaving the Three Realms.”

The Lord of All Fiends began to collect the major powers of the Seamless Gate mid-battle.

Before this Endwar had begun, these major powers had all handed their closest friends and loved ones over to the Lord of All Fiends for safekeeping. They all had faith in the escaping abilities of the Lord of All Fiends. The reason why they were willing to risk or even to give up their lives was to ensure that the ones they cared about would be able to continue living.

“Let’s go. All of you, let’s go.” Subhuti appeared next to the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance as well.

“Let’s go.” Sun Wukong’s eyes turned red, as did the eyes of many others.

“Let’s go.”

They all understood that continuing to fight like this would be pointless. The whole point of them fighting was to keep the soulslaves occupied, preventing them from assisting Old Man Yuan! Now, however, there was no point. It was all up to Ji Ning.

These other True Gods and Daofathers were too weak to make a difference; they simply couldn't keep Old Man Yuan tied down. If Old Man Yuan wanted to flee, he could do so whenever he wished to. Only the likes of Ji Ning, the Lord of All Fiends, and the other overlords were capable of forcing Old Man Yuan to stay and fight.

The Lord of All Fiends evacuated the Seamless Gate, while Subhuti evacuated the Nuwa Alliance. Both sides had already made their preparations.

If Ji Ning's self-detonation failed to slay Old Man Yuan, then they would leave the Three Realms and enter the endless primordial chaos.

If Ji Ning's self-detonation succeeded in exhausting Old Man Yuan's store of divine power, rendering him helpless...then they would counter-attack and win!

It was all up to Ji Ning!

Those five massive palms reached out for Ning from five different directions, covering the Void like five massive stormclouds. All of them moved as fast as the speed of light, giving Ning's true body no chance to run.

"Is the Three Realms about to be destroyed?"

"No..."

"We still have a slight chance."

Ning was calmer than he ever had been before. The reason why all of those overlords had sacrificed themselves was because they saw that same slight chance as well.

"Come, then." Ning's heart was as still as water.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Old Man Yuan's five palms slammed down with no mercy whatsoever towards Ning's true body. With the Lord of All Fiends having fled, the Three Realms no longer posed any threat to him whatsoever. As for the likes of Buddha Maitreya or Sun Wukong, those major powers were too weak in comparison. If he wanted to fight them, he would; if he wanted to flee from them, he could.

Ji Ning was the last one who could pose a threat to him.

"Die, then." Old Man Yuan's eyes were filled with cold savagery as he mentally steeled himself for Ji Ning's self-detonation. "I can take another blast. I can still hold."

The Lord of All Fiends had fled far off into the distance and was watching through his senses.

Patriarch Subhuti was also far away by now, and by his side stood Buddha Maitreya, Buddha Amitabha, Sun Wukong, Jade Cauldron, and the others. They, too, were watching.

Godfiend Witherspike's incarnation was also watching from afar.

The destiny of the Three Realms itself hung in the balance, and everyone was waiting to see how the scales would be tipped. Even the Heavenly Daos were shuddering. They understood that a critical moment had arrived...but there was nothing they could do.

As for the countless living creatures of the Three Realms, they continued to peacefully live their ordinary lives. Some struggled for political power, some wooed their lovers, some chanted poems, some focused on their studies, and some were fighting in their own wars...

They had no idea...that the fate of the entire Three Realms would be decided in this next instant.

"...What's going on?" The Lord of All Fiends, Patriarch Subhuti, Godfiend Witherspike, and the others all grew puzzled.

This was because Old Man Yuan's giant palms had descended upon Ji Ning, clutching him in their grasp.

But...

There was no detonation!

"He didn't self-detonate?!" The Lord of All Fiends boggled.

Subhuti and the rest of the Nuwa Alliance were all stunned as well. Even Godfiend Witherspike's incarnation was stunned.

None of them believed that this was because Ji Ning was afraid to die. Ji Ning had to know that if Old Man Yuan captured him and sealed him away, the end result would still be death, and a pointless one at that. He wouldn't even be able to injure Old Man Yuan.

They were shocked. Old Man Yuan himself was shocked. He had already mentally prepared himself to deal with Ji Ning's self-detonation, but even as he finally wrapped his fingers around Ji Ning, Ji Ning still did not self-detonate.

"The destiny of the Three Realms shall be decided in this instant."

When Ning saw the palms draw near him, he had decided to self-detonate.

In this moment, his heart was calmer than it ever had been before. He stood there all by himself, his friends and allies all far away, his spirit in a state of complete silence...and suddenly, he found that spark of insight within his divine body.

"A spark of insight that can only be found in endless solitude..." As death descended, Ning suddenly gave up his plans of self-detonation. Instead, he immediately activated the [Solitary World God] technique.

In order to advance through the [Solitary World God], one had to find a spark of insight hidden within one's divine body.

Last time, when he had broken through to become a True God, he had succeeded because of the effort he had spent on mastering the Goldstar Beads of the Heavens. This time, however, it was because in this moment where the entire destiny of the Three Realms hung in the balance, his soul had become so extraordinarily calm and silent that he was able to sense that tiny little spark inside himself.

Whoosh. Old Man Yuan's fingers clenched around Ji Ning.

Ji Ning did not self-detonate.

“It’s over.” The Lord of All Fiends shook his head.

“It’s finished.” The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance all shook their heads, despair written plainly on their faces. They had tried so hard...but for some reason, Ji Ning had refused to self-detonate. The last hope of the Three Realms was gone.

“No.” Patriarch Subhuti continued to watch. He wouldn’t believe it. He refused to believe that his disciple was a craven man who feared death.

Rumble...

Boundless amounts of chaos energy suddenly began to appear in a great flood, forming an enormous chaos vortex that was centered...directly above Ji Ning.

“It’s not finished. The Three Realms isn’t finished.” When Subhuti saw the chaos vortex suddenly appear, he let out a hoarse cry. “The Three Realms is not finished!”

1. This is a very famous Buddhist saying which was actually attributed to Bodhisattva Kshitigarbha, who swore that he would not allow himself to become a Buddha until he rescued all living things who were trapped in Hell. When asked by others why he was doing this, he countered with the question, ‘If I do not go to hell (to rescue those people), who shall?’

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 23: Endwar Chapter 32: Half-Step World God

“Is that...!”

The Lord of All Fiends, the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance, and Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation all stared at the chaos vortex which had suddenly appeared. All of them tensed as they sensed that aura of tremendous power expand and wash over them. The source of that terrifying aura...lay in the center of Old Man Yuan’s giant palms.

“Impossible. This is impossible.” Old Man Yuan was still seated on his lotus throne, but his face now completely changed. He could keenly sense the terrifying power emanating from Ji Ning, who he still held within his grasp. Clearly, Ji Ning was striving to push him back.

“He made a breakthrough?!”

Old Man Yuan had experienced the war that ended the Primordial Era. It was at the very end of that war when Mother Nuwa had broken through to become a World God, absorbing enormous amounts of chaos energy and then dominating all her foes. For a chaos vortex to appear at a moment like this...Old Man Yuan knew right away that Ji Ning had begun to make a breakthrough.

But...Ji Ning had only trained for roughly a thousand years!

“He’s barely a thousand years old. There’s no way he could possibly become a World God so quickly.”

“And judging from the size of this chaos vortex, it doesn’t appear as though he has become a World God.”

“So long as he isn’t a World God, he still won’t be a match for me.” Old Man Yuan had been heavily wounded. He knew that this was a critical moment, and he truly did not wish to lose. To lose meant dying in the hands of these local yokels, and so he repeatedly consoled himself by telling himself he would win.

“Get over here!” Old Man Yuan sought to tighten his grip around Ning and pull him over.

BOOM!

Ning suddenly manifested three heads and six arms. His six arms trembled violently, but he was still able to push Old Man Yuan’s palms aside.

A vast flood of chaos energy continued to pour into Ji Ning’s body. Ji Ning’s divine body was continuously improving and transforming as his True God power was rapidly converted into Elder God power. This caused his aura to continue to grow in power, allowing him to fight back with greater and greater efficacy.

“Damn.” This time, Old Man Yuan struck out with all six of his massive palms.

BANG! BOOM! BANG!

Ning continued to block and occasionally counter-attack. Only part of his mind was on the fight; most of his efforts were directed towards converting his divine power.

His body continued to grow more and more powerful...

“How can this be? How can he be this strong? Even if he has become an Elder God, it doesn’t make sense for him to become this strong.” Old Man Yuan grew frantic. The amount of power which Ji Ning had revealed already surpassed that which an Elder God should be capable of. Old Man Yuan’s six arms were now completely incapable of suppressing Ji Ning.

Of course, Old Man Yuan had no idea that Ji Ning had trained in both the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] and the [One True Body] divine abilities. Upon becoming an Elder God, Ning would be as strong as seventeen Elder Gods added together. This was even more effective than seventeen Elder Gods joining together into a formation; he could be considered a half-step World God!

Old Man Yuan couldn’t be blamed for his miscalculation.

This combination of techniques was extremely rare, even amongst Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. Less than one in ten thousand would be at such a level of power. The King of Pangaea himself had only risen to prominence amongst Elder Gods after he had mastered the third level of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods], which allowed him to fuse all eighteen of his bodies together. When he later became a World God, he became an incredibly powerful one thanks to his enormously strong and stable foundation.

“Old Man Yuan can no longer hold him down.” The Lord of All Fiends revealed a look of joy.

“He can’t hold Darknorth down any longer.” Buddha Maitreya and the others began to grow excited as well. Why had so many major powers, Immortals, and Fiendgods sacrificed their lives earlier? It was all for the sake of defeating this alien Outsider and defending their Three Realms. Now...they could see hope!

“You have to win. You HAVE to win!” Patriarch Subhuti grew excited as well, his body beginning to visibly tremble.

“Die! Die! DIE!” Old Man Yuan’s six arms struck out at Ji Ning with wild, berserk abandon.

Rumble...

The flood of chaos energy continued to pour into Ning’s body, causing even more of his True God power to be converted into Elder God power. By now, more than seventy percent of the divine power in his body was Elder God power, and the rest was still being converted. He was now so strong that his punches and kicks were enough to completely block Old Man Yuan’s attacks. In terms of raw power alone, he had definitely surpassed Old Man Yuan already.

A half-step World God...unless a true World God made an appearance, a half-step World God could be described as capable of utterly dominating all opponents.

“How could this happen? How could he be this strong? What the hell type of divine abilities and secret arts has he trained in?” Old Man Yuan was beginning to panic. “I need to leave, now!”

There was no time for slow pondering. Old Man Yuan immediately chose to flee!

As one of the Nine Divine Generals, he was an extremely crafty figure. He knew very well that given how Ji Ning had learned the [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent], it would be extremely difficult for him to flee. This was one of the reasons why he hadn’t tried to leave earlier and had instead focused on attempting to wipe out the experts of the Three Realms. Now, his plan was to take advantage of the fact that Ji Ning was making a breakthrough and use the remaining time to flee.

Swoosh! Old Man Yuan immediately began to flee at high speed atop his black lotus, and as he did so he gave orders to his many soulslaves. “Stop Ji Ning!”

“You want to run?”

Ji Ning was continuing to convert his divine power, but he immediately transformed into a streak of black lightning and chased after Old Man Yuan. Although his divine power was not yet fully converted, and although combat would slow down the breakthrough process, that wouldn’t make much of a difference. When Mother Nuwa had made her breakthrough to become a World God, she had caused an even greater disturbance and needed to convert even more divine power, but she was still able to dominate all her foes during the process.

Swish! The black lightning serpent flashed forward through the Void, easily dodging past the other major powers and chasing after Old Man Yuan.

“Damn.” Old Man Yuan felt hatred and regret. He had made so many preparations and backup plans, and he had even managed to avoid exposing himself during the war that had ended the Primordial Era after seeing Mother Nuwa make her breakthrough. This time, he had only chosen to reveal his true self after Lord Demonheart had died and the two alliances had come to a ceasefire...but then he ended up running into this monster, Ji Ning!

Houyi was a monster.

Ji Ning was a monster as well.

Houyi had slain Lord Demonheart and breached the first black lotus formation.

Shennong's Lifeseizer Flower had heavily injured him.

The self-detonations of the various major powers had depleted the majority of Old Man Yuan's divine power.

"Given all of my abilities, if I was at peak power I wouldn't be afraid to battle this Ji Ning head-on. But...this body is a body that I took over through possession. It is too slow!" Old Man Yuan shook his head. He wasn't even able to fly as fast as the speed of light; there was no way he would be able to escape. And, unlike Subhuti, he didn't have any techniques that allowed him to flee to a different spacetime continuum. His only choice was to face Ji Ning head-on.

"Blacklotus Guard." Old Man Yuan sat down in the lotus position once more, the black lotus flowers once more circling around him and covering an area of ten thousand kilometers. The lotus petals began to swivel in place as he stared icily at the white-robed youth.

Ning just stood there in the Void, his aura continuing to grow more and more powerful.

Ninety percent. A hundred percent!

The chaos vortex above him finally began to vanish. Ji Ning looked at Old Man Yuan, his eyes filled with a terrible, terrifying light.

"Outsider...today is the day you die." Ning's body blurred briefly as he manifested his three heads and six arms.

"A yokel like you dares to put on airs in front of me?" Old Man Yuan sat there atop his black lotus throne as he replied in a cold voice. "I might be heavily wounded, but if I have to fight to the death I can still kill a bumpkin like you."

"Hmph."

Ji Ning let out an angry snort. His six arms instantly stretched out through the Void, expanding many tens of thousands of kilometers as they simultaneously struck out towards Old Man Yuan's black lotus flowers. Ning's six mighty arms were like six enormous axes, and he furiously chopped down upon the black lotus flowers with power comparable to Pangu's when Pangu cleaved apart Heaven from Earth.

Divine ability...[Starseizing Hand]!

[Brightmoon] sword-art, Heavenbreaker stance!

"Keep dreaming." Old Man Yuan felt complete confidence in himself. The Blacklotus Guard was a secret art of God Emperor Blacklotus. It possessed incredible defensive strength and was so durable that the simultaneous attacks of Ji Ning, Daoist Three Purities, the Lord of All Fiends, and Keeper Everwood had been able to do nothing to it.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Six massive explosions rang out.

The black lotus flowers surrounding him shuddered violently. Even his lotus throne shuddered, and quite a few of the lotus petals began to crack apart.

“What?!” Old Man Yuan was shocked. How was this possible? He had been personally taught this technique by the God Emperor. Even supreme Elder Gods should find it difficult to breach this technique!

“Eh?” Ning actually frowned as well.

He knew better than anyone else how shockingly powerful he had become. He was now a half-step World God, and his six palms were all comparable to Chaos weapons. His skills in sword-arts were incredibly high, and when he used the ‘Heavenbreaker stance’ to strike his blows definitely possessed the power of a supreme Elder god. He had also used the [Starseizing Hand], making his blows more powerful than even Lord Demonheart’s had been.

He had struck out with six palms at the same time...and yet, the black lotus flowers hadn’t completely shattered?

“I told you. Today is the day you die.” Ning retracted three of his six arms, then manifested a blood-red sword within one of them – Violetjewel. Ning’s eyes were filled with murder.

If he didn’t use Violetjewel and instead used brute force strikes, he would probably still be able to eventually break apart the Blacklotus Guard or to completely exhaust Old Man Yuan’s divine power and then kill him...but Ning felt far too much hatred towards Old Man Yuan. He wasn’t willing to wait, and so he immediately took out the most powerful weapon he had.

A half-step World God body...a supreme sword-art...the [Starseizing Hand]...and Violetjewel, a weapon that was comparable to a Dao weapon...

Ning’s power had already crossed the threshold of a World God’s power.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 23: Endwar Chapter 33: Curtain Call

“A sword?” When Old Man Yuan saw Ji Ning pull out a sword, he gritted his teeth. “My black lotus is incredibly tough and durable. It’s perfect against swords and sabers.”

Boom!

The white-robed Ji Ning took a step forward, his body rapidly expanding in size to become thirty thousand kilometers in height, comparable to the size of the black lotuses. He then lifted up the similarly enormous Violetjewel.

“You shall break for me!” Ning raised Violetjewel up high, filling it with a savage torrent of divine power that passed through the sword’s quintessence and made it even more powerful. The towering Ning held Violetjewel high in the air, then furiously chopped down towards the protective black lotus in front of him. The anger infused into this chop made it even more savage than any of his previous strikes.

“He wasn’t even able to breach my defenses when using all six arms. Now, with just a single sword...” Old Man Yuan smiled coldly as he took firm control over his Blacklotus Guard...but then, his cold smile turned stiff.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was like the Heavens had collapsed.

In the instant that the blow connected with the black lotus flowers, the flowers completely folded under its power. Countless lotus petals were instantly torn apart, causing the entire black lotus to begin to break apart.

“A Dao weapon.” Old Man Yuan stared as Ning struck out with Violetjewel. “Is that a Dao weapon? It has to be a Dao weapon. Otherwise, there’s no way it could be so powerful.”

There were many grades of magic weapons. Above Chaos weapons was the realm of Dao weapons.

Generally speaking, Dao weapons were exclusively used by Elder Gods and Chaos Immortals. It was almost impossibly rare for an Elder God or an Ancestral Immortal to be lucky enough to acquire one! A weakling simply wouldn’t be able to keep his hands on a Dao weapon for long, and in truth Ji Ning wasn’t strong enough either. Previously, when he filled it with his True God power, it had still been so weak that his strikes weren’t particularly impressive. Not even experienced figures like Witherspike or Old Man Yuan had suspected that his weapon was a Dao weapon.

Now that his divine power had become dramatically stronger, the power of his weapon also became much more apparent.

The Triult Swords or the Immortal Slaying Swords, for example, could be said to have just barely surpassed Chaos weapons in might; they could be considered to have nearly reached the level of Dao weapons. However, they were only comparable to the weakest of Dao weapons; there was still a noticeable difference between them and true Dao weapons. Now that Ning had become a half-step World God, his divine power was capable of truly linking to and activating the core quintessence of the sword, allowing it to reveal its true might.

Generally speaking, only the most supreme of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals would be qualified to even dream of possessing a Dao weapon. They would furiously battle for the right to wield such a weapon, and only the most powerful of them would ever be able to do so.

Without a Dao weapon, Ning would at most be considered a supreme Elder God and be just slightly more powerful than Lord Demonheart. They would still, however, belong to the same general level of power.

With this Dao weapon, he had truly reached the World God threshold.

“Die.” After Ning broke apart the black lotuses, he returned to his normal shape and size as he transformed into a black lightning serpent that streaked towards Old Man Yuan.

“After I kill you, your Dao weapon shall be mine.” A look of greed was in Old Man Yuan’s eyes. “Time to go all out. I have no way out anyhow. My only option is to use my heartforce in a last-ditch attack.”

During the Endwar, he hadn’t tried to use his heartforce to attack Ning at all.

This was because he had discovered during his previous ambush attempt that Ji Ning's soul protection technique was extremely formidable. He simply didn't feel confident in using heartforce against Ji Ning...but now, he had no other options. Use divine power? He had almost run out, and thanks to the Dao weapon Ji Ning had just barely reached the World God threshold of power. Old Man Yuan's only shot, his final shot, was to use heartforce in one last attack.

"Die." Ning charged towards him, Violetjewel in hand.

Old Man Yuan sat there in the lotus position, striking out with his six arms to block Ning.

"Hmph." Ning chopped out with his sword once more.

Boom!

Old Man Yuan was knocked flying backwards, his hands aching and starting to split apart. He couldn't help but feel shocked by this. "With this Dao weapon in hand...in offensive power, at least, Ji Ning is as powerful as a World God. My body is comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic treasure, but it is at the verge of breaking down."

A true World God would be able to effortlessly smash apart any top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure...and Ji Ning was already strong enough to cause damage to such treasures!

Clang! Clang! Clang! Old Man Yuan used his palms to block Ning's repeated attacks. Although he was sent flying backwards each time, his defenses remained utterly airtight.

"Eh?"

Ning stared at Old Man Yuan as the latter struck out repeatedly, six arms moving like a blur. He felt a greater desire to kill this man than he had ever felt before, and the future of all living creatures of the Three Realms was riding on his shoulders. Ning felt calmer and more zen-like than he ever had before.

In recent years, he had mastered the ninety-eight stone sword-steles which World God Northrest had left behind, but he had never been able to gain proficiency in the [Nameless] sword-art. However, as he stared at Old Man Yuan's six illusory arms, a light suddenly flashed in Ning's head.

It was a very strange feeling...

It was as though the surrounding Void had become part of his own demesnes, as though the Void itself had become brimming with sword-intent. It was as though countless swords were resonating with him and were calling out with joy!

"This...this is my world."

He felt a sense of total and utter control. In this moment, Ning suddenly understood the true meaning of the first stance of the [Nameless] sword-art, the 'Heartsword' stance.

The 'Heartsword' stance...

It wasn't meant to make his sword stronger! It wasn't meant to make his sword faster! On the surface, it seemed as though it wouldn't make Ning's sword attacks better in any measurable way, but in reality...the true meaning of the 'Heartsword' stance lay in truly understanding how to use and control

the sword. It taught the wielder how to become the true master of his sword, allowing him to truly unleash the appropriate amount of power with every single strike. It taught one to be agile when necessary, strike with full force when necessary, block when necessary...

It was a sense of control that one would only possess when one reached a truly profound level of insight into the sword.

“Heartsword Realm.”

Ning looked at Old Man Yuan’s six illusory palms, then strode forward through the Void and struck out with his sword.

Slash! The sword knocked one palm aside, causing an opening to appear in the movements of the other five palms. In the past, Ning would have never been able to notice such a minute flaw...but he now had a sort of absolute control over the Void around him, making it almost impossible for any flaw to escape his notice.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

He struck out with three consecutive sword-strikes.

Old Man Yuan didn’t even have a chance to react before Ning’s sword-light pierced through his six blocking arms, stabbing straight towards his body.

“How can this...” Old Man Yuan was in disbelief.

Even an ordinary Elder God who had mastered the first stance of the [Nameless] sword-art, the ‘Heartsword’ stance, would become comparable to a supreme Elder God in battle. This stance represented a certain level of mastery over the sword!

“Go.”

Faced with impending doom, Old Man Yuan didn’t attempt to block the sword-strike. In truth, there was no way for him to block it, even if he wanted to...and so all he did was stare into Ji Ning’s eyes.

Whoosh.

A ripple of power instantly surged towards Ning and attacked him.

It was as if a gray seed suddenly burrowed itself into Ning’s body, attempting to penetrate his very soul. This gray mental seed caused Ning to feel a dim sense of danger.

Boom!

Heartforce soul-lock!

After he became a half-step World God, he had hurriedly strengthened his soul and once more protected it with the heartforce soul-lock technique which World God Northrest had transmitted to him. It was as though an incomparably thick steel plate had appeared before the gray seed. The gray seed did its best to burrow through it, but it actually began to shatter after repeatedly ramming into the steel plate.

Stab!

Ning's sword-light didn't slow down in the slightest as it pierced straight through Old Man Yuan's forehead.

[Brightmoon] sword-art, Blood Drop stance!

This was Ning's fastest and most penetrating attack. Old Man Yuan's protective divine ability was unable to block this strike. His forehead was pierced straight through...and he finally ran out of divine power. As Violetjewel unleashed its power, Old Man Yuan's truesoul was completely ground apart and destroyed.

Old Man Yuan...had died!

The Void was completely silent.

Old Man Yuan's body continued to sit there in the lotus position, with Ji Ning standing in front of him, holding a sword that had been driven through his forehead. Old Man Yuan's life aura had completely dissipated...but on his face was a look of resentment and unwillingness to accept this outcome.

Clearly, his final attempt at a heartforce attack had also been easily blocked by Ning. This made him feel quite resentful.

Tears appeared in the eyes of the Lord of All Fiends as he beheld this sight. He murmured softly to himself, "Everwood, we won. The Three Realms won."

On the Nuwa Alliance's side, Patriarch Subhuti, Buddha Maitreya, Sun Wukong, Jade Cauldron, Kuafu, and the other major powers stared hard as well, afraid that they were seeing things.

"Dead. Old Man Yuan is finally dead." Daoist Jade Cauldron mumbled to himself, "Master, the Three Realms has been saved. It's saved. We won."

"We won." Sun Wukong murmured softly, "My senior apprentice-brothers and junior apprentice-brothers...we won. Do you know? We won!"

A number of major powers couldn't help but begin to shed tears.

They had won.

The Three Realms had won.

Even the distant incarnation Godfiend Witherspike found itself breathless. When he saw Ji Ning pierce through Old Man Yuan's forehead with his sword, he waited for Old Man Yuan's life aura to completely vanish before he mumbled to himself, "I never would've thought that the Mindlord of the Nine Divine Generals would end up dying in the hands of a local bumpkin from this chaosworld. These yokels actually won. This is unbelievable. Truly unbelievable."

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 23: Endwar Chapter 34: Deception

Snick! Ji Ning pulled Violetjewel out of Old Man Yuan's corpse. His body was comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure; destroying it would be no easy feat. Ning would have to attack multiple times at absolute maximum power in order to succeed. Still, Ning couldn't actually be bothered to do

that; he would simply use his Five Elements Cauldron to annihilate the body of this alien Outsider who had sinned against them all.

Ning wouldn't even make use of the Five Elements essence from this body, because he viewed it to be filthy! Ning truly felt far too much hatred towards Old Man Yuan, because far too many had died because of him. Many of Ning's old friends, his fellow apprentices, and even overlords had died because of him. All the waters of the universe still wouldn't be enough to wash away the hatred he felt.

Whoosh.

Whoosh.

Daofather Subhuti, Buddha Maitreya, Daoist Jade Cauldron, Kuafu, and the other major powers flew over. The Lord of All Fiends, Daofather Bloodswan, and the other major powers of the Seamless Gate flew over as well.

"He finally died." Subhuti stared at Old Man Yuan's corpse, then said in a low voice, "This alien Outsider has finally died."

"This is the most terrifying Outsider I have ever encountered." The Lord of All Fiends let out a sigh as well.

"The Three Realms' tribulation has finally come to an end." Buddha Amitabha had a look of grief and sorrow in his eyes.

"An end?" A voice suddenly rang out from afar. "Don't be so quick to celebrate."

All of the major powers surrounding Old Man Yuan's corpse turned to look. They saw Godfiend Witherspike fly towards them from afar.

"Godfiend Witherspike?" The Lord of All Fiends frowned. "No, this is just his incarnation."

Ning and the others could also tell that this was merely Witherspike's incarnation.

"Witherspike, what do you mean by that?" The Lord of All Fiends frowned. "Are you scheming something?"

A flicker of a killing intent flashed through Ji Ning's eyes.

Godfiend Witherspike's incarnation glanced at Ning, then laughed. "Sword Immortal Darknorth definitely stands at the very peak of power amongst Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. How would I dare to scheme against him?"

"Then why would you suggest that the tribulation has not ended?" Ning frowned as well.

"I didn't say that. I just said...don't be so quick to celebrate." Godfiend Witherspike's incarnation side.

"To tell you the truth, all of you have to thank me. I truly feel sympathy for you locals, after having seen you all fight so hard to protect your Three Realms. As for the Mindlord, I really rather dislike the man. That's why I've come to tell you a few things."

"Mindlord?" Ning and the others listened, puzzled.

“Old Man Yuan had an extraordinary background,” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation said. “He is one of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus, whose name is spoken of with awe throughout the entire Badlands Territory. God Emperor Blacklotus is a World God, while his Nine Divine Generals are his nine most trusted subordinates, each of whom is a supreme Elder God or Ancestral Immortal. Every single one of them is more powerful than Lord Demonheart was, while Old Man Yuan was the ‘Mindlord’ of the nine.”

Ning and the others frowned upon hearing this.

The Badlands Territory?

It was the territory that was closest to the Three Realms. Once one traversed through that spatial vortex that led outside the Three Realms, one would reach the vast region commanded by the Badlands Everworld which was known as the Badlands Territory.

“No matter how powerful he was, he’s dead now,” Ning said.

“No.” Godfiend Witherspike shook his head. “I only reached this place during the Three Realms Era, while the Mindlord arrived here during the Primordial Era...but what’s strange is that when I was in the Badlands Territory, I actually saw the Mindlord once from afar.”

“You saw the Mindlord in the Badlands Territory during the Three Realms Era?” The faces of Ji Ning and everyone else all changed.

Old Man Yuan had arrived during the Primordial Era.

How could the Mindlord have been present in the Badlands Territory during the Three Realms Era?

“Right.” Godfiend Witherspike nodded. “As you’ve probably guessed by now, the Mindlord rose to power step-by-step, starting as an ordinary mortal. He has a Primaltwin! His true body has been following and serving God Emperor Blacklotus this entire time, while his Primaltwin has generally been the body he used to wage war. My guess is that the ‘him’ that died here was nothing more than his Primaltwin.”

“What?”

“He still has a true body?”

“Shit.”

The major powers of the Three Realms were all enraged.

“But why is it that all of his soulslaves died as well?” Ning pointed towards the corpses of the major powers that were floating through the Void. As soon as Old Man Yuan had died, all of his soulslaves had silently passed away as well. “If he has a true body...his true body and his Primaltwin should share the same soul. Both would be capable of controlling his soulslaves. When his Primaltwin died, the soulslaves should remain alive, right?”

“Spot on.” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation sighed. “Logically speaking, after he died he should’ve immediately ordered his soulslaves to attack you, trying to do as much damage as he possibly could, regardless of the price.”

“And yet...he did not.”

“Instead, when he died he willed all of his soulslaves to die as well.” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation smiled. “That’s because he didn’t want you to realize that he still had a true body around.”

“He didn’t want us to know?” The major powers of the Three Realms began to understand.

Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation glanced at Ning, then let out a sigh. “Sword Immortal Darknorth...you’ve started to frighten the Mindlord.”

“Frighten?” Ning frowned.

“Yes. You are starting to scare him.” Godfiend Witherspike continued, “Because of what Old Man Yuan, the Three Realms has suffered far, far too much. I trust that all of you here would be willing to do almost anything to tear him apart, dining on his flesh and drinking his blood. If you all knew that he had a true body out there...it’s entirely possible that you would choose to venture out into the Badlands Territory to seek revenge upon him.”

“All of you have remained within just this single chaosworld, with no one to provide you with any guidance...and yet, you all have still managed to train to such levels of power. This is even more true for you, Sword Immortal Darknorth...you are already ridiculously strong, and your sword-arts are particularly terrifying. Very few Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals would be a match for you. In fact, not even the Mindlord’s true body would necessarily be a match for you! And you’ve only trained for a bit over a thousand years...given your potential, it is entirely possible that you might become a World God!”

“If you were to seek him out in the future for the sake of revenge...you tell me, wouldn’t the Mindlord be worried? Wouldn’t he be frightened by this possibility?” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation smiled. “If you were to perpetually remain at your current level of power, he wouldn’t be worried; he’s protected by God Emperor Blacklotus after all. But you’ve been improving far too quickly. He can’t help but feel afraid...and so, in the moment of his death, he extinguished the souls of all his soulslaves, putting on a show of being truly slain. This was all for the sake of deceiving you.”

Ning nodded.

It made sense. Even if Old Man Yuan had ordered his soulslaves to launch an all-out assault, Ning would’ve been able to effortlessly wipe them all out. Far better to use them to deceive Ning instead.

“Ahaha...well, I’ve said everything I’ve come to say.” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation smiled. “No need to thank me. Ahahaha...great men like the Mindlord have always looked down on minor figures like us. I’m delighted that I’m able to ruin things for him!” As he laughed, his incarnation slowly dissipated and faded away.

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Far away, at the very end of the Three Realms. A dark-golden castle was hovering in the Void here.

Inside the castle.

“Mindlord...hmp. You wanted to make a clean break and avoid any future troubles? A pity for you that I’ve stirred up the trouble you wanted to avoid.” Godfiend Witherspike laughed coldly. ‘Old Man Yuan’ truly had put on a perfect show; Ji Ning and the others had no idea that ‘Old Man Yuan’ still had a true

body outside the Three Realms, much less what his true identity was. It really would've been difficult for them to take revenge on him.

But now...Godfiend Witherspike had told them everything.

"Master, did you just say that Ji Ning slew the Mindlord?" Saber was shocked. "Is Ji Ning really that powerful?"

"He really is." Godfiend Witherspike thought back to that final clash, when Ji Ning's terrible sword-art had easily pierced through Old Man Yuan's palms. The power of the 'Heartsword' stance had truly frightened the Godfiend.

The 'Heartsword' stance was a technical stance. Ji Ning was now a half-step World God, and his body was filled with incredible power. An incredible technique, matched with incredible power...and a Dao weapon as well!

"Of all the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals I've ever seen, he can rank in the top three." Godfiend Witherspike sighed softly. The reason he said this was because he had seen how terrifyingly brilliant Ji Ning's final sword-art had been. If Ji Ning merely relied on powerful divine abilities and his Dao weapon, he would be nothing more than a strong brute...but the Heartsword stance had truly allowed him to unleash his power in a perfect manner.

"He's that powerful?!" Saber was truly shocked now.

Was this a joke? Godfiend Witherspike had been alive for ages now, and had seen more than a hundred individuals on the same level as the Mindlord. Despite all that, he actually dared to claim that Ji Ning could rank in the top three?

"Let's go. To be able to watch as two figures of such power battled to the death...this entire trip was worth it." Godfiend Witherspike no longer harbored any more designs on the Three Realms at all. His dark-golden castle flew out of the Void, entering the endless primordial chaos and once more beginning their drifting journey through it.

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After listening to Godfiend Witherspike's words, Ning had a feeling that the man had told them the truth.

This was because Old Man Yuan had once said this to Witherspike: "Witherspike, do you still remember that black lotus?" When Witherspike had heard those words, he had been so terrified that he immediately fled. The 'black lotus secret art' which Old Man Yuan had used had also been truly formidable.

"Old Man Yuan? Mindlord?" A killing intent arose once more within Ning's breast.

He was going to venture into the endless primordial chaos eventually.

All signs pointed to Old Man Yuan being the Mindlord; Ning assessed that there was at least an 80% chance of this being the case. After Ning ventured off into the Badlands Territory, he would probably be able to quickly verify whether or not this was the case. A technique as powerful as that black lotus art had to be quite famous. Not just anyone could be allowed to learn it!

“Darknorth...can the Seamless Gate rejoin the Three Realms once more?” The Lord of All Fiends suddenly spoke out.

The Desolate Era

Book 23: Endwar Chapter 35: The New Three Realms

The faces of the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance all changed slightly. Subhuti, Maitreya, Jade Cauldron, Kuafu, Sun Wukong, and the others all hesitated before answering. They wanted to refuse...but just now, both alliances had worked together to defeat Old Man Yuan. Keeper Everwood had gone so far as to unhesitatingly sacrifice his own life by detonating his own body.

Quite a few major powers of the Nuwa Alliance had been very close to Everwood. Subhuti and the already-deceased Tathagata and Three Purities...they had all been very good friends with Keeper Everwood. For them to expel the Seamless Gate right after Keeper Everwood had died for the Three Realms...it really wasn't very appropriate.

But!

Although they felt confident that the Lord of All Fiends wasn't a warmonger, who could say what the future would hold? When the Seamless Gate gave birth to new overlords in the future, who could say what would happen? If the Seamless Gate was permitted to stay in the Three Realms, they would continue to be a potential source of trouble. It was entirely possible that in the future, a new war would once more erupt.

“Darknorth, what do you think?” Buddha Maitreya spoke out, causing all the major powers present to look towards Ji Ning.

Ji Ning was now the unquestionably most powerful expert of the Three Realms. He now had the power to dominate all others, much like Mother Nuwa before him. This meant that his words now held much more weight than before.

“They can rejoin the Three Realms.” Ning nodded.

“What?” Subhuti and the others stared towards Ning in astonishment.

The Lord of All Fiends and the others were all shocked and overjoyed. For the Lord of All Fiends to venture through the dangers of the primordial chaos was one thing, but the other major powers and the Seamless Gate's Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals were far too weak. Life in the Three Realms would be better by far.

“However...you all must swear lifeblood oaths.” Ning waved his hand, producing a jade globe.

“A lifeblood oath?”

The major powers of both sides looked towards the jade globe in Ning's hands.

“Is that an oathstone?” The Lord of All Fiends was shocked.

“Yes.” Ji Ning nodded.

“Then today, the troubles of the Three Realms shall all come to an end.” The Lord of All Fiends laughed. Why was it that the various organizations of the vast primordial chaos were able to remain so unified? It was because of lifeblood oaths! Even the most durable of faiths and promises could be slowly worn away by the passage of time, after all. Only the compulsive power of lifeblood oaths was truly eternal.

Right there in the Void, before the corpse of Old Man Yuan, the major powers of the two alliances set down and swore the Three Realms Oath.

After all of the major powers finished swearing their lifeblood oaths, the atmosphere between the two alliances immediately became noticeably friendlier.

“Ji Ning.” Subhuti pointed at the corpses of the major powers that were floating around in the Void. “We can’t just let their corpses continue to float around like that.”

“Right.” Ning nodded.

“I think...Holyflame.” Subhuti turned his head to look at Daofather Holyflame. “Let us cremate them and send them to their final rest, never to be disturbed again. Allfiend, what do you say?”

“Agreed.” The Lord of All Fiends nodded slowly.

Generally speaking, corpses of major powers wouldn’t be buried. The concern was that some might plunder their graves or perhaps even go so far as to refine their corpses into treasures. For example, when the Three Realms slew the alien Outsider known as Rahu, they had used his corpse to create multiple different treasures such as the Rahu Bow.

Daofather Holyflame nodded, then waved a finger.

Whoooooosh.

A dazzling, sacred white flame suddenly flew out from his finger. This was the holy flame which Daofather Holyflame had devised, a flame that was far more powerful than the samadhi truefire he had once used. It was still somewhat weaker than the likes of Golden Solarfire, Zhurong Godfire, or the Eternal Kindlefire, but since these corpses weren’t as tough as top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures, his holy flame was enough to cremate them.

The corpses of the Immortals and Fiendgods began to blaze with that pristine, holy white fire.

Ji Ning, Subhuti, Allfiend, and the others all watched silently. Their hearts were all filled with grief. Far, far too many of their friends and brothers had died on this day.

“Life and death are part of a cycle,” Subhuti said softly. “Although they have died, the Three Realms shall never forget them.”

“The Three Sovereigns of Mankind – Suiren, Fuxi, and Shennong...” The Lord of All Fiends nodded.

“Tathagata...Three Purities...”

“Everwood...Jueming...Gonggong...Devilhand...”

“They will become legends. The humans...the Buddhists...the Daoists...the Seamless Gate...the countless living creatures of the world...they shall sing about them for generations to come.”

Ning nodded slowly as well.

They were the forefathers, the ones who had ensured that this world of theirs would survive and prosper.

It didn't matter what the future held in store for the human race. It didn't matter that the Three Realms would eventually collapse and give birth to a new chaosworld. Hundreds of chaos cycles could go past, but so long as the human race continued to exist, it would still forever remember those three ancient Sovereigns who had protected them and guided them in the earliest, weakest days.

"Although they are dead, they shall still live forever." Ji Ning, who had truly fought shoulder-to-shoulder alongside all of them, felt even more grief than the others.

"If in the future..."

"If after a hundred chaos cycles...a thousand chaos cycles...or an even longer period of time...if I ever reach the true apex of power possible for cultivators and become capable of reviving all those who were slain...I swear that I definitely will do so. I'll make it so that we'll all be able to sit down and drink with each other once more." Ning was silently praying to himself.

Because of his lifeblood oath, he had to go to Vastheaven Palace. But even if it wasn't for the sake of the oath, he still would've wanted to leave and travel to more distant realms.

Perhaps one day, he would find a technique which would allow an extinguished truesoul to be brought back to life once more. If he did, he would no longer have any more regrets in life. He would be able to bring back all those who had died...but Ning knew quite well how incredibly hard it would be for him to find and become capable of using such an incredible technique.

However, he had made up his mind. No matter how long it took or how hard it would be, he would continue to go down this path.

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Thanks to this great war, the Three Realms had lost many of its major powers, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals. Its vital essence had been dramatically weakened, and even the Celestial Court had been shattered by the war.

And so...

Ji Ning and the other major powers had worked together to remake a new Celestial Court! They had re-established the Netherworld Kingdom! They rebuilt the great Six Paths of Reincarnation!

In rebuilding the Six Paths of Reincarnation, Ji Ning served as the principle power while Subhuti served as the assistant. This was because the Six Paths of Reincarnation involved the power of spacetime. Although Ji Ning's divine power was the strongest and purest in the Three Realms, he still needed Subhuti's help. After three years of hard work, the Six Paths of Reincarnation were repaired and remade, allowing the Three Realms to go completely back to normal.

"From this day forth, Immortal cultivators must be extremely restrained and cautious in choosing disciples."

“The Dao is not to be casually transmitted.”

A veritable ocean of Celestial Immortals, True Immortals, Empyrean Gods, and other cultivators had died as a result of this war. The burden on the Three Realms was significantly lessened as a result. However, everyone knew that if the Three Realms continued to produce Immortal cultivators at as fast a pace as before, it was likely that many new Empyrean Gods and True Immortals would emerge in the not too distant future. Thus, certain changes had to be made. Immortal cultivation had to become a more difficult path, one filled with even more dangers than before.

After the major powers of the Three Realms gave the orders, the entire Three Realms began to change. All Immortal cultivation schools were relocated to mountain tops, and the Immortal cultivation clans and tribes would rarely admit new disciples. To embark upon the path of Immortal cultivation would be a hundred times more difficult than it had been in the past. It required even greater determination and willpower for someone to be permitted into an Immortal school.

Three hundred years passed after the great war.

“The Three Realms has changed.”

An old man in Daoist robes was alongside a white-robed youth. The two were standing atop a cloud, staring at the vast world before them.

The Daoist robed elder let out a sigh. “The Three Realms has become more peaceful as a whole. Immortal cultivation has become more difficult, which means that fewer and fewer Immortal cultivators are around to take part in mortal wars and battles. At most, you’ll only see the occasional Zifu Disciple taking part. Now that there are so few Immortal cultivators, there are also much fewer people fighting over resources and natural treasures, making conflicts amongst cultivators much rarer than in the past as well.”

“Yes.” Ji Ning nodded.

It was as though the Three Realms had turned over a new leaf.

“Are you truly going to leave the Three Realms?” Subhuti looked at Ning.

“I have to leave.” Ning nodded. “I have no other choice.”

Subhuti understood what Ning was hinting at, knowing that Ning had to be under some sort of compulsion. “Then what of the Three Realms? Your daughter?”

Ning said, “I’ll set up an Immortal estate very close to the Three Realms in the primordial chaos. My Primaltwin will stay there permanently and protect the Three Realms. My true body will traverse that spatial vortex and journey to the Badlands Territory. Everything else aside, the Mindlord remains a source of potential trouble. If I ever have the chance to kill him, I will.”

“Good.” Subhuti revealed a hint of delight on his face.

For someone as powerful as Ji Ning, going out adventuring through the primordial chaos was quite normal. Mother Nuwa was born an Elder God and thus did not have a Primaltwin. Ji Ning, however, had started an ordinary mortal and slowly had risen to power. Although he was going to leave, he would

only send his true body out adventuring; his Primaltwin would remain behind, c lose to the Three Realms.

“How strong is your Primaltwin, compared to your true body?” Subhuti asked.

“With my Primaltwin here, we wouldn’t need to worry even if we encounter more figures on the level of Old Man Yuan,” Ning said.

Although his Primaltwin was a bit weaker than his true body, it was still a first-tier Ancestral Immortal. When using the ‘Heartsword stance’, it absolutely had the power of a supreme Elder God.

“Alright.” Subhuti suddenly glanced downwards and smiled. “See what your daughter is doing?”

Ning glanced downwards as well, his gaze piercing through the Void. He saw Brightmoon tease and toy with an ordinary scholar in a mischievous manner. She was pretending to be an ordinary young lady from a mortal clan of nobles, and she and her ‘maidservant’ were both teasing this ordinary mortal scholar.

Ning laughed.

His daughter was able to live freely within the Three Realms, to be happy and carefree. Ning was satisfied. In the past, his daughter had been forced to hide within the Crescent world, and if they had lost the war she would’ve been forced to risk her life adventuring through the primordial chaos. Ning truly did not wish to see this happen.

“She’s doing well. That’s all I want.” Ji Ning smiled.