

## Desolate 791

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#### Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 31: Magic Treasure Fragments

A short while later, Ji Ning walked into the Palace of Ten Thousand Treasures by himself, having had Flamefairy Su Youji enter his estate-world.

“What do you wish to purchase, fellow Daoist?” As soon as Ning walked in, a violet-robed female cultivator with the aura of an Ancestral Immortal greeted him with a smile.

Ning swept the palace with his gaze. It was filled with violet-robed male and female Immortals, all of whom were at the Elder God or Ancestral Immortal level. This was a testament to how wealthy the Badlands Court was! The treasures here ranged from Protocosmic spirit-treasures to Dao treasures, and there were more than a thousand display tables filled with those treasures.

This particular violet-robed Ancestral Immortal fell into place behind Ning, following him.

“I’m here to sell treasures,” Ning sent mentally. “I’m selling a Dao weapon.”

“A Dao weapon?” The violet-robed woman gave Ning a surprised glance, then also switched to speaking mentally. “It seems you’ve made some great gains while adventuring, fellow Daoist. Please follow me.”

Soon, Ning was led towards a side hall.

“My uncle-master shall arrive shortly,” the violet-robed Immortal said. The Badlands Territory was a vast place, and every so often there would be a few Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals who were lucky enough to acquire Dao weapons while adventuring. Hundreds of them might die in their adventures, but every so often one would luck out. This wasn’t that uncommon, and given how vast the entire Badlands Territory was, a surprising number of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals had Dao weapons.

Generally speaking, they would go to the Palace to sell off the Dao weapons and trade for other treasures they needed. Daolord Badlands was behind the Palace; there was no need for them to worry about their security here.

“Uncle-master,” the violet-robed woman called out respectfully.

A white-robed, white-haired old man walked in, and the aura which rippled off of him was completely different from that of an Elder God’s or an Ancestral Immortal’s. Ning suspected that this had to be a Chaos Immortal.

“Senior,” Ning immediately said respectfully. Any Chaos Immortal admitted to the Badlands Court had to be an extraordinary figure.

“Take your Dao weapons out and let me have a look,” the white-robed Chaos Immortal said with a smile.

Ning waved his hand.

Whoosh.

Instantly, four Dao weapons appeared in the air before him. There was a warblade, a quill pen, and a pair of long shuttles.

Actually, Ning had acquired five Dao weapons. However, Ning had taken a liking to the flexible sword and thus was unwilling to part with it for now. Even if he sold it, he'd only gain access to roughly ten cubes of Chaos nectar.

"This warblade..." The white-robed Chaos Immortal's eyes lit up as he nodded slowly. "Not bad."

He didn't seem to pay much attention to the other three items.

"I also have an Elder God Formation." Ning also produced the Elder God Formation he had acquired from Elder God Skysouth.

"Mm." The white-robed Chaos Immortal glanced sideways at the Elder God Formation, then ignored it. At his level, only a formation that allowed for a thousand Elder Gods would be of interest. To him, a hundred-man Elder God formation was very unremarkable. In truth, even Ning didn't care about it that much. Thanks to his azureflower space, Ning was now capable of fighting a hundred Elder Gods head-on, making the formation of little use to him.

"This blade...this should be a weapon that was nourished through sin, a Sinblade. It is quite excellent." The white-robed Chaos Immortal nodded. "The others are just so-so. All combined, I'd be willing to give you 105 cubes of chaos nectar."

After finishing his words, the white-robed Chaos Immortal glanced at Ning, then turned and left.

Chaos Immortals held an exalted status. They would be willing to come out to assess Dao weapons and give a price for them, but they generally wouldn't actually deal or haggle with Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals.

"As my uncle-master just said, the highest price we can give is 105 cubes of chaos nectar." The violet-robed female Immortal looked at Ning.

"Fine, then let's just set the price at 105 cubes." Ning nodded. Generally speaking, the Palace would make very honest offers, as they disdained from trying to nickel-and-dime weak cultivators like him.

"I also have some Chaos treasures. Quite a few of them, actually. I wish to sell them all." Ning waved his hand, causing more than three hundred Chaos treasures to instantly appear in the air next to him.

The violet-robed woman was quite calm, as she had seen far too many Chaos treasures in her life. She swept them with her gaze, then smiled as she looked back at Ning. "We can give you three cubes for them, I suppose."

"Fine." Ning nodded.

The Chaos treasures were worth roughly what he had thought they would be worth, while the Dao weapons had been worth a bit more than he had expected. It was probably due to the warblade. Ning had thought it to be worth roughly fifty cubes, but he wasn't sure as to exactly how much it would be worth. It was a top-grade Dao weapon, after all. Some could be bought for fifty cubes while others would require up to a hundred cubes.

“A total of 108 cubes. We will give it to you in the form of chaos nectar and chaos jewels. Alternately, would you like to receive treasures in trade instead?”

“No need.” Ning shook his head.

Amongst the many Chaos treasures he had acquired was a Chaos-level ‘Five Elements Cauldron’. Ning really didn’t need any particular treasures right now at all. The flexible sword was also more than enough of a weapon for him at present.

“Then please accept this.” A short while later, the violet-robed Immortal returned and gave Ning a storage flask that contained a separate dimension within it which held many bottles of chaos nectar as well as many chaos jewels. As for the flask itself, it was naturally a complimentary gift.

After accepting the flask, Ning turned and left.

“Now...time to buy treasure fragments.” After leaving the Palace, Ning began to ponder on what to buy.

Waveshift City was an extremely busy city. Given that all combat was forbidden in this place and that it was protected by Daolord Badlands as well as an incredibly ancient formation, it could be described as the safest place of the entire Badlands Territory! Thus, this place was loved by cultivators who disliked violence and who wished to calmly focus on their meditations. World-level experts, Elder Gods, Ancestral Immortals, True Gods, True Immortals...an enormous number of them lived here.

However, they needed resources and treasures for cultivation!

Thus, some World-level experts would arrange for their disciples to set up shops here. They’d toss the spoils of war they acquired into the shops for sell.

There were three particularly popular types of shops. The first involved the buying and selling of treasures. The second involved the buying and selling of divine abilities and secret arts. The third involved the buying and selling of slaves.

These were the three types of shops that did the most trade. Although there were also shops that sold formations, pills, and other things, they weren’t quite as popular.

In Waveshift City, there were more than eight hundred shops that engaged in the buying and selling of treasures! Some were established by independent World-level experts while others were established by clans and organizations, such as Fogstone or the Blacklotus Empire.

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The sixth day after Ning’s arrival at Waveshift City.

The Windflower Hall was a treasure shop owned and operated by the Windflower chaos-kingdom.

A black-robed child walked into the hall.

“Senior.” A female True Immortal quickly walked forward to welcome him. Cultivators couldn’t be judged by their appearances alone. Although this child looked very young, he had the aura of an Elder God.

“Do you have treasure fragments for sale here?” The black-robed child said.

“We do.” The female True Immortal looked at the child. “But not much. Just three cubes worth.”

“I wish to buy six hundred bottles worth of treasure fragments,” the black-robed child said.

“Alright.”

The female True Immortal was quite calm. Treasure fragments weren’t popular items, but when people did purchase them they usually purchased them in large quantities. Some large organizations actually bought them in bulk, while other independent cultivators might need them to repair their treasures.

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The Ninelights Palace.

“Senior.” A white-robed female Celestial Immortal stepped forward.

The muscular man glanced sideways at her. It was quite rare to see a Celestial Immortal in Waveshift City; she most likely had come here alongside her master or her family members.

“I wish to buy treasure fragments, eight hundred bottles worth. Do you have any?” The muscular man sent mentally.

“We do,” the female Celestial Immortal said hurriedly.

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A child. A muscular man. An alien Outsider. An elderly man.

Ning transformed into many different forms, using some of the minor techniques and tricks which World God Northrest had imparted to him to mask and disguise his natural aura. Given his power, most Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals wouldn’t be able to see through his disguise. Only World Gods and Chaos Immortals would be able to do so, if they gave him a serious look.

In addition, Ning focused on shops and stores that were operated by True Immortals.

Within half a day, he visited over 180 different shops, buying around five hundred to eight hundred bottles worth of treasure fragments. Soon, he had completely spent all 108 cubes of chaos nectar.

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The Badlands Everworld. The spacetime transfer array.

“Is this one going to Brightcave Star?” When Ning arrived at the array, he asked this question of a nearby Elder God.

“Yes. It’s about to activate immediately.”

“Right.” Ning paid the fee of a bottle of chaos nectar, then stepped into the array.

A short while later, the spacetime transfer array was activated, sending its occupants to Brightcave Star.

Upon reaching Brightcave Star, Ning immediately teleported away. He found a distant, unoccupied planet, then went into seclusion for three years. Three years later, he rode Brightcave Star’s spacetime transfer array and went straight to Sevenwater Star.

After arriving, Ning went straight towards the territory controlled by Fogstone. He returned to the nameless star where he had secreted the prisonworld, then entered it.

Within the prisonworld.

"I'm back." Ning smiled.

He had spent five days in Waveshift City. Only on the sixth day had he gone out shopping for treasure fragments, precisely because he wanted to make immediate use of the spacetime transfer array. Ning had completely memorized the array's schedule, and in this way ensured that no one would have a chance to follow him or chase him!

To be honest, Ning was being excessively cautious. He had changed his appearance and his aura across the hundred-plus shops. As a result, he didn't cause even the slightest stir in Waveshift City, nor had any of the countless cultivators there paid him any special attention.

Still, Ning was right to be careful. One had to be careful as a cultivator; a single act of negligence could very well result in death. It didn't really matter if his true body was killed, but if he lost 108 cubes worth of treasure fragments due to it? Ning would probably want to kill himself out of regret.

This time, he had been quite lucky when journeying through the Ruins. Next time, he might not acquire any treasures at all. Who knew how long it would be before the next time he acquired such a fortune?

Whoosh.

Ning appeared atop a mountain peak. He stared off into the distance, watching as a black-robed Ning flew towards him. This was his true body's backup clone.

"Here we go." Ning revealed a look of anticipation on his face.

As the black-robed Ning landed before him, it produced a blood-colored sword which it tossed to Ning's true body. It was Violetjewel. When Ning had entered the Windsource Ruins, he had stashed Violetjewel away in the prisonworld. He hadn't taken it to the Badlands Everworld either. This was the most important treasure he had, and he had to keep it safe.

Whoosh. Ning waved his hand, causing an enormous Five Elements Cauldron to appear in the air and land on the ground next to him, causing the mountain to tremble.

The white-robed Ning glanced at Violetjewel. It looked fine from the outside, but its insides were so completely mangled that only its quintessence core remained intact. Ning said softly, "Violetjewel...the Five Elements essence from this many treasure fragments should be enough, right?"

He was filled with anticipation. He wanted to see exactly how powerful one of these legendary quintessence weapons were.

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#### **Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 32: The Quintessence Core of the Sword**

As the Five Elements Cauldron descended upon the mountain peak, it shone with a blindingly bright burst of light that illuminated the entire area.

The white-robed Ji Ning sat down in the lotus position, placing Violetjewel before him.

“Begin!” Ning waved his hand, causing an enormous pile of treasure fragments that was more than thirty meters tall to suddenly appear a short distance away from him. The treasure fragments consisted of broken bits of sabers, swords, beads, ropes, banners, staffs, greataxes, cauldrons, flying boats, Immortal palaces, and other things that were all at least at the Protocosmic spirit-treasure level. After being badly damaged and broken into pieces, they were now much less valuable than they were before, but it was actually even easier to extract energy from them than it was from undamaged treasures. After all, there was now no need to actually grind them apart!

“Go.” Ning sent out a surge of Immortal energy to scoop up the treasure fragments.

Whoooosh! The treasure fragments surged out in a stream, beginning to flood into the Five Elements Cauldron. This was a Chaos-level Five Elements Cauldron, and it quickly reduced the treasure fragments to tiny bits of dust and debris, completely absorbing the Five Elements essence from those treasures and storing it into the cauldron’s storage region. Just ten breaths worth of time later, the entire pile of treasure fragments had been completely used up.

Rumble...a large amount of debris came flying out from the Five Elements Cauldron.

“Again.” Ning once more waved his hand, causing another thirty meter pile of treasure fragments to appear next to him.

The treasure fragments were once more broken apart and transformed into debris, the Five Elements essence having been sucked out of them.

Ning had purchased 108 cubes worth of treasure fragments. 108 cubes of chaos nectar was a sum that was comparable to the entire networth of many ordinary World-level experts, and he had used it all to purchase treasure fragments. The amount of treasure fragments he now had was absolutely extraordinary!

It took six full hours to go through it all! Finally, six hours later, the treasure fragments had been completely consumed.

“Come.” Ning picked up a jade gourd, causing streams of golden yellow energy, watery blue energy, green wood energy, fiery red energy, and dark earthen energy to soar out of the cauldron and into the mouth of the jade gourd. Only after a long period of time was the Five Elements Cauldron completely emptied of Five Elements essence.

Ning waved his hand, putting away the cauldron as well.

“This gourd has 108 cubes worth of Five Elements essence.” Ning hefted the jade gourd in his hands. He had been very lucky, but had still nearly died in the Ruins in order to acquire such a fortune.

“Violetjewel...show me your true power!”

Ning willed it, and Violetjewel suddenly appeared in the air before him. Ning took hold of Violetjewel, then placed it next to the jade gourd. Five Elements essence immediately began to fly out of the jade gourd, flooding straight towards Violetjewel. The essence swirled around Violetjewel before slowly seeping inside of it.

On the surface, Violetjewel looked as though it was in perfect shape. Its internal structure, however, was unbearably mangled. It was like a building that looked pristine from the outside but was filled with shattered support beams; although it looked nice, it was actually quite weak.

By the same principle, Violetjewel looked as though it was in perfect shape from the outside, but it was actually very weak! The only reason why it was still so powerful was because it was simply such a fantastically good weapon that even in its present state, it could still unleash the power of a Dao weapon.

Crackle...

The damaged internal structures of Violetjewel furiously devoured the Five Elements essence pouring into it. The healing began to occur at a very slow pace, as every single bit of it was very difficult to repair.

The core of the sword was its quintessence. The closer the healing process came to the quintessence core, the more difficult it was to repair it.

Because the surface of the sword had been repaired, the sword was able to absorb Five Elements essence much more quickly than before. As more and more of it was repaired, it began to absorb the Five Elements essence faster and faster as well. However, there was simply so much essence that more than six days and nights passed in the blink of an eye, with Violetjewel continuing to ravenously absorb the essence.

"It has already consumed thirty cubes...it is more than half-healed by now." Ning actually frowned. "But the closer we get to the core, the harder the repair process will be."

Another day passed.

"Fifty cubes...it still needs a bit more..."

"Sixty cubes...seventy cubes...still needs a little more..."

The sword was clearly almost completely repaired by now, but as as they drew closer and to the core, the repair difficulty began to increase at a staggering rate.

"Eighty cubes."

"Ninety cubes."

"Ninety-five. Ninety-six. Ninety-seven. Ninety-eight!" Ning was carefully attuned to this sword which he bound all those years ago. Finally, the last bit of damage that was located extremely close to the quintessence core was also repaired.

After using up ninety-eight cubes worth of treasure fragments, Ning had finally, completely repaired Violetjewel.

Rumble...

The blood-colored sword hovering in front of Ning emitted a joyful aura. Ning smiled as well, not suppressing the sword and allowing it to burst forth with its true aura of power.

A stream of sword-light that looked like blood-colored water blasted out in every direction.

Whooooooosh.

As the sword-light howled forth and spread out around Ning, the prisonworld itself began to tremble.

“What?!” Ning was badly shocked.

“This is a prisonworld, a place meant to hold prisoners. When my true body uses the azureflower seal and strikes at full power, it can cause the prisonworld to faintly tremble. But just now...I didn’t even control or activate Violetjewel. Its own natural aura was enough to cause the prisonworld to shudder?!” Ning was stunned.

“This weapon is far more powerful than any Dao weapon! A hundred times more powerful? Perhaps a thousand times more powerful?”

“How powerful would I be if I could control it?!”

As Ning stared at the illusory lake of blood that had spread out around Violetjewel, he was afraid to even imagine how much power this sword truly contained.

“Come over here.” Ning extended his hand.

The aura of bloody sword-light immediately vanished as Violetjewel obediently flew into Ning’s hands.

Reinforced and strengthened by the azureflower energy, Ning poured his divine power into the sword, planning on delivering a full-force strike. But just at that moment...

“Blood and water...”

“A sword like water...a sword like blood...”

An indistinct, unclear voice suddenly spoke out from the quintessence core of the sword. Because Ning’s divine power had filled the sword, he was able to sense this voice in detail.

He could sense the solitary pride contained within the sword’s quintessence core...

In fact, Ning could almost see a solitary, proud figure appear. That lonely figure seemed to wield a sword that caused Ning to feel a sense of awe and veneration. When the intent of that sword exploded forth, it crushed stars, shattered worlds, and wiped out all living beings. Nothing could stop this surge of sword-intent, which seemed to be capable of tearing apart even the primordial chaos itself.

Whoosh.

Ning came back to his senses. Only now did he realize that he had been in a dazed state for fully half a month!

“This sword’s quintessence core...?” Ning had acquired Violetjewel a long time ago, but in the past he had never noticed anything remarkable about its quintessence core. Only after fully repairing Violetjewel did the sword’s quintessence seem to come to life, allowing Ning to get a glimpse of an utterly supreme sword-intent that completely eclipsed the sword-intent left behind by the diagram of the Hundred Streams of the Windsourc Ning had seen years ago.



The only thing Ning had ever seen which could possibly be compared to this surge of sword-intent was the power which had emanated from the words 'Waveshift' which he had seen on the walls of Waveshift City.

It was just as exalted and ineffable! In fact, it seemed to carry an aura of perfect and eternity.

"Eternity?" Ning murmured softly to himself, "No wonder this sort of weapon is referred to as an Eternal weapon."

Chaos weapon.

Dao weapon.

Eternal weapon!

Eternal weapons were weapons that contained their own quintessence cores, which made every single one of them incredibly marvelous and unique. No two Eternal weapons were exactly the same.

Generally speaking, only figures on the level of Daolord Badlands or Daolord Windsource would have access to such weapons! Of course, every so often a lucky junior might be able to acquire such a weapon...such as World God Northrest, who had found an Eternal weapon of his own!

"I have this strange feeling. It is as though the full power of Violetjewel can only be unleashed when I'm able to completely unleash the might of the sword's quintessence core." This insight suddenly flashed within Ning's mind...but the next moment, he just grinned wryly. Completely unleash it? What a joke! One would need utterly incredible insights into the Dao necessary to completely unleash the quintessence core's power. Ning was far, far from being able to do such a thing.

Fortunately, his path was the Dao of the Sword, and he had his own insights into this Dao.

"Let me test out its power first." Ning held Violetjewel in his hands as he soared into the skies.

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A black-haired old man was seated in the lotus position in a different part of the prisonworld.

Swoosh.

A white-robed youth suddenly flew over from afar.

"Triult." Ning spoke out.

"Master." The black-robed elder hurriedly rose to his feet. He had been thoroughly cowed by Ning's power. By now, all of the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals in the entire prisonworld had been subdued by Ning, while Swordfather Triult was the first one who had submitted to Ning.

"Don't move," Ning instructed.

The black-haired elder glanced curiously as Ning walked towards him.

Ning suddenly struck out with his sword. As he did so, it carried the intent of the 'Killsword stance' which Ning was working on. Although Ning had yet to master this stance, the bit of insight he did have

was able to resonate with Violetjewel's quintessence core and unleash just a bit of its power, causing it burst forth from Violetjewel.

Ning had the feeling that with a bit of power from Violetjewel's quintessence, he had the power to break almost anything.

Slash! A blood-colored sword-light flashed through the air.

With a 'clank' sound, the translucent black chains connected to the black-haired old man were split in half.

The black-haired elder's eyes instantly turned huge. "W-what..."

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#### **Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 33: Meditating on the Sword**

"How is this possible? T-these chains were personally forged by the King of Pangaea...but he clearly..." The black-haired man stuttered as he stared at Ji Ning in disbelief. Ji Ning was clearly just an Elder God! He still remembered that time a few hundred years ago when Ji Ning came with this very same blood-colored sword and hacked down upon those chains with it. That time, he was only able to leave a few scars behind.

Swordfather Triult had still be quite shocked. The Endwar had just concluded and Ji Ning's attacks had just barely reached the World God threshold.

Ning was now much stronger than he was before, thanks to the azureflower energy reinforcing his body! He was also striking out with full power using an Eternal weapon that had part of its quintessence unleashed!

The power of this blow was so great that it easily hacked the chains apart. The chains posed no threat to it at all.

"According to what the King of Pangaea said, only a World God or Chaos Immortal is capable of severing these chains, but even then it shouldn't be an easy task. Is he even more powerful than a newly ascended World-level expert?" The black-haired elder stared at Ning, his heart filled with astonishment. How could an Elder God be this strong?

"Alright. I've severed the chains and you can leave this place," Ning said. "In the future, you can simply accompany me. Once I become a World God, you can choose whether or not you wish to continue to follow me."

"To be able to follow you is my blessing, Master." Swordfather Triult spoke with the utmost of respect.

A legendary monster...

An Elder God who was absolutely stronger than a newly ascended World-level expert.

"Mm." Ning chuckled. He understood that today, Swordfather Triult was completely sincere in his servitude. In the past, he had only lowered his head because he was forced to and because a lifeblood oath bound him.

Ning glanced down at Violetjewel. Because it was a weapon with a master, he was able to disguise it as a completely ordinary weapon. No one would be able to tell how formidable it was. Even Swordfather Triult, who had personally witnessed the power of Ning's blow, thought that it was due to some breakthrough which Ning had made. He didn't understand that it was Ning's sword which had undergone an utterly earthshaking transformation.

"So the difference between an Eternal weapon and a Dao weapon is actually this great!"

"Even when I don't activate its quintessence core, it's still significantly more powerful than any Dao weapon. Once I activate it...its power is utterly incalculable!" Ning mused to himself.

Eternal weapons were precious because of their quintessence cores. This was the reason why figures like Daolord Badlands or Daolord Windsource relied upon them in battle. The power of their cores was utterly inconceivable. However, Ning was far from being able to master an Eternal weapon for now. All he was able to do at present was guide out just a strand of its power, but that strand was already enough to cause his power to skyrocket.

Ning began to release the prisoners, one after the other.

Ning had long ago swept through and dominated all the prisoners in the prisonworld. Prior to the Endwar, Ning had used every technique he had at his disposal to either force them to submit or perish.

Now...Ning helped them sever their shackles.

Whoosh.

A group of figures appeared out of nowhere on a grassy plains.

These were all the Immortals and Fiendgods who had been imprisoned within the prisonworld. Ning had stored them away into his own estate-world. Just moments ago, all of them had been chatting excitedly amongst themselves.

"The Overseer is absolutely incredible. I personally saw him appear almost instantly, moving far more quickly than the limits of the Heavenly Daos. He just casually chopped out with his sword and chopped through the chains like mud. Crunch! The chains were completely severed. It wasn't even hard! He definitely is as powerful as only a World God or Chaos Immortal should be!"

"But he obviously is an Elder God."

"Right, the Overseer definitely is an Elder God. When I first saw him, he was actually just an Emphyrean God. I even battled against him a few times. How could he possibly have become a World God in such a short period of time?"

"But for an Elder God to have the power of a World God..."

"He's one of those legendary figures."

All of them were extremely excited. Legendary monsters like Ning were incredibly rare. The vast territories each held dozens of World-level experts or more, but monsters like Ning were much rarer.

Whoosh.

Just as they were chatting excitedly, all of them were suddenly teleported to this grassy plains.

All of them fell silent.

Before them stood a white-robed figure who they all recognized as the Overseer. In the past, they might not have been convinced of his mastery, but now...all of them felt truly subdued. Some of them even felt veneration towards him!

"Everyone." The white-robed Ning spoke out.

"I once said that when I have the power to do so, I shall release all of you from this prisonworld."

"Now..."

"All of you are permitted to leave."

"However, before you do so, I must give you a warning. The territory I am currently in is located within the primordial chaos and is known as the 'Badlands Territory'. The Badlands Territory is an extremely large territory that holds more than eighty thousand chaosworlds, and multiple organizations hold World Gods and Chaos Immortals within their ranks. The most powerful organization is known as the Badlands Court, which rules over the Badlands Everworld. The Badlands Court was established by Daolord Badlands, someone who stands above World-level experts and has far more power than you can even imagine."

"Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals can adventure through the Badlands Territory."

"It is best for True Gods, True Immortals, Emphyrean Gods, and Celestial Immortals to avoid travelling whenever possible, because if you run into some nasty individuals you might well end up as slaves," Ning said. "I'm not trying to frighten you. I'm just telling you the truth. To be honest, I don't need to frighten you."

The Immortals and Fiendgods were all astonished.

The Badlands Territory?

Where the hell was this? Was this...was this place really that much more powerful than their chaos-kingdom of Pangaea?

"I wasn't able to find any records of Pangaea in the Badlands Territory," Ning said. "Alright. You can make your own decisions now. If you choose freedom, you have to swear a lifeblood oath not to tell anyone anything about me."

"We are willing to forever serve you, Master."

The sixteen Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals had all spoke out in unison after exchanging glances with each other.

When they had been defeated by Ning, they had all already sworn lifeblood oaths to be his retainers.

"We are willing to serve you, Master." The True Gods, True Immortals, Emphyrean Gods, and Celestial Immortals all called out in unison after a brief hesitation.

Even the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals were willing to call the Overseer 'master'. What had they to be worried about?

In addition, the Overseer himself had suggested that the True Gods, True Immortals, Empyrean Gods, and Celestial Immortals should avoid doing too much travel, as they might be enslaved by unscrupulous figures. Although Ning had insisted that he wasn't trying to scare them, they couldn't help but feel uneasy. They had been imprisoned here for too long, and they didn't have much hope of breaking through. All they wanted was to stay alive and enjoy life.

"Alright." Ning nodded. "I am currently living in the Windsource Chaosworld. You may come with me."

"Yes," the assorted retainers all spoke out in unison.

Ning glanced at them and nodded slightly. In truth, he didn't hold these True Gods, True Immortals, Empyrean Gods, and Celestial Immortals in much regard. However...some of them knew that he had multiple bodies! Long ago, Ning had been forced to use both his true body and his backup clones to fight them. This was why they had to swear lifeblood oaths if they left his service.

To be honest, even Ning himself felt that most of them would probably end up as slaves if they left. They were strangers in a strange land with no backers or protectors, after all.

The Windsource Chaosworld was quite a large place.

After returning to this chaosworld, he was able to use his status as Sentinel to carve out an area of a million kilometers in the Eastcalm Mountains for his retainers to live in. As for the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals, they released the people and creatures that had been living within their estate-worlds, allowing them to live and propagate in this place.

"You may build your dwellings atop this mountain," Ning instructed.

This was the mountain where the Sunrise Courtyard was located.

The sixteen Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals, along with Flamefairy Su Youji, all took up residence in this area around Ning.

After this...life was extremely calm.

Su Youji often wished to spar against Ning. Each time, Ning would use his sword-arts to subdue her, causing her constantly come up with new ideas on how she could grow more powerful. Her improvements were quite noticeable.

As for Ji Ning?

Ji Ning improved even faster than she did. Thanks to the influence of Violetjewel's quintessence core, the murderous intent of Ning's sword-arts grew heavier and heavier, and his mastery of the 'Killsword stance' improved much more quickly as well.

As for the other sixteen Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals, they each asked to spar against Ning once or twice as well. However, they clearly didn't have much to work with. All of them had trained for far, far too long. They had long ago given up any hope of becoming a World-level expert.

Life in the Windsource Chaosworld was very calm. Ning focused completely on his sword-arts and on understanding the quintessence core of his sword. More than two hundred years passed in the blink of an eye.

The peak of a mountain.

Ning was seated in the lotus position. The mountain wind rustled against his robes.

Violetjewel lay across Ning's knees. He treated it almost as he would a lover, keeping it by his side at all times so that he could constantly sense and attune to the will of its quintessence core. This made Ning's rate of improvement astonishingly fast. A few decades ago, he had fully mastered the second stance of the [Nameless] sword-art, the 'Killsword stance'. However, Ning didn't feel the slightest bit of pride or smugness.

In the face of the overwhelming sword-intent contained within Violetjewel's quintessence core, Ning understood how puny a figure he truly was.

"How wonderful it would be if I could one day reach the same level of power as the quintessence core of Violetjewel." Ning stared at the distant skies, the sword-intent hidden within his body causing wisps of sword-light to flow naturally in the area around him.

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 34: The Starlord's Obsession**

The second stance of the [Nameless] sword-art was the 'Killsword' stance. The third stance was the 'Great Firmament' stance, also known as the 'Sword World' stance.

Upon mastering one's own Sword World, one would step into the World-level!

Different sword-arts would result in the creation of completely different Sword Worlds. Some Sword Worlds would be insidiously cold, others would be bursting with heat, while still others would be seep through every pore in your body. The third stance of the [Nameless] sword-art was clearly quite profound, but this meant that mastering it would also be incredibly difficult. Not even Ji Ning knew how long it would take for him to master the third stance.

Whoosh. A streak of light flew towards him from afar.

"Eh?" Ning was seated in the lotus position at the top of his mountain. He quickly turned his head to look over.

The streak of light came to a stop in front of Ning. It was a thin, gray-robed man with tousled hair. His eyes were dark yellow and filled with cruel coldness, but when he looked at Ning his gaze was filled with veneration and respect. He said respectfully, "Master."

Ning nodded.

This thin gray-robed man was actually the wild dog Elder God in his human form. After Ning had subdued the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals of the prisonworld, the one who ended up worshipping him the most and being the most loyal was actually Elder God Wilddog! Elder Dog Wilddog,

in order to prove his loyalty, had insisted on swearing a second lifeblood oath to Ning which was so stringent, even Ning was shaken by its terms.

Elder God Wilddog was born as an Elder God in the form of a canine. He was a very solitary, arrogant man, but once he truly accepted someone as his master, he would be completely and utterly devoted to the man.

Given that even Ning had been shaken by Wilddog's oath, he often chose to have Wilddog carry out many tasks on his behalf.

"How did it go?" Ning asked.

"I looked into this matter carefully. During the past few centuries, the 'Mindlord' in the service of God Emperor Blacklotus has been hiding within the imperial capital of the Blacklotus Empire. He hasn't done any adventuring at all, nor has he led any troops out to do battle." A look of resentment was in Elder God Wilddog's eyes. "This Mindlord must be afraid of you, Master..."

Ning frowned.

The reason he had joined the Fogstone Dominion was for the sake of killing the Mindlord.

However, both Ning himself as well as Wilddog had made numerous scouting trips, only to discover that the Mindlord had spent the past few centuries in the imperial capital of the Blacklotus Empire. Or, to be precise – ever since Ning had slain Old Man Yuan, the Mindlord had returned to the imperial capital, never taking so much as a single step out of it.

"This Mindlord truly is a cautious man." Ning frowned.

In truth, the sword-strike which Ning had used to slay Old Man Yuan had completely terrified the Mindlord.

The Mindlord knew exactly how deep the enmity between the Three Realms and himself ran. So many major powers had died by his hands, many of whom were pioneers and who had assisted, guided, or taught Ji Ning. Houyi, for example, was Ji Ning's senior apprentice-brother. As long as Ji Ning had the chance, he would definitely come for revenge.

Given how powerful Ji Ning had been...it would be far too easy for him to slay the Mindlord. It must be understood that Ji Ning's final sword-strike had pierced straight through his body, which was comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure!

"Master?" Elder God Wilddog hunched over. "The Mindlord often visits friends in the imperial capital, and also likes to enjoy life. Why don't you buy some Elder God slaves and let me lead them into the imperial capital, then kill him? After assassinating him, I'll immediately flee through teleportation."

"Unacceptable." Ning shook his head.

"Not even World-level experts can be watching over every inch of their capital at all times. If I can find the right moment to attack, I'll be able to escape afterwards." A look of savagery was in Wilddog's eyes.

"We are talking about the imperial capital of the Blacklotus Empire..." Ning shook his head. "There's no rush. We have plenty of time. Let's take it slow."

If they were hasty, they might make mistakes.

Ning was confident that he was capable of slaying the Mindlord. The only thing he needed was a good opportunity.

So long as he didn't rush, opportunities would come!

The planet of Fogstone.

A quiet, secluded estate-world. This estate-world was filled with sparkling stars that twinkled with streams of energy.

A handsome man dressed in an astral robe was seated in the lotus position by the side of a lake. Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh. Glittering divine jewels flew out of his body. These divine jewels were made from crystallized divine power. Once Fiendgod Body Refiners became World Gods, their divine power would crystallize into divine crystals. This was a qualitative transformation.

The divine jewels twinkled, filled with mysterious auras of the Dao. Every single divine jewel was filled with a slightly different aura of the Dao, but they all came together into a perfect whole.

Whoooooosh. A large number of divine jewels flew out of his body, swirling around him in circles, then flying back inside of him. As the divine jewels flew in and out of his body, dancing in the air, they glimmered with the light of the stars themselves.

"The stars..."

The handsome man murmured softly to himself as his mind was filled with certain memories that he would never forget.

"I really have to go back. I must. I can't disobey."

"Alright...but you have to come back, Starchild."

"I definitely will."

Who would've thought that with this farewell would become an eternal one?

He would never forget the sight of his beloved shedding tears as he left.

Whoosh. Suddenly, the chaos energy began to stir around him as a total of twelve divine crystals suddenly materialized around him.

Boom!

The handsome man's divine body split apart, transforming into a total of 36,000 divine crystals that all swirled around each other. Their Daos were joined together into a perfect whole that gave off a natural aura of completeness.

"Reform."

The 36,000 divine crystals once more gathered together and transformed back into the astral-robed man.



“Full mastery...”

“I’ve finally become a master-class World God.” The astral-robed man’s eyes were filled with excitement as he murmured to himself, “Yi...I’ve kept you waiting far too long.”

Whoosh.

The astral-robed man disappeared into thin air.

.....

A black-robed man was seated at the front of a palace, drinking some wine and watching as a troop of female dancers performed before him. There were musicians present as well, playing some melodies.

“Mm?” World God Blackmist frowned, then instructed, “All of you, leave.”

“Yes.” All of the dancers, attendants, and musicians all departed, leaving behind just World God Blackmist within the palace.

A single person walked into the palace, a man dressed in astral robes with long black hair. It was the Starlord of Fogstone.

“Starchild.” World God Blackmist smiled. He had watched as the Starlord grew up, and the Starlord truly was an incredible genius. He had grown and improved tremendously fast and had long ago surpassed Blackmist himself. Blackmist had known and protected him for so long that the Starlord viewed himself almost as Blackmist’s son.

“Second Uncle.” The Starlord seated himself next to him.

“Mm? What is it?” World God Blackmist could sense that something was off.

“I’ve already become a master-class World God,” the Starlord said.

“Master-class? You’ve gained full mastery?” World God Blackmist revealed a look of surprise and delight, but then his face stiffened. “You...”

“Right. I’ve been waiting and biding my time for far, far too long. When Father left the Badlands Territory and went out adventuring, he ended up never returning. Back then, the Fogstone Dominion was very weak. There was no way I could get revenge. All I could do was keep on training...and in the end, I broke through to become a World-level expert. However, that old bastard Owlsoar ended up joining God Emperor Blacklotus. Even if I commanded all of the forces of the Fogstone Dominion against them, the end result would just be that both of our sides would be heavily damaged. As for Owlsoar himself, if he focused on fleeing I might not have been able to capture him.”

“For the sake of the Fogstone lineage...”

“I’ve been enduring my hate and biding my time. Now that I’ve become a master-class World God, it is time to act,” the Starlord said.

“But...” World God Blackmist hesitated.

He knew of the enmity between the Starlord and Chaos Immortal Owlsoar, of course.

When the Starlord had been very weak, World God Blackmist had accompanied him as he had wandered the outside world.

During his wanderings, the Starlord had encountered a female Immortal.

Both had been quite weak, but they still ended up falling in love with each other. Back then, World God Blackmist had pretended to be nothing more than an old servant.

Some time after the two met, the Starlord's father, who had himself been the Starlord of Fogstone at that time, had summoned him. Thus, he had to immediately go back to Fogstone. As for that female Immortal, she was bound by her duty to her clan and so had to remain behind within it.

And with this parting...their farewell became eternal.

After the Starlord had returned to Fogstone, his father had completed all of his arrangements and then left the planet, never to return.

Chaos Immortal Owlsoar had been refining a mighty sin-treasure. He butchered countless innocent cultivators in order to baptize his sin-treasure with their blood...and alas, the clan of the Starlord's lover was one of the clans that had been wiped out. By the time the Starlord found out, it was far too late...

The Starlord had cried bitterly before the ruins of his lover's clan.

He swore he would take revenge.

Ever since that day, the Starlord began to improve at a dramatic pace, reaching the World-level in an astonishingly brief period of time! After doing so, he continued to grow tremendously quickly, making repeated breakthroughs without pausing. And now...he had become a master-class World God! Even his sword-arts were now far more profound than World God Blackmist's.

"I can no longer wait," the Starlord growled. "I truly cannot. I've already reached the level of full mastery. How much more stronger do I need to become? Am I supposed to wait until I become a Daolord? That's far too difficult. Even if I waited another hundred chaos cycles, I still might not be able to achieve it."

"Now that I've reached the level of full mastery, I'm as strong as I possibly can be for now."

"We will definitely win this attack! I'll take part myself. There is no way that Chaos Immortal Owlsoar will be able to escape." The Starlord's handsome face was twisted with rage and savagery.

World God Blackmist couldn't help but secretly sigh upon seeing this. In the past, the Starlord had always been quite relaxed and nonchalant about cultivation. It was all due to his obsession, his stubborn desire to take revenge that he had transformed into a cultivating fanatic and improved so rapidly. In fact, the only reason why he hadn't left for revenge a long time ago was because he was worried about protecting the Fogstone lineage. That was why he had waited for so long.

"Starchild, if you wish to go seek revenge, then I shall definitely help you," World God Blackmist said. "However...you should first go and convince the other World-level experts of the Fogstone Dominion. The more who stand with us, the better our chances are."

"Alright." The Starlord of Fogstone nodded.

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 35: The Order**

It was often said that the Fogstone Dominion held a total of nine World-level experts. This, however, referred to the ones who permanently resided within this region.

The Fogstone Dominion held sway over ninety-six chaosworlds. Over the course of many years, it had given birth to quite a few World-level experts. Many of them, such as the Starlord's father, had ended up leaving the Badlands Territory and adventuring through other lands! In truth, there were many World-level experts who drifted through other territories. Even the Starlord himself had visited quite a few territories, despite being fairly young.

At present, there were nine World-level experts on the planet of Fogstone. The Starlord, World God Blackmist, and Immortal Skyram were all members of the Fogstone lineage. As for the other six, they were treated something like distinguished guests and honored vassals.

"If the Starlord wishes it, then I agree to take part in this battle. I will do everything I can to support our side in our campaign against the Blacklotus Empire, but if the situation goes south, I'll still have to focus on keeping myself alive," a bald, golden-robed elder said in a slow voice.

"Let everything happen according to the plan. I agree as well."

"Right."

"Acceptable."

"Haha, I'm reminded of the days when I adventured through the outside world. I've been secluded here on the planet of Fogstone for far too long. It is time for a good fight!"

"Since the Starlord has paid such a hefty price, we naturally are willing to agree!"

In the end, the nine World-level experts all agreed to join the battle against the Blacklotus Empire.

The Starlord nodded.

"Second Uncle, I'll have to trouble you to pay a visit to the Badlands Everworld and purchase the 'Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formations' and the 'Minor Thousand Ancestral Immortals Formations'," the Starlord said.

"Done." World God Blackmist nodded.

"Everyone, when the time comes, just follow the plan. It'll make everything easier for you," the Starlord said. "I don't insist on you killing too many foes; I just need you to help me tie them down."

"Don't worry, Starlord."

"A minor task for people like us."

"Given the price you've already paid, Starlord...I can't see how the Blacklotus Empire can possibly win."

These vassal World-level experts, including Chaos Immortal Abyssus, were all couldn't help but secretly sigh in amazement at how ancient and deep-rooted a lineage the Fogstone lineage was. They were actually capable of purchasing a 'Minor Thousand Elder God Formation' for the Fogstone Army!

In truth, over the course of countless years, the Fogstone Dominion had actually come into possession of three such formations. In order to strengthen their hand even more, they were going to purchase three sets of those formations for Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. Immortal Abyssus, the most unfathomably powerful of the six vassals, was also loaning one of his own formation sets as well.

These formations allowed a thousand Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals to join together in battle. Roughly three hundred cubes of chaos nectar was needed for each. Most World-level experts wouldn't be able to afford such a price. All their possessions combined wouldn't necessarily be worth that much.

A so-called 'Major Thousand Elder Gods Formation' actually allowed a total of nine thousand to assemble together in battle. However, those formations were far too expensive; they were worth almost as much as an Eternal weapon! However, these formations were also ridiculously powerful; once a World-level expert was trapped within this formation, he would definitely perish!

.....

The Windsource Chaosworld. The Eastcalm mountains.

Ning was seated in the lotus position within the Heavengazer Tower of Radiance, working on the Seventh Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand].

Although most of his time was spent on sword-arts, he still needed to alternate through other areas of cultivation as well. During the past few centuries in the Windsource Chaosworld, Ning had been able to use his insights into the [Fogstone Apocalypse] and the [Nine Elements Annihilation] to roughly sketch out how the Seventh Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand] would work.

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

"Eh?"

Ning opened his eyes. He hadn't blocked out sound from the outside world, and so he was able to hear what was happening outside the Heavengazer Tower.

Swoosh!

Ning appeared out of nowhere within a study. He waved his hand, causing the Heavengazer Tower which had been atop the table to disappear.

Creeeeak. He pulled the door open. Outside the study stood Elder God Wilddog.

"Master, orders have come from the planet of Fogstone." Elder God Wilddog said hurriedly, "The three captains stationed here have all been summoned already."

"Orders?" Ning was startled, then nodded. "Let's go take a look."

.....

“What? Everyone is to return to Fogstone?” The golden-robed Elder God Mountain Eater called out in shock.

“There’s no longer a need for troops to be stationed here on the Windsource Chaosworld?” The other two captains, Tearwell and Souflight, were completely shocked as well.

As for Ning, he looked at the messenger before him.

The messenger said respectfully to Ning, “General, captains, this order comes from the Starlord himself. You can see it for yourself.” As he spoke, he handed over a glowing golden scroll over to Ning.

Ning unfurled the scroll and gave it a thorough reading.

The words on the scroll had been etched with divine power, and their aura was indeed the aura of the Starlord’s.

“The three of you can take a look as well.” Ning handed the scroll over.

Elder God Mountain Eater, Immortal Souflight, and Elder God Tearwell accepted the scroll and looked through it, puzzled. None of them questioned the validity of the order, as there was no way the scroll or the messenger could be faked. Anyone capable of making a scroll that could fool them was powerful enough to not need to do such a thing!

“This is an important border region, but he’s actually withdrawing all troops? This has never happened before in all the years I’ve been here,” Elder God Mountain Eater said in a low voice.

“Very well.” Ning nodded then instructed, “Since the Starlord has ordered it, all of us should immediately return to Fogstone. Also...the decree states that we have to withdraw in a stealthy fashion.”

“Right.” The three captains all nodded.

Ning left Swordfather Triult in the Eastcalm mountains, so as to protect the Immortals and Fiendgods who lived in the surrounding area. All the others, such as Flamefairy Su Youji or Elder God Wilddog, followed Ning in leaving this place.

They moved in stealth. Ning led his retainers as well as the hundreds of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals of the Fogstone Army away from the Windsource Chaosworld and travelled to the planet of Fogstone.

Upon reaching Fogstone...Ning realized that thousands of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals had all gathered here.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen so many Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals.”

“This many?”

The soldiers all sighed in amazement, then began to break up into groups of four or five.

“General, the Starlord has summoned you.” Things wouldn’t be as relaxed for Ning as they were for the ordinary soldiers. He was immediately summoned into the Starlord’s estate.

The Starlord's estate.

Four figures were seated within a side chamber.

"Eh?" Upon entering the side chamber, Ning immediately saw those four seated figures. All of them had extraordinary auras and different appearances.

"Greetings, generals." Ning was the first to speak out.

"I heard that our Fogstone Army has gained a new general who sparred against World God Blacklist. A pity that by the time I heard of this, fellow Daoist Sunrise, you had already left Fogstone." A tall, muscular, scaled alien cultivator dressed in white robes was the first to respond.

"Greetings, Sword Immortal Sunrise."

"Brother Sunrise, we should spar as well if we have some free time."

The four generals all behaved in a fairly friendly manner towards Ning. They were on the same side, after all, and they had all sworn lifeblood oaths to support each other. Naturally, they would be quite a cohesive force.

Soon, the sixth general arrived as well as Elder God Imperius.

"The Starlord has arrived." The seven turned to stare towards the outside, sensing the vast astral aura approaching. Moments later, an astral-robed man stepped into the hall.

"Greetings, Starlord." The six generals and Elder God Imperius all bowed respectfully.

The Starlord sat down in the principal seat. "You can be seated as well."

"Thank you, Starlord." Ning and the others all sat down.

"I've summoned all of our Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals to Fogstone. I imagine you have your own guesses as to why." The Starlord had a smile on his face.

Ning and the others were all quite curious. Given that the Starlord had summoned all of their many scattered armies...there definitely had to be an important reason behind this.

"The entire Fogstone Army is going to mobilize. Every World-level expert and every soldier is going to move out...and assault the Blacklotus Empire," the Starlord said.

"What?!"

Everyone was shocked.

Ning was shocked as well. Although he was awaiting a good chance to act against the Mindlord, he was still stunned upon hearing this news. Generally speaking, the various organizations within the Badlands Territory would only engage in small-scale skirmishes against each other. These skirmishes were only meant to temper the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals within their ranks. Things would rarely escalate to the point of a full-blown war! Wars on that level...they had a tremendous impact on the area and would result in horrifying casualties.

Although the Fogstone Dominion had nine World-level experts, the Blacklotus Empire had six! In addition, a battle between cultivators wouldn't be solely dependent on mere numbers alone. A single powerful World-level expert could very possibly counter seven or eight weaker World-level experts. An extremely powerful one, such as World God Northrest when he wielded Violetjewel, could easily slay ten ordinary World Gods who stood in his path!

Thus, numbers didn't mean everything. No one could say for certain what the various World-level experts hid up their sleeves.

"Our plan has already been drawn up," the Starlord said. "The seven of you will each take control over 999 Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals! You'll form a total of six 'Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation' and one 'Minor Thousand Ancestral Immortals Formation'.

"Seven formations?" Ning was secretly shocked by this.

A formation that allowed a thousand Elder Gods to join their power would be able to surround and kill some of the weaker World-level experts! Even powerful ones would be stymied for a time by them!

"Imperius will be responsible for the Ancestral Immortals, while the six of you will be responsible for the Elder Gods. I'll give you all a month to familiarize yourselves with these formations," the Starlord said. "A month from now, we shall head out towards the Blacklotus Empire."

"Acknowledged." The six generals and Elder God Imperius all assented in unison.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 36: Sparring With the Sword Again**

Ji Ning and the other generals each accepted a set of formations, then left. Because Ning didn't have his own estate on the planet of Fogstone, the Starlord of Fogstone arranged special accommodations for him.

The estate Ning was given was roughly a hundred kilometers in size. It was once filled with gardens and pools, but all of those things had been flattened as a military drill grounds had been established here.

"General." A throng of Elder Gods were standing on the drill ground, watching Ning.

"Nine captains!" Ning called out.

"Present!" Instantly, nine goldenscale Elder Gods responded to Ning's call.

"Each of you shall command a total of 110 Elder Gods. Spend some time getting familiarized with this formation and getting better control over it." Ning waved his hand, causing nine dark-golden discs to fly out towards those nine captains. The entire Fogstone Army had undergone a significant revamping, with some of the personal servants of the World-level experts having been sent to join as well to make sure that each team had enough men!

The nine captains accepted the dark-golden discs, quickly binding them and attuning themselves to the mysteries within them.

"As for the rest of you..." Ning looked at the other Elder Gods, then waved his hand again, causing a large number of slightly smaller formation-discs to appear in the air. The divine runes covering these

formation-discs were slightly less complicated as well. "You need to work hard as well. Cooperate with your captains. Your formation-discs will be a bit simpler; I trust that in four or five days, you should have mastered them."

Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh. The nine hundred-plus discs all flew towards the Elder Gods, with each Elder God receiving one.

"As for me?" Ning explained, "I'll be at the core of the formation, leading the nine captains."

"I imagine you already have an inkling as to what this is. Correct...this is a 'Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation'!" Ning could see the curious looks on the faces of the Elder Gods. Most of them were probably secretly exchanging mental whispers, and so Ning just went straight to the point.

All of the Elder Gods present fell silent upon hearing this.

A Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation?

A formation which would allow a thousand Elder Gods to perfectly join their strength together and unleash it? Supposedly, even weak World Gods who were trapped within such a formation would be slain by it. They were actually going to have a chance to use such a legendarily powerful formation?

Hundred Elder Gods Formation. Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation. Major Thousand Elder Gods Formation.

These formations weren't developed by any single power or any single Daolord. They had been developed and refined by many generations of major powers over the course of countless years. By now, they had reached the point of utmost perfection! It could be said that there was no way to improve these formations any further at all. They had become perfectly standardized and refined, and so all 'Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formations' were identical to each other, capable of allowing a thousand Elder Gods to unleash the full might of their combined power.

"From this day forth." Ning swept the Elder Gods with his gaze. "You will have just one assignment. You are to master this formation as quickly as possible! You can practice with your captains and comrades in small groups. Every three days, all of us will come together for a joint practice session."

"Alright. Go and meditate on the formation," Ning commanded.

"Yes, General." The Elder God soldiers all responded in unison.

Ning's own formation-disc was the most complicated disc of all. He would be at the center of the formation and responsible for harmonizing it, and so Ning actually entered the Heavengazer Tower to meditate on it in detail. After spending six days inside the Heavengazer Tower, Ning completely mastered the formation.

Three days passed in the outside world.

The planet of Fogstone. The drill grounds at the front of Ning's estate.

"Assemble the formation!" Ning issued the order.

Rumble...



Instantly, the thousand formation-discs joined together, causing countless streams of light to spring up and form a web that covered every single Elder God. The entire region seemed to be completely encompassed by this net of light.

“What a strange feeling.” Ning stood there, head raised towards the skies. “I feel as though I’ve become one with the heavens and the earth of this area.”

Once the formation was established, the users would become one with this dimension, forming a world unto themselves. This was the reason why they were able to fight evenly against even World-level experts.

“Eh?” Ning glanced sideways towards a fairly muscular Elder God captain. The formation in his region was trembling slightly.

“I’m still not that accustomed to this formation.” The captain sent a rather ashamed mental message. Ning sent back, “Get accustomed, fast.”

“Yes.” The muscular captain himself realized that the eight other captains were in complete control of their parts; he was the only one who was falling behind. As for the ordinary Elder God soldiers, quite a few of them were rather unstable as well. However, because those soldiers served ancillary roles, their instability wouldn’t make much of a difference. They were like the twigs, while the nine captains were like the branches! As for Ning, he was the trunk of the tree!

If anything happened to Ning, the entire formation would collapse.

“A world unto ourselves...once we strike, we’ll strike with not just the power of all the Elder Gods, but also with the power of the world itself.” Ning nodded to himself. An enemy attack on any single Elder God would be dispersed across the entire formation, as well as the world which the formation had created. Most likely, 99% of the power would be dispersed into the world.

Only a tiny amount of power would actually land upon the thousand Elder Gods!

Thus, most World-level experts would be unable to do anything to a thousand Elder Gods who had joined together in such a formation. Weaker ones would actually be killed.

“Alright. Most of our Elder Gods have already mastered the technique. Go back and spend some more time on it. I hope that three days from now, our formation will be even more perfect,” Ning said.

“Yes, General.” The Elder God soldiers were all rather excited.

This was their first time being part of such a tremendously mighty force. Even though they were merely the twigs of this mighty formation, they were still supposed by the world which this formation created, allowing each of them to reach the World God threshold of power. As for the nine captains, they would be even more powerful. As the center of the formation, Ning was the most powerful of them all! He was now far more powerful than when he was by himself and using the azureflower mist energy.

Whoooooosh. The Elder God soldiers quickly departed and the drill grounds fell silent.

“Eh?” Just as Ning turned to leave, he suddenly saw a figure appear.

A black-robed man with tousled hair had appeared on the drill grounds. He had a smile on his face as he strolled towards Ning in a leisurely fashion.

Ning was surprised. World God Blackmist? Why had he come to this place?

“Greetings, senior.” Ning immediately called out respectfully to him.

“I could sense you assembling the formation so I took a look. Your forces have been pretty fast. The formation is more or less ready, and your control over it is excellent.” World God Blackmist chuckled. “The core formation-disc is the most complicated disc. To be able to master it within three days is impressive.”

Ning hurriedly said, “I actually spent a total of six days. I relied on the assistance of a temporal treasure to speed time up for myself.”

“Oh...”

World God Blackmist couldn’t help but let out a surprised laugh. This Darknorth really was quite an honest fellow.

“The Starlord gave you a month, primarily because the core-disc is extremely hard to master. Six days is still impressive.” World God Blackmist continued, “Last time, when you sparred against me, I could see that that your sword-arts were on the verge of making a great breakthrough. Have you succeeded?”

“I did indeed make a breakthrough,” Ning said.

“Oh?” World God Blackmist’s eyes lit up. He couldn’t help it; of the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals on Fogstone, the only one who was truly an expert in the Dao of the Sword was Ji Ning.

“Come on, then. Let’s spar a bit!” World God Blackmist said.

“Yes.” Ning was growing excited as well.

Whoosh. Ning produced a longsword that seemed to flow with the waters of autumn. It was the flexible Dao sword he had acquired. Since they were merely sparring and testing out each other’s sword-arts, there was no need to take out an Eternal weapon.

“Be careful.” World God Blackmist waved his hand, causing an ordinary-looking longsword to appear. He naturally wouldn’t use his most powerful weapon in a sparring match against a junior.

A smile on his face, World God Blackmist struck out with the sword in his hand.

When the sword-light flashed, it instantly seemed to fill the heavens and the earth with its light. The surrounding area seemed to have been transformed into an endless haze of black mist...and suddenly, a bizarre but dominating streak of sword-light stabbed out from within the mist.

Ning remained quite calm. He knew that this was the ‘Sword World’ of World God Blackmist.

“Break!” Ning struck out with an exceedingly savage stab as well.

When his sword shot out, it was like a stream of light.

This was the fastest and most penetrative stance of the [Brightmoon] sword-art, the 'Blood Drop stance'. By now, this stance had been completely infused with the essence of the 'Killsword stance' of the [Nameless] sword-art. The [Nameless] sword-art actually represented a certain realm of comprehension regarding the sword. After absorbing the essence of its techniques, Ning had completely incorporated them into [Brightmoon].

When the Killsword stance struck, it held nothing back at all! Once the sword struck out, it carried an aura of grim resolve with it.

Boom!

Ning's sword-light clashed against Blackmist's strange sword-light, smashing it apart.

"Eh? This sword-art is quite clever. Last time, your sword-arts focused around complete control and perfect flawlessness. This time, it's the opposite...you ignore all else in favor of an attack that holds nothing back at all, filling it with savage resolve. In savagery alone, you are quite close to the average 'Sword World' level." World God Blackmist's voice rang out. "Fortunately, I'm not new to the Sword World level."

The power of Ning's sword-art was quite tremendous.

The essence of the Killsword stance was to be vicious to the enemy and merciless to the self. It ignored all defense and held nothing back, sending forth a strike of utterly incomparable might that was close in power to that of an ordinary Sword World's might.

Only someone who had already mastered the Heartsword stance would be able to use this technique without injuring himself. If someone who didn't master the Heartsword stance was to train in this technique, they wouldn't have the flawless control necessary to ensure that there would be no openings. The end result would be that if you were unable to kill your opponent, your opponent would be able to seize upon your flaws and kill you instead!

Only when the Heartsword stance was mastered could one use such a dangerous, ruinous stance.

The longer Blackmist fought, the more excited he became. This Darknorth truly was talented in sword-arts. He had improved so dramatically since their last fight! Aside from the savage and violent 'Killsword stance', Ning actually had another sword-art that was even more shocking to Blackmist. This was something Ning had come up with based on Violetjewel's quintessence core. Although it hadn't truly taken shape, it was still enough to make Blackmist's heart clench.

"Enough, enough." World God Blackmist laughed. "I'm using a Chaos weapon and the strength of an Elder God, but I'm at the verge of being beaten."

"I'm using a Dao weapon," Ning hurriedly explained.

"Oh, so that's how it is." World God Blackmist once more let out a surprised laugh as he glanced at Ning's flexible sword. "That explains it. My sword-arts are clearly more profound than yours, and yet I wasn't able to suppress you when I used a Chaos weapon and the strength of an Elder God."

Ning felt tremendous gratitude in his heart.

They had sparred for quite a long period of time just now. Only when Ning was unable to gain anything further had Blackmist brought things to a halt. This sparring match allowed Ning to test and verify all the many insights he had gained during the past few centuries, which translated into thousands of years in the Heavengazer Tower. His sword-arts had improved by quite a bit.

“It’s rare for Fogstone to produce such an expert in the Dao of the Sword.” World God Blackmist looked at Ning. “I can sense that your talent in the sword is no lower than the Starlord’s was. Train hard. Oh, right. Be careful on this trip to the Blacklotus Empire. Staying alive is what matters the most.”

“Alright.” Ning nodded.

“Also...this is a sword-art I personally devised. It has a simple name: [Blackmist] sword-art. You are already so talented with the sword that this sword-art of mine won’t be of much use to you, but if you read through it you might gain a few ideas.” World God Blackmist waved his hand, producing a jade slip which he tossed to Ning.

Ning immediately caught it, then said gratefully, “Thank you, senior.”

“To be honest, I was thinking about taking you on as my disciple. However, judging by your performance today, I can tell that you’ll soon catch up to me and perhaps even surpass me.” Blackmist smiled.

“Alright. Continue with your preparations for the war.”

“Right,” Ning said.

World God Blackmist departed in as leisurely a fashion as he had arrived. His hair still tousled and mussled, he casually sauntered off before slowly disappearing into thin air.

Ning felt tremendous gratitude towards the man. The very first time Ning had arrived on Fogstone and met with World God Blackmist, Blackmist had personally sparred with him and guided him as well.

Time continued to pass, and Ning spent his days analyzing World God Blackmist’s sword-arts. Soon, a full month had gone past. It was time for the grand army to go on campaign!

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 37: Invasion**

The Starlord’s estate. An enormous empty region within the estate was filled with a teeming mass of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals.

“I wonder what they are planning to do with such an enormous force.”

“They have to be planning on attacking a different organization.”

“Even if they plan to launch an attack, is there a need to go this far? The Fogstone Army usually has around three thousand Elder Gods, and they normally would use just three of those formations. But now, they’ve actually managed to summon a force of seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals, including some who were servants or slaves of the various Chaos Immortals and World Gods.”

“Let’s just watch and see.”

The Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals were all discussing this amongst themselves.

Ji Ning, Elder God Imperius, and a few others who knew the truth felt a certain tightness in their chests. Yes...their leaders had spared no expense on this war.

They had originally numbered just three thousand, but after recalling all of their far-flung forces and adding in many servants and slaves, the Fogstone Army now numbered seven thousand! Ancestral Immortal Imperius was a good example of an irregular who had been pulled in. He was the disciple of Chaos Immortal Abyssus and was incredibly strong, which was why he had been assigned to command one of the seven armies.

"I wonder what sort of a feud exists between the Blacklotus Empire and the Fogstone Dominion. Why is the Starlord going all out in this fight?" Ning murmured these words to himself.

"Here they are." Ning's eyes suddenly lit up as he saw the nine figures walking towards them from afar.

The leader of the nine was the astral-robed Starlord of Fogstone. Next to him were the other World-level major powers. The nine of them walked forwards together, causing all of the gathered Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals to fall silent.

"Everyone," the Starlord said, "This campaign is an extremely important one. When the fight begins, all of you need to listen to the orders of your generals."

"Yes," all the soldiers acknowledged.

"Come in." The Starlord waved his hand. Whoosh. Instantly, a ripple of power spread out. None of the Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals resisted, resulting in all of them disappearing into thin air.

"By my command, the planet of Fogstone is to be completely sealed. No one is to be allowed to enter or leave." A sonorous voice suddenly spread out into the ears of every single cultivator on the planet. Even the normally public trading markets were quickly sealed away as the entire planet was put on lockdown.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh swoosh! Swoosh!

The nine World-level experts soared upwards, quickly appearing in the skies and staring down upon Fogstone.

"Come in." The Starlord waved his hand, causing the enormous planet of Fogstone itself to disappear as well. The planet had long ago been refined into an enormous magic treasure. This was the core legacy of the entire Fogstone lineage. Now that the entire Fogstone Army was on campaign, the Starlord naturally wasn't willing to leave the planet here undefended.

"The Starlord really is going out this time," a green-robed elder said with a chuckle.

"This time, we're going to have a chance to witness the Starlord's true power."

"If all of us go all-out, we might very well be able to wipe out the entire Blacklotus Empire, even though that isn't our goal. The only thing I'm concerned about is the guardian formation protecting the imperial capital of the Blacklotus Empire."

"Starlord, that guardian formation truly is quite deadly."

The other World-level experts all issued words of caution.

An enemy's capital was bound to be an incredibly dangerous place to invade. Every generation of Starlords had worked hard to further reinforce Fogstone, rendering its formations increasingly deadly. Although the Blacklotus Empire wasn't as old as Fogstone and mainly relied on God Emperor Blacklotus' personal power, without a doubt the God Emperor and his vassals had set up many mighty formations around the imperial capital.

"Don't worry. Just carry out our plan," the Starlord said. "All you need to do is do what I told you to do. Don't worry about anything else."

"Alright."

"Right."

These World-level experts were just giving the Starlord a few words of caution. They weren't ordinary pawns who could be sacrificed for the sake of a greater goal. Given their power, they were qualified to speak and treat with the Starlord as equals.

"Alright. We can't waste any time." The Starlord frowned. "The sudden disappearance of Fogstone will soon be noticed, but it'll take a bit of time before the word gets to the imperial capital of the Blacklotus Empire. We need to get there as soon as possible. Ideally, we'll arrive before the Blacklotus Empire is prepared for us."

After speaking, the Starlord waved his hand and caused a ship of stars to appear before him.

The nine World-level experts all boarded this ship, which then twinkled with starlight and disappeared.

The imperial capital of the Blacklotus Empire was located within the Blacklotus Chaosworld. It was the central administrative city for the entire Blacklotus Empire.

The entire city was actually an enormous magic treasure which was shaped like a nine-petal black lotus. The entire city stretched out ten million kilometers and was seated at the very tip of a mountain. The city's layout was actually quite similar to the layout of the Badlands Everworld's Waveshift City. This was a testament to how ambitious God Emperor Blacklotus was. He was an incredibly arrogant figure, which was why he had styled himself as the 'God Emperor'.

"I wonder what's been going on with the Fogstone Dominion lately. They actually summoned back all of their Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals from their various stations." A gray-robed, black-haired man was frowning in thought as he sat within a winehouse located in the imperial capital.

This gray-robed, black-haired man had lofty brows, and the look in his eyes made it so that not even the winehouse's attendants dared to go near him.

"Can it be that Fogstone is about to launch a grand campaign?" The gray-robed man muttered to himself, "It can't be for the sake of that Ji Ning fellow, right? He shouldn't have that sort of ability."

"Ji Ning."

"Goddamn Ji Ning." The gray-robed man's face grew uglier by the moment.

He was one of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus, the Mindlord.

His Primaltwin had possessed Old Man Yuan in the Three Realms and had lived there for many years. As he saw it, for someone like him to wipe out a backwaters chaosworld was simplicity itself!

Although a World God in the form of Mother Nuwa had suddenly appeared out of nowhere, the Mindlord had remained hidden and didn't reveal his true power or intentions. Eventually, Mother Nuwa left.

He had remained hidden, even after her departure. He was in no rush, and his long life had taught him to be patient.

Finally, the Endwar had come.

First, that 'Lord of the Demonheart' had appeared once more! Although Demonheart had the power of a supreme Elder God, Old Man Yuan felt confident in being able to handle him.

And yet, those yokels had actually given rise to a formidable Heartforce Cultivator, Houyi! Still, this was not entirely unexpected. Old Man Yuan had taken control over Chang'e long ago, precisely because he wanted to have some leverage over Houyi. As a Heartforce Cultivator, he knew exactly how devastating such a mental influence could have on a cultivator.

He had accounted for everything...except for this Ji Ning.

Ji Ning. He had trained for a very brief period of time, but he was an utterly terrifying monster. In the end, Ji Ning had broken through and become so powerful that he had utterly crushed Old Man Yuan, defeating his palm-arts through superior sword-arts, then stabbing him through the forehead.

"Someone who has the power of a truly transcendent Elder God." Old Man Yuan had truly been terrified. He immediately planned a deception, and in the moment of his death he willed all of his servants and slaves to die. He even released his bindings over his various magic treasures, so as to put on a show of being truly dead. All of this was for the sake of preventing Ji Ning from finding him later.

However, when the Mindlord carefully analyzed this matter, he realized that he had made an miscalculation.

"Witherspike!" The gray-robed elder muttered to himself, "I didn't give a damn about Witherspike, but he knew exactly who I was. It is very possible that he might've told Ji Ning and the others about me. If he did that...given how much those of the Three Realms hate me, they'll definitely come for revenge. Given how strong Ji Ning is, he stands a very good chance of surviving the trip through that spatial vortex tunnel!"

"If he wants revenge...he'd probably want to find a backer. It's entirely possible that he might've joined one of the nearby organizations."

The Mindlord had instantly come to this conclusion, and so he immediately began to purchase intelligence reports to see if any transcendent Elder Gods had appeared in recent years! In the end, he finally found out that Fogstone had gained a new general by the name of 'Sunrise'.

"Sunrise?" The gray-robed elder smirked. "Transcendent Elder Gods don't just appear out of nowhere. If Ji Ning truly has left the Three Realms, he most likely is this 'Sunrise' figure."

Although he had already guessed at the truth, there was still nothing that he could do about it.

Sunrise was stationed on the Windsorce World and had three hundred Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals under his command. What was the Mindlord supposed to do? Ask a World-level expert to intervene? He didn't have that sort of ability.

All he could do was hide!

"Ugh."

"I don't even know if this 'Sunrise' really is Ji Ning," the gray-robed elder muttered to himself. "I hope he isn't. I hope that Witherspike never told Ji Ning about me."

To tell the truth, the Mindlord had been miserable in recent years! However, he knew that he had to keep enduring it and bide his time. He had to at least verify whether or not Sunrise really was Ji Ning.

If Sunrise really was...

Going outside by himself would be suicide.

"OUTRAGEOUS!!!" Suddenly, a furious roar rang out, echoing throughout the entire chaosworld and causing it to tremble. All the cultivators within the imperial capital of Blacklotus were shocked by this.

"Come to my estate immediately!" An icy cold voice that was tinged with rage suddenly rang out in the Mindlord's mind.

"His Imperial Majesty?" The Mindlord was shocked.

Swoosh!

Ignoring everyone and everything else, the gray-robed figure immediately flew out of the innhouse's window and headed straight towards the God Emperor's estate.

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 38: Legacy Treasure, Fogstone Planet**

The Blacklotus Chaosworld. A giant warship with an aura of awe-inspiring majesty was forcing its way straight through this world.

The warship was ten thousand kilometers long, and at its prow stood nine World-level experts. Behind them stood a dense cluster of seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals.

"This chaosworld is the home of God Emperor Blacklotus." The Starlord's face was icy and solemn.

"There's no way for us to escape his notice after we enter his chaosworld. Still...there's no need to keep it hidden. It'll be too late for him."

Whoosh.

The great warship disappeared in a teleportation. When it reappeared, it was over the clouds that were above an enormous city that was shaped like a black lotus with nine petals.



Rumble...

A ripple of power spread out from the Blacklotus imperial capital. The ripple of power spread out to cover the entire chaosworld, seeking to completely seal it off from the space around it, but it was too late.

“This is the imperial capital of the Blacklotus Empire?”

“A city shaped like a nine-petal black lotus...it has to be it.” Only now did most of the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals aboard the ship understand who their target was. It was actually the Blacklotus Empire! All of them felt both excited and nervous. If they were by themselves, they would never dare to cause trouble here...but now there were seven thousand of them as well as nine World-level powers!

This filled all of them with excitement and eagerness.

“Assemble the formations,” the Starlord commanded.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The seven generals, including Ji Ning and Imperius, immediately began to assemble their formations. In almost an instant, all seven thousand of the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals were in place.

“Not a single one moved to flee?” The Starlord sat at the very front of the prow, staring downwards at the vast city below them. The entire chaosworld was now sealed so tightly that not even an ant could escape from it.

“Perhaps they feel that they are strong enough to leave when they please, if they feel the need to do so later,” Chaos Immortal Abyssus said with a chuckle.

“Hmph.” The Starlord laughed coldly. “They won’t be able to.”

Whoosh.

The Starlord swept open his astral robes. Instantly, an enormous planet suddenly appeared in midair. It was the planet of Fogstone! Fogstone was kept to a size of merely ten million kilometers, roughly the same size as the nine-petal black lotus below it, but Fogstone was emanating ripples of utterly terrifying power. And then...

Whoooooosh.

It shot out countless specks of astral light.

The starlight spread out to cover trillions of kilometers, completely illuminating the city beneath it, the nearby mountains and lakes, and the distant seas themselves as well as many mortal cities. In fact...its light spread out to cover this entire chaosworld.

“Ah?!”

“W-what’s...”

The countless living beings within this chaosworld, mortals and beasts included, all stared in puzzlement at the starlight that had just appeared everywhere.

The starlight felt very comfortable to them.

“What’s going on?” A cultivator suddenly realized, to his shock, that it was now impossible to engage in teleportation here.

“The ripples of spacetime have become completely locked.”

Within the black lotus city.

Inside the God Emperor’s estate.

Six figures were standing shoulder-to-shoulder, staring upwards at the skies. When they saw the enormous planet of Fogstone suddenly appear and radiate starlight in every direction, their faces all paled.

“Damn.” A chubby, ruddy-skinned alien with just one vertical eye let out a growl. “The Starlord of Fogstone has actually moved his headquarters, the planet of Fogstone, to this place. According to the stories, the planet of Fogstone is actually the legacy treasure of the entire Fogstone lineage. When it spreads out its astral light, it will completely suppress the local ripples of spacetime, causing every single region to be completely locked down. There’s no way for us to escape, even if we wished to do so.”

“They actually brought their entire planet with them?”

“There’s not much of a feud between us and Fogstone. We have the occasional border skirmish, but none of our World-level powers have ever feuded against theirs. Why would the Starlord be so crazed as to move his entire planet here for this attack?”

The six were all quite puzzled. God Emperor Blacklotus was puzzled as well!

The Fogstone Dominion was of an ancient lineage, and its legacy treasure was the planet of Fogstone itself. In addition, every single Starlord of Fogstone was a terrifying figure. Even if a person was once nothing more than an ordinary World-level power, upon assuming the mantle of ‘Starlord of Fogstone’ that person would transform into an utterly terrifying figure. This was all because of the legacy treasure known as the planet Fogstone.

Fogstone could be used to attack...and if one paid an incalculable price, one would be able to unleash utterly ruinous power from it. The planet itself was filled with countless dangers and traps, making it so that very few organizations would dare to raid it or launch attacks within it.

When used as a defensive structure, World-level experts had virtually no chance of breaking through into Fogstone.

When used to trap foes, the astral light it radiated would make it so that even World-level experts would move much slower!

Every single Starlord of Fogstone had the power to command and control the planet of Fogstone. This naturally made them some of the most troublesome opponents a World-level expert could face!

“Starchild.” A cold voice rang out, echoing within the prow of the incoming warship. “I don’t believe my Blacklotus Empire has ever offended you...and yet, you’ve actually gone so far as to move your legacy treasure, the planet of Fogstone, to my territory.”

“Blacklotus.” The Starlord stared downwards from his position at the prow, then said in a calm voice, “It is true that no grudges exist between the two of us, and I have no desire to engage in a war against you.”

“No desire to engage in a war? Then why have you come in such force?” The voice of the God Emperor rang out once more, causing the very air above the imperial capital to tremble.

“I’ve come here today solely for the sake of Immortal Owlsoar,” the Starlord said calmly. “After killing Owlsoar, I’ll immediately lead my forces away and also offer valuable treasures to make up for the offense.”

Everyone fell silent.

“I’ll give you as much time as is needed for a single stick of incense to be burned. Afterwards, if you choose to continue to protect Owlsoar, I’ll have no choice but to press the attack.” As the Starlord spoke, he waved his hand. A stick of gray incense instantly appeared in the air then self-ignited, emitting a calming and fragrant aroma. This was a precious treasure which cultivators used, known as the ‘Three Zens Incense’. Once it was lit, the cultivator would become extremely calm and be able to much more easily sense the Dao. This was of great benefit. When Ning trained in the [Solitary World God], what he needed to break through to the next level was to have his heart be completely calm.

“What’s this all about?”

“Owlsoar, the Starlord of Fogstone did all this just to kill you?”

“What sort of grudge exists between the two of you?”

The other five, including God Emperor Blacklotus, turned to stare at Chaos Immortal Owlsoar.

Immortal Owlsoar was a jade-eyed elder who had a divine blood tattoo on his forehead. His oily jade eyes inspired terror in all who saw him. He frowned and said in a low voice, “I don’t think there is any enmity between the two of us. Don’t be impatient. Let me ask him about this.”

“Starlord of Fogstone.” Immortal Owlsoar’s cold voice rang out towards the great warship in the skies. “I don’t know how I’ve offended you. Is it possible that there has been some sort of a misunderstanding?”

“Haha...misunderstanding?” The cold voice that rang down from above was filled with endless hatred.

“Were you the one behind the great massacre that occurred within the Blackcold Chaosworld?”

Immortal Owlsoar’s face immediately changed upon hearing this.

For the sake of forging a mighty sin-treasure, he had once butchered countless living creatures. However, although he had slain many individuals, he had been careful not to slay any creatures who were protected by other World-level experts. However, he knew that this sort of butchery would naturally stir revulsion amongst certain noble-minded figures and possibly result in them attacking him, which is why he had immediately joined God Emperor Blacklotus after finishing the refining process.

“Was there a connection between the creatures of that chaosworld and you?” Immortal Owlsoar still couldn’t believe it. By his calculations, when he wiped out the Blackcold Chaosworld the Starlord of Fogstone, Starchild, had been nothing more than a young fellow. Back then, the Starlord had actually been Starchild’s father.

“Haha...” A frenzied, frozen laughter was torn from the Starlord’s throat. “My Dao-companion was located on the Blackcold Chaosworld!”

“What?!” Immortal Owlsoar’s face completely changed.

Back then, Starchild truly had been nothing more than a young fellow, and his Dao-companion was nothing more than a weak female Immortal.

All those years ago, in the face of the power of a Chaos Immortal like Owlsoar, they were nothing more than dust in the wind. But now...the weak little Starchild had come for revenge in his capacity as the Starlord of Fogstone.

“Blacklotus.” Immortal Owlsoar hurriedly turned his head to look at the frowning God Emperor Blacklotus. He said frantically, “Blacklotus, we aren’t that much weaker than them. There’s no need for us to be afraid of Starchild.”

“Hmph.” God Emperor Blacklotus glanced sideways at him and let out a cold snort. Clearly, he was quite unhappy at the trouble which Immortal Owlsoar had brought to his doorstep.

God Emperor Blacklotus had quite an unpleasant look on his face, and he felt quite unhappy that the Starlord of Fogstone had come to his very doorsteps.

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At this very moment. The spacetime transfer array of Sevenwater Star.

A barefoot old man dressed in ragged clothes suddenly appeared within the array.

The Immortals and Fiendgods responsible for protecting the array stared at the old man in astonishment. “H-he...actually paid the fee to have the array be activated for him ahead of schedule?”

This would cost a hundred bottles of chaos nectar for short distances and even more for longer distances. Thus, not even World Gods or Chaos Immortals would do so lightly. Generally speaking, only the most top-tier of World-level experts would ever choose to have the spacetime transfer arrays activated for them on an individual basis. They often travelled throughout the outside world, after all, and constantly went from one array to another. If they had to pay for a personal activation each time, the costs would be quite staggering. Thus, it was quite rare for even the caretakers of the spacetime transfer arrays to see a cultivator have the array activated on an individual basis. This was especially true for a lesser-travelled location such as Sevenwater Star.

As for this old man’s strange appearance, that didn’t really matter. Cultivators dressed and acted as they pleased. They could all tell that this barefoot old man had an extraordinary demeanor. None of the caretakers even dared to breathe loudly in front of him.

“Ugh. Finally made it to the Sevenwater Star of the Badlands Territory.” The raggedy old man stepped out of the formation and into the skies. He muttered to himself, “If Daolord Windsorce was going to die, he could’ve just died somewhere convenient. Why the hell did he have to run all the way over here, to the Badlands Territory? This old man is dog-tired from the journey.”

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 39: The Battle Begins**

“The Windsorce Ruins. Mm. Thank goodness Daolord Windsorce set up an estate just before he died. All of his treasures should probably be inside that place. I hope my information is correct and the talisman is truly inside there as well!”

The raggedy old man took another step through the void of space, then completely disappeared.

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The Blacklotus Chaosworld.

Above the city shaped like a black lotus with nine petals was an enormous planet that glimmered with boundless amounts of astral light.

The two forces faced each other watchfully.

Within the God Emperor’s estate.

“What do you think we should do, everyone?” God Emperor Blacklotus glanced at the other four World-level experts.

“Help me out, everyone.” Chaos Immortal Owlsoar looked at the other four as well, a hint of ill-disguised entreaty on his face. At a time like this, face no longer mattered. If God Emperor Blacklotus and the other five weren’t willing to stand up for him and he was forced to face the might of the entire Fogstone Army by himself, he would most assuredly perish.

“Owlsoar, you...ugh. Forget it. It is far too late now.” A man dressed in a white robe embroidered with flowers shook his head.

“What, are all of you shrinking back already? The Fogstone Dominion isn’t that much more powerful than us. If they force us to bow our heads this time, how will we ever be able to raise our heads again when meeting the other World-level powers of the Badlands Territory?” An alien covered in oily black armor spoke out, his golden eyes filled with anger.

“The entire reason we all joined together in an alliance was so that we could jointly deal with any threats, right? It’s also been a long time since I’ve had a good fight. My hands itch.” The chubby cyclopean alien spoke out in concurrence.

A look of delight and gratitude appeared on Immortal Owlsoar’s face.

“I’ll listen to what Blacklotus says,” the bald, gray-robed elder said calmly.

“Blacklotus...” All of them turned to look at God Emperor Blacklotus. Immortal Owlsoar had a hopeful look on his face.

God Emperor Blacklotus gave Immortal Owlsoar a glance, secretly shaking his head. He had always felt rather contemptuous towards Immortal Owlsoar. Immortal Owlsoar had only been able to break into the World-level due to a stroke of tremendous luck, not talent. After breaking through to this level, it had become extremely difficult for him to improve any further at all. Thus, Immortal Owlsoar had chosen to embark upon an evil path...and yet, despite having chosen this path, Immortal Owlsoar was always worried about the consequences of his actions. As a result couldn’t be considered a truly demonic figure.

Based on what God Emperor Blacklotus knew...

The truly demonic figures of the legends were able to throw an entire territory into utter turmoil despite merely being World-level figures! They would cause all the living creatures of tens of thousands of chaosworlds to perish for the sake of refining a single terrifying sin-treasure. Compared to those figures, Immortal Owlsoar was quite lacking.

"Everyone, I agree with what you said." God Emperor Blacklotus nodded. "Since we've chosen to stand together, we need to remain unified."

Immortal Owlsoar was delighted upon hearing this.

"In addition...although Starchild claims that he holds a huge grudge against Immortal Owlsoar, who knows if he's even telling the truth?" God Emperor Blacklotus laughed coldly. "He might have simply come up with a random excuse to force us to give up Owlsoar. After he kills Owlsoar, what's to stop him from coming up with another random excuse to kill another one of us? Are we supposed to give up our fellows one after the other? By then, we'll be even weaker before. They'd probably be able to wipe us out at one blow."

"Right, right! This is probably a plot!" Immortal Owlsoar said hurriedly.

"Enough! Shut your damn mouth. I only said he 'might have'." God Emperor Blacklotus cast him a cold glance. "The more likely answer is that he really does hold a grudge against Owlsoar. To engage in such a large battle for just a bit of territory wouldn't really be worth it. It is very possible that his Dao-companion truly was killed by Owlsoar."

Immortal Owlsoar nervously bit his lips.

"Still...for him to force his way to our doorstep is a sign of completely disrespect towards me and towards all of you." God Emperor Blacklotus said calmly, "They have nine World-level experts while we only have six, but we also have the protective formations surrounding our imperial capital. How dare they act so brashly?"

"Agreed."

"They really are holding us in no regard whatsoever."

"They're actually kicking in our doors. Let's have a fight with them and see who is really stronger."

.....

Atop the warship in the air.

The Starlord of Fogstone and the rest of the nine World-level experts were waiting quietly. The stick of incense hovering in midair continued to slowly burn, with less than half of it remaining.

"Starchild." A voice rang out from below.

"Have you made your decision?" The Starlord of Fogstone replied coldly.

"You say you wish to kill Immortal Owlsoar, and so I must let you kill him? What if you then demand to kill my other World-level experts? Am I supposed to offer them up as well?" God Emperor Blacklotus'

voice was icy cold as well. "In the end, I'll be all by myself...and then you'll just gang up on me and kill me, right?"

The Starlord frowned then sent back, "Blacklotus, if you don't believe me, I'm willing to swear a lifeblood oath."

"No need for a lifeblood oath. Even if Owlsoar truly did kill your Dao-companion, he is still a Chaos Immortal of my Blacklotus Empire! All of us have joined together in an alliance, precisely because we saw the value of joining together against powerful enemies." God Emperor Blacklotus' voice grew even colder. "If you leave right away, I'll forget about your affront and your invasion of my territory. If you do not...then I have no choice but to let this be settled through combat."

"A true pity." The Starlord waved his hand, causing the half-burnt stick of incense to disappear.

"It seems we will still have to face them in combat."

"We expected that."

The others, including Immortal Skyram and Immortal Abyssus, all glanced at each other. All of them had suspected that Fogstone wasn't powerful enough to force the Blacklotus Empire to surrender without firing a single shot. Thus, they were already prepared to storm this city by force. The reason why they had acted in such secrecy was to ensure that the Blacklotus Empire wouldn't have the chance to purchase any Elder God Formations of their own.

"Seven formations, attack!" The Starlord commanded.

"Acknowledged!" Ning and the rest of the six called out in unison.

"Let's go," Ning ordered. He led his 999 Elder Gods to fly out of the great warship, and the other six armies flew out alongside them.

"Spread out," Ning sent mentally.

Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh.

Everyone, Ning included, began to spread out to cover an area of ten million kilometers. Their bodies then blurred as they each transformed to become massive titans who were ten thousand kilometers tall. These titans each held weapons in their hands and were surrounded by veils of flowing light. Clearly, they were reinforced by the world-energy of the 'Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation'.

A thousand titanic Elder Gods had appeared, staying within roughly ten thousand kilometers of each other.

Aside from Ning's army, the other six armies of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals had also scattered within an area of ten million kilometers. The Elder Gods all transformed to become ten thousand kilometers tall, and the weapons in their hands grew alongside them. As for the Ancestral Immortals, they retreated slightly but began to take control over their magic treasures.

"ATTACK!" The Starlord of Fogstone pointed downwards towards the lotus-shaped city and gave the order.

“Attack!”

“Attack!”

The seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals howled furiously as they charged downwards. It was as though a giant hemisphere of light formed by thousands of towering Fiendgods had come smashing downwards towards the city...and right behind them were the nine World-level powers!

The World-level powers were worried about the formations guarding the imperial capital of Blacklotus. The formations protecting any organization’s headquarters were bound to be extraordinarily powerful, and ordinary Chaos Immortals and World Gods might not be able to handle them.

However, the ‘Minor Thousand Elder Gods formation’ was expressly meant to block attacks and entangle foes. Thus, part of their plan was to have those seven formations join together and reinforce each other. This was the most dangerous part of the plan, and the nine World-level experts weren’t willing to take the brunt of the danger.

A black cloud suddenly appeared around the black lotus city below them. The black cloud drifted outwards, covering the air above the city and serving as a protective layer.

“Kill!”

“Kill!”

“Kill!”

The seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals simultaneously launched attacks downwards, with the Elder Gods lashing out with their enormous weapons. Ning, for example, was using the flexible Dao sword with his right hand and Violetjewel with his left. Both swords had been transformed to become many tens of thousands of kilometers long, and he hacked down furiously with both of them at the same time! But of course, Ning kept part of Violetjewel’s true power in abeyance, not letting it truly erupt.

Right now, all of their forces were attacking simultaneously. Even if Ning held nothing back at all, it wouldn’t make much of a difference. It was better to keep his true power hidden and unleash it later in a sudden, critical attack against the forces of the Blacklotus Empire.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! The seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals launched frenzied attacks at the black cloud, smashing down with their gigantic weapons or striking from afar with magic treasures.

Every single Elder God and Ancestral Immortal was supported by the power of the world which had been created by their formation!

Even the attacks of ordinary Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals had reached the World God threshold of power! The nine captains of each formation were even more powerful, and as for the generals at the center? They were now comparable to true World-level experts. Although the ordinary Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals had merely reached the World God ‘threshold’ of power, they had the advantage of overwhelming numbers.



None of the World-level experts of the Blacklotus Empire would dare to withstand the combined assault of seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals in formations.

Whoosh.

The black cloud didn't seem to resist at all, allowing the enormous weapons and magic treasures to pass straight through it.

"It isn't blocking?" The nine World-level powers behind the seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals all frowned.

If the Blacklotus Empire focused completely on defense and forcefully fought back against every attack, it would actually be fairly easy for them to take it down. In a head-on clash, the Blacklotus Empire's formation would have to withstand the full brunt of their blows, after all. But now that the Blacklotus Empire wasn't blocking and was instead enduring and ablating their attacks, things would become a bit more difficult.

"It seems the guardian formation of the imperial capital of Blacklotus is quite profound." The Starlord sent mentally, "Seven formations, enter the imperial capital and smash all before you."

"Yes."

The seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals had joined together to form a half-globe of light that was ten million kilometers across. They pressed downwards forcefully, emanating a thick aura of World energy.

In truth, all World-level experts possessed World energy. Chaos Immortals dispersed their Jindan region into primordial chaos, then formed a chaosworld from it. As for World Gods, the mighty power within their body was equivalent to the power of an entire chaosworld, which was why they were also capable of forming chaosworlds.

As for Ning and his subordinates, they had World energy thanks to the 'Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation'.

A thousand Elder Gods who were able to perfectly mesh their energy together through a formation would be able to naturally merge with the dimension around them and be supported by the power of the local World energy.

Rumble...

The seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals were incomparably valiant as they continued their downwards charge, brandishing countless weapons. They soon charged into the dark clouds that were covering the lotus-shaped city.

The black clouds were pushed aside by their World energy, and they continued to crash downwards.

"We have seven formations working together." A hint of a killing intent could be seen in the Starlord's eyes. "No matter how formidable your formations are, there's no way you can break our seven mighty formations."

A single 'Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation' was already extremely tough to break apart. Seven of them joining forces...

The Starlord believed that most likely only a Daolord would be capable of defeating such a force.

The seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals were what he was relying on to deal with the formations protecting the imperial capital of Blacklotus!

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 24: The Starlord of Fogstone Chapter 40: Ji Ning and the Mindlord**

"The restrictive spells covering the imperial capital are no longer a threat to us." Immortal Abyssus smiled.

"Agreed." The Starlord of Fogstone nodded. "Everyone, our seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals have already entered combat. It is time for us to join them. Blacklotus and the rest of the six are inside the city. There's no way they can avoid my astral light. Let everything proceed as according to plan."

"Excellent."

"Let's go."

"Attack."

Flickers of killing intent appeared in the eyes of the World Gods and Chaos Immortals.

"Ji Ning, your squad of Elder Gods is responsible for protecting Immortal Overguard." The Starlord's voice rang out by Ning's ears.

Rumble...

An enormous number of icy blades were howling through the air towards him. The titanic Ning wielded two swords in his hands, using them to hack with abandon and knock the blades aside. All of the formations and restrictive spells protecting the imperial capital had been activated, resulting in a furious flurry of attacks being directed at the seven thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals.

"Yes, Starlord." Ning immediately acknowledged the order, then sent out an order of his own. "Captain Mountain Eater, lead your 110 Elder Gods to protect Immortal Overguard."

Ning had a total of nine squads under his command. Elder God Mountain Eater's squad was located closest to Immortal Overguard.

"Acknowledged."

The hundred-plus Elder Gods under Mountain Eater's command immediately moved into a defensive perimeter around Chaos Immortal Overguard.

"Follow me." Chaos Immortal Overguard stood atop an enormous formation-diagram which was covered with four different streams of colored light that emanated an aura of awesome power. As for Mountain Eater and his hundred, they were all scattered around him in a protective stance. Once any

attacks from the defensive formation and spells appeared, they would immediately go forward to block them.

Although Ning's army of a thousand Elder Gods were scattered across various corners of the castle, they remained joined together in one unit!

A grand formation like the 'Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation' could be maintained across great distances. Even if all of them were spread throughout an entire chaosworld, they would still be able to keep the formation active. But of course, if they continued to expand it too much beyond that, there would be no way for the formation to remain active.

Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh.

The nine World-level experts broke apart into six squads, each of which was protected by over a hundred Elder Gods. The six squads launched attacks against the six World-level experts of the Blacklotus Empire.

Finally, the World-level experts of both chaos empires were about to clash.

"Owlsoar." The handsome, astral-robed Starlord stared coldly towards the distant jade-eyed elder. The old man's eyes were closed as he took out a treasure that looked like a ritual tower. The ritual tower emanated the screams and calls of countless souls. Weaker individuals who heard the terrifying cries emanating from a sin-weapon like this could very well suffer a mental breakdown.

"The Starlord of Fogstone." Immortal Owlsoar held the ritual tower in his hands, staring coldly at the Starlord and the black-robed, black-haired man next to him. "Two of you against me? You honor me too much."

"Owlsoar." World God Blackmist said calmly, "Today, you shall definitely die."

"Oh, is that so?" Immortal Owlsoar let out a cold laugh, then waved his hands. Suddenly, a large group of figures appeared out of nowhere next to him. There were exactly a thousand Elder Gods, and they all emanated the same ripples of World-energy.

"A Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation?" The Starlord's face changed.

He didn't expect that Immortal Owlsoar would actually have a thousand Elder Gods with him, as well as a Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation of his own. This was going to be tricky. Everyone knew how defensively formidable these formations were. When he joined forces with World God Blackmist, he had thought that it would be easy for them to deal with Owlsoar. Similarly, if they were just dealing with a thousand Elder Gods in formation, it wouldn't be too difficult. But to deal with both at the same time...this was going to be tough.

"Eh?" The Starlord frowned. His astral light was spread throughout the city, and thus he saw that a Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formation had suddenly appeared next to God Emperor Blacklotus as well.

"They actually have two of their own?" The Starlord was surprised.

"Be careful, everyone. The Blacklotus Empire has two Minor Thousand Elder Gods Formations of their own. One is protecting God Emperor Blacklotus while the other is protecting Chaos Immortal Owlsoar," the Starlord sent mentally.

“How can this be?”

“Why do they have two of their own?”

“Was our attack leaked by someone to them?”

“Impossible. If it was leaked, the Blacklotus Empire would’ve paid any price necessary to acquire more of these formations. They wouldn’t just have two.”

“If there was no leak...this means they are always carrying two thousand Elder Gods with them at all times?”

The World-level powers of the Fogstone Dominion conversed mentally amongst themselves, growing more vigilant and wary.

They all knew exactly what these two additional formations represented.

A single such formation required roughly three hundred cubes of chaos nectar! It must be understood that even after selling off so many treasures, Ning had only been able to acquire a bit over a hundred cubes. This was already roughly equivalent to the entire networth of most World-level experts. More powerful World-level experts might have perhaps five hundred cubes worth of treasures, but almost none of them would be willing to sell off three hundred cubes worth of treasures in order to purchase a single formation.

In the Fogstone Dominion, the only person who personally owned one of those formations was Chaos Immortal Abyssus, who had adventured in the primordial chaos for many years and was unfathomably powerful. None of the other eight owned any of these formations in their own right! The Fogstone Dominion itself had three of these formations, but those belonged to the Fogstone lineage, not the Starlord of Fogstone himself. This time, they had then paid an utterly enormous price, selling off quite a few of the Dominion’s treasures in order to buy an additional three sets.

Seven total sets. Six belonged to the Fogstone lineage, one was on loan from Chaos Immortal Abyssus. From this, one could see how rare and valuable these formations were.

But the Blacklotus Empire?

God Emperor Blacklotus had personally established the entire empire; he had no lineage or backing. As for the other five World-level experts, they were just temporary vassals and none of them were particularly outstanding. Logically speaking, they shouldn’t be wealthy enough to waste money on one of these formations, as none of them should’ve even had that many Elder God slaves.

So...where did these two formations come from?

“None of the other World-level experts have a thousand Elder God slaves with them.”

“Only God Emperor Blacklotus might have that many. Although he didn’t have that many slaves, he did have an army with thousands of Elder Gods. Those two formations probably came from him...but he built up the Blacklotus Empire all on his own with no outside backing. How could he possibly afford two of those formations all by himself?” This was why all nine of the World-level experts of Fogstone had grown wary.

God Emperor Blacklotus stood in place, an enormous black lotus with nine petals beneath his feet. The lotus flower swiveled slowly as its petals spread outwards.

Beyond the perimeter of the lotus flowers stood a thousand Elder Gods.

“Blacklotus, it seems all of us have underestimated you.” Immortal Abyssus, Immortal Skyrum, and World God Goldcloud stood there in midair, each surrounded by a hundred Elder Gods who were helping them block the enemy defensive spells.

The Fogstone Dominion had a total of nine World-level experts.

Three of them had been sent to deal with God Emperor Blacklotus!

Two were dealing with Immortal Owlsoar.

The others were all fighting in single combat. The goal wasn't to win; it was just to tie their foes down.

“Since you've decided to come onto my territory...you shall never leave again.” God Emperor Blacklotus swept them with a calm gaze. “Attack.”

“Attack!” The thousand Elder Gods around him all howled furiously as they charged forwards.

Ning could sense the six titanic shockwaves emanating throughout the city. These were the shockwaves coming from the battles against the six World-level experts.

Fortunately, this place was the imperial capital of Blacklotus! And fortunately, the astral light of Fogstone was suppressing the ripples of spacetime in this area.

Otherwise, a battle on this scale and level would've caused the entire chaosworld to break apart long ago.

“Things are much easier for us.” Ning and the seven thousand Elder Gods only had to focus on dealing with the defensive enemy spells and formations.

Rumble...

A streak of violet-golden thunderfire struck directly towards Ning.

Ning struck out with his sword, immediately breaking apart the streak of thunderfire. 99% of the power of the attack was absorbed by the invisible dimension protecting them, while the remaining 1% was jointly handled by the thousand Elder Gods.

Whoosh. Ning charged straight forwards. As the center of the entire formation, he had to stay within the city. So long as he did so, the formation would be fine. The other Elder Gods were assigned to various regions, but he, as the core, wasn't given a specific assignment.

“The Starlord really is impressive.”

As Ning moved from place to place, suppressing the power of the defensive spells and formations, he also kept an eye on the various World-level experts. After watching two of them, he turned to watch the battle going on with the Starlord.

The Starlord was an extremely dazzling figure. Countless streams of astral light spread out from around him as though he was their sovereign and emperor. All by himself, he was able to tie down both Immortal Owlsoar and the formation of a thousand Elder Gods. World God Blackmist was helping out as well, but the tower-wielding Immortal Owlsoar and his formation of Elder Gods was still able resist their attacks. These formations were meant for defense, after all.

“Eh?” Ning was suddenly stunned.

He had just seen a gray-robed, black-haired old man amongst those thousand Elder Gods...and the man had seen Ning as well.

Sparks began to fly as their gazes met in midair.

“Old Man Yuan?” Ning had received a detailed intelligence report regarding the Mindlord long ago which included information about his appearance. He was able to recognize the man at a single glance...and the way in which that man looked at Ning made Ning feel completely certain that it was definitely Old Man Yuan!

“Ji Ning?” When the Mindlord saw that distant, blurry figure amongst the ranks of the Elder Gods of Fogstone, he was frightened quite badly.