

Desolate 811

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 2: Sword-Ki Island

Within the Windsource Ruins.

Daolord Solesky and Ji Ning stood in the air, the area around them filled with streams of gray energy.

“Uhh...” Daolord Solesky stared at the streams of gray energy swirling in the skies. Every single stream of energy came out of great crevices within the earth, intermingled with the other streams of gray energy in the air, then plunged back down into a different crevice.

“Interesting. Daolord Windsource was quite a legend, and it seems he had the power to match his reputation.” Daolord Solesky stared at the many criss-crossing streams of gray energy in the skies. “A pity that my path is completely different from his. Otherwise, I’d burrow into the ground and spend some time getting a clear look of the Hundred Streams of the Windsource.”

Ning just stood next to him, not understanding any of this. It had been one of those streams of gray energy that had pulled him into one of the deep abysses.

“Big brother.” Ning pointed towards a pool of water below them, then said, “When I last entered the Windsource Ruins, I accidentally encountered a little house by that lake. The house held a deceased World God and a tower-shaped Eternal treasure he had.”

“An Eternal treasure?” Daolord Solesky glanced downwards, two streams of golden light shooting out of his eyes.

“No, nothing there. There’s no house.” Daolord Solesky shook his head. “The Hundred Streams of the Windsource are constantly changing. The house you encountered last time could well be ten million kilometers away by now.”

Daolord Solesky wouldn’t mind taking away an Eternal weapon if there was no effort involved, but alas it wasn’t there.

“Let’s go.” Daolord Solesky shook his head. “When Daolord Windosource died, many of his World Gods died with him, but only four or five of them held Eternal weapons. All of them are scattered throughout the Ruins, and I’m not able to break apart the formation protecting this place. All I can do is try my luck, but I could spend thousands of years without finding one of the Eternal weapons.”

Ning agreed with this analysis.

Daolord Solesky himself had said earlier that when the Hundred Streams of the Windsource Formation unleashed its full might, it would be tremendously powerful. Quite a few Daolords, such as Daolord Waterwind or Daolord Badlands, had visited this place before, but all of them acted with great caution. None of them tried to actually breach the formation! This was a formation which Daolord Windsource had poured all of his heart, soul, power, and Dao into as he lay on the verge of death. When the formation was activated, it would possess as much power as Daolord Windsource himself did when engaging in a last-ditch final attack.

“I wouldn’t be afraid of fighting Daolord Windsource himself, but...” Daolord Solesky laughed. “Because he was dying, he poured everything he had into this formation. I don’t want to take on an explosive, full-strength from the thing.”

“Let’s go to the core regions.”

Daolord Solesky led Ning as they continued to fly forwards.

He didn’t try to breach the formation or bypass it. Instead he followed its natural flows, resulting in them slowly moving closer and closer towards the core regions.

Whoooosh. Before them were countless gusts of gray wind. The further they advanced, the more powerful the wind was and the more gusts of them appeared.

Ning stood by Daolord Solesky’s side, but he still couldn’t help but feel nervous.

He could sense that if he was by himself here, he would be completely ground apart into tiny pieces.

“These are all some of Windsource’s killer techniques, but those powerful enough can easily go through them without harm. In fact, they’ll actually form a giant corridor.” Daolord Solesky laughed as he led them through the gray wind.

Before them were a series of islands.

“We are now in a core region,” Daolord Solesky said.

“It is so beautiful here.” Ning saw a large lake that was thousands of kilometers long. In the center of the lake was a single large island surrounded by more than ten smaller islands.

“Don’t be fooled by appearances. This place is extremely dangerous.” Two streams of golden light shot out from Daolord Solesky’s eyes as he surveyed the region. “The island in the center is the place where Daolord Windsource used to live. The surrounding islands should be places where his disciples and servants lived.”

“Oh?” Ning swept the area with his gaze.

Every single island emanated ripples of energy.

Some emanated ripples of electric.

Some emanated ripples of frost.

Some emanated ripples of a bloody aura.

One island had an aura of sword-ki at its center that soared into the heavens.

As for the central island where Daolord Windsource had lived, that island emanated multiple rings of ripples. It was as though this island was generating a omnidirectional wind that gently rippled out in waves. In fact, when the wind reached them Daolord Solesky didn’t move to block it, allowing it to gently blow across them. The feeling was quite comfortable.

However, for some reason, whenever Ning looked at the central island his heart was filled with a sense of fear. “That old bastard.” Daolord Solesky stared intently at the central island, his eyes glowing with

golden light as he mumbled to himself, "He died, but he wanted to make sure that it wouldn't be easy for others to acquire his treasures without paying a price."

"I won't be able to take you inside, and I won't be able to protect you once I go inside." Daolord Solesky glanced at Ning. "There are quite a few islands around the big one. Just pick one."

Ning felt a surge of joy. He actually didn't want to go to the central island. It was too dangerous! If he went inside, he would probably die without even realizing what was happening.

"Alright." Ning glanced at the small islands before turning to focus on the one which was emanating a towering aura of sword energy. "That one, I suppose."

Ning knew that all of the World-level experts here had died, which meant that the treasures they had left behind were all ownerless. Ownerless treasures would naturally emanate ripples of tremendous power...and a treasure which emanated such towering ripples of sword energy was bound to be an extraordinary one.

"That one?" Daolord Solesky turned his golden gaze towards that island. That island had an Immortal estate built atop it, and it was from this place that the sword-ki was emanating.

"Ji Ning, you should have the Eternal weapon which Northrest owned, right?" Daolord Solesky looked at Ning.

"Yes." Ning nodded.

"Mm. When I saw you defend against those black lotuses, I could sense that you were quite strong. That's why I suspected that you were probably using his 'Violetjewel'." Daolord Solesky nodded. "Since you have Violetjewel...although that island is filled with danger, you should be able to handle it."

"Filled with danger?" Ning was secretly surprised.

"Go. That island holds three deceased World-level experts." Daolord Solesky laughed. "The treasures they left behind aren't bad. They are a good fit for you."

"Three?" Ning nodded.

"Remember. No matter what, don't move as much as a single step off of that island." Daolord Solesky said solemnly, "If you touch or activate part of the formations here, you'll instantly be reduced to dust. I won't have any chance to save you."

"I understand." Ning nodded.

"Then go." Daolord Solesky waved his hand, causing a stream of watery light to immediately surround Ning and send him flying towards the small island at high speed.

Whooooosh.

Ning landed atop a grassy patch of land. He hurriedly raised his head to stare at the skies, where he saw Daolord Solesky smile and nod towards him. "Just wait here for me on this island." Daolord Solesky then immediately transformed into a formless stream of water that flew straight towards the large central island.

The ripples of gentle wind surrounding transformed into ripples of incredibly sharp golden wind that could cut through anything. However, that stream of water was durable and formless; even after being chopped apart, it seeped through the wind and reformed, easily bypassing the barrier and entering the central island.

When Ning saw Daolord Solesky transform into a stream of water and sensed the terrifying power of the golden wind emanating from the central island, he was once more reminded of the huge gap in power that existed between him and them. They were on completely different levels.

"I'm still very weak." Ning turned his head to look at the island he was on.

The island he was on was a few dozen kilometers in size.

The island was filled with beautiful flowers and lovely trees, as well as a few small hills. The Immortal estate was located at the very center and was quite dazzling to behold.

"Is that where the three World-level experts are?"

"Big brother Solesky told me that although this place is filled with danger, I can handle it." Ning stretched out his hand, causing Violetjewel to appear within it. The azureflower mist energy began to fill his body as well, further strengthening it.

Ning carefully walked forward, arriving before the Immortal estate within a few seconds.

The doors to the palace were open. It was completely silent.

"Eh?"

As Ning cautiously advanced through the estate, he could sense how deathly still the entire place was. At the same time, the hallways were all extremely clean and tidy.

"Nobody here at all?" As Ning walked forward, he saw that the entire place was completely empty. There weren't even any corpses to be seen. Ning tested out using his coresense and heartforce to scan the place, but the entire region hummed with a gentle wind that blocked out everything. Daolord Solesky was able to scan the place, but clearly Ning was far too weak to do so.

"Eh?" Just as Ning was wondering why there was nobody to be seen here, his eyes suddenly lit up.

Ning saw a small mountain off in the distance located just outside the walls of the palace. Midway up the mountain, there was a little pavilion, and there was a golden-robed figure seated in the lotus position within the pavilion.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 3: Stone Titan

"I never would've thought that the first World-level expert would actually be located outside of the estate." Ji Ning hopped over the wall, then walked up the mountain. The golden-robed figure seated within the distant pavilion looked as though he was alive. He had a long beard, a peaceful face, and emanated faint ripples of a Chaos Immortal's energy. However, no signs of actual life could be seen.

“The sword energy emanating from this island doesn’t come from him.” Ning turned to glance backwards at the Immortal estate. The sword energy was emanating from deep within the immortal estate itself. Ning had spent some time wandering it, but had been careful to stay in the outer regions of the estate. He hadn’t gone deeper inside of it yet.

If even someone like Daolord Solesky described this place as being ‘filled with danger’, how could Ning possibly dare to take it lightly?

“Senior.” Ning walked to the pavilion, then clasped his hands as he stood outside of it. “I’ll take the treasures you left behind, but I’ll also give you a proper burial to ensure that you won’t be disturbed again.”

Just as his words finished...

Rumble. An aura of power suddenly burst forth.

Ning’s face changed. He hurriedly retreated at high speed, then turned to stare at the place where the aura was coming from. There were many boulders on this mountain, and an enormous boulder was located right next to the pavilion. Ning hadn’t paid it too much attention, but this boulder was now emanating an aura of power that vastly outstripped Ning himself. In fact, Ning had the feeling that it was even more powerful than most World-level experts.

Whoosh. The boulder melted into liquid, then reformed anew, transforming to an enormous stone titan. The stone titan had dark yellow eyes and his entire body was formed from stone, and he was staring straight at Ning.

“A golem?” Ning carefully reached out with his senses. Although this stone titan had an aura of tremendous power, it didn’t have an aura of life; all it had was an aura of energy. It was a construct or a magic treasure of some sort.

“An Elder God?” The stone titan’s voice rumbled. “Puny Elder God. It is good that you chose to show respect to your seniors. If you dared to desecrate my master’s corpse, I would’ve smashed you into a thousand pieces already.”

Ning immediately understood. This stone titan had to be some sort of construct which the deceased Chaos Immortal had created long ago. The Chaos Immortal hadn’t chosen to destroy the golem; instead, he had allowed the golem to stay by his corpse’s side and guard him for all these years.

“So this senior was your master?” Ning said with curiosity, “I imagine you must’ve been trapped on this island for a long, long time. Don’t you want to leave?”

“What do you care?” The stone titan looked at Ning. “You wish to bamboozle me into accepting you as my new master?”

Ning smiled, but in his heart he felt rather embarrassed. This golem wasn’t created through a grafted soul and instead had an artificial golem spirit, but it was quite intelligent.

Generally speaking, intelligent beings who were by themselves for a long period of time would want to leave a place like this. For example, the treasure-spirit of the Eternal-level tower which Ning had encountered in the house by the lake wished to leave the Ruins. Ning could tell that this powerful

golem, which had an aura that was mightier than that of most World-level experts, was extremely tough to deal with. Wouldn't it be nice if Ning could convince the golem to join him and accept him as its new master?

But alas, Ning was mistaken.

This golem was fashioned from a type of marvelous ore, and the golem spirit that had emerged from it had a stony personality as well. The golem enjoyed peace and quiet and was perfectly happy with staying in one place without moving for countless years on end. He had taken the shape of a giant boulder and guarded its master's corpse for countless years without fail. If Ning hadn't come, he would've continued to remain in that form.

"Yes, I wish you to accept me as your master." Ning nodded and smiled. "You should be a World-level golem. To leave you here is a complete waste of your power."

"You were quite respectful to my master, so I'll give you a chance." The stone titan nodded. "Since you are just a puny little Elder God, I won't make it too hard for you. If you can withstand three of my palm-strikes, I'll accept you as my new master."

The stone titan still remembered the final words of his master.

His master had known that death was nigh. Before dying, he had said, "After I die, if there are any outsiders who come and act with great respect and propriety, you may follow him after testing him and verifying that he is strong. But if any would act to defile my corpse, slay them! If you cannot slay them, dive into the lake. If they dare to follow you into the lake, they shall surely perish."

There were some cultivators who would ransack and defile the corpses of deceased seniors. Any of those who came here would be in trouble!

"Understood." Ning nodded.

"These three palms of mine won't be too powerful, but there aren't many Elder Gods who can withstand them. Weak Elder Gods aren't qualified to be my master. Be careful!" The stone titan looked at Ning. Ning was an Elder God, which was why the stone titan was only going to strike three times. If Ning was a World-level expert, the golem would be fighting with full power.

"Come." Ning nodded.

Whoosh.

The stone titan suddenly struck out with his enormous, pillar-like arms. His arms stretched out to become many dozens of meters long as his giant palms came crashing down towards Ning!

"Fast!" Ning was secretly startled. He unleashed his flexible sword, causing it to transform into a black hole that immediately entangled the stone palm.

Boom!

Ning took one step backwards.

Actually, Ning was doing this on purpose. With the azureflower mist energy strengthening him, his body was as tough as any World God's body. He easily could've stood there without needing to take a step back at all. However, Ning was afraid that this might rouse the golem's fighting spirit, resulting in the next two palms becoming much more powerful. Taming this golem was what really mattered right now; after he became the golem's master, there would be plenty of time for the two of them to spar. A World-level golem was far more valuable than most Dao weapons; if any danger appeared, Ning could allow the golem to stand in front and protect him.

"So you have a bit of power." The stone titan let out a growl. "Try out my second palm!"

Whoosh!

The stone palm easily broke past the speed of light as it instantly appeared before Ning. It was clearly much faster than the previous blow, and as the giant stone palm appeared Ning felt as though the entire world was growing dark.

Boom!! Yet another massive explosion rang out from the collision.

This time, Ning took three steps backwards.

"Eh?" The stone titan frowned at this, and a 'frown' appearing on a giant stone face was actually quite an amusing sight. The stone titan had thought that this palm of his would smash the Elder God and send him flying all the way back to the walls of the Immortal palace...but instead, the Elder God had only taken three steps back. Clearly, the man was holding back some of his true power.

"Final palm!" The stone titan let out a growl, sending his palm down towards Ning in an even more brutal strike. This palm-strike was so fierce that space itself was being crushed in on itself and came slamming towards Ning as well.

"Let's do this!" This time, Ning used his Eternal weapon Violetjewel. He unleashed his most powerful strike!

Boom! It was time for the 'Heavenbreaker' stance. Ning lifted Violetjewel up high, transforming it to become three hundred meters long, then chopped down furiously towards the stone titan. It was already the third palm, and so Ning felt that it was time to show the stone titan his real power. He wanted to show the stone titan that he was not a 'puny Elder God'!

"Eh!?" The stone titan was caught off-guard. The power of the blow which Ning had just unleashed caused him to feel shocked. His palm had been crashing downwards towards Ning, but now he hurriedly angled it upwards to block Ning's attack instead.

BOOM!!!

A head-on, frontal collision.

The sword-light smashed directly downwards against the giant stone palm, causing the stone titan to sink downwards into the ground. Even the mountain itself trembled slightly. However, this island had been constructed by Daolord Windsource; World-level experts would often spar in these islands but were unable to truly damage it in the slightest.

As for Ning, he was driven quite a few steps backwards by the shockwave generated through this exchange of blows.

“What tremendous power. I caught him off-guard and he only used one hand to block, but he was still able to knock me backwards. In raw strength alone, he vastly surpasses me,” Ning mused to himself.

“I’ve received all three of your palm-strikes,” Ning said.

The stone titan stared at Ning. Puzzled, he asked, “You...you ARE an Elder God, right?”

“Can’t you tell from the aura?” Ning grinned.

“But your power...I feel as though you are comparable to some of the World Gods I’ve met in the past.” The stone titan stared at Ning, feeling quite curious. “There are legends of some Elder Gods who can defeat World Gods. I think you should be able to defeat some of the weakest World Gods...but don’t get smug. I treated you as an Elder God and so I didn’t strike with full force. Otherwise, I would’ve smacked you flying with a single hit. I was afraid if I hit you too hard, I’d send you flying off the island and get you killed by the formations.”

Ning laughed.

He had noticed earlier that the attacks of the stone titan had all come from the same direction. From this direction, even if Ning had been sent flying, he would’ve merely smashed against the Immortal palace. But of course, if he was hit too hard, it was still possible that he would’ve bounced off the Immortal palace and been knocked off the island regardless.

“Do you remember what you promised just now?” Ning said.

“My previous master was a master of formations.” The stone titan glanced at the golden-robed figure within the pavilion. “I didn’t expect that my new master would be an Elder God with the power of a World God.” He opened his mouth, causing a fist-sized globe that was covered with countless divine runes to fly towards Ning, coming to a halt before him.

Ning immediately recognized it. This was the life-core of a golem which contained its formation-diagram. This was the core of the entire golem; upon binding it, he would become capable of controlling it.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 4: Twelve Disciples

Ji Ning’s Elder God energy flew out, surrounding the life-core and quickly binding it.

After binding it, Ning could sense the intimate connection that now existed between him and the golem. The golem was now completely under his control.

“A World-level golem. This is far rarer than a Dao weapon.” Ning was in an excellent mood.

“Master.” The stone titan now had a much friendlier look in his eyes as he looked at Ning.

“Right. What’s your name?” Ning asked.

“My previous master just called me Rocky,” the stone titan said honestly.

Ning blinked. A World-level golem was actually named 'Rocky'?

"Alright, I'll keep calling you Rocky as well." Ning nodded, then turned towards the golden-robed corpse. Ning waved his hand, causing the golden-robed corpse and the stone titan to disappear.

Within Ning's estate world. This was a place filled with endless mountain ranges.

Ning had sent one of his divine power incarnations to accompany the stone titan in travelling through this place.

"When I encounter certain deceased Immortals and Fiendgods in my travels, I'll generally bury them here." Ning pointed at a distant mountain which held a graveyard filled with many tombstone, each tombstone quite large.

"Open up." Ning pointed at a verdant mountain in front of them. Rumble...the mountain began to split apart. Moments later, the golden-robed corpse flew into the mountain crevice. The mountain then reformed, a new tombstone appearing at its very peak.

"What was your previous master's name?" Ning asked.

"Chaos Immortal Origination," the stone titan rumbled.

Ning nodded. A total of seven words immediately appeared on the surface of the tombstone: "The burial site of Chaos Immortal Origination." The stone titan stared at the lush mountain for a moment, then rumbled softly, "Let us leave, Master."

The pavilion on the mountain in the outside world.

"Immortal Origination didn't have any Dao armor?" Ning began to bind Immortal Origination's treasures and carefully sift through them.

"Immortal Origination placed all of his time and energy into his golems. He never engaged in close combat against foes," the stone titan said. "His most important treasures were the 'Ninehearts Heavenloop Formation' and a domain-type artifact known as the 'Rainbow Cloud World'. Both can be considered top-grade Dao weapons."

After finishing his inspections, Ning was quite excited by what he had just found. He now possessed an enormous number of chaos jewels! Immortal Origination had stored up roughly fifty cubes worth of chaos jewels.

"The Ninehearts Heavenloop Formation was his most powerful formation. Once he used it, no enemy would dare to move close to him. Once they entered the sphere of the formation, it would be almost impossible for them to break free from it. It was completely up to him whether or not he wished to keep fighting or to flee," the stone titan said. "However, the formation is an incredibly complicated one. Only someone with incredible talent in the art of formations is capable of using it."

Ning waved his hand, causing the nine loops to appear before him. Every single loop was filled with countless divine runes that were much more complicated than even the formation-diagram located in the stone titan's core.

The stone titan had been personally created by Immortal Origination. This Ninehearts Heavenloop Formation, however, was a Dao weapon that had been fashioned by a Samsara Daolord. It was naturally much more profound.

“It is too complicated. I can’t use it.” Ning shook his head then waved his hand again, causing a pearl to appear within it. This pearl was brimming with a strange mist that swirled around it. Ning smiled. “This is better for me. Domain-type Dao weapons are quite rare.”

Although Immortal Origination didn’t have many treasures, the ones he did have were all exquisite.

The Ninehearts Heavenloop Formation was a set of nine loops that were worth more than a hundred cubes of chaos nectar.

The stone titan Rocky was also worth more than a hundred cubes.

The Rainbow Cloud World was a domain-type treasure that was incredibly rare and worth more than fifty cubes.

And then there was the enormous amount of chaos jewels!

“Immortal Origination really had a lot of chaos jewels.” Ning let out a sigh.

“He focused on the art of formations and the art of constructs. He naturally had to prepare many chaos jewels to keep them powered,” the stone titan said.

“Help protect me for a time. I need to spend a bit of time in cultivation,” Ning said.

“Yes, Master.” The stone titan nodded.

Whoosh.

The Heavengazer Tower of Radiance appeared next to him. Ning stepped into the tower.

Within the tower.

Ning sat down in the lotus position. He waved his hand, causing thousands of chaos jewels to appear, all of them brimming with power.

“I can’t let all these chaos jewels go to waste. My protective divine ability isn’t really cutting it any longer. If I just slowly train it on its own, even if I use the Heavengazer Tower it’ll take me tens of thousands of years to master it,” Ning mused to himself. “Since I’ve gained such a great fortune, I might as well be a bit extravagant and break through my current bottleneck.”

Ning had already mastered the upper portion of the [Golden Idol] when he was in the Three Realms, resulting in a divine body that was comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic treasure.

Ning had been working on the middle portion of the [Golden Idol] ever since he had become an Elder God.

This divine ability was actually a very simple one. All it needed was energy. Divine power, Immortal energy, chaos energy, spirit-pills...it accepted all types of energy. Ning had started with complete mastery over the [Eight-Nine Arcane Art] and so was able to use its energy to easily master the upper

portion. The middle portion, however, was much more complicated...but it allowed for the cultivator to make his body comparable to a top-grade Chaos treasure. The amount of energy it required was correspondingly great as well!

If Ning continued to simply train slowly, he would need roughly a million years before he was able to master this technique. Even when using the Heavengazer Tower to save time, he would still need tens of thousands of years. Ning had indeed been preparing to spend that time slowly cultivating, because if he wanted to rely on the energy of chaos jewels or chaos nectar he would need to spend dozens of cubes worth of energy. This price was far too high! Even most World Gods would rather spend twenty or thirty thousand years cultivating rather than pay such an enormous price.

Chaos jewels and chaos nectar were used like currency in the Endless Territories.

Chaos nectar's advantage lay in its quality! It was incredibly marvelous and could be used in many ways. Many divine abilities, secret arts, pill-making techniques, and protective spells needed it.

Chaos jewels' advantage lay in energy quantity! They were jewels that were naturally formed through a crystallization of chaos energy, which meant that every single chaos jewel held an enormous amount of chaos energy within it. Powerful formations and powerful golems all required chaos jewels to be used as their energy sources. Chaos jewels had many uses as well.

"I need to break through this bottleneck as quickly as I can. If I do so, I'll stand a better chance of surviving any future dangers. Although big brother Solesky said that I should be able to handle the dangers here, nothing is absolute. Best to be safe."

Ning waved his hand, causing a chaos jewel to fly into his palm.

Ning then sat there in the lotus position, drawing out an enormous amount of chaos energy into his body from the chaos jewel. His divine body began to transform, and Ning's skin began to emanate a faint golden light...

Two days later.

After having used up nineteen chaos jewels, Ning opened his eyes.

"Mm. My body has broken through to the Chaos treasure level. I'll pause here for now. When I go to the outside world and have some more free time, I'll finish the process." Ning had spent hundreds of years slowly drawing in energy, resulting in him reaching a bottleneck. Within the Heavengazer Tower, he was able to cause time to flow fifty times faster than in the outside world, resulting in his body eventually breaking through to the Chaos level. Although this used up quite a bit of energy, Ning wasn't worried about the cost in chaos jewels.

Whoosh.

Ning appeared within the pavilion once more.

"Master." The stone titan looked at Ning.

"Rocky, there should have been two other World-level experts on this island, right?" Ning asked.

“Yes.” The stone titan pointed at the other distant islands. “There are twelve islands surrounding Daolord Windsource’s residence. These islands housed his twelve disciples as well as some servants.”

“Twelve disciples?” Ning was startled. “What of this island?”

“The three World-level experts who resided on this island were World God Cavecry, Chaos Immortal Bloodpool, and Chaos Immortal Origination. World God Cavecry was the Daolord’s disciple while Immortal Origination and Immortal Bloodpool were responsible for serving World God Cavecry,” the stone titan said. “World God Cavecry was far more powerful than Immortal Origination and Immortal Bloodpool.”

Ning’s curiosity had been aroused. “World God Cavecry was Daolord Windsource’s disciple. Was he ordered to accompany his master into death as well?”

“The disciples who were summoned here were all the ones he didn’t really like. The Daolord was a strange man with a strange personality. If he didn’t acknowledge and respect you, you would die with him,” the stone titan said. “However, Daolord Windsource still bestowed a painting upon World God Cavecry. I still remember what the Daolord said to him when giving him the painting. ‘If you can comprehend and master this painting, you’ll be given your freedom and allowed to leave.’ Alas, World God Cavecry didn’t manage to master it before his death.”

“Oh.” Ning nodded.

“Actually, Daolord Windsource gave all twelve of these disciples a chance to live. The problem was that he gave them extremely harsh tests that were far too difficult for them. I don’t think any of the twelve managed to live,” the stone titan said.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 5: The Underground Hallway

The stone titan said hurriedly, “These twelve disciples were not favored by the Daolord and weren’t acknowledged by him. However, although the Daolord had a rather strange temperament, he would still work hard to cultivate and rear powerful subordinates. Thus, the stronger ones were all expelled and driven away once the Daolord returned to his home. The ones who were required to follow him to this place were the ones who didn’t have much potential.

“Didn’t have much potential?” Ning immediately asked, “Did World God Cavecry have an Eternal weapon?”

“He did not.” The stone titan shook his head.

Ning felt a bit of disappointment. When he had heard that the lord of this island was World God Cavecry, who had two Chaos Immortals serving him, he had thought that Cavecry had to be a truly incredible figure. Who would’ve thought that he didn’t have so much as a single Eternal weapon?

“Eternal weapons are extremely valuable. Not even Daolords can just toss them around casually, and the Daolord preferred for his disciples to adventure for their treasures rather than just wait for him to hand them out,” the stone titan said. “Based on what I know, only nine of the Daolord’s disciples had

Eternal weapons. Most of them acquired them on their own. The Daolord doted dearly on his first disciple and his second disciple, and he only bestowed Eternal weapons upon the two of them.”

“None of the twelve disciples who accompanied him in death had Eternal weapons.”

“However, quite a few of his hundreds of slaves had Eternal weapons. They had acquired those weapons by chance as they had accompanied the Daolord in his adventures,” the stone titan said.

Ning nodded slowly.

“Don’t feel disappointed, Master.” The stone titan said hurriedly, “As I recall, before World God Cavecry died he would often spend his time staring at that painting. My master said that painting is equal to an Eternal weapon in value.”

“Painting?” Ning suddenly remembered that Daolord Windsource had bestowed a painting upon World God Cavecry, promising to release him if Cavecry was able to comprehend it.

Alas...World God Cavecry was unable to do so.

“Are you familiar with the palace?” Ning pointed at the Immortal estate before them.

“Of course. Follow me, Master,” the stone titan said.

The stone titan shrank down to a size of three meters, then walked down the mountain alongside Ning and entered the palace.

“Master, you must be careful. World God Cavecry was a cruel, narrow-minded, vicious man who was exceedingly selfish,” the stone titan warned. “Even though he knew he was going to die, he still didn’t wish for others to be able to acquire his treasures. His extreme selfishness was the true reason why Daolord Windsource disliked him. Early on, he improved incredibly fast as a cultivator, and so the Daolord held high hopes for him. However, later on he stopped improving. Given how selfish he was...the Daolord ended up choosing him to be one of the twelve to accompany him in death.”

Ning nodded as he gripped Violetjewel carefully in his hand.

“He spent most of his time within the underground study, focusing on the painting,” the stone titan said. “Daolord Windsource’s death came suddenly. As a result, World God Cavecry died in that underground study, and his corpse remains there.”

When Daolord Windsource died, his twelve disciples and many servants all died as well.

The servants and disciples all knew that his death was impending, but none of them knew exactly when it would occur. There was of course no way that Daolord Windsource himself could send them a mental message warning them that he was about to die.

Rumble...

The stone titan led the way, pushing aside a stone wall in a practiced manner and revealing a stairway leading downwards.

The stone titan walked in front while Ning walked behind him. The two advanced down the stairway.

It was fortunate for Ning that the stone titan was very familiar with the Immortal estate. Otherwise, given how he couldn't even scan the place with coresense or heartforce, it would've been extremely difficult for Ning to locate the door behind that wall.

"Careful, Master. We are now very close to that private study. There might be danger," the stone titan said as they advanced through the dark hallway.

"Right." Ning remained on high alert.

The underground hallway was extremely dark, with just the divine runes etched into the sides of the corridor providing a dim amount of flickering light.

The stone titan and Ning continued their advance.

"Come here, Master!" When they reached a turn, the stone titan suddenly sent a mental message to Ning. At a time like this, the stone titan was quite cautious as well.

Ning silently moved to stand next to the stone titan and peered down the hallway.

A figure in blood-colored robes was seated on the ground, slumped against the walls.

"That was Immortal Bloodpool." The stone titan sent mentally to Ning, "Immortal Bloodpool was probably walking through this hallway when his truesoul was suddenly extinguished, which is why he is half-sitting, half-slumping."

"Right." Ning felt a bit of eagerness.

Immortal Origination had quite a few treasures on him. What did Immortal Bloodpool have?

"Let me take a look first, Master." The stone giant stepped forwards. As a golem, his task was to charge forward and absorb the blows as the vanguard. His body was comparable to a Dao weapon in strength; he would be able to withstand even a blow from most Samsara Daolords! His ability to stay alive was far greater than that of almost any World-level expert.

Only when the stone titan was unable to discover any danger around Immortal Bloodpool's corpse did Ning step forward as well.

Immortal Bloodpool was quite handsome, but his robes and his hair were all blood-colored, giving him a rather evil aura.

Whoosh. Ning waved his hand, causing Immortal Bloodpool's body to be drawn into his estate.

After inspecting the man's possessions, Ning found a few pleasant surprises. Although Immortal Bloodpool had slightly fewer treasures than Immortal Origination did, the difference wasn't that great...and one treasure was particularly useful to Ning.

"A suit of Dao armor." Ning waved his hand, causing a glittery suit of silverscale armor to appear in his hands. This was most likely a high-grade Dao armor of tremendous worth. The Fogstone Dominion only gave the generals of the Fogstone Army suits of top-grade Chaos armor, while the Blacklotus Emperor didn't even give the Mindlord or his other generals such precious equipment.

Armor was incredibly rare and expensive! Even a 'mere' high-grade Dao armor was worth more than a hundred cubes of chaos nectar.

"Bloodcloud Seat, Five Elements Bloodflame Needles." Ning nodded.

Immortal Bloodpool had a total of three sets of Dao treasures.

The armor was worth over a hundred cubes of chaos nectar. However, there was no way Ning would be willing to sell it. He focused on close combat and was in dire need of such a strong suit of armor.

The Bloodcloud Seat was an extremely bloodthirsty type of Dao weapon that was worth more than fifty cubes of chaos nectar.

The Five Elements Bloodflame Needles were a set of five needles that were also worth more than fifty cubes of chaos nectar.

Whoosh. Ning quickly bound the suit of armor to himself and put it on.

He now had a suit of Dao armor protecting his body, and his body was itself comparable to a Chaos treasure. Ning could now withstand even a full-force blow from an elite World God. But of course, although Ning could 'withstand' such a blow, he would still be easily captured and then killed in other ways. Naturally, Ning wouldn't be so foolish as to actually get into a real fight against an elite World God.

"It seems as though after we leave this place, I'll have to find an opportunity to sell off these treasures," Ning mused to himself. Ning had no use to the treasures which Immortal Origination and Immortal Bloodpool had loved the most.

"Keep going forwards, Rocky," Ning instructed.

"Yes, Master." The stone titan advanced fearlessly. A short while later, he came to a halt. He then stretched out with his massive hands and pushed at a section of the wall. That section of the wall looked plain and ordinary, but when he pushed at the section it immediately swung open.

"World God Cavecry is inside there," the stone titan sent mentally.

"Right." Ning immediately walked to the entranceway and stared into the study.

The private study was quite large. It was completely silent here.

A black-robed figure was seated in the lotus position, an enormous banner placed behind him.

The ripples of divine power emanating from the black-robed man's corpse were indeed that of a deceased World God. He was facing a wall which was covered by a painting, and the painting was the most eye-catching thing in the entire study.

The entire scroll emanated a towering aura of sword energy!

The sword energy filled the entire study. In fact, it was so powerful that it went through the entire Immortal palace and soared high into the heavens. Ning and Daolord Solesky had both been immediately able to discover the sword energy soaring out of this particular island.

“So the sword-ki came from this painting.” Ning stared at the painting. Because the banner behind World God Cavecry partially blocked his vision, he was only able to see that it appeared to be a painting of mountains and rivers.

“Should I enter, Master?” The stone titan knew that he shouldn’t act rashly at a time like this.

“Yes, but be careful,” Ning instructed.

The stone titan carefully crept into the study, walking towards the seated black-robed corpse. When he was roughly thirty meters away from the black-robed corpse, circles of divine runes suddenly began to manifest around corpse. The divine runes glowed with dazzling, beautiful light, forming an enormous hemisphere of light that surrounded and protected the corpse. Even the faintly glowing runes located on the walls of the corridor began to grow dramatically brighter!

BOOM!

A terrifying power suddenly burst forth. Ning was only able to use his sword to block from one direction, while the omnidirectional burst of power struck at his body from every other direction...

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 6: A Clean Sweep

A terrifying shockwave blasted out towards Ji Ning from every direction. Although the brunt of it was blocked by his armor, some of the power still made it through to assault Ning’s body.

“Whoah.”

Ning’s legs were slightly flexed as he stood there in a stable position. He took a deep breath, then glanced at his surroundings. The divine runes that had been flickering on the walls had turned dim. A few aftershocks of power continued to swirl through the corridor, but they were incapable of posing any danger to Ning.

“So World God Cavecry actually prepared a nasty trick like this. What a nasty fellow. If a Chaos Immortal encountered this trap, he probably would’ve died,” Ning murmured softly. The power of that formation was as strong as a frontal blow from a World God. Still, given Ning’s power, even if he was still just wearing his previous set of top-grade Chaos armor he still wouldn’t have been in any trouble.

Anyone with a strong divine body would’ve been able to withstand this blow. Only physically weak Ki Refiners would’ve been slain by it, most likely.

“Rocky.” Ning stepped into the room.

The stone titan had been blasted into the room and against one of the walls. He had now regained his footing as well and he said in a rumbling voice, “I’m fine, Master. World God Cavecry really was a nasty piece of work. He probably set this formation up in secret. Even I didn’t know about it.”

“Right.” Ning turned to glance at the private study. The private study was roughly three hundred meters in size, and the black-robed figure remained seated in the lotus position in the center of it. That enormous banner remained placed directly behind him.

Flutter. Flutter. Streams of black energy swirled around the enormous banner as Fiendgod-like figures began to fly out from it. The creatures that flew out of the banner had human-shaped upper bodies but lower bodies of mist and smoke. They wore suits of black scale armor, had blood-red eyes, and sharp claws. All of them stared intently at Ning and the stone titan.

“Sinfiends.” The stone titan hurriedly sent mentally to Ning, “Master, this is a powerful sin treasure which World God Cavecry personally forged. It is known as the Eversnow Banner and it holds a total of nine sinfiends, each of which is slightly weaker than me.”

Ning’s face changed upon hearing this. A powerful sin treasure?

He could instantly tell that these three ‘sinfiends’ were creatures akin to the ‘ghost generals’ that existed within the Three Realms. The difference was that these sinfiends could grow powerful by devouring sin. When given certain valuable treasures that existed in the primordial chaos, they could undergo a fundamental transformation and become living creatures. These nine sinfiends were all World-level creatures.

“World God Cavecry died long ago,” the stone titan growled. “The nine of you still intend to bar me and my master?”

“Your master? You acknowledged a puny Elder God as your master?”

“Master created us. He shall always be our master.”

“Any who barge into Master’s cultivation grounds shall die.”

“Die!”

The nine sinfiends bellowed and transformed into blurs that charged towards Ning from every direction.

They were intelligent creatures. They knew that Ning was the master of the stone titan. So long as they could kill Ning, everything would come to an end.

“Foolish sinfiends.” The stone titan let out a roar, charging forward to meet them. He transformed into a streak of light, moving far faster than the sinfiends. His hands became enormous in size as he smashed down towards the sinfiends with them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

His enormous palm smashed down upon them again and again.

The stone titan possessed an overwhelming advantage in strength. As a stone titan golem, his speed and strength was far superior to the vast majority of World Gods! However, those World Gods all had high levels of insight into the Dao and were very skilled, which was why it would be very hard for the stone titan to slay them.

These sinfiends, however, also didn’t have any insights into the Dao. They solely relied on their innate gifts and brute strength.

Bang! A sinfiend let out an ear-piercing screech as it was smashed aside.

The private room wasn't that large. The stone titan was able to stop six of the sinfiends all by himself. However, the other three managed to move past the stone titan and charge straight towards Ning.

"There's no way we can kill the stone golem. Kill the Elder God instead."

"Eat him."

"Eat him alive."

As the three sinfiends flew towards Ning, they emitted strange, ear-piercing cries that caused inaudible ripples of sound that struck out towards Ning's soul.

"Eh?" Ning's soul was protected by the heartforce soul-lock technique and reinforced by the azureflower mist energy. It was able to completely negate this soul attack.

"CHOP!"

Ning struck out with the sword in his hand.

Sword-light flashed in a dazzling manner.

Slash!

The Killsword stance, an attack that held nothing back. Ning had just unleashed a tiny amount of the power of Violetjewel's quintessence core. Given that Ning himself had the strength of a World God, how could these puny sinfiends possibly withstand Ning's Eternal weapon?

Violetjewel managed to chop through a sinfiend's body with some difficulty, splitting it in two. Alas, the sinfiend completely transformed into mist before once more reforming in front of Ning. And yet, a look of terror and disbelief was now in its eyes.

"How can this be?"

"How could an Elder God have injured me?"

"How could a mere Elder God be this strong?" All the sinfiends were stunned.

"Surround him and attack him."

"He's just one person. Surround him, attack him, and kill him!" One sinfiend let out a sharp cry, followed by shrill screeches from the rest of the nine. The stone titan bellowed, "Foolish sinfiends! Shatter!" The stone titan smashed out with its giant palms with abandon. He rarely had the chance to unleash its full strength in such a manner because when fighting against World-level experts, they would make it extremely difficult for him to strike with full force.

The stone titan struck out with wild abandon. The sinfiends all tried to avoid him, instead focusing on attacking Ning.

"Chop!"

"Chop!"

Ning sent out nine sword-chops in succession, each chop splitting a sinfiend apart. Alas, Ning was still kept outside the room by their assaults, unable to enter it. These sinfiends were completely undamaged by his attacks, and they charged forward in an unceasing stream that prevented Ning from advancing.

“They are formless creatures. Chopping them apart is useless.” Ning’s gaze turned towards the banner that was placed behind the black-robed figure. “If I can bind that banner, the nine sinfiends will no longer pose any danger.”

“Rocky,” Ning sent mentally.

“Master.” The stone titan looked at him.

“Bring that banner to me,” Ning instructed. Every single sinfiend was roughly as strong as he was, and they came in an unending stream; it would be extremely difficult for Ning to move past them and reach the banner.

“Alright.” The stone titan immediately marched towards the banner.

“Stop it!”

“Stop it!” The nine sinfiends began to panic. They had all been working on avoiding the stone titan, but now they no longer were able to continue to do so. The sinfiends all turned to charge towards the stone titans, resulting in a series of head-on clashes between a pair of giant stone palms and many sharp claws. Each time, the sinfiends were blasted apart...and yet, they would almost instantly recover and continue their attacks.

Every single sinfiend was roughly as strong as Ning himself. Eight of them had to work together in order to stop the stone titan in its tracks.

“Hmph.” Ning suddenly charged towards the banner. Although the lone remaining sinfiend sought to block him, he was completely dominated by Ning and his sword-arts. There was no way it could stop Ning at all.

“No...”

There was nothing the nine sinfiends could do. If they tied down the stone golem, they would be unable to tie down Ning. If they tied down Ning, they wouldn’t be able to tie down the stone golem.

As for the banner...the nine of them weren’t able to touch it. If they did, they would immediately be sucked into it.

Whoosh. Smiling, Ning stretched his hand out and grabbed the banner, immediately pouring his Immortal energy into it.

“Graaaaah!” The nine mighty sinfiends didn’t wish to give up, but they all dispersed into mist and were drawn back into the banner.

“It isn’t that hard or that expensive to create sin treasures, but they are quite powerful. No wonder so many cultivators end up deciding to walk the path of evil.” Ning sighed to himself. If one wished to create a golem, one had to have incredibly profound insights into the art of formations and large

amounts of precious resources. Only then could a powerful golem to be created. By comparison, golems were far more costly and difficult to make.

Sinfiends? Sinfiends were easy, and the treasures meant to house them were cheap to make. After absorbing enough sin, they would naturally become very powerful, much like how sin-weapons could grow in strength as well.

As for the Sinfiends themselves? If they were fed enough sin, they would grow more powerful as well. The only thing you needed to do was slaughter many people and collect enough sin.

Whoosh.

After putting away the banner, Ning turned his gaze to the black-robed corpse and the distant painting of sword-ki that was hanging on the walls.

“Come here.” Ning waved his hand, collecting both the corpse and the painting.

“Rocky, let’s look around and see if we can find any other treasures,” Ning instructed.

“Yes, Master.”

These two began to search every nook and cranny of the entire estate for treasures. They even dug three feet deep into the floor of every room. Only after completely sweeping through it did they leave.

Atop a mountain on the island.

Ning sat down in a relaxed manner, then laughed softly. “I’ve swept this island clean of all treasures. I really made a killing this time. If it hadn’t been for big brother Solesky, I don’t know how long it would’ve taken for me to acquire such a hoard of treasures.” Ning then turned his attention to the treasures which World God Cavecry had left behind.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 7: A Sudden Change

After searching through the items, Ji Ning felt both delighted and slightly disappointment.

The surprise and delight came from the fact that World God Cavecry truly was quite wealthy. As a personal disciple of Daolord Windsorce, he had treasures that were worth over a thousand cubes of chaos nectar, not including the sword-ki painting! What caused Ning to feel slightly disappointed was the fact that aside from the Eversnow Banner, none of the treasures of World God Cavecry were of use to himself at all.

For example, World God Cavecry’s most valuable treasure-set was a set of six top-grade Dao scimitars. They were worth more than five hundred cubes...but alas, Ning used swords, not scimitars.

As for his armor, it was a set of high-grade Dao armor. This was the same type of armor that Immortal Bloodpool had used. Since Ning already had one, this second set was temporarily of no use to him.

“I suppose I’ll sell it all once I leave.”

Ning cast the treasures to the back of his mind, then waved his hand to summon the painting.

This was the most valuable treasure of the entire island. It was definitely worth as much as an Eternal weapon.

“What secrets are hidden within this painting?” Ning unfurled the painting and gave it a close look. He had already bound the painting and so the sword energy of the painting had been restrained. It now looked completely ordinary.

“It doesn’t have any divine runes on it.”

“There don’t appear to be any ways to activate it.”

“It...it is just a painting...” Ning stared at the sword-ki painting, puzzled.

The sword-ki painting looked like an ordinary painting of mountains and rivers. It held mountains, waterfalls, and creeks. In fact, from an artistic standpoint the painting actually looked rather mediocre. Ning himself could paint something like this. And yet, whenever Ning extended his senses into this seemingly ordinary painting, he could sense a sword-intent that struck fear into his heart. The exalted sword-intent which filled the painting was just as strong as Violetjewel’s quintessence core.

“The person who painted this painting had to be a terrifyingly powerful expert of the Dao of the Sword,” Ning mused. “But so what? At least I can link my consciousness up with my sword’s quintessence core and get a basic understanding of it. All I can do with this painting is look at it!”

What use was a painting that was merely filled with sword-intent that couldn’t be interacted with?

Violetjewel’s quintessence core had a similarly profound sword-intent, but Ning could actually make use of it to do battle!

“Wasn’t this supposed to be equal to an Eternal weapon in value?”

“Eh, it makes sense. Daolord Windsource told World God Cavecry to comprehend and master this painting, but he wasn’t able to succeed in doing so before he died. I’m probably at too low a level of insight into the Dao to understand the true secrets hidden within the painting.” Ning could do nothing save console himself with these words. Still, he couldn’t help but give the painting a few more glances. He had a strange feeling that this painting was hiding certain secrets within it...but alas, a gauze had been draped over these secrets, making it impossible for him to behold them.

“What the hell is it?”

Ning ended up spending six more hours on the painting before giving up and putting it away for now.

“Master.” The nearby stone titan said curiously, “Why have you come to this place? I heard that only Samsara Daolords are capable of passing through the Hundred Streams of the Windsource Formation.”

“I accompanied my big brother, of course.” Ning smiled.

“Your big brother, Master?” The stone titan was quite curious, and his dark yellow eyes suddenly lit up.

“Master, your ‘big brother’ is a Daolord? Where is he?”

“He went to the central island.” Ning pointed to the central island. “We’ll just wait for him here. When he returns, he’ll take us out of the Windsource Ruins.”

If Daolord Solesky didn’t return, Ning himself certainly wouldn’t be strong enough to lead.

“But that’s where Daolord Windsource once lived. It is the most dangerous place in this world,” the stone titan said.

Suddenly, a golden ripple of power burst out from the central island. The terrifying ripple instantly swept out in every direction, terrifying Ning and causing his face to turn ashen. Upon seeing the golden omnidirectional wave blast out towards him, he knew that if it touched him he was dead. He wouldn’t even have a chance to dodge.

Fortunately, as the golden wave blasted out from the central island it parted past the various smaller islands.

“What the hell?” Ning was badly rattled.

“He must’ve activated some formation or trap,” the stone titan offered.

“I know that! But he didn’t activate anything earlier. What happened?” Ning was rather worried out. He had spent six hours meditating on the sword-ki painting and nothing had happened...but now, all of a sudden, a huge shockwave had just blasted out in every direction. This caused Ning to feel extremely uneasy.

Within the central island.

A barefoot, raggedy old man let out a long breath. The buildings around him had been completely reduced to rubble. Only a towering palace located at the very center of this island remained standing.

“Damn this Windsource. If he died, he died. Why the hell did he have to leave so many restrictive formations behind?” Daolord Solesky cursed softly. “What, did you want everyone to know how badass you once were?”

He knew that it wouldn’t be easy, but upon actually entering the island he immediately found himself beset with countless dangers, even though there weren’t any treasures nearby! This caused Daolord Solesky to feel quite irritated.

“Nobody can stop my dao!”

“Not only are you dead, even when you were alive you wouldn’t have been able to stop me!”

Daolord Solesky no longer looked as relaxed as he normally did. A terrifying light was now shining in his eyes.

Whoosh!

Daolord Solesky actually split into two...then into four...then into eight...

In the blink of an eye, he split into more than ten thousand figures. Every single Daolord Solesky peered towards the undamaged main palace, then began to walk towards it from different parts of the island. The countless divine runes surrounding and protecting the main palace all began to flicker and flow.

Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. As the thousands of Daolords advanced, some attacks began to erupt forth and cause his bodies to burst open like bubbles. However, those bodies would then quickly reform. A disturbance was caused within the formation, and quite a few of the bodies seized this opportunity to march inside the formation.

And so, in a seemingly simple fashion, the thousands of Daolords managed to completely bypass the protective barrier of countless divine runes.

“If the actual Hundred Streams of the Windsource formation was activated, I might be in for a bit of trouble. These lesser formations, however, are no match for me at all.”

“Like an illusion.”

“Like a shadow.”

“Space and time.”

“Only I remain.”

The thousands of bodies all vanished, leaving behind just one figure standing before the main palace.

Daolord Solesky stood there, staring at the silver-haired figure seated in the lotus position within the main palace. The silver-haired man had a handsome face, was dressed in white robes, had a smile on his face, and emanated an aura of light. He said with a smile, “I don’t know which fellow Daoist has arrived. Given how hard you worked to defeat the thirteen formations surrounding my island, I imagine you must’ve come for my Talisman of Eternity. The Talisman of Eternity is right here. Before my Daomerge, I nearly perished in order to acquire this Talisman of Eternity. So long as you are willing to kowtow to me three times, fellow Daoist, you may take this talisman with you. But if you wish to take it by force...hmph.”

“You want me to kowtow?” Daolord Solesky’s eyes bulged out.

“You are already dead, and yet you still wish to toy with me? I’ll never kowtow to you, even if it means that I’ll fail my Daomerge as well!” Daolord Solesky was truly enraged now.

He could tell that this was an illusory image when Daolord Windsource had left behind prior to dying.

“The Hundred Streams of the Windsource Formation is an enormous formation. There’s no way its full power can be instantly unleashed. Let’s see what other tricks you have up your sleeve besides this formation!” Daolord Solesky smiled coldly. “I wasn’t afraid of you when you were alive. Now that you are dead, I’m even less afraid of you!”

As he spoke, Daolord Solesky reached out with his hand.

Whoosh.

An enormous illusion of a giant palm suddenly appeared, and it made a snatching motion towards the clothes and treasures located at the very center of the palace. Daolord Windsource had failed his Daomerge, eventually perishing as a result. Since he had died due to failing his Daomerge, at the moment of his death his entire body crumbled apart. Even his truesoul vanished, leaving nothing behind aside from his clothes and his treasures.

Whoosh. The giant palm grabbed the clothes and magic treasures. Although there were Eternal items in the pile, Daolord Solesky didn't care about them. The only thing that mattered was the Talisman of Eternity.

"I nearly died to acquire this Talisman of Eternity. Fellow Daoist, you want to simply seize it from me? Hahaha..."

Suddenly, a cold laugh began to ring out throughout the main palace.

Countless divine runes suddenly began to manifest from every inch of the palace, causing it to radiate with dazzling light. The entire main palace almost instantly blew apart, the terrifying shockwave sweeping through the entire area. Daolord Solesky's face immediately changed. He didn't even have a chance to curse; all he could do was immediately flee for his life.

Rumble...

The entire central island began to crumble as the savage wave of might spread out in every direction.

Ning and the stone titan were waiting patiently on their island for Daolord Solesky to return. They suddenly saw the entire central island begin to break apart as an incomprehensibly powerful shockwave suddenly lashed out in every direction.

"Careful, Master!" The stone titan's body instantly expanded dramatically as he transformed into a giant globe that completely surrounded Ning.

BOOM!!!!!!

The island which Ning was on began to violently tremble...and then, with a boom, it completely broke apart as well. The shattered bits of the island began to sink into the surrounding waters of the lake, and the palace itself was knocked thousands of kilometers away in the blink of an eye and sent into the distant, howling gray wind.

The stone titan was protecting Ning in the form of a giant boulder that had surrounded him. It was also sent flying and was swept into the howling gray wind, quickly disappearing within it.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 8: Emperor Mirrorsnow

A short while later.

A stone titan was deep inside a giant pit, holding onto the edges of a giant crevice. The gray wind had dragged it inside here.

"Master, the wind is much weaker here," the stone titan sent mentally.

"Yes." Ji Ning let out a sigh of relief.

That had been far too dangerous.

Fortunately, he had taken on the stone golem as his servant. Otherwise, he probably would've lost his life just now!

“I wonder how my big brother is doing,” Ning mused to himself. “That blast of power was simply incredible. Even though the stone titan covered me and absorbed more than 90% of the force, I still suffered serious internal injuries and used up a great deal of divine power. Without it, I definitely would have died.”

Daolord Windsource’s protective spell was meant to kill other Samsara Daolords who were as powerful as he had been. It was ridiculously powerful! Just the collateral shockwave alone was enough to wipe out weaker Samsara Daolords!

Ning truly had been incredibly lucky!

The twelve islands themselves possessed strong defensive properties. The shockwave had first expended much of its power tearing apart the islands, then landed against the stone titan which had protected Ning, who was wearing a set of high grade Dao armor. All of these factors combined were why Ning managed to survive!

“Master, what should we do next?” The stone titan sent.

“Wait.” Ning sent mentally, “Let’s just wait here for my big brother to come.”

“We should be inside the Hundred Streams of the Windsource Formation,” the stone titan sent mentally. “I heard that there are many windbeasts located inside this formation, each of which has the power of a World-level expert. Once a large number of them surround us, we will be in grave danger.”

“I know.” Ning nodded. He had fought against the windbeasts before. “Don’t worry. If we just wait here quietly, it’ll be difficult for them to discover us.”

“Right,” the stone titan replied.

Time passed by slowly, one minute at a time.

Ning and the golem continued to wait within the deep abyss. “I have the talisman of welcome with me. Big brother can sense exactly where I am located. Why hasn’t he come to me yet?”

“Can it be that he...?”

A thought came to Ning’s mind. Had Daolord Solesky died?

Ning didn’t wish to believe it. Daolord Solesky had been incredibly powerful!

However, he couldn’t help but logically follow this train of thought. That last blast of power had been incredibly strong. Even the weaker shockwaves generated by it had been so strong as to wipe out all the islands. One could imagine how powerful the blast had been within the central island itself! It was entirely possible that Daolord Solesky had died in the face of such great power.

“Impossible.”

“He won’t die that easily.” Ning didn’t wish to believe it, and so he continued to wait quietly.

One hour.

Two hours.

Ning grew more and more nervous, but he continued to wait silently.

“Big brother...”

Ning truly didn't wish to believe it.

Thump!

Suddenly, a rumbling sound could be heard from deep below them.

“Careful, Rocky.” Ning looked downwards. “It might be a windbeast.”

“A windbeast?” The stone titan was startled.

Ning felt a headache coming. He wasn't afraid of one windbeast, but if an entire group of them attacked...

“It really is a windbeast!” Ning growled. Below them, at the very bottom of the deep abyss, he could vaguely make out the silvery-blue forms of three windbeasts. Ning instantly went on full alert...but then, he was confused. These three windbeasts were actually rolling forward.

“They...roll?” Ning was speechless.

Whoosh.

A familiar figure suddenly appeared next to two of the rolling windbeasts, foot upraised to deliver a kick. A look of utter terror could be seen on the windbeasts' faces.

“Ahaha, brother Ji Ning! I finally found you. I searched forever.” The figure was initially quite blurry, but it quickly appeared before Ning. It was the ragged, barefoot Daolord Solesky.

“Big brother!” Ning was delighted.

“I'm glad you are safe.” Daolord Solesky let out a sigh of relief. “The Hundred Streams of the Windsourc Formation is filled with twists and turns. It really is a pain in the ass. I could sense you weren't too far away, but I just couldn't find the right path to you. I ended up moving farther and farther away from you! I had to spend a bit of time understanding this formation before I could find the correct tunnel.”

“All the twisting tunnels really pissed me off. I really wanted to wreck the entire damn thing, but in the end I managed to keep my temper down.” Daolord Solesky's face was rather ashen. He waved his hand towards the nearby wall.

Whoosh.

A giant illusory hand tore the wall open, carving out a small cave.

“I suffered a bit of an injury. I need to take a rest. We'll leave later,” Daolord Solesky said.

“Of course. I'm in no rush,” Ning said. Ning understood that Daolord Solesky had probably rushed off to search for him without even taking the time to heal.

“This Daolord Windsource guy really is a dumbass. Even in death, he wanted to screw other people over.” Daolord Solesky entered the cave, then sat down in a rather frustrated, embarrassed manner. “Thank goodness this old man is pretty strong. Otherwise, this old man would’ve died just now.”

“Hurry up and heal,” Ning urged.

“Right.” Daolord Solesky nodded and closed his eyes.

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble. A series of illusory circles began to radiate out from Daolord Solesky, causing spacetime to twist and distort. The flow of time in the surrounding area began to speed up rapidly, making time in the area move roughly a hundred times faster than in the outside world. Streams of condensed chaos energy began to swirl around Daolord Solesky, transforming him into a black hole that devoured chaos energy.

“He’s absorbing energy from the primordial chaos even faster than I absorb energy from chaos jewels.” Ning was secretly speechless.

Nearly an entire year went by before the process came to a halt.

The streams of chaos energy vanished and spacetime in the cave went back to normal. Daolord Solesky opened his eyes. Nearly a year had gone by within the cave, while merely three days had gone by in the outside world.

“I’m fine now.” Daolord Solesky rose to his feet, a smug look on his face. “That Windsource idiot had to have spent a lot of time and effort setting up that nasty formation. A pity for him that this old man completely recovered after spending just three days.”

“Congratulations, big brother,” Ning said.

“Ahaha! Yes, I should indeed be congratulated. This journey of mine into the Windsource Ruins was a success.” Daolord Solesky looked at Ning. “How about you? Did you get that painting?”

“Yes, I acquired the sword-ki painting.” Ning nodded. “However, I can’t see anything special about it at all, aside from its aura of sword-ki.”

“Ahaha! You don’t get it. Hand it over to me, I’ll help you take a look at it,” Daolord Solesky said.

Ning waved his hand, causing the painting to appear.

Daolord Solesky accepted the painting, opening it and taking a look at it. He nodded slightly as he pointed at the mountains and rivers. “Artistically speaking, this painting really is hideous. Emperor Mirrorsnow clearly is terrible at painting, yet he still takes delight in it. If he spent just a bit of effort on the actual Dao of Painting, he would’ve immediately reached an incredibly high level of skill in painting and calligraphy. And yet, he refuses to actually train in it, instead insisting on treating it as his hobby.”

“Ning said, “That’s how hobbies work, I suppose. If he treated it as part of his cultivation, he would’ve no longer enjoyed it.”

“I suppose.” Daolord Solesky nodded. “Your words make sense. Anyhow, although this painting is quite unsightly, it definitely is as valuable as an Eternal weapon. Emperor Mirrorsnow succeeded in his Daomerge, after all. He became an ancient, eternal figure.

“A successful Daomerge means becoming eternal?” Ning was surprised.

“Yes. Eternal.” Daolord Solesky mused softly, a distant look in his eyes, “Truly eternal in every possible spacetime continuum. No matter how much time passes, they shall remain eternal and everlasting. This old man is just one step away from that level...but alas, this step is the hardest step of all.”

“Enough of that.” Daolord Solesky looked at Ning. “In short...I once had the opportunity to meet Emperor Mirrorsnow. However, roughly a thousand chaos cycles ago, Emperor Mirrorsnow departed and ventured off into unknown realms. The endless primordial chaos is simply too vast. As someone who had become a truly eternal figure, Emperor Mirrorsnow naturally would want to continue his journeys and see more things.”

“He was a fickle, restless man. He didn’t have the patience necessary to teach any disciples. However, before he left, he produced a total of forty sword-ki paintings,” Daolord Solesky said.

“Forty?” Ning was surprised. That many?

“Right.” Daolord Solesky nodded. “A total of ten sets of four paintings.”

“If you can collect an entire set and pass the trials he established within the paintings, you’ll be able to receive his legacy and become his personal disciple,” Daolord Solesky said. “Every single set can only be successfully used once, and so theoretically speaking he can take on a total of ten disciples at most.”

“But of course, Emperor Mirrorsnow scattered those forty paintings across many territories.” Daolord Solesky laughed. “To collect an entire set of four will be quite hard. This painting that you have is the third painting in the set.”

Ning immediately said, “But I didn’t discover any trials yet?”

“Haha...every single Mirrorsnow Painting actually holds an estate-world within it,” Daolord Solesky said. “Once you go inside it, you’ll be given a trial. If you master the relevant sword-art, you’ll have succeeded in passing the trial.”

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 9: The Badlands Court

“An estate-world?” Ning was rather startled. He had already bound the painting to himself, but he had yet to discover any estate-world hidden inside of it.

Daolord Solesky began to laugh when he saw the look Ning’s face. “That’s why I said you don’t get it. Emperor Mirrorsnow left behind those ten sets of paintings with the intention of finding good disciples for himself. However, as an Emperor who had succeeded in his Daomerge and gained eternity, he naturally hoped for his disciples to be figures of great power. They had to at least be capable of becoming Samsara Daolords! How could he possibly be willing to take on an Elder God or Ancestral Immortal as his disciple? They are far too weak, and some have been alive for countless chaos cycles and will never become World-level experts. If someone this weak became his disciple, he would’ve wasted a legacy spot!”

“Thus, only World-level experts can sense the true mysteries hidden within the Mirrorsnow Paintings. Only they are worthy of being tested by it,” Daolord Solesky said.

“You have to be at least a World-level expert?” Ning nodded slowly.

“No, you have to BE a World-level expert!” Daolord Solesky explained, “If you were a Samsara Daolord, you still wouldn’t be able to enter. Samsara Daolords are too strong; they would be able to easily pass his trial. However, Samsara Daolords have already found their own paths and discovered their own Daos. His legacy would be completely useless to them!”

“It has to be World-level experts. Only World-level experts can use these paintings! Only World-level experts are worthy of becoming his disciples,” Daolord Solesky said. “Emperor Mirrorsnow’s Dao was the Dao of the Sword! You are quite a good fit, which is why I agreed to let you go to that island.”

“Oh...” Ning nodded.

No wonder.

No wonder Daolord Windsource had his disciple, World God Cavecry, spend his time meditating on the Mirrorsnow Painting. It could be said that he was actually treating his disciple quite decently by giving him this opportunity. Alas, this was a trial that had been set down by an Eternal Emperor who had succeeded in his Daomerge. One had to acquire and master all four paintings in order to become his disciple, while World God Cavecry hadn’t been able to pass the trial of even a single painting. If he had succeeded, Daolord Windsource would’ve viewed him in a different light and allowed him to live.

“I only have a single painting, and there’s only ten sets in total. Emperor Mirrorsnow scattered them throughout the territories...” Ning said worriedly, “Big brother, how am I supposed to get a full set?”

“Ten sets, forty paintings.” Daolord Solesky smiled merrily. “There are ten of each painting, so it’s not impossible for you to collect an entire set.”

Ning listened carefully.

“I really shouldn’t get involved. I should let you temper yourself and adventure for the paintings, but...my rashness damn near got you killed just now.” Daolord Solesky said, “So I suppose it would only be fair for me to give you something nice in compensation. It doesn’t make much of a difference anyhow.”

“Catch.” Daolord Solesky pulled out a jade slip and tossed it to Ning.

Ning accepted the slip.

“Memorize this,” Daolord Solesky said.

“Alright.” Ning immediately sent his Immortal energy into the jade slip as he began to read it.

A stream of information began to enter his mind.

“I swear on my very life itself...”

Ning immediately discovered a lifeblood oath within the jade slip. One had to swear a lifeblood oath in order to gain access to its contents. Ning read through the lifeblood oath. Simply put, it was an oath to

never reveal the contents of the jade slip under any circumstances. If he discovered similar information from other sources, he could only reveal the part he had learned from other sources to others.

This oath wasn't too stringent. Ning swore the lifeblood oath, then accepted the large amount of information that surged towards his mind.

"Emperor Mirrorsnow has a total of ten sets of paintings. We've discovered six ownerless sets of the first painting. The first is located in the third-level world of the 'Lost Tower City' of the Voidblue Territory..."

"We've discovered five ownerless sets of the second painting. The first is located in the Snowfall Territory..."

"We've discovered seven ownerless sets of the third painting. The first is located..."

"We've discovered three ownerless sets of the fourth painting..."

Ning stared speechlessly.

There were only forty paintings total, but there were records of twenty-one paintings here! They were scattered throughout the various territories, with the Badlands Territory holding merely two paintings.

One was the third painting, located in the core regions of the Windsource Ruins. Daolord Windsource had acquired it long ago. The core region was an incredibly dangerous place where Daolord Windsource had died. It was filled with many treasures but countless dangers. World-level experts who attempted to enter it would almost invariably perish.

The second was the first painting. It was located in the Allgod Estate. Daolord Allgod had acquired it long ago. Although it was merely in the inner region of the state, which wasn't that dangerous, the Allgod Estate was a place which was easily entered but almost impossible to leave!

This jade slip even contained detailed information regarding the various dangers one would encounter within the Windsource Ruins and the Allgod Estate.

"Big..." Ning was truly shocked. Why did his big brother have such a detailed intelligence report regarding such an important treasure that was scattered across so many territories? In Ning's eyes, this sort of valuable information was equal to an Eternal weapon in value! Without this intelligence, he wouldn't have even known where to begin searching.

"Remember," Daolord Solesky said solemnly. "You are not allowed to discuss it with any others."

"Understood," Ning immediately said.

"In the future, when you are strong enough, you can go and search based on the intelligence I just gave you," Daolord Solesky said. "However, these places are all rather dangerous. The ones in easy-to-get locations have been picked up long ago."

"As for the Allgod Estate...if you choose to challenge it, you must be careful," Daolord Solesky said. "When Daolord Allgod was alive, he was an extremely dangerous Daolord. Even I wouldn't have been a match for him."

Ning was startled. Daolord Allgod was this incredible?

The Allgod Estate...

Ning had heard of this place before. It was another one of the ancient ruins located within the Badlands Territory, and it was said to be even more dangerous than the Windsource Ruins. Roughly 30% of the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals who entered that place would make it out alive.

“He was terrifyingly strong, far more so than Daolord Windsource. Even amongst Daolords, the Allgod Estate is not a place where many would dare tread!” Daolord Solesky let out a sigh. “Let’s go. I already have the talisman I need. Accompany me to the Badlands Court. We’re going to meet Daolord Badlands.”

“Big brother, we’re going to go meet Daolord Badlands?” Ning was puzzled.

“As I said, I came to the Badlands Territory because there are two places I have to visit,” Daolord Solesky said. “The first place was the Windsource Ruins. As for the second place...I’ll need Daolord Badlands to help me out with it.”

Ning nodded slowly.

Daolord Badlands...he was indisputably the number one cultivator of the entire Badlands Territory. His power was unfathomable.

Daolord Solesky led Ning out of the Windsource Ruins. They travelled to Sevenwater Star, then spent a hundred bottles of chaos nectar to travel to the Badlands Everworld.

Whoosh.

A wind was blowing.

Daolord Solesky led Ning forward atop a cloud through the air.

“Flying...” Ning still hadn’t recovered from his shock. “Big brother, you are able to fly in the Badlands Everworld?”

“This everworld does indeed have certain restrictions placed upon it.” Daolord Solesky smiled. “Its laws were created by the ancient power which created this everworld...but since a person was able to create these laws, then another person would be capable of resisting these laws! This old man is just one step away from the Daomerge. If that ancient power came in person, he’d be able to suppress me, but he’s been gone for countless years. These empty laws cannot bind me.”

Ning nodded.

“This old man can fly, but weaker Daolords wouldn’t be able to.” Daolord Solesky had quite a smug look on his face. “Ah, there we are.” He pointed towards the front.

Ahead of them was an enormous lake that was at least a million kilometers in size. Ordinary mortals would describe it as a sea, but to cultivators it truly was nothing more than an inland lake. A large estate could be seen hovering above the lake, filled with countless buildings. In front of the great estate was an enormous stone stele.

The stele was three thousand meters high, and there was a single word engraved upon it – Badlands!
A vigorous, heroic aura spread out from that stele, shaking the world around it.

“The Badlands Court,” Ning murmured softly.

The legendary Badlands Court! In truth, a smaller ‘Badlands Court’ existed within Waveshift City as well. However, this place was the true center and foundation of the organization. This was where Daolord Badlands lived.

“Badlands!” Daolord Solesky led Ning downwards, sending their cloud soaring across the lake. His voice echoed throughout the region. “This old man has come here to eat your food and drink your wine!”

Quite a few figures in the Badlands Court raised their heads to look up. When they saw the ragged, barefoot old man flying through the skies with a white-robed youth in tow, all of them were quite speechless.

“He’s flying?”

“You can fly in an everworld?”

These were proud, arrogant figures. They were World Gods and Chaos Immortals who could all but do as they pleased in the Badlands Territory...and yet, all of their hearts trembled. They knew very well what it meant for someone to be able to fly in this everworld. They all quickly put on very friendly looks as they gazed at the figures in the skies.

“Ahaha! How wonderful that you’ve arrived, big brother Solesky! It wouldn’t matter even if you ate me out of house and home!” A booming laugh rang out as an azure-robed man and a beautiful lady walked out of a house together. They walked into the air, striding towards Daolord Solesky.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 10: An Avatar

When the cultivators of the Badlands Court saw these two emerge, they all felt quite proud. *See? Daolord Badlands of our Badlands Court is also capable of flying in this everworld!*

“Daolord Badlands really lives up to his reputation.” Ji Ning stood next to Daolord Solesky, simply watching this all happen. He was secretly quite surprised Solesky himself had said that weaker Daolords wouldn’t be able to fly in this everworld. Daolord Solesky truly was a formidable figure who was capable of controlling an entire territory.

“Oh?” Daolord Solesky glanced at the beautiful lady in surprise. “Little sister Yan’er, you reached the Daolord level as well? Congratulations, Badlands! You don’t even know how many of our old friends envy you two Dao-companions.”

“I just broke through recently.” The beautiful lady smiled. “And I’m merely at the first step. I’ll be happy if I can one day have even a fraction of your power, big brother Solesky.”

“Yan’er loves to waste time on random things. I’m amazed she even managed to become a Daolord.” The azure-robed man smiled as he looked towards Ning. “This is a member of your Vastheaven Palace?”

“Yes, he’s a brother of Vastheaven Palace.” Daolord Solesky nodded.

“Ji Ning greets you, Daolords.” Ning immediately greeted the two respectfully.

Everyone in the Badlands Territory knew that the Badlands Court was run by Daolord Badlands. Who would’ve thought that his Dao-companion would also become a Daolord?

Alas...

Dao-companion...

How wonderful it would be if he could journey through the vast universe alongside Yu Wei? Solesky’s words were correct; countless cultivators felt envious of Daolord Badlands and his Dao-companion.

“A brother of Vastheaven Palace?” Daolord Badlands gave Ning a second look, as did the beautiful woman next to him. Both felt that this Ji Ning fellow truly was quite lucky. It must be understood that for anyone wandering the primordial chaos, a powerful backer was of paramount importance. Generally speaking, anyone who heard the words ‘a brother of Vastheaven Palace’ would be terrified and unwilling to launch an attack.

All members of Vastheaven Palace viewed each other as brothers. They were a truly united force!

Thus, only a truly crazed, insane individual would dare to attack a member of Vastheaven Palace. The only reason the three Wujiao Godbeasts had dared to do so was because their greed had truly overwhelmed them...and it was also because they knew that World God Northrest didn’t have any clones! If he had left a clone at Vastheaven Palace, the three Wujiao Godbeasts would have never dared to attack him under any situation.

To be a brother of Vastheaven Palace meant far more than merely being a disciple of the Badlands Court.

The disciples of the Badlands Court could do whatever they pleased in the Badlands Territory! Not even God Emperor Blacklotus or the Starlord of Fogstone would have dared to do anything to one of them. However, in the other territories of the Endless Territories, the Badlands Court was a much less imposing presence.

In addition, the disciples of the Badlands Court were clearly delineated in status based on their strength. The life of an Elder God or Ancestral Immortal was naturally valued much less than that of a World-level experts!

However, Vastheaven Palace treated all of its members equally. The life of every single member was incredibly precious, and actually joining Vastheaven Palace was extremely difficult. Once one succeeded in joining it, one would instantly be protected by its mighty aura and reputation.

In addition, the Badlands Court was overall weaker than Vastheaven Palace. Daolord Solesky of Vastheaven Palace was a Daolord who was on the Verge of the Daomerge, while Daolord Warlord was quite close to him in strength. Now that it had given birth to a third Daolord, it had only become still more powerful.

However, the only formidable figure the Badlands Court possessed was Daolord Badlands himself.

“Eating and drinking isn’t the main reason I came this time. There’s something I need to trouble you with, Badlands.” Daolord Solesky turned slightly more serious as he spoke.

“Oh? Come, come. Let’s sit and talk it over,” Daolord Badlands said hurriedly.

Whoosh. Whoosh.

Daolord Solesky led Ning while Daolord Badlands led his wife. The four flew into a secluded residence within the Badlands Court. The entire Badlands Court was merely a hundred thousand kilometers or so in size, but it was filled with quite a few mountains where the disciples of the Badlands Court had set up homes. Daolord Badlands had chosen a location which was the most quiet, secluded location within the entire region.

“Sit.”

Inside this thatched cottage, there was a long wooden table. Daolord Badlands and his wife sat down on one end of the table, while Daolord Solesky led Ning to sit down on the other end.

Daolord Badlands personally poured two cups of fragrant wine.

“Big brother Solesky, what do you need my aid with? So long as I can help you, I will definitely do my best,” Daolord Badlands said.

“Warlord is now in control of Vastheaven Palace, while brother Brightfish has also broken through to become a Samsara Daolord. I no longer have anything to worry about, and so I can now focus on my Daomerge.” Daolord Solesky said slowly, “But...I’m still not completely confident in being able to succeed in it. The main reason I came to the Badlands Territory is because of the Waveshift Realm!”

Ning was listening to this discussion carefully.

The Waveshift Realm?

This was the most dangerous and mysterious place of the entire Badlands Territory! The Badlands Territory had quite a few dangerous regions within it. Some were naturally formed from the primordial chaos itself while others were ruins left behind by deceased Samsara Daolords.

The Waveshift Realm, however, was the personal estate of the ancient power who had established the Badlands Everworld itself. It was filled with both incredible dangers as well as countless treasures.

Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals who entered it were absolutely guaranteed to die.

The majority of World-level experts who entered it would perish as well.

“You acquired the talisman?” Daolord Badlands asked.

“I paid a visit to the Windsource Ruins and acquired a talisman, yes.” Daolord Solesky smiled.

“Oh?” Daolord Badlands was surprised. “I entered that place as well, but when I performed a bit of divination, I predicted that I could very well perish if I tried to force my way through it. I ended up leaving.”

“Ahahaha! You live up to your reputation, Badlands! In terms of Numerancy divinations, you rank amongst the top three Daolords! Even my brother Warlord is a bit inferior to you.” Daolord Solesky sighed. “Your prediction was quite accurate. Daolord Windsource died, but he still wanted to ensure that others wouldn’t profit from his death. That final, cataclysmic attack he unleashed...thankfully, this old man is extremely skilled in staying alive. Other experts on my level who specialize in other areas may have very well died.”

“Mm.” Daolord Badlands nodded. “My own divination told me as well that I would probably die if I tried to force it.”

Daolord Solesky was extremely famous. The reason why Vastheaven Palace was such a powerful organization was primarily due to Daolord Solesky’s personal might, and he was famous for being incredibly hard to kill! If you weren’t able to kill him, he would eventually come seek revenge upon you. Thus, most of the other ancient powers were unwilling to make an enemy out of him. This was also why Daolord Solesky was confident enough to force his way through the Windsource Ruins.

“Now that you have the Talisman of Eternity...big brother Solesky, you can go to the Waveshift Realm.” Daolord Badlands nodded.

“I’m not familiar with that place. No one is more familiar with that place than you, Badlands. That’s why I’m hoping you can help me out,” Daolord Solesky said. “Send one of your avatars and accompany me in my journey through the Waveshift Realm. Of course, I’m not asking you to do all this for free.”

As he spoke, Daolord Solesky took out an estate-treasure and handed it over.

Daolord Badlands accepted the treasure, pondered for a moment, then nodded. “Fine. I’ll send my avatar to accompany you to the Waveshift Realm, big brother Solesky! But I’ll need a bit of time. Give me three years to prepare.”

“I’m in no rush.” Daolord Solesky relaxed slightly after seeing Daolord Badlands agree. Avatars were incredibly important to Daolords, and the chances that Daolord Badlands’ avatar would survive the trip to the Waveshift Realm were quite low. That was why Daolord Solesky not only had to pay a high price, he also had to see if Daolord Badlands was willing to give him face.

Fortunately, the two were good friends.

There was no way he could’ve forced Daolord Badlands to do this. First of all, Daolord Badlands was extremely powerful, on par with Daolord Solesky himself. Secondly, if Badlands didn’t whole-heartedly wish to help him and instead wanted to scheme against him, it wouldn’t be too hard for Badlands to cause trouble with skewed divination.

“The Water Curtain Home is located quite close to my place, and nobody is staying inside it. Big brother Solesky, why don’t you stay there for now along with my young friend Ji Ning?” Daolord Badlands said.

“Very well! Badlands, no need to send us off. We’ll go by ourselves.” Daolord Solesky immediately led Ning to depart from this place.

Daolord Badlands and the beautiful woman remained seated in the lotus position.

“Milord husband.” The beautiful woman was rather worried. “The Waveshift Realm is filled with many dangers...and as you know, the place which Daolord Solesky is travelling to can be considered part of the core region.”

“I know.” Daolord Badlands nodded. “Although it isn’t easy to create an avatar, if I spend three years in a spatial treasure I should be able to recreate a slightly weaker avatar. My true body will remain here as well, slowly empowering it and strengthening it. Big brother Solesky gave me enough treasure to create two avatars, with a little to spare.”

“Alright.” The beautiful woman nodded, but she remained somewhat unhappy.

A powerful avatar was incredibly important, both to Daolord Badlands himself as well as the entire Badlands Court.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 11: The Daolord’s Arrangements

The Water Curtain Home of the Badlands Court took up an area of roughly a hundred kilometers. It was a secluded, graceful place which the Badlands Court used to receive its most distinguished visitors.

The Water Curtain Home.

This was a dwelling with a garden, a palace, a study, and other buildings that were all hovering atop a great lake of water. They were connected to each other by a series of levitating wooden bridges, and a barefoot, ragged old man was currently walking alongside a white-robed youth across one of those bridges.

“Whew.” Daolord Solesky let out a sigh of relief, an emotional look on his face. “I knew Badlands would help me out. When he actually said it, though, I couldn’t help but feel rather guilty. I really hate owing favors to my old friends.”

“It’s just an avatar, big brother. You aren’t asking him to go in person. Even if he loses it, he should be able to remake it quite quickly, right?” Ji Ning was rather puzzled by this.

Daolord Solesky turned to look at Ning. “A short period of time? Do you know how a Daolord creates his avatar?”

Ning was startled. He slowly shook his head.

“When a World-level expert finds his own Dao and is about to break through to become a Samsara Daolord, he must first ensure that both his body and his soul have reached the utter apex of fullness,” Daolord Solesky said.

“The utter apex of fullness?” Ning murmured to himself.

“In other words, all of his clones must be merged into one,” Daolord Solesky said. “It doesn’t matter what type of cloning technique you might’ve learned in the past; you must merge all of your bodies into one. Of course, there are some special cases, such as the ‘Primaltwins’ which can be created by mortal

cultivators. Because both the Primaltwin and the true body have undergone the Celestial Tribulation, there's no way for them to merge together."

Ning nodded.

He himself had a Primaltwin that was a Ki Refiner. His true body was a dual refiner, training as both a Fiendgod Body Refiner and a Ki Refiner. His true body had eighteen clones, all of which could join together because they were completely identical. However, there were significant differences between Ning's Primaltwin and his true body. There was no way to merge them whatsoever.

"Thus, cultivators who started off as mortals essentially have two lives," Daolord Solesky said with a laugh. "However, although more than half of high-level cultivators started off as ordinary mortals, quite a few of them don't have Primaltwins! Some of them died, after all, over their many years of cultivation. I would say that more than 90% of Samsara Daolords only have their true body and do not have a Primaltwin."

Ning nodded slowly.

"Look at me. I'm a Samsara Daolord, and I'm currently very far away from Vastheaven Palace. Why is it that I'm still in touch with them? It is precisely because I have my 'avatar' there." Daolord Solesky looked at Ning.

"Avatars are created from magic treasures!" Daolord Solesky explained, "They are much like golems. We forge golem-bodies for ourselves, then send a strand of our soul into them and take control of them! Simply put, we essentially need to fully and perfectly merge our soul with a golem-body, then pour energy into it to upgrade it. The cost of every single avatar is greater than the cost of buying ten Eternal weapons."

Ning was secretly speechless.

"The treasures which I gave Badlands are enough for him to make two absolutely top-tier avatars, with a bit left to spare." Daolord Solesky let out a sigh. "But raw materials isn't the only thing needed to ensure that an avatar body can reach maximum power. The Daolord himself will need to spend an extremely long period of time building it up."

"In addition, each Daolord can generally only work on a single avatar at once. Each avatar only had a small amount of his soul, after all; once he stops focusing on it, it will slowly degrade in power. Generally speaking, most Daolords only have a single avatar," Daolord Solesky explained. "I only have a single avatar myself. Because avatars are essentially bodies formed from magic treasures, my avatar is able to seamlessly and perfectly integrate into the great formation protecting Vastheaven Palace. When fused into the formation, the power of my avatar is comparable to my own power! This ensures that it is more than capable of keeping Vastheaven Palace safe."

"In addition, when an avatar serves as the core of a defensive formation, it will ensure that the power of the formation itself will become tremendous."

"An avatar is a core force for any organization's defenses." Daolord Solesky looked at Ning. "Daolord Badlands' avatar is also capable of perfectly integrating into the formation protecting the Badlands

Court. For me to ask him to send his avatar with me into the Waveshift world means that the Badlands Court's defenses will be significantly weakened."

Ning started to understand.

"The reason why he needs three years is because he needs the time to create a second, weaker avatar. In addition, this also means that his true body will have to stay at the Badlands Court and be unable to leave it!" Daolord Solesky continued, "Once his powerful avatar dies in the Waveshift world, he'll immediately turn all of his efforts and attention to strengthening the second avatar."

"He's already prepared for his avatar's death?" Ning was startled.

"Right." Daolord Solesky nodded. "His avatar stands a 90% chance of death if it joins me on a trip to the Waveshift world. A perfect avatar that he spend countless years on is going to die, just like that. This isn't just something that can be waved away by giving him some treasures. I owe Badlands now! If I fail in my Daomerge, then before I die I'll do everything I can to pay him back. But right now, I must do everything I can for my Daomerge. Nothing else matters."

Ning nodded slowly.

He had thought that an 'avatar' was something akin to the dharma-bodies which Lord Tathagata had in the Three Realms, a body that was created through divine abilities or secret arts. Now, it seemed, they were more like golems! They were completely different concepts.

Ning and Daolord Solesky sat down within a wooden house that was located inside the garden that was hovering above the water.

"Everything is going as I predicted. I now have the Talisman of Eternity, and Badlands will be sending his avatar to accompany me to the Waveshift world." Daolord Solesky looked at Ning. "The only thing I didn't predict was that you would be here. I won't be able to take you to Vastheaven Palace right away. If everything goes completely and perfectly according to plan on my trip to the Waveshift world, I should be able to return in four or five years."

"But if I end up trapped somewhere inside the Waveshift world, things will get tricky. I might be stuck there for hundreds of million years, or perhaps even as much as a hundred chaos cycles." Daolord Solesky looked at Ning. "If I'm trapped there for an extended period of time, you'll have to head off to Vastheaven Palace on your own."

"Don't worry about me, big brother." Ning was quite confident in his abilities.

"It won't be hard for you to break through to become a World God. Once you make your breakthrough, it'll be much safer for you to travel off to Vastheaven Palace on your own." Daolord Solesky waved his hand, causing a shimmering golden scroll to appear in the air before him. "This star map has a detailed route that leads from the Badlands Territory to the Vastheaven Territory. Memorize it right away."

Ning was delighted. He immediately sent a strand of his coresense into the scroll, quickly memorizing its contents. After finishing, Ning was badly shocked by what he discovered.

What an incredible distance.

The Badlands Territory was located extremely far away from the Vastheaven Territory. The route which Daolord Solesky gave him was the simplest route possible, but it still required him to travel through a hundred and twenty-one different territories! Details regarding quite a few danger zones were also recorded on the star map. It must be understood that even the Starlord of Fogstone had only visited a few of the neighboring territories. If one wandered about randomly without a good star map, one could easily end up into a dangerous part of a foreign, unfamiliar territory.

“The star map I gave you only includes roughly three hundred or so territories worth of information.” Daolord Solesky looked at Ning, then said solemnly, “There are also quite a few other foreign territories that I didn’t note down because I’m worried that you might go astray. The Endless Territories are filled with countless dangers. A World-level expert can’t just go running around randomly. You have to follow the line I mapped out. It’ll lower the danger level significantly...but despite that, you are not to head out until you become a World-level expert.”

“Understood.” Ning nodded.

There was no such thing as true safety in the primordial chaos. It was filled with countless mysteries.

The existing maps and travel lines had been all verified and authenticated by countless generations of cultivators who had risked their very lives. These were all safe routes! If you ran around randomly without paying attention to those routes, you could easily end up trapped in a dangerous death trap.

The distance between the Badlands Territory and the Vastheaven Territory was simply too great. The route which Daolord Solesky had provided included some definitely safe locations as well as relatively safe locations. Only when Ning was strong enough would he be able to reach his destination.

“I’ll bestow a few techniques upon you as well.” Daolord Solesky waved his hand, causing a series of bamboo slips to appear on the table before Ning. “In truth, after you formally join Vastheaven Palace you’ll be given access to a large amount of techniques and secret arts. Still...the formal rites will only occur after you actually reach Vastheaven Palace. Only then will you become a true member of Vastheaven Palace.”

“You have the talisman of welcome, and so it’s not a big deal if I bestow a few techniques upon you early.”

“Master these techniques and do your best to become a World-level expert as soon as possible. If I’m not able to return, you’ll have to rely on your own power to go to Vastheaven Palace,” Daolord Solesky said.

“Yes, big brother.” Ning felt tremendously grateful. Daolord Solesky had already taken many factors into account in trying to help Ning out. It wasn’t realistic to expect him to abandon his own plans and instead shepherd Ning through more than a hundred territories, some of which weren’t even directly linked by transfer arrays. There were actually a number of dangerous regions on the way as well.

Ning spent the next three years living in the Badlands Court. He permitted his retainers, Flamefairy Su Youji and Elder God Wilddog, to come out from his estate-world and also take up residence in the Water Curtain Home for now.

During these three years, Daolord Solesky would occasionally provide Ning with a bit of guidance. He even gave some advice to the Flamefairy. As for Elder God Wilddog, his comprehension abilities were too weak. Daolord Solesky couldn't be bothered to teach him.

Three years passed in the blink of an eye.