

## Desolate 841

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 32: Bringing Disaster Unto Others

The towering castle was utterly, endlessly enormous.

The two squads held a total of seven World-level experts, and they were like ants crawling atop the surface of that utterly enormous plaza. The leaders of the two squads, that blood-robed youth and that gold-robed youth, both raised their heads to stare at the titanic gates to the towering castle.

The front gates to the Castrum Divinitus was just as vast and towering as the castle itself.

Even though they were World Gods, they could just barely make out the outlines of the great castle. The edges to the castle were so far away that they appeared quite blurry to these World Gods. This was a testament to how truly vast this castle was.

“Daolord Allgod truly was a cultivator who was comparable to Eternal Emperors.” A blazing look was in the eyes of the blood-robed youth. “Sooner or later, I’ll become just as powerful as Daolord Allgod was. My name will spread throughout the Endless Territories, just as his did. Countless cultivators will tremble in fear when they hear my name. Ahahaha...”

“Are you still daydreaming? Time to wake up.” The golden-robed youth in the other squad smirked.

“Hmph. You’ll be nothing more than a stepping stone to me.” The blood-robed youth glanced sideways at the golden-robed youth.

“Based on what I can sense from the workings of fate... you’ll die here while I will survive.” The golden-robed youth’s voice held a strange cadence to it as he spoke.

“You fool.” The blood-robed youth laughed coldly.

As they were chatting with each other, drops of liquid suddenly began to manifest atop the vast plaza. The drops of liquid were covered in flames, and they slowly began to drawn together into a fiery figure. The flames began to die away, revealing the figure’s form. This was a bald, muscular man who had three eyes, the third eye in the middle of his forehead glowing with golden light.

“The Goldeye Golem.” The golden-robed youth and the blood-robed youth blanched, hurriedly suppressing their auras and beginning to act in a much more humble manner.

The Goldeye Golem was Daolord Allgod’s greatest creation and the most perfect manifestation of his Dao of Constructs.

Daolord Allgod was an expert in both artificing and in golem-making. The Goldeye Golem was the most powerful golem he had ever created, and Daolord Allgod had infused it with certain restrictive spells that ensured that there was no way any other cultivators would ever be able to take control over it. In other words...the Goldeye Golem possessed freedom!

It possessed tremendous power and was comparable to a Daolord who had reached the verge of the Daomerge! The Allgod Estate was under its control, as was the many formations and protective spells inside of it. Even Samsara Daolords who were themselves at the Verge would definitely die if they tried

to force their way through the estate... and this Goldeye Golem was just one of the many defensive mechanisms which Daolord Allgod had left behind in this place.

This was a golem that could not be bound. It would forever stay within the Allgod Estate, serving as its eternal guardian! This was the First Guardian and Commander of the Castrum Divinitus, the core of the Allgod Estate.

“It has been a long, long time since a cultivator has come to the Castrum Divinitus.” The bald, three-eyed man stared coldly at the two squads. “You were able to overcome many dangers and make your way to the castle. Very well done.”

The Allgod Estate was divided into three regions.

The outer region was the Ten Thousand Mountains. The inner region was the Fog Sea. The core region was the Castrum Divinitus.

Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals generally stayed in the Ten Thousand Mountains, as 90% of them would perish if they dared to enter the Fog Sea.

World-level experts generally stayed in the Fog Sea. Although some of them would die, they still stood a decent chance of survival. However, if they dared to travel on to the Castrum Divinitus it was almost guaranteed that they would perish.

As for Daolords?

Daolords did not dare to enter this place at all.

“There were originally twenty-two of you. For seven of you to survive and make it to this place means that you are fairly strong for World-level experts,” the three-eyed man evaluated.

Generally speaking, only one out of ten World-level cultivators would be able to survive a journey to the Castrum Divinitus. Thus, people like Ning or World God Dragonbinder wouldn't even think about trying to travel all the way to the core region. Such an attempt would be sheer suicide.

“Tell me. What do you desire?” The bald three-eyed man asked.

The gazes of the two squad leaders lit up. The blood-robed youth and the gold-robed youth had both risked their lives in order to acquire the same treasure!

“The divine blood of the Eternal!”

“The divine blood of the Eternal!”

The two simultaneously said the exact same thing.

“The divine blood of the Eternal?” The bald three-eyed man frowned. It was clearly just a golem, but it behaved just as an actual living being might. Previously, there was a look of kindness in his gaze. Now, his words and his bearing had turned markedly colder. “If you have come here for the divine blood of the Eternal, you should know exactly where that blood came from! My master spent endless years chasing after Eternal Emperor Melobo. After dealing him a grievous injury, my master was able to steal

away a portion of his divine blood. After refining it down to its purest essence, Master was able to produce just a single drop of purified divine blood!”

“That drop of Eternal blood is utterly priceless. It is one of the top ten treasures of the Allgod Estate!” The bald three-eyed man swept the seven cultivators with his gaze. “But since you have made it past all the dangerous obstacles in your way... per Master’s orders, you are qualified to be given one chance to acquire one of his legacy’s.”

“However, the more valuable the legacy, the more difficult the trial.” The three-eyed man continued, “I urge you to give up and instead choose an Eternal weapon, a precious elixir, or even a hundred bugbeasts servants. Those trials are all much easier.”

“I only wish for the Eternal blood,” the blood-robed youth said.

“The only thing I desire is the Eternal blood,” the gold-robed youth agreed.

“Oh?” The three-eyed man was rather irritated, but he couldn’t go against the orders which his master had set down.

“Very well then.” The three-eyed man’s voice was now ice-cold, and it grated against the ears of the seven cultivators. “All seven of you desire the divine blood of the Eternal?”

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

“Yes”

The other five World-level experts all spoke out as well.

“You have made your request, and your request is for the Eternal blood of Melobo!” The three-eyed man nodded. “Very well then. You shall be given the most difficult trial...the Twin Samsara Heavens!”

“Good.” The gold-robed youth and the blood-robed youth both had blazing, eager looks in their eyes.

Anyone who reached the front gates of the Castrum Divinitus could make a request of the Goldeye Golem. Daolord Allgod was quite benevolent towards weaker cultivators. He slew any and all Daolords who attempted to enter his estate, but any World-level experts who made it to the front gates usually would not leave empty-handed!

“You’ve already experienced many life-threatening dangers in your quest to reach this place. If you asked for any other treasures, even if you failed your trials you wouldn’t be at risk of losing your lives,” the three-eyed man said. “However, the trial of the Twin Samsara Heavens is the most difficult trial possible. Many of you will die, and it is possible that all seven of you will fail to acquire the Eternal blood. By then, it will be too late to feel regret.”

“We won’t feel regret.”

“No regrets.”

The blood-robed youth and the gold-robed youth both spoke out in unison. In their hearts, they were actually beginning to curse at the golem.

Cut the crap, alright? Hurry up and start!

“Very well.” The three-eyed man nodded. “The trial of the Twin Samsara Heavens requires a total of ten World-level experts. Only seven of you are present. Therefore...I will teleport three additional World-level experts from various places throughout the Allgod Estate. They, too, shall take part in the Twin Samsara Heavens alongside the seven of you. They too shall have a chance to acquire the Eternal blood.

The faces of both the blood-robed youth and the gold-robed youth tightened... but then they smiled coldly.

“Would those ants even dare to compete against us?”

“If they come, they die.”

Both felt quite confident in their abilities.

“Mm...” The three-eyed man nodded slowly. “I can sense four other World-level experts within the Allgod Estate right now. I’ll teleport the three closest ones here.”

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“Hmph. You wanted to resist me?” World God Dragonbinder was seated atop a boulder, a somewhat excited look in his eyes as he stared at a flying needle which he had just recently acquired.

Rumble...

Suddenly, space around him began to twist and distort.

“How can this-...” Dragonbinder’s face twisted. He had never heard of something like this happening before, of a person tripping a formation despite sitting there and not even moving. Space around him formed into a spatial whirlpool which quickly drew Dragonbinder into its folds.

Swoosh.

World God Dragonbinder disappeared without a trace.

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“Perhaps I’ll have a chance of succeeding once I become a master-class World-level expert.” A green-haired man dressed in long pink robes and whose narrow eyes were filled with foxlike cunning was staring at a palace in front of him. He had two females behind him, both Ancestral Immortals.

“Yes, I have to reach the level of full mastery first. If I still fail, then I’ll simply accept my death within this Fog Sea.” A look of resolve was in the pink-robed man’s eyes.

Rumble...

Space twisted around him as well as that spatial vortex appeared.

“What’s going on?” The pink-robed man was astonished. He had spent more than a thousand years in the Fog Sea but had never encountered a situation like this.

“Master!” His two maids were shocked as well.

The whirlpool of twisted space completely enveloped him as well as both of his maids.

Swoosh.

All three of them disappeared without a trace.

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“Youji, you need to spend some time thinking about how to infuse your insights regarding the Dao of Fire into your combat tactics.” Ning was by Su Youji’s side, watching as she filled the air around her with countless curved scimitars. These were the treasures left behind by Chaos Immortal Foxbold, and they actually a very good fit for the Flamefairy.

But of course, Ning would help Su Youji acquire even better weapons after they left the Allgod Estate.

“Alright.” Su Youji nodded.

Rumble...

Spatial ripples began to appear in the surrounding area.

“What’s going on?!” Ning and the Flamefairy were both shocked. The spatial ripples twisted into a vortex which quickly encompassed the two of them, giving them no chance to hide or to dodge.

Swoosh.

Both Ning and the Flamefairy disappeared as well.

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The blood-robed youth, the gold-robed youth, and the five World-level retainers were all standing before the great plaza. As for the three-eyed man, he stood at the very front of them.

At this moment, a series of spatial ripples began to appear next to him.

Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh.

A series of figures began to appear from within the spatial ripples. The three groups consisted of the pink-robed man and his two maids, World God Dragonbinder, and Ji Ning and Su Youji.

“Even Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals were roped in?” The blood-robed youth laughed. “Why’d you even bring them? My servants are all World-level experts.”

“For them to come means death.” The gold-robed youth laughed coldly.

Although the two wanted nothing more than to kill each other, that was because they viewed each other as dangerous opponents. As for other World-level experts? They truly held very little respect for the vast majority of them.

“What’s going on?”

“Why are we here?”

The cultivators who had just been forcibly dragged to this place all stared around in a bewildered fashion.

“Senior apprentice-brother Dragonbinder.” When Ning saw Dragonbinder, he couldn’t help but call out to him mentally.

“Brother Ji Ning. Flamefairy.” When World God Dragonbinder saw Ning and Su Youji appear, he was also delighted and hurriedly messaged both of them. They could all sense that something strange was happening and so confined their conversation to the mental realm.

“Hmph. All of you were quite lucky. The seven of us risked our lives and nearly died to make it to this place, but you were lucky enough to be teleported straight here.” The blood-robed youth laughed coldly.

“Wrong. They aren’t lucky. They are unlucky as all hell... because they are going to die very soon,” the gold-robed youth said calmly.

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#### **Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 33: The Samsara Grinders**

Ji Ning, Flamefairy Su Youji, World God Dragonbinder, and the rest of the cultivators who had been teleported here glanced cautiously at their new surroundings. They heard the words of both the blood-robed youth and the gold-robed youth, and it led them to come to a certain conclusion. This conclusion was simply so inconceivable that it caused all of them to feel shock and awe in their hearts!

“Are we standing before the Castrum Divinitus?” Ning raised his head to stare at the infinitely vast castle before him. “According to the information I purchased, one has to experience countless dangers in order to make it to the doorstep of the Castrum Divinitus, the coremost region of the entire Allgod Estate. It is said that death is virtually assured for anyone who tries to make this journey! Can it be that these seven World Gods have all successfully made it here?”

Seven had survived the journey through the Allgod Estate to this place. How many had originally been in those two squads? According to the accepted odds of only one in ten surviving, could it be that dozens of them had made the attempt? Were there really this many suicidal World Gods in the world?

“Welcome, our three newcomers.” The three-eyed man’s voice rang out as he glanced at the three new World-level experts. Everyone on the plaza fell silent.

“I forcibly teleported all of you here, and I imagine you are rather confused,” the three-eyed man said. “Although being teleported here can be described as a devastating disaster, it can also be described as a tremendous opportunity.”

Ning and the others all looked at the bald three-eyed man. The three-eyed man, simply standing there, radiated a faint aura of absolute transcendent power. Although he was clearly suppressing his aura, Ning and the others could all tell that this man could probably wipe them all out with a single gentle breath! And indeed, their senses were accurate. This three-eyed man, the Goldeye Golem, was the First Guardian of the Castrum Divinitus. He was every bit as powerful as Daolord Solesky was.

“The three of you, and the seven of you!” The three-eyed man pointed towards the cultivators on both sides, and all of them listened obediently.

“You must take part in the trial of the Twin Samsara Heavens,” the three-eyed man said.

“Senior.” World God Dragonbinder couldn’t help but speak out. “Why must we experience this trial? Must we take part in it? Also... you spoke of a ‘tremendous opportunity’. What are you speaking of?”

“You must take part,” the three-eyed man replied calmly.

Dragonbinder couldn’t help but sigh to himself.

He wasn’t a fool. He could tell that this Twin Samsara Heavens trial had to be an incredibly dangerous one. Even though he was a disciple of the Badlands Court, he had never even heard of the Castrum Divinitus forcibly teleporting World-level experts to this location to take part in any trials. In addition, the other group of seven World Gods gave him a sense of enormous danger!

Clearly, either of the two squads in that group could effortlessly kill him.

He didn’t want this ‘tremendous opportunity’. All he wanted to do was get out of here! But alas, there was no way out.

“The seven of them experienced countless dangers on their journey, and many of their comrades died on the way to this place.” The three-eyed man pointed towards the two squads as he explained to Ning and the others. “They were allowed to make certain requests of me, and if they requested bugbeasts, golems, high-level techniques, or other similar items they would’ve been given fairly simple trials.”

“However, they only desired one thing... the divine blood of the Eternal.”

“The divine blood of Eternal Emperor Melobo.” A dangerous tone could be heard in the three-eyed man’s voice.

Ning’s heart clenched when he heard this. Emperor Melobo?

Wasn’t that the Eternal Emperor which Daolord Allgod had wished to kill for so many years?

“The divine blood of the Eternal is of inestimable value.” The three-eyed man swept Ning and the others with his gaze. “Its value vastly surpasses the value of any items you are familiar with such as Pseudo Samsara Pills or Eternal weapons! It is one of the ten most valuable items in the entire Castrum Divinitus. As for its purposes... if one of you is able to obtain it, I’ll tell you then.”

The blood-robed youth had a look in his eyes that could only be described as ‘berserk’.

Although the gold-robed youth was more sedate, one could also see the flames of excitement burning deep within his icy cold gaze.

“Blood of the Eternal? What’s that?” World God Dragonbinder and the pink-robed man were both quite puzzled. They had never even heard of such a thing.

“Hmph. You fools.”

“You know nothing.”

The blood-robed youth and the gold-robed youth exchanged a glance, completely disdainful of the newcomers who had just appeared.

The three-eyed man waved his hand. Suddenly, an enormous black and white millstone and grindstone appeared the air above the great plaza. The two giant stones were a hundred kilometers in size, and they slowly descended downwards before alighting on the plaza.

“This is the Samsara Grinders.” The three-eyed man pointed at the enormous grinder. “I will split the ten of you into five pairs! Each pair will take turns battling atop the Samsara Grinders, and your opponents shall be the many warriors who will appear and attack you.”

“In short, you will only achieve victory when your opponent and any forces he controls all perish!”

“If both you and your opponent perish at the same time, you can only blame your own poor luck.” The three-eyed man continued, “As for the surviving cultivators, they will each be blessed with a small bit of fortune. The cultivator whose performance was the best will have a chance of acquiring the divine blood of the Eternal.”

“A chance?” The blood-robed youth and the gold-robed youth both spoke out at the same time.

“If you wish to acquire the Eternal blood, then do your best to kill. Kill the warriors on the Samsara Grinders and kill your foe! The more you kill, the more power you reveal, the greater the chances that you will acquire the Eternal blood.” The three-eyed man said calmly, “You have to at least meet my minimum expectations. Otherwise, none of you should even think about acquiring the Eternal blood.”

The breaths of the two youths turned ragged. They had paid an enormous price to get here! But alas, they had no other options.

“The first pair.”

The bald three-eyed man swept his gaze across the ten World-level experts. He first pointed towards the World God standing behind the blood-robed youth. This World God actually had bone armor growing out of his upper back and protecting his chest. Spikes grew out from his elbows and knees, and his face was covered with a mask of bone which covered everything but his eyes and his mouth.

The three-eyed man pointed at the World God and said, “You!”

“And... you!” The three-eyed man then pointed towards the pink-robed man.

“Master.” World God Boneplate looked at the blood-robed youth respectfully.

“Just kill him as fast as you can,” the blood-robed youth instructed.

“Yes,” World God Boneplate said respectfully.

The pink-robed man frowned as he carefully scrutinized his opponent in the Samsara Grinders. “Not good. I’ve never even seen this man before. He probably isn’t a World God of the Badlands Territory. I sense tremendous danger from this man! Still, since he’s willing to be the blood-robed youth’s servant, he probably shouldn’t be too powerful.”

The pink-robed man murmured softly to himself, “Looks like I’ll have to go all out.”

“The two of you, listen up! Each of you will only be permitted to use nine Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals at most! You can at most use a total of nine bugbeasts! You are also limited to no more than



nine golems! Furthermore, none of your World-level servants are permitted to take part!" The three-eyed man finished his instructions, then gave the final commands. "Now, go up onto the Samsara Grinders. Once I give the order, you can begin your attacks."

"Yes," World God Boneplate said.

"Shit. I can't use my thousand-man Elder God Formation!" The pink-robed man's face turned pale. That formation was one of his killer trump cards.

Whoosh. Whoosh.

World God Boneplate and the pink-robed man both flew atop the enormous black-white bedstone, rapidly shrinking to become ant-sized as they landed.

"The Samsara Grinders contains a dimension of its own," World God Dragonbinder sent mentally.

"Agreed." Ning nodded.

The black-white bedstone and millstone were both covered with countless marvelous runes and patterns.

World God Boneplate stood there, staring at his distant foe. He said aloud, "Chaos Immortal Flygrace. I recognize you. You have the power of an elite World-level expert." His voice boomed with power and strength.

"But I've never heard of you before," the pink-robed Chaos Immortal Flygrace replied.

Rumble...

The enormous Samsara Grinders began to tremble as the countless runes covering its surface began to emit light. The light quickly began to swirl together and condense into human-shaped warriors dressed in golden armor. There had to be thousands of those golden warriors, and every single one of them had the aura of a World-level expert.

"What?! How can there be this many golden warriors?" Everyone watching this was shocked, including the two combatants on the Samsara Grinders as well as everyone watching from below. Their faces all turned pale!

The auras generated by these golden warriors indicated that all of them had reached the World level of power. Even if they were merely at the threshold, there were thousands of them! This was utterly terrifying.

"Begin, then." The three-eyed man gave the order.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

The thousands of golden warriors transformed into streaks of light, moving at the speed of light as they charged towards the pink-robed man and World God Boneplate.

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### **Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 34: The Silkmaid Race**

“Not good.” The pink-robed Chaos Immortal Flygrace had an ugly look on his face. He immediately willed the area around him to become filled with silvery-white shuttles. After they appeared, he furiously poured all of his Immortal energy into them, unleashing the power of the seals hidden within this set of Dao weapons. Instantly, the nine silvery-white shuttles began to transform and blur, first dividing into a total of eighty-one shuttles, then dividing into 729 shuttles, then...

Soon, more than ten thousand flying shuttles had appeared in the area around Chaos Immortal Flygrace, and they clustered around him in a dense array.

“Kill!”

“Kill him!”

The golden warriors bellowed with rage. Some of them wielded warblades, some wielded spears, some wielded gourds, some wielded ropes, and some wielded whips. They all surged forward en masse as they wildly charged towards their foes.

Boom! Boom! Boom! These golden warriors quickly entered into combat against Chaos Immortal Flygrace. The thousands of flying shuttles around him all transformed into streaks of light as they furiously plunged down upon the gold-armored warriors. Due to the limitations of space, only a hundred golden warriors could attack him at the same time. Thus, there were over a hundred shuttles striking against every single golden warrior.

Massive explosions could be heard ringing out nonstop.

The golden warriors had no fear of death and continued to charge forwards fearlessly. Some died due to their injuries, but more of their fellows would charge forward to take their spots. The runes of the Samsara Grinders committed to emit that dazzling light, causing a steady stream of golden warriors to continue to be born. Slowly, the total number of golden warriors atop the Samsara Grinders began to increase.

“Not good. I’m already using my most powerful area attack technique, and I’m using up my Immortal energy at an incredible rate. Despite that, I’m just barely able to hold on.” Chaos Immortal Flygrace was quickly forced into shrinking his defensive perimeter.

“Kill!”

“Charge!”

The golden warriors charged forward in an endless flood, fearing neither injury nor death. Quite a few of the silvery-white shuttles actually vanished, as there were only nine real ones to begin with. The rest were all condensed out of Immortal energy.

“Not good. I can’t hang on for much longer.” Chaos Immortal Flygrace spared a moment to glance at his distant opponent, wanting to see how his opponent was fairing. The distant World God Boneplate was slaughtering all of the golden warriors around him with incomparable valor. More and more golden warriors had appeared around him as well, and they had started to use teamwork, with some using

ropes to slow him down and others using spears to strike at him from afar. World God Boneplate was starting to look a bit haggard, and yet he was still able to hold his own.

“A master-class World God?” Chaos Immortal Flygrace’s face changed. When he saw World God Boneplate continue to dispatch the golden warriors with comparative ease, Chaos Immortal Flygrace immediately understood just how powerful his foe was. In addition, his foe had clearly slain more of the golden warriors than he had.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

More and more of the shuttles surrounding Chaos Immortal Flygrace began to disappear before reforming. His defensive perimeter was continuing to shrink as the golden warriors began to grow increasingly frenzied in their attacks. Many of them were starting to strike from afar by hurling their spears, putting even more pressure on Chaos Immortal Flygrace.

“N-no... am I going to just die here?”

“How can it end like this?”

“I have to make it back. I paid such an enormous price and abandoned all my pride. I slew my only friend in order to be able to acquire this Lesser Thousand Elder Gods Formation. I was going to go back once I reached the level of full mastery! How can I die here...”

“N-no...”

Boom! Boom!

The golden warriors were now able to move to within thirty meters of him, and more and more of them were surging in his direction. A short while later, Chaos Immortal Flygrace was completely smashed apart and slain by the golden warriors.

Ji Ning, World God Dragonbinder, and Su Youji watched all this happen from afar. Rather unpleasant looks could be seen on their faces.

“Chaos Immortal Flygrace had quite a good reputation, actually.” World God Dragonbinder sighed. “Him and Chaos Immortal Winterbowl were good friends and known as the ‘Two Immortals Who Fly in Winter’. Chaos Immortal Winterbowl died just a short while ago, and now Chaos Immortal Flygrace has died as well. Alas.”

“This Samsara Grinders truly is dangerous.” Su Youji was quite nervous. “Those golden warriors don’t look that tough, but there are simply far too many of them.”

“That World God covered in bony armor is able to slay a warrior with each strike of his palms. I can sense that these warriors have merely reached the threshold of the World level of power.” Ning nodded. “The problem is that there are too many of them, and they are completely fearless.”

Fighting enemies who had no fear of death at all was a completely different experience from fighting normal enemies.

“They have poor techniques. In fact, you can say that they have no techniques at all.” World God Dragonbinder nodded. “However, they are extremely strong. See that? When dozens of them toss their

spears at the same time, even that bone-armored World God is suffering some injuries when he blocks them head on.”

“Although this Samsara Grinders supposedly is meant for the two combatants to duel each other, there’s actually no point to it. The gold-armored warriors alone are enough of a challenge!” Ning slowly shook his head.

“Right. Most likely, only someone with the power of a supreme World God would be capable of bursting past the encirclement of the golden warriors,” World God Dragonbinder agreed.

Although there were many golden warriors on the battlefield, only so many could attack you at any given moment in time. Thankfully, they didn’t have any combination formations to use either. Thus, if you were strong enough you might stand a chance of bursting past their many attacks.

“Unfortunately, none of us have that level of power.” World God Dragonbinder shook his head as he looked at Ning and Su Youji. “Youji, you just made your breakthrough a short while ago. You are too weak. It will be very dangerous for you once it is your turn to enter the Grinder.”

As he saw it, Ji Ning was merely an Elder God while Su Youji was just a newly ascended Chaos Immortal. The two of them were far too weak. Even an elite World-level expert like Chaos Immortal Flygrace had been overwhelmed and mobbed by those many golden warriors. How could Ji Ning and Su Youji possibly survive? World God Dragonbinder was very worried about them.

Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh.

After Chaos Immortal Flygrace let out a final despairing cry, all of the golden warriors atop the enormous Samsara Grinders came to a halt. Moments later, their bodies began to break apart and dissipate into light.

Soon, the only one remaining was World God Boneplate.

“The first of the five matches has ended.” The three-eyed man waved his hand spoke out in a frosty voice. His fiery hand dramatically increased in size, seized World God Boneplate by the shoulder, then roughly tossed him towards the direction of the blood-robed youth. “Since it’s over, why the hell are you still taking up space on the Grinder?”

A hint of rage was in World God Boneplate’s eyes, but he quickly suppressed it and instead returned obediently to the blood-robed youth’s side.

“Not bad.” The blood-robed youth glanced sideways at his slave.

“Thank you, Master.” World God Boneplate revealed a look of joy.

“The second match...”

The three-eyed man swept the remaining combatants with his gaze, then pointed towards a World God standing behind the gold-robed youth. This was a hideously ugly old hag who had sharp, claw-like fingers. A dull red light could be seen flickering deep within her eyes, and she emanated an aura of extreme weirdness.

“You.” The bald three-eyed man pointed towards the ugly old hag as he spoke.

“And... you!” The three-eyed man pointed towards World God Dragonbinder.

“You already know the rules. Up you go!” The three-eyed man ordered.

The ugly old hag gave World God Dragonbinder a rather serious look. The gold-robed youth by her side instructed, “Be careful. This is World God Dragonbinder, a disciple of the Badlands Court. He definitely is far more powerful than that Chaos Immortal Flygrace was. Don’t embarrass me!”

“Don’t worry, master.” The ugly old hag nodded then immediately flew towards the enormous Samsara Grinders.

“Be careful, senior apprentice-brother Dragonbinder,” Ning said.

“Big brother Dragonbinder, I don’t recognize any of these cultivators. They must be from other territories, and I can sense that they came with ill intentions. That master-class World God who fought just now was merely a servant; this one is probably a master-class World-level expert as well,” Su Youji said with worry.

“Mm...” World God Dragonbinder nodded slowly.

He knew that a critical moment had arrived.

Swoosh!

World God Dragonbinder flew towards the Samsara Grinders.

World God Dragonbinder and the hideous old hag stared at each other from afar from their positions at the opposite ends of the Samsara Grinders. The runes covering the enormous Grinder began to radiate light that quickly coalesced into those golden warriors.

“World God Dragonbinder. I’ve heard of your prowess and your might... but today, you shall die by my hands. Listen up! You can call me ‘Silkwater’. Don’t die without even knowing who you died to!” The ugly old hag began to grow in size as she spoke, her lower body transforming into the body of a giant scorpion. As for her upper body, it transformed into the form of a nude woman of surpassing charm whose face was every bit as beautiful as Su Youji’s.

Upon seeing this, World God Dragonbinder’s face tightened. “A Silkmaid?”

“A Silkmaid?” Ning’s face tightened as well. Before leaving, Daolord Solesky had given him information regarding many of the mysteries and secrets of the various territories around them. One bit of information pertained to a race known as ‘Silkmaids’.

“Who the hell are these people? How is it that they have master-class World Gods and Silkmaid experts serving as their slaves?” Ning turned to stare at the distant gold-robed youth and blood-robed youth.

“Don’t die, senior apprentice-brother Dragonbinder. You have to stay alive.” Ning wasn’t even thinking about his own safety right now. All of his attention was focused on World God Dragonbinder.

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 35: Dao-Seals**

The endless primordial chaos was filled with endless mysteries. Even the exalted Eternal Emperors, figures who would exist for all eternity for and whose every word carried the force of law, would never dare to claim that they understood all of its secrets. The primordial chaos held certain special types of lifeforms, one of which Ji Ning had encountered in the Three Realms. Back then, Ning had encountered the Waterian servant of the Elder God known as Godfiend Witherspike. Although Waterians were considered alien Outsiders to the Three Realms, they were actually quite common in the Endless Territories and not worthy of special mention.

The Silkmaid race, however, was different. They were much rarer and much more mysterious.

They existed only in small numbers, and all of them were female. They had to copulate with males belonging to other species in order to give birth to new Silkmaids, and their children would always be female! Despite being few in number, they were extraordinarily powerful because they were born with tremendous innate skill in illusions and also were very skilled in close combat. A Silkmaid who reached the World level would be an absolute nightmare for other World-level experts to face, because anyone trapped in one of their illusions would find themselves easy prey for the Silkmaids in close combat.

“Let us begin,” the three-eyed man ordered.

Thousands of golden warriors once more began to manifest atop the Samsara Grinders. With a loud howl, the golden warriors all transformed into streaks of light as they threw themselves towards World God Dragonbinder and World Goddess Silkwater.

Whoosh.

Two azure golems suddenly appeared next to World God Dragonbinder.

“Master.” The two azure golems took up defensive positions around him.

“Block any foes who attempt to attack me. Don’t let them get too close,” World God Dragonbinder sent mentally to them. At the same time, he took out a Dao-seal that looked like a dried yellow leaf. The seal was covered in many wriggly divine runes and emanated an aura of mystery and power.

“Time to go all out.” World God Dragonbinder felt a tinge of heartache. This was a treasure which he had saved to keep himself alive in a desperate situation. However, upon learning that his opponent was a Silkmaid and upon seeing all those golden warriors charge towards him, he could no longer afford to be stingy with his treasures. Staying alive was what mattered the most.

Rumble...

As World God Dragonbinder poured his Immortal energy into the Dao-seal, the dried leaf-like seal instantly disintegrated into countless divine runes. These runes intersected with each other like countless thin strands of silk, forming a golden set of armor over Dragonbinder’s body.

“SHKREE!!!”

The half-scorpion, half-female World God Silkwater let out an ear-piercing shriek. The sound instantly drove its way into the ears of the distant World God Dragonbinder, the strange cadence delving deep into his mind and causing him to instantly lose his mental connection to the outside world.

He realized that he had suddenly been transformed into an ordinary mortal. He was in the middle of a lake, and there were many beautiful women dressed in just swathes of gauze who were slowly moving closer and closer to him.

“Illusions? BREAK!!!”

Although he seemed like he was just an ordinary mortal, his suddenly explosive roar was filled with his heartforce and the power of his mighty will. The roar caused the illusory world to instantly break apart and quickly dissipate.

World God Dragonbinder regained his faculties.

A large number of golden warriors had drawn close to him and were charging straight towards him. The two golems he had were doing their best to defend, but there were simply too many of them. By now, two of them had already reached Dragonbinder himself and were in the process of launching an attack against him. However, the golden leather armor covering his body just rippled slightly, easily defending against this attack.

“Die.” World God Dragonbinder stabbed out with his claw-like hands, piercing directly through the heads of those two golden warriors. Boom! Boom! Both golden warriors died instantaneously.

“What a powerful illusion. It managed to trap even me within its world for a period of time.” World God Dragonbinder was shocked. My heartforce has reached the fourth stage, and I have a secret art which Master taught me, yet I was still unable to defend against it.”

Although he had almost instantly defeated the technique, battles between World-level experts could start and finish in a single instant. That brief moment when he had been trapped by the illusion was quite possibly enough to spell doom in battle. However, weaker illusions wouldn't have been able to drag him into that illusory world, thanks to his powerful heartforce and his soul technique.

“Die!”

“World God Dragonbinder, die!” The Silkmaid battling against the other golden warriors off in the distance let out repeated screeches, each screech causing Dragonbinder a certain amount of trouble. He'd often come to a halt mid-strike, giving those golden warriors a chance to land attacks against him.

Although his two golems stayed close to him and defended him in close combat, it was impossible for them to prevent every single golden warrior from reaching him.

“The disciples of Daolord Badlands truly are difficult to deal with.” The gold-robed youth's face tightened slightly. “So he actually had a seal of such tremendous power?”

“Fukai, aren't you supposed to be very talented in the art of Dao-seals? The Dao-seal which World God Dragonbinder used just now was pretty powerful, right? When those golden warriors manage to land attacks against him, the Dao-talisman seems to almost completely nullify and ignore those attacks.” The blood-robed youth snickered. “It seems your Silkmaid is about to lose.”

“There's a limit to how much power any Dao-seal can have. Once its power is used up, he'll die.” The gold-robed youth ground his teeth. He had paid a staggering sum of money in order to purchase this World Goddess of the Silkmaid race to be his slave. The thing was, she hadn't actually reached the level

of full mastery as a World Goddess. Even so, thanks to her innate talents and some special abilities even actual master-class World Gods found it difficult to fight against her. The gold-robed youth had done everything he could to help her grow and to help strengthen her, but his quest to find the Eternal blood was simply too important. He was willing to risk even his own life to succeed in this question. Naturally, he had brought his Silkmaid to join him.

“I didn’t expect him to actually have such a powerful Dao-seal. Thus far, more than twenty golden warriors have landed attacks against him, but the power of the Dao-seal hasn’t even begun to dim.” The gold-robed youth secretly began to worry. “This Dao-seal has to be worth more than two hundred cubes of chaos nectar, and it can only be used a single time. I’m amazed he was willing to spend that much money.”

As for Ji Ning, he let out a sigh of relief. “So senior apprentice-brother Dragonbinder actually had such a powerful Dao-seal on him. He’s safe now. Still...I’m amazed he was willing to spend that much money on it.”

Dao-seals were very powerful, but the problem was that they were single-use items! Then again, their advantage lay in the fact that they generally didn’t have strict usage requirements. All you needed to do was to fill the seal with your Immortal energy and its power would be fully unleashed.

The power of this Dao-seal which Dragonbinder had just used was comparable to a Samsara Daolord’s defensive technique. Its energy was being depleted nonstop, and when the energy ran out the golden leather armor would disappear, but prior to that happening Dragonbinder was in a position of absolute security.

“No. No! Damn...”

Although World Goddess Silkwater did her best to battle against her many foes, the golden warriors continued to swarm her without pause. She let out repeated screeches, causing World God Dragonbinder to be briefly trapped within that illusory world, but Dragonbinder had both the golems protecting him as well as the Dao-seal. By now, the golden leather armor over his body had dimmed just slightly.

Silkwater, however, was close to the end of her rope. These golden warriors attacking her weren’t actual living creatures, and as such they were able to completely ignore her illusions.

“Master.” World Goddess Silkwater cast a final glance to the gold-robed youth standing outside the Samsara Grinders, a look of apology and longing in her eyes.

Every single Silkmaid retainer was absolutely loyal to her master.

“Go, then. Go.” The gold-robed youth felt tremendous sorrow in his heart as well. Silkmaids were rarely used to fight on the front lines in such a manner. During the previous battles, World Goddess Silkwater had primarily been responsible for casting illusions from the back lines while the other World Gods attacked furiously from the front lines.

“If I can get the divine blood of the Eternal, all of this will have been worth it.”

“If I cannot... then the only thing awaiting me shall be death as well.” The gold-robed youth shut his eyes.



“Aaaaaah!” An ear-splitting scream rang out as World Goddess Silkwater cast her final illusion... and then she was completely tied up by the ropes of the golden warriors. A golden warrior holding a flask drew Silkwater into the flask, then ground her apart into dust. Just like that, World Goddess Silkwater died.

“The second match has concluded.” The bald three-eyed man’s voice rang out once more. World God Dragonbinder quickly put away his two golems then hurriedly flew off of the Samsara Grinders. He was worried that if he moved too slowly, he would also be physically tossed off the stage just as the previous winner had been.

“Congratulations, big brother Dragonbinder,” Flamefairy Su Youji said.

Dragonbinder’s body was still covered with a suit of faintly glowing golden leather armor. He shook his head. “I was just lucky. That Silkmaid wasn’t that strong. If she had actually reached the level of full mastery as a World God, she would’ve been able to withstand the attacks of those golden warriors for an extremely long period of time. My Dao-seal would’ve been used up and I would’ve been not long for this world.”

Ning and Su Youji both nodded.

Ning couldn’t help but sigh. Silkmaids possessed terrifying powers of illusions. One had to have strong heartforce, a strong soul, and certain secret arts to be able to withstand their illusions. Ning was still at the fourth stage of heartforce and as such he was probably a bit too weak. Alas, upgrading heartforce was simply too difficult. There were many World-level experts who possessed only limited talent for heartforce, because heartforce was a completely different path of cultivation.

Cultivation was primarily divided amongst Ki Refiners, Fiendgod Body Refiners, and Heartforce Cultivators. Thus far, Ning had yet to encounter a single World-level expert who was a Heartforce Cultivator! One could imagine how rare they truly were.

“Master, how should we deal with them when it is our turn?” The Flamefairy was a bit worried.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 36: Ji Ning Enters the Fray**

“These two squads are too mysterious. Based on how they address each other, it would appear as though the blood-robed youth and the gold-robed youth are the leaders while the others are all servants or slaves! That bone-armored World God was a master-class World God while World Goddess Silkwater was of the ‘Silkmaid’ race, according to what big brother Dragonbinder said. Even big brother Dragonbinder was repeatedly drawn into her illusions. Given how powerful those two were, the rest can’t be weak either.” Su Youji sent worriedly, “And what worries me most is the possibility that we’ll encounter one of the leaders on the Samsara Grinders. They have to be even more dangerous.”

“Mm.” Ji Ning nodded.

Su Youji didn’t fully comprehend how valuable Silkmaids were, but Ning himself did. If the gold-robed youth truly had purchased a Silkmaid who was a World Goddess, he had to have a staggering amount of wealth! A Silkmaid World Goddess was worth more than a thousand cubes of chaos nectar.

But if the Silkmaid World Goddess had willingly chose to serve the gold-robed youth... that just made him even more terrifying.

"When it is our turn, follow the plan I set out earlier," Ning sent. "Given our level of strength, we should be able to hold off those golden warriors."

"Alright." Su Youji nodded.

The bald three-eyed man swept the remaining contestants with his gaze, then said, "The third match will be... hm. You!" He pointed directly towards Su Youji.

"And... you!" He pointed at the skinny, viper-like man who was standing behind the blood-robed youth, a man who emanated an aura of insidious cold.

"Senior!" The blood-robed youth's face tightened as he hurriedly said, "Senior, I feel as though your actions are unfair."

"Yes. Senior, your actions truly are a bit unfair," the gold-robed youth agreed.

Both Ning and Su Youji were puzzled.

What was this all about?

"Unfair?" The three-eyed man looked at the two of them.

"We had to experience countless dangers in order to reach this place, and I imagine you know exactly how strong the seven of us are," the blood-robed youth said. "But the three World Gods you just chose were the three weakest ones under our command."

"Right." The gold-robed youth agreed. "Of the seven of us, World Goddess Silkwater could be considered the equivalent of a master-class World God, thanks to her illusory prowess. Thus, all three of them were roughly comparable to master-class World Gods. However, the rest of us are all supreme World Gods! You sent our three weakest followers to compete against the three newcomers. It is clear that you intend to have the four of us, the strongest four, to battle each other. This isn't really fair."

"You are acting in a rather prejudiced manner, senior." The blood-robed youth was rather irritated as well.

They had a total of seven cultivators split between their two teams. Three of them were roughly on par with master-class World Gods while the other four had the power of supreme World Gods. The First Guardian of the Castrum Divinitus had arranged for the three World-level experts he had forcibly teleported to this location to battle against the three weakest members of the original seven. Clearly, he was acting in a biased manner.

"Unfair?" The three-eyed man said coldly, "I forcibly teleported the three of them here and forced them to accept a potentially deadly trial. Do you think that was fair for them?"

"And her!" The three-eyed man pointed at Su Youji. "She broke through to become a Chaos Immortal just a few short months ago, right here in the Allgod Estate. We're having a newly ascended Chaos Immortal compete against a master-class World God. You tell me, is that fair?"

The three-eyed man swept the gold-robed youth and the blood-robed youth with a cold gaze. “Or are you telling me that we should have her, a brand new Chaos Immortal, battle against one of you four supreme World Gods?”

The two instantly fell silent.

In truth, both of them knew exactly how strong Su Youji was. Before coming to the Badlands Territory, they had collected a significant amount of intelligence and information regarding all the World-level experts, Elder Gods, and Ancestral Immortals who lived in this territory. They had both long ago reviewed the information pertaining to Su Youji the Flamefairy. Although they weren’t sure when she had made her breakthrough, it was definitely within the past thousand years.

“You don’t even have the balls to compete against others on the same level of power as you, yet you dream of acquiring the divine blood of the Eternal?” The three-eyed man snorted, a hint of a mockery on his lips.

“Senior, please give us some guidance. What must we accomplish on the Samsara Grinders in order to acquire the Eternal blood?” The blood-robed youth, Arroyo, asked respectfully.

The gold-robed youth, Fukai, looked at the three-eyed man as well.

“Personally kill your opponent. Quickly.” The three-eyed man said calmly, “Enough. Hurry up and get onto the Samsara Grinders.”

“Hear that, Darkfall? She broke through to become a Chaos Immortal just a few months ago. Kill her as fast as you can,” the blood-robed youth instructed.

“Understood,” the tall, skinny, insidious man replied. Swish! He left behind a blur in the air as he moved to stand atop the Samsara Grinders.

“What incredible speed.” The faces of both Ning and Su Youji tightened when they saw this. Their opponent was clearly so fast that not even Ning using the Thunderlight Wings was a match for him.

Swoosh. Swoosh.

Ning and Su Youji both flew up onto the Samsara Grinders. World God Dragonbinder wanted to stop Ning but he wasn’t able to do so in time. His face turned pale and he felt misery in his heart. “Brother Ji Ning, why the hell did you go up there? It doesn’t matter if the Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals don’t take part.”

The divine runes covering the Samsara Grinders had already begun to glow with countless streams of light, resulting in the appearance of the golden warriors .

The tall, slender, insidious man stood far away from Ning and Youji. He was dressed in black robes, and he stared at them as he said in a cold voice, “Flamefairy Su Youji. I’ve heard of you, but I didn’t expect for you to have broken through to become a Chaos Immortal. I urge you to put away that Elder God of yours. For him to take part in this competition is suicide. Oh. I forgot to tell you my name. I am World God Darkfall. Now, when you die, you’ll at least know the name of the person who killed you.”

World God Darkfall stood there, emanating an aura of absolute confidence. If he couldn’t even kill a newly ascended Chaos Immortal, even he himself would feel that he was a joke.

“Master.” Su Youji mentally messaged Ji Ning.

“Follow the plan,” Ning instructed.

A master-class World God? This would be the toughest foe he had ever faced. Although he had encountered God Emperor Blacklotus who was even more powerful, Ning hadn't been the one to actually face him.

“Begin!”

The three-eyed man gave the order.

“Kill!”

“Kill!”

The countless golden warriors were driven into a frenzy as they transformed into streaks of light that shot towards the two sides.

“Come out.” Ning willed three golems to suddenly appear by his side. Two were black golems while the third was Rocky the stone titan. The Flamefairy also brought out her own black golem and took personal control of it upon entering it.

The three black golems formed a triangle that surrounded Ning and Rocky.

“She actually had four golems?” The blood-robed youth's face tightened slightly when he saw this.

“She actually had four golems, Arroyo. It seems this won't be as easy as you thought it would be.” The gold-robed youth spoke in quite a relaxed manner.

“Hmph. So what if she has four? Just watch and see.” The blood-robed youth was quite confident in the prowess of this subordinate, World God Darkfall.

Boom! Boom!

Golden warriors charged towards them in an endless tide, but the three black golems were like a dam that quelled their surge. As the two sides began to fight, quite a few of the golden warriors were knocked flying while some were actually shattered to pieces.

“Kill.”

“Kill.”

“Kill.”

Elder God Blacksun, Elder God Wilddog, and Su Youji each commanded a black golem. All three of them howled as bloodlust filled their veins, and they showed no mercy in their attacks whatsoever as they furiously blew apart all of the golden warriors charged towards them. These three black golems came as a set, and the formation linking them together was extremely suited for defense. The three of them were clearly far better at blocking out the enemy warriors than the two golems which World God Dragonbinder had used.

After battling for a brief moment in time, more than hundreds of golden warriors had been knocked away. Only two golden warriors managed to make it past their defensive perimeter, but Rocky was able to effortlessly crush both of them. Ning just stood there, not even needing to move.

“Hm?” Ning glanced at the situation on the other side of the battlefield. “It seems as though we need to give this World God Darkfall a bit of pressure.”

“Come out.”

Ning willed it, and a black gourd suddenly appeared before him in the air. The stopper to the gourd was open, allowing it to instantly release an enormous flood of lightning. Instantly, all five types of lightning began to furiously slam down towards the distant World God Darkfall.

“Shit.” World God Darkfall was wielding six different warblades as he furiously hacked at the golden warriors around him with abandon, causing many of them to fall. But once the five types of lightning began to slam into him, his face couldn’t help but tighten.

Although these five types of lightning weren’t capable of threatening his life, they were able to encumber down his movements and have an effect on his combat potential.

It must be understood that Ning was focusing all five types of lightning against him and him alone! Ning had spent a total of 180 cubes of chaos nectar in order to purchase the Pentabolt Gourd. Any weapon with such a hefty price tag would pose at least some degree of danger to most World-level experts.

“How can this be happening?!” World God Darkfall was clearly starting to struggle now.

He was feeling both angry and humiliated! He was a master-class World God, but he was mired into a dangerous situation while his opponent seemed to have an airtight defense.

“GRAAAAH!” World God Darkfall suddenly raised his head and let out a furious howl. Red lines appeared all across his face like tattoos as his aura was dramatically strengthened.

“Die!”

World God Darkfall’s speed suddenly rose dramatically. He moved past the golden warriors in a ghostly manner, slaughtering a path through them as he moved closer and closer towards Ji Ning and Su Youji.

“He’s too fast! How is he this fast?” Ji Ning was shocked. “He must’ve used some sort of special divine ability. Even though the five types of lightning are slowing him down, he’s still faster than me! He’s also incredibly agile.”

World God Darkfall was moving in an almost serpentine fashion as he dodged past the many enemy attacks. He continued to slaughter a path through the golden warriors as he moved closer and closer to Ning’s side.

“Of the servants under my command, Darkfall is the fastest and most agile. He’s completely capable of avoiding the golden warriors and moving to the other side of the arena.” The blood-robed youth, Arroyo, was watching with arms folded across his chest, a look of absolute confidence in his eyes. “So what if she has four golems? Soon, all of you will have to deal with attacks from both Darkfall as well as the golden warriors.”

The Samsara Grinders.

Whoosh.

World God Darkfall's six arms were hacking away with his six mighty warblades. His warblades attacked with incredible speed and in an unpredictable manner.

"The Dao of the Saber?" Ning carefully watched the man fight. This was a World God of the Dao of the Saber.

World God Darkfall continued to press closer and closer towards them. Soon, he reached an area that was directly in front of Ning and the others. Elder God Wilddog sent mentally, "Master, we're currently able to keep a tight defensive perimeter against these golden warriors, but if that World God attacks I don't think we'll be able to hold."

"Leave it to me." Ning stretched his hand out, allowing a blood-colored sword to appear within it.

"Haha, that puny Elder God actually took out his sword. Is he actually planning to attack? He really has quite some gall, even though he's clearly suicidal!" The blood-robed youth laughed.

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 37: Yes, Master**

"Maybe he really does want to die." The golden-robed youth, Fukai, was watching from afar as well.

Atop the Samsara Grinders.

The three black golems continued to circle around Ji Ning and Su Youji, blocking all of the offending golden warriors. World God Darkfall had drawn very close to them, and his cold eyes were staring directly at the four golems and Ning himself. "This ant-like Elder God actually dares to draw his sword, as though he's preparing to enter the fray? Mm. He should be Su Youji's retainer. Logically speaking, a single Elder God shouldn't make any difference at all in a battle like this, and yet Su Youji permitted him to take part. There has to be a trap."

"This puny Elder God probably has some sort of self-sacrificial suicide attack," World God Darkfall mused to himself.

The endless primordial chaos was filled with untold mysteries. As Darkfall saw it, given that the Flamefairy was capable of producing those four black golems and that lightning gourd, she must have encountered a stroke of tremendous karmic fortune. Perhaps she had some other dangerous toys hidden up her sleeve as well.

"Unfortunately, Su Youji, you are a new Chaos Immortal and have no idea how great the power disparity is between an Elder God and a master-class World God. No matter what type of treasure you gave him, he still won't pose a threat to me." Many thoughts flitted through Darkfall's mind, but he didn't slow down in the slightest as he charged straight towards one of the black golems.

This black golem's claw-techniques were clearly based off the mysteries of the Dao of Fire. World God Darkfall was instantly able to identify this particular golem as being the one which Su Youji was commanding.

“Once Su Youji dies, all of this will be over.” Right now, Darkfall had just one target: Su Youji!

“DARKFALL!”

A thunderous shot.

Ji Ning had been standing within the protective encirclement of the three black golems, the blood-colored Violetjewel in his hands. The pair of Thunderlight Wings suddenly appeared on his back as he instantly shot out in a streak of light, charging out of the protective encirclement and towards World God Darkfall.

“Eh?” World God Darkfall laughed when he saw this. Still, since he was worried that Ning might try to pull some sort of suicide attack or trap against him, he remained slightly on his guard. One of his six blades howled through the air in an illusory fashion as he released hundreds of streaks of saber-light towards Ning.

Because they were fighting atop the Samsara Grinders, World God Darkfall didn’t dare to transform his warblades and make them thousands of meters long. This was because if he did so, he would instantly have to deal with a hundred times more golden warriors than he was dealing with before. Even though he was a master-class World God, he would still be utterly demolished and killed by them.

Thus, everyone present including Ji Ning, World God Darkfall, and the golems all kept their weapons to a maximum size of just a few meters long. That way, only a comparatively low number of golden warriors would be able to assault them at any given moment.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Hundreds of streaks of saber-light flew towards Ning, but most of them actually landed upon the golden warriors who were charging towards Darkfall. Still, a portion of them ended up flying towards Ning.

“Hmph. He’s nothing more than an Elder God, while I’m a master-class World God. Any casual blow from my saber would be more than enough to wipe him out. You might have some powerful techniques up your sleeve, but if I don’t let you get close to me there’s nothing you can do.” World God Darkfall felt quite confident in his abilities, but he continued to keep a close eye on Ning’s actions. He wanted to watch as Ning died.

BOOM!

The Thunderlight Wings trembled as Ning charged straight towards Darkfall in an utterly ferocious manner.

“You think you can bar my path with those puny little blades of light?” Ning wasn’t worried in the slightest. Sword-light flashed in his hands and effortlessly chopped apart the incoming streaks of saber-light.

“What?!”

“How can this be?”

“This Elder God...”

World God Darkfall wasn't the only one who was shocked. Even the blood-robed Arroyo and the gold-robed Fukai, along with their World God servants, were stunned. Although Darkfall had sent out those chops of saber-light in a rather casual manner, he was still a master-class World God who walked the path of the Dao of the Saber! Not even elite World Gods should be able to deflect his blows in such a casual manner.

"Ji Ning was... was this powerful?" World God Dragonbinder was stunned by what he saw as well. When Ning dueled against the World-level experts of the Badlands Court, he had only competed in sword-arts. He had never gone all-out and so the disciples of the Badlands Court had no idea as to exactly how powerful Ning was.

"How can an Elder God be this powerful?" The blood-robed Arroyo was absolutely stunned.

"What a monster. I simply must enslave him and take him for my own." The golden-robed youth, Fukai, stared at Ning with a gleaming look in his eyes. He didn't give a damn about whether Darkfall would die or not, as Darkfall was his foe's subordinate. He actually hoped Darkfall would die faster!

"Not good." Darkfall was completely stunned by this. Only now did he realize that there was no so-called 'suicide attack'. This Elder God was just an absolute monster, a freak with incredible power who was capable of battling against him in close combat.

"How could a monster like him have chosen to become Su Youji's retainer..."

"WAIT!"

"I was wrong!" The three-eyed man himself had told them that Su Youji had made her breakthrough to become a Chaos Immortal just a few months ago. In other words, a year ago she was nothing more than an Ancestral Immortal. Given how ridiculously, monstrously powerful this Elder God was...

"There was no way he had been Su Youji's retainer. Su Youji had to be his retainer!"

World God Darkfall was no fool. As soon as Ning revealed a hint of his true power, Darkfall immediately came to the correct conclusion.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Ning showed absolute valor and courage as he charged forward, sending golden warriors flying in every direction from his wake. Some were actually blasted into smithereens by his very charge itself. Ning's sword-arts had become even more perfected than before. World God Darkfall was able to move past the golden warriors thanks to his tremendous speed and agility, but Ning was able to do the same by relying on his absolutely flawless sword-arts and the Soleheart stance.

"No matter how much of a monster you are, you are still just an Elder God. Die for me!" Darkfall let out a cold snarl as he pounced towards Ning.

To be beaten into a retreat by an Elder God would be a true humiliation!

"You aren't good enough." Ning instantly met him mid-blow.

Boom! Boom! Boom!



Sword-light and saber-light clashed numerous times in the air, generating powerful booms with each collision. The saber-light was rather fluid and unpredictable while the sword-light thrummed with awesome power.

World God Darkfall's agility and speed were both utterly astonishing, far superior to that of most master-class World Gods. However, his saber-arts were a bit lacking in comparison. In fact, they were considerably weaker than Ning's sword-arts. Thankfully for Darkfall, his advantage in speed and agility allowed him to cover up his flaws and seek out Ning's.

Ning used just a single sword, but by relying on the [Heartsword Realm] he was able to deliver awe-inspiring attacks that gave World God Darkfall no chance to defeat him at all.

"Impossible. How can he possibly withstand my attacks?" World God Darkfall began to panic.

"The Dao of the Sword?"

"He's actually every bit the match of Darkfall in a head-on collision." The watchers, Arroyo and Fukai included, felt their hearts quiver. These two in particular were the favored sons of heaven and were every bit as talented as the Starlord of Fogstone had been. In fact, they had greater strokes of karmic fortune and were more powerful than the Starlord was. This naturally meant that they had far broader visions than most people... and yet, even they felt utterly speechless when they saw this Elder God fight a master-class World God to a standstill.

"He's an utter monster."

"What a complete freak..."

"Hurry over here! Assist me in surrounding and killing this World God Darkfall," Ning roared loudly.

"Yes, Master."

"Yes, Master."

"Yes, Master."

"Yes, Master."

The four golems all assented in unison. The three black golems began to advance while spinning together like a whirlpool, grinding apart and blasting away all the golden warriors who assailed them. As for the stone titan named Rocky, he helped deal with any of the stragglers who made it through the initial defensive perimeter.

"He really is the true master."

"This Elder God is the real person in charge."

Everyone present felt stunned at the thought that they actually had the chance to witness such a peerless monster in action. Individuals like Ji Ning only existed in legends, and it was almost impossible to actually encounter one of them in the flesh. Encountering someone like Ji Ning was far more difficult than encountering a Samsara Daolord!

When the spirit of the Ten Thousand Mountains Formation saw Ning break through all nine barriers through raw force, it came to understand how much of a monster Ning was and thus it gifted him with a powerful legacy. The technique he had given was one of the nine mighty secret arts possessed by Daolord Allgod, the Novessence Thunder technique. This was a secret art which even Samsara Daolords would go mad over. The reason the spirit had given Ning the technique was because he had seen a faint sliver of a chance that Ning would one day reach the same level as Daolord Allgod. Although the chance was quite small, at least there was a chance.

Daolord Allgod was a Samsara Daolord but was able to hunt down Eternal Emperors.

When he was an Elder God, he was naturally just as much of a monster, if not more so! If you started far behind everyone else, you'd have even less of a chance of surpassing them in the future. Still, as far as the spirit of the Ten Thousand Mountains Formation was concerned, Ji Ning had just a tiny chance of actually reaching Daolord Allgod's level. Over the course of these countless years, he had seen more than ten such peerless geniuses and had handed them quite a few legacies, but the most dazzling performer to date was just Daolord Badlands.

Yes, Ji Ning might appear to have a strong start, but who knew how outstanding a figure he would be upon becoming a World God or becoming a Samsara Daolord? Each step taken by a Samsara Daolord involved treading on the boundary between life and death. To even reach the Verge of the Daomerge was extremely difficult. Not even Daolord Badlands had reached the Verge yet.

"Not good!" World God Darkfall was shocked.

"If those four golems join forces with this monster in front of me, I'm going to be in big trouble." Darkfall began to panic.

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 38: A Trap**

Rumble...

The three black golems and the stone titan worked together flawlessly, the three black golems circling around Rocky as the four slowly advanced through the golden warriors towards Ji Ning and Darkfall.

"I have to kill this monster of an Elder God before those four golems arrive." World God Darkfall could sense that this was an incredibly dangerous situation. His eyes flashed red and his attack patterns suddenly changed. Previously, he was trying to use his speed, agility, and unpredictable saber stances to find a flaw in Ning's attacks. Now, he entered a berserk state and began to unleash saber-arts that focused on overwhelming, dominating power!

Each of the six dazzling sabers carried enough power to hack apart a chaosworld. Limitless amounts of power permeated every single saber as they burst forth with explosive might.

Boom! Boom! Boom! One explosion after another rang out. Ning used the Eternal weapon in his hand to block each time, but he clearly seemed to be somewhat struggling.

“Right! What a fool I am! This monster of an Elder God has only been using a single sword this entire time. Clearly, his other weapons are significantly weaker. This sword is most likely an Eternal weapon.” When World God Darkfall saw Ning begin to stagger, he couldn’t help but feel overjoyed. “I have six blades but he only has one sword. He was able to easily defend against me when I focused on trying to find flaws in his swordplay, but when I go all-out and attack him with full force he won’t be able to withstand my blows.

“It doesn’t matter how tight your defensive swordplay is. As long as I keep hacking down upon you with my sabers, a flaw will be revealed.”

Boom!

The two mighty Fiendgod Refiners exchanged hundreds of blows in an instant. World God Darkfall could sense the specter of death looming over him and so began to furiously attack with all his might, making it very difficult for Ning to defend against him.

“An opening!” World God Darkfall’s eyes lit up. He finally saw a flaw in Ning’s defenses.

Whoosh.

World God Darkfall didn’t hesitate at all. As soon as he saw the opening, he delivered a strike with an icy-cold streak of saber-light. This streak of saber-light went straight through Ning’s defensive perimeter! As the saying goes, ‘when he is ill, go for the kill’! A single critical strike could completely change the entire nature of a duel, and so Darkfall quickly struck out with all five of his other swords at the same time.

“No...!” Ning blanched as he hurriedly tried to deflect, but alas, this single mistake resulted in a cascade of mistakes.

Boom! Boom!

Two streaks of saber-light slammed down upon Ning at virtually the same moment.

“Haha...” A look of delight flashed through Darkfall’s eyes... but it was then quickly replaced by a look of shock and rage.

When his sabers had landed against Ning and struck his arm, it was as though some sort of spring mechanism had been activated. When the armor absorbed the force of his blows, it seemed to briefly store it, then sent it right back at Darkfall at the exact same level of power.

It must be understood that World God Darkfall had poured every last scrap of his power into those two saber-blows, making them incredibly strong!

And yet, he was now caught completely off-guard by this damage reflection. Two surges of utterly terrifying power had just been sent towards him from his two sabers!

BOOM!!!! The twin surges of obliterating power instantly blasted World God Darkfall backwards.

Being prepared for an attack and being unprepared for an attack... the results would be completely different!

This was true even for mortals. If he saw that someone was about to push him and prepared himself, he would at most stumble a few steps backwards. But if he was caught completely offguard and was 'ambushed' by the push, he might be instantly pushed down onto the ground! Even powerful experts could be slain by weaker opponents who managed to catch them offguard through a sneak attack!

This was the difference between being prepared and being unprepared.

"Die!"

Ning had clearly been struck twice, but he was only knocked a few steps backwards. Every step he took caused the entire Samsara Grinders to shudder, and as he did so he suddenly struck out with his Eternal weapon. Violetjewel instantly increased to become three hundred meters long, and as soon as World God Darkfall was knocked flying backwards Ning chopped at him with Violetjewel!

World God Darkfall had no choice but to frantically position his warblades in front of him to block.

BOOM!!!

He had already been knocked into the air; now, he was sent smashing into the ground by the force of Ning's sword-blow.

This strike of Ning's had made his situation go from bad to worse!

"It was a trap." Darkfall instantly realized this.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! This entire time, the golden warriors had been assaulting both sides with no luck. However, almost all of them began throwing out ropes towards World God Darkfall. In the moment that Darkfall had been sent tumbling to the ground, two ropes had already tightened around his legs. He roared as he furiously struggled to break free, trying to use his warblades to hack the ropes apart and regain his freedom.

He knew very well that if he couldn't break free, he would die.

"Useless." Ning watched from afar, occasionally flicking out Violetjewel to attack the nearby golden warriors.

"He lost?" The blood-robed Arroyo could hardly believe this was happening. Alas, when he saw Darkfall be smashed to the ground and a rope snake around his legs, Arroyo knew that his retainer had lost.

The golden warriors were an extremely dangerous part of the Samsara Grinders matches.

Master-class World Gods could withstand them, but once any additional variables were introduced (such as being knocked to the ground) even they would be thrown into grave peril. In a situation like this, their chances of surviving would rapidly slip away and death would be nigh! The countless golden warriors, all of whom had reached the World threshold of power, wouldn't give you any chance to recover at all.

"He was actually defeated by an Elder God." The golden-robed Fukai also stared at Ji Ning, located atop that distant Samsara Grinders. Although he was very proud, he sensed that Ji Ning could potentially pose a huge threat to him in the future. He knew that if this Elder God continued to grow, he would definitely surpass both Arroyo and Fukai himself.

“Screw off! Break!”

World God Darkfall fought hard to break free, but it was useless. When a second rope coiled around his body, it became even harder for him to try and fight back. More and more ropes coiled around him, causing a look of despair to appear in his eyes. He turned his gaze towards the distant Elder God Ji Ning, then let out a low growl. “A trap. It was a trap. Just one mistake...”

Ning stood there, the four golems circling around him and protecting him, stopping the golden warriors from getting close to him.

It had indeed been a trap. Strictly speaking, it wasn't even that clever of a trap. Then again, when experts fought in a duel to the death there was no time to set up particularly intricate schemes. They would at most be able to set up a few small tricks to entrap their foes.

As soon as Ning had started to fight against World God Darkfall, he had immediately realized that actually killing his foe would be quite difficult. Both of them were roughly on par with each other in power. Even if the four golems came to assist, given how fast and agile Darkfall was he would've been able to easily bypass the golden warriors and flee from them.

Thus, Ning had deliberately said aloud, “Hurry over here! Assist me in surrounding and killing this World God Darkfall.”

This order was meant to be heard by Darkfall. Darkfall had naturally started to panic upon hearing it. He could flee, but what good would that do? He had to win this match and so he had naturally launched increasingly furious attacks to try and speed this up.

At that moment, Ning had deliberately revealed a tiny opening. Darkfall hadn't suspected a thing.

He had fallen hook, line, and sinker!

Ning had spent 690 cubes of chaos nectar to purchase this Primalwater Armor during the treasure auction. When its damage reflection property was activated it had sent two incredibly powerful surges of power back towards World God Darkfall, catching him completely off his guard. He had suffered greatly from this attack! In truth, Primalwater Armor normally wasn't as effective as this, and people who were prepared for it wouldn't suffer quite this match. Ning, for example, had known exactly what was going to happen!

Although he had been struck twice, he had merely stumbled back by two steps. Knowing this was going to happen, he immediately struck out with a critical strike from his sword, slamming it against the already airborne World God Darkfall and sending him crashing to the ground.

His final strike was the straw that broke the camel's back!

When Darkfall was knocked down to the ground and the countless golden warriors began to swarm him, his fate was virtually sealed. Only a stroke of absolutely incredible luck would've allowed him to escape this dire predicament. Alas, his luck wasn't good enough.

Whoosh. A golden warrior who held a gourd in his hands sucked Darkfall inside the gourd, then ground him to dust.

Even as Darkfall was being drawn into the gourd, he continued to stare unblinkingly at Ji Ning.

Ji Ning just calmly looked back at him.

In the end, one of them had to die. There were no other options.

“The third match has concluded.” The bald three-eyed man’s voice rang out, causing all of the golden warriors to halt and then disappear.

Ning waved his hand as well, putting away the three golems. Su Youji appeared in her true form as well.

“Let’s go.” Ning and Su Youji transformed into streaks of light, flying off of the Samsara Grinders.

All of the cultivators atop the great plaza had fallen silent. Even Arroyo and Fukai, two incredibly experienced figures who had previously held Ning in no regard, were silent. They stared at Ji Ning and Su Youji as the two flew off of the Samsara Grinders... or to be precise, they stared at Ji Ning.

“I am Arroyo!” The blood-robed youth, Arroyo, stared at Ning as he spoke. “Tell me your name.”

Ning smiled. “Arroyo, you should spend your time worrying about your next match on the Samsara Grinders. You will probably be next.”

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### **Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 39: Arroyo**

The faces of Arroyo and Fukai both tightened as they turned to glance at each other.

True enough.

Three of the five matches had concluded, with just two more to go. Although this freakishly strong Elder God was worthy of their attention, what really mattered was still the divine blood of the Eternal. In the end, the two figures who had the greatest chances of acquiring the Eternal blood were Arroyo and Fukai. They no longer paid any attention to Ji Ning, who simply chuckled as he and Su Youji walked back to World God Dragonbinder’s side.

“Brother Ji Ning, you hid your true power quite deeply,” World God Dragonbinder sent mentally to Ning.

“Please pardon me, brother Dragonbinder,” Ning said.

“Haha, I understand.” Dragonbinder chuckled. His comment was just a casual throwaway comment with no real blame attached. He understand Ning’s predicament. As the saying went, a large tree attracted the most wind! It was even more important for freakishly powerful Elder Gods like Ning to keep a low profile. Unless absolutely necessary, they wouldn’t let others know of their true strength! The only reason why Ning had revealed it today was because he had no choice.

World God Dragonbinder now viewed Ning in a completely different light. In the past, he had treated Ning as he would an equal due to his ties to Daolord Solesky. However, now that he knew exactly how freakishly strong Ning was, Dragonbinder truly wanted to befriend him. Ning was still merely an Elder God, but he was already Dragonbinder’s equal in power. How much more powerful would he become in the future?

“Your true abilities have been revealed. You have to be careful after you leave the Allgod Estate. I can sense that Arroyo and Fukai are incredibly dangerous. They somehow managed to convince even

supreme World Gods to be their servants! This is truly unbelievable. They have to have a shockingly powerful backer,” Dragonbinder sent mentally. “They might take an unsavory interest in you.”

Ning nodded slowly.

It was true.

Arroyo and Fukai had stated earlier that the three members who had taken part in the matches thus far were the weakest members of their two groups. The remaining four were all supreme World Gods! Fukai and Arroyo were both supreme World Gods and they each had a supreme World God retainer. It was truly unfathomable for a person to be willing to subordinate himself to be a servant of someone who was merely his equal.

“My sword-arts are just a hair away from breaking through. I need to try my best to become a World God here in the Allgod Estate,” Ning mused to himself.

Once this affair was included, it was highly possible that Arroyo or Fukai would try to capture Ning and force him to become a slave!

He was still a bit too weak right now. After he broke through to become a World God, he would truly have nothing to fear.

“It is now time for the fourth match.” The bald three-eyed man’s voice was filled with a hint of mocking as he turned his gaze towards Arroyo and Fukai.

“You!” The three-eyed man pointed straight at the blood-robed Arroyo.

Arroyo’s face tightened slightly. It was finally his turn... but who would his opponent be? Arroyo turned to glance at the gold-robed Fukai as well as the swarthy, withered-looking man standing behind him.

“And... you!” The three-eyed man pointed towards that swarthy, withered-looking man.

“Buxin.” Fukai sent a mental message to his servant.

“Master.” The withered man respectfully acknowledged him.

“You should know quite well how incredibly important the Eternal blood is to me. If I cannot acquire it, I will definitely die... and you will die with me. In fact, even your entire school will be doomed. I think you know how angry my father will be if I die,” Fukai sent mentally.

World God Buxin’s pupils contracted slightly.

Fukai’s father was a true devil amongst devils, an utterly terrifying figure. It would be easy for him to annihilate Buxin’s school.

“But if I successfully acquire the Eternal blood, my status and power shall skyrocket! However, my greatest obstacle right now is Arroyo. If you can kill him, I’ll be the one to acquire the Eternal blood. I can promise you right now that I will bestow a Pseudo Samsara Pill upon you, and your sect will also receive my eternal protection!” Fukai sent mentally.

“Don’t worry, Master. Buxin will do his absolute best,” World God Buxin sent mentally.

"I don't want you to your best. I want you to kill Arroyo! If I fail and die, you'll die as well since you are my servant. I know that you will work hard, but you also need to be smart about this. Find a way to kill him!" Fukai gritted his teeth, then took out a jade green globe. "I'm willing to temporarily loan this treasure of mine to you."

When the nearby Arroyo saw Fukai take out that jade green globe, his face tightened.

"Let me warn you..." The three-eyed man suddenly said, "All treasures, golems, bugbeasts, seals, and even Elder God servants can only be used a single time on the Samsara Grinders! You are forbidden from using them twice! If you give your servant a treasure, you are not permitted to use it for yourself!"

"What?! Why?" The gold-robed Fukai was shocked. "You never mentioned this before."

"Because no one tried to lend someone else a treasure." The three-eyed man said calmly, "I've already said what I need to say. Decide whether or not you wish to loan him that treasure."

"Ahahaha..." The blood-robed Arroyo let out a loud laugh. "Fukai, go ahead and loan it to your servant... if you have the balls to, that is!"

The gold-robed Fukai hesitated for a moment, then turned to look at his servant. "It'll all be up to you."

"Understand, Master." World God Buxin nodded.

His master, Fukai, would take part in the fifth match. If that precious Eternal treasure could only be used in a single match on the Samsara Grinders, there was no way Fukai would loan it to him!

Whoosh. Whoosh.

Two figures flew straight towards the Samsara Grinders. The blood-robed Arroyo and the withered-looking World God Buxin stared at each other from afar as the light around them began to coalesce into those golden armored warriors. These two supreme World Gods didn't even blink, paying no attention whatsoever to the golden warriors.

"You think yourself worthy of facing me?" Arroyo had a look of ridicule in his eyes.

"Arroyo, on this day, either you or I will perish here atop this Samsara Grinders. I have no choice but to offend you." World God Buxin's voice was very calm and flat. Arroyo had an exalted background and his status was slightly higher than even Fukai's, but they were more or less on the same level. Buxin and Arroyo were both supreme World Gods, but their statuses were completely different.

Neither side could afford to fail in this quest for the Eternal blood. World God Buxin was going to have to fight with his full power.

"Begin!" The three-eyed man ordered.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

Thousands of golden warriors let out furious roars as they charged straight towards Arroyo and World God Buxin.



“Heh heh heh...” Arroyo laughed coldly as waves of blood suddenly manifested around him. The waves of blood spread out in every direction, smashing into those golden warriors. Some of the warriors were actually shattered by the waves while the rest were pushed far away.

Arroyo waved his hand, and nine mighty golems appeared in the area around him. Each of the nine golems had auras of incredible power, and they were clearly even stronger than the golems which Ning had purchased.

“You are doomed.” An enormous pair of scimitars suddenly appeared within Arroyo’s hands. The scimitars were simply huge, larger than even Arroyo himself. Both emanated auras of utterly shocking power and were clearly Eternal weapons.

Arroyo strode forward confidently. The waves of blood continued to push outwards, preventing the golden warriors from even moving close to him, while his nine golems surrounded him like an honor guard escorting an emperor.

“What incredible power.” Ning was shocked by what he saw. The blood waves alone were so powerful that they were perhaps superior to most master-class World Gods in might. Those two weapons Arroyo was wielding were most likely Eternal weapons as well. Once he attacked, he would definitely be able to unleash the power of a supreme World God.

And most likely, he would be an incredibly strong one, superior to other supreme World Gods such as God Emperor Blacklotus.

“Even World God Northrest only had access to one Eternal weapon, but both of Arroyo’s scimitars appear to be Eternal weapons. And those nine golems surrounding him... I imagine every single one of them has to be worth over a thousand cubes of chaos nectar. Given that they are able to join together into a formation, the entire set has to be worth tens of thousands of cubes.”

Ning was shocked by Arroyo’s wealth. He now felt a sense of pressure. Just as Dragonbinder had warned him, it was very likely that either Fukai or Arroyo would try to capture him after these trials were concluded. They would want to force Ning to become a servant or a slave.

The terrifying power which Arroyo had just put on display would be turned against Ning. Would Ning be able to handle it?

And then there was Fukai, someone who was just as terrifying as Arroyo himself...

Boom! Boom! Boom! World God Buxin calmly walked forward, having manifested a total of eighteen arms. These eighteen arms were unleashing a series of palm-arts and fist-arts, and each time they struck a golden warrior the golden warrior would be smashed into tiny pieces. He just calmly walked forward through the sea of golden armored foes towards Arroyo.

Both sides completely ignored the golden warriors. They only had eyes for each other.

Only one of the two would survive!

## [The Desolate Era](#)

### **Book 25: Novessence Thunder Chapter 40: Close the Gates**

The battle between Arroyo and World God Buxin went on for nearly an entire hour. Finally, the battle came to an end.

“Impossible. How could this have happened?” The golden-robed Fukai was muttering to himself, a look of disbelief in his eyes. He truly couldn’t believe what he had just seen.

“How could this have happened? Is this... is this my destiny? My doom?” Fukai felt his entire body turn as cold as ice.

Ji Ning, World God Dragonbinder, Su Youji had already safely secured victory in their match. Although they were quite curious about this ‘Eternal blood’, it wasn’t something which they absolutely had to acquire. Thus, they had been watching the fourth match quite calmly.

“Huh. So that happened.” World God Dragonbinder was still rather stunned.

“Impressive.” Ning sighed in amazement.

“Master, would he now be considered a transcendent figure amongst World Gods?” The Flamefairy asked.

Ning nodded slowly. “I think he should be.”

The battle had been utterly exhilarating.

As World God Buxin entered the battlefield, his power actually began to increase! He used his fists and his feet as his weapons, and when his eighteen arms struck out they formed an inviolable domain that swept away any who sought to breach it. All nine of Arroyo’s golems had been somewhat suppressed by him! Fukai had been incredibly excited upon seeing this as nothing would have made him happier than seeing Arroyo die.

“Arroyo really did have quite a few treasures. He used up so many treasures that he was able to buy himself a considerable amount of time. In the end, just as he was about to lose, he went completely berserk and actually made a breakthrough. He became much more powerful as a result.” Ning still couldn’t get that dazzling saber-strike out of his mind. Gripped by utter despair, Arroyo released an utterly dazzling strike with his saber that suddenly exploded with unbelievable power. That strike had completely knocked Buxin off his feet and had sent him flying backwards.

Arroyo had been wildly overjoyed. He had struck out two more times, causing World God Buxin to tumble down to the ground. The golden warriors had seized the moment to tie him up with his ropes, and shortly afterwards he was drawn into one of their gourds and grind apart into dust.

“The fourth match ended,” the bald three-eyed man announced. Even he couldn’t help but give the blood-robed Arroyo a glance. Transcendent World Gods were incredibly rare. Any master-class World God who acquired an Eternal weapon or some incredibly powerful treasures would possess the power of a supreme World God, but to transcend past the supreme level was incredibly difficult.

One had to reach an incredibly high level of skill in a certain aspect in order to become a transcendent World God. These figures were incredibly rare! The number of transcendent World Gods in the entire Badlands Territory could be counted on one hand. They were just as rare as Samsara Daolords!

“Ahaha! I won! I WON! Ahaha...”

Arroyo flew downwards alongside his servants, a look of crazed joy and excitement on his face. The blood sea hidden within his eyes seemed to be roaring and shaking.

“Fukai. Your servant really was quite impressive. He actually forced me to the utter brink. Haha! I really need to find a way to thank him. If it hadn’t been for him forcing me to the brink of utter despair, I never would’ve been able to comprehend the true essence of the ‘Sanguine Decay’.” Arroyo was filled with smugness as he stared at the gold-robed Fukai. “Fukai, if you can’t accept this outcome, make your own breakthrough as well! That way, you’d also become a transcendent figure...”

Arroyo was filled with complete confidence now. “You’ve lost. You’ve utterly lost. The divine blood of the Eternal is mine.”

“My match hasn’t even started. You are celebrating too soon.” A gloomy look was on Fukai’s face as he spoke.

“Look at how unhappy you are! This is the first time I’ve seen you with such an ugly look on your face.” Arroyo snickered loudly.

Fukai had always looked completely calm, unflappable, and self-assured. Now, however, an extremely dark and gloomy look was on his face.

Fukai no longer had any confidence in his ability to win. To advance from being a supreme World God to become a transcendent one was an impossibly difficult step to take! However, Fukai still clung onto hope. “If Arroyo can make a breakthrough, why can’t I? I’ll definitely make a breakthrough as well. I’m going to acquire that Eternal blood, then become a Samsara Daolord. My path has just begun... I’m not going to be beaten. I’m not!”

“The fifth match.” The three-eyed man spoke out again. “It goes without saying that you two will be the ones to participate. That match just now was quite dazzling. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen a transcendent World God. Don’t let the final match be a disappointment.”

The blood-robed Arroyo laughed, while Fukai’s face turned serious.

“Go,” Arroyo ordered his subordinate. “Play with him a bit.”

“Understood.” Behind Arroyo was an alien creature who looked something like an ape. His entire body was covered with black fur and protected by a suit of golden armor. When he allowed his aura to spread out, it crashed out towards everyone else like waves slamming against the beach.

“Hmph.” Fukai let out a cold snort, then immediately transformed into a streak of light as he flew towards the Samsara Grinders.

“Die. The black-furred ape flew towards the Samsara Grinders as well, filled with a murderous aura.

Ning and the others continued to simply watch from below.

“That jade green globe actually held an army of bugbeasts inside of it.” Su Youji sighed in amazement.

“He really had quite a few treasures.” World God Dragonbinder couldn’t help but speak out as well.

“Hah. Him and Arroyo are no ordinary World-level cultivators.” Ning couldn’t help but sigh. These guys were simply too rich. That jade green globe held an entire world within it that was exclusively devoted to rearing bugbeasts. The rules of the competition meant that only nine of the bugbeasts could be unleashed, but all nine were comparable to master-class World Gods who could give even Ning a run for his money!

It had been a truly wild battle.

Fukai had intentionally let himself fall into dangerous situations, hoping that the pressure of it all would result in him making a breakthrough.

Alas, breakthroughs weren’t that easy to make. In addition, he very nearly died due to a dangerous situation he put himself into. In the end, he only survived because he used a Dao-seal.

The battle went on for four full hours.

“I’ve done everything I can, Master.” The black-furred ape let out a low growl. The four hours of frenzied combat had completely wiped out his reserves of divine power.

“Die in peace. I’ll protect your entire race.” Arroyo smiled.

The battle came to an end.

The ape’s divine power was completely used up, resulting in his death. Fukai was the victor! However, he didn’t seem to be the slightest bit pleased by his victory. He put away his bugbeasts and flew off the Samsara Grinders in a rather numbed, dazed manner.

“Fukai.” Arroyo looked at Fukai.

Fukai looked at him.

Their gazes met. One would acquire the Eternal blood and survive. The other would die.

“You lost,” Arroyo said.

“N-no...” Fukai ground his teeth. He had won his match, but he had lost the competition between himself and Arroyo. Although he had intentionally let himself fall into dangerous situations, he hadn’t made any breakthroughs at all! He knew very well that Arroyo was now far more powerful than him.

Daolord Allgod had established the trial of the Twin Samsara Heavens for anyone who sought to acquire Eternal blood. Given what a proud figure he was, it was guaranteed that everything would be happened in accordance with his will. There was no way that World God Dragonbinder, World God Boneplate, Flamefairy Su Youji, or Fukai would be the ones to earn the Eternal blood.

There was only one possible victor!

Arroyo!

Transcendent World Gods were incredibly rare. He, and he alone, was qualified to be considered the victor of this trial.

“The five matches have come to an end.” The bald three-eyed man spoke out, causing everyone present to turn towards him.

“Five World-level cultivators remain.” The three-eyed man swept his gaze across Arroyo, Boneplate, Fukai, Dragonbinder, and Su Youji. These five had survived; the other five had died.

“Eternal blood aside, all survivors will be given a bit of karmic good fortune.” The three-eyed man smiled as he pointed towards the towering gates of the Castrum Divinitus.

Rumble...

These massive gates had been shut for countless years. They now slowly began to move, and it was like two giant continents were swinging open. Past the gates was utter darkness. Nothing could be seen at all.

“The survivors shall all be granted entry into the Castrum Divinitus, and all of you will benefit from it.” The three-eyed man turned to look at Fukai, Arroyo, and Boneplate. “The three of you experienced many dangers to reach this place. Even for those of you who do not acquire the Eternal blood, you will still be blessed with some karmic fortune.”

“As for you.” The three-eyed man turned to look at Dragonbinder, Su Youji, and Ji Ning. “I teleported all of you here against your will, then forced you to enter duels to the death. Since you have survived, I shall bless you with good fortune as well.”

“What about the Eternal blood?”

The blood-robed Arroyo said hurriedly, “I don’t care about other ‘fortunes’. I only care about the Eternal blood.”

“This group has performed excellently and is qualified to receive the Eternal blood,” the three-eyed man said. “However, you’ll only find out if you shall be the one to receive the Eternal blood after you enter the Castrum Divinitus. Each of you will be teleported to a different part of the Castrum Divinitus, with the victor being sent directly to the Eternal blood.”

“Why don’t you take it out right now?” Arroyo frowned. “Only five of the ten have survived! What, are you saying that it’s possible that someone besides me shall win the Eternal blood?”

Arroyo began to grow rather impatient.

The three-eyed man’s face turned cold as he said flatly, “The divine blood of the Eternal is incredibly precious. It is stored deep within the Castrum Divinitus, which is why the victor has to go in person to retrieve it. As for who that person is, you’ll know shortly.”

“Enough. All of you, get in.” The three-eyed man swept the cultivators with his gaze.

“Let’s go, let’s go.” World God Dragonbinder chortled merrily. “I’m not too ambitious and know my own limits. The Eternal blood isn’t for me. Still, to be blessed with some karmic fortune isn’t too shabby! Very few will ever be able to even enter the core region of the Allgod Estate, the Castrum Divinitus.”

“Let’s go. If we refuse to enter, he’ll just grab us and forcibly throw us inside. I’d rather that not happen.” Ning and Su Youji walked inside as well.

“Hmph.” Fukai had a gloomy look on his face as he also passed through the gates of the Castrum Divinitus.

“I have faith.” Arroyo nodded. “I’m sure that the trials left behind by Daolord Allgod were fair ones and will be judged fairly.” The only reason why Arroyo had been quibbling was because he truly couldn’t afford to lose this trial.

In the end, all of them walked towards the Castrum Divinitus.

Whoosh. World God Dragonbinder was the first to step inside the castle. As soon as he took a single step into the endless darkness, he completely disappeared.

Ning and Su Youji twitched slightly when they saw this. The insides of the castle were pitch-black, and they couldn’t see a single thing within the darkness at all. As for coresense or heartforce, they naturally were completely ineffective here. Still, they understood that it would be very easy for Daolord Allgod to slay them if that was the goal. There was no need for any tricks or schemes.

“Let’s go in.” Ning and Su Youji both stepped into the Castrum Divinitus, disappearing into the endless darkness.

Fukai, Arroyo, and Boneplate all entered the Castrum Divinitus as well.

“Haha...”

“It is over.”

The bald three-eyed man waved his hand, causing the Samsara Grinders to shrink as it flew back into his hands.

“Close the gates!” The three-eyed man laughed merrily.

Rumble...

The massive, towering gates of the Castrum Divinitus rumbled shut.

## **[The Desolate Era](#)**

### **Book 26: World Level Chapter 1: The Owner of the Eternal Blood**

The instant that Ji Ning stepped through the towering gates and into the endless dark of the Castrum Divinitus, space began to twist around him. A moment later, the world brightened up as he found himself within a hallway.

This hallway had rather uneven walls that had torches stuck into them. The torches were blazing merrily, filling the hallway with their light.

“Eh?” Ning stood there in the hallway and scanned the area. No one else was in sight.

“What’s going on? Why have I been separated from Youji and the others?” Ning mused to himself.

Suddenly, a faint wave of energy rippled out from up ahead. Ning hurriedly turned to look, only to see strands of fire fly out from the two torches and coalesce in the air, transforming into the form of a

barefoot, gauze-clad maiden. The maiden had long, beautiful green hair. Although her body was covered by a layer of thin gauze, she was essentially nude for all intents and purposes.

"I am the formation-spirit of the Castrum Divinitus. This is one of my incarnations," the maiden said.

Ning was puzzled. "Why have I been separated from the others?"

"Everyone who took part in the Samsara Grinders and survived shall be blessed with good fortune. However, since you each walk different paths you shall each be given unique bits of karmic fortune. Thus, every single person has been teleported to a different part of the Castrum Divinitus," the maiden said. "Come with me."

Ning followed behind her obediently.

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Indeed, every single person had been teleported to a different region.

The blood-robed youth, Arroyo, had also appeared in an empty hallway. He scanned the hallway with his bloodsea eyes, a hint of impatience visible within them. Suddenly, a barefoot, gauze-covered maiden suddenly appeared before his very eyes as well.

"I am the formation-spirit of the Castrum Divinitus. This is one of my incarnations. Follow me," the maiden said.

"Where is the divine blood of the Eternal?" Arroyo asked.

"The divine blood of the Eternal?" The maiden looked at him, a strange smile playing on her beautiful face.

"Yes, the Eternal blood. My performance atop the Samsara Grinders should've been the best of the five. The Goldeye Golem himself said that our group's performance was good enough to warrant the Eternal blood being awarded, but that I would have to enter the Castrum Divinitus to acquire it." Arroyo gazed at the maiden, a look of urgency in his eyes. "I don't give a damn about any other 'blessings'. I just want the Eternal blood right away."

The maiden looked at him, then slowly shook her head. "There is none."

"None?" Arroyo was stunned.

"None for you, that is." The maiden looked at him calmly.

"What are you saying?" Arroyo began to grow upset.

"It is simple. The divine blood of the Eternal shall be given to a different cultivator, not you." The maiden smiled. "But of course, you'll still be blessed with some good karmic fortune."

"Impossible!" Arroyo's eyes instantly turned red with fury. He howled angrily, "I was the most powerful one! Which of the four surviving World-level cultivators can possibly compare to me? That new Chaos Immortal, Su Youji? World God Dragonbinder of the Badlands Court? My servant? Fukai? None of them are qualified! Daolord Allgod was an ancient power and an incredibly proud man. There's no way he would be so unfair!"

“All of the trials which Master set down were quite fair,” the maiden said. “And the results of the trial were... that you did not qualify to acquire the Eternal blood.”

“SHIT!!!” Arroyo was both enraged and panicked.

How could he not be enraged? How could he not panic? His very life was riding on him gaining the Eternal blood! Both he and Fukai had paid enormous prices just to make it from the Fog Sea to the gates of the Castrum Divinitus. Both had experienced countless dangers, but they had been willing to risk their lives multiple times because they needed the Eternal blood.

If they acquired the Eternal blood, their status would instantly skyrocket!

If they did not... they would die!

No one would be able to save him. Not even his father would be able to save him.

But it made no sense. After he made his breakthrough atop the Samsara Grinders, he was definitely the most powerful of the five surviving World Gods. He had felt certain that the Eternal blood would fall into his hands... and yet, reality had proven otherwise. How could he not be angry? How could he not panic?

“How could this have happened? Who was it? World God Dragonbinder? No way, he was only able to win because of his Dao-seal. Fukai? He won in a pathetic fashion, and he is much weaker than me. My own servant? His performance was completely unremarkable.”

Arroyo continued to ponder the matter. “Perhaps the Flamefairy, Su Youji? Mm... possible. She is a brand new Chaos Immortal, but she was able to kill Darkfall! It could be said she punched well above her weight...”

“Was it Su Youji?” Arroyo looked at the maiden before him.

“That’s a secret,” the maiden said. “No need for you to ask.”

“Wait, wait... something’s off. Daolord Allgod was an incredibly proud figure, while Su Youji is extremely weak. The only reason she even survived was because of that freakishly strong Elder God! How could Daolord Allgod possibly have been willing to give her the Eternal blood? Hell, he’d probably give it to that freak of an Elder God before he’d give it to her.”

Suddenly, Arroyo’s face turned white.

“That freak of an Elder God.”

Arroyo suddenly remembered the words that the three-eyed man had said just before the trial of the Samsara Grinders.

“As for the surviving cultivators, they will each be blessed with a small bit of fortune. The cultivator whose performance was the best will have a chance of acquiring the divine blood of the Eternal.”

“The cultivator whose performance was the best... right. The word was ‘cultivator’. World Gods and Chaos Immortals are cultivators, but so too are Elder Gods.” When Arroyo carefully thought back to what had been said and what had happened, he realized that it all fit perfectly. It was entirely possible that the freakishly strong Elder God had been the one to win the Eternal blood.



In terms of 'best performance'? For an Elder God to end up killing a master-class World God, albeit through the usage of a small trick, was an utterly inconceivable feat. Arroyo himself had merely slain a supreme World God while originally being a supreme World God himself.

"Right. If we factor in that Elder God..."

"That freak of an Elder God does indeed stand a better chance to earn the Eternal blood than me." Arroyo turned to stare at the maiden before him, then growled, "It was that freak of an Elder God, right?"

"I told you, it is a secret." The maiden remained as calm as ever. "Enough. Stop wasting time. Since you survived, you'll be blessed with good fortune. Follow me."

"No need. I don't want it." A cold light was flickering in Arroyo's eyes.

"You don't want it?" The maiden frowned.

"Right. I want to leave the Castrum Divinitus immediately," Arroyo said.

"I hope you don't regret it," the maiden said. "Others would beg for the chance to be blessed with such good fortune. I recommend that you at least take a look at it. You can always leave after doing so."

"I don't need it," Arroyo said calmly. If every single survivor was going to be blessed with a bit of karmic luck, how good could it possibly be? In addition, as far as he was concerned, no blessing mattered at all if he didn't find the Eternal blood. He would still end up dying!

"If that's the case, I'll let you leave." The maiden nodded.

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The gold-robed Fukai stared at the maiden before him, an ugly look on his face. "I knew it. The Eternal blood was awarded to someone else! It must've fallen into Arroyo's hands. No... I still have a chance! If I can kill Arroyo, I can seize the Eternal blood!"

"So what if he's more powerful than me now that he's made a breakthrough? I was completely unable to use most of my treasures during the trial of the Samsara Grinders. If I use all of them, I can dominate anyone below the Samsara Daolord level." A berserk look was in the gold-robed youth's eyes. "Once I kill Arroyo, the Eternal blood will be mine."

"Follow me," the maiden instructed.

"I don't need any 'blessings'. I want to leave the Castrum Divinitus immediately," the gold-robed Fukai said.

"You want to leave immediately?" The maiden was surprised.

"Right." The gold-robed youth nodded.

"No regrets?" The maiden asked.

"No regrets." Madness could be seen flickering in Fukai's eyes. He had been pushed to a precipice! He felt certain that the Eternal blood was now in Arroyo's hands. If he wasn't able to seize it, he would

definitely die. His only chance of staying alive was to kill Arroyo before the man was able to leave this chaosworld!

If he wasn't able to do so and if Arroyo was able to escape this chaosworld, there would be no chance to stop him whatsoever.

"How odd. One person after another has refused the blessing of good fortune, instead choosing to leave the Castrum Divinitus right away," the maiden mused to herself.

"One person after another?" Fukai was stunned upon hearing this. "Who left? Was it Arroyo?"

The maiden glanced at him. "This is a secret."

"It has to be Arroyo. I want to leave right away! Immediately! As fast as possible!" Fukai was panicking.

"As you wish." The maiden nodded.

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Ning was calmly but curiously following behind the maiden leading the way before him. Her bare feet gently glided over the floor as she advanced, soon leading him to an enormous stone archway.

"Go in." The maiden went past the stone arch.

Ning followed inside. Upon doing so, light flashed in front of him. This was an enormous hall that was filled with many statues. There had to be thousands of these enormous stone statues here! Ning swept the hall with his gaze. It had to be at least ten kilometers high and a hundred kilometers in diameter.

"What's that?" Ning saw that a long narrow table was located in a corner of the massive hall. Atop this table was a crystalline globe that glowed with white light.