

Desolate 891

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Book 26: World Level Chapter 42: Predeparture Preparations

“Hurry up! Bring out all your best wine.” Kilostar and Bertulu were seated facing to each other on an oceanic island, a stone table in front of them.

On one side was the skinny and swarthy Kilostar, dressed in that silver cape of his. On the other side was a white-robed, white-haired youth. The two had completely different looks and auras as well. Kilostar’s aura was rather valiant and explosive, whereas Bertulu’s aura was much warmer and more radiant. He was like the warmth of the sun, bringing comfort and friendliness to all who saw him.

“That’s more like it.” Kilostar grabbed the gourd of wine that had appeared on the stone table, lifted it up high, then began to guzzle it all down.

“Alright, alright. There’s no need for you to be this angry, Kilostar.” Bertulu let out a laugh.

“You insidious, sly, hypocritical wolf in cultivator’s clothing!” Kilostar glared ferociously at Bertulu. Even his third eye within his forehead was bulging with rage. “I have NEVER fallen down from the fifth stratum. It was all because of you! You deceitful bastard, I lost because of your tricks! That was bullshit! Bullshit! BULLSHIT!”

Bertulu chortled. “You lost, alright? Even if I did pull a few tricks, the end result was that you lost. In battle, the only thing that matters is the result. The process isn’t really important.”

“I trusted you! That’s the only reason you were able to trick me!” Kilostar was furious.

Actually, this wasn’t his first time being defeated by Bertulu. In the past, he had won ten battles in a row and was qualified to charge Bertulu for residence within the sixth stratum. However, Bertulu had swiftly dispatched him and sent him right back down to the fifth stratum. Over the course of many years, the twelve in the fifth stratum had tried numerous times to make it into the sixth stratum, but each time they were quickly knocked down by Bertulu once more. The only person who could stably reside within the sixth stratum was Bertulu himself.

“If I had used my formation and focused completely on defense, there’s no way you could’ve beaten me,” Kilostar said angrily.

He was pissed off just thinking about it. He had never been knocked out of the fifth stratum before. He had wanted to keep his perfect record, leaving behind the legend of Kilostar once he departed from these Astral Islands. To be honest, Kilostar had been planning on leaving for some time now... but who would’ve thought that his golden record would be broken just before his departure? Now, he was back in the fourth stratum. Of course he was irritated by this!

“I trusted you! I considered you my friend! But you-” Kilostar truly was quite disgruntled.

“Enough, enough already. It was my bad, alright? But you know, everything is fair game in a battle.” Bertulu chortled again. “Oh, right. How strong are the newbies?”

“The newbies have improved significantly. Six of them made it to the fifth stratum,” Kilostar said.

That very first year after Ning's arrival, four members of his 'class' had made it into the fifth stratum. After a thousand years, two more had joined them.

"As far as how strong they are..." Kilostar paused, weighing his words. "In terms of attack power, the Empress and Darknorth are on par with me. The others including Gorho, Daoist Fish, Fairy Brightheart, and Waterwalker are slightly weaker."

"Oh?" Bertulu was quite intrigued.

"In terms of defensive prowess, Waterwalker is the strongest freak of all. He probably has some sort of special innate ability that makes him virtually unkillable. Next would be Fairy Brightheart, with Darknorth being third. The Empress, Gorho, and Daoist Fish are ranked below them."

Kilostar continued, "As for endurance, Darknorth is the strongest. After him is Fairy Brightheart, Waterwalker, the Empress, then the rest."

Kilostar nodded. "That would be how I would rank them. They each have their own specialties." Kilostar smiled. "As for the more detailed information... go try them out yourself."

Bertulu was intrigued. "From what you are saying, it sounds as though this Darknorth fellow is quite strong?"

"Him? He's just as much of a bastard as you are." Kilostar said in a disgruntled manner, "At first, his sword-arts were fairly weak and I was able to crush him with just one warblade. Over the course of the past thousand years, his footwork techniques and his sword-arts both improved dramatically. But the disgusting thing is, he not only has an Elementum Waterflame Gourd, he also has six damn Eternal weapons that are absolutely identical to each other."

Kilostar shook his head. "You tell me, doesn't that just piss you off? Although I, Kilostar, have acquired multiple Eternal weapons as well, the only ones that suit me are those two warblades. He actually has SIX of those Eternal swords, and they are absolutely identical!" Kilostar said furiously, "It's like a six on two fight! And that Elementum Waterflame Gourd continuously releases lightning against me as well..."

Bertulu was surprised. "It sounds as though this Darknorth has quite a few treasures."

"He has a ridiculous amount of treasures! It's damn near impossible to get six identical Eternal weapons, and that Elementum Waterflame Gourd has to be worth at least half a million cubes of chaos nectar as well. All combined, that stuff has to be worth more than a million cubes!" Kilostar grumbled unhappily, "If all he had was two swords and if he didn't have that lightning helping him, I'd still be able to crush him."

"Oh..." Bertulu nodded upon hearing this.

"Have an idea of what you are going to do?" Kilostar looked at him.

"A few ideas." Bertulu nodded. "I wanted to first challenge all of the old timers, then sweep through the six newbies. After that, I'll be leaving."

"You are going to be leaving the Astral Islands?" Kilostar was briefly stunned, but he then nodded slightly.

“It is time. The reason why I’ve been staying for the past few years was because I wanted to wait for this newest batch of ‘recruits’ to have a chance to grow up,” Bertulu explained. “The almighty Hegemon generally only goes out to personally abduct people roughly once every chaos cycle. I certainly can’t afford to wait that long for the next crop.”

“You bastard, you can break through to become a Daolord whenever you want.” Kilostar shook his head and sighed. “I, unfortunately, have only gained a vague glimpse of what my path is to be. I haven’t truly understand it yet.”

Only by truly discovering one’s own path and discovering one’s own Dao would one be able to rely on that Dao to become a Samsara Daolord.

Bertulu had discovered his path and his Dao long ago. He was able to become a Samsara Daolord whenever he wished it. However, Brightshore Kingdom was a very safe place and he was simply in no rush to make his breakthrough. Once he made that choice, there would be no going back. He naturally wanted to make sure everything was perfect first.

“You will benefit greatly from your time in the Twelve Palaces,” Bertulu said. “Although the Astral Islands have ninety-nine legacies, only the top ten legacies can be considered decent. Strictly speaking, none of these legacies can be considered ‘core’ legacies of the Twelve Palaces.”

“Mm.” Kilostar understood this point as well.

Kilostar lost his battle. His astral island sank from the fifth stratum to the fourth stratum.

After that, Bertulu began an absolute ‘massacre’. He challenged one fifth stratum expert after another, but none of the challenged experts were afraid of him. Bertulu was a person who they normally wouldn’t have a chance to fight. All of them were filled with a towering desire to do battle as they went forth to face Bertulu.

And the end result was...

Every single astral island was smacked down to the fourth stratum.

Originally, the fifth stratum had sixteen islands. It shrank down to fifteen... fourteen... thirteen... twelve...

More and more islands began to fall.

“Yet another island has fallen.” Ning stood at the edges of his own astral island, staring off into the distance as another astral island that had been within his stratum began to sink downwards.

“Mm. My sword-arts have reached a bottleneck, as have my footwork techniques. It’ll be difficult for me to improve any further here in the Astral Islands. Although there are many freaks here for me to fight against, it is still time to leave soon,” Ning mused.

It was time to leave the Astral Islands. Yes, the environment here was nice, and it was possible that over the course of countless years sparring against these monsters he might gain some insights that would allow him to master the seventh stance of the [Nameless] sword-art, but...

That would almost assuredly be something that happened a very, very long time from now. It had taken him nearly five hundred years to master the sixth stance, and if you factored in the temporal

acceleration it had actually taken tens of thousands of years. As for the seventh stance, Ning was completely mystified by it. He knew that mastering it would be an incredibly difficult prospect, and it would most likely take him perhaps a thousand times more time and effort.

“I’m under the effects of a lifeblood oath to reach Vastheaven Palace within a chaos cycle. Only then will I be able to return to the Three Realms to bring back my parents. Although a chaos cycle is an extremely long period of time, who knows what new variables might be introduced in the future? I can’t waste too much time here.”

Ning nodded to himself. To have spent a thousand years here in the Astral Islands was enough.

“I should give this footwork legacy to World God Pillsaint.” Ning picked up his golden book, then sent World God Pillsaint a challenge. He was going to leave and he wouldn’t be able to take this jade tome with him. He might as well give it to Pillsaint instead. The first person Ning had met here in the Astral Islands had been Pillsaint, and he had quite a good impression of the man.

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“A challenge?” The rosy-lipped, white-teethed, chubby-faced youth, World God Pillsaint, looked at his book. His eyes lit up. “It is Darknorth.”

Ning and Pillsaint were on very good terms with each other.

For example, when Ning didn’t wish to battle against a particular foe, but that person insisted on challenging him, Ning would often send World God Pillsaint a challenge and use that duel to avoid the first one.

“Is Darknorth trying to avoid another challenge?” Pillsaint was puzzled. Still, he entered the room filled with divine runes and allowed himself to be teleported directly to the battlegrounds.

This was an icy cold oceanic island that was completely locked in by icebergs. A cold wind howled through this world.

As soon as Pillsaint appeared, he immediately saw the white-robed youth who was carrying that sword on his back.

“Darknorth,” Pillsaint immediately called out to him.

“Pillsaint.” Ning looked at him. “I’m going to be leaving.”

“Leaving?” Pillsaint was stunned. “So soon?”

“Yes.” Ning nodded.

“That’s crazy fast. We cultivators live extremely long lives. Why rush things like this? Generally speaking, most of those other freakishly talented geniuses will spend ten million years or a hundred million years here before leaving,” Pillsaint said.

Ning laughed. If he stayed here for ten million years, he probably would indeed be able to master the seventh stance of the [Nameless] sword-art. Ten million years out of an entire chaos cycle? That really

was nothing. Still, Ning wanted to save as much time as he could, for fear of something else from happening.

“Time for me to leave. This time, I admit defeat.” Ning spoke out in a high-pitched voice.

“Admit... defeat?” Pillsaint was stunned. Ning had never admitted defeat in any of his battles before. He knew that that Ning had a footwork legacy in his hands. Was Ning planning to transfer this legacy to him?

“I won’t be able to take this footwork legacy away with me. Take it.” Ning tossed the jade tome over to him.

Pillsaint couldn’t control himself. He immediately extended his arms to accept the jade tome, gripping it with his fingers. His eyes couldn’t help but turn red. He had been trapped here in the Astral Islands for an extremely long period of time. He desperately wanted to find a way to leave, but acquiring a full legacy truly was not easy. Whenever he had enough parts of a legacy, he would suffer countless challenges from cultivators on the third and fourth strata. Each time he got close, he would lose it all!

“Darknorth.” Pillsaint’s eyes turned red.

“I’m embarrassed to say this, but I was actually planning to give you a sword-art legacy I acquired quite some time ago. Unfortunately, Waterwalker managed to force it out of me.” Ning shook his head.

“Darknorth, I’m endlessly grateful that you are willing to help me out. You’ve been here for less than a thousand years, right? It hasn’t been a long time at all.” Pillsaint was quite moved. With this legacy, he would regain his freedom.

“Alright. Once I leave, I’ll be joining the Palace of the Sword of the Twelve Palaces,” Ning said. “If you wish to meet me, go to the Sword Palace and seek me out.”

“I will.” World God Pillsaint nodded vigorously.

“And now... the only thing that remains is my battle against Bertulu.” Ning had a distant look in his eyes. The last thing he wanted to do before leaving this place was to have a battle against Bertulu.

Bertulu, the undisputed number one expert of the hundreds of thousands of astral islands. Ever since he had made it to the sixth stratum, he had never fallen down from it.

Ning had battled against all the other talented geniuses. He had never, however, battled Bertulu.

“I really look forward to it.” Ning could feel his blood boiling with eagerness just thinking about this battle.

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Book 26: World Level Chapter 43: The Hegemon

Ji Ning was looking forward to battling Bertulu. After fighting with him, he could leave the Astral Islands with no regrets. However, he had to wait for Bertulu to finish challenging the old timers first.

The number of astral islands in the fifth stratum continued to decreased. Eight. Seven. Six. Five.

Only five were left! These were the five newcomers.

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"I lost." The handsome, devilish-looking silver-haired youth stared at the white-robed, white-haired youth in the distance. Both had extraordinary auras. The former had a more devilish aura while the latter had an aura of warmth and calm.

"Gorho, it seems as though you have already found your own path to becoming a Samsara Daolord." Bertulu smiled as he spoke.

"Yes." It was very rare for Gorho to feel admiration towards someone else. Although Darknorth and Kilostar had defeated him, he didn't really care too much. This was because he could tell that Kilostar had mainly succeeded due to having a thousand clones, while Darknorth had a body just as tough as Kilostar's and most likely had a similar technique he relied on. In terms of actual insights into the Dao, neither Darknorth nor Kilostar were up to his level.

However, Bertulu gave Gorho a sense of tremendous pressure! This was the first time he had encountered someone who completely outclassed him in terms of enlightenment and insights.

"What path do you plan to walk?" Bertulu asked with curiosity.

"If I have the chance, I will walk the path of spacetime," Gorho said.

"Spacetime? Isn't your strongest Dao the Dao of Fire?" Bertulu was puzzled. From the battle they had just engaged in, he was able to tell that Gorho had reached incredible heights in the Dao of Fire. In fact, he had reached the level of being able to use it to become a Samsara Daolord whenever he wished.

"I like it, I guess." This was Gorho's response, but in his heart he mused to himself...

My true talent actually lies in spacetime. My strongest Dao isn't necessarily my best Dao.

He was the most powerful descendant of an almighty Aeonian, King Gorsch. He naturally was extremely skilled in the Dao of Fire... but he was even more skilled in spacetime! However, he was personally trained in the mysteries of fire by King Gorsch, whereas he had to study the art of spacetime by himself. This was why his Dao of Fire was slightly superior to his Dao of Spacetime.

However, by comparison he had to put twice as much effort into his Dao of Fire, only to get half the results. Prior to him being abducted, his father King Gorsch had told Gorho that he was planning to help Gorho find a master who was skilled in the Dao of Spacetime to teach him.

"But how could any major power possibly be a match for the almighty Hegemon of the Brightshore Kingdom?" After years of painstaking work, Gorho had finally managed to acquire a complete spacetime legacy roughly two years ago. "According to the notes on that legacy, if I reach a high enough level of skill I will be able to receive personal guidance from the Hegemon himself."

"Once I become a Daolord and Awaken my bloodline, I'll become even more powerful. By then, not even Bertulu would necessarily be a match for me." Gorho's heart was filled with tremendous pride and self-confidence.

Prior to their Awakening, Aeonians were quite similar to cultivators. After being Awakened, however, they would explode with power and would view other Samsara Daolords as prey for them to feed out. They truly were terrifyingly powerful.

Yet another astral island descended from the fifth stratum. Now, only four remained.

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“My techniques were completely ineffective against you.” The special lifeform known as Daoist Fish let out a sigh. His face was covered with fish scales and his eyes gleamed with golden light.

“You have too many techniques. You need to focus a bit more.” Bertulu was gleaming with light, as dazzling as any sun. Slowly, he began to retract his aura of radiance.

“I know that, but... I can't help it. I like them all.” Daoist Fish let out a sigh. “Ugh. I can play around with any of those individuals on the third and fourth strata as I please, but each time I fight someone else on the fifth level I'm beaten.”

Daoist Fish was one of the last to join the fifth stratum, and he was the only one who was in the fourth stratum at the time of this challenge.

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“How can this be?” This was a bald woman who was dazzlingly beautiful but who had a demeanor as cold as ice. Right now, a look of absolute shock was on her face. “How could you have...”

“Fairy Brightheart, your defensive techniques are indeed quite formidable, and I am filled with admiration towards you. But that heart of yours... it really is a major weakness. Any World-level Heartforce Cultivator would be able to easily defeat you, to say nothing of me.” Bertulu let out a soft sigh.

Fairy Brightheart's face turned slightly pale.

Deep within her innermost heart there lay a nightmare that she had never been able to forget. However, it was also thanks to this nightmare that she had been able to persevere and reach her current heights in cultivation.

“I understand.” Fairy Brightheart nodded slowly.

The four islands became three islands.

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“Fighting with you was a wonderful experience. You forced me to go all out.” Bertulu looked at the jade-haired woman before him. This was the Empress.

Empress was dressed in semi-translucent gauze and looked quite bewitching. She let out a soft laugh.

“Bertulu, everyone knows that although you are skilled in the Dao of Light, you are even more skilled in heartforce. Just now, you didn't use your heartforce at all. You were able to defeat me merely through employing your Dao of Light.”

“In close combat abilities, at least, I was forced to use my full power,” Bertulu said. “You are extremely talented. However, you are a bit lacking in terms of your insights into the Dao. If you were to reach a higher level in this regard, perhaps to Gorho's level, then I would be forced to use my heartforce techniques in order to defeat you.”

The three islands became two islands.

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“How incredibly powerful.” Waterwalker stared at Bertulu, his eyes filled with shock and awe. “I fell asleep before we even started our fight?”

“You should’ve been born just a short while ago, right?” Bertulu looked at Waterwalker.

“Yes. The almighty Hegemon captured me just moments after I woke up.” Waterwalker nodded.

“Your innate abilities are amongst the most supreme abilities any race of special lifeforms possess. Most likely, even the Empress is a bit inferior to you in this regard. Your innate abilities are so strong that I imagine you are close to being on par with even the legendary Ancient cultivators or the Brightshore Imperials.” Bertulu continued, “By relying on your innate abilities, you can ensure that the other geniuses here are completely unable to injure you. That alone ensures that you can defeat cultivators on the fourth and fifth strata.”

“However... the problem with you is that you simply haven’t been alive for long enough. Spend some extra time here in the Astral Islands. I recommend you spend a chaos cycle here, then spend another chaos cycle wandering the Brightshore Kingdom,” Bertulu said. “Only then should you join the Twelve Palaces.”

“Although I don’t really understand why I have to stay here that long, I can sense that you have nothing but the best of intentions in mind for me.” Waterwalker looked at Bertulu. “From this day forth, you are one of my friends.”

“Haha, good!” Bertulu nodded.

When he looked at Waterwalker, he felt as though he was looking at himself all those years ago. The only difference was that Waterwalker had been abducted shortly after being born, whereas Bertulu himself had wandered the primordial chaos for countless years and had experienced many, many things. He had experienced both grief and joy, gatherings and partings. All of these things had come together to allow him to walk the path of heartforce.

The two islands became one.

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Only a single astral island was now left within the fifth stratum. Ji Ning’s astral island.

“Am I the last one?” The white-robed Ning was seated in the lotus position atop a grassy area within his astral island, Violetjewel resting across his knees. He had been waiting here for quite some time now, but Bertulu had unexpectedly chosen to save him for last.

“Here it comes.” Ning’s gaze turned towards the golden book next to him.

A challenge had finally appeared within his golden book, a challenge that came from the sixth stratum. This was a challenge Ning had never received before.

“I’ve spent a thousand years in the Astral Islands waiting for this battle.” Ning sent out a strand of his will, shattering the message of challenge. Challenge accepted!

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“Wow.”

“That guy in the sixth stratum is truly invincible.”

“He’s way too powerful.”

All the islands of the Astral Islands had been in a state of breathless excitement for the past fifteen days. They had watched as one island after another descended from the fifth stratum. Every single person within the fifth stratum was a freak of a genius, no matter what path they walked or what Dao they were skilled yet. And yet, Bertulu had crushed and defeated all of them!

Only a single island remained within the fifth stratum. Once this island was also defeated, there would be no islands in the fifth stratum at all.

At this moment in time, all of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators present here were completely focused on what was going to happen. They were awaiting the final resolution to this momentous event.

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At the very bottom of the dark abyss below the Astral Islands.

At this moment there were more than ten figures gathered here, including that of the muscular man with tousled black hair who was dressed in simple combat garbs. Their auras were as profound as that of the endless sea of stars.

“Bertulu truly is formidable in heartforce.”

“This should be his final battle in the Astral Islands.”

“After he finishes sweeping through all his opponents, he will probably leave.”

“He still has yet to tell us if he will be joining the Palace of Radiance or the Palace of Heartforce.”

These ancient powers were all chatting amongst themselves. All of them had been keeping an eye on Bertulu for quite some time now. In fact, even the almighty Hegemon had been paying attention to him.

The path of cultivation had three main branches; Fiendgod Body Refining, Ki Refining, and Heartforce Cultivating. Ji Ning was a dual refiner who trained both as a Fiendgod and as a Ki Refiner! However, it was actually possible to be a triple refiner who trained in heartforce as well! Bertulu was one such cultivator, and people like him were the most terrifying opponents one could face. If Bertulu could use his heartforce to even slightly affect his opponent, he would then be able to easily dominate that person through his terrifying close combat skills. In fact, there were many who Bertulu could defeat without even having to lift a finger!

“Oh, just one battle is left?” A voice rang out.

A white-bearded elder dressed in snowy robes who had six curved horns on his head suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

The ten-plus ancient powers gathered here were all shocked. They hastily bowed with respect. "Hegemon!"

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Book 26: World Level Chapter 44: Ji Ning Battles Bertulu

The almighty Hegemon, the most exalted figure in all the Brightshore Kingdom.

Because of him, the Brightshore Kingdom sprang into existence. Because of him, there existed the Brightshore Imperials and the Twelve Palaces of Brightshore. Because of him, the kingdom was qualified to stand alongside the Dao Alliance and the Aeonian Kingdom as one of the most supreme powers of the Endless Territories. In front of him, even the most unruly of ancient powers would have to bow their heads.

"How is the latest batch of newcomer kids doing?" The six-horned, white-bearded old man slowly sauntered towards them. Spacetime began to congeal and condense in the area around him. Although he wasn't intentionally flaring his aura, the tiny bit of it that was naturally leaking out of him was more than enough to make all the members of the imperial clan or the Twelve Palace to feel as though they could barely breathe.

"The newbies? That kid named Waterwalker has superb innate gifts. The others are a bit lacking by comparison." An incredibly muscular golden-armored man spoke out. This man was a bit excessively muscular. Even though he had already shrank down from his true size, his arms were still thicker than his head. There was clearly a bit of a mismatch in proportions. "Bertulu himself said that Waterwalker's innate gifts are comparable to the gifts of us Imperials or those Ancient cultivators."

"His innate gifts are indeed quite good. Unfortunately, he doesn't really understand anything." The white-bearded elder nodded slowly.

"As for those geniuses which Bertulu just battled against, he was able to defeat them all with ease. None of them can even compare to him." The muscular golden-armored man laughed. "Hegemon, Bertulu truly is quite talented in the Dao of Light. Let him enter our Palace of Radiance! I can promise that I'll take him on as my personal disciple and provide him personal guidance."

This muscular man was an incredibly famous figure in the Endless Territories known as Daolord Thousand Waves. He was one of the two Palace Lords of the Radiant Palace, a figure who was capable of causing tremendous waves within the Endless Territories.

"There are so few Heartforce Cultivators. Thousand Waves, why must you fight with me over one?" A figure covered in black robes spoke out in an ancient voice.

"Your Palace of Heartforce barely has any Daolords in it." Daolord Thousandwaves spoke in an utterly indomitable fashion.

"Although we are few in number, each of us has the power of ten or a hundred men," the illusory, formless figure underneath the black robes said.

“Oh? The power of ten? Then why don’t you have someone in your Heartforce Palace come spar with me a bit?” Light began to gather within the eyes of Daolord Thousand Waves.

The black-robed figure was instantly rendered speechless.

Daolord Thousand Waves was one of the top ten experts of all the Twelve Palaces. If the Palace Lord of the Heartforce Palace was around, he might give Thousand Waves a run for his money, but he was out wandering the endless primordial chaos and hadn’t returned in more than ten chaos cycles. At present, there really was no one in the Heartforce Palace who was a match for Daolord Thousand Waves.

“When the time comes for Bertulu to make his choice, the two of you can do your best to recruit him.” The white-bearded elder smiled. “I won’t get involved. Enough. These two kids are about to start their duel.”

Rumble...

A series of moving images appeared in the air next to them. This was what was occurring within the dueling island. Ji Ning and Bertulu had just met each other.

“Darknorth isn’t bad either. Unfortunately, his opponent is Bertulu.”

“I wonder how long he will be able to hold on for?”

“That entirely depends on how long Bertulu wishes to play around for.”

This was what all the major powers were saying.

They truly had very high opinions of Bertulu. It must be understood that the Astral Islands had helped train many groups of geniuses over the course of countless years, but it had been an extremely long period of time since someone had excited them as much as Bertulu. This was because Bertulu simply had an incredible level of insight into the Dao. It could be said that as soon as he broke through to become a Daolord of the First Step, he would instantly become capable of matching Daolords of the Third Step.

If he spent a little bit of time training and became a Daolord of the Second Step, he would be capable of battling Verge-level Daolords!

Although others such as Gorho were also capable of becoming Daolords whenever they wished, no one in the Twelve Palaces really cared about him, even though they knew that he was an Aeonian! So what if he was an Aeonian? Even Eternal Emperor Melobo of the Aeonians had been severely beaten and chased around by Daolord Allgod.

Gorho’s level of enlightenment was far inferior to Bertulu’s.

“Bertulu really is at the point where he should be breaking through to the Daolord level soon.” A look of anticipation was in the white-bearded elder’s eyes.

All the major powers were staring at the midair images, watching as the battle was about to begin.

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The oceanic island.

A white-robed youth who carried a sword on his back was staring off into the distance. He saw a white-robed, white-haired youth off in the distance, a youth whose eyes seemed to contain the all the stars of the cosmos. When Ning saw those eyes, he couldn't help but be affected by their power.

"Incredible." Ning was secretly speechless.

"Darknorth, my name is Bertulu." The white-haired youth spoke out.

"Bertulu. I've heard of you, and I've been waiting for this battle for quite some time," Ning said. For some reason, although they had yet to fight Ning already felt a sense of tremendous pressure. "The stronger he is, the better. I want to see how powerful a World-level cultivator can become."

"You should be the strongest individual in the group of newcomers." Bertulu smiled. "I hope you won't disappoint me."

"Then take out your weapon," Ning said.

"Take out my weapon?" Bertulu smiled. "Let's see if you are strong enough first."

Although this was Ning's first time meeting Bertulu, he had heard long ago that Bertulu generally used his bare palms when fighting in close combat. The only time he had ever used his weapons was in his battles against Kilostar! This was Kilostar's evaluation: "Only once you fight him yourself will you truly understand how powerful he is. He is powerful enough to drive a man into despair. Only by using my thousand bodies formation am I able to make it so that he can do nothing to me."

Whoosh.

Ning stood there atop a mountain boulder. His body momentarily blurred as he manifested three heads and six arms, a sword in each of his six hands.

"Hahaha..." Bertulu laughed, then began to stride through the air towards Ning. As he did so, he delivered a punch from far away.

Boom! His punch seemed to strike out with the power of a meteor as its power crushed through Heaven and Earth, slamming down towards Ning from the air.

Ning's face tightened slightly, the desire to do battle growing even stronger in his heart. His opponent was fighting empty-handed, while he himself was using six Eternal swords. He had a huge advantage in this fight. "I have to force him to take out his weapons."

Whoosh. Ning's sword moved, transforming into a streak of absolutely dominating blood-colored light as it struck out against that fist.

Although it seemed to merely graze Bertulu's fist, it instantly was able to have an impact on his fist technique.

"Oh? Interesting." Bertulu laughed as he continued to stride forwards. He manifested six arms as well, then began to rain down blows with his fists like countless meteors shooting through the skies. His palms were like massive screens that blotted out the skies, and his fingers seemed to tear through everything in the world. Even though he still merely used his bare hands, his six hands were still strong

enough to put pressure upon Ning with each strike. As for Ning, his pride prevented him from using his Elementum Waterflame Gourd.

Although Bertulu was strong, he was fighting empty-handed. Ning was already using six Eternal weapons against Bertulu's bare hands; how could Ning possibly take out the gourd as well? If he lost in a situation like this, he would be thoroughly convinced of the latter's superiority.

Rumble...

Bertulu circled around Ning at high speeds as he attacked, his aura flaring out and filling the heavens with each strike.

.....

"Each time I watch Bertulu fight, I enjoy myself immensely."

"Right. I truly would never have imagined that a World-level cultivator could reach such a high level of insight."

The ancient powers in the dark abyss all sighed as they watched this battle go on.

The white-bearded elder nodded slowly. "When Dawnstar was at the World level, his saber-arts were comparable to Bertulu's fist techniques. However, Dawnstar was merely a dual refiner who did not train in heartforce."

"Dawnstar?"

"Palace Lord Dawnstar?"

"He was this powerful as well?"

"No wonder Palace Lord Dawnstar is so powerful now."

All the ancient powers nodded.

Without question, the most powerful Daolord of the Twelve Palaces was Palace Lord Dawnstar. He was the Palace Lord of the Palace of the Saber. Although he was 'merely' a Verge-level Daolord, on one occasion when he was enraged he had slain an ancient Eternal Emperor with just three strokes of his saber. His reputation was instantly spread throughout the Endless Territories! He was so dominantly powerful that he was even stronger than Daolord Allgod had been.

For the Hegemon to compare Bertulu to Palace Lord Dawnstar was a sign of how great his expectations were for Bertulu.

.....

Rumble...

Although Bertulu repeatedly circled around Ning and furiously assaulted him, he was unable to injure Ning in the slightest.

"If that's all you have, you won't even be able to scratch me," Ning said coldly.

“You are indeed worthy of making me use a weapon.” A sword suddenly appeared in each of Bertulu’s hands, and each sword was an Eternal weapon. The area around him became filled with endless flickers of light, and Bertulu himself was like the divine lord of the lights as he once more charged at Ning with those six swords at the ready.

His swords struck out in a fierce, dominating fashion. Ning was forced to defend with all his might.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

“What powerful sword-arts! Still, the stronger he is the better.” Ning only grew even more excited. The Thunderlight Wings suddenly appeared on his back, bolstering his footwork techniques. Each flutter of the wings and each step Ning took was like a stance from a sword-art. His movements and his attacks had all joined together into a perfect whole.

Ning struck out with his six Violetjewels simultaneously, transforming them into six streaks of bloody light that slashed out through the skies. Each time, he was able to defend against Bertulu’s swords.

“He was actually able to defend against me?” Bertulu was rather startled. He called out, “What is your sword-art named?”

“During my thousand years here at the Astral Islands, I merged the Unicorn’s Heart stance with my Astral stance and created a defensive technique,” Ning replied. “I named it the Unicorn’s Domain!”

“Unicorn’s Domain?” Bertulu was slightly surprised.

The Unicorn’s Domain represented Ning’s most profound insights into the Dao of the Sword.

The Unicorn’s Heart represented a certain level of insight into the sword that was focused on defense. Much like how the Heartsword stance represented the heart having full control of the sword and the world around it, or the Great Firmament stance represented the power of an entire world, this stance represented a type of domain that was even more profound than the Unicorn’s Heart. Ning had used the essence of the Unicorn’s Heart and fused it with the even more powerful Astral stance to create this domain, his Unicorn’s Domain!

He was able to defend against any attacks that entered this domain. Each time, his defenses were able to deflect and then counterattack the enemy. The Astral stance was merely a ‘tool’ in that using it with Violetjewel resulted in tremendous gains in power. For him to incorporate it into his Unicorn’s Domain and use it to defend or deflect just made the power of the domain even greater and more effective.

By relying on this technique, Ning had been able to finally defeat the fisherman in the third Mirrorsnow Painting. However, Ning’s sword-arts had since reached a true bottleneck, which was why he had decided to leave the Astral islands.

“This is the most powerful sword-art I have at present,” Ning said. “Bertulu, I’ve already activated my Unicorn’s Domain. If you can defeat this domain of mine, I will admit defeat.”

“Haha, good. Aside from Kilostar, you are the only person in all the Astral Islands capable of forcing me to use my true weapons.” Suddenly, the six swords vanished from Bertulu’s hands. Moments later, two heavy warhammers appeared. One warhammer was black while the other was white, and both were Eternal weapons.

“Judging from the fist techniques you used earlier, I actually guessed that you specialize in something aside from sword-arts. It seems as though my guess was correct. You actually specialize in hammer-arts, using your hands as your hammers, right? Come. Let us see if you can break my Unicorn’s Domain.” Ning had absolute confidence in his Unicorn’s Domain. This was a technique which was perfect for a weaker cultivator to defend against a stronger foe with. It was a defensive sword-art that avoiding facing a stronger foe’s attacks head-on.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 26: World Level Chapter 45: True Body?

The ancient powers watched the images of the battle from their position in the dark abyss.

“He’s infused an attacking sword-art into a defensive domain, but managed to keep the essence of his domain intact.” A partially bald man let out a laugh. “Although Darknorth isn’t a match for Bertulu, he’s still quite a rare talent. Once he enters our Palace of the Sword, we’ll give him some good training. Perhaps a miracle will happen and he will be able to be Bertulu’s equal in the future.”

“Has this kid even chosen your Sword Palace yet? Even if he has, should really be so shameless in praising him? His sword-arts aren’t bad and have reached incredible heights in terms of defensiveness, but for him to be Bertulu’s match in the future? Haha, how many Bertulus do you think our Brightshore Kingdom will give rise to?”

“Daolord Woodflower, you are going a bit too far in your praise.”

“Well, Woodflower belongs to the Sword Palace. It isn’t surprising for him to praise someone else who will be in his palace.”

“I do have to admit that Darknorth’s defensive abilities are quite excellent.”

The ancient powers all gave their own opinions as they watched Ning and Bertulu continue to furiously battle against each other.

.....

Rumble...

It was as though the world itself was breaking apart. Space had been shattered and distorted, and each of those two warhammers carried enough power to cause this entire world to tremble. Ning had to use three or four swords to block each attack; for him to use just a single sword was no longer enough.

“Although he is skilled in using heavy warhammers, I imagine he only has two of these Eternal warhammers.” Ning was able to hang on with some difficulty.

Actually, it was with quite a bit of difficulty.

Bertulu was most skilled in hammer-arts, and he sent his attacks forward in an open, straightforward, and awe-inspiring display of power! Ning was being completely crushed in this fight, and he was only able to just barely survive because his newly developed Unicorn Domain allowed him to perfectly execute every strike and avoid facing the power of each hammer head on.

“His hammer-art is so profound that I can’t even understand it. Although the golden-robed emperor in the Mirrorsnow Painting also had an open and straightforward fighting style, there is obviously an enormous difference between the two of them!” Ning couldn’t help but sigh. If the golden-robed emperor was described as a child who had just learned to walk, then Bertulu was a valiant warrior who bounded to and fro with the fierceness of a tiger.

Fortunately, Ning had infused his Astral stance into this Unicorn’s Domain. Otherwise, if he was merely relying on the Unicorn’s Heart stance, he would have been completely unable to withstand this assault.

“You are actually still able to hold on?” Bertulu was slightly startled as well. He then called out, “Watch out, Darknorth!”

“Eh?” Ning’s face tightened slightly.

Rumble...

The world around him suddenly changed.

Previously, he had been on an oceanic island that was surrounded by an endless sea. Although the island had begun to crumble from the effects of their fight, the endless waters of the sea hadn’t changed.

However, Ning now realized to his astonishment that the world around him had completely changed. It had become a world of rolling plains and towering mountains, and at the very peak of one mountain there was a sacred shrine that glowed with breathtaking light, allowing the great plains to bask in its radiance.

As for Ning and Bertulu, they were battling within the plains.

“Ning, son.”

Yuchi Snow and Ji Yichuan both appeared. They were staring at Ning, eyes filled with joy.

“Junior apprentice-brother.” Yu Wei appeared as well.

A surge of invisible power had been applied to Ning’s truesoul, pulling his deepest desires and most sacred memories out from the bottom of his heart. Ning’s heart was forever occupied with his longing for his father, his mother, and for Yu Wei. They had been the most important people in his life, and he deeply desired to one day rescue Yu Wei and allow their family of three to reunite.

“Break!” Ning continued to battle furiously against Bertulu, not allowing any of this to affect him in the slightest. He let out a furious roar, causing Yuchi Snow, Ji Yichuan, and Yu Wei to all vanish.

“He actually wasn’t affected by it.” Bertulu was a bit surprised.

“What a powerful heartforce illusion. Eh?” Ning’s face turned slightly pale as he realized that he was still surrounded by rolling plains and towering mountains.

Ever since the Endwar of the Three Realms, Ning’s Dao-heart had continuously risen and grown more powerful. As he mastered the Heartsword stance, his own heartforce had reached the threshold of the fifth stage of heartforce. The problem was that he was still just a hair away from making that

breakthrough. Although his heartforce was quite strong, it was nothing compared to Bertulu's heartforce illusions.

However, Ning's strongest aspect was his truesoul! His truesoul was bathed in the power of the azureflower mist energy, causing it to be comparable to that of a Daolord of the First Step.

Anyone who wished to successfully bewilder Ning would have to overwhelm his truesoul with a heartforce technique or some other secret art. Take Eternal Emperors for example. Eternal Emperors might go insane or berserk in some instances, but to shake their truesouls would be almost impossibly hard. Ning's truesoul was incredibly powerful, and he had decently strong heartforce as well. This was why he had been able to withstand the illusions just now.

"Come forth! As Bertulu continued to battle against Ning, he suddenly let out a loud shout.

Boom!

The plains around them suddenly split apart. Many long chains began to fly out from within the crevices and spin towards Ning.

"More illusions? Break!" Ning willed his powerful truesoul and mighty will to cause all these things to dissipate.

"Haha, illusions? You underestimate us Heartforce Cultivators. What is illusory is real, what is real is illusory." Bertulu shook his head. "What you are seeing is all real."

Ning had no time to do anything else. Swoosh! A crimson-black gourd suddenly appeared next to him, then released two streaks of lightning that shot out like dragons. One streak of lightning caused dark stormclouds to gather as it shot out, with the other causing crimson clouds of flame to appear around it. The two swept out against the surroundings, incinerating and shattering the chains that had sought to bind Ning. Alas, the chains reformed after being broken apart and continued to attack Ning in an endless stream.

The two streaks of Dao lightning destroyed everything in the surrounding area, and Ning was like the god of lightning himself. Even Bertulu, who had been fighting Ning in close combat, was impacted by the lightning.

"Omnipresence." Bertulu said this word calmly.

Whoosh.

Instantly, golden light began to emanate from every single part of the plains. Endless streams of golden light surrounded Ning, constricting him and slowing him down. The two streaks of Dao lightning furiously hammered down upon the light, but it was omnipresent and inescapable.

"Attack!" Ning took direct control over the two streaks of Dao lightning, sending them sweeping out against everything around him in a net.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The warhammers continued their dance, causing the earth to shake and the mountains to tremble.

Ning's swords continuously formed Unicorn's Domains, allowing him to defend with some difficulty. Thankfully, Ning had the azureflower mist energy supporting him, giving him the strength to withstand his foe.

"Let's stop here." Bertulu suddenly retreated.

The rolling plains and towering mountains around them all vanished, as did the shrine atop the mountain. The surrounding area returned to its normal, 'real' appearance. The island had long ago been completely reduced to rubble. The two were standing in the middle of the air, surrounded by the endless waves of the ocean.

"Stop?" Ning was slightly surprised.

Even though he had taken out his Elementum Waterflame Gourd, he still found it extremely hard to hold on. He could sense that defeat might come at any moment, but he had continued to do his best to delay the inevitable for as long as he could.

"I admit defeat," Bertulu suddenly said in a loud voice.

"You admit what?" Ning was stunned. His foe's hammer-arts were incredibly, incredibly profound. In addition, Ning could sense that Bertulu hadn't really been going all-out in the fight; he had simply been fighting in a fairly casual, relaxed matter. Despite that, Ning had been able to sense that he was going to lose soon, if for no other reason than the fact that he was perpetually on the defense and unable to launch any attacks of his own.

"I promised Kilostar that I would transfer this heartforce legacy over to him." Bertulu suddenly produced a single white feather. "This duel was my final duel. After this, I will be leaving the Astral Islands. Before leaving, I wanted to hand this heartforce legacy over to you. After you learn it, challenge Kilostar and transfer it to him."

As he spoke, he sent the white plume flying towards Ning.

"...Oh." Ning accepted the plume blankly. This white plume was the heartforce legacy that was ranked number one amongst the ninety-nine legacies. It had been in Bertulu's hands all this time.

"But you obviously were stronger than me..." Ning stared at Bertulu.

"There's no need for me to be so stubborn about a mere duel in the Astral Islands." Bertulu laughed calmly.

"But... you are a special lifeform! You haven't even revealed your true form." Ning couldn't help but argue back.

He had battled against quite a few special lifeforms in recent years. He knew that these special lifeforms had all used shapeshifting techniques to take a humanoid form. Cultivators were generally humanoids, and they were the most numerous living creatures in all the Endless Territories. However, special lifeforms who were in human form were often only able to unleash perhaps ten to twenty percent of their true power. Once they revealed their true forms, they would become far more powerful.

If they also possessed powerful innate abilities, they would become even more freakishly strong once they assumed their true forms.

“My true form?” Bertulu laughed as he glanced at Ning. “I’ve never shown my true form in the Astral Islands.”

“Exit,” Bertulu called out. Instantly, spacetime twisted around him and caused him to vanish.

Ning just stood there blankly, that white plume in his hands. He had won, right? Then why did he feel so pissed off? He hadn’t even had the chance to see Bertulu’s true form.

.....

The bottom of the dark abyss. The ancient powers were still watching.

“I once saw Bertulu’s true form. The first time I saw him, I misidentified him as an Ancient cultivator.” Daolord Thousand Waves let out a loud laugh. “This kid has never used his true body in any of his duels in the Astral Islands. Each time, he’s only used his human form.”

“Given the level of his insights, if he uses his true form he would probably be able to slay Daolords of the First Step right now.”

“He should be at the absolute maximum level of power, theoretical or otherwise, for any World-level cultivator.”

Ancient cultivators as well as the Brightshore Imperials represented the ultimate heights of racial power. They were very rare in number, but they possessed utterly unearthly levels of power. Waterwalker was a special lifeform who was comparable to Ancient cultivators in power, while Bertulu possessed similarly strong innate gifts. If he truly did reveal his true body, he would instantly become more than ten times as powerful!

“Alright. Bertulu has already decided to leave the Astral Islands.” The white-bearded elder laughed merrily. “It will be up to the two of you to convince him to join either the Palace of Radiance or the Palace of Heartforce.”

Laughing, the white-bearded old man turned and walked away, disappearing into the darkness.

“Time to go.”

“Hurry!”

“Daolord Thousand Waves, the Heartforce Palace really does need more Daolords! We don’t have enough!”

The many Daolords quickly flew out of the dark abyss and towards the astral islands in the sky.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 26: World Level Chapter 46: Heartforce Legacy

“How is this possible?” Kilostar stared in astonishment from within his own astral island. The highest astral island, the island within the sixth stratum, was actually descending?

“No way.”

“How can this be?”

“How could Bertulu have lost?”

“Darknorth beat Bertulu? Is this some kind of joke?”

All the other defeated geniuses, be they cultivators, Aeonians, or Aberrants, were all in a state of disbelief. They all knew how powerful Bertulu was, which was why they completely refused to believe that he could've been defeated!

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators watched as Bertulu's island descended from the exalted sixth stratum. All of them were equally stunned.

There were currently two islands that floated within the fifth stratum. Ji Ning was seated within his own island, and he was mumbling to himself. “He lost on purpose? Did he think I'd be really happy once I won? I didn't even get to see his true form...” Ning didn't feel any excitement at this 'victory', because he knew his opponent had thrown the fight.

“Still... I didn't expect to get a copy of the heartforce legacy before leaving.” Ning waved his hand, causing that white plume to appear.

The white plume was incredibly beautiful. This single feather was actually formed from 3600 strands of silk. Ning sent his senses into it, discovering the legacy hiding within it.

“Although I didn't expect to acquire it, being able to learn it is a decent stroke of luck.” Ning immediately swore the oath required of him, allowing an enormous flood of complicated information to flood into his mind.

Although Ning had some talent for the water, lightning, and heartforce, he hadn't really been planning on spending too much effort on them. There was a limit to how much energy he had, and he had chosen to pour it all into his Dao of the Sword. His advantage in this field was far greater than in the other fields, and he naturally wanted to focus more on it.

As for those other Daos, once he had some more leisure time or once he reached an unbreachable bottleneck in the Dao of the Sword, he would slowly spend some time getting his other Daos up to speed. Daolord Allgod was a good example. Only after becoming a Verge-level Daolord had he chosen to start studying the Dao of the Sword. By then, his overall level of understanding regarding the Dao was so great that he was able to train quite quickly in his secondary or tertiary Daos.

Once Ji Ning became a Verge-level Daolord, he would probably be able to reach the early Daolord level in water in just one day. After that, his training would also proceed quite quickly. It was entirely possible that he'd be able to progress to the Verge in water as well. But of course, if his innate affinity for a Dao was low, training in it would be extremely slow. Daolord Allgod had spent an tremendous amount of effort in order to upgrade his skill in the Dao of the Sword to the early Daolord level, which was why he himself had declared that he simply had no talent for the Dao of the Sword at all.

“I would probably have to spend a hundred times as much effort in training in the Dao of Water in order to make it comparable to my Dao of the Sword, and it wouldn't even help me that much. If I put all that work into the sword instead, I'll improve far more.” Ning understood this quite well.

A long period of time passed. Finally, Ning finished memorizing the heartforce legacy. It truly was the top legacy of the ninety-ninety legacies of the Astral Islands, and it contained a correspondingly enormous amount of information.

“So this is what being a true Heartforce Cultivator is all about.” Ning was stupefied.

He finally understood.

Heartforce could be divided into six stages. The first five stages were essentially the stages which Houyi had described.

The first stage was the elementary level. It was extremely hard to reach the first level; if you couldn't succeed in it, you would have no hope of progressing as a Heartforce Cultivator.

The second stage, 'iceheart'.

The third stage, 'ruler'.

The fourth stage, 'mortal dust'.

Ning had reached the mortal dust level long ago during the Crimsonbright Realmwar. Even though the Endwar and its various battles had an enormous impact on Ning, and he had reached the threshold of the fifth stage after seeing so many of the major powers of the Three Realms die. Alas, he still stubbornly clung on to certain things and was unable to truly let go.

The fifth stage, 'truth'. This was a very high level of heartforce for most cultivators. To reach this level was extremely difficult! Strength didn't have much to do with it. Although many powerful cultivators had gained their power through enormous mental tempering and stress, resulting in them possessing powerful hearts, there were many Aberrants such as Waterwalker who were born with incredible power but who had very weak hearts. Waterwalker hadn't even reached the elementary stage of heartforce.

The sixth stage, 'world'. This was the highest level of heartforce!

“After your heartforce reaches the stage of 'truth', you will be able to see through the truth of all things. Your heartforce will transform, allowing all your thoughts and desires to coalesce into a sea of consciousness. You will then be able to establish your own heartworld,” Ning murmured softly to himself.

Finally, he understood.

Prior to reaching the sixth stage, heartforce could only be used in fairly crude ways. In the Endless Territories, Old Man Yuan would be considered a Heartforce Cultivator by Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals, but technically speaking he wasn't a true Heartforce Cultivator. He was just someone who understood certain heartforce secret arts, but those arts were enough for quite a few Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals to refer to him as a Heartforce Cultivator.

Actually World-level Heartforce Cultivators were incredibly rare. There was simply no way for someone like Old Man Yuan to rely on heartforce to reach the World level.

Once your heartforce reached the sixth stage, all of your heartforce would pool together within that sea of consciousness. If your heartforce was strong enough, it could affect reality itself, forming a singularity

where what was real and what was false would collide. A single grain of sand could become an entire real world.

“Ki Refiners cultivate Immortal ki and the Dao-tree in their bodies will continuously grow taller.

“Fiendgod Body Refiners cultivate divine power and their divine bodies will continuously grow stronger.

“Heartforce Cultivators cultivate their worlds. They need to establish their heartworlds, with their insights into the Dao perfecting those worlds and making them more and more real.”

Ning murmured softly, “Heartforce Cultivators truly are unique.”

These were three completely different paths of cultivation.

By comparison, Heartforce Cultivators didn’t need to gain incredibly profound insights into the Dao. What they needed to do was to slowly build up their heartworlds, allowing their heartworlds to become increasingly like real worlds. Only when their heartworlds became sufficiently stable could they be expanded... but it was possible for heartworlds to become greater than entire territories in size. In fact, they could become greater than a hundred territories!

The larger a heartworld was, the more powerful a Heartforce Cultivator was! This was because all the World energy within this heartworld would be available to the Heartforce Cultivator to command. If the heartworld was the size of a territory, then its ‘heartworld projection’ alone would be able to crush Verge-level Daolords to death, to say nothing of someone like Ning.

“When I fought against Bertulu, he caused the area around us to transform into a world of grassy plains and tall mountains. I thought that was all just an illusion... but it was actually his heartworld projection.” Ning finally understood.

The manifestation of a heartworld projection was a symbol of all the power of an entire world being brought to bear! Even Ning felt constricted and restrained by its power. If it had been an ordinary master-class World God, that person probably would’ve been crushed straight to death! Even Ning was forced to use his Elementum Waterflame Gourd in order to hold on.

The difference in power was simply too great.

Both Fiendgods and Ki Refiners had to pursue increasingly greater heights in the Dao, but Heartforce Cultivators focused on greater stability in their heartworlds. Only with great stability would they be able to expand the size of their heartworld. As a result, Daos that were excessively oriented in a certain direction were actually unsuitable for inclusion in a heartworld! What heartworlds truly needed were highly stable and balanced Daos.

“To make the false real, to make the real false. The goal of Heartforce Cultivators is to make their heartworlds into true worlds, to make that which is illusory into something which is real.”

“Once they reach that level... with but a thought, a Heartforce Cultivator can produce a hundred Eternal weapons within his heartworld, and those Eternal weapons will all be real. He will be able to pull them out and use them in battle. With but a thought, he would be able to produce powerful pills, golems...” Ning was frightened just thinking about it.

Still, according to the heartforce legacy this only happened at the absolute apex of power. In addition, it didn't contain any instructions on how to actually reach this level.

"I haven't even reached the fifth stage of heartforce yet." Ning shook his head, putting away the white plume. He had to reach the sixth stage of heartforce before he would even have his own heartworld. Only then would he be able to use the guidance of this legacy, which would teach him how to quickly and stably expand his own heartworld.

"No wonder there are so few Heartforce Cultivators. To reach the sixth stage of heartforce is impossibly difficult." Ning shook his head. Even Houyi himself had most likely failed to reach the sixth stage of heartforce. The only person Ning knew of who had reached the sixth stage of heartforce was Bertulu.

One day later, Ning challenged Kilostar.

"Take it." Ning handed the white plume to Kilostar. "Bertulu asked me to transfer this to you."

"I knew it. I knew he had to have thrown the fight." Kilostar looked at Ning. "Oh, right. What weapons did he use?"

"Hammers," Ning said.

"You actually forced him to use his hammers? Oh! Did you see his true form?" Kilostar was quite curious. Although he was on decent terms with Bertulu, he had never been able to get Bertulu to show his true form.

"No." Ning shook his head. "Now that I've given you this legacy, my business here is done. Kilostar, if you ever want to meet me you can go to the Palace of the Sword."

"You are leaving? So soon?" Kilostar was quite surprised.

"Yes." Ning nodded.

"Alright. I'll be leaving soon as well. You will be in the Sword Palace while I will be in the Saber Palace." Kilostar nodded. "Let's see which of us will be the first to become a Samsara Daolord."

"Alright. Let's see who makes it first!"

After Ning bid Kilostar farewell, he shattered the talisman which a Daolord of the Sword Palace had given him. The only members of the Twelve Palaces who had come to visit Ning had been from the Sword Palace or the Thunder Palace.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 26: World Level Chapter 47: Departure

Ji Ning stood within his astral island by himself, staring at the emptiness around his island. The island which had represented Bertulu had already descended into the dark abyss, because Bertulu had already left.

Whoosh.

A streak of light suddenly flew towards him from afar.

Ning immediately turned to look. The person who had flown over was an azure-armored alien Daolord. This man was fairly ugly, and his skin was a coarse, dark-red color. Although he looked rather frightening, Ning knew that this man, Daolord Grayvast, was actually a very good man who was easy to get along with.

“Brother Darknorth.” The azure-armored, muscular-looking Daolord Grayvast landed on the island, then laughed. “You are planning to leave so soon?”

“Yes.” Ning nodded. “My sword-arts have reached a bottleneck. It’ll probably be quite some time before I can improve any further. In addition, I understand more than half of the more powerful experts are planning to leave as well.”

Bertulu had left, Kilostar was leaving, and many of the old timers were leaving as well.

“You might as well. The Sword Palace is a much better place than this place.” Daolord Grayvast laughed. “Even in the Endless Territories, our Palace of the Sword is considered a holy land for those who train in the Dao of the Sword.”

Ning nodded in agreement. Brightshore Kingdom was an organization on the same general level of power as the Dao Alliance and the Aeonian Kingdom. Almost all of its elite cultivators in the Dao of the Sword were gathered within the Palace of the Sword. One could imagine what an accumulation of wealth, talent, and legacies it had accumulated over the course of countless ages.

“Oh, right. Senior Grayvast, please have a seat first.” Ning hurriedly produced some Immortal wine, personally filling Daolord Grayvast’s cup. He asked curiously, “Bertulu’s astral island has already sank into that dark abyss. That means he should’ve left already. Senior, do you know which palace he chose?”

“You aren’t the only one curious about this. Many of the Daolords have been paying attention to him as well.” Daolord Grayvast sat down, then picked up a cup of wine and gave it a sip. “In the end, he chose the Palace of Radiance.”

“The Radiant Palace?” Ning was startled. “He plans to walk the Dao of Light?”

Heartforce Cultivators were incredibly powerful. Daolord Featherdress, who had left behind the heartforce legacy, was publicly acknowledged as the most powerful Daolord in the Endless Territories during his era! After gaining this legacy, Ning came to understand that once a heartworld reached truly massive proportions, a simple heartworld projection would be enough to crush an opponent to death. Even if it didn’t directly kill one’s opponent, it could still suppress and restrict them, causing them to be limited to a mere twenty percent of their true power.

And Heartforce Cultivators had more tricks up their sleeves than just that...

“Choosing the Dao of Light is the most stable, appropriate path.” Daolord Grayvast let out a sigh.

“Everyone knows how powerful and inscrutable Heartforce Cultivators are, but training in heartforce is simply too difficult. There are incredibly few World-level Heartforce Cultivators. As for Daolords who are Heartforce Cultivators... very few of them exist in the Endless Territories. The Heartforce Palace is one of the Twelve Palaces, but it has a total of less than ten Daolords!”

Daolord Grayvast shook his head. "The Dao of Light is actually a fairly normal Dao in comparison. Bertulu can focus on the Dao of Light while spending some time in heartforce as well."

"Now that I think about it..." Ning said softly, "When I fought against him, he only used his heartworld projection to suppress me, then engaged me in close combat. He didn't really use a lot of heartforce techniques. It seems as though he decided long ago that he would use heartforce as a supporting skill. His main focus is on fighting in close combat."

"A very solid choice." Daolord Grayvast sighed. "This solid choice means that we can already imagine how dazzlingly powerful he will be in the future. In fact, if he successfully walks down the path he has started on, he will become either the Palace Lord or a vice Palace Lord."

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Ning chatted and drank with Daolord Grayvast, learning much more about the Twelve Palaces. Soon, the wine was all finished.

"Time to go." Ning rose to his feet.

"There is a teleportation array within the Astral Islands. It can send you straight to the Sword Palace." Daolord Grayvast rose to his feet as well.

"No need." Ning shook his head. "I have a good friend who came with me to the Brightshore Kingdom. She is currently somewhere in the Brightshore Kingdom. I plan to find her first, then I'll go to the Sword Palace."

"Oh?" Daolord Grayvast frowned slightly, then solemnly handed over a medallion. This medallion looked illusory and translucent, but one could vaguely make out the word 'sword' on the medallion. Daolord Grayvast handed the medallion over to Ning. "Technically speaking, you should only be given this medallion after you go to the Sword Palace and become one of our formal members. However, since you need to find your friend first, I'll let you bind this medallion right now. Once you bind it, you'll be one of our formal members."

Ning was startled. "You are going to give it to me in advance?"

"The Brightshore Kingdom is a dangerous place," Daolord Grayvast explained. "If I didn't give it to you... you might end up dying while traveling to the Sword Palace."

"Ah?!" Ning was shocked.

"The Brightshore Kingdom is an extremely large place with countless living beings within it. The almighty Hegemon actually went out of his way to personally create many dangers, hiding many legacies within those dangers," Daolord Grayvast explained. "He wishes for the countless living beings within the Brightshore Kingdom to be filled with energy and courage. If everything is too peaceful and everyone lives in peace, the kingdom will produce far, far fewer major powers."

Ning understood this principle. A peaceful life sapped one's willpower. Even chaosworlds were filled with battle, to say nothing of the Endless Territories.

"Anyone who becomes a Daolord is required to join the Twelve Palaces," Daolord Grayvast said. "Within the Twelve Palaces, all internal strife is forbidden. Even if you do hold a grudge against someone, we

would encourage you to do your best to resolve things peacefully through mediation. If the mediation fails, you will still have to get advance permission before entering into a life-and-death duel. If you dare to kill one of your colleagues without getting that permission, you will be devoured by your lifeblood oath and killed on the spot.”

“Many of the Daolords will leave the Brightshore Kingdom to adventure through the outside lands.” Daolord Grayvast laughed. “If you want to kill people, do it outside. Don’t kill other Daolords of the Brightshore Kingdom.”

“Once you bind this medallion, none of the Daolords of the Brightshore Kingdom will dare to lay a finger on you,” Daolord Grayvast said. “That will make things much safer for you! To physically travel from this place to the Sword Palace means crossing more than half of the entire Brightshore Kingdom. There will be many Daolords on the way, including some special lifeforms who have bad tempers or strange dispositions. There are some who will slaughter anyone who crosses their path...”

Ning was speechless upon hearing all this.

“So... hurry up and bind it,” Daolord Grayvast urged.

Ning immediately sent his senses into the medallion. This medallion did indeed hold a lifeblood oath within it that was quite similar to the one which Daolord Grayvast had just described. The Twelve Palaces forbade its members from engaging in internal combat. In addition, if the Brightshore Imperials or the Twelve Palaces fell into danger, the members of the palaces would have to do their utmost to rescue them. But of course, if one of the Imperials sought to kill you then you would be permitted to fight back; there would be no need to defend them.

“The Twelve Palaces must protect the imperial clan?” Ning raised his head to look at Daolord Grayvast.

Protecting the imperial clan was actually part of the charter of the lifeblood oath. But of course, in order to ensure that the experts of the Twelve Palaces were sincere in their loyalty, the Brightshore Imperials also had to swear oaths that they absolutely would not attack any members of the Twelve Palaces. If they did, they would no longer be protected and they could instead be counter-attacked and killed!

“Yes.” Daolord Grayvast nodded. “The Brightshore Kingdom was established by the almighty Hegemon. He created the Brightshore Kingdom for the sake of protecting his imperial clan. Although the Imperials are very powerful, they are extremely few in number.”

“Alright.” Ning understood.

Ning could also sense what an extraordinary aura this medallion had. Most likely, it was the almighty Hegemon himself who had created this medallion as well as the lifeblood oath. But of course, the Twelve Palaces had to agree with the wording of the oath. Only then would such a mighty organization have staying power.

“I suppose I can accept that.” Ning immediately swore the lifeblood oath. The medallion was instantly and easily bound as well.

“Eh?” As soon as he bound the medallion, Ning could sense ten ripples of power coming from the Astral Islands region. These were ripples emanating from other similar medallions.

“The Twelve Palaces and the Brightshore Imperials all have similar medallions. The ripples coming from those medallions will testify to their identity, ensuring that we won’t get into accidental fights against our fellows without realizing it,” Daolord Grayvast said. “Now, no Daolord will dare to act against you here in the Brightshore Kingdom. As for World-level cultivators? I’m confident that you should be able to easily defeat any World-level cultivators. Oh – here is a star map of the Brightshore Kingdom.”

Daolord Grayvast handed Ning a furled star map.

Ning accepted it. “Thank you, senior Grayvast. I’ll be leaving now.”

“I’ll see you in the Sword Palace,” Daolord Grayvast said. “Be careful on your journey.”

“I will.” Ning immediately transformed into a streak of light and flew away.

Daolord Grayvast watched as the sword-carrying white-robed youth flew away, then turned to leave as well.

The astral island which Ning had been on began to sink downwards into that dark abyss below. As for the random legacy treasures which Ning had left behind, they all scattered and began to fly towards the various other islands.

All the legacy treasures of the ninety-nine legacies would forever remain within the Astral Islands.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 26: World Level Chapter 48: Yet Another Mirrorsnow Painting

The Brightshore Kingdom was an exceedingly large place.

Clouds fluttered about in the skies as a shuttle flew at high speed through the air. Ji Ning was seated in the lotus position aboard his ship, staring at the beautiful world of the Brightshore Kingdom.

“So the Astral Islands were over there. As for the Sword Palace, that’s over there. And oh, that’s where they greet newcomers? So that’s the place I was taken to when I was first abducted.” Ning now had a rough understanding of the geography of the Brightshore Kingdom. “I remember when I first arrived here and more than thirty thousand fellow World-level cultivators were led by those two silver-armored Daolords all the way to the Astral Islands. We flew for roughly forty-six days. On the eleventh day, I could sense the presence of another Mirrorsnow Painting.”

Teleportation was impossible within the borders of the Brightshore Kingdom. One would have to slowly fly from destination to destination.

“To go from the arrival area to the Astral Islands...” Ning engaged in a bit of calculation and was able to easily calculate the rough location of the Mirrorsnow Painting.

Those two silver-armored Daolords had flown in a straight line, and the painting was roughly a quarter of the distance between the arrival area and the Astral Islands.

“Eh? The Mirrorsnow Painting isn’t that far away from Youji’s position. I won’t have to make as much of a detour as I thought.” Ning was quite delighted.

Swoosh! His flying vessel transformed into a streak of light and sped off into the distance.

Ning had given Su Youji a message talisman. Due to the great distance which separated them, he was only able to get a rough sense of the direction where she was located. He flew for three full months, and on the way he sensed the auras of quite a few Daolords. Those Daolords could sense that Ning belonged to the Twelve Palaces and so they naturally had no interest in causing trouble for Ning. Still, this journey gave Ning a good understanding of how dangerous the Brightshore Kingdom was.

Ning was ambushed multiple times on his trip. Clearly, the Brightshore Kingdom was a rather chaotic and brutal place. There was even more strife here than there was in the territory controlled by the Dao Alliance. Unfortunately for those poor bandits who attempted to waylay Ning, they quickly discovered that they had kicked a metal plate! The results of their attempts were foregone conclusions.

“Eh? A ripple!” The flying vessel quickly began to slow down and descend from its position within the clouds. The white-robed Ning was seated in the lotus position, a sword across his lap. Ning opened his eyes, a look of eagerness in his gaze.

“That ripple is coming from the Mirrorsnow Painting!” Ning could sense the resonance being generated by his own three Mirrorsnow Paintings. “I didn’t expect that after a thousand years, that painting would still remain in this location.”

.....

Deep underneath a lake that was located a ten billion kilometers away from Ning. There was a beautiful palace located here in the depths, filled with many maids and guards.

“Eh?” Within a side hall of this palace was an azure-scaled creature who was leaning against a throne while sipping some wine. The creature’s face suddenly tightened, causing the maid who had been giving him a neck massage to be badly startled.

“A Mirrorsnow Painting? Wait, three of them?” The azure-scaled creature was both shocked and delighted... but then, his face tightened once more.

A thousand years ago, when Ning had passed by this place after being abducted, this creature had already sensed the presence of those paintings. He was in possession of a copy, allowing him to sense the presence of three other copies. He had been quite delighted, but as soon as he saw those two silver-armored Daolords who ignored him he had immediately realized that it was most likely an abducted World-level cultivator who was in possession of the paintings.

“Those are the same three copies I sensed last time. Did one of those World-level cultivators escape from the Astral Islands already?” The azure-scaled creature narrowed his eyes.

Swoosh! He transformed into a streak of light, almost instantly emerging from his aquatic palace. He soon emerged from the lake, lifting his head up out of the water to stare upwards.

Following the resonance, he turned his rather dark and icy gaze to stare towards that flying vessel that was ten billion kilometers away. He was able to see the vessel quite clearly, as well as the white-robed youth aboard the vessel.

“He’s not a Daolord. He’s just a World-level cultivator.” The azure-scaled creature was immediately delighted. He guessed that this person had most likely discovered him, and so he no longer hid his presence. He immediately sent out his godsense, sweeping it out to a distance of ten billion kilometers.

“He’s actually by himself? He’s the only one on his ship?” The azure-scaled creature grew increasingly excited. “It makes sense. He came out of the Astral Islands. Those people who leave the islands usually travel by themselves; it is quite rare for them to move around in groups. Even if he does have some subordinates in an estate-world treasure, they probably aren’t that strong given the fact that they are hiding.”

The azure-scaled creature let out a cold grin. “So you have three of the paintings but you want mine as well? How greedy. This fellow seems quite confident.” The azure-scaled creature slipped below the waves once more, quickly returning to his underwater palace.

The underwater palace.

As soon as the azure-scaled creature returned to his palace, he headed straight towards the main hall. He picked up an enormous thigh-bone and then began to bang on a nearby drum with it. Boom! The drum emanated a series of ripples that instantly spread throughout the entire hall. One person after another began to emerge from locations throughout the palace, and all of them possessed auras of tremendous power that were at least as strong as the azure-scaled creature’s aura.

“Azurekai.”

“Azurekai, why have you suddenly summoned us?”

“You even banged on the royal dragon drum. What is this all about?”

Soon, a total of twenty-six World-level experts appeared within the main hall. All of them could be considered cultivators, but they were all cultivators of various aquatic races. This was why they had placed their palace within the lake.

“Something wonderful has happened.” The azure-skinned creature let out a loud laugh. “Ten billion kilometers away, there is a World-level cultivator who is flying towards us at high speed.”

“Flying straight for us? A World-level cultivator?”

“Is he suicidal?”

The World-level experts present were all puzzled.

The azure-scaled creature said hurriedly, “He’s from the Astral Islands. There’s a bit of a grudge between the two of us.” He didn’t dare to admit that it was due to the Mirrorsnow Paintings, because those paintings were simply too valuable. Between the two of them, they held a total of four Mirrorsnow Paintings... this was a fortune that would cause even Daolords to grow desirous. If he admitted it, his ‘friends’ would probably start to bicker with him over the items.

“I once won a treasure off of him, but he had two sets of that treasure. These treasures resonate with each other, which is why he has followed me to this place,” the azure-scaled creature said. “He has an incredibly high number of treasures. After we kill him... I don’t want anything special, just those three paintings he holds. What do you say?”

“Three paintings?” The other World-level cultivators were instantly able to guess that the three paintings were fairly valuable.

“His other treasures won’t disappoint you either.” The azure-scaled creature frowned. “He came from the Astral Islands, but he was merely on par with me in strength. If the twenty-seven of us fight together, we can easily kill him.”

“If he came from the Astral Islands, he might’ve joined the Twelve Palaces.”

“Don’t worry.” The azure-scaled creature swept them with his gaze, then let out a cold laugh. “I came from the Astral Islands. I know it better than anyone else. Everyone who was directly admitted into the Twelve Palaces was an absolute monster. Very few were allowed entrance! The vast majority who escaped that place did so because they were lucky enough to piece together a full legacy. That fellow is probably on par with me at best! Even if we are unlucky enough to encounter someone freakishly strong... no matter how much of a freak he is, he can’t possibly fight the twenty-seven of us together. I’m telling you, this genius had many treasures on him.”

The others instantly grew excited and intrigued.

“We are the twenty-seven Waterfiend Lords of the Royal Dragon Palace. There’s no way we’d be afraid of him.”

“Kill him and take his treasures.”

“Kill him.”

The twenty-seven Waterfiend Lords of the Royal Dragon Palace were incredibly famous in this area. There were all members of aquatic races who had trained to the World-level, but only those who had reached certain levels of strength would be granted entry into this small squad. Within the Brightshore Kingdom, the powerful sects were generally guarded by Daolords, but most of them had rather strict rules. The Brightshore Kingdom was filled with many dangers and many fortunes; to locate good techniques or legacies wasn’t very hard here. Thus, many unaffiliated World-level cultivators ended up joining into minor groups to work together.

World God Azurekai had relied on his own power to escape the Astral Islands. Although he didn’t enter the Twelve Palaces, he just missed the cutoff by a tiny amount. He was the second most powerful individual in the palace, which was why others came when he called.

“That kid just emerged from the Astral Islands. He has no idea about our Royal Dragon Palace.” The azure-skinned man said hurriedly, “Everyone, stay patient. Let’s wait here inside our palace. Our palace has formations and restrictive spells protecting it; this will prevent him from realizing how many of us are here. After he reaches the outside of our palace, we’ll charge out and surround him. We won’t even give him a chance to run.”

“Right.”

“We are hiding in the shadows while he is standing in the light. So what if he made it out of the Astral Islands? We aren’t pushovers either!”

Whoosh.

A distance of ten billion kilometers was fairly far. Ning had to fly for quite a few hours before arriving outside the lake. Ning's skill gave him courage, and his godsense had revealed the Royal Dragon Palace below him.

Swish! Ning put away his flying vessel, then charged straight into the lake and flew towards the palace. Soon, he reached the palace gates. He immediately saw the guards and maids within the palace.

"You actually dared to come to our Royal Dragon Palace?"

"So many paths lead to life, but you had to choose the one that leads to death."

Suddenly, streaks of light began to fly out from the Royal Dragon Palace. There were twenty-seven streaks of light in total, and they simultaneously released murderous auras as they joined together into a formation.

Ning just watched calmly. He murmured to himself, "Royal Dragon Palace, eh?"

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Book 26: World Level Chapter 49: The Twenty-Seven Waterfiend Lords

The twenty-seven streaks of light came to a halt after surrounding Ji Ning.

Ning glanced at them. The twenty-seven figures before him were all quite bizarre-looking. These were all creatures that were born as members of aquatic races. Although as World-level cultivators, they could now survive equally well on dry land or in the void of space, they still had an innate fondness for water. Ning similarly could live equally well in water or on land, but he still preferred to dwell on land.

"Eh?" Ning's gaze fell upon the azure-scaled creature's form. He could sense that the painting was being carried by that creature.

"Three paintings!" The azure-scaled creature felt a surge of excitement in his heart.

"Everyone..." Ning spoke out.

"Haha, are you afraid now? Too late!"

"Kill him."

The twenty-seven Waterfiend Lords couldn't be bothered to chat with Ning. They had dominated this region for quite some time and were figures of renown. They showed no mercy at all when attacking. They truly weren't worried about this World-level cultivator at all; they had never encountered someone on their level who could withstand the twenty-seven of them.

The weakest of the twenty-seven was a master-class World God, while the strongest was a transcendent World God!

Boom! A black streak of lightning thundered down towards Ning.

Whoosh! A current of freezing energy surged out to try and freeze Ning.

Swish! An enormous web-shaped treasure swept out to capture Ning.

Hiss! A serpentine rope-like treasure twirled out to bind Ning.

The twenty-seven cultivators instantly launched simultaneously attacks in a very practiced manner. Generally speaking, most World-level cultivators were only able to control two powerful treasures at the same time. A situation like this was a testament to the old saying, strength in numbers. A dazzling array of spells and treasures instantly swept out towards Ning in a wave, seeking to drown him. As for the World Gods amongst the twenty-seven, they charged straight towards Ning.

Whooooosh.

Rings of sword-light began to spread outwards.

Ning just stood there, surrounded by rings of sword-light. Although the freezing current of energy was able to freeze the waters of the lake as it reached out towards Ning, it instantly shattered whenever it touched the sword-light. As for the web treasures and the other treasures? They were completely stopped by Ning's sword-light.

"How average." Ning couldn't help but sigh to himself. When he had used his Unicorn's Domain had been able to withstand Bertulu, he had been under tremendous pressure. But now that he was fighting these twenty-seven Waterfiend Lords... he felt things were far too easy. He didn't even have to really focus on this fight; he instead simply activated his domain, allowing his sword-intent to automatically defend against the attacks.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

Nineteen of the twenty-seven were World Gods. This was quite a powerful force, after all. World God Azurekai had been able to leave the Astral Islands without anyone helping him, and he had the power of a transcendent World God, but he was merely the second most powerful figure in their group. Only sufficiently powerful individuals would be admitted into their ranks, and these nineteen World Gods were filled with tremendous power, especially after being reinforced by their formation.

"Die." A streak of silver light shot out at tremendous speed towards Ning.

"Hm?" Ning held a single sword in his hands. He glanced sideways at the attack, then executed a simple sword-stance.

Clang! Crack!

Ning's sword was even faster and his attack was even more profound!

It must be understood that the Unicorn's Domain was based off the perfect fusion of the 'Astral' stance and the sixth stance of the [Nameless] sword-art, the Unicorn's Heart. The [Nameless] sword-art was a sword-art that had been left behind by an Eternal Emperor, while the Astral stance had been developed based on Violetjewel's quintessence. Both were incredibly high-level sword-arts.

"What?!" The silver-streak of light was shocked after this clash. Ning's sword-light had actually brushed him across the chest!

BOOM!

The silver streak of light retreated at tremendous speeds. The power of Ning's strike was simply too enormous, and he was simply too strong. With a boom, the streak of light slammed into the distant walls of the Royal Dragon Palace, causing the entire palace to tremble. The other twenty-six Waterfiend Lords were all horrified, to say nothing of the palace attendants and maids.

The person Ning had just sent flying was the leader of the group... World God Dragonking.

World God Dragonking was a transcendent World God who was supported by a formation with multiple other World Gods! How could he have been beaten in just a single clash!

"Not good."

"We are in trouble."

"This opponent is too powerful."

The other Waterfiend Lords all felt their hearts clench.

"Don't fight him solo. Let's all fight together." Although World God Azurekai was rather shocked at how terrifyingly strong this opponent was, the allure of those three paintings was simply too great. He immediately roared mentally, "Big brother Dragonking, let's join forces!"

"Alright!" World God Dragonking had a decent protective divine ability. Although he had been knocked flying, he hadn't suffered any significant injuries. "His sword-arts are quite profound. None of us are a match for him in solo combat. All of us need to fight together. There's no way he can take us all on at once. Find a chance to tie him up and bind him!"

"Right. Let's all join together."

World God Dragonking quickly flew back to rejoin them. They were all much more somber now. They either attacked with magic treasures from afar or cautiously advanced en masse towards Ning. By now, even the most arrogant member of their group, World God Dragonking, no longer dared to act brashly.

"The Brightshore Kingdom's territory really is rather lawless. Is this what the almighty Hegemon desires?" Ning shook his head. He had been waylaid and accosted multiple times on his trip to this place from the Astral Islands. This time, these twenty-seven had attacked him without even bothering to talk to him. From this, one could see how unruly this kingdom was.

By comparison... although there was also danger and combat within the territory of the Dao Alliance, it was a far more peaceful place! The Dao Alliance followed the principles of governance through inaction, but there was a reason for it. Ninety-nine percent of the territory of the Endless Territories was under the control of the Dao Alliance, and virtually all cultivators were a member of the alliance. There were simply too many cultivators! Even though they governed through inaction, they were still able to produce a few Daolords within each territory. How vast and powerful was the entire Dao Alliance?

The main weakness of the Dao Alliance was that its cultivators were too scattered out.

The Brightshore Kingdom's power was much more concentrated, even though it held much less territory. The almighty Hegemon was a Brightshore Imperial, which meant he really didn't feel much pity or sympathy for 'alien' forms of life. He would use whatever means were effective in rearing a crop of

powerful experts! The fatality rate in the Astral Islands was a testament to how cold and ruthless the almighty Hegemon could be.

According to the Twelve Palaces, the reason they existed and the reason the Hegemon had created the Brightshore Kingdom was so that Imperials would be protected. Because the Twelve Palaces had become extremely powerful, the almighty Hegemon respected them and placed them on an equal level.

Swish! Crack! Whoosh!

Many weapons and spells flew towards Ning in a steady stream.

Moments ago, Ning had been able to rely on his supreme sword-arts to easily defeat his opponent. However, simply relying on sword-arts was no longer enough. He would now have to actually fight.

Boom!

The nineteen World Gods were all sent flying backwards.

“What?!”

“He’s too strong.”

“Quick, flee!”

Slash! Sword-light flashed as the tip of Ning’s sword pierced into the body of World God Dragonking, the fastest of the twenty-seven. This time, Ning infused his strike with the power of his azureflower mist energy. Although the strike had to first pass through a layer of armor, and although World God Dragonking’s body was comparable to a Chaos treasure... his body began to tremble, then crack apart as blood began to flow from every single part of his body.

“Die.” Ning showed no mercy at all as he delivered three consecutive furious strikes upon the body of World God Dragonking.

“No!” World God Dragonking was utterly horrified. “How can he be this strong? He’s clearly just at the World level. How can he be this much stronger than me?!” The three consecutive blows smashed World God Dragonking’s body into dust, causing even his truesoul to dissipate.

“How can a World-level cultivator be this strong?”

“He’s too strong!”

The Waterfiend Lords began to flee in utter terror. Even when they joined forces, they were still defeated in the very first clash? But of course, if they knew that Kilostar’s thousand clones weren’t able to do anything against Ji Ning, they would no longer be surprised by their defeat.

“He’s a freak! He’s one of those horrifyingly, freakishly talented geniuses that were in the higher strata of the Astral Islands. He must’ve been admitted into the Twelve Palaces already!” The fleeing World God Azurekai was more frightened than anyone else. “And he must’ve been one of the top freaks!”

Some of those ‘freaks’ were strong because of special treasures or secret arts, while others held enormous advantages in terms of speed and strength. Those freakishly strong cultivators who were as strong and fast as Daolords of the First Step were the most terrifying ones of all. Kilostar and Ning both

belonged to this category. Even when Ning's sword-arts had been weak, his powerful divine body had allowed him to stably reside within the fifth stratum. Once his sword-arts improved, he became strong enough that even Bertulu would have to reveal his true form in order to be certain of victory over Ning.

"Fleeing?" After slaying World God Dragonking, Ning's body flickered as he began to chase after World God Azurekai.

World God Azurekai and World God Dragonking were both transcendent World Gods and the strongest members of the twenty-seven. As for the others? Ning really didn't care about them.

Boom! Sword-light descended.

"No!" World God Azurekai struggled to defend, utterly terrified. But after a few strokes of sword-light, he was finished.

World God Northrest had acquired something like the [Golden Idol] out of pure luck. In contrast, World God Azurekai had only been able to train his body to make it comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure. He hadn't even reached the Chaos treasure level. Protective divine abilities were very rare, after all, and they were extremely hard to train in. Elite protective divine abilities were even more rare!

Soon, World God Azurekai disappeared into a cloud of dust.

Ning glanced at the treasures he had left behind, then waved his hand and collected it all.

As for the other Waterfiend Lords, they had all fled long ago. They didn't even want their palace any longer. As for the attendants and maids inside the palace, they had hidden themselves in terror.

"Time to go." Ning soared into the skies, shooting out of the lake and into his flying vessel as he departed. Once he entered his vessel, Ning began to bind the treasures which World God Azurekai had left behind. Soon, he located the Mirrorsnow Painting he was looking for.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 26: World Level Chapter 50: Bloodfire Cloudfruit

The flying shuttle flew through the clouds with Ji Ning seated on the deck, going through the treasures he had just acquired.

"It is actually..." Ning stared at the Mirrorsnow Painting in his hands. This painting was a painting of a beautiful palace. This palace was slightly different from the painting of a palace which Ning had already acquired, but Ning immediately recognized it as being painted by Emperor Mirrorsnow... partially because of how ugly it was, but also because no one could imitate his distinct sword-intent.

"A painting of a palace? Is this another copy of the first painting?" Ning nodded slowly. "It makes sense. I would have to have stupid good luck in order to find the fourth painting right away."

Ning wasn't too surprised by the fact that this painting wasn't the fourth painting.

"Still... at least this painting can be sold for roughly a hundred or two hundred thousand cubes of chaos nectar. In fact, someone who desperately needs it would probably be willing to pay even more." Ning was in quite a good mood. These paintings were popular, valuable items. Generally speaking, those who

acquired the paintings wouldn't divulge it to others! Given that there were only forty of them in all the Endless Territories, and given that some might have multiple copies of each...

It certainly wasn't going to be easy for him to just randomly encounter the exact piece he needed. For him to even find a copy of the first one here in the Brightshore Kingdom was already a stroke of great luck.

"After I go to the Palace of the Sword, I'll ask the Twelve Palaces to help me locate the fourth painting," Ning mused to himself.

The Twelve Palaces of the Brightshore Kingdom were on the same general level of power as the Dao Alliance.

Last time, Ning had asked Daolord Badlands to help him buy Mirrorsnow Paintings, and Daolord Badlands had sought out the Dao Alliance to carry out this task. Because they were on a tight time schedule, the Dao Alliance didn't really carry a large-scale search. The Twelve Palaces, however, was itself an incredibly powerful organization that held cultivators, Aeonians, and other special lifeforms.

In the future, Ji Ning would be one of their links to the Dao Alliance.

In the future, Gorho would be one of their links to the Aeonians.

As a result, the Twelve Palaces of Brightshore were on very good terms with many of the organizations of the Endless Territories. It might be hard for the Twelve Palaces to immediately procure a copy of the fourth Mirrorsnow Painting, but if they were given enough time they stood an extremely good chance of succeeding. But of course... that was only if you were willing to pay the price!

Ning sent out a strand of his divine power into his new copy of the first painting, creating a divine clone within it.

Within the palace inside the painting. A golden-robed emperor manifested atop the royal throne within the palace.

Ning sighed upon seeing this. "Although there are slight differences, I can sense that he is similar to the golden-robed emperor within my original first painting."

"Oh. A while ago, it was World God Azurekai who met with me. Did you kill Azurekai?" The golden-robed emperor looked downwards at Ning.

"Yes." Ning nodded. "I already acquired other Mirrorsnow Paintings in the past. Do all ten copies of the first Mirrorsnow Painting created by Emperor Mirrorsnow hold the exact same 'type' of person?"

"They do." The golden-robed emperor smiled and nodded. He didn't really care about Azurekai's death. He existed for the sake of completing the Eternal Emperor's mission, and for someone to be able to kill Azurekai meant that this person should be even stronger.

"Let's have a little competition," Ning said.

"Azurekai was never able to defeat me." The golden-robed emperor produced a golden greatsword in his hands as he walked down the stairs towards Ning. "You said you already have other Mirrorsnow Paintings. You should know the rules."

"I know them." Ning nodded.

After a brief battle, Ning defeated the golden-robed emperor.

Aboard the flying vessel, the true Ning revealed a look of resignation. "Although there are slight differences in the sword-arts they use, the two golden-robed emperors really do belong to the exact same 'school'. This is of no use to my sword-arts whatsoever."

"What else is there?" Ning began to go through the rest of his spoils of war.

World God Azurekai didn't have any particularly good treasures aside from the painting. He did have an azure sword which was an Eternal weapon, but Ning was quickly able to judge that it was merely a low-grade Eternal weapon that was actually weaker than his Violetjewels! And there was only one Eternal weapon. As for the other treasures, they were negligible.

"He did have two decent techniques." Ning glanced through them. "Useless to me, but I can transmit them to the Three Realms."

"I wonder what World God Dragonking had?" Ning scanned through these treasures as well. World God Dragonking was a spear-wielder, but his spear was also merely a low-grade Eternal treasure.

The Brightshore Kingdom was a place filled with many dangers but also many treasures and legacies. So long as you were willing to brave the dangers, you would have a good chance of acquiring powerful treasures and legacies. Some of the more powerful World-level cultivators were thus able to acquire Eternal weapons, but most of those weapons were merely low-grade.

"The almighty Hegemony is such a cheapskate. I bet most of the Eternal weapons he scattered throughout the Brightshore Kingdom are just low-grade," Ning muttered to himself. "The Dao Alliance is better. In the rest of the Endless Territories, Eternal weapons are quite rare and hard to obtain, but the ones that you do find are usually pretty good. In fact, some ruins might even hold top-grade Eternal weapons."

The ruins and relic sites of the Endless Territories were generally left behind by Daolords. It was only natural that they would hold excellent treasures. The equivalent places in the Brightshore Kingdom, however, were intentionally created by the almighty Hegemon! As a result, almost all of the treasures were 'mere' low-grade Eternal weapons at best.

"Eh?" A jade bottle suddenly appeared in Ning's hands, causing him to reveal a look of surprise.

"A pureloop jade bottle? And it holds a Bloodfire Cloudfruit inside?" Ning willed the stopper of the bottle to pop out, allowing a fruit to emerge from within the bottle. This was a fruit that was completely crimson in color, and mist could be seen swirling in the air around it. Ning had noticed this bottle earlier in his estate-world when he had quickly scanned through World God Dragonking's treasures, but only now did he realize what a treasure it was and what it held inside.

"Pureloop jade bottles can contain vast worlds within them. The vast world inside this one can form a mighty Pureloop Jade Formation that will draw upon all the chaos energy of that entire vast world, distilling it into chaos nectar." Ning sighed in amazement. This pureloop jade bottle was far better at distilling chaos nectar than the prisonworlds created by World God Pangaea.

This pureloop jade bottle was able to distill a full cube of chaos nectar every chaos cycle. Still... even Daolords had finite lifespans. With each step they took, they walked the boundaries between life and death. Some would perish after living for a mere thousand chaos cycles. Thus, these bottles generally weren't sold for too high a price. Most were collected by sects and would be sold for roughly ten thousand cubes of chaos nectar.

Aside from being used to distill chaos nectar, the bottle could also be used to hold some of the marvelous items that were birthed from the primordial chaos. There were certain treasures such as fruits or spirit-leaves that would quickly lose their efficacy if not stored in a proper manner. If you placed them within the heart of a Pureloop Jade Formation, the formation would be able to prevent any leakage at all. This formation was able to hold any type of energy, making it quite suitable for storing treasures.

"It actually held a Bloodfire Cloudfruit within it." Ning mumbled to himself, "Did this guy even know how valuable this thing is?"

Ning had gained much information from Daolord Solesky, which was why he knew about more than 90% of the known treasures which existed in the Endless Territories. World God Dragonking hadn't been given a similar legacy, and it really was possible that he didn't know what a Bloodfire Cloudfruit was.

"Bloodfire Cloudfruit is incredibly valuable. These fruits are naturally born from the primordial chaos and are extremely few in number. A single cloudfruit can completely transform the divine body of a cultivator, converting it into a divine body that is completely formed from the element of fire. With this new body, the cultivator will find that training in the Dao of Fire will be much easier than it was before. He will also be able to merge and release Bloodfire, then use it to fly." Ning was truly quite amazed.

Ning, for example, was able to control his [Novessence Thunder] and even had possession of Dao lightning, but there was no way for him to fully merge into those types of lightning. This was because there was simply no way for his body to connect with them.

The Golden Crows were able to ride Golden Solarfire because their divine bodies were able to perfectly join together with that fire.

Exalted Celestial Thundergod was unable to fly using Ninehorn Lightning Serpents because his divine body was unable to perfectly join together with them.

Ning had lost quite a few clones in order to transform his divine body, making it thunder-aligned and capable of using the lightning serpents to fly. However, Ninehorn Lightning Serpents were ranked as a type of Elder lightning. They weren't even at the Chaos level! There was naturally no way for Ning's body to take control over Chaos lightning and use it to fly. If there was, Ning would be moving at a truly astonishing speed.

However, Bloodfire Cloudfruits were suitable for controlling Bloodfire, a type of Chaos fire. If you used it to flee, the vast majority of Daolords would be unable to catch up to you.

This single fruit was worthy roughly a million cubes of chaos nectar... and it generally could not be found in the open market. These types of treasures that were born from the primordial chaos were incredibly rare, unlike Eternal weapons which could be forged.

“Or perhaps this World God Dragonking did know, but was afraid to reveal it?” Ning mused. “Did he know? Or didn’t he? Still, it doesn’t matter. This fruit is useless to me. If I encounter any treasures that I need, I can sell it off or trade it.” Ning was in no rush to sell it. This was a fine treasure for a Daolord who walked the Dao of Fire. If he waited for an opportune time, he would be able to sell it for a very high price.

“I really didn’t expect to be waylaid so many times after leaving the Astral Islands. I killed quite a few of those bandits, but unexpected my most valuable loot was this Bloodfire Cloudfruit rather than the Mirrorsnow Painting.” Ning hurriedly stored the fruit back into the pureloop jade bottle.

“Time to go.” Ning had quite a few valuable treasures on him already, and so he was quickly able to return to his usual calm.

After leaving the Royal Dragon Palace, Ning flew for more than two more months before finally reaching the place where Su Youji had secreted herself.

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 26: World Level Chapter 51: Bluegrace Sect

The Bluegrace Sect was one of the many sects within the enormous territory ruled over by the Brightshore Kingdom. It had been established by Daolord Bluegrace and was an ancient organization with deep roots.

The Eastsmoke branch of the Bluegrace Sect. The residential area for high-level sect members.

There was an estate located at the peak of one of these mountains, and outside this estate sat eighteen World-level cultivators in the lotus position.

“Hmph.” A white-robed woman at the entrance to the estate glanced at those eighteen, then let out a cold snort.

“Junior apprentice-sister Qingfan, you should urge the Flamefairy Su Youji to stop resisting.” A black-robed elder, one of the eighteen seated World-level cultivators, spoke out. “Have her obediently hand over her golems, her bugbeast, and that statue of Feixian the Exalted. If she does that, we naturally won’t cause any further trouble for her. Otherwise... once the order comes from the headquarters, she shall perish and her Dao shall vanish!”

“Little sister Youji rescued some of our fellow disciples. Not only have you shown no gratitude, you’ve plotted against her and tried to take her treasures away from her. Little sister Youji risked her life in order to acquire that statue of Feixian the Exalted.” The white-robed woman said angrily, “An order from the headquarters? You might be able to cause trouble here in this local branch, but the main base isn’t a place where you fools can do as you please!”

The eighteen World-level cultivators no longer spoke. They just continued their silent vigil.

“Hmph.” The white-robed woman angrily returned to the estate.

Within the estate.

Su Youji was seated in the lotus position within one of the rooms in the estate, engaging in silent meditation. Dressed in fiery robes, Su Youji emanated an aura of incredible allure and magnetism . It

was as though she was the most beautiful, most seductive woman who had ever been born, so beautiful that even World-level cultivators would be affected by her presence. Suddenly, she opened her eyes. When she did so, she withdrew her aura of magnetism. She glanced outside, then smiled. "Elder sister Qingfan."

"Little sister Youji." The white-robed woman walked into the room.

"I'm sorry to have caused you trouble, elder sister Qingfan," Su Youji said. "I put you in a precarious situation here in your sect."

"Don't worry. This is my estate. World-level cultivators are barred from barging into the residences of their fellow disciples. They'll only be able to enter if they receive a command from the sectlord to do so," the white-robed woman said. "So long as you are in my estate, they will be completely unable to get their hands on you. As for the sectlord, he's a figure of incredible power. If they think they can convince him to issue an order... hmph. Hmph!"

Su Youji couldn't help but sigh silently to herself.

This entire affair...

After she left the Astral Islands, she had quickly realized how chaotic and unruly the Brightshore Kingdom was. She had acted with great caution, first purchasing a star map and getting an understanding of the Brightshore Kingdom's rough geography. Her goal was to go to the Palace of Fire and test her luck, but midway on her journey she accidentally entered a strange, dangerous location.

There were many such locations within the Brightshore Kingdom. Some had been personally crafted by the almighty Hegemon, but some were left behind by deceased Daolords. There were many dangerous locations which were undiscovered and unknown to most cultivators.

Su Youji ended up entering a dangerous region which had been set up by Feixian the Exalted. She encountered many dangers in that place, and eventually she found herself in a dangerous situation but was rescued by Fairy Qingfan's group. To be specific, it was Fairy Qingfan herself who had rescued her. Su Youji felt very grateful towards her, and so she had joined Fairy Qingfan's group of three.

They had braved the dangers of that place together, and Su Youji had put her golems and bugbeasts into full effect. In the end... she actually passed the trial which Feixian the Exalted had laid down, becoming her personal disciple.

Feixian the Exalted had left behind many treasures, all of which now belonged to Su Youji. The rest of his treasures had been located within an estate-world which Su Youji had easily taken away without notice, but his statue had been located at the very highest position within the palace. Su Youji had to personally climb up to grab it, and this was witnessed by Fairy Qingfan and the others.

Fairy Qingfan's group had experienced many life-and-death battles alongside Su Youji. They all trusted each other very much, and Fairy Qingfan had even saved Su Youji's life. Thus, Su Youji didn't harbor any suspicions regarding them.

Back then, Fairy Qingfan had said to her, "Little sister Youji, you are heading to the Twelve Palaces? That's in the same direction as we are headed. We are going back to our Eastsmoke branch. Let's travel together!"

Su Youji and Fairy Qingfan had quickly become fast friends and had grown close to each other, and so they continued to travel together after exiting the trials.. Fairy Qingfan had grown up here in the Brightshore Kingdom and so was quite familiar with the local region. They arrived at the Eastsmoke branch without any trouble... but right after they had sat down and drank two cups of wine within Fairy Qingfan's residence, these World-level cultivators had immediately shown up and surrounded them.

As it turned out, one of the other companions on their journey, World God Whiteswan, had reported on the outcome of their adventures to the branch leader of the Eastsmoke branch. The Eastsmoke branch leader was merely a World-level cultivator, and he grew greedy for Su Youji's bugbeasts and golems. Since Su Youji wasn't a member of this sect, he immediately issued an order to kill her and take her treasures.

"Don't worry, little sister. He's just a branch leader. As far as status goes, he isn't significantly superior to me. He just has a few connections in the main base, which was why he was given the position of branch leader. Without the sectlord's orders, there's not a damn thing he can do. You can stay here for as long as you wish, little sister."

Su Youji nodded.

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A flying vessel had just appeared in the clouds high above the Bluegrace Sect. A white-robed youth was seated in the lotus position on the decks of the vessel, a sword across his lap. The youth glanced downwards.

"My message-talisman is directly below. Based on the star map which Daolord Grayvast gave me, this place should be one of the nine branches of the Bluegrace Sect." Ning was rather puzzled. "Why did Youji come to the Bluegrace Sect?"

The Bluegrace Sect had been established by Daolord Bluegrace. The entire sect had a total of four Daolords! Daolord Bluegrace was an extremely powerful figure, but the other three Daolords were a bit weaker; they were merely black-armored Daolords.

The Daolords of the Twelve Palaces were divided up into several different levels of power. There were black-armored, azure-armored, silver-armored, and gold-armored Daolords. The black-armored Daolords were the lowest level Daolords.

"No ripples?" Ning stared downwards at the Eastsmoke branch. "There are no Daolords protecting this place."

It made sense. There were only four Daolords, while the Bluegrace Sect had a total of nine branches. According to what Ning's star map claimed, the four Daolords usually resided in the main base.

"Youji is in the Eastsmoke branch..." Although Ning was puzzled, he still put away his flying vessel then began to fly downwards in person.

"Quite impressive." Ning stared downwards at the Eastsmoke branch. The Eastsmoke branch covered an extremely vast territory of over ten million kilometers. "According to this star map, this branch holds a total of more than three hundred World-level cultivators. The Brightshore Kingdom really is quite unlike

the Dao Alliance. The sects of the Dao Alliance are all extremely cautious when they recruit new World-level cultivators, keeping their numbers low. Here, it seems their motto is 'the more the merrier'."

The Dao Alliance governed through inaction. The Badlands Court was a good example. Daolord Badlands was the leader of the Court and the entire territory, but he only had roughly a hundred World-level cultivators under his command. The vast Badlands Territory had more than ten thousand World-level cultivators, but they were all scattered across many smaller organizations.

The Brightshore Kingdom was different. The Daolords of the Brightshore Kingdom and the organizations they established, such as the Bluegrace Sect, centralized things far more. The main base and nine branches of the Bluegrace Sect alone held more than five thousand World-level cultivators! They really did believe in the concept of strength in numbers. This was because the Daolords of the Brightshore Kingdom were all prevented from fighting amongst each other, due to all of them being members of the Twelve Palaces.

Since Daolords were unable to directly do battle, battles amongst sects in the Brightshore Kingdom had to be carried out by World-level cultivators. Thus, the more the merrier! The battles amongst World-level cultivators were quite brutal and savage.

"Halt, fellow Daoist! This place is the Eastsmoke branch of the Bluegrace Sect." A tall, skinny World-level cultivator flew out and shouted at Ning.

"I am Darknorth." Ning smiled. "I've come to join the Bluegrace Sect."

"Fellow Daoist, you wish to join our Bluegrace Sect?" The tall, skinny cultivator gave Ning a weighing glance. World-level cultivators were generally mid-level figures within the Brightshore Kingdom. If Ning was an Elder God, he wouldn't be treated in such a friendly manner. "Haha, the doors of our Bluegrace Sect are always open and welcome. Fellow Daoist, please follow me."

Ning smiled as he followed the man inside, moving past the protective formations and entering the sect itself.

This was one of the branches of the Bluegrace Sect. The formations protecting it had naturally been laid down by Daolord Bluegrace himself. Although the formations weren't that strong when being controlled by a group of World-level cultivators, Ning wasn't certain that he would be able to overcome it.

"Please follow me, fellow Daoist." The tall, skinny World-level cultivator flew alongside Ning. The branch was more than ten million kilometers in size, quite large.

"What's going on over there?" Ning pointed off into the distance, towards the direction where he could sense Su Youji was located.

"The sect has disciples of varying levels of strength. The stronger World-level cultivators reside in that area." The tall, skinny World-level cultivator pointed while speaking.

"Oh." Ning now understood. Suddenly, he stretched out his palm, making it expand in size to become dozens of meters long. He immediately grabbed onto that World God as easily as he would grab onto a mouse. This person was responsible for welcoming and greeting guests, but he merely had the power of an elite World God. In the face of Ning's power, he wasn't even able to struggle.

“Fellow Daoist!” The man was utterly terrified.

“If I wanted your life, I could take it in an instant. If you want to stay alive, don’t fight me,” Ning sent mentally. Then, with a whoosh, he transferred the man into his own estate-world.

Ning transformed into a streak of light, flying towards Su Youji’s residence at high speed.