

Necropolis Immortal

Chapter 5: Where's My Head?

"A spirit weapon!" Wanfeng's expression changed drastically when she saw the longsword and she backed up, shielding Lu Yun behind her.

"Hehehe, girl, after I kill Lu Yun, I'll travel the world with you by my side. We'll be a match made in heaven. Lu Yun killed my only granddaughter, so you'll bear a hundred... no, a thousand children for me!" Ge Long cackled loudly and sprang forward with a thrust of his sword, aiming straight at Lu Yun's throat.

He's so fast! A chill gripped Lu Yun's heart as the shadow of death enveloped him. Bizarrely, he was abnormally calm as he'd already experienced death before. So, faced with the same circumstance once more, he could look at it in the eyes with leisure.

The thought occurred to him to move back, but he discovered, to his shock, that his body was simply too weak. He was even weaker than an ordinary mortal.

Lu Yun's brain had made the right call between fight and flight, but his body couldn't react to the command to dodge.

"Am I going to die again?" he murmured to himself. The approaching footsteps of death was a familiar feeling.

"Hoi!" Wanfeng huffed in anger. A beam of jade-green light shot from her fingers to where she pointed.

Clang.

The light connected squarely with the longsword, deflecting it from its trajectory.

Ge Long felt an enormous strength travel back up his sword and stumbled back, then fell to the side. Wanfeng wasn't much better off, either. Color drained from her face as she rapidly pulled back from the force.

"Combat arts! You're in the core realm!" Fear flashed across the steward's face.

"Wanfeng, kill him!" Lu Yun panted heavily, his chest heaving like a blacksmith's bellows. His voice was a bit hoarse.

"I, I, I don't dare." Wanfeng stood blankly where she was. Kill someone?

When had she ever killed someone?

Though she and Lu Yun terrorized the streets, that was just bullying. She'd never killed anyone.

"Hoho, so you're just a fledgling!" Ge Long's eyes gleamed and he bounded up from the ground, reaching Wanfeng with one leap.

"Don't come any closer!" Panicking, Wanfeng pointed again and shot out a small ray of jade-green light.

The steward saw it clearly this time. It was a minuscule tornado.

"A low level combat arts skill that you've just practiced? Though you've entered the core realm and formed a golden core, your battle experience is nonexistent!" Ge Long deftly shuffled past Wanfeng's attack and circled around behind her, bringing the edge of his hand down on the back of her neck.

The girl's eyes rolled up and she fainted dead away.

"Your Excellency, this is what you're counting on? It's your turn now." Leering, Ge Long stalked menacingly toward his prey. "Die!"

The swing of a longsword at Lu Yun's neck accompanied Ge Long's shout.

Am I going to die again?

At this moment, Lu Yun suddenly felt something wanting to charge out of his body. He subconsciously raised his hands and reached out, his palms facing each other.

Hum.

A black light blossomed between his hands. Nine dragons bearing a pitch-black coffin materialized between his hands and slammed viciously at Ge Long's chest.

"A combat art!" The steward screamed, ghastly fear and incomprehension resonating within his tone.

Wasn't Lu Yun unable to cultivate? Why would he be able to deploy a combat art? The one he was using was more than ten times stronger than the little tornado Wanfeng had just sent out!

The sound of breaking bones rang out from Ge Long's chest and he flew out a dozen meters to crash harrowingly onto the ground. Bloody froth bubbled from his mouth as his body twitched and spasmed. He didn't seem long for this world.

“Huh??” Lu Yun froze as he looked at the image that had rushed from his hands. “Oh, right! The feng shui that materialized last night charged into my body. Was Ge Long calling it a combat art just now?”

Bewilderment filled his face as all of the strength drained from his body, leaving him spent and limp.

“So... the dragons became my combat art when they blasted into my body? But I’m not a cultivator. What’s going on here?” Things were getting more confusing by the minute.

“Milord?” Wanfeng slowly came to after an indeterminate period of time. She cried out loudly when she saw Lu Yun sagged on the ground, Ge Long laid out on the opposite side.

“Milord, are you alright?! It’s all because Wanfeng was useless and couldn’t kill someone!” She helped Lu Yun up, her eyes red.

“Take that sword and cut Ge Long’s head off.” Lu Yun sucked in a few breaths to recover some energy.

He was a tomb raider, not a saint. He’d done his fair share of permanently silencing people. He killed because dead men tell no tales, so it had to be done thoroughly. A few extra strokes had to be stabbed into the other’s vitals, even when they were dead, to ensure that there was no chance of anything going wrong.

“Eh?” Wanfeng locked into place, not sure of what to do with herself.

“Ai, you can go,” Lu Yun sighed when he saw the maid’s expression.

“Eh?” repeated the girl, turning a lost look at her master.

“My old self offended too many people. My future is destined to be full of dangers. You can’t bring yourself to kill someone or stab a corpse, so you’re not suited to stay by my side. I’ll be the death of you one day,” Lu Yun laid out slowly.

Wanfeng was at a loss after hearing her master’s words. As the cogs of her mind turned, she abruptly picked up Ge Long’s sword and walked over to his body.

“Cutting off his head means I can stay by milord’s side!” The girl grit her teeth and slashed at Ge Long’s neck.

“How did you know I was faking death!” The steward’s corpse suddenly leapt up and gathered his strength, punching out explosively at Wanfeng’s chest.

“You’re not dead!” Wanfeng screamed, then tensed her jaw and deployed her combat art. The longsword reverberated with a crisp note.

Thrum.

An indistinct sword light shot from the weapon and pierced through Ge Long's forehead.

"Spirit weapon... only a core realm expert could..." He fell to the ground, truly dead this time.

Wanfeng drew the sword back for another stroke and chopped his head off. She turned back to look at Lu Yun.

"He would've killed me if you hadn't killed him. He'd also make you bear his children, so he had to die," explained Lu Yun softly. "If we want to live, we have to condemn all those who want us to die. Such is our world.

"Someone else's life means our death."

The naked truths voiced by Lu Yun injected themselves harshly into Wanfeng's heart, like poison. If we want to live, we have to take out those who want to kill us.

"Understood!" She nodded firmly.

"Come, let's visit the tomb." With Lu Yun's current body condition, he couldn't handle excavating the tomb on his own, and had to bring Wanfeng with him.

All alone in the world of immortals after his rebirth, the only person he could count on other than himself was this innocent little girl.

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Lu Yun and Wanfeng's figures slowly faded in the distance. The reborn governor had first considered the immortal world through rose-colored glasses and thought it a paradise. Ge Long had swiftly educated him otherwise.

This too, was a cruel world.

"Where's my head? Oh, here it is."

Ge Long's headless body suddenly sat up and his hand probed the ground around him. When he found his head, he placed it back on his neck.

A large hole marked the center of his forehead, one blasted through from front to back that revealed the mess of white matter inside. His eyes vacant, an eerie smile graced his lips.

Ge Long rose, and, swaying from side to side, stumbled in the direction Lu Yun and Wanfeng had departed in.