

Necropolis 1001

Chapter 1001: Yield

Lu Yun's body expanded to the limits of his current abilities and diluted his immortal force to the utmost. If he grew even a little bit bigger, his nascent spirit would lose control over his body. Hellfire blazed ferociously inside his body, replacing immortal force as his only source of power.

As a connate chaos treasure, Quietus expanded accordingly with its wielder. Terrifying killing intent danced over it; Lu Yun raised it with both hands and brought it heavily down on the Bridge of Forgetfulness.

Highly affronted by the attack, an enormous mouth opened on the bridge and spewed orange liquid at the gigantic Lu Yun. Repulsively pungent, the liquid was highly corrosive and gave rise to a stinging sensation on Lu Yun's skin before it even came near him.

Though he was a titanic giant, he remained agile and nimble with the help of his death arts. Just as the orange liquid was about to touch him, he shuffled sideways and adroitly evaded the rush of liquid.

"Corpsewater! This is corpsewater!" Lu Yun blinked as he watched the liquid vanish into thin air. "How can zombies be alive? They're rejected by heaven and earth and roam outside the three realms. They are denied by the five elements... Wait, hold on a second. This is the fourth realm, something that doesn't exist between heaven and earth and is outside of the reach of the three realms. There's no such thing as being abandoned by heaven and earth here!"

Lu Yun suddenly identified the flaw in his thinking. Zombies were indeed ostracized by heaven and earth and rejected by the very world itself, which was why they didn't count as life forms in known space, but something existing between life and death.

But there was no such concept here in a place lacking heaven and earth, so zombies were naturally alive, and a very special existence at that!

The zombie that the bridge had turned into was a life form of the highest order, an advanced entity far more sophisticated than what could be found beneath the heavens or in the chaos.

While these thoughts quickly flashed through Lu Yun's mind, they didn't affect his movements. His body splintered into ten thousand copies of himself and charged the bridge from all directions.

At the end of the day, the Bridge of Forgetfulness remained just that at its core. No matter how it'd evolved in the fourth realm, it'd once been part of the human dao hell. The Tome of Life and Death perfectly countered everything in that hell.

Immortal force receded from Lu Yun's body to be replaced by hellfire churning through his meridians and body. Even the six paths of his nascent spirit retreated, the Tome of Life and Death filling its place.

Bam—

Bam—

Bam—

Quietus slashed repeatedly at the bridge, blasting the structure with force and hacking all of the corpseflies buzzing over it to bits.

The Bridge of Forgetfulness roared with indignity. It considered itself the most highly developed life form in all four realms, with even the little girl in the red dress a few steps below it. How dare this ant of a human harm it, and not with the sword he wielded, but the book that had replaced his nascent spirit!

Hellfire might be the greatest flame beneath the heavens and in the chaos, but it didn't amount to much in front of the bridge. It knew what hellfire was, but it'd never seen the book before.

Most important was that the spirit born within it was insufficient to command its body—the bridge was too strong. It couldn't even shift it an inch to the side, much less call upon its full power. The only methods of attack it possessed in its current state were the corpseflies that it housed and the corpsewater within it.

Even that had been enough to consolidate its superior position. There wasn't much in the realm of heaven and earth, the chaos, Hongmeng, or the yet unnamed fourth realm that could harm it, but along came this human freak!

Unrelenting, Quietus slashed again and again into the bridge while Lu Yun looked coldly at it. He no longer had the feeling that he was gazing upon a more sophisticated organism, but that he was contemplating something on the same level as him, or even lower!

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"How is this possible?!" The little girl in a red dress looked dumbly from where she stood. At a complete loss for what to do now, she stared at the two mammoth figures battling in the distance.

"There's nothing impossible about it." Qing Yu sighed with relief and sat down cross legged on the ground, looking at her man with pride and joy.

"Weirdos, you're all weirdos!" grumbled the little girl as she summoned the protectively hovering pennant back into her hand.

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"Don't kill me!" A human face suddenly appeared on the bridge. "Don't kill me, I know you're the master of the human dao hell. I was once part of it and I am willing to yield to you. Don't kill me!"

Fear had truly crept in by now. Though the sword was just a connate chaos treasure and couldn't harm it, the strange attacks and hellfire could somehow pierce through its body and crash against its spirit.

The bridge would die if its spirit scattered. Or rather, it would return to its origins as an unliving fragment of human dao hell.

Lu Yun viciously stabbed his sword into the void when he heard this and looked at the face on the bridge.

"I know you can change into different life forms. Return to a normal one instead of a zombie," he commanded coolly.

The bridge had turned into a zombie for self defense. Whether it was the corpsewater or corpseflies, or the ghostface maggots within its body that had yet to be released, they were all tools for defense.

There were actually countless numbers of incomparably strong entities in this seemingly empty fourth realm.

"I—" The bridge looked at the black radiance shimmering over Lu Yun's body. It clenched its teeth and whisked away the few remaining flies, stirring ghostface maggots, and corpsewater. A beam of jade-like splendor flashed over it.

It could clearly sense the killing intent from the new master of human hell. If it dared disobey, then its painstakingly nurtured spirit would be swiftly exterminated. Others might not be able to harm its spirit, but that ancient bronze book certainly had the power too.

Lu Yun swiftly shrank smaller as well, returning to his normal size. The familiar immortal force and six paths of his nascent spirit retook control over his body. The Bridge of Forgetfulness also diminished from a titanic bridge into a regular stone one.

Chapter 1002: All Dead

A strange fatigue filled Lu Yun's body as both immortal force and nascent spirit seemed insufficient to satisfy his mind. For a split second earlier, he'd reached a plane of being that was wholly different from when Xing Chen had reached creator realm.

As strong as the creators were, their strength was a function of their cultivation level. There was no intrinsic difference between them and Lu Yun. But when the Tome of Life and Death became his nascent spirit and hellfire his source of strength, they'd changed his level of existence on a fundamental level.

It wasn't a function of strength or cultivation level, but a metamorphosis of the sophistication of his kind of life form.

Lu Yun stood blankly in place for a very long time before recovering from this peculiar exhaustion. The little girl in a red dress was gone again and the Bridge of Forgetfulness had quietly returned to hell. The bridge... His level of existence just now had been greater than the bridge's.

"What just happened?" He asked Qing Yu, dumbfounded.

"The Tome of Life and Death should be an item from the fourth realm," Qing Yu responded. "Only something from the fourth realm can alter your level of existence on a basic level. Of course, that also means you can evolve only here."

When he'd been staring off into space, Qing Yu had already employed formula dao to calculate the ins and outs of everything.

"Hellfire is born of the fourth realm as well, you've just been unable to utilize it to its fullest strength," Qing Yu added after some more thought.

Lu Yun had always thought that hellfire was born of the world and reigned dominant in the chaos. But when it flooded his body to replace immortal force, Lu Yun and Qing Yu realized that their understanding was very wrong.

Qing Yu's Sol Truefire was the flame of the immortal dao and the light of the heavenly palace. However, it was a completely different concept from hellfire and the two existed in completely disparate levels. It was impossible to compare the two.

The heavenly palace, Sol Truefire, and the blank book that'd been born in the heavenly palace were all creations of the world of immortals. Though the catalyst had been the Tome of Life and Death, their level was still subpar to a treasure of the fourth realm.

"Do we keep looking for more?" Qing Yu asked carefully as she looked at her beloved.

"No! We enjoyed the blessings of the heavens to find one Bridge of Forgetfulness. We probably really will die here if we keep looking for more," Lu Yun chuckled ruefully.

This fourth realm was simply too mysterious; it'd transformed the Bridge of Forgetfulness into an incomprehensible existence. If there was any life to be found here, it would absolutely be stronger than the bridge. After all, the bridge had to turn itself into a zombie to be able to protect itself in this realm.

"Let's go back to our world for now. We'll return when we're strong enough to plumb its depths." Lu Yun grabbed Qing Yu's hand and called upon the Tome of Life and Death, forcing it to communicate with hell and safely transport the two of them out of here.

He was unable to open the Gates of the Abyss while in this realm, and he was completely cut off from hell. If it wasn't for the book, he would've tucked tail and ran away from this uncanny world a long time ago.

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"Hell is gone... this is a world that's stronger than hell!" Landing on the outskirts of hell, the Bridge of Forgetfulness quietly took in the netherworld. "Um, this place is still too weak for me. If I release my presence now, I'll blow this fragile world to pieces..."

A human face floated onto the bridge's surface, one filled with nostalgia. Hell was its home and it'd been born here. Though it was no longer the hell it knew, it wasn't that much different in its eyes.

The flow of power within the netherworld circulated more smoothly after the bridge's appearance, swelling ever more closely to great perfection. However, there was still a gap between its current state and true great perfection, which meant that hell was miles away from being truly complete.

"The six paths of reincarnation have become the nascent spirit of the master of hell... The six paths may not be as strong as their previous iteration, but they have more potential now." When the bridge looked upon Lu Yun's nascent spirit, it was reminded of the human youth who'd grown even bigger than it in the fourth realm.

"Alright, talk. What do you know?" Lu Yun and Qing Yu arrived before it. Though the bridge had birthed a spirit and was alive now, there was no inherent good or evil to it. It was just living according to its own thoughts and impulses.

It wanted to kill Lu Yun and Qing Yu only for the insignificant speck of power to be gleaned from their bodies. Any increase it could add to its spirit meant a greater chance of controlling its body meant greater ability to survive in the fourth realm.

With the Tome of Life and Death hovering over Lu Yun's head, the bridge instinctively shrank back on itself when it saw the book.

"I, I don't know either," it responded with bafflement. "I was already in that world when my consciousness formed. Though human hell still lingered in my memories, someone had smashed all of them to pieces."

"What's the deal with the fourth realm?" Lu Yun asked.

"The fourth realm?" The bridge paused before understanding. The fourth realm was the world it'd previously resided in. "I don't know... that world is too strong and too terrifying. I had to turn into a zombie there to have a chance to survive."

"And, you don't need to search for more fragments in that realm. More than me was blasted into that world in the final battle, but I'm the only one that survived."

Lu Yun opened his right hand when he heard those words and activated black radiance from the Stone of Three Lives. They stretched in the direction of the fourth realm, but there were no answering ripples this time.

"If they're all dead... doesn't that mean hell will never be perfected?" Lu Yun frowned slightly.

"Honestly, it's not a bad thing if it can't reach great perfection." Qing Yu patted his shoulder. "If there's no end to improvement, that means it possesses unlimited potential to grow. Your disciple was the one who built the hell of human dao, so everything here is arranged according to his thoughts. You won't be less than your disciple now, would you?"

She looked mischievously at Lu Yun, who grinned wryly in response.

"You're right, how could I be any less than my disciple?"

"Flame Emperor..." The bridge finally understood who the young man in front of it was. The Flame Emperor, master to the Great Emperor of the Eastern Peak, Great Emperor Tianqi!

Chapter 1003: A Pissed Off Fox

Disorder crept into the world of immortals. The previous overlord of the monster spirits—Levitating Island—had completely collapsed. Monster spirit ancestor Silverlight had been captured by an even stronger entity, leaving Goldenlight kneeling in front of the Dao Academy gates and begging for the sovereign of monster spirit dao to save his beloved.

Sovereign of the monster spirit dao—the primordial monster spirit ancestor—naturally didn't refuse to help. She traveled to Levitating Island with a group of academy experts and met the unknown master in battle, overturning all of the North Sea for several months.

The remaining two heavyweights in the North Sea, the masters of the Dark North Sword Sect and Ingress Island, fully evacuated from the area. They sought shelter in Witherdew Major and became important officials of its court.

Since the Witherdew celestial court had just been rebuilt, it lacked mighty subordinates under its command. Though the Xue Clan and rest of Witherdew's once peak factions had greatly recovered

thanks to the Dao Academy's protection, they were still a far cry from the strength of the other eight majors.

But with the inclusion of the Dark North Sword Sect and Ingress Island, the major grew rapidly in strength.

However, as Wuzhiqi was a connate demon god and an existence that exceeded great emperor, no faction in the world of immortals had a right to intervene in the battle of the North Sea. Even the ten newly awoken titans in the ten lands didn't dare provoke the ancient demon god.

The rulers of the ten lands were all powerhouses from the time before Emperors Fall. The demon god's name had shaken the heavens in that age and they clearly remembered his terrifying might. There was only one exception to that group—the torch dragon from Xuan Yuan's tomb had made use of hellfire to project its image to the North Sea.

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"Fellow daoists, it's you alright!" The torch dragon immediately recognized the Deaf Prince, Lin Yan, and the others when it saw them. "You want to make use of Wuzhiqi to break free from your tribulation, don't you!"

Lin Yan nodded with resignation and the Deaf Prince remained unable to hear before he fully returned to himself. Therefore, he looked dumbly at the torch dragon making weird mouth shapes at him.

"I hate foxes," the torch dragon suddenly grumbled when it saw the little fox.

The little fox didn't dignify that complaint with a response. If it wasn't for her trapping the torch dragon in Xuan Yuan's tomb, it wouldn't have survived to modern times.

The Deaf Prince, Lin Yan, Jing Dichen, Feng Ruyu, Bai Qi, and Beicang Qiong had called upon Mount Vastspace together in their clash against Wuzhiqi, turning the local seas into a world of the human dao treasure of space. They'd sealed off a region of water a hundred thousand kilometers across, forcing Wuzhiqi to fight them.

The demon god was no fool either, he naturally knew what the prodigals wanted to do when they showed up en masse. Help six hated rivals break free of their tribulation so they could return to their core essence as demon gods? The sky would have to fall in first!

In return, Wuzhiqi sealed off Levitating Island and ignored the taunts and catcalls from the outside world. If it wasn't for the six prodigals ramming the island with the power of Mount Vastspace day in and day out, he would've comfortably shifted his focus to perpetuating his bloodline with Silverlight a long time ago.

"It's a pity that water monkey is too perceptive and refuses to fight us no matter what we do," sighed Beicang Qiong.

He'd been Zhurong, ruler of the Huo Nation, in his past life. After the establishment of human dao, Zhurong stepped aside in favor of Crimson Emperor Chi Biaonu and became the grand priest of the human race. His status and authority among humanity was one of the highest as he was a pillar of the race.

The current Zhurong in the world of immortals and the ancient god of fire Zhurong in the Primordial Era were also his legacies.

If Beicang Qiong recovered his past self, the Zhurong Clan of the world of immortals would catapult to the top as well. Instantly becoming a peak faction, they would return to all of their glory days in the great wilderness.

“In all honesty, you don’t need to be in a rush to break out of your tribulation.” The torch dragon nodded at Beicang Qiong. “It’s not a bad thing to be caught in it. You six aren’t entities like Hongjun, who’s ready for his next trial at any time after concluding his previous one.”

“You keep a spark of hope alive by constantly remaining in a state of being tested. If you break free now, you’ll die without a doubt when the great cataclysm descends.”

The little fox jerked with surprise as Beicang Qiong and the others looked askance at each other.

“What’d he say now, eh?” Aware of his handicap these days, the Deaf Prince blared out his question while staring blankly at the torch dragon.

Jing Dichen rolled her eyes and transmitted what the torch dragon had said into her friend’s mind.

“And here I thought it was something important!” the Deaf Prince laughed heartily. “Senior brother Lu took our soul force in the great wilderness so that we would be able to find ourselves again no matter what happened in the future. Is there a difference whether we’re caught in or escape our tribulations? Am I not me if I’m not Goumang?”

“Let things proceed as they will, we just need to do whatever needs to be done at the moment!”

“You certainly have an open mind about things.” Lin Yan flicked a sideways glance at his friend and transmitted his retort.

“I have to keep an open mind since my ears are closed,” chuckled the Deaf Prince.

“How about I just destroy Levitating Island?” the little fox suddenly suggested. “Ah Zhi and I created the landmass and I left some of my core essence on it. I can activate it to blow the whole thing up.”

Levitating Island was the last failsafe that she and Ah Zhi had created in case something went awry with their plans after they left the great wilderness. It’d also been where the little fox had split her soul into three separate entities, leaving one of them in relative safety on the island in the form of Xing Mou.

Xing Mou and Liu Qingmiao were independent life forms now and slowly growing and developing. They would safely come into their own one day, so there was no need for Levitating Island to exist further.

Plus, the little fox’s skin crawled whenever she thought of the disgusting depravity that Wuzhiqi had looked at her with.

“I hate foxes,” grumbled the torch dragon when it looked at the little fox again.

“Hate what, you piece of reptilian tripe?!” Stung by the repeated complaints, the little fox finally erupted and jumped in front of the torch dragon. She pointed at its nose and punctuated each sentence with an angry jab. “You ungrateful bastard that bites the hand of one who feeds you, you ugly reptile! If

it wasn't for me and Lu Yun protecting you that year and taking the heavenly judgment for you, do you think you'd be able to take shape here in all your loathsome glory?!

"If it wasn't for me risking my life and more to lure you to Xuan Yuan's tomb and sealing away your life, do you think you'd live until now?!"

"You hate foxes?? More like I hate bumbling, idiotic, four-legged snakes!" Spittle sprayed across the torch dragon's face as she ranted and raved, then firmly spat for good measure at the end of her tirade.

Was that... admiration in Lin Yan's eyes when he saw this?

Flustered, the torch dragon quickly wiped off the saliva on its face and hastily retreated to the rear.

Though the little fox had lent the Bell of Chaos to Tianqi, she still possessed the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals. Unrelenting in her fury, it whipped forward as a long white chain and cracked across the torch dragon's projection.

Skittering in fright, the mighty dragon hadn't thought that the little fox would attack him without forewarning or even room to beg for forgiveness!

Crackle!

The scroll snapped viciously through the projection and reduced it to nothingness. At the same time, the little fox whirled around with a glare—

Rumble!

An enormous mushroom cloud rose from the nearby Levitating Island as the entire landmass spontaneously crumbled away into dust.

"Ook ook ook!! Tushan, I will have your head for this!!" Clutching Silverlight by the neck, an incensed Wuzhiqi shot out of the wreckage and brought down his emerald club firmly on the little fox.

Chapter 1004: Wuzhiqi's Real Body

After deciding that Levitating Island would be his new home, Wuzhiqi spent his days pouring effort and energy into the island. He dismantled all of the formations that the two scarlet apes had set up and rearranged everything according to his liking. He also installed most of the treasures he'd preserved from the Primeval Era and refined a great deal of changes into the landmass.

However, it'd never occurred to him that as the maker of the island, the little fox would leave a strand of core essence in it and that she'd be able to ignite it to blow it sky high. Everything that he'd diligently worked on in recent times was now strewn across the ocean in pieces—Wuzhiqi had had only enough time to grab Silverlight.

Enraged beyond belief, he brought the enormous club down to pulverize this insect that courted death, but the mammoth Mount Vastspace suddenly appeared between them. Interposed between the two ancient personages, it took the brunt of Wuzhiqi's blow.

The water monkey's emerald-colored club was a connate treasure while Mount Vastspace was a connate treasure beneath the immortal dao. The two were evenly matched, but what set the mountain

apart was the countless folds of space it contained within. Layer upon layer and level upon level of space formed the true heart of the mountain.

Wuzhiqi's blow crashed right into the dense overlapping layers without meeting any resistance. Caught off guard, the demon god stumbled and fell into the mountain. Fully poised for a bitter duel to the death, the six prodigals started with surprise and hastily called upon the mountain's power, sealing Wuzhiqi in the depths of Mount Vastspace.

Not only were there endless layers of space in the mountain, it was also a world unto its own with the rules and laws of one. As Wuzhiqi tumbled to the inner depths, the treasure's power of a world completely restrained him before he could even bring his own strength to bear.

The Deaf Prince and others, including the torch dragon, were completely taken aback by this incredibly fortuitous development.

"Monster, monster spirit ancestor..." An awkward Silverlight had struggled free of Wuzhiqi's grasp in the commotion. She stood quietly in midair, unsure of how to address or approach the little fox. If it hadn't been for the timely arrival of the six prodigals and the little fox these days, she would already be deep in her duties as water monkey incubator.

"Go to Dusk Province, Goldenlight is still kneeling in front of the Dao Academy gates." The little fox waved a hand and didn't address anything else.

Expression shifting slightly, Silverlight looked at the little fox with a few more hints of gratitude and veneration than before. She fell to her knees in midair and kowtowed three times at the little fox before departing in the direction of the province.

This interlude went ignored by the Deaf Prince and six others as they stared blankly at the little fox.

"It's... over? Just like this?" the torch dragon asked with confusion. Since its body was a projection, it could spontaneously reform even though the little fox had smashed it to pieces.

"Hmph." The little fox glared at the torch dragon and ignored it. She was the grudge-nursing sort.

"What was that?" softly asked Jing Dichen as she walked over.

"Did you all really think that we meant for you to die when we told you to break free of your tribulation?" the little fox snorted. "Having you die would be meeting the tribulation without a plan, not breaking free of it. Lu Yun and the Tianqi kid wouldn't do something so stupid."

Though Lu Yun and Tianqi hadn't seen each other for a very long period of time, the two of them had made certain plans long ago. Tianqi, in particular, spent every day and hour conjecturing what his master wanted and his eventual goals, making his own moves accordingly.

He'd left Wuzhiqi alive for another purpose than to have the water monkey kill the Deaf Prince and the others.

"Alright, we can go back now." The little fox adopted a mysterious air and swept an aloof glance over the torch dragon. Not wanting to anger her again, the torch dragon quickly dismissed its image projection and opened its real eyes in the Xuan Yuan Tomb.

Calm was restored back to the North Sea, but when the group put away Mount Vastspace and was about to depart, a crimson glare held them in place in the air. The hostile look swept over them like a storm of blades, feathering bloody marks over their skin.

“Who is it!?” Shaking from effort to throw off the glare, the little fox sent out the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals and had it patrol the skies. She could clearly sense a predatory gaze looking up and down at her, but she couldn’t locate its source.

Scanning their surroundings with an eagle eye, the little fox closely observed the void as well. The scroll afforded the group enough of a reprieve so that the Deaf Prince and others could call upon Mount Vastspace again and lock down the premises. However, the gaze remained and exerted tremendous pressure on them.

“Kyakyakya!!” Suppressed in Mount Vastspace, Wuzhiqi suddenly cackled with laughter. “Tushan, you’ve been sharp for all your life but a fool for a moment. Did you think that this kind of inconsequential trap could really hold me?”

Within the depths of the treasure, the demon god’s body faded away into drifting motes of dust. Then, the little fox and the others discovered with dismay that the North Sea was starting to tremble beneath their feet. An enormous eye floated to the surface of the water, making almost the entire sea the eye!

Wuzhiqi’s eye.

“Wuzhiqi is a water monkey. Since he’s a connate demon god, that also makes him a connate water god. ...dammit! He set up a foolproof plan within the sea and purposefully lured us over here!” the little fox reacted quickly.

She’d placed a little too much blind trust in Lu Yun and Tianqi and forgotten that Wuzhiqi wasn’t a regular connate demon god. He was a character on par with the likes of Dijiang and Nuanzi!

Boom!

An explosion went off in the North Sea as a furry hand probed out from the deep, grabbing for Mount Vastspace.

“Tushan! You’re just a fox, how could a noble connate water ape such as I ever be interested in you?? All of that before was to have you bring these six fools here! And now, the treasure of human dao is mine!!” A massive being five hundred kilometers tall slowly stood up from the North Sea. This was Wuzhiqi’s true form!

“Get back here!” he roared and recalled Silverlight, who’d already set foot on Dusk Province territory. She streaked back to his side in the North Sea like time had rewinded, resolving from a blur of light into a horrified scarlet ape.

“AHHHHH!!!” Wuzhiqi howled at the skies, beating his chest furiously. Devastating ripples exploded from his body and spread throughout the world of immortals. Strength unique to connate demon gods and chaos realm power exceeding great emperor gushed forth onto the world, shaking all life forms down to their core.

Chapter 1005: Schemes Within Schemes

Extreme despair newly blanketed Silverlight. Wuzhiqi was displaying strength far beyond what he'd shown when he attacked Levitating Island. His presence surpassed the little fox's! He suppressed even the strength of Mount Vastspace in this moment.

Roaring and snarling, the connate demon god reached for the big mountain. Layers of space flooded out of the cerulean blue peak, firmly holding off the enormous hand.

However, Wuzhiqi was no longer affected by the power of space levied by Mount Vastspace. He grabbed the mountain proper and an image of him flashed through the treasure.

"No!" The Deaf Prince shouted and summoned an enormous mountain of immortal crystal over his head.

Energy flowed over his body and surged into the mountain, expanding it to incredible dimensions. It crashed down on Wuzhiqi with momentous force, joined by five other crystal mountains at the same time.

But the connate demon god was too strong and he continuously released chaos realm strength with abandon. Though six mountains of immortal crystal came howling through the air and slammed into him, it was as if they were just tickling him.

The little fox started to grow frantic as well. She hadn't anticipated that Wuzhiqi would play along with their plans and take advantage of them to send a replica into Mount Vastspace. He was trying to bring the treasure under his control!

His efforts were already bearing fruit—the Deaf Prince and his friends were finding that the treasure was turning sluggish to their commands.

A cerulean blue haze sparkled within Wuzhiqi's gray fur—the power of Mount Vastspace.

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"Tushan!" Wuzhiqi glared at the little fox with his huge eyeball. "This mighty one is not interested in foxes!"

"This wondrous one isn't interested in monkeys either!!" The little fox was ready to explode with rage. How dare that flea-ridden fur bag ridicule her at a time like this?? If she still possessed the Bell of Chaos, she'd smash him into minced meat with the actual bell itself!

"Foxes may not be interested in you, but I am."

A scarlet crescent of the moon suddenly appeared in the void, turning all of the North Sea into a bloody color.

"Who goes there?!" Alarm seized Wuzhiqi's expression. This color was very familiar to him... but it was also more horrifying than the color of his memories!

A man with crimson hair walked out of the scarlet rays of moonlight.

"You?! How is this possible??" The connate demon god's hairs stood on end when he saw the newcomer's appearance. Horror rose from the bottom of his heart and peeked out of his eyes. There

existed very few beings who could kill him, even Di Jun had only been able to seal him away. But there was one exception to them all—Asura!

The combination of a heavenly and earthly demon, the representation of the only true demon beneath the humans and the counterweight to human dao. Though Wuzhiqi was a legitimate god as he possessed a divine decree bestowed by Taiyi's celestial court, this decree was nothing but a joke in Asura's eyes.

"No, you're not Asura!!" Wuzhiqi's body shrank rapidly from several million kilometers tall to a big monkey three hundred meters tall. The emerald club that'd disappeared earlier reappeared in his hands.

Fear vanished from his eyes, replaced by a thick bloodlust. "Asura is dead, quartered by Daoist Ingress himself. The outer-coffins of the qilin, phoenix, dragon, and turtle ancestors stripped his heavenly and earthly demon status from him. You're not Asura, you're just what's left of him after he died."

Asura was dead. In the eyes of these stunning personages from the Primeval Era, Asura was a concept that'd been entirely erased from heaven and earth. No matter what walked out from the four evil coffins, he was no longer Asura.

The blood demon understood that as well, so he called himself the blood demon and not Asura.

"That may be so, but that's still enough to kill you." The blood demon didn't mind what he heard. He beckoned his Blood Moon into a ray of bloody light that sliced down upon Wuzhiqi while the connate demon god met it with his club.

The blood demon was in the chaos realm, as was Wuzhiqi. Great battle was joined once again in the North Sea. However, Mount Vastspace was now just several dozen meters across. Wuzhiqi maintained a death grip on it, and the six prodigals had been sucked into the treasure along with their crystal mountains.

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"Thank goodness that Lu Yun made the twenty-four facets whole again and restored the world of immortals to one complete planet. Otherwise..." Having retreated from the North Sea, the little fox observed the proceedings from the seaside stronghold on Nephrite Major's borders.

The Witherdew celestial court had been reestablished and even the Truespirit and Exalted Palaces reconstructed. With the heavenly palace and kingdom of hell holding down the fort, the world of immortals was no longer barely stitched together as it'd been in the Primordial Era. It was one complete whole.

The world of immortals was the primordial world of celestials, a new world born from those foundations and stronger than its predecessor. It was impossible for two chaos realm masters to destroy it, but that war a hundred thousand years ago had splintered it all the same.

Even now, no one knew what had occurred in that great war.

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Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Collisions sounded over the North Sea like claps of thunder. Titanic tidal waves surged in all directions as two ponderous beings threw themselves at each other in the most instinctive way possible.

Combat arts and cultivation methods abounded, so numerous that they dazzled the eye.

Wuzhiqi and the blood demon were the strongest experts of the world of immortals. Their general understanding and comprehension far surpassed any level of enlightenment reached by anyone else. Their every move and technique embodied the ultimate dao and rationale of this realm.

Thus, the immortal dao absorbed the insights from their battle and reflected them in the consciousness of all denizens around the world of immortals. Many peak grand pure experts champed at the bit to observe this mighty fight between two great masters.

“Someone’s purposefully instigated this fight and wants to make use of Wuzhiqi and that unknown demon to integrate the chaos realm into the immortal dao! We’ll be able to glimpse the path of breaking through at the same time!” One of the rulers of the ten lands came to this realization with delighted surprise.

They were people from before Emperors Fall and had naturally observed chaos realm masters before. But those were chaos realm masters of the human dao era. Since human dao differed from immortal dao, that meant the chaos realm of immortal dao was a different concept as well.

Wuzhiqi and the blood demon were both chaos realm masters under the immortal dao. The combat arts and cultivation methods they released were all of the current great dao and possessed high instructional value to the rest of the beings in the world of immortals.

This naturally occurred to Wuzhiqi too and he squawked with fury. He’d come out on top against Tushan, only to fall right into the Flame Emperor’s plans. However, he had to concentrate on battling the blood demon for the moment and calling upon everything available to him. His opponent showed signs of being stronger than him and if he relaxed his guard, he really might die to Asura’s remnants.

Chapter 1006: One of the Masterminds

Wuzhiqi was selfish, greedy, eccentric, and never bowed his head to others. It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that he utterly lacked morals and principles.

But at the same time, he was as timid as a mouse. In the era of the Flame Emperor, Tianqi, and the Three Purities, he’d cowered in an obscure corner of the world and didn’t dare show himself. He’d set foot on the main stage only after all of these great personages had left and there was no one to stop him from throwing his weight around and becoming the greatest tyrant of the world.

That was also why he’d survived until now.

Connate demon gods didn’t exist in this age and the ones remaining from the great wilderness had left for the chaos long ago. They didn’t dare set foot in the world of immortals. Meanwhile, the three creators were indisposed elsewhere, unable to free themselves.

If it wasn't for the blood demon in front of him, Wuzhiqi would be the greatest powerhouse in the world of immortals. He was naturally unwilling to display his power and aid the rise of more heavyweights like him.

However, since his hands were metaphorically tied, he couldn't prevent this outcome from occurring. What he was doing now was what Lu Yun had once done in the great wilderness—fully releasing his strength so that the great dao would be able to absorb his power and perfect itself.

The difference between the two was that Lu Yun had been changing the great dao and turning it into human dao, whereas Wuzhiqi was augmenting the immortal dao. He was helping a cultivation realm that'd never been born in the immortal dao—the chaos realm—take shape within it.

But with Qing Yu as the dao sovereign of immortal dao, Wuzhiqi wouldn't be able to occupy this position for his services rendered. He was just anonymous hard labor and would receive no special treatment for his great accomplishment.

That was the most humiliating of it all.

There was no time to dwell upon that, however, as he had to concentrate fully on the dreadful blood demon in front of him.

The blood demon was likewise fully releasing his power, showcasing his chaos realm so that the immortal dao could absorb it. Lu Yun had kept him out of sight from both the world of immortals and the lower worlds because he was the trump card with which to deal with the sudden appearances of connate demon gods. The blood demon was the key to integrating their chaos realm into the immortal dao.

To everyone's immense surprise, the first of the primeval demon gods to resurface was Wuzhiqi, crucial to whether or not the Deaf Prince and the others could return to their origins and become chaos realm masters again.

Though there were many peak grand pure realm experts in the current world of immortals, there wasn't a single great emperor. But if the chaos realm appeared in the immortal dao, it would shine a tremendous guiding light for the path of ascension ahead. If even chaos realm was attainable, so would be the great emperor realm beneath it!

Ten gargantuan presences slowly rose from the ten lands and auras unique to great emperors swiftly disseminated throughout the world of immortals. The rulers of the ten lands had broken through their bottleneck and become great emperors!

They'd been great emperors before Emperors Fall, but had severed their cultivation and sunk into deep sleep to survive. They naturally wished to return to their former heights after awakening, but it was many times more difficult to do so when beneath the immortal dao.

Wuzhiqi and the blood demon's battle greatly impacted the immortal dao, enhancing its ripples and clearly delineating the higher realms within it. Thus, the ten old fellows from the Primeval Era instantly became great emperors.

“Great emperor at last... this puts chaos realm within arm’s reach.” The owner of a mighty voice looked toward the Dao Academy with soaring battle intent. He long chafed at the Dao Academy’s reach and was completely unwilling to accept that this was the only sacred land under the immortal dao.

Now that he was a great emperor and the path ahead of him clear without obstacles, he had what it took to challenge the Dao Academy, even if it boasted of Tushan, Ji Du, and an unknown chaos realm master.

Hummm!

The presence of a great emperor suddenly rose from the Dao Academy as well. Pill Sovereign Qi Hai had broken through and surpassed the primeval version of him! Upon his ascension, the look in his eyes grew ever more warm and gentle and he rose without a word to bow at the void with humility and gratitude.

Up in the skies, Lu Yun and Qing Yu stood side by side, silently watching the great battle of the North Sea.

Sensing that a dozen great emperors had been born in the world of immortals, Wuzhiqi’s eye turned bloodshot and he gave up on his club, rearing back to smash Mount Vastspace into the blood demon.

Hardly one to back down from this new line of attack, the blood demon answered in kind with a vicious snarl that shook the soul.

About to physically depart from the Xuan Yuan Tomb to support the blood demon, the torch dragon sheepishly turned back when it heard the wrathful snarl and returned to its post. It finally understood why Lu Yun had set these events into motion.

Indeed, Lu Yun was the hand in the shadows pulling the strings of this engagement.

If the little fox and the torch dragon hadn’t traveled to the North Sea and lured Wuzhiqi’s replica into Mount Vastspace, if it hadn’t been for their purposeful weakness—Wuzhiqi would’ve never revealed his true body, not with how prudent and wary he was.

But since his ultimate goal was Mount Vastspace, there was no other option left to him when it was right at his fingertips.

Lu Yun hadn’t notified the little fox and torch dragon of his plan, but he knew the two very well and could foresee what would happen after they met. The little fox would certainly lose her temper, opportunistically detonate Levitating Island, and lure out Wuzhiqi.

When the connate demon god had spoken to the little fox in the space between Earth and the world of immortals, Lu Yun had determined that his true goal was Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower.

So with all that in mind, he decided to play into his enemy’s hands and send out the blood demon the moment Wuzhiqi’s true body appeared. He didn’t explain the entire plan to the little fox because... she was great at everything but acting. When she acted, she was full of flaws. Even Qing Yu couldn’t determine where the water monkey’s body was, so they had to entice him to come out on his own. There would be only one chance for this to work.

By this point in their battle, Wuzhiqi knew that he wasn't a match for the blood demon. Passively defending himself, he split off another replica and sent it into Mount Vastspace, beginning to refine the treasure.

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"There you are, Wuzhiqi." Lin Yan greeted the water monkey's replica with a toothy grin as soon as it entered. "Though I quite enjoy my current identity and don't wish to return to being Taiyi of the great wilderness... not everything can proceed according to our preferences in the face of the great cataclysm. Thus, I'm afraid we'll have to sacrifice you."

"What?!" This reaction was outside of Wuzhiqi's expectations.

"Tushan already explained it to you earlier. Did you really think that breaking out of our tribulation meant letting you cut us down? That's actually weathering the tribulation, not breaking free from it." Lin Yan's grin took on a sinister cast. "Don't forget that I was one of the masterminds of the great wilderness as well. Do you really think I'm no match for you when Di Jun isn't here?"

Wuzhiqi's heart spasmed painfully and his stomach sank.

Chapter 1007: Assorted Emperors

"Long time no see, Wuzhiqi." The Deaf Prince and the remaining prodigals walked out from the depths of Mount Vastspace, all of them wearing evil grins.

Wuzhiqi's replica stumbled backward with surprise, but he was restrained and immobilized before he could do anything else.

"I really am loath to give up my current identity..." Lin Yan sighed softly, deep resignation shining out of his eyes. "It's so nice to be a carefree second-generation of rich and powerful nobility with no responsibilities whatsoever..."

"We don't need to rush into anything." Jing Huaci and Houtu walked out of the shadows as well.

Desperation dawned in Wuzhiqi's eyes when he saw that they were also here. He finally understood what these eight wanted, but there was nothing he could do about it. Mount Vastspace had severed the connection between the replica and his main body. His main body was still embroiled in battling the blood demon outside and had no idea what was happening here.

Regardless, alarm crept in when his main body realized that he was no longer in contact with his replica. A foreboding feeling rose from his heart at this unexpected development, but he was currently caught between a rock and a hard place. He didn't even have the room to maneuver for a surrender if he wanted to!

The blood demon would grievously injure him if he ever so slightly eased up on his offensive, which could very easily lead to his death. This was the first time Wuzhiqi had felt death claw at him ever since the disappearance of the Flame and Yellow Emperors, as well as the Three Purities.

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The eight occupants of Mount Vastspace weren't ordinary demon gods.

Goumang, Rushou, Zhurong, and Gonggong were first generation rulers of the four divine nations in the great wilderness, while Taiyi and Changxi had built the celestial court together. The former was born from a sun star and thus a sun star spirit, while the latter was from the Taiyin Star and hailed as the Taiyin Star Lady in the era of human dao.

Houtu and the Queen Mother of the West needed no introduction. Houtu was the first Yin Prince of the world, beholder of the rules of the earth, and mistress of yin and yang. The Queen Mother of the West was the first connate divine spirit to be born in the world of celestials and ruler of Kunlun Mountain. Given her title as Queen Mother, she ranked second to only Taiyi in the world of celestials.

All of them bore a special presence about them that could be best described as a “decree”.

The position of the Huai river god, when bestowed by Taiyi, was also a type of decree—a divine decree.

The divine decree present on Wuzhiqi could resonate with the decrees on the other eight, summoning forth the core essence within their true spirits that had been obscured by endless rounds of reincarnation. They would return to their roots this way and once again assume the mantle of eight great chaos realm masters from the great wilderness.

After a long period of refinement from the six prodigals, Mount Vastspace had melded with the Timelight Tower. The eight took up positions in different directions, surrounding Wuzhiqi’s replica in their center.

Horrified dismay churned through Wuzhiqi’s face. Though he was just here in replica form, these terrifying beings would be able to suck his core essence dry and wither him to nothingness all the same.

He’d been a far cry from a kind soul in the Primeval Era and differed greatly from Carmine Eternal and Daoist Yuyu. Though those two had been equally out of control and unbridled, they’d stuck to their principles and bottom line.

When Wuzhiqi went on the warpath, he smashed everyone in his way to pieces—whether ordinary being or great master of the combat arts.

Countless numbers of mundane souls had died at his hands and he’d accumulated so much retribution that for a long time, he constantly attracted thunder tribulations from the heavens. He was very much aware that after these eight restrained him, they would allow him no chance of escape or survival.

“We can wait for a bit,” Houtu suddenly said. “He can die after the current heavenly emperor becomes a great emperor, and after the celestial lords of the nine majors and the rulers of the four seas reach grand pure realm.”

“Rulers of the four seas? Lords of the nine majors and the heavenly emperor?” Lin Yan blinked. “But the celestial lords and rulers are just Supreme Immortals of Original Order and the heavenly emperor at the ingress realm... When they reach grand pure and great emperor...”

“You won’t have to revert back to your old selves?” Houtu smiled faintly.

Since she hadn’t experienced reincarnation or been reborn into another life, she remained who she was—a chaos realm master on par with Leize. She’d also fully recovered from her injuries, which made

her the strongest expert in the world of immortals. Wuzhiqi wouldn't stand a chance if she wanted to take him down.

"Eh?" Lin Yan and the others blinked.

"When the immortal dao is strong enough, us old farts born under the primitive great dao will become anomalies. The immortal dao will do everything in its power to assimilate us as its life forms," Houtu explained. "The rulers of the twenty-four facets are the pillars upholding the immortal dao. If they all reach cultivation realms in which they behold their own decrees, that will strengthen the immortal dao to the point where it can erase your old selves."

Though the rulers of the ten lands were creatures under the primeval human dao, their foundations ran exceedingly deep. In their time, they'd already known that the immortal dao would exist in the future, and so they'd been chosen in that era to pave the way for the future immortal dao.

Thus, they'd remained themselves after all this time, forgoing reincarnation and easily assimilating into this new modern era.

What the eight referred to as "decrees" were the cultivation realms like "king" and "emperor" that came with their own titles. Though human king was no longer a realm anymore, its "king decree" had been integrated into the grand pure realm.

Decrees were originally something created by God and inherited by the Exalted Divine Emperor. When the Exalted divines conquered the world of immortals and etched the Sacred Origin Runes into the Dao Flower, they'd done so to incorporate cultivation realms with decrees into the immortal dao.

The monarchs of the twenty-four facets would be able to uphold the immortal dao only when bolstered with a decree's power. Since they had yet to all take their place, Mount Xuanhuang supported the immortal dao for now.

While the Central World had become Qing Yu's heavenly palace, its decree was held by Qing Taxian. He was the ruler of the Central World and thus the heavenly emperor.

"Alright!" Lin Yan was the first to agree. "How long?"

"Ten years!" Houtu calculated.

It was the forty-eighth year of the Xuanhuang calendar. She foresaw the nine celestial lords, rulers of the four seas, and heavenly emperor reaching a decreed cultivation realm in the fifty-eighth year.

Before that time arrived, the eight would hold down the fort from Mount Vastspace and help the blood demon keep Wuzhiqi in check. As for how they could help those fourteen ascend to that realm...

Whoosh!

Five resplendent pillars of light shot to the heavens within Dusk Province. They resonated with the land, marking the emergence of another five great emperors. The sovereigns of the dao of five elements in the Dao Academy—the previous five priests in the Xuan Yuan Tomb!

After becoming one with their altars, they were almost the equivalent of five Exalted divine spirits. Great emperor was but a hair's breadth away from them, easily obtained.

That the masters of the five elements had become great emperors under the immortal dao instantaneously sharpened the dao into greater focus. The celestial lords that already grasped a mandate of the world made great strides in their cultivation, their rate of improvement faster than before.

Chapter 1008: Ten Years

The five elements were the basics of everything and formed the foundation of all great daos within the immortal dao. Every kind of life form and great dao was inextricably tied back to the five elements.

The deans of the five elements had broken through to great emperor realm through refining their respective elemental dao, which further strengthened the immortal dao in turn. It radiated more vitality than ever, facilitating the growth of all beings beneath it.

Current circumstances in the world bore a remarkable similarity to the restoration of the void realm, and a corresponding boost in ascension speed appeared as well. Just as cultivators had most easily broken through in those times, great emperor suddenly seemed a cultivation realm easily within reach.

Though the sovereigns of the five elements were also the deans of the Dao Academy, the academy represented the will of the immortal dao to a certain extent. After all, the immortal dao was rooted in Mount Xuanhuang and Qing Yu was the dao sovereign of the world. Thus, the elemental dao that the deans of the five elemental schools grasped was also a great dao of the immortal dao.

When they broke through to great emperor and fully made the elemental dao theirs, the consequential strengthening of the immortal dao wasn't just a simple reinforcement, but a fundamental enhancement of the immortal dao.

In that moment, a thick blanket of immortal force descended from the heavens and enveloped Heavenly Emperor Qing Taxian, the celestial lords of the nine majors, rulers of the four seas, and the monarchs of the ten lands that'd already reached great emperor. It fortified their core essence and instantaneously stabilized their cultivation level.

"Damn it!" cursed one of the monarchs of the ten lands. "I'd planned on kicking in the doors of the Dao Academy and preventing the nine celestial lords from reaching a decreed cultivation realm. But now that we've benefitted as well..."

As thick-skinned as they may be, the rulers of the ten lands couldn't contemplate making trouble for the academy headmaster or the dao sovereign anymore. Their motives had been very similar to Wuzhiqi's, but with a slight difference that they would allow other great emperors to appear in the world of immortals after they were strong enough to occupy the positions at the top.

A stage of speedy progress and development was upon the world of immortals, backdropped by Wuzhiqi's roars and snarls over the North Sea.

Completely berserk, he flung himself at the blood demon with everything he had and was answered in kind by his opponent. Why, the blood demon was an entity that had once instigated countless wars across the lower worlds and multiverse at large! Though he'd acquiesced to Lu Yun's command, he wasn't afraid of anything in the world, including the first monkey beneath the heavens.

As the two connate demon gods battled, the ripples of the immortal dao deepened with clarity and the presence of the chaos realm grew more defined.

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Ten years!

The two massive beings fought in the North Sea for a full decade!

While their conflict raged on, the world of immortals advanced at an incredible pace. This also extended to the immortals in the lower realms, giving rise to Supreme Immortals of Original Order in other worlds as well as countless ingress, primordial, and principal immortals.

Once at the top of the totem pole, dao immortals were now humdrum and ordinary. Traversing the unknown space to find one's cosmic dao fruit and ascending to dao immortality was no longer anything of major import. Progressing through dao immortality and reaching ingress realm was the new symbolization of reaching the heavens.

Ingress, primordial, principal, and even supreme pure immortals began to appear in the world of immortals with increasing frequency.

From the forty-eighth year of the Xuanhuang calendar to the fifty-eighth year, the immortal dao experienced its greatest decade ever of development. Even the years after its initial establishment in the Primordial Era paled in comparison to these crucial ten years.

One could say that the modern world of immortals had fully caught up to and surpassed the primordial world in only a decade.

These ten years were also hailed as the golden years of the immortal dao. The number of experts born in this time period were many times greater than the entire sum from the period spanning the Primordial Era to the founding of the Dao Academy. The world of immortals was finally a true planet of immortals, a world in which its denizens abounded with immortality.

During this time, joyous tidings repeatedly traveled from the lower realms as world after world was reconquered. All of the yin spirits occupying those worlds were exterminated, and the lower realms as a whole began to recover their vitality upon being nourished by the immortal dao.

At this point in time, only one dao palace remained out of Lu Yun's grasp and a bold thought brewed in his mind. He wanted to collect all six, extract their chaos stars and refine them as his dao fruits.

This was a plan jointly explored between him, Hongjun, Fuxi, and Qing Yu. The greatest laws of orders within the chaos existed in those stars. If he could refine them for his own, then he could very possibly integrate those six laws into the immortal dao. Once that was accomplished, the world of immortals... the realm as a whole would no longer need to fear the chaos creatures.

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Autumn in the fifty-eighth year of the Xuanhuang calendar.

Fourteen enormous pillars of light shot into the firmament and converged at the highest point of the world of immortals, within the heavenly palace of the Central World. The heavenly emperor, nine

celestial lords, and rulers of the four seas had finally reached a decreed cultivation realm. Heavenly Emperor Qing Taxian was a great emperor while the remaining thirteen were peak grand pure cultivators.

Peak grand pure realm had been the realm of the immortal emperor in the Primordial Era! In this moment, the world of immortals officially surpassed the ancient world!

Whether it was the heavenly emperor or the remaining thirteen rulers, they were all born and bred locals of the world of immortals. They were no old farts from the Primeval Era or the reincarnated self of some ancient personage. They represented the current strength of the world of immortals!

All daos resonated in unison as multiple images of the Dao Flower floated down from the sky.

From Mount Xuanhuang, the immortal dao shot into the firmament as if a dragon and entered the Central World, connecting the heavenly palace to the mountain. Two enormous characters for “restriction” appeared in the void.

A restriction against immortals!

This was the materialization of the two restrictions that had once existed in Dusk Province and the Blood Sea. They flared with radiant splendor and integrated into the immortal dao as twin streaks of immortal light.

They were also a failsafe left by the three founders of the immortal dao. Since they prohibited immortals, that meant they carried a spark of the immortal dao within them. In the event of the immortal dao’s destruction, a new one could be formed as long as the two restrictions still existed.

The Blood Sea frothed and boiled over, its inhabitants shrieking with outrage. One of the restrictions had belonged to them, but they didn’t dare do much else other than express their fury.

Calm returned to the bloody depths before long. The Blood Sea had inherited a part of the human dao hell’s legacy and was a failsafe created by another great master in the Primeval Era.

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“Since they’ve all reached a decreed cultivation realm, it’s our turn now.” The eight great heavyweights residing in Mount Vastspace suddenly erupted with action.

“AHHHH!!” Furiously battling the blood demon, Wuzhiqi howled with anguish as his body swiftly withered away into a dry husk. Something was madly absorbing his flesh and blood, his immortal force, and everything else about him.

Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower abruptly appeared in the skies over the North Sea.

Chapter 1009: Jade Record of Creation

An enormous altar encircled by the altars of the five elements slowly materialized within the heavenly palace.

The mother altar!

Qing Yu had moved the mother altar from the Xuan Yuan Tomb into the heavenly palace. As it appeared, the Deaf Prince and seven others sacrificed everything that was Wuzhiqi to the mother altar and received enormous power in exchange.

Chaos realm strength blossomed from the Deaf Prince, Jing Dichen, Lin Yan, Feng Ruyu, Beicang Qiong, Bai Qi, and even Jing Huaci. Their original cultivation realms had finally returned to them!

Seven mighty figures loomed out of a haze of light and slowly approached from the past, making for their seven contemporary reincarnations. Their great wilderness selves, ones who'd commanded the wind and rain in eons past, were returning to their rightful place.

But just as they were about to sink into their current selves, the immortal dao trembled slightly and disintegrated them into powder that vanished upon the wind.

The Deaf Prince and six others had recovered their original cultivation, but their former selves had been obliterated by the immortal dao, leaving only seven life forms under the immortal dao that had been baptized by endless cycles of reincarnation.

Standing off to the side, the attack rippled out to Houtu as well. Her image and concept began to dissolve beneath the immortal dao's might, but before she was also lost upon the wind, raging energy of reincarnation suddenly surged into her body from an unknown patch of space.

The power didn't come from hell, but from the chaos, and belonged to Tianqi. He offered up his last bit of control over reincarnation in this moment and gifted it to Houtu, enabling her to experience the process as well.

Houtu's form stopped fading away and she discovered a gradual return of strength that had once belonged to her. It solidified her identity as the Yin Prince!

Being the first generation Yin Prince, she was the empress of the netherworld that walked the great wilderness. After her departure, Tianqi had stepped into her shoes as the second generation Yin Prince and never managed to pass it on after that.

Upon her return after experiencing reincarnation, Houtu was officially instated as the one and only Yin Prince beneath the immortal dao.

Since the heavenly palace's master was Heavenly Emperor Qing Taxian, there would be a corresponding position in the kingdom of hell as well—the Yin Prince!

Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower materialized over the North Sea, slowly assimilating into the immortal dao and becoming one of its treasures instead of a human dao treasure. At the same time, the sword bell, sword cauldron, and sword tower of the primitive great dao also traveled through the void from an unknown world and merged with the immortal dao.

A huge jade-colored plate of light took shape in the air—the treasure of the immortal dao. Once grasped in Hongjun's hands, the Jade Record of Creation was the big plate that Lu Yun and Qing Yu had seen in the Sovereign Rankings.

The three treasures of the primitive great dao and two of the human dao had summoned the treasure of the immortal dao. It was now officially known to the world, and the six treasures also represented a

certain reversed process. The usual order went: from dao came one, and one begat two, two gave birth to three, and from three resulted all living things.

The process that'd actually occurred was that all living things had already existed in the great wilderness, and the primitive great dao resulted in three dao treasures. When the primitive great dao metamorphosed into the human dao, two more dao treasures were born. And finally, when human dao dissolved and was replaced by the immortal dao, the Jade Record of Creation appeared as its sole dao treasure.

However, the last one had been arranged for long ago. When Lu Yun first met Hongjun, the creator had been holding the rough form of the jade record. It was just a rough lump then and wasn't yet the treasure of the immortal dao. It only took shape after tempering from both the primitive great dao and human dao, making it what it was today.

With its appearance now, it absorbed the other treasures into itself and fully embodied the proper order. It appeared for a split second, then vanished without a trace afterward.

Though countless experts across the nine majors, ten lands, four immortal seas, and four great oceans had witnessed its existence, this was something that they could only look upon and not covet.

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Wuzhiqi was dead, no trace of him remained.

A temporary tranquility seemed to grip the world of immortals once more. This time, it was only on the surface as political currents ebbed and flowed in the shadows.

Untold multitudes of powerhouses had appeared after a decade. Most of them weren't great emperors or grand pure realm, which left plenty of them as supreme pure or jade pure immortals.

Power corrupted, and when corruption set in, so did ambition. Ambition stoked ever growing desires, which inevitably gave rise to clashes. As minor scuffles and struggles were magnified, conflict began to develop across the land.

Though there were still endless numbers of yin spirits outside the world of immortals, breakthrough victories had been established in the lower realms. Most of the yin spirits there had been swept clean, so in the eyes of many, there wasn't much to the yin spirits outside the world of immortals either.

Thankfully, the land was a cornucopia of resources. Although the world of immortals now was stronger than its primordial self, contemporary immortals numbered less than one percent of what'd existed in the Primordial Era. Given the abundance of resources, immortals could always find whatever it was they desired. Thus, the conflicts in the world weren't too severe.

Most people now butted heads over the ancient tombs in the world.

Though the world of immortals was the strongest it'd ever been, with combat arts and cultivation methods flourishing to an uncommon degree, the contents of the tombs were the distilled essence of a million years. Stemming from the Primordial Era, many of them were still extremely helpful to immortals now.

Though modern society thrived and prospered, it possessed only eighty thousand years of history. True development had occurred only within the sixty years after the Dao Academy's establishment.

While Qing Yu and Lu Yun had deployed formula dao to the utmost during this time to theorize cultivation methods and combat arts, they were still unable to rival a million years of history.

At the same time, the academy also wished to excavate more tombs. The various items from the tombs contained wisdom from the Primordial Era, a foundation from which one could derive application suitable for modern times.

These days, a new question occupied most of Lu Yun and Qing Yu's attention. Where did these ancient tombs come from and who'd buried all of the immortals fallen in that great war?

The burial layout over the world of immortals had been perfectly disrupted by the tombs that forested the world. Lu Yun had originally thought this to be Tianqi's handiwork since his disciple was very close to the creator realm. However, while he possessed the requisite power and knowledge, he didn't have the strength to erase the memories of everything in the multiverse at the same time.

Chapter 1010: Qiang Liang

Lu Yun and Qing Yu were no closer to an answer even after prolonged joint deduction. Unbidden, Lu Yun thought of the gigantic shadow he'd seen in the river of time, the one that'd obscured all glimpses of the truth.

It didn't matter anymore how the Dao Tree had supported that shadow. The tree had only been a chess piece in the grand scheme of things.

There were forty-some more years until the World Gates opened, but Lu Yun had yet to reach dao immortal realm. He'd determined how to proceed in his cultivation, yet couldn't find the last dao palace to complete his plans.

He searched for ten years without coming across any hint of it. Whether the world of immortals or the lower realms, it seemed to have vanished into thin air.

"Has it returned to the chaos?" Lu Yun murmured to himself as he sat at the peak of Mount Xuanhuang.

"The current formula dao is still one of heaven and earth. We can't calculate anything involving the chaos." Qing Yu lay in Lu Yun's arms and grumbled with dissatisfaction, "If only the immortal dao could traverse the chaos as well."

"If the immortal dao could traverse the chaos?" Lu Yun blinked at his beloved.

"Formula dao is a dao beneath the immortal dao at the end of the day. We have to be physically standing in the chaos to operate it there. If we try from the world of immortals, we'll never find any answers," Qing Yu answered matter-of-factly. In a similar situation, they'd only been able to deduce the truth about the Bridge of Forgetfulness because they'd been physically present in the fourth realm.

"In that case, let's go to the chaos!" Lu Yun shot to his feet and pulled Qing Yu up with him.

“But the world of immortals...” Qing Yu worried. Though the world seemed peaceful at a glance, towering hostility and antagonism suffused it. Many factions irritated against each other and it seemed very possible that large-scale conflict would break out.

“The heavenly court is firmly established in the world of immortals and has become its ruler.” Lu Yun smiled. “The two of us are only symbolic leaders now, the world no longer needs us.”

Eyes widening, Qing Yu gaped with comprehension. She finally understood her dao partner’s true goal. No matter when and no matter how, he’d never given up that fondly cherished dream of leaving all responsibility in someone else’s hands.

Heavenly Emperor Qing Taxian was in residence in the heavenly palace, as well as the four heavenly kings and one Venerated Sacrosanct Immortal King. They were sufficient to maintain order in the multiverse.

Dragons and tigers further abounded in the Dao Academy. Having come into their own, Lu Yun’s ten Yama Kings were unfathomable and mysterious. Without question, they were the strongest aces of the academy.

In addition, there were also eight great emperors and a chaos realm master holding down the fort in the Dao Academy. The remaining supreme pure, jade pure, and grand pure immortals were too numerable to count. These were all great talents who could handle a great many situations by themselves. There was no need for Lu Yun and Qing Yu to worry about anything.

In fact, the couple’s cultivation had fallen behind when compared to everyone else.

Great emperors existed in the world now, but Lu Yun and Qing Yu were respectively a peerless immortal and a High Immortal of the Great Firmament. They... didn’t even count as ants anymore.

Lu Yun was held back due to his lack of a dao fruit, whereas Qing Yu had no idea how to improve herself anymore in the world of immortals. The entire immortal dao was hers; she wouldn’t be able to continue cultivating unless she departed from this realm and absorbed energy from a place not ruled by the immortal dao.

As the dao sovereign of immortal dao, Qing Yu had a hefty price to pay for grasping this great dao.

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“We’ll head to true chaos this time, out of the zone still within the boundaries of the realm. Let’s go see what this real chaos is like. Plus, we’ll have to fight the chaos creatures sooner or later. They know us like the back of their hands, but we still don’t know anything about them or even what they look like.” Lu Yun looked at Qing Yu and squeezed her cheeks firmly.

“I want to go too!” The little fox popped out from someplace unknown and shoved her furry head in between the couple.

Lu Yun’s face fell.

“I hate foxes!” He yanked her out and glared viciously at her. “Why are you everywhere? Doesn’t it get boring being the third wheel all the time? Or is being a third wheel your hobby and your newest goal in life is to annoy the shit out of me??”

He really was very irritated. Apart from their trip to the fourth realm, the married couple hadn't had much private solitude since their wedding. Though they'd been dao partners for so long, they were still without a child.

He wanted to also spend some quality time with Qing Yu while they searched for the dao palace. The child could wait until after the cataclysm, but the appearance of the little fox imparted a certain helplessness and resignation to everything.

The little fox looked piteously at Qing Yu, her usual airs as the dean of monster spirit dao and monster spirit ancestor of the great wilderness completely absent.

Qing Yu bursted into chuckles. "Let's bring her. Tushan Miao needs to locate her fortuitous opportunity in the chaos if she wishes to return to the chaos realm."

Miao was the little fox's name while Tushan was her surname. Together, they comprised of her full name.

So, too, did Fuxi and Wahuang possess their own names apart from the surname that people usually called them by. As for Shennong and Xuanyuan, their names had evolved into pure titles of honor, as had Lu Yun's Lieshan.

Lu Yun looked weakly at the little fox. He never denied Qing Yu anything.

"Let's go find Tianqi first and see what he's guarding. What is it that gives those chaos creatures the ability to enter our realm?" Lu Yun suddenly thought of his long lost disciple. "Let's head to Earth."

It wasn't possible to enter the chaos from the world of immortals—the only passage was through the cosmos of Earth.

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Hongjun and Fuxi sat facing each other on Mount Buzhou, hardly surprised by the arrival of the three. What surprised the visitors instead was that there was someone new on the mountain—an extraordinarily handsome young man in long jade robes. He bowed slightly when he saw Lu Yun.

"Qiang Liang greets the Flame Emperor."

"Qiang Liang?" Crouched on Qing Yu's shoulder, the little fox blinked when she saw the young man and said rudely, "What, you're not dead yet?"

"The monster celestial master jests." Qiang Liang smiled awkwardly.

He'd been a celestial king of Taiyi's court and an exceptionally strong one at that. After the establishment of the human dao, he'd departed from the great wilderness with remaining connate demon gods who didn't wish to submit to the humans. They'd left the realm and secluded themselves in the chaos until today.

During the time of the great wilderness, many demon gods had joined the human race and become valuable allies. The little fox had sought out Qiang Liang too, but the demon god had declined.

Now that the two were meeting again, he found things rather awkward.

