

Necropolis 1091

Chapter 1091: Are You A Devil?!

“Do we really not want it? That’s an opportunity to ascend beyond the chaos!” Ling Xiu’s heart spasmed painfully. If she’d been the one to get the sword, she would’ve clung onto it even in death.

“Opportunities are opportunities only if we have enough destiny to hang onto them. If not, they’re just disasters,” Lu Yun sighed. “Let’s go, this is causing too much of a disturbance. Some things outside of our expectations might crop up.”

Ying Luo looked at Lu Yun and bit her lips lightly. “I’m going back to beg for forgiveness from my monarch.”

“No need.” Lu Yun smiled. “Walk with me. The Creation monarch won’t find fault with you.”

Ying Luo lowered her head without a word. Lu Yun was obviously just trying to comfort her.

Her princess had just made enemies out of their former friends on behalf of the entire Creation Palace! To stay with Lu Yun meant betraying Creation Palace; she’d be killed by the palace experts before she even saw the monarch.

“Don’t worry, you haven’t betrayed Creation Palace and they won’t abandon you.” Lu Yun gently patted her shoulder.

Ying Luo nodded mutely.

“Let’s go.” Lu Yun looked at the Inception disciples around him. They were frustrated and pained, but Lu Yun was right. If he hadn’t given up the sword, all five hundred of them would’ve been overwhelmed in the first instant and completely obliterated.

The scene in front of them could only be described as a hellscape. Everyone fought for the sword and gruesome deaths occurred every second. Not even the sixth level mortal realm experts of the palaces were an exception. No mercy, no quarter, no hesitation.

The world had gone mad.

Li Xue, Wei Yuan, and You Huoran left the scene without any reservations. Their princes and princesses had thrown them away without a second thought earlier. Having stepped forward and fought side by side with Lu Yun, they would also be treated as traitors if they returned to their delegations now.

While Wang Shu did want to stay and help Surgeon Palace, he would be a moth to a flame if he rejoined his faction during the battle. A minor second level mortal realm cultivator would have no effect on the outcome.

Even their Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals wouldn’t cause a ripple in the midst of a hundred thousand cultivators. Living opponents were far different from zombies.

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While mayhem and lunacy engulfed this part of the tomb, the Inception delegation departed through a relatively calm passage.

Since the source of everything had been destroyed, all of the corpse qi, pungent air, and zombie floods were no more. The five hundred disciples gradually separated from Lu Yun and the others, drifting off in different directions.

Since the Tomb of Heaven and Earth was an enormous training ground, everyone had their own opportunity to seek out. Five hundred gathered in one place created too big of a target, and they would also easily affect each other.

Finally, only the Six Royals were left.

They were close to a huge, desolate mountain that was an expanse of black dirt framed by an ashen sky. There were no signs of life, zombies, or any other monsters.

It was a kind of stillness that provoked the greatest kind of anxiety.

“Let’s find a safe spot here and recall the sword.” Lu Yun suddenly said to the others.

“Huh?” The five started. “Recall the sword? What sword?”

“The one with the inheritance beyond the chaos, of course,” Lu Yun answered matter-of-factly.

“Didn’t, didn’t you just give it up?” Ying Luo stared at Lu Yun.

He scratched his head with some embarrassment. “I’d actually already refined it when I tossed it out.”

“...are you a devil?!” came shrieks and shudders.

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Blood dripped from the hem of his shirt. Bodies stretched on as far as the eye could see, a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood from more than a hundred thousand souls.

He was the final victor of this battle.

His hands tightly gripped the sword containing the legacy beyond the chaos. This sword was everything to him.

“Who else?” Zhou Wumie demanded coolly of the few survivors left.

Zhou Wumie, first of the mortal realm cultivators of Nirvana Palace. He was far stronger than Huo Jun and Ling Xiu of Inception Palace. Out of all the mortal realm cultivators of the six palaces, he was ranked in the top three.

This battle had taken far too great of a toll on everyone, there were only a few survivors from each of the five palaces as well. Less than a hundred Nirvana disciples in total stood next to Zhou Wumie.

Still, it was all worth it.

After obtaining this treasure, Nirvana Palace was sure to soar to the metaphorical throne of the chaos and keep the other five underfoot! They had the chance to ascend beyond the chaos and enter the next realm, forever free of the threat from the worlds!

No one dared move as the power radiating from Zhou Wumie was too astounding. He was also wielding that sword in his hands. Even if he couldn't yet deploy its true strength, the edge of this sword was enough to cut through everything!

The remaining four palaces were also afraid. Though Zhou Wumie hadn't personally created this mountain of corpses, he was undoubtedly the strongest one left.

They all took a step back. While there were still more than ten thousand cultivators left, no one had the courage to fight on.

"Hahahaha!!" Zhou Wumie threw his head back with laughter, mirth echoed by his fellow disciples around him.

"We won, we won!" They cheered, already seeing Nirvana Palace ascend beyond the chaos and ruling the other five sacred palaces.

Hummm.

The sword suddenly flared with brilliant radiance and began shaking violently.

"Oh? Senior brother Wumie, are you refining the sword?" asked the curious Nirvana disciples.

Shock froze Zhou Wumie's jubilant expression. The sword was trying to escape from his grasp!

"What's going on?!" Zhou Wumie panicked; he'd bet everything for this sword! All of his essence had gone up in flames for it, but this sword that he'd laid down his life for was leaving him??

Wham!

Flame gusted from the sword and sent Zhou Wumie flying, then pierced through the void.

"Come back here!" Zhou Wumie's eyes were so wide that their corners split open. He almost spontaneously lost his sanity at seeing the sword leave him. He drew upon his last bit of strength without hesitation and chased after the escaping sword.

Chapter 1092: Nirvana Phoenix

Baffled alarm rippled through the Nirvana disciples, they didn't understand why the treasured sword was leaving them either. Zhou Wumie was already at the end of his tether, they couldn't allow anything to happen to him.

"Follow him. We need to help!" The disciples stirred to action and quickly followed their palace's pride and glory.

The remaining ten thousand looked at each other hesitantly. Though Zhou Wumie had remained on his feet only through sheer force of will, the rest of them had been too petrified by the brutal carnage that'd taken place to do anything. With the departure of the Nirvana contingent, that left room for other thoughts to creep into their minds.

"Let's go take a look as well—Zhou Wumie is heavily injured and the sword just mysteriously left him. We might still have a chance!" Some quickly followed the Nirvana disciples.

The remaining cultivators were also curious as to what was happening, and reason had returned to everyone's minds. A strange thought blossomed in their minds—if the Inception contingent had left without a scratch, did everything that'd subsequently taken place have to do with them?

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Lu Yun sat cross-legged in a dip at the foot of the mountain, deep in meditation and fingers frozen in a strange hand seal. Rays of brilliant splendor shone from his body and continuously called out to the sword on the other side of the void.

He'd refined the sword, spending a full hundred thousand years to do so. When he'd laid hands on the treasure, he'd immediately shifted into hell and used its influence over time to speed things up.

Though Lu Yun wasn't someone whose greed knew no bounds, he also wasn't the sort to just give up a treasure that'd come into his hands. Surrendering the sword had only been an act to get his side out of danger.

After the others had mostly killed each other off, he summoned the sword back. He was a sword immortal, after all, but he didn't have a proper sword to his name. He'd returned the Sugato Sword to the Green Firmament, gifted Quietus to Tianqi, and left Violetgrave standing guard at the World Gates...

This sword was precisely what he needed at this time.

"Here it comes!"

A piercing howl broke through the air before sword light descended from the sky like a snowy chain, landing in Lu Yun's hands.

"You!" Zhou Wumie was hot on its heels and his eyes almost spat fire when he saw the sword in Lu Yun's hands.

"Form up!" Ying Luo and the others didn't hesitate to draw close to Lu Yun and fall into the Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals. Zhou Wumie was the greatest mortal realm cultivator of Nirvana Palace. Lu Yun would never be able to withstand him by himself.

The formation snapped into existence and sent Zhou Wumie flying with a surge of power.

"Wei Yuan!" The genius saw Wei Yuan standing in the center of the formation. "Today, I'll act on behalf of the sacred palace and cleanse its halls of traitors!"

He hung suspended in midair, two crimson balls of light appearing in his hands. This was the power to be gained from consuming his blood essence. Harrowing power of nirvana coalesced in the air while an enormous shadow grew behind Zhou Wumie.

Wei Yuan turned pale and wavered in his position. He was born and raised in Nirvana Palace. If his home deemed him a traitor, then his entire life was ruined.

"Don't worry, a mere mortal realm cultivator can't pronounce judgement on you," Lu Yun said calmly after taking a look at Wei Yuan. "The inheritance to ascend beyond the chaos is within this sword. I'm going to extract it and gift it to you guys. No one will dare do anything to you then."

“What? You’re willing, you’re willing to share the inheritance beyond the chaos?!” Wei Yuan shook violently and stared incredulously at Lu Yun.

“We’re the Six Royals. What’s the point of me surviving if all of you are dead?” Lu Yun grinned broadly.

The five of them were still steadfastly standing next to him, even at a time like this. Nothing else tainted their friendship, so Lu Yun naturally wouldn’t hold back with them. Living people were always better than cold, dead treasure.

“Alright!” Wei Yuan recovered his composure and relaxed. Though there were certainly other legacies in this testing ground that exceeded the chaos, it would be an incredibly difficult task to obtain any of them.

Not even the princes and princesses had been able to manage the giant zombie earlier. If it hadn’t been for Lu Yun, the general mission set for the mortal realm cultivators would’ve been a failure. It would be many times harder for the six sacred palaces to win any of the other legacies, given their greater strength.

“Senior brother Wumie, you heard Lu Yun. Please don’t continue your harassment any further.” Greatly bolstered by Lu Yun’s promise, Wei Yuan called back out from the safety of the formation.

“Die!” A crimson flame rose from Zhou Wumie. Whooping a war cry, he charged Wei Yuan.

Share the legacy with others?! All of it belonged to him!

Zhou Wumie’s hand was fading out of existence and turning into a bloody shadow. The image behind him, formed of the purest power of nirvana, took the shape of a pair of wings and adhered to his back.

“Let me!” Wei Yuan stepped forward when he saw that Lu Yun was about to respond. He stood in front of his friend and deployed the greatest combat arts of the Nirvana Palace against his senior brother.

Lu Yun couldn’t take to the field at this time. If he harmed or killed Zhou Wumie, that would cement a death feud between the Nirvana and Inception Palaces.

But things would be different if it was Wei Yuan joining the battle—he was a fellow Nirvana disciple. If he brought back a legacy beyond the chaos, the palace’s senior council wouldn’t punish him on behalf of another mortal realm disciple.

“Zhou Wumie, you say that you’re the greatest disciple of Nirvana Palace, but I, Wei Yuan, do not accept that!” The formation’s power reinforced Wei Yuan and he roared, “Though I borrow outside force at the moment, I firmly believe that you wouldn’t be a match for me if we were the same level!”

He thrust out a palm and summoned a black phoenix shadow behind him.

A nirvana phoenix! One of the strongest races of the nirvana sacred clan!

Wei Yuan wasn’t human. Instead, he was a nirvana phoenix and now made use of the formation to fully release his core essence and return to his true form. A black phoenix thirty meters across unfurled its wings in the void, blazing with dark red flames and bursting with the power of destruction.

“Vile spawn!” His eyes bloodshot, Zhou Wumie snarled when he saw Wei Yuan’s true form. He streaked forward as a beam of black-red light and barreled into the nirvana phoenix.

Chapter 1093: Passing on Heritage

“Vile spawn?!” Wei Yuan bristled with true rage when he heard the insult.

Nirvana phoenixes were noble and lofty. Though they didn’t rival the chaos dragons, they were still one of the most blue-blooded races of the chaos. Zhou Wumie addressing him this way was the height of humiliation and aroused Wei Yuan’s latent violent nature.

Skree!!

Wei Yuan whistled piercingly and sent the dark red flames over his body dancing with rage. He spread his wings open and fanned them viciously at the charging Zhou Wumie.

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When the rest of the interested parties made their way to the scene, they saw Zhou Wumie fighting a nirvana phoenix. The two were deadly serious about their battle and blasted each other with every murderous combat art they could think of.

“Help him!” The rest of the Nirvana disciples were appalled at a junior disciple fighting their greatest genius. Of course they recognized the nirvana phoenix.

“Hmph!” Lu Yun and the others naturally wouldn’t allow anyone else to attack Wei Yuan. The Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals focused on the combination of the six sacred powers rather than keeping to a defined formation shape. As long as the six powers were connected to each other, the formation still operated even if they were tens of thousands of kilometers away from each other.

As time went on, their understanding of the formation deepened and their teamwork improved. Lu Yun raised the sword in his hands and brought it down on empty air.

Dragonrise!

A snowy river of sword light bisected the void and brought dreadful spatial storms into the area.

“Those who cross this line will die.” Lu Yun brandished the sword by the banks of the river, coldly sweeping the other side with a piercing look.

“So the sword’s returned to him!” Those coming in pursuit of the sword immediately noticed the treasure in the young man’s hands. That sheer battle of lunacy, one that’d claimed more than a hundred thousand lives, had been for this great treasure beyond the chaos. But in the end, Lu Yun had reclaimed it!

The crowd wanted to collectively belch fire at the young man. If looks could kill, Lu Yun would’ve already died several times over in this life and the next.

“Such are the insidious schemes of the Inception Palace! You’re so damned shameless that you made us slaughter each other!” screamed an Ethos disciple.

“Made you slaughter each other?” Lu Yun crowed with laughter. “Don’t tell me you killed people from your own palace?”

The Ethos disciple blinked and didn’t respond.

“Or do you mean to say that the other five sacred palaces and the nine sacred lands have formed alliances with all of the factions in the chaos, and that you’re all one big happy family now?” Lu Yun bared his teeth in a savage grin, leering viciously.

“Don’t try to distract us with pretty words, Lu Yun. Do you dare fight me?” A sixth level mortal realm cultivator stepped out from the Creation Palace contingent and roared a challenge.

“I’m right here, come fight me if you want. But if you cross this sword river, be prepared to die.”

Humm!

The sword that Lu Yun had yet to name vibrated with a soft hum. He’d spent a hundred thousand years in hell to refine this sword; it was now of one mind with him and even stronger than Quietus. Not only did it contain an inheritance beyond the chaos, but so was its own rank beyond as well.

The Creation disciple trembled. He recalled Lu Yun’s earlier might and how he’d obliterated every zombie within thousands of kilometers with a single punch. Lu Yun had fought with bare fists then, but now he wielded a treasure beyond the chaos!

“Be prepared to risk your lives if you want the sword.” Lu Yun advanced on the Creation disciple that was already cowering away.

Ten thousand cultivators that’d come in pursuit of the treasure took a unanimous step back.

Lu Yun took another step forward. The ten thousand took a step back.

A step forward. A step back.

Another.

And another...

In the end, Lu Yun took three steps forward and crossed the clearly demarcated river, but the ten thousand cultivators in front of him—including several thousand sixth level experts from the other five palaces—had matched him a dozen steps for backward steps!

His indomitable figure deeply imprinted itself on their hearts.

“Lu Yun?? You’re called Lu Yun?!” suddenly shrieked a disciple from the fire origin land. “How can you be Lu Yun?! Lu Yun is a key figure in the worlds right now, the very worlds that the nine sacred lands wish to destroy! He’s the crux of our plans, so how are you called Lu Yun?!”

This fire origin disciple was also sixth level mortal realm. As a survivor of the inhumane battle from earlier, he was undoubtedly a master of his art. Any weaklings had long turned into a puddle of gore seeping into the ground, lacking even the right to die with a full corpse.

“And why can’t I be called Lu Yun?” Lu Yun grinned.

The hand in the shadows, the mastermind plotting the destruction of the worlds, had always been the nine sacred lands. The ones currently leading the charge were the four origin sacred lands.

The six sacred palaces had long stopped their attacks on the worlds. Instead of preventing the worlds from developing, they shifted their focus to ascending beyond the chaos and escaping this never-ending cycle.

“Are you, are you that Lu Yun?!” gasped the fire origin disciple. “We’ve successfully delivered the six dao palaces into that Lu Yun’s hands. We only need to trigger the six orders to send their power into the worlds by using him as a medium. The worlds will be finished then!

“But he’s not there at the moment... Are you really him?!”

Murmurs and exclamations rose and fell in the crowd from his words.

“Lu Yun also possesses the power of inception. He can absolutely imitate a sacred clan member and travel through the chaos!”

Boom!

Dark red flames surged behind Lu Yun as the black nirvana phoenix lightened into a crimson color. Zhou Wumie fell down heavily from the dark red light, reason restored to his mind and incredulity shining out of his eyes.

He’d lost to Wei Yuan!

Even if Wei Yuan had required the marvelous strength of his formation to stand toe to toe with Zhou Wumie, that was the only outside force he’d borrowed. Everything else had been a result of his own combat arts.

Throughout their trip through the tomb, Wei Yuan constantly kept Lu Yun’s first words in mind, that he had to grow stronger himself.

“You’ve lost, Zhou Wumie.” The dark red flames filling the skies swirled back into human-shaped form. Wei Yuan looked down coldly upon his senior brother.

“I’ve lost.” Zhou Wumie plopped dejectedly onto the ground, panting heavily. “I take back what I just said.”

Wei Yuan nodded and walked through the air, returning to Lu Yun’s side.

“Disciples of the fire origin land?” he sneered. “Are you suspecting the princess of Inception Palace? Are you doubting the six sacred palaces?”

Having defeated the greatest genius among his peers, Wei Yuan absolutely had the right to speak for Nirvana Palace now.

Traitor?

When he brought back the legacy beyond the chaos, even his monarch would have to show him a friendly face and treat him with great respect!

“That’s right, are you questioning the Inception princess or the six sacred palaces?” Ying Luo stepped forward as well and flicked a faint glance at the Creation contingent. She was no longer worried about anything anymore, not because of Lu Yun saying that he’d gift them the inheritance, but because she held that much faith in him.

He’d said that the Creation monarch wouldn’t punish her and wouldn’t deem her a traitor. Therefore, she wouldn’t be punished when she returned home.

A variety of expressions flashed through the fire origin disciple’s face and he backed up in quick succession.

“Your group doesn’t represent the six sacred palaces or the Inception princess. Only one of her replicas was present earlier and thus easily deceived.” A sixth level mortal realm cultivator from the Creation Palace suddenly stepped forward. “Ying Luo, come back to the light.”

His name was Chu Xiao and he was the leader of the Creation contingent to the Tomb of Life and Death.

“Senior brother Chu Xiao, are you imitating senior brother Zhou Wumie and want to take me on in a fight?” Ying Luo’s potential wasn’t great, but she was basically undefeated in the level of second level mortal realm. Now bolstered by the formation of the Six Royals, she also had the right to talk back to a sixth level.

Chu Xiao’s face twitched as he looked at the dejected Zhou Wumie on the ground and didn’t respond with anything. He couldn’t best Zhou Wumie in a fight. If Wei Yuan had defeated this genius, it would be a walk in the park for Ying Luo to defeat him.

Besides...

The sword beyond the chaos was in Lu Yun’s hands. He had Ying Luo and the others by his side, so it was impossible for anyone else to try to take that sword from him.

“I will make a truthful report of these matters to the monarch. I hope you have the same conviction when facing him.” Chu Xiao took a deep look at Ying Luo and left with the Creation delegation.

For some reason, Ying Luo’s heart spasmed when her peers left. It somehow felt like... she’d been discarded.

No one else dared remain on the premises after the Creation contingent left. To do so was to nurse a death wish. With the Six Royals gathered together, only those in the chaos realm could handle them. But because of the rules of trial, no one in the chaos realm could enter this part of the tomb.

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“I will now share the heritage in the sword with you.” Lu Yun and the others heaved sighs of relief when everyone left. It was a huge drain on their resources to maintain the formation.

“Alright!” Eyes brightened at the statement.

Whoosh!

Lu Yun stuck the nameless sword into the earth and released the restriction within.

“Open your hearts and minds, use every fiber of your being to perceive what’s inside the sword. Your own comprehension will beat any explanations made.”

Chapter 1094: Qing Han?

The knowledge beyond the chaos contained within the sword wasn’t a cultivation method or a combat art. It was an understanding of life itself; it could only be comprehended, not taught. Different parties would read different things from this knowledge, including cultivation methods or even combat arts.

Since Lu Yun had fully refined the sword, he could manipulate its contents and imprint them into the minds of the other five.

They sank into a contemplative state of meditation and focused on digesting this profound knowledge. Caught up in the intricacies of this new wisdom, they would be preoccupied for a long time.

Lu Yun waved his hand and summoned rays of sword light from his new treasure, protecting the five in their distracted state.

And then, he quietly left.

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“I wonder how the little fox, Qiu Luoyu, and those two chaos creatures are doing.” Lu Yun opened his arms wide and sucked in a deep breath of not-so-pristine air. Thoughts of his other companions rose unbidden in his mind.

He hadn’t heard from them since setting foot into the tomb. The little fox was the first to move on from the first test while Qiu Luoyu, Dawnruin, and Merefrost had been ejected from his inner dimension after he entered the tomb.

“Dawnruin and Merefrost’s prospects are probably dim... but the little fox and Qiu Luoyu should be handling things fine. Too bad the little fox reached chaos realm outside, or I’d probably be able to find her in here. But...” Something suddenly occurred to Lu Yun. “If the little fox and Qiu Luoyu made it inside, they probably ended up at the creation seed!”

He jerked his head up and looked in the direction of the wood element—to the east. All was a scene of verdant green light in that area, a place where vibrant vitality pulsed.

“That’s the center of the huge burial pit. I’d be walking over the corpses of countless beings if I go there,” Lu Yun murmured. “But each of the five directions in this place is overseen by an ultimate treasure. ...the one to the east is the creation seed!”

“In that case, that makes the five directions the testing grounds for chaos realm experts. Their mission is the five treasures, compared to that huge zombie for us. In comparison, whatever lies inside the pit is far inferior to the five treasures.

“The nine sacred lands are in for it after everyone leaves the tomb. The creation seed’s actually a treasure beyond the chaos, it’s just that no one’s noticed that all along.” Lu Yun called upon the Wandering Step and headed to the east.

Infinite numbers of experts from the mythological realm lay buried in that pit. Though they were dead, their wills lingered on and they constantly searched for an heir to their heritage.

With help from the rules of trial, the enormous pit created illusion after illusion to test the adventurers. The rules also guided the loitering wills back to sanity—with some exceptions, such as the creator that'd been waiting for Lu Yun and the faceless woman.

Lu Yun was now a particle of dust skipping through the void with the aid of the Wandering Step; he moved toward the creation seed at a fast clip. He wasn't worried about Ying Luo and the others. Having fully released the power of the sword, even creators wouldn't be able to approach them.

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"Master?" An ethereal, lilting voice suddenly sounded by Lu Yun's ear.

He jerked to a halt and whipped his head to the side. He was the size of dust and his Wandering Step traveled fifty thousand kilometers with each step. However, there was a young girl keeping pace and standing next to him.

She was very pretty with delicately arched eyebrows and black hair floating down over a white dress. She regarded him with a complicated expression.

"Who are you and why do you call me master?" Lu Yun returned to regular size, a move echoed by his newly gained shadow.

The girl pursed her lips and raised her right hand.

All of Lu Yun's hairs stood on end and his mind blared with alarm. The young girl clutched a brush in her hand, one that dripped with ink that looked like blood.

"It's, it's you! ...you?" He stared blankly at the young girl—the faceless woman. She'd been surrounded by a layer of mist before that concealed her true features. Now that she was a charming young girl and standing right in front of him, he didn't know what to do.

"The hadal hell exorcised the power of the akasha ghost from me, so I became me again." The young girl asked mournfully, "I've waited here for you for so many years. You've finally come back, but do you not recognize me anymore?"

"Me? Finally come back?" Lu Yun blinked. "I've been here before?"

The young girl looked silently at him and didn't respond.

"Er, alright... who are you? Why are you calling me your master?" he pressed.

"I'm Qing Han, your fourth disciple," came the answer.

Lu Yun's heart skipped a beat when he heard the name "Qing Han". Wasn't that the name Qing Yu used when she took male form?

This girl is Qing Han? My fourth disciple? What the hell?

When he thought back to the creator that'd been waiting for him before, Lu Yun had to consider the possibility that he really might've visited the tomb sometime in the past, and that he hadn't realized it yet at this point in time.

"You say you're my fourth disciple, so who are my other three?" Lu Yun frowned at "Qing Han".

"Senior sister Liu Qingmiao, second senior brother Zou Longxiu, and third senior brother Tianqi." A regretful smile appeared on Qing Han's face. "To think that I almost killed my master when I was controlled by the brush."

The brush in her hand was an ultimate treasure born out of this realm. But after the realm's destruction and the death of all who called it home, the resentment of an entire realm polluted the tip of the brush and turned into vermilion ink.

After Qing Han's soul slipped out of her old body, she came under the brush's control as a faceless woman with an incomplete soul. She'd searched for ways to make her soul whole again ever since.

It wasn't her intention to absorb the fresh blood of the beings here. That had been a compulsion from the brush. When Lu Yun opened the Gates of the Abyss and released the presence of hadal hell, it'd scattered the lingering resentment within the brush and enabled her to regain mental clarity.

Lu Yun stared dumbly at her, not knowing what to say. Her name made things a bit awkward as he wasn't sure how Qing Yu would react.

"I'm an orphan you raised and named Qing Han. You told me that was a name that milady, your wife, once used. That you missed her very much and she was in a very far away place, that you would never be able to see her again.

"Therefore, you focused all of your yearning into this name," Qing Han explained quietly. "Sadly, I was just your disciple and could never fill the hole that your wife left in your heart."

Lu Yun was beginning to believe this Qing Han and her story.

"The sword in your hands was something you refined for me, the treasure that protected me throughout my life. And yet, I died to my own sword in the end.

"You once said that the day we met again would be the moment of my rebirth. Now I am reborn, and you have come back." Qing Han suddenly knelt in front of Lu Yun and hugged his legs, breaking out into tears. "Master, your disciple has missed you."

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Lu Yun froze in place, at a loss of how to face his fourth disciple. He could feel the waves of emotion from Qing Han, but... he was unable to answer in kind.

Can it be that I travel back to the past again in the future, to this mythological realm? But this time, I'm unable to get back to my time? Lu Yun frowned ferociously.

How much despair must he have felt to find an outlet for his loneliness by raising a disciple and giving her the name of Qing Han? Even when he'd been blasted back to the great wilderness, he'd always firmly believed that he could make it back to the world of immortals.

“Qing Han, have I ever said anything else to you?” Lu Yun reached out and gently smoothed the girl’s hair. Though he didn’t feel a true kinship for this girl who’d waited countless eons for him, he couldn’t bear to hurt her feelings.

“Your body!” Qing Han exclaimed. “Master, I’ll take you to your past self!”

In her eyes, the Lu Yun in front of her was the reincarnated self of her master.

“You also said that I should take you to your body when you return. All will be understood then!” She could also feel the aloofness when Lu Yun interacted with her. This saddened her somewhat, but hope still poked its head out from her heart.

“Alright then, take me to it.” Lu Yun nodded and took a deep breath.

“But you’re such a player, master. You missed your wife, but then found another one and created my junior brother with her,” Qing Han grumbled.

“Eh?!” Lu Yun’s jaw dropped. What other wife, what junior brother?

Qing Han didn’t give him further time to react as she took his hand and the two vanished from the premises.

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The emerald green creation seed turned the murky sky a brilliant green. Countless experts were gathered in front of it, including a Qiu Luoyu covered in blood. He didn’t dominate his opposition, but he firmly defended the creation seed with everything he had.

Chapter 1095: Master’s Wife and Dao Fruit

Current circumstances ran far beyond their original expectations. Upon entering the tomb, the little fox and Qiu Luoyu found their way here due to a summons from the creation seed. But when they arrived, they found that they couldn’t refine the seed.

Or rather, they weren’t allowed to refine it.

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“Damn it, what’s the kid doing inside the seed? He’s even become one with it! He’s completely messing with me!” The little fox burrowed into the creation seed to see what was the matter with the Lu Yun inside.

Indeed, when she and Qiu Luoyu arrived, it’d been quite a shock to discover Lu Yun already sitting cross-legged inside the seed. Qiu Luoyu had to give up his original plan to refine the seed, while the little fox entered it to see what was going on.

But as time went on, more experts arrived on the scene and fights broke out over the creation seed.

Hiding in the shadows, Qiu Luoyu had to step out to protect it. This was his creation seed and the last hope he had to protect the otherkind within the chaos!

When he first saw Lu Yun inside, he'd thought that it'd all been a scam and a trap. But after the little fox darted in, a tiny connection somehow formed between him and the seed. It transferred the seed's power into his body, a development that greatly startled and ignited new hope within him.

.....

"So you've put yourself out here, Qiu Luoyu. After we kill you, the rest of the otherkind scum will be next," sneered an eternal overlord of the nine sacred lands when he saw the wandering expert.

Qiu Luoyu was drenched in blood and it looked like every single one of his hairs was soaked in his own blood. There were also a few gaping holes in his body.

He'd killed countless powerhouses in a short amount of time.

"Heh, want to kill me? Why don't you just try!" Though he responded to the eternal overlord, Qiu Luoyu looked into the distance where sovereigns of the six sacred palaces had arrived.

Sovereigns!

At peak eternal overlord, Qiu Luoyu was only half a step into the sovereign realm. He was dead without a doubt if he went head to head against a true sovereign; his circumstances were already extremely perilous even when sovereigns didn't join the fray. If it wasn't for the immortal lords and eternal overlords being afraid of losing their lives, they would've overrun him with sheer numbers a long time ago.

"You might be able to kill me, but I'll take down at least ten eternal overlords with me before I die. Come give it a try if you don't believe me!" Qiu Luoyu threw his head back with laughter. He was also playing for time. As time went on, more of the creation seed's power found its way into him and increased his strength.

Despite that, he was repressing his power and not exhibiting anything on the surface. In fact, he looked like he was a step from falling over on the outside.

"Qiu Luoyu, they all say that you're the strongest person beneath sovereign realm," came a clear voice from the distance. "That only Jin Gushen of the metal elemental land can be mentioned along with you. I don't accept that!"

Qiu Luoyu raised his eyes to see a young man in blue robes walk through the air. The power of inception quaked violently over him.

"Wen Jian of the Inception Palace greets this fellow daoist." The young man bowed gracefully at Qiu Luoyu.

"Wen Jian of the Inception Palace!" Qiu Luoyu's expression tightened with surprise. Of course he knew this name—this was one of the greatest geniuses of their era!

Since Wen Jian hailed from the Inception Palace, he wasn't included in the ranks of prodigies like Chi Wuxia, Huo Shentong, Jin Gushen, and others. Running into Qiu Luoyu immensely irritated him as the eternal overlord was the publicly acclaimed greatest expert beneath sovereign realm.

Wen Jian couldn't be bothered to pay attention to Chi Wuxia, Huo Shentong, or Jin Gushen. It was pure disdain that led him to ignore them, the contempt of a lofty sacred clan member for an ordinary being.

Qiu Luoyu was different. His title of first among the chaos also incorporated the six sacred palaces. In the eyes of the public, even the eternal overlords of the six palaces were less than this upstart!

"Fellow daoist, I give you three thousand breaths to recover from your wounds. We will fight after that." Wen Jian sat down cross-legged in midair and closed his eyes.

His declaration drew brooding looks from the sacred lands. The six sacred palaces didn't care about the otherkind. They recruited even otherkind sovereigns, treating them as no different from any other chaos creature.

All along, it'd been the nine sacred palaces that'd labelled these races as "other" and hunted them down. Their strongest expert was about to die here, but the Inception Palace had unexpectedly gotten involved and even given the creature three thousand breaths to recover!

"Senior brother Wen Jian... this won't do!" grumbled an eternal lord of the earth origin land.

Wen Jian remained quietly seated in the air, not dignifying the comment with a response.

.....

"This is... the inside of the creation seed?" Lu Yun was entranced by the verdant energy around him. He'd felt similar pulses from the little fox before, so he naturally recognized it now.

"The creation seed?" Qing Han blinked, then nodded. "Your body is here, master, but this isn't a creation seed. It's just a power node formed from a pocket of energy fallen from the Hongmeng.

"Any power from the Hongmeng is strength beyond the chaos." She added an explanation as she didn't think that her current master understood this.

"I see." Lu Yun inclined his head.

"I didn't think that milady would be here too! She's right next to your body!" Qing Han suddenly explained.

"Eh? Milady? Qing Yu?" Lu Yun started.

"Not Mistress Qing Yu, but the other lady." Qing Han grabbed Lu Yun and the two vanished again.

When they appeared next, they were at the heart of the creation seed. There was indeed another Lu Yun sitting cross-legged on the ground, but there was no sign of life from him at all.

He was dead.

"Lu Yun!" called out the little fox when she saw his sudden appearance. "Come look, come look! Your dao fruit is mature and it's landed inside the creation seed!"

Lu Yun remained where he was, staring foolishly at the little fox. Apart from her and the other Lu Yun, there was no one else here...

Another wife?

Dao fruit?

Lu Yun was completely lost.

Chapter 1096: Past Self

The little fox was in human form and wearing a white silk dress. Her black locks floated behind her like the clouds, while her stunning face beamed radiantly at the new arrivals. As she stood here, it seemed like the very void shone with a special light because of her existence.

“You’ve come back too, milady!” Qing Han said merrily as she walked up to the little fox.

“Your... what?” The little fox blinked. Still caught up in the joy of seeing Lu Yun again, she was abruptly jarred out of her mood by a young girl using an unexpected honorific.

“Me?” the little fox didn’t understand.

Qing Han nodded.

“And whose lady am I? What makes you call me that?” she asked.

Qing Han looked back at Lu Yun.

“...I KNEW IT! You always had designs on me, kid! How can you face Qing Yu after this?!” The little fox glared hotly at Lu Yun.

“Hold on a second, I’m confused here too! What did you just say? My dao fruit?” Lu Yun quickly redirected.

The little fox refused to answer and huffed at Lu Yun, anger shooting out of her wrathful baby blues.

“Master, that’s your body... Or rather, your past life.” Qing Han tugged lightly at his shirt. “You and milady were married in your past life. You don’t seem to be dao partners yet in this life...”

So that was the past life the girl had talked about.

“You’re his disciple?” The conversation registered with the little fox and she pointed at the seated Lu Yun in the void.

He was the exact same as the current Lu Yun. Even the lingering energy ripples on his body were the same as Lu Yun’s.

“Yes, he’s my master.” Qing Han nodded lightly and looked back at Lu Yun.

“I see what’s going on here.” Lu Yun had connected some of the initial dots. “This is my dao fruit and who she sees as my past life.”

In order to form his dao fruit, Lu Yun had instilled a neutral chaos star with the six orders of the chaos and sent it back to the past through the river of time that the little fox tapped into. There, the chaos star had slowly grown into his past self.

Along the same vein, he’d created a future self derived from a karmic fruit.

It was readily apparent that his past self had succeeded and sat here as his dao fruit, waiting for the present day Lu Yun to arrive.

Lu Yun's past self possessed all of his memories and feelings, making him a bonafide Lu Yun living in the past.

He was a Lu Yun so far removed from the present that time itself lost meaning. Life decayed, died out, and started anew. He was completely severed from any karmic ties to the present.

The only thing his past self had been able to do was to prepare himself to be a dao fruit and await the arrival of his present self. Apart from that, anything else he did would be obliterated by the passage of time.

While there was no time in the chaos, there were the even more terrible chaos tribulations. Tribulation after tribulation was enough to wipe the slate clean an infinite number of times over. The only thing left was this dead mythological realm.

"Your past self, not past life?" Qing Han blinked.

"Yes, he is my past self, one that I sent to the past." Lu Yun smiled faintly. The Lu Yun that had existed in the past was indeed him—not a duplicate or replica, but a living, breathing him that had lived in the past.

He took in a deep breath, took a step forward, and walked toward his dao fruit.

"Wait!" The little fox suddenly interposed herself in front of him and regarded him with an unpleasant look.

"What is it?" Lu Yun widened his eyes.

"Explain first why she calls me that! Why does your disciple think I'm your lady!" she demanded relentlessly. There was panic and... a hint of anticipation in her eyes?

"I don't know," Lu Yun responded blankly. He looked dumbly at Qing Han. "Is this fox really your mistress? Do you not have any other masters?"

Qing Han finally grasped the situation at hand and chuckled with immense amusement.

"Nope! You're my only master! You took me off the streets and raised me to adulthood!" she responded firmly. "She's Mistress Tushan Miao."

The little fox blushed furiously to hear her full name and renewed an intense glare at Lu Yun.

"Just one second!" Lu Yun smiled ruefully at the little fox. "You tell me first how you went back to the past and found me."

The tables turned on her; Miao blinked rapidly and didn't say anything.

"Well, I'll know everything after I refine my dao fruit." With a wry chuckle, Lu Yun walked toward his past self.

Expectation blossomed on Qing Han's face. Once the current Lu Yun refined the dao fruit of his past self, the master who treasured her as the apple of his eye would return. He'd once told her that if one day, he did come back, she should take him to his body. He would really return then.

.....

The Lu Yun sitting cross-legged in the air wore long ivory robes and didn't seem more than eighteen years old. He looked like a young man, but one that was dead.

He hadn't died to someone else's hand or to old age, but had turned himself into a dao fruit after completing his mission and quietly awaited the arrival of his present self.

Hummm.

When Lu Yun walked within eighteen meters of his past self, an indistinct hue bloomed from his past self. It slowly faded away, revealing a scintillating star.

Currently peak peerless immortal, Lu Yun only needed a dao fruit to break through!

"Stay there, don't come back yet!" the little fox spoke up. "It all depends on this step to see if the immortal dao can traverse the chaos.

"This realm is dead, it's just a burial pit for an insane number of souls. That makes this part of the chaos, just a special part of the chaos!" She spoke at a rapid clip, highly concerned that Lu Yun would immediately dart into hell to ascend to dao immortal realm.

"I understand." Lu Yun nodded.

Those of the mythological realm had cultivated the immortal dao, and the key to having the chaos creatures coexist with the worlds was also the immortal dao.

To send the immortal dao through the chaos!

That was what the immortals of the mythological realm had once attempted to do, but it'd been too late then. Their realm was bigger than the entire chaos and had almost swallowed the chaos whole.

It didn't matter if the immortal dao traversed the chaos at that point in time.

But now, the worlds were uncommonly weak and the size of a grain of sand in the chaos. That made it the perfect time for the immortal dao to seep through.

.....

Lu Yun became one with his past self, the resplendent chaos star. His cultivation level instantly rose to that of a High Immortal of the Great Firmament. At the same time—

Mount Xuanhuang, Dusk Province, the world of immortals!

Hummmmmmm.

A tremendous pillar of light rose from Mount Xuanhuang, pierced through space, and barreled out of the world of immortals. It streaked from the worlds straight into the chaos, into the body of Lu Yun on the other side.

Petals and light danced in whirling frenzy within the Tomb of Heaven and Earth.

Chapter 1097: The Cursed Immortal Dao

“What is this?” Everyone in the Tomb of Heaven and Earth paused, staring blankly at the white flowers floating down around them. No one knew the reason for the phenomenon.

“These flowers... seem to be the Dao Flower of the worlds,” murmured a cultivator from a sacred land when he closed his hand around one. The crystalline flower in his hand slowly faded away.

“You’re wrong, the Dao Flower doesn’t belong to the worlds, it belongs to the chaos.” A sacred palace cultivator shook his head.

“Huh? Then why does the Dao Flower appear in the worlds?” the sacred land cultivator asked with bafflement. As eternal overlords, they could naturally see that the Dao Flower had taken root in the worlds.

The sacred palace cultivator shook his head without responding.

.....

“He did it.” Six magnificent figures standing in the void outside the tomb smiled at the immortal dao surging into the structure.

“The seeds of immortal dao have finally taken root in the chaos!” The Nirvana monarch almost trembled from the force of his emotions. “This means we can finally practice the immortal dao and use it to ascend beyond the chaos. We won’t have to be afraid of the energy of the worlds anymore!”

“Indeed, we’ve finally succeeded.” The other palace monarchs smiled happily as well.

They carefully protected the light of the dao from the world of immortals, deathly afraid that something would disrupt it. Sacred power bloomed as the six highest orders shielded the radiance of immortal dao and concealed it.

“So what is it that supports the nine sacred lands from the shadows?” Leize asked. “The creation seed is a harbinger of mayhem and turmoil in the chaos. Thank goodness there’s only the nine sacred lands. If there were ten or eleven of them, then they’d be the masters of the realm.”

The expressions of the other five monarchs turned unpleasant when the sacred lands were mentioned.

When Leize had destroyed the water elemental land, he’d actually wanted to make use of the opportunity to get rid of them all. However, a terrifying existence would’ve destroyed him if he’d continued his rampage then.

Therefore, while the sacred palaces had always displayed a domineering attitude toward the sacred lands and kept them underfoot, they didn’t actually dare consider razing the sacred lands from existence.

Continuously taking their sovereigns and assimilating these experts into the sacred palaces was the most they could do. When it came to the worlds, the six palaces could only stand by and watch as the sacred lands launched their offensives and set their schemes in motion.

All of this had to do with the creation seed that the entire chaos viewed as the ultimate treasure, and its eleventh was born today!

If it wasn't for another great master supporting the sacred palaces, the one behind the creation seed likely would've broken the six palaces long ago.

.....

Lu Yun's cultivation level was now at High Immortal of the Great Firmament. The colossal power that his dao fruit had collected flooded into his body, propelling his cultivation upwards.

Golden Immortal of Grand Unity, Arcane Immortal of the Nine Heavens, and Supreme Immortal of Original Order!

And further breakthroughs, again!

The ingress, primordial, and principal realm!

Lu Yun cultivation finally stabilized at peak principal realm—corresponding to fourth level mortal realm in the chaos.

Though his cultivation level had been finalized after the refinement of his dao fruit, his eyes remained close. He was becoming one with his past self—all of its experiences, feelings, everything it'd ever weathered flowed into Lu Yun's heart.

All of this was his to begin with, so it very naturally became part of him again.

"I had thought that my past self had brought the immortal dao into the mythological realm, but it turns out that the immortal dao comes from Hongmeng, or the even more sophisticated fourth realm." Lu Yun suddenly opened his eyes.

He'd finished becoming one with his past self and fully grasped everything he'd ever encountered.

"You had quite a difficult time of things too." Lu Yun smiled ruefully at the little fox.

"Eh? What happened?" The little fox sprang away from him like a startled rabbit.

"You don't know what you did?" He glared at her. When she'd opened the passageway to the past and future, she'd also sent a bit of her soul force through to keep the Lu Yuns company.

"Nope!" She shook her head resolutely. "I sent my soul force over only to teach you how to refine your own body as a dao fruit, so how did I become Mistress Tushan Miao to her?!"

She actually wanted to cry about the situation. Lu Yun looked at her blankly, taken aback.

"Master got drunk once and kept calling out for Mistress Qing Yu, then took you to his bed..." Qing Han clarified awkwardly.

Lu Yun's expression immediately darkened and he glared ominously at Qing Han. She tucked her head in and stuck her tongue out at her master.

"So you always did have other intentions toward me!" the little fox shrieked.

Lu Yun grumbled something unintelligible and refused to engage in conversation.

“Right, where’s my replica then?” the little fox frowned. “Lu Yun found his and my soul force grew into a replica too. Where did it go? Did it also die here?”

Qing Han blinked and frowned as well. “I don’t know, I was already dead then. I don’t know where you went, Mistress Tushan.”

The little fox hadn’t been able to get in contact with her replica all this time. They were separated by time when the mythological realm existed, but after its destruction and reversion to the chaos, she still couldn’t sense it.

There was only one possible explanation—the replica formed by her soul force had scattered on the wind. There was nothing left of it at all.

“It probably died... and died completely. If it didn’t, I would’ve searched myself out,” murmured the little fox with a tilt of her head. “That’s just as well, that replica was such a loose woman. She climbed into someone’s bed just like that!”

“And gave birth to a junior brother,” added Qing Han.

The little fox froze.

“I’m still an unmarried, decent fox! How come I already have a child?!” she shrieked in renewed piercing tones. “Lu Yun, you need to take responsibility for what you’ve done!!”

Lu Yun felt a migraine setting in. He had indeed taken responsibility for his actions in the past and treated her as his dao partner—not a Qing Yu substitute. But back in the present, he didn’t know how to face Qing Yu and actually felt a bit guilty toward the little fox.

“I’ll tell Qing Yu everything when we go back,” he said with a woeful expression. “As for you, my past self went through so much with your replica and our experiences are engraved in my heart. But you haven’t experienced any of that. You don’t hold those sort of feelings for me, do you?”

The little fox blinked in consideration. She did indeed have some good feelings for Lu Yun in the bottom of her heart. But love? Those inclinations were a far cry from that level of affection.

“Alright, I’ll let you off the hook for now. My good disciple, where’s my son?” A strange feeling itched in the fox’s heart when she thought of her replica giving birth to a child.

The strange feeling wasn’t that she was suddenly a mother, but that she’d always known of the child’s existence and had even seen him before!

Yes, I’ve seen him before.

The little fox was suddenly very certain of that, but she didn’t know who the child was.

“...I don’t know.” Qing Han shook her head helplessly. “When the cataclysm arrived, the little junior brother wasn’t in the worlds. Maybe he was dead, or maybe he’s still alive.”

“Alright, Qing Han’s just been reborn. We should stop peppering her with questions.” Lu Yun interrupted the girl mentally wracking her mind. He noticed a bit of confusion in her thoughts—her true spirit had just been recollected and her soul was still fragmented.

“Seal your cultivation level to peerless immortal realm and recover in hell,” he said to Qing Han.

“I must protect master!” she immediately refused.

“There’s no need. If you fight now, your soul will be further damaged and it’ll be even more difficult to repair it in the future.” Lu Yun shook his head. “Your current cultivation level is equivalent to sovereign realm. You’re one of my aces and you can’t be exposed too early!

“Besides, no one can stop me if I really want to leave. Have you forgotten the presence of the hadal hell?”

“Then... alright...?” Qing Han agreed reluctantly upon hearing this.

“Go rest in the sea of Hell Flowers and give pointers to those cultivating there.” Lu Yun opened the Gates of the Abyss and Qing Han strode through them.

She was a sovereign, but her true level was beyond the chaos. She practiced the immortal dao, one that was practically the same as the current immortal dao.

“Master!” Qing Han’s voice sounded in Lu Yun’s mind. She’d suddenly recalled something very important. “I almost forgot, our immortal dao is cursed!”

“Hmm? Oh yes, I know that. We’ve taken care of it.” Lu Yun raised his eyebrows.

“Whether it’s the one you know or the one I know, neither immortal dao can be cultivated!” Qing Han was incomparably grave. “Our world, our realm fell because of it!”

“What?!” Shock jarred Lu Yun’s face. “Tell me this in greater detail!”

“The immortal dao is cursed, anyone who cultivates it and reaches creator realm will become a zombie. I became a zombie because of it and used my last remaining reason to commit suicide with my sword.

“But before that, I derived a pure and clean immortal dao that’s never been cursed. I gave it to a creator and told him to wait for your arrival. That immortal dao originates from the Immortal Myriadtree and isn’t cursed.”

With her cultivation level beyond the chaos, Qing Han could’ve challenged the dreadful curse. But in order to help the future, she’d focused her energies on deriving a pristine immortal dao that had avoided the curse.

Sadly, she herself couldn’t cultivate it and thus turned into a zombie in the end. The creator that she’d given it to had cultivated it and avoided the same fate. Though he’d died in the end, his will lingered on in non-zombie form.

Chapter 1098: Deposing the Sacred Lands

“So that’s what happened.” Lu Yun finally understood why that creator had been waiting for him. The memories of his past self didn’t cover a plan that included that detail. It turned out that Qing Han had arranged for everything.

When Lu Yun’s past self finished its transformation into a dao fruit, it had been an age of glory still for the mythological realm. The cataclysm that Qing Han spoke of was still an unfathomable aeon away.

“To prevent the new immortal dao from being cursed as well, I destroyed its memories from my mind before I died,” Qing Han continued.

As one of the greatest masters of the mythical realm, countless pairs of eyes had watched her every move. Though they couldn’t read her memories, they could still seize her cultivation methods for study. However, no one would pay attention to a mere creator.

“I’ve already seen the new immortal dao. It’s recorded within the six paths of my nascent spirit now,” Lu Yun said with a smile.

Qing Han smiled with satisfaction. She’d finally done something useful for her master.

.....

When only the little fox and Lu Yun were left after Qing Han’s departure, the atmosphere turned a bit weird.

“Umm... do we need to go out and help Qiu Luoyu? That Wen Jian’s almost beating him to death,” the little fox broke the silence first.

“No need.” Lu Yun shook his head. “He’s borrowing Wen Jian’s hand to temper his own strength so that he melds more fully with the creation seed.”

Having located his past self, Lu Yun naturally knew what the creation seeds were. They could be refined by someone, but they should never be used to form a sacred land. Those things were complete scourges.

His past self wouldn’t have put his dao fruit into the seed to suppress it otherwise.

There were eleven creation seeds total in the chaos. Someone had used them to destroy the mythological realm, and now nine of them had germinated as the nine sacred lands. Of the other two, one was with the little fox and the other being refined by Qiu Luoyu.

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Qiu Luoyu was locked in combat with Wen Jian. He was plainly coming off worse in the fight as he was weaker than the palace disciple.

Though Qiu Luoyu was the publicly acclaimed greatest beneath sovereign realm in the chaos, it’d been the nine sacred lands that’d given him the title. They wanted the eternal overlords of the six sacred palaces to create trouble for the otherkind.

Their scheme had finally borne fruit and an eternal overlord of Inception Palace had come knocking. Albeit... at a less than ideal timing.

On the losing side of the fight and looking like he might perish at any moment, a strange power flared from Qiu Luoyu whenever he was in real danger of dying and blocked his opponent's blow.

"Qiu Luoyu, you will cast aside the title of strongest beneath sovereign realm when you leave this tomb." Wen Jian suddenly relaxed his stance and coolly regarded his opponent.

"I never said I was the strongest." Qiu Luoyu wiped away the traces of blood at the corner of his mouth.

"Oh?" Wen Jian raised an eyebrow.

"They started calling me that just because I beat up a few primes of the sacred lands." Qiu Luoyu swept a glance over the sacred land contingents and coughed weakly.

Splitting his attention between fighting and refining the creation seed from afar, he wasn't able to deploy even fifty percent of his strength. Naturally, he wasn't able to fend off Wen Jian. However, he was no fool either, having survived the hunts of the sacred lands for so long.

"Alright then, it looks like I've been used by someone else for once." Wen Jian shrugged and didn't show any signs of leaving.

Qiu Luoyu was equally delighted to have a shield from other unwanted attention. He'd originally planned to germinate the creation seed and have it develop into another sacred land. But now, he discovered that the seed was becoming part of his body and still undergoing further refinement, enhancing his strength.

However, this enhancement didn't propel him past the threshold of sovereign.

"Senior brother Wen Jian, he's an otherkind." The eternal overlord of the earth origin land couldn't help a reminder.

"So?" Wen Jian regarded him with a supercilious smile.

"He's a public enemy of the chaos! As an eternal overlord of the Inception Palace, is senior brother Wen Jian going to give him shelter?" the eternal overlord hectored loudly.

Typically enemies, the five elemental lands and four origin lands somehow stepped forward as a united front at this time.

"So I am, what can you guys do about it?" Wen Jian snorted as Qiu Luoyu blinked in surprise. "What, are you looking to fight me instead?"

Wen Jian lifted his hand and sent a flash of turquoise radiance through the air. A heavy sword three meters long and a meter wide appeared in his hand. This sword exceeded the confines of connate treasures and was categorized a chaos spirit treasure in the chaos. It was less than a chaos connate treasure like Worldcarver, Heavenfall, and Quietus, but it was superior to regular connate treasures.

Wen Jian and Qiu Luoyu had fought with their bare hands earlier and refrained from unsheathing their weapons. With the appearance of one chaos spirit treasure, even the air around it began to shake.

"Do you think I'm a pushover because I didn't respond to you earlier?" Wen Jian took a step forward and struck out heavily with his sword.

Boom.

Turquoise sword light shot five million kilometers into the distance, annihilating every cultivator of the sacred lands it touched. Standing at the forefront, the eternal overlord of the earth origin land was deadlier than dead.

Clang!

Wen Jian stabbed his sword into the air, where it stood, firmly rooted in the void.

“The nine sacred lands... Go back and tell your primes that from this day forth, the ‘sacred land’ part of your names is hereby terminated. Anyone who dares call themselves a sacred land from henceforth will be eradicated!”

Rumble!

A bolt of black lightning crashed out of the air and struck down at Wen Jian’s head.

Whoosh!

Purple fire blazed out of the void and swept the ball of black lightning clean.

Deposing the sacred lands!

Wen Jian’s true intent today was to demote the sacred lands from their positions!

The chaos trembled and countless denizens sensed the disturbance in their world order. They looked askance in the direction of the Tomb of Heaven and Earth.

“For the good of all! Your disciple’s done what we’ve always wanted to do!” Outside the tomb, the monarchs looked at Leize with great surprise.

“You should go back and get your affairs in order as well. Otherwise, the sacred palaces will become the palaces of those nine sacred—sects,” Leize sighed.

“That’s right, it’s time to clean house. My princess wants to break off ties with Inception Palace? I never knew she had such a death wish,” Huaxu giggled.

The other four suppressed grins; they knew the relationship between Huaxu and Leize. They also didn’t think much of it. They had been friends and fellow daoists before the establishment of the six sacred palaces, similar to the six prodigals of the world of immortals or the Six Royals.

Their relationships were a secret from the public eye and they’d also actively perpetuated the false impression that the six sacred palaces were at odds with each other.

Chapter 1099: Chi Wuxia

Wen Jian might not be the prince of Inception Palace, but he was the personal disciple of the Inception monarch! He absolutely represented the monarch when he spoke.

It seemed that a million rays of eerie power blasted at him for a split second, trying to kill him. However, the subsequent appearance of purple netherfire immediately erased the attempt. It then circled around his head, raising his aura to its greatest.

Wen Jian's words traveled throughout the chaos, as if it were the ultimate truth of the realm.

The nine sacred lands shook as the "sacred land" part of their names faded away from the gates to their territory. They had withstood countless chaos tribulations and defended their existence all this time, but now they were sacred lands no more.

Within their homes, innumerable souls wailed soundlessly. They'd always been proud to be part of a sacred land. It granted them importance, loftiness, and the innate right to lord over other creatures in the chaos.

If they were no longer part of a sacred land, that made them no different from the rest of the rabble, even if they were stronger than those factions.

"No!!" The primes of the sacred lands almost went mad.

"On what basis?!" The prime of the fire elemental land barrelled out of his domain and reached the outskirts of the Tomb of Heaven and Earth. He tilted his head up at the six monarchs in the void and demanded, "On what basis do the six sacred palaces deprive the sacred lands of our names?!"

"We nine have risked our lives time and time again for the good of all through all these chaos tribulations! Not only do we battle the chaos beasts from an unknown world, but we spare no effort to destroy the worlds that threaten our very lives. What right do you have to strip us of our dignity?!"

Towering and muscular, the prime of the fire elemental land was a peak eternal overlord and a half step away from sovereign realm. Most importantly, his dao partner was the princess of Nirvana Palace!

That was why he dared step forward at this time and question the six monarchs.

"What right do you have to take our name from us?!" he roared again, almost a pillar of flame in his rage. He drifted into the air and slowly rose to the same level as the six monarchs.

"If you are strong enough, you can also depose the six palaces of our status." Leize smiled. "On what basis? On the basis that we are stronger than you, so you must do as we say. If we say you're a sacred land, you're a sacred land. Now that we take the name back, you're nothing but a clump of slime in a hole. Understood?"

Bam!

Leize shot two terrifying beams of light out from his eyes with a sudden glare and blasted the fire elemental prime back down.

"How dare a piece of shit stand in front of us?" sneered the Nirvana monarch.

The fire elemental prime wasn't dead, just slapped down to the ground. He was mired in the faint layer of mud outside the tomb and couldn't free himself no matter how he struggled.

"Just because you're stronger than us?" A vermilion figure slowly stood up within the tomb. "The sacred palaces? Those are just a joke to me as well."

He wore long vermilion robes and bright red radiance sparkled in each strand of hair. His eyes blazed like twin rubies embedded in his face.

Chi Wuxia!

Having vanished after Lu Yun kicked him into the tomb, Chi Wuxia reappeared at this time.

Though his soul lamp had gone out, no one from Nirvana Palace deemed that he was dead. He was just lost. Though his lamp had been extinguished, the soul within hadn't been destroyed. It had only left the soul lamp.

The current Chi Wuxia was enveloped by enormous power that appeared to be even stronger than the six greatest orders. However, his cultivation level was still peak eternal overlord. It hadn't increased by a single bit.

Everyone's gaze focused on him.

Wen Jian frowned when he saw the genius—he could sense an incredible pressure from Chi Wuxia. Though the latter hadn't ascended to the sovereign realm, his battle strength was absolutely at that level.

“Wen Jian, are you the one who wants to depose the sacred lands?” Ignoring the six monarchs outside the tomb, Chi Wuxia walked toward the genius in front of the creation seed.

Standing firmly in the air, Wen Jian stared fixedly at Chi Wuxia. This would be the first person to ever attain sovereign battle strength without reaching the actual cultivation level. Even Qiu Luoyu didn't measure up to him. He'd plainly come across some stunning opportunity in the tomb.

“That's right.” Wen Jian nodded. “There are no more sacred lands in the chaos now.”

He's been in an unusual state earlier, his words seemingly connected to the legendary great dao of the chaos. To speak was to command. Upon his declaration, the sacred lands were indeed no longer thus.

“In that case, I will represent the nine sacred lands and fight for the return of our dignity!” Dreamlike radiance shimmered over Chi Wuxia's body. Tens of thousands of Chi Wuxias stepped out of different planes and convened on his primary body.

Everywhere they passed, they destroyed the rules of trial controlling the tomb, throwing an orderly trial ground into bedlam and allowing pandemonium to creep in.

The sky turned a dark crimson and was replaced by a surging Blood Sea. This was the true nature of the Tomb of Heaven and Earth!

The boundless zombie sea had become one with the Blood Sea. The creatures of the sea intermingled with the zombies, all of them shrieking and howling and wailing with madness.

An infinite array of zombies also walked out of the gray land, ghostly fire dancing in their eyes and dreadful resentment soaring into the clouds.

Zombies!

Zombies!

And more zombies!

With the curse on the immortal dao in the mythological realm, its cultivators were all eventually doomed to be zombies, so zombies were found in abundance in this tomb!

Apart from that, all masters with the ability to withstand the curse had fallen in battle and transformed into immortal ghosts. Cloying resentment choked the air within the tomb, and the cultivators previously protected by the rules of testing were instantly exposed to this onslaught of undead.

A gruesome, one-sided slaughter began in earnest while Wen Jian and others reacted with horror.

“What, does it pain you to see this?” Chi Wuxia laughed with glee. “Don’t forget that we also sacrificed countless souls when we first came in and used their bodies to pave a road for us. Did they deserve to die as well?”

He’d conveniently forgotten that he was one of the masterminds behind herding those creatures into the tomb to be sacrificed for a safe way in.

Chapter 1100: Wrest It Back

“You’re right.” Wen Jian nodded. “We once slaughtered countless innocents for our own convenience, so it would be only right and proper if we die here as well.”

Chi Wuxia’s aura was still expanding and increasing in intensity. His battle strength was already greater than eternal overlord to begin with, but it was now rising beyond sovereign realm.

Though the delegations of the nine sacred lands wearily battled the zombie hordes below, they still pinned all of their hopes on this genius. He would single handedly restore their honor and glory, he would wrest back their name from the sacred palaces!

Wen Jian had just decreed the sacred lands no longer, so Chi Wuxia would start with him!

Kill Wen Jian first, then slaughter everyone from the six palaces in the tomb. The killing wouldn’t stop until the sacred lands were restored!

“Therefore, justice will be served if you die here today.” Chi Wuxia stretched out a hand and materialized a large halberd with a flicker of light. The energy rippling over it completely surpassed the strength of the chaos. It was a great treasure beyond the realm!

After entering the tomb, Chi Wuxia had found his own opportunity, one that would lead him above the chaos!

He lifted the halberd and pointed it at Wen Jian.

“I’ll start with you and go through every palace disciple in the tomb. When they are all gone, that will be the return of the sacred lands!”

Rumble!

Black lightning exploded over his head when he finished speaking, as if echoing his words. A resulting storm of black lightning danced through the chaos as thunder roared with a vengeance, like it was a chaos tribulation. Within the nine sacred lands, dusky light glimmered over the nine creation seeds.

He was the hope of everyone in the sacred lands.

“Mother...” Chi Wuxia suddenly turned around and looked in a certain direction. The Nirvana princess looked back at him.

“Go on, I support you in everything you do.” The princess beamed radiantly. “You are my son!”

“Understood!” Chi Wuxia nodded and turned back around to face Wen Jian.

“Hold it,” Qiu Luoyu suddenly interjected from the side. “Chi Wuxia, you need to get through me first before you challenge Wen Jian. I lost to him earlier, so if you can’t beat me, don’t even think about restoring the sacred lands.”

He padded forward, eyes as bright as the chaos stars as he stared unblinkingly at Chi Wuxia.

Qiu Luoyu had fully refined the creation seed and made all of its strength his own. The creation seed floating in the air now was just an empty shell.

“Do you actually think you’re worth anything?” Chi Wuxia raked a dismissive glance over Qiu Luoyu. “Do you think you’re first in the chaos just because we’ve raised you to that position? You’re nothing but a joke!”

“A joke?” Qiu Luoyu burst out laughing. “Even if I am a joke, I can still slap you silly and send you in here with a kick!”

“What?!” That wiped the sneer off Chi Wuxia’s face and he snapped to attention. “What did you just say?!”

“I said... even if I am a joke, I can still slap you silly and send you in here with a kick!” chortled Qiu Luoyu.

Though it’d been Lu Yun who’d slapped Chi Wuxia and punted him into the tomb, he’d been borrowing Qiu Luoyu’s strength when doing so. Therefore, there was no difference between him and Qiu Luoyu doing the deed.

Qiu Luoyu’s face changed as he spoke, turning into the appearance that Lu Yun had used earlier. Lu Yun had gifted him with a Shapeshifting Talisman prior to entering the tomb. Though activating it gave off the telltale ripples of a combat art, that made perfect sense if he was changing his appearance now.

Energy unique to chaos dragons even floated to the forefront of Qiu Luoyu’s body.

“It’s you! It really is you!” Chi Wuxia almost spat flame when he saw Qiu Luoyu’s new appearance.

“Yep, that’s right. It’s me.” Qiu Luoyu put away the talisman and crooked his finger at Chi Wuxia. “You treat us as despicable aliens and make us the public enemy of the chaos, forcing us to spend our days running and hiding, never knowing when the fear will end. Now you’ll have to ask me first if you want to restore the sacred lands.”

“DIE!!” Chi Wuxia snarled and slashed out a stream of fiery sparks with his halberd, bringing it down on Qiu Luoyu.

The man casually shifted to the side and carelessly evaded the blow.

Wen Jian retreated from the battlefield without a word. As Leize’s personal disciple, he knew full well that he was no match for the current Chi Wuxia.

Chi Wuxia was now in the sovereign realm, and not just an ordinary sovereign. It would take at least a sacred prince or princess to defeat him. However, none of them were here at the moment.

They'd leapt into action the moment the rules of trial disappeared, acting to protect the adventurers inside the tomb. They didn't have time to spare for Chi Wuxia. In addition, the Nirvana princess would be the first to object if any of the other five wanted to take him down.

Though he'd said he would slaughter everyone in the six palaces inside the tomb, he would never do anything to the Nirvana disciples.

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Chi Wuxia burned with a scarlet flame that extended to his halberd, turning it into a fiery dragon. A combat art that didn't belong to the chaos exploded from his weapon, engulfing Qiu Luoyu in a devastating shower of fiery sparks.

However, Qiu Luoyu wasn't the same person he was before. The power of extreme yang flared from him and set his long black hair on fire. He was a blazing sun and every pore of his body exuded domineering power of yang.

"Piss off!!" he roared and blasted out with a punch, creating an enormous shadow of a fist in the air and dispersing the fiery rain.

"Give me that!" He grabbed Chi Wuxia's halberd and yanked it out of the genius' grasp!

"Impossible!!" Mouth agape, Chi Wuxia stared with dense bafflement. He'd obtained the heritage and treasure of a great master beyond the chaos in the tomb, raising his strength to the sovereign realm.

But Qiu Luoyu had used only two moves to take his weapon away!

"Come back here!" The disconcerted daze lasted only half a breath. Chi Wuxia bristled with fiery power and wrenched the weapon back.

Hummm.

The halberd seemed to come alive and barreled at Qiu Luoyu.

"That halberd's refined from the bones of a chaos dragon!" gasped Lu Yun from a safe hiding spot.