

## **Necropolis 1101**

### **Chapter 1101: Instrument of a Curse**

As a practitioner of the Dragonquake Scripture and having transformed into a real chaos dragon, Lu Yun could identify with a quick glance that the halberd was refined from the bones of a true chaos dragon!

A real one, not one of the mixed blood descendants later reborn in the chaos.

The little fox had taken animal form again and was sprawled on Lu Yun's shoulder.

"A halberd made from the bones of a true chaos dragon? What about it? There are plenty of treasures in the world of immortals made from the bones of the dragons," the little fox responded nonchalantly.

"This isn't an ordinary treasure, it's the instrument of a curse." Two dark lights sparkled in Lu Yun's eyes. "This halberd wasn't made from the bones of just one chaos dragon, but ninety-nine dragons that'd ascended beyond the chaos realm!"

"Ascended beyond the chaos? Do you mean that the chaos dragon race had already evolved to the next plane?" The little fox immediately seized on the crux of his words. Ninety-nine dragons in the third realm!

"That's right." After coming together with his past self, Lu Yun's cultivation level was now in the principal realm and the strength of his death arts rose accordingly. He could see through the weapon with one glance and read every last bit of information about it.

"These ninety-nine chaos dragons were the royals of the chaos dragon race," he murmured.

His past self had lived in the mythological realm, so he naturally knew everything that'd taken place in the Age of Myth. Not only had the denizens of that legendary realm risen beyond the chaos, but so had the dragons of the chaos creatures.

However, he had no idea what'd happened to the realm after his past self transformed into a dao fruit. Why had that glorious realm ended up in these straits?

"Who did it? Who's behind the curse on the immortal dao and chaos dragons?" Lu Yun frowned tightly.

Without a doubt, his past self had also ascended beyond the chaos and entered the third realm—Hongmeng. However, his past self hadn't met the little girl in a red dress or any enemies at all.

All of that had taken place later.

Though there was no sense of time in either the chaos or Hongmeng, everything was in a constant state of flux. Once these changes were noticed by the thoughts of living creatures, the concept of time developed in their minds.

"Do you know?" Lu Yun looked at the little fox.

Miao shook her head blankly.

“You need to figure out where your soul force replica is.” Lu Yun took the little fox down from his shoulder and peered intently into her face. “You were still alive when my past self turned into a dao fruit and so was our son! Find them, and we’ll find the answers to everything!”

He was as grave as he’d never been before. “The traces left behind in this ruined realm bear a startling resemblance to many things in the world of immortals! The nine sacred lands don’t have this kind of power or capability.

“I strongly suspect that we’re currently sowing the seeds of our future destruction.”

The little fox nodded gently in agreement and mumbled, “Our child... but I’m still a decent, unmarried fox.”

Lu Yun: .....

“Qiu Luoyu’s been defeated.” He suddenly looked outside. “Thankfully that halberd is the instrument of the curse. If it was any other treasure, Qiu Luoyu would be dead without a doubt. But now...”

“You need to take responsibility for your actions,” the little fox continued grumbling.

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The dragon bone halberd circled around Chi Wuxia in the form of a dragon, following his every move like a shadow. When the two powers met each other, they resulted in Chi Wuxia commanding double his usual strength!

Qiu Luoyu was as white as a sheet. Though he’d received boundless power from the creation seed and attained the battle strength of a sovereign, he still used the combat arts of an eternal overlord. Faced with Chi Wuxia’s arts that had exceeded the chaos, there was nothing he could do but retreat at every possible step.

Wham!

The giant halberd slammed into Qiu Luoyu’s chest and pierced it through.

“You lose, Qiu Luoyu.” Using his weapon as a stick, Chi Wuxia lifted his opponent up through the hole in his chest. Blood seeped from his mouth, but his face was twisted in a grimace of madness.

“Ahhhhh!” Qiu Luoyu roared, calling upon all of his strength so he could break free of the halberd. However, the halberd bit into his chest like a demon possessed, he couldn’t shake it off no matter what he tried.

“Die!!” Chi Wuxia shook his arms, trying to vibrate Qiu Luoyu to pieces. Despite his upper hand, it wasn’t easy for him to do so because his opponent had fully refined the creation seed. The power of extreme yang ricocheted through his body and pushed back at the halberd.

Chi Wuxia tried a few times, but a final victory wasn’t within his grasp. Even so, it seemed only a matter of time as Qiu Luoyu couldn’t hold on for too long.

He’d already been defeated, and death was close at hand.

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“Chi Wuxia!!” Lu Yun abruptly showed himself and roared at the genius.

“Huh?” Chi Wuxia started and swept an indifferent glance over Lu Yun. His hairs stood on end the next second and he subconsciously loosened his grasp on his weapon.

Lu Yun was standing in the void roughly fifty thousand miles away, pointing at Chi Wuxia—or rather, his dragon bone halberd!

Judgement of Life or Death!

One move to deem the target’s fate!

Whoosh!

The halberd went up in flames, consumed by tongues of fear-inducing black fire.

In the blink of an eye, the great halberd crafted from the bones of ninety-nine chaos dragons beyond the chaos disintegrated into nothing. Along with its destruction was the curse against the chaos dragons!

Two long dragon croons sounded in hell. Aoxin and his mother returned to their true forms as chaos dragons and soared into the air.

Aoxin had recombined with his two other bodies and become a full chaos dragon again—a pureblood! And with the instrument cursing the chaos dragons being broken, he could return to his true form without worry.

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An instrument of a curse upon an entire race!

Such an item would naturally attract terrible retribution. In the eyes of others, the retribution associated with the halberd was just an additional edge to an already keen weapon. It’d been this retribution that pierced through Qiu Luoyu’s energy of extreme yang and enabled the halberd to run him through.

In Lu Yun’s eyes, however, this retribution was a fatal flaw.

Under the Judgement of Life or Death, anything with the slightest hint of retribution would scatter upon the wind.

The judgement on the weapon didn’t harm Qiu Luoyu. He slowly sagged to the ground, but the wound in his chest didn’t heal. It still gaped gruesomely and dripped with blood.

“How... why?” Chi Wuxia stared blankly into space, perplexed dejection and extreme fear warring with each other in his face.

## **Chapter 1102: Curtains Fall**

The great halberd he wielded was the source of Chi Wuxia’s confidence. Though he now possessed methods beyond the chaos, this weapon was his ultimate reassurance—the treasure that gave him the confidence to challenge the other princes and princesses!

But Lu Yun's simple, mundane point had completely destroyed the weapon and also left Chi Wuxia's confidence as rubble.

"I concede." Qiu Luoyu plopped on the ground and panted for air. He grinned at Chi Wuxia. "You win. Now you have the right to challenge Wen Jian."

Wen Jian chuckled ruefully; he wasn't a match for Chi Wuxia. Even if the genius' confidence was shattered, he still didn't come close. However, Chi Wuxia didn't seem to have heard Qiu Luoyu; he stared at Lu Yun with stupefaction.

He wasn't the only one. Everyone's gazes were focused on the young man. No one understood what had happened. How had a minuscule fourth level mortal realm cultivator reduced the awe-inspiring halberd to dust with just one point?

"He's Lu Yun of Inception Palace!" someone suddenly called out. "He already picked up a heritage beyond the chaos before this!"

As the rules of trial were broken, it'd taken the joint efforts of the princes and princesses of the six palaces to clear a safe zone in which the adventurers could gather and rest. Now that they had some breathing space to take a close look at Lu Yun, someone immediately identified him.

Roughly ten thousand people had witnessed Wei Yuan defeating Zhou Wumie and Lu Yun taking back Qing Han's sword. Not all of them were dead.

"I see. Can it be that these heritages beyond the chaos counter each other?" a voice murmured with a frown.

While they didn't know what Chi Wuxia had obtained, that great halberd had been more terrifying than the sword in the zombie earlier. Lu Yun had officially entered their line of sight and fires of greed licked at their hearts.

"Are you guys really plotting against the next prince of Inception Palace?" Dressed in a white silk dress, Wahuang suddenly appeared protectively in front of Lu Yun.

Her arrival was a bucket of ice cold water dumped over the heads of everyone gathered. She wasn't the strongest only beneath sovereign realm, she was the strongest beneath the six monarchs! If she really decided to take action, only the joint efforts of her peers would be able to stop her.

"Chi Wuxia, Qiu Luoyu has been defeated, so you can challenge Wen Jian now." Wahuang's lips quirked upwards. "I can make the decision that if you defeat Wen Jian, the 'sacred land' title of the now nine sects will be returned to you."

"Eh?" Chi Wuxia lifted his head blearily and looked at Wahuang, then lowered it again. "What's the point?" he sighed before waxing eloquent, "The sacred palaces are indeed the sacred palaces. A single mortal realm disciple is enough to break my confidence. What meaning is there in the sacred land name? In the eyes of the palaces, that name is just a joke."

"You're rather astute." Pity crept into Wahuang's tone. This was one of the greatest geniuses in the chaos; it was only a matter of time before he ascended to sovereign realm. However, one point from Lu

Yun had reduced him to a dejected, unsure husk of his former self. She could visibly see how depressed he was.

“The sacred land name isn’t a joke and what the six palaces say isn’t the law.” Lu Yun suddenly walked out from behind Wahuang. He didn’t like taking shelter behind someone’s back; he preferred facing his own challenges. “You’re only a joke if you treat yourself like one.”

“Huh?” Chi Wuxia blinked.

“You’ve done nothing wrong. The sacred land name isn’t something bestowed by another, but won through sweat and blood. What the six palaces took away from you was just a title.

“A sacred land is foundation, faith, and courage. It’s the guiding light for innumerable souls—never just an empty title.” When Lu Yun raised his head, a ball of flame seemed to blaze in his eyes.

A sacred land!

So was the Dao Academy a sacred land!

The Dao Academy was a concentration of the immortal dao’s foundations, faith in the great dao, and its courage that served as a lighthouse in the drifting seas!

“As things stand right now, the nine sacred lands plainly aren’t equipped with any of these. You are indeed just a name, and you’re nothing without it.” Lu Yun smiled. “But you’re not a joke.”

“Mhmm.” Chi Wuxia nodded. “I don’t know how you destroyed my halberd, but I’ll get my confidence back. I await you in the sovereign realm.”

He took a deep look at Lu Yun, firmly committing the youth to memory. He needed to regain his self assurance as right now, at least, he didn’t have the courage to do battle. Even if he faced the fourth level mortal realm disciple in combat, he still wouldn’t dare to do anything.

When he’d first obtained the halberd, he’d felt invincible and ready to take on even the six monarchs.

All of that had vanished with a casual flick of Lu Yun’s fingers.

“Alright, the exit passage has been opened. Everyone needs to leave right now, whether you are of the six palaces or wandering cultivators!” Wahuang announced. “The rules of trial have been destroyed and this is no gentle land. Even sovereigns can easily lose their lives here.”

The power of the six palaces enveloped the Tomb of Heaven and Earth and the combined efforts of the six princes and princesses had created a small sanctuary. But the situation wouldn’t remain this way for long.

Within the tomb, monsters beyond the chaos were slowly starting to awaken. When they fully came to, that would draw the curtains back on general destruction. While they’d been laid to their final rest here, it would be utter disaster for the chaos if someone accidentally destroyed the layouts of the tomb.

“Everyone, leave. Those remaining within three hundred breaths, die,” coldly uttered the Nirvana princess in a foul mood.

Instead of returning to her, Chi Wuxia had left by himself. This meant he would never return to the Nirvana Palace nor relight his soul lamp. Rather, he would imitate Mo Ke and temper himself on the boundary between life and death.

This was a path fraught with danger as though he possessed the battle strength of a sovereign, there were far too many entities lurking in the chaos that could kill him.

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Ying Luo and the others had awakened, but didn't have time to reconvene with Lu Yun before those of their palace led them away. Qing Han's sword had been recalled and returned to her, and the doors to the tomb creaked shut.

The bloody path leading inside had vanished the moment the rules were broken, leaving Lu Yun slightly disappointed that he hadn't caught another glimpse of the three-headed lizard. That being was a great master in the mythological realm and an old friend of his past self.

### **Chapter 1103: Prince of a Sacred Palace**

Lu Yun finally got to meet Leize and Huaxu, as he so fondly wished. They looked very much the same as they did in the great wilderness, but their cultivation level was completely unfathomable. When Lu Yun looked at them, he had the sensation of looking into the depths of space.

"Greetings to the two seniors!" Lu Yun bowed at Leize and Huaxu.

"Not bad, little fellow. I didn't expect to meet again so quickly." Huaxu nodded with a faint smile for the young man.

Before Lu Yun departed from the great wilderness, he'd solicited a tendril of soul force from both Huaxu and Leize to prevent them from dying. Those good intentions had made quite an impression, and Huaxu had thought fondly of him ever since.

Whether it was Huaxu or her dao partner, both of them felt kindly toward the little human. Most importantly was that Fuxi was alive; their dead son walked the land of the living again because of Lu Yun!

"Has it been quick?" Lu Yun blinked.

"Hahaha, it hasn't even been a chaos tribulation yet. That means it's been very quick," Leize chuckled. For personages of their level, the duration of time from the great wilderness until now was indeed a trivial one.

"Ah, then the two strands of soul force..." Lu Yun thought of the two tendrils still drifting over the sea of Hell Flowers.

"Keep them. Perhaps there will come a day in which we really do die," Leize sighed.

"Alright then." Lu Yun nodded gently and didn't ask why.

The ultimate goal of the six sacred palaces and nine sects of the chaos was to protect the inhabitants of the chaos. When the nine sacred lands were stripped of their names, they'd also mentioned their

purpose of destroying the worlds, battling the chaos beasts, and protecting those who dwelled in the chaos.

Only when the worlds fully came into their own would they threaten the chaos. It was a long and arduous journey, but the chaos beasts were a direct and imminent threat!

They possessed the strength of sovereigns and sometimes even palace monarchs. The sacred palaces and sects had always clashed with them. When Lu Yun first arrived in the chaos, he'd met a chaos beast masquerading as a continent in the void. It'd used itself as a trap for chaos creatures and was fighting a snake that'd fallen for its deception.

Chaos beasts were also chaos creatures, but ones in direct opposition to the latter. Weak chaos beasts were enslaved while strong ones fed on chaos cultivators. Every inhale and exhale marked the destruction of a pristine chaos current within the mouth of a chaos beast.

The chaos was too vast and filled with too many unknowns. What the six sacred palaces ruled over was just the tip of the iceberg.

"Alright, that's enough of that for now. Come with me back to Inception Palace. ...oh? So you've come along too, little Tushan." A smile floated onto Leize's face when he saw the little fox.

Now in human form, the little fox smiled sheepishly at Leize.

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Inception hearkened to the origin of life and the starting point of all.

As one of the six greatest orders of the chaos, inception governed the dawn of life and guided the establishment of everything.

Inception Palace was a product formed by the order and its creation far surpassed the previous Inception Dao Palace; it was formed by the purest energy of this law. It stretched on without end, looking to be more extensive than the current worlds. Jade green energy of inception could be glimpsed everywhere.

"So this is Inception Palace!" Lu Yun took a deep breath when he looked at the sacred palace in front of him. Dense energy flooded into his body, almost propelling him to the next cultivation level.

However, the next realm was supreme pure realm, a decreed realm. It wasn't that easy to reach that echelon of strength—not by the simple influx of energy, at least.

"Indeed, this is Inception Palace." Leize inclined his head. His dao partner had returned to Creation Palace, where a mountain of annoying matters awaited her attention.

"You should cultivate here until peak human king realm. In fact, it'd be best if you could break through to empyrean realm during your stay here." Leize smiled.

Lu Yun had continuously cultivated, battled, and broken through in the great wilderness to transform the primitive great dao into human dao. If he did the same in the chaos, he would likewise establish the immortal dao here!

This was a brand new immortal dao grown out of the Immortal Myriadtree. Hongjun had brought it to the great wilderness, upon which his three disciples had propagated it as a brand new dao.

"I have about ten more years of time. I'll train my hardest during this period and break through as much as I can!" Lu Yun nodded. "Ah, little Yu is still cultivating in the fringes of the chaos..."

He suddenly thought of his dao partner. Since he'd come to Inception Palace, then Qing Yu could also train here. She was the dao sovereign of the immortal dao and its overseer. Her cultivating in the chaos wouldn't bring the immortal dao into this realm.

But Lu Yun was different. As the master of the sacred land of immortal dao, his duties were to spread it far and wide. Him practicing in the chaos would naturally deliver its glories into this realm and enable the immortal dao to traverse the chaos.

Though Qing Yu could make use of the Bridge of Forgetfulness to travel back to hell and take care of some affairs, it was even more important that she cultivate in the chaos.

"Don't worry, Huaxu has already brought your beloved to Creation Palace. Compared to my palace, Creation is more suited for her," chuckled Leize. "Now then, you can take up residence in the prince's palace. Send for me or Wahuang if you need anything."

Leize escorted Lu Yun to the Inception prince's palace. After this trip to the Tomb of Heaven and Earth, there was much he needed to take care of.

Though Lu Yun wanted to see Qing Yu, he had to dismiss the notion after what Leize said.

"Ah, yes, here are some thoughts on ascending beyond the chaos. Please accept this, senior." Lu Yun suddenly opened his hand and sent a ball of light to the Inception monarch, who was about to refuse before he realized what it was.

"This... isn't the heritage of the sword. This is..." A vein throbbed in Leize's forehead as he stared at the ball of light. He was incredibly agitated by what was in front of him. "Well then, this is another favor that we owe you. I have no idea when we'll be able to pay our debts."

He chuckled ruefully, raised a cupped fist salute at Lu Yun, and departed like the wind.

The ball of light contained the reflections of Lu Yun's past self. He'd been a heavyweight in the mythological realm, and though he'd dismissed all of his cultivation upon turning into a dao fruit, his reflections and comprehension of dao still remained.

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Boom.

Boom.

Boom.

Enormous crashes startled Lu Yun from his meditation.

"What's going on outside?" he asked with a frown.



“In response to Your Highness, those of Inception Palace who do not accept your status, Your Highness, have come to challenge Your Highnesses of Highness,” the little fox declared with great schadenfreude.

Lu Yun rubbed his head ruefully. “I only live here, when did I become the Inception prince?”

#### **Chapter 1104: Inception Spiritrial Arena**

Though Wahuang had publicly announced before that Lu Yun was the new prince of Inception Palace, and he did indeed reside in the Inception prince’s palace, he’d never taken this new identity seriously.

Wahuang and Leize knew full well what Lu Yun was, they couldn’t possibly really install him as the new Inception prince! But now that he lived in the prince’s palace, that roused the ire of many Inception disciples.

All of the sacred palaces possessed a prince and a princess, with only Inception Palace having just a princess. Though the prince’s palace existed, his seat had always remained empty. Many disciples coveted the position as to be the sacred prince meant not only power and authority, but also the inheritance of Inception Palace and absolute strength.

Thus, its sudden occupation naturally elicited the dissatisfaction of many disciples. More than a million Inception disciples were gathered outside Lu Yun’s gates, and some even attacking his doors.

It’d be one thing if he’d always been part of Inception Palace and built a great reputation. Opposition wouldn’t be so immediate and great then. But he seemed to have suddenly popped out of nowhere and become the prince overnight. No one could accept his identity like this.

And for some reason, it was as if Leize and Wahuang didn’t know what was going on here. They allowed the disciples to kick up a ruckus as they would.

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“I see what’s going on,” Lu Yun chuckled wryly. “In the great wilderness, I facilitated the primitive great dao’s shift into the human dao through constant battles. Now, Leize wants me to keep fighting until the immortal dao of the chaos takes shape and influences the chaos.”

The chaos creatures cultivated the various orders of their realm instead of a great dao. If the immortal dao traversed the chaos, its various orders would attach to the immortal dao and naturally transition the chaos creatures to cultivating the immortal dao.

This was what Leize wished for Lu Yun to do.

The doors to the Inception prince’s palace were extremely solid and protected by hefty layers of formations. A man with blond hair stood in the void before them, wielding a longsword in his hands and furiously hacking at the gates.

“Get out here!

“Get your sorry ass out here!

“You piece of shit, get out here!” he roared with fury as he chopped away.

Terrifying ripples spread in all directions, but the palace gates remained firm as unyielding mountains.

Creak.

A tiny disturbance floated onto the outermost formation layer and pushed aside the Inception disciples standing around it. The heavy and opulent gates slowly swung open, revealing Lu Yun's figure in a burst of brilliant radiance.

"You're Lu Yun?" brusquely asked the blond man as he halted his attacks.

"I am." Lu Yun nodded. "I don't believe I've had the pleasure of—"

"You don't have the right to know my name. Now, get your pathetic self out of the prince's palace and go wherever it is that you belong," sneered the blond haired man.

"Alright, I can't be bothered with you either." Lu Yun nodded. "As for where I belong, that's the prince's palace, of course. The monarch himself elevated me to this position, which makes me the prince of Inception Palace. Are you doubting his judgment?"

His words almost made the disciples around him vomit blood.

"Your Majesty, I don't accept this!" the man suddenly howled at the sky. "Why is he the prince?! By what right and merit can he be the prince of Inception Palace?! Please retract your decree!"

The blond man was a very strong and well acclaimed eternal overlord. Though he wasn't famous in the chaos, he was quite distinguished in Inception Palace. Once he ascended to sovereign realm, he would be a strong candidate to be the next prince.

"If you don't accept this, then defeat Lu Yun with your own hands," Wahuang's voice sounded in response. "His Majesty doesn't have time to deal with these trifling matters. Whoever finds issue with the current situation can approach the nearest Inception Spiritrial Arena and challenge Lu Yun. Whoever defeats him will be the Inception prince."

"Really?" The eyes of not only the blond man, but also of the sovereigns hidden in the shadows lit up.

"Are you doubting me as well now?" Wahuang sniffed coolly. "However, whoever loses to him will immediately pack their bags for the Dubiety Realm. Don't come back until you've killed a hundred million chaos beasts!"

Her last words doused everyone's enthusiasm like a bucket of cold water. The Dubiety Realm!

This was a realm where the Inception Palace set a heavy guard—an old nest of the chaos beasts. The chaos beasts roved in packs and constantly tried to break through the Inception blockade. If they succeeded, it would be utter disaster for the chaos. The six sacred palaces were located at the six exits of that realm.

Many within the crowd dismissed their intentions to challenge Lu Yun upon hearing this condition. Even sovereigns found themselves hard pressed to remain alive in that realm. If these disciples entered, they'd be going straight to their deaths.

"And what if Lu Yun is defeated?" pressed the blond haired man.

"Then he heads to the Dubiety Realm as well," Wahuang answered matter-of-factly.

“Alright!” The man turned around and looked at Lu Yun. “I await you on the closest Inception Spiritrial Arena!”

Lu Yun held his head. “And what is that?”

“Remember the Sovereign Rankings in Destiny City?” Wahuang’s voice sounded in his mind.

“Yes?” Lu Yun brightened.

“The rules of that ranking are a result of some power of inception that my father left in the worlds. He used the Inception Spiritrial Arena to make it happen.

“When you set foot on the arena, it will guide your thoughts in creating a replica. Your replica’s cultivation level will be fixed at peak sixth level mortal realm.”

There were two other treasures in the world of immortals also formed by a bit of inception power falling into the realm. The primordial immortal had refined it into the Coretrial Arena and Spiritrial Arenas.

Peak sixth level mortal realm was peak empyrean realm.

Wahuang was hardly worried about Lu Yun. He’d possessed the same cultivation level in the great wilderness and defeated all who challenged him. He’d also killed quite a few demon gods in the process. Though the blond man was strong, Wahuang held absolute faith in Lu Yun. Granted, it wouldn’t be an easy task for him to win, but that was hardly the point. What Lu Yun needed to do now was to continuously fight and break through in battle so that he could incorporate the immortal dao into the chaos.

“Alright then.” Lu Yun nodded. “But you guys aren’t really putting me down as the Inception prince, are you? I’m not part of your sacred clan or even of your race!”

“Psht. That so-called sacred clan is just something my father named on a whim. If you want to, he can even abdicate in your favor.” Wahuang curled her lip.

Lu Yun’s jaw threatened to sink through the floor with how much it dropped.

### **Chapter 1105: From Three Begat All**

The closest Inception Spiritrial Arena was a square-shaped dais three hundred meters across. This was where the Inception disciples sparred each other on a regular basis, and there were at least ten thousand of them scattered through Inception Palace.

In the eyes of the palace disciples, cultivation level wasn’t much of anything. One’s comprehension of combat arts and methods was key. Take Ying Luo of the Creation Palace, for example. She was invincible among second level mortal realm, but would be completely ordinary the second she set foot in an arena like this.

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A hundred million cultivators opened their eyes at the same time in Inception Palace and looked toward a certain Inception Spiritrial Arena.

There were countless beings within the palace and innumerable sovereigns as well. Not only was the sacred clan in abundance, but also other races of the chaos. The Inception Palace was one to take in plenty of sovereigns from outside of the faction.

The blond haired man had walked onto the arena and was wielding a longsword emanating a faintly golden glow. Wherever the edge of his blade rested, it nearly sliced through the void. Though he was only sixth level mortal realm now, his strength and combat arts weren't affected. And even though his cultivation level had fallen, he still reigned supreme among this level.

He extended a hand and dismissively crooked his finger at Lu Yun.

Lu Yun gave it a bit of thought, then stepped forward into the arena as well. A marvelous power flooded his body the next second, replacing it with a brand new one. The new body was likewise only sixth level mortal realm and thus possessed corresponding strength, but apart from that, it was no different from anything he'd experienced with his own.

All of his combat arts and cultivation methods remained inside his body, including his death arts!

So this is something produced by the highest orders of chaos. Its dao is natural and unobtrusive, making it so that even the Tome of Life and Death isn't repulsed by it. Lu Yun smoothly opened his eyes and nodded at his opponent.

"I hear that you've obtained a treasure beyond the chaos. Bring it out for a look," snorted the man when he saw Lu Yun nod at him.

"I don't need a treasure to fight you." Lu Yun smiled.

The blond haired man's expression remained the same, wholly unaffected by Lu Yun's words, but the disciples outside of the arena cursed loudly. This upstart's response was the height of arrogance!

The blond haired man was an extremely strong eternal overlord with absolute power and status in the Inception Palace. Many disciples viewed his accomplishments as their life's goal. Though he wasn't a sovereign yet, he occupied the position of one in Inception Palace. Lu Yun's disrespect toward him immediately offended half of the faction.

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"Enough wasting time, let us begin." Golden green sparkles flashed through his eyes as his longsword released a scintillating ray of sword light. "With this battle, we determine who is superior and thus worthy of life."

The clashes of the Inception Spiritrial Arenas were of life and death. Dying in battle wasn't a true death, but one would still experience the horrors of dying all the same.

"Mhmm." Lu Yun nodded slightly and stood in place. He let his arms hang naturally by his side and didn't strike a fighting stance. It seemed he was here more to take in the scenery than to do battle.

"Hmph!" Growing irritation finally brewed into rage when his opponent saw Lu Yun continuously remain like this. He abruptly shifted into motion and sent gold-green light exploding from his sword. He swung it in a very simple stroke, but it seemed to shift into a myriad of permutations as it traveled through the air. It was as if the man had deployed a million different kinds of combat arts in front of Lu Yun.

The Myriad Inception Fist.

The blond haired man had incorporated the method's meaning into his sword light, combining the two as one and creating his own combat art out of it. He swung with all of his might and blurred into action.

Lu Yun remained casually in place, calmly watching the strike come down on him. When it seemed the end was inevitable, he reached out and tapped lightly in the air.

Clang!!

A metallic collision rang through the arena as the blond haired man flew backwards, almost losing his grip on the longsword.

Bam!

He fell heavily to the ground and struggled to get back up again, turning a face full of shock toward Lu Yun. He wasn't the only one—everyone around them, including Wahuang and the surreptitiously observing Leize, were all flabbergasted.

"What was that?" The blond man stared fixedly at Lu Yun.

"The first move of the Myriad Inception Fist—Imprint of Firmament." Lu Yun retracted his finger and assumed his previous stance with his hands by his sides. He didn't look like he was in a fight at all.

"You haven't truly understood the Myriad Inception Fist, yet seek the many changes it's capable of. That's a bit attending to the superficial and neglecting the essential," Lu Yun sighed and continued meaningfully. "The order of inception is the core essence of the Myriad Inception Fist. From three begat all... the 'three' is the origin of everything!

"Your foundations are weak without understanding inception. How do you derive 'all' when you haven't mastered the 'three'?"

Whoosh!

It was Lu Yun's turn to blur into motion. His body exploded into three copies and deployed the three basic methods of the Myriad Inception Fist.

Imprint of Firmament.

Void of Sun and Moon.

Image Attending Form!

However, the momentum and aura that these three created were infinite times more exquisite and sophisticated than the blond man's stroke of endless changes. After all, Lu Yun had recovered his past self!

While in the mythological realm in the past, he'd ascended beyond the chaos and reached an extraordinarily high cultivation realm. This realm was now part of his knowledge after he fully refined his past self.

For something as simple as the Myriad Inception Fist, he only needed to slightly apply that formidable cultivation realm to reach great perfection. His strength was now peak principal realm, but his cultivation went beyond the chaos.

Boom!

Lu Yun's three forms returned as one and he blasted out with a forceful punch. Though it was a simple punch, it incorporated all of the profound truths within this part of the chaos.

From dao came one, and one begat two, two gave birth to three, and from three resulted all living things

This punch went beyond the limitations of techniques and combat arts, reaching a level of dao and truth—the cultivation realm of Lu Yun's past self.

The blond man was obliterated into nothingness from the punch.

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"That reflection beyond the chaos..." murmured Leize as he stood in the void and looked down at the Lu Yun upon the Inception Spiritrial Arena. "My understanding of that reflection is less than Lu Yun's of the Myriad Inception Fist..."

### **Chapter 1107: Confess, Confess!**

"Your, Your Majesty... what have I done wrong?" The former Creation princess looked dumbly at Huaxu, the look in her eyes going empty and hollow.

Deposing a sacred princess!

This had never happened before in the entire history of the six sacred palaces!

She would be a laughingstock to all of the chaos once word of this got out. There was no other future for her other than death or forever residing in the Dubiety Realm.

The crowd also looked around with stupefaction. Countless sovereigns stared at the Creation monarch, wanting to read an answer from her face.

"You haven't done anything wrong," Huaxu responded with great tenderness. "On the contrary, you've done very well. You've considered things from the perspective of the sacred palace at every turn and even made decisions on my behalf, helping me break off ties with my dao partner. You've done very well."

"Break off ties with... Your Majesty's dao partner?!"

Huaxu's words rang out like a thunderclap inside the hall, sending all of the palace disciples into a daze. The Inception monarch was the Creation monarch's dao partner?!

Creation Palace had always been on good terms with Inception Palace; the two were the closest out of the six sacred palaces. When Inception disciples had met with danger on several occasions, Creation Palace spared no effort to render aid, resulting in heavy losses to their own rescue party.

Of course, Inception Palace likewise acted in kind when Creation disciples found themselves in over their heads.

The two had always been on an equal level with no thought of who was subordinate to whom. However, the others found Wahuang a little too domineering. She then seemed to turn into someone else entirely upon Fuxi's death, competing for everything at every possible turn and exerting so much pressure that the other sacred princes and princesses found it hard to breathe.

This included the Creation princess as well.

Since the two palaces were friendly with each other, Creation Palace wouldn't become an Inception vassal. But with how overpowering Wahuang's attitude was, the Creation princess was sure to become her sidekick.

Such a future was most unpalatable to the former Creation princess, so she'd thrown caution to the wind and made that decision in the tomb. She absolutely had the authority to do so, particularly as Huaxu had withdrawn entirely from secular affairs after the Creation prince's death and almost completely handed over the palace to the sacred princess.

But who would've thought that the Inception monarch would be their monarch's dao partner!

The Creation monarch was a living, breathing person with her own emotions. She hadn't reached a state of being completely indifferent to the world and still possessed her own impulses and desires. Thus, it was both natural and normal that the monarch remove the sacred princess from her position after this sequence of events.

All of the color had drained from the former princess' face and she was as white as a sheet. Still kneeling in the center of the hall and generally regarded as a traitor, some life returned to Ying Luo's eyes.

She thought back to what Lu Yun had said to her, that she hadn't betrayed Creation Palace and that her monarch would never punish her. That even without that reflection beyond the chaos, her monarch still wouldn't pronounce any judgement on her.

"Ying Luo, you've accomplished a great deed in bringing back a method beyond the chaos this time. You may head to the Truemist Domain and cultivate there." Huaxu ignored the former princess and looked gently at Ying Luo.

"Thank you, Your Majesty!" Ying Luo raised her head delightedly. Truemist Domain was the cultivation sacred land of Creation Palace, a land where the order of creation coalesced. Few Creation disciples had the right to enter the area, and being granted access meant that Ying Luo was now a true core disciple of Creation Palace.

"As for you, you are dismissed. I won't punish you this time," Huaxu concluded.

"Understood. My gratitude, Your Majesty." The former Creation princess nodded slightly and backed away, walking toward the gates to the Dubiety Realm.

"Qing Yu is our new sacred princess from now on," Huaxu expressed warningly as she scanned the crowds of Creation disciples below her. "Is there anyone who doesn't accept these changes?"

"Not at all!"

The previous sacred princess had just been removed and gone off to Dubiety Realm. Who would dare run afoul of Huaxu now? She had personally conferred the sacred princess title onto this Qing Yu—a completely different notion from Leize dropping Lu Yun into the sacred prince's palace and tacitly allowing others to challenge him.

Whoever dared challenge Qing Yu now would be challenging Huaxu herself.

Qing Yu smiled wryly at the situation as well. She'd been abruptly hauled off to a mysterious Creation Palace, and then somehow become their princess in another mystifying turn of events. She was completely in the dark and had no idea what was going on.

"Report—!!" A long call sounded outside Creation Palace. "The Inception princess is here with the Inception prince to greet Your Majesty!"

"Let them come in." A smile floated onto Huaxu's face while strange looks filtered through the Creation disciples. Their monarch had just removed their previous princess on account of Inception Palace. Meanwhile, the Inception prince and princess came knocking the next moment.

Surely this was too much of a coincidence?

And when did Inception Palace have a prince? Didn't they only have a princess?

As everyone reacted with confusion, Wahuang and Lu Yun walked through the air to stand in front of Huaxu.

"Lu Yun greets Your Majesty of Creation Palace!" Lu Yun winked at Qing Yu first before bowing to Huaxu.

"That's enough, no need for further courtesy," chuckled Huaxu.

"Mother~~~" Wahuang bounded up to Huaxu and grabbed her arm, swinging it cutely.

The air froze and countless Creation disciples gaped with shock. The Inception princess... first below the six sacred monarchs... was the daughter of the Creation monarch?!

About to set foot through the Dubiety gates, the former Creation princess stilled to a halt. She finally understood where she'd gone wrong.

"So she's the daughter of Her Majesty... but I've been trying to kill her all this time." Rueful regret written over her face, she took one large stride out and entered the home of chaos beasts.

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"Alright, you are all dismissed." Huaxu waved her hand gently, resulting in the near instant dispersal of the assembled disciples.

"Confess, confess!" The little fox suddenly popped out of Lu Yun's robes and very naturally darted into Qing Yu's embrace.

Lu Yun stared fixedly at her, abruptly realizing why his drunk past self had mistaken the little fox for Qing Yu... The tendril of soul force that the little fox had sent with his past self also carried a hint of Qing Yu's presence! She'd formed a habit of burrowing into Qing Yu's embrace back in the world of immortals.



“Confess?” Qing Yu blinked; she still didn’t have the slightest clue as to what was going on. However, she’d successfully broken through to great emperor realm, accomplishing what they’d set out to do in the chaos.

“That’s right, confess!” The little fox poked a head out and waved furry fists at Lu Yun. “And then, take responsibility!”

“So... what’s happened?” Qing Yu looked at Lu Yun with a soft chuckle. “You took advantage of her after you got drunk and then want to pretend it never happened?”

Lu Yun’s expression froze.

### **Chapter 1108: Greatest Poison**

Lu Yun looked mutely at Qing Yu. The little fox opened and closed her mouth, realizing that she’d been a bit too over the top. Meanwhile, Qing Yu looked at Lu Yun and the little fox with a hint of a smile.

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“Someone’s backyard is on fire~” Wahuang whispered to her mother.

Huaxu almost burst out laughing, but remained staunchly out of the situation.

“Alright then, what’s this about a confession and taking responsibility?” Qing Yu shook her head gently, trying to clear it up.

She hadn’t had a moment to think properly since being whisked away from the fringes of the chaos. Without a moment to herself, she had yet to make sense of anything. How had she become a sacred princess, what was Lu Yun doing here, and why was he a sacred prince?

Qing Yu had endured numerous difficulties and dangers in the chaos to reach great emperor realm. Before she had a chance to share this joy with Lu Yun, in swooped the latest developments and spun her round and round. Now her beloved was here, but the little fox wanted him to confess something and then take responsibility for something. Qing Yu felt like her brain was about to explode.

“Take a breather.” Lu Yun pulled Qing Yu over and infused a pure chaos current into her, slowly calming her disorderly thoughts.

“Mhmm.” She leaned against Lu Yun’s shoulder and focused on the pristine bundle of pure energy within her, stabilizing her new cultivation level.

“These ladies are Her Majesty Huaxu and Holy Emperor Wahuang,” Lu Yun introduced to his dao partner.

“Her Majesty Huaxu and Holy Emperor Wahuang of the great wilderness?!” Qing Yu’s eyes shot wide open. She knew of them as Lu Yun had told her everything about the great wilderness upon his return.

She greatly admired these legendary figures, and to think that they who should’ve died in the great wilderness would one day stand before her in the flesh!

“They also have another identity.” Lu Yun ran through an outline of everything in the chaos while Huaxu and Wahuang stood off to the side. He then fully detailed their current identities and his own status as of the moment.

The more she understood, the more Qing Yu relaxed. Finally, Lu Yun summarized how he’d broken through to dao immortal realm, his past and future selves. However, he didn’t say that the little fox had been so presumptuous as to send her soul force with Lu Yun’s past self. He only said that she’d sent a tendril of soul force to guide him how to refine the dao fruit.

Wahuang and Huaxu looked at each other.

“I see, no wonder you killed Luo Chen with one blow. Your past self was an enormous heavyweight in the mythological realm!” exclaimed Wahuang.

“Mhmm.” Lu Yun nodded. “I was also very lucky. If I’d been a bit unluckier, the past self that contained all of the six greatest orders would’ve died in the past.”

Others had tried to refine past selves with this method before, but most failed. Their past selves vanished without a trace after dying in the past. Countless masters abounded since the dawn of time and there’d been too many life forms to even contemplate. Very few were those like Lu Yun who could successfully find their past selves and refine it into a dao fruit.

Qing Yu tightly grasped Lu Yun’s hand, having recovered her composure. Formula dao painted a clear picture of the situation at hand.

“It’s too risky to refine your past self as a dao fruit. If your past self dies, that also affects your present self,” said Huaxu off to the side. “A sovereign expert of the chaos once opened a spacetime passage and sent his past self through it. ...he died abruptly not long thereafter.”

“Indeed,” Lu Yun agreed. “The past self is equivalent to an infant version of myself as it grows and develops. If it provokes a heaven defying master during this process, they can utilize karmic relationships to kill me in the present. All I can say is that I was rather lucky to not irritate an existence like that.”

“What about your future self?” Qing Yu asked. “If you’ve found your past self, what of your future self?”

“I don’t know,” Lu Yun chuckled ruefully. It was pure luck that they’d been able to find his past self. He didn’t dare hope for his future self. Hopefully, that version of himself was also a bit luckier and evaded pursuit when weak.

“Alright, back to the matter at hand.” Qing Yu cocked her head at Lu Yun. “Talk about what happened between you and the little fox.”

“I...” Lu Yun opened and closed his mouth. He really didn’t know how to explain this. Unbidden, he looked at Miao.

“I don’t know!” The little fox hurriedly shook her head. “I’m still a decent, unmarried fox! The one who had a child with you is a replica formed by my soul force, not me!”

Qing Yu glared ferociously at Lu Yun. “Child?!”

"I..." Lu Yun still didn't know how to explain himself.

"Qing Han said he was under the influence of alcohol at the time," grumbled the little fox.

"Qing Han?" Qing Yu blinked. "Isn't that me?"

"Qing Han is a disciple of his past self and an orphan that he raised from a child." The little fox seemed to recover her sensibility and addressed the issue properly. She took human form in front of Qing Yu, drawing a glance of appreciation from the girl. It'd been a while since she'd seen the little fox in her full, feminine beauty.

"His past self is the equivalent of a Lu Yun living in the past. He possessed all of Lu Yun's memories, thoughts, and emotions. But since he lived in the past, he could never see you again," the little fox explained slowly.

Qing Yu's heart shook and she lowered her head.

"That Lu Yun could only vent his longing for you in other areas. Qing Han is the name he chose for his disciple."

Qing Yu didn't say a word. Instead, she quietly took Lu Yun's hand and curled her hand tightly around his fingers.

"I actually guessed this would happen and sent your aura along with my soul force to him. My soul force contains your presence, so he viewed me as you."

"I see." Qing Yu nodded gently. "Thank you."

"Eh?" The reaction surprised Miao.

"The past self is a Lu Yun that walked in a past world, but he didn't belong there. Thus, he couldn't form any relationships with anyone from that era. Only loneliness kept him company, and I once experienced the same kind of loneliness that would induce madness."

Lu Yun's past self was there only to become a dao fruit, so he couldn't become too involved with his era. Once karma found its way to him, it would affect his present self. Therefore, the past Lu Yun couldn't interact too much with people of that era.

He could have friends, but not true friends. He could have lovers, but never really love them. Qing Han was his disciple and a bit of good karma that Lu Yun had left in that era. It'd only come about because the little fox had insisted he take the girl in. While he'd raised her, it'd been the little fox that'd returned with her.

If it wasn't for the little fox, the only person by his side would be loneliness.

Loneliness, the greatest poison of them all.

### **Chapter 1109: The Underworld of the Chaos**

Lu Yun fell silent at Qing Yu's response. He'd spent his initial days in terror and uncertainty when he first arrived in the world of immortals. Though there was Wanfeng by his side, he didn't dare share his secrets with her.

There was no one he could have a heart-to-heart with until he met Qing Yu. She'd swept away the loneliness and gave him an outlet for the secrets in his heart, preventing his personality from deviating into the extreme.

This was so incredibly similar to the circumstances that Lu Yun's past self found himself in. Qing Yu understood, so she didn't blame him.

Rather, it was the little fox who felt a twinge of regret at this point. There had indeed been a bit of personal motive at play when she sent her strand of soul force with Lu Yun's past self. She could've easily told him to obtain a tendril of soul force from Qing Yu so his dao partner could keep him company.

Alas, everything was set in stone now.

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"Alright, alright, things aren't as serious as you two think." Qing Yu smiled and caressed the little fox's head. "You're still a decent, proper, unmarried fox."

The little fox wanted to cry.

"As for your child... he has to call me First Mother!" Her eyes suddenly sharpened. "I am the official wife in this household!"

Miao flashed back into fox form and darted into Qing Yu's robes, refusing to come out no matter what anyone else said.

"She loved to hide in her true form back when Taiyi chased her. It looks like her habits still remain the same after all these years," teased Wahuang as she peered at the little fox. "Since Qing Yu doesn't find fault with you, then this matter is at an end for now. Let us return to our primary business."

Wahuang turned serious. "How do you plan to return to the Tomb of Heaven and Earth to collect the Blood Sea?"

"I'll go with Little Yu!" Lu Yun thought for a moment. "But first, she must light a soul lamp!"

"A soul lamp?" Qing Yu knew almost nothing about the particulars of the chaos, but she quickly employed formula dao on these two words and drew a rough sketch of what this item was.

"There's no need." She shook her head. "Lighting a soul lamp means creating a backup plan and the absence of the courage to cut off all means of retreat. How will one train to the highest levels when nothing is truly on the line? A soul lamp would be more of a hindrance for me.

"And, do you remember the phoenixes?"

"The phoenixes?" Lu Yun blinked.

"That's right, the phoenixes and their art of rebirth," Qing Yu continued.

"Yeah." Lu Yun nodded.

The phoenix art of rebirth was a massive trap. It required them to split and conceal part of their soul in a corner of the void, an act that not only limited their potential, but also decreased their respect for death.

That, combined with the curse on phoenixes in the world of immortals, resulted in the immense decline of the entire race. They went completely extinct in Huang Qing's time, but the main reason for that was their art of rebirth. The dragons had likewise been cursed, but they were still the rulers of the four oceans in the world of immortals.

"I haven't determined what flaws the soul lamps hold yet, but they're nothing good. I highly recommend everyone to not overly rely on them." Qing Yu looked at Huaxu and Wahuang.

"I see." Huaxu nodded, then smiled ruefully. "As things are, the soul lamps are a core part of the six sacred palaces. If not for them, the sacred clan would've long been exterminated several times over."

The reason for that lay with the Dubiety Realm. Almost everyone of the palaces had perished at least once in that realm, including the six monarchs. It was through the soul lamps that they were reborn after that disaster.

Qing Yu didn't have a response for that.

"Okay, let's set aside the soul lamps for now," Lu Yun said hastily. "Soul lamps existed in the mythological realm as well and have been passed down till modern day. There must be something extraordinary about them."

Huaxu and Wahuang exchanged worried glances with each other. The current sacred clan had indeed lost all respect for and consideration of death. When the soul lamps had malfunctioned in the Tomb of Heaven and Earth, that had been a ruinous disaster for the sacred palaces. Too many geniuses with great potential had died on that trip.

"If Little Yu doesn't want to, we can forget about the soul lamps." There was a tendril of her soul force in a Hell Flower bud anyway. If anything happened to her, she could be reborn in the sea of Hell Flowers.

However, the process would be interminably long.

"We'll be off to the tomb now." Lu Yun resolutely grabbed Qing Yu's hand.

"Do we need to talk this out some more?" asked Wahuang with a frown.

"No need, no plan can account for all possible changes. Little Yu and I are well versed in formula dao and can just adapt to the situation." Lu Yun shook his head.

"I'm going too," the little fox said weakly after poking her furry head out of Qing Yu's robes.

"We'll take you with us if you take human form and promise to never return to fox form," Qing Yu chuckled.

The little fox withdrew her head, plainly intent on not going anywhere. There was nothing that Lu Yun or Qing Yu could do.

“Since you’ve made your decision, I shan’t interfere.” Huaxu had a more open mind about things and let the matter rest. “This is a one-time use transportation formation. You can use it to return to Creation Palace if you meet with any inexorable danger. Remember, it can be only used once.”

She gave a tiny formation disk to Lu Yun.

“Understood.” Lu Yun nodded and put the disk away.

Although he had Qing Yu by his side and released the Bridge of Forgetfulness so it could protect them at any time, it was better to keep his aces hidden as much as possible. He also had no idea what level of strength the bridge was at. If his past self, in the prime of life, had faced the bridge, he would’ve been crushed in a split second.

After absorbing his past self, he grew ever more reverent of the chaos. It was simply too enormous and filled with all manner of strange and eccentric things. Even his past self hadn’t dared probe it too deeply, to say nothing of the third realm.

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The Tomb of Heaven and Earth now completely occupied the previous current of clear energy and towered in the chaos as a titanic tomb. It released a suction force from time to time, devouring the vitality from any nearby creatures and leaving them as withered husks.

While there were still some cultivators in the area who wanted to try their hand at fortune and fame, they were few and far in between. The place had become restricted grounds, but the tomb no longer appeared as it once did.

A boundless black earth extended from the tomb, unfurling into an eerie land of rubble and charred dirt. It was a connector between the tomb and the fathomless chaos, and its end wasn’t in sight.

“This is...” Lu Yun stood upon the charred dirt and peered at it closely, incredulity flashing across his face.

“What is it?” Qing Yu looked at him curiously.

“The underworld!” Lu Yun slowly breathed out a sigh. “This burnt earth is the underworld!”

### **Chapter 1110: Bloody Lightning**

“This is the underworld?!” While Qing Yu had never visited the underworld before, the little fox in her arms had. The celestial master tomb she’d constructed in the Primordial Era was located in the underworld.

She jumped out of Qing Yu’s arms and peered intently at the charred earth, then shook her head fiercely.

“How is this possible? How can this be the underworld?” Still, she didn’t believe her eyes.

“I was once one of its holy kings, and while I can’t say that I know it like the back of my hand, I am certain that this is the underworld.” Lu Yun’s eyes stared fixedly at a certain spot of this burnt land.

There seemed to be a towering mountain there that pierced straight through the chaos and extended elsewhere.

This was the holy mountain of the underworld, the place where one could look into the river of time and view the past of the world of immortals. One of Ashu's favorite pastimes had been to stand at the peak of this mountain and view everything about the past, and in doing so, recover his history as well.

"It really is the underworld." Seated at the banks of the sea of Hell Flowers, Ashu stood up and looked out of a crack that Lu Yun opened. "So the underworld isn't in the world of immortals, but in the chaos."

After finding himself, Ashu returned to being Ling Weiyang. But compared to that weighty and ponderous identity, he much preferred being Ashu. His words reassured Lu Yun of his own conclusions. Currently, only the underworld was in sight and not the world of immortals.

"If the chaos creatures use the underworld as a base with which to attack our world..." A horrible thought suddenly struck Qing Yu.

"Then our world would be in danger," Lu Yun took in a deep breath. "However, there are also powers that protect the underworld. The holy lords and kings of the underworld are its guardians. While they aren't very strong, this is their home territory."

He suddenly thought of what the three holy kings had once said to him. Every time great happenings occurred in the realms, so, too, would the underworld also be attacked. The holy lords and kings perished in great numbers during those conflicts.

After all those battles, only Holy Kings Atrophy, Antiquity, and Desolation were left. They were later on reinforced by Lu Yun's Xing Chen replica and Violetshade, breathing some new life into the underworld.

"But what is the underworld doing here?" The little fox couldn't understand it. When they'd last been here, there'd been nothing around. However, the underworld was now present with the tomb.

"Watch over me." Being a great emperor, Qing Yu could use formula dao to derive the truth behind the underworld being here.

Lu Yun snapped to attention and stood by Qing Yu's side, silently operating the Tome of Life and Death and protecting her within.

With the changes in the tomb, it often released a strength that devoured all life force. That cleared out the premises as ordinary life forms didn't dare approach. This region had become a taboo, so Qing Yu would certainly face recoil if she tried to probe its secrets. Lu Yun set aside everything else for now and focused on protecting her with his greatest ace.

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Rumble.

Just as they expected, the void darkened the moment Qing Yu called upon formula dao. A layer of scarlet clouds gathered over her head as lightning the color of blood roared within it. The few cultivators still daring to linger outside the tomb ran for dear life the second they saw the bloody clouds.

“What is that?” Lu Yun tilted his head up to the clouds and stared at the terrifying lightning howling within. He’d never seen this kind of thunder and lightning before. It wasn’t a heavenly tribulation or judgement, but something even more ominous.

If he had to compare it to something... then the black lightning that’d struck when he first deployed the Death Spike art and nailed the Exalted Immortal Sect to its doom might possibly compare to the scarlet lightning at hand.

Both were uncanny and threatening, suffused with a destructive presence. The black lightning, however, was much weaker than this scarlet one.

Qing Yu sat cross-legged in the void, silently deriving the truth behind the underworld in front of them and seemingly oblivious to the clouds, lightning, and thunder dancing in frenzied fury over her head.

Rumble!

An ear-splitting crash of thunder exploded as a bolt of scarlet lightning three thousand meters across descended from above. It crashed down upon Qing Yu like a mountain of electricity, so enormous that she was a tiny ant in comparison.

Within her arms, the little fox tensed nervously. She fully flared the presence of a chaos realm powerhouse and attempted to defy the incoming lightning.

“Don’t move.” Lu Yun floated into the air and rebuffed her power. He reached out a hand and splayed his fingers outward.

Death art—Thunder Palmstrike!

Hummm.

Hellfire blazed fiercely to bolster the death art, enabling it to swallow the dreadful lightning whole before the lightning could entirely release its aura.

Lu Yun flushed from the effort to contain the lightning’s power. It was so strong that Thunder Palmstrike barely managed to condense it into a thunder bead and send it to his dantian.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

A second, third, and fourth bolt came down in quick succession after Lu Yun absorbed the first bolt. He didn’t hold anything back—propelling hellfire to greater heights, he deployed Thunder Palmstrike with every bit of strength he could muster.

Bolt upon bolt of lightning redirected themselves into the palm of his hand, condensed into a thunder bead, then deposited themselves in his dantian.

“This lightning is too strong! If this continues on, I’ll pop from everything I’m absorbing.” The power of the lightning was far beyond the limits of his tolerance. He could digest one, two, or even three bolts, but there was far more than that in the void.



“Feinie!” he called out.

“Sir.” Feinie’s figure walked out from behind him. The Formation Orb flew out of her hands and shone brilliantly with the light of a hundred and eight thousand defensive formations as they snapped into existence around Qing Yu.

Each of his ten Yama Kings were all great emperors now since Lu Yun’s own cultivation advancements also impacted his Yama Kings. Every time he made a breakthrough, so, too, did his Yama Kings advance explosively.

Since his current cultivation resided in the principal realm, that made them great emperors.

Once a hundred and eight thousand defensive formations locked into place, Lu Yun acted with complete freedom. He shot into the air with his fingers splayed out, releasing the thunder beads resting in his dantian.

Scarlet lightning ripped out of his palms and crashed into the scarlet bolts descending from above.