

Necropolis 1121

Chapter 1121: Let Us Determine Superiority and Life and Death!

The nine sacred lands, now nine divine sects, had always been second to only the six sacred palaces. They were lofty, untouchable, and reigned from up high over all others in the chaos. Even when their title had been stripped from them, they were still far more superior to any other faction.

And now, they were still divine sects!

But no one had fathomed that a prince from the sacred palaces would appear as soon as the nine divine sects reestablished themselves, and that the first item on the agenda would be to take the divine sect title away as well.

No one in the nine divine sects could take this lying down.

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“If we triumph over you, you’ll return the ‘sacred land’ title to us?” Three disciples stood atop the Inception Spiritrial Arena, regarding Lu Yun with a distinctly hostile look.

The sacred lands had always chafed under sacred palace rule and indeed, the latter had continuously suppressed the sacred lands. Any sovereign that appeared in the sacred lands was summarily whisked away. In the eyes of the nine divine sects, this was the only reason why the sacred palaces were stronger than them.

If their stolen sovereigns were returned to them, then the nine divine sects might not be any weaker than the sacred palaces. Hence, though the divine sects had always bowed their heads to the sacred palaces, they’d never done so wholeheartedly.

“That’s right.” Lu Yun inclined his head. “If anyone from the nine sects, be they eternal overlord or first level mortal realm, can win against me in this arena, I will return your sacred land title to you.”

“And can you make this decision on behalf of the sacred palaces?” The leader of the water origin sect looked at Lu Yun with a frown.

“I am the sacred prince of Inception Palace, I can naturally make this call.”

The sect leaders didn’t respond, instead looking to the six indistinct figures behind Lu Yun. These were the experts of the six palaces, here to observe the proceedings.

The representatives of the Origin, Nirvana, Opposition, and Burgeon Palaces frowned slightly and looked at each other, plainly affronted by this declaration. It’d been Wen Jian of Inception Palace who’d stripped the title from the sacred lands, and now it was the new Inception prince who used the title as the forfeit of a bet.

However, both of them had done so on behalf of all six palaces!

The other five palaces hadn’t had a choice in the matter from beginning to end, an oversight that greatly irked them. Or to be more exact, the other four excluding Creation Palace. Now that they knew the

nature of the relationship between their monarch and the Inception monarch, they'd only be courting death if they dared express any objection.

"The Inception prince's wish is our wish," a remote voice suddenly sounded from the direction of Nirvana Palace—the Nirvana monarch. "If any of you can triumph over the prince of Inception Palace, then not only will we return your sacred land title, but we will no longer induct your sovereigns into the sacred palaces."

Sharp gasps abounded in the crowd when they heard the confirmation and the cultivators of the other four palaces quickly forgot their dissatisfaction, not saying another word. It was obvious that the six monarchs were behind this matter.

"Do you mean that?!" Delight bloomed over the faces of the nine divine sects.

"Hmph," came a cold snort.

Color drained from the nine sect leader's faces at the display of displeasure. Though they didn't dare to venture another word, their hearts danced with glee. After countless chaos tribulations, there were endless numbers of half step sovereigns within their factions that had sealed themselves into seclusion upon pain of death. They suppressed their cultivation with every bit of strength so that they wouldn't break through.

Those that the six sacred palaces had taken away were unable to keep themselves in check any longer. If someone defeated Lu Yun this time, then at least a hundred sovereigns would instantly appear within the nine divine sects!

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"Please rest for now, junior brothers. Allow me to vie for supremacy with this prince of Inception Palace!" One of the men in the arena brandished a silver spear and called forth watery ripples around him. He was an expert of the water elemental sect.

Since the water elemental land had once been almost completely razed by Inception Palace, they were the first to jump out when Lu Yun came kicking in their doors.

The other two looked at each other and departed together.

"Seniors of Inception Palace." The water elemental sect disciple looked toward Inception Palace with a slight smile. "A first generation sovereign from my sacred land once killed a creator of Inception Palace. We were almost annihilated for it. What might happen today if this junior accidentally kills the sacred prince?"

"Ah, I'd forgotten. Sacred palace disciples all have soul lamps, so it's impossible for them to die."

This disciple didn't know about the marvelous uses of the Inception Spiritrial Arena.

"I'd actually forgotten before you brought it up," Lu Yun sighed. "I haven't lit a soul lamp and my nascent spirit is inside my body. If I die, I'm truly dead and won't revive."

Everyone around him frowned at the implications.

Lu Yun had withdrawn his nascent spirit into this body. Only in this way could he release the immortal dao without reservation into the chaos.

“But, dying in an Inception Spiritrial Arena will not result in true death. We will only undergo an experience of death,” he intoned.

Surreptitious sighs of relief at the further explanation sounded from the disciples of the water elemental sect. Everyone was afraid of dying, especially the longer they lived. Since they couldn’t die within the arena, then there wasn’t much to be concerned about.

That the Inception prince dared stand here and challenge all of the cultivators of the divine sects by himself was at least an indicator of him being an uncommon character, if nothing else.

“However—” Lu Yun looked up and stared at the water elemental disciple dead in the eye, baring his teeth in a mild leer. “Since this junior brother has spoken, then let us determine both superiority and life and death in this battle!

“Your Majesty, please dismiss the limitations of the arena and allow the two of us to fight here in our true selves. Let us fight to the death!”

“It shall be done as you wish.” Leize’s voice sounded while a dense jade green light flashed through the arena. The water elemental disciple felt his body sink before he appeared, in the flesh, in the Inception Spiritrial Arena.

He’d been overwhelmed by rage earlier and hadn’t paid attention to the changes of his body when he first ran into the arena. The cold grip of fear wrapped around his heart when he registered the obvious change in circumstance.

He’d said all that to attack Lu Yun’s dao heart and find his weakness. To think he’d sent himself down the path of no return instead!

Beneath the arena, those of the nine divine sects also watched with clenched teeth.

“If the prince falls in this battle, that is a result of his own inadequacy. His death will be well deserved and I will not take revenge upon anyone,” came Leize’s voice again.

“DIE!!” Caught in a bind, the water elemental disciple didn’t even offer his name before charging Lu Yun. A hundred million water ripples swirled around him as he moved, growing and decaying like worlds unto their own.

He was fully manifesting the power of water.

Lu Yun gravely regarded his opponent. He’d sealed away every part of his past self and was battling with only the experience and combat arts of this life. If he wanted to fully release himself, then his past self was too strong for the task. Even an ultimate genius of Inception Palace could barely take one blow from his past self, much less someone of the nine divine sects.

Whoosh!

An ethereal sword shadow appeared in his hand and he struck out when his opponent was close at hand.

Dragonrise.

Chapter 1122: You Won't Do

Both of them were peak sixth level mortal realm, so the Inception Spiritrial Arena didn't do anything to limit their cultivation. They quickly clashed against each other thousands of times in the span of a breath.

The crowd's eyes were glued to the arena in front of them. Even the eternal overlords ready to depart from the divine sects and set out for the underworld put their expedition on hold. This had to do with the glory and honor of the nine divine sects, their very future was at stake! It was much more important than conquering the underworld.

If the nine divine sects possessed their own sovereigns, then it wouldn't be that difficult to destroy the worlds.

Boom!

A huge explosion rang out from the arena as part of the void collapsed, forcing the two figures apart.

"So that's all you've got, prince of Inception Palace." A sneer formed at the lips of the water elemental disciple. "I'd thought these sacred princes and princesses were much stronger than us, but it turns out that there's not much to you at all. Or is it that the sacred palaces actually want to return our title to us?"

Frowns rose and fell in the crowd at his jeering and the Inception disciples were even more disbelieving. They'd personally seen Lu Yun defeat Luo Chen with a single blow on another arena!

But for some reason, he was evenly matched with this water elemental disciple!

The six monarchs looked at each other, all of them reading amusement in each other's eyes.

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Lu Yun didn't respond; the sword he'd formed from the power of inception had been shattered in the exchange. He materialized another copy and pointed it at his opponent.

"Your Highness, if that's all you got, you can go die now," the disciple sniggered at Lu Yun. And then...

He burst apart like a water ripple, filling the air with water droplets that then coalesced back into copies of himself and charged Lu Yun at the same time. Thousands of him filled the void, each of them just as real as the others. There was no telling which were fake, or perhaps they were all real!

"Mirror images!" Lu Yun sucked in a sharp breath at the dense horde in front of him, vanishing with a quick turn of his body before they arrived.

Bam!

A muffled impact echoed from the void and the thousands of copies winked out of existence, leaving room for the water elemental disciple to crash to the ground. His aura was already beginning to dissipate.

“How... is... this possible...” He stared accusingly at Lu Yun.

“I would much prefer a face to face battle, but you prefer these underhanded tricks with a million openings to them,” sighed Lu Yun. “Mirror images are but mirror images in the end, and there’s only one of you.”

“How did you identify me?!” screamed the disciple as he clung to life with sheer force of will, refusing to die.

“Um... have you ever looked in a mirror?” Lu Yun looked down at his defeated opponent and wagged his brows. “The images in a mirror are the reverse of the real thing.”

Pah!

The water elemental disciple spat out a mouthful of blood and died. He’d died from a sudden surge of anger.

The mirror image combat art made use of water as a mirror to cast shadows of the wielder, then used the shadows as the basis for a projection. The projections possessed almost the same power as the wielder.

This was the chaos, a place where no one would spend their days looking into a mirror and studying what was within it. Therefore, Lu Yun quickly grasped the greatest flaw in this almost invincible combat art, easily defeating the opponent.

Beneath the arena, some of the other water elemental disciples that practiced the combat art paled with horror and quickly examined their mirror images.

Indeed, they were all reversed.

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“Next,” Lu Yun uttered after inhaling deeply. Someone had already removed the water elemental disciple’s corpse.

“Prince of Inception Palace, are you sure you wish to continue?” Those of the nine divine sects shook their heads. “That man was a middle of the pack disciple in the water elemental divine sect and not a terribly outstanding one. If it wasn’t for your slippery ways, you seem to have only been able to barely match him.

“In our divine sects, geniuses number by the hundred million. There are too many to count of those who can easily crush him with one hand.” The speaker was an eternal overlord and he looked at Lu Yun with a hint of mockery.

“Then have those geniuses come on up and easily crush me with one hand.” Lu Yun seemed to be oblivious to the derision; he was thinking over his Dragonrise. He’d dug into the deeper parts of the Dragonquake Scripture and wanted to somehow meld that with the Myriad Inception Fist, making them both part of his sword dao.

However, the Dragonquake Scripture was so profound that the slightest miscalculation would assimilate his sword dao instead. Obviously, this would be the exact opposite of what Lu Yun wanted.

As strong as the scripture was, it was still someone else's method. Only one's own dao belonged to oneself. This was why Lu Yun's sword dao had appeared a bit clumsy earlier, resulting in his draw with a mediocre divine sect disciple.

"Since Inception wishes to fight to the death, then I shan't stand on ceremony." A second disciple hopped onto the arena. "Huo Zongxing of the fire origin divine sect. Greetings to the prince of Inception Palace."

Lu Yun's second opponent was a young man also at sixth level mortal realm. He bowed at Lu Yun with an urbane demeanor, but frenzied passion brimmed in his eyes. Whoever killed Lu Yun now would be the hero of the nine divine sects and be known throughout the chaos!

"Eh," Lu Yun sighed gently when he looked at Huo Zongxing. "Perhaps you guys didn't understand me. This arena can suppress or raise everyone's cultivation level to sixth level mortal realm. It isn't that only those in the sixth level can challenge me.

"You won't do." He shook his head at the newcomer.

One of his golden warriors had ended up in the fire origin land and he knew Huo Zongxing well. Though he was also hailed a genius, only a rotten interior filled a jade exterior. The man was trash coated in gold and there was no value in fighting him.

"How dare you look down on me!" Irritation bloomed in Huo Zongxing's heart from the snub and he summoned a blazing longsword, taking a flying leap toward Lu Yun.

Bam!

Lu Yun raised a foot, stomped right onto Huo Zongxing's chest and kicked him off the arena.

"If I say you won't do, then you won't do. It doesn't matter whether you can or not." Lu Yun quirked his lips at Huo Zongxing.

This disciple was one of Huo Shentong's nephews and used his uncle's influence for all manner of wrongdoing in the divine sect. Others refrained from taking him to task out of consideration for his uncle, which gave him the misconception that he was actually a genius.

Huo Zongxing struggled to his feet and glared viciously at Lu Yun, fleeing the scene amid loud roars of laughter. The fire origin delegation was beet red with humiliation and Huo Shentong itched to slap this good-for-nothing nephew of his to death.

Chapter 1123: Jin Gushen Takes the Stage

All that glitters is not gold, especially when the one glittering was Huo Zongxing. This was a fact well known to all, but no one spoke of it out of consideration for Huo Shentong.

Who would've thought that Huo Zongxing would be so brainless as to hop into the arena to challenge the Inception prince?

He'd been kicked off the stage for his temerity, but every one of the fire origin divine sect burned as if the stomp had been right on their faces.

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“Disappointments like Huo Zongxing should be kept out of the public eye so they don’t make a fool out of themselves!” A vicious light flashed through the eyes of the divine sects’ senior council when they looked at the disgraced disciple.

Huo Zongxing fled in shambles, but Lu Yun fell into deep thought when he looked at the retreating figure.

Maybe... I’ve actually underestimated him. For some reason, this thought occurred to Lu Yun as he watched Huo Zongxing leave. But now wasn’t the time to dwell on that.

The disciples of the nine divine sects were almost frothing at the mouth to protect their future and wrest back the sacred land name. Huo Zongxing was just a small interlude in all of this.

What followed after was a series of ghastly battles.

Since the restrictions of the Inception Spiritrial Arena had been dismissed, every battle was one to the death. Lu Yun didn’t have any time to rest and fought continuously for forty-five minutes, killing eighteen sixth level mortal realm geniuses of the nine divine sects.

He was covered in blood and had been pierced through in several places. In terrible condition, he was already sitting on the floor, drooping, when the nineteenth challenger set foot in the arena.

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“He’s using our disciples to hone his combat arts!” An eternal overlord suddenly frowned. “Anyone of his level—sixth level mortal realm—isn’t his match, they’re just his whetstone!”

Dismay spread through the crowd at this revelation. The sect leaders of the nine divine sects had also identified this a while back, but they couldn’t expose the true reality of things given their status. Though they were facing a prince of a sacred palace, they still had their own dignity to consider.

“Hearken to me, disciples of the water origin divine sect! Only those ranked at number one hundred or higher of the Origin Rankings may challenge the Inception prince!” roared a heavyweight of the water origin divine sect.

The Origin Rankings was a ranking between the four origin divine sects that was used to determine the potential of their disciples. Anyone within the top one hundred could potentially become a sovereign.

A similar Elemental Rankings existed with the five elemental divine sects, and their senior council gave the same order.

Anyone without the potential to be a sovereign was just delivering their heads on a platter if they entered the Inception Spiritrial Arena. They would be the most ideal sharpening stone for the Inception prince’s blade.

The senior councils could tell that the Inception prince wasn’t well versed in his combat arts. He needed to temper his arts through a process of proceeding from weak to strong. If they allowed their disciples to challenge him willy nilly, that was just permitting them to throw their lives away and presenting a tremendous chance for Lu Yun to upgrade his combat arts.

Everyone was feeling the pressure now and understood the severity of the situation.

After killing his nineteenth challenger, Lu Yun was almost sprawled out on the ground. Fresh blood flowed freely from his body, but no one dared step forward. Even those in the top one hundred of both rankings hesitated.

“The prince of Inception Palace, is it? I’ll challenge you!” called out a clear voice before a figure of faint gold appeared in the arena.

“Jin Gushen!” Various expressions flickered rapidly through the metal elemental divine sect when they saw the newest challenger.

Though Jin Gushen came from the metal elemental sacred land, he was a stunning genius in his own right and half a step into the sovereign realm before he’d experienced even one chaos tribulation. He was ranked dual first with Chi Wuxia among the Elemental Rankings, but the two had never sparred with each other, so they didn’t know who was stronger.

His cultivation level was suppressed to sixth level mortal realm the second he entered the arena, but even so, he was a sovereign within this cultivation realm!

“No, wait!” Some in his divine sect reacted unpleasantly when they saw him on stage. “Jin Gushen is friends with the Inception prince, someone saw them walking together in the Tomb of Heaven and Earth!”

“That traitor!” The metal elemental sect leader wanted to slap Jin Gushen dead, but he knew that if he really attacked the disciple, he might not be able to rival the genius.

Within the chaos, apart from the eternal overlords of the sacred clan, only the old monsters painstakingly repressing their cultivation and Qiu Luoyu could safely handle Jin Gushen. While the sect leaders of the nine divine sects were fierce, they weren’t his match.

The sect leaders were also listed on the two rankings. True, they were named near the top, but there was still a marked difference between them and true geniuses like Huo Shentong, Chi Wuxia, and Jin Gushen.

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“Greetings to senior brother Jin.” Lu Yun heaved a slight sigh of relief to see Jin Gushen facing him. He really was having trouble continuing after so many battles.

“No worries, recover first. I’ll fight you fair and square.” Jin Gushen grinned broadly and sat down cross-legged, closing his eyes.

Seeing that Jin Gushen was even giving Lu Yun time to recover, those of the nine divine sects wanted to run up and skin both of them alive.

But Leize had set the rules of the arena—no one else could take to the stage after a challenger already set foot in it. In order to ensure Lu Yun’s safety at a time like this, the monarchs of the six sacred palaces materialized and stood behind him.

It would be one thing if Lu Yun was defeated in a fair fight, even if it came at a war of attrition. However, they wouldn't sit by and watch others attack him on the basis of superior cultivation.

Lu Yun stood up gracefully after roughly three hundred breaths.

"Junior brother Lu, do your worst. I won't be holding back," sighed Jin Gushen. "After all, I am a member of the sacred lands."

"I know." Lu Yun inclined his head. "I've long wanted to trade blows with senior brother Jin."

Whoosh!

Inky-green sword light gathered at his fingertips with a casual twitch and took the form of a sword. The Dragonquake Scripture and Myriad Inception Fist were beginning to meld into his sword dao.

Suddenly, Lu Yun moved. A piercing dragon cry howled from his body and a stroke of Dragonrise came down on Jin Gushen's chest. He didn't hold anything back. If Jin Gushen couldn't block this move, he would die!

Chapter 1124: Human Tribulation

Jin Gushen was a genius of dominating caliber within the nine divine sects. He rivaled many eternal overlords of the sacred clans, and his cultivation speed was the most frightening of all. He'd progressed from an ordinary life form to peak eternal overlord within a single chaos tribulation!

He'd also done so entirely without fortuitous encounters or patrons. His own strength, abilities, and prodigious potential had been the only things he'd relied on.

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Boom!

Golden light oscillated from Lu Yun's body when his stroke neared Jin Gushen. The two had clashed against each other a hundred thousand times in less than the blink of an eye!

Both of them called upon all of their battle strength, and Lu Yun's was more than ten times stronger than before as he'd begun to meld the Dragonquake Scripture and Myriad Inception Fist into his sword dao over the course of his previous nineteen battles.

But still, that only allowed him to just rival Jin Gushen.

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"Well?" The leader of the fire elemental divine sect looked at Chi Wuxia beside him.

"If I was who I was before, then I would be less than them," Chi Wuxia responded upon careful consideration.

Black flames flickered in and out of view around him as he observed the battle. He'd first been defeated by Qiu Luoyu in the Tomb of Heaven and Earth, then his weapon shattered by a singular point from Lu Yun. In his current form, however, he was leagues apart from who he'd been back then.

He was still peak eternal overlord, but his grasp of this realm was at its greatest peak.

Chi Wuxia had previously most valued his weapon of the chaos dragon curse. But after its destruction, he realized that the reflection beyond the chaos embedded within the spear was the truly important treasure at stake.

“The two of them combined... and that Huo Shentong, and Qiu Luoyu, aren’t a match for me anymore.” Two balls of black flame burned within Chi Wuxia’s eyes. “There is only one who can fight me in all of the nine divine sects... no, the nine sacred lands.”

“Who?” His sect leader asked curiously. With Chi Wuxia’s current cultivation, he was the first among the nine divine sects. Even the old monsters hidden in the shadows weren’t his match anymore.

Chi Wuxia shook his head slightly without a response and refocused on the battle at hand. Lu Yun and Jin Gushen’s fight was reaching its climax. Neither was holding back and all sorts of trump cards and combat arts flashed through the arena.

Lu Yun deployed his sword dao, the Myriad Inception Fist, and even combat arts from the Dragonquake Scripture. Under tremendous pressure from his opponent’s offensive, they were slowly melding into one system.

Jin Gushen was also growing stronger the more he fought. He darted around the arena as a golden blur, too fast for anyone to make out his form.

What had been an Inception Spiritrial Arena six thousand meters across had gradually reformed into a real world throughout the course of their battle. It was a sign that their melee exceeded the arena’s limits, to the point where it had to change its own capabilities.

No one noticed that a small wisp of white light melded into the void with Lu Yun’s every move, ultimately disappearing from view. Even if they did, they would’ve thought that to be the natural emission of combat arts.

Since Jin Gushen was much closer to Lu Yun than everyone else, he picked up on it soon enough, but didn’t comment on it. His brotherhood with Lu Yun’s replica ran twenty years deep, he knew what kind of person his brother was.

What suddenly changed his expression drastically was—

“You just gifted me the method beyond the chaos?! Won’t the Inception monarch punish you for this??” he transmitted hastily into Lu Yun’s mind. “You know that I won’t join Inception Palace no matter what! When my cultivation reaches that level, I’m going to seal it away and seclude myself to death!”

A stroke more vicious than any he’d encountered so far was his only answer. The level of Lu Yun’s attacks had shockingly risen yet another level!

Unbidden, Jin Gushen started operating his newly obtained method in order to contend with Lu Yun. It was the only way to stay in the fight.

However, the method was incredibly esoteric and hard to understand. Any other eternal overlord wouldn’t have possibly understood it within a short period of time.

Jin Gushen happened to be the greatest genius among all nine divine sects. His powers of comprehension and potential were mind bogglingly incredible. If he'd been born in the sacred palace, he would've become a sovereign long ago.

The method beyond the chaos only needed to circulate his body thirty-six times before he fully grasped it, and his strength increased explosively roughly a hundred breaths later. Having shifted to the back foot, he was able to seize the initiative once again.

"The nine divine sects aren't a benevolent place. You don't have to join the sacred palaces, but you must leave the sects. You won't meet with a good end otherwise." Lu Yun's voice sounded in Jin Gushen's mind.

"Okay." The genius nodded subconsciously, but his moves continued at a furious pace.

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In an unknown patch of space in the chaos, Qing Yu sat cross-legged on the Dao Flower. Rays of immortal light formed in the air and coalesced into a snowy path beside her. It circled around her and integrated itself into the greater picture of the chaos.

She was currently a member of the Creation sacred clan instead of a dao sovereign of the immortal dao. She communed with all life through the order of creation and sat beneath the Dao Flower to assimilate the immortal dao into everything.

What she didn't realize was that a faceless man in black clothing had appeared behind her at some point in time. He exuded dark fire and wielded a dagger dripping with blood. He slowly approached her back and viciously stabbed downward at her heart.

Humm.

Emerald green light blossomed from Qing Yu's body and rebuffed the assassination attempt. Qiu Luoyu came walking out of nothingness with a grim look. He was a sovereign now, having fully refined the creation seed and the reflection beyond the chaos that Lu Yun had gifted him.

Two eyeballs suddenly grew in the man's face, just like the two eyes that'd once appeared over Lu Yun's tribulation.

"Lu Yun's touched something he shouldn't have and all practitioners of the Dragonquake Scripture are struck with misfortune. Would he not be prepared for this?" Qiu Luoyu smiled faintly at the faceless man.

He'd naturally joined the sacred palaces after departing from the tomb. The creation seed on him was a product of the third realm to begin with, so he wasn't afraid of the faceless man in the slightest.

Chapter 1125: Violetgrave's Deal

The faceless man also hailed from the third realm, but he wasn't a living being—"he" was a human tribulation.

Lu Yun disturbing the prohibited parts of the Dragonquake Scripture had called forth a heavenly, earthly, and human tribulation.

The storm of black lightning was the heavenly tribulation, and now Qing Yu faced the human tribulation in the form of an actual humanoid being. That left the earthly tribulation for the little fox.

A chaos dragon genius of yesteryear had once disturbed the forbidden as well. When the chaos dragons attacked the mythological realm, all three tribulations had descended at the same time to exterminate the race.

The instrument of their curse was simply refined by some unknown being later on, having obtained chaos dragon skeletons from the Tomb of Heaven and Earth. This was also why the chaos dragons were mixed breeds now, all incredibly violent, and limited to nine total in number.

With Lu Yun having destroyed that weapon, it was only a matter of time before pureblood chaos dragons truly reappeared in the chaos.

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Qiu Luoyu released the creation seed's power to use as a shield against the human tribulation. The tribulation's dagger possessed the power to kill all living things, but it was unable to get past Qiu Luoyu as he wielded a treasure from the same point of origin.

However, another human tribulation walked out of the unknown in the next moment. And another, and another...

Too many to count, they were everywhere and quickly surrounded Qiu Luoyu and Qing Yu.

Qiu Luoyu's eyes bulged with horror. He could easily handle one or two human tribulations, but thousands? Tens of thousands? They'd be able to drown him with one mouthful of spittle each!

He glanced at Qing Yu behind him. She seemed wholly oblivious and was still focused on refining the immortal dao, making it part of everything in the chaos.

"Are you afraid?" A very pleasing voice drifted into his ear. A young girl in a purple chiffon dress had popped into the crowd of human tribulations at some point in time.

She was uncannily beautiful, her form willowy and graceful, her brows as if painted on. Her fair skin seemed to glow in space and her expression was languid, as if she'd just awoken from a nap.

"Yep." Qiu Luoyu nodded gently and swallowed hard. "I am. But right now, I'm more afraid of you."

She was standing right in the middle of tens of thousands of dagger wielding tribulations, but the latter had all stopped moving and were frozen in place.

As if time itself had frozen too.

There was no notion of time in the chaos, but this girl in a purple chiffon dress possessed enough power over time to impose it onto this part of the realm. A human tribulation was part of the dreadful trio and unaffected by the constraints of time and space. However, the humanoid representations of this trial were firmly caught in the domain of time right now.

"I'm Violetgrave, one of Lu Yun's... friends." Violetgrave thought for a bit before settling on that label.

"And now, I'd like to make a deal with you."

“What kind of deal?” Relaxing at first, Qiu Luoyu grew wary again.

“I have a type of fire here called the dark fire.”

Whoosh!

Violetgrave opened her hand to display an azure blue flame dancing on her palm.

Qiu Luoyu’s face spasmed painfully. As a heavyweight of the chaos, he naturally knew of a certain existence in the chaos that controlled a purple flame. That personage had reigned invincible in the chaos and ultimately surpassed it, becoming a legendary existence.

He’d also seen the purple flame once—nether fire. There was currently something very similar to it quietly burning in front of him.

“That little fox was the first being to transact with me. He obtained my nether fire,” chuckled Violetgrave, as if she’d read Qiu Luoyu’s mind. “You... are probably the last, so I’ll make a deal with you for dark fire.”

“What price do I need to pay?” Though Qiu Luoyu was sorely tempted by the eerie flame, he didn’t entirely lose his mind.

“Your soul belongs to me after you die.” Violetgrave smiled sinisterly. “But bear in mind that not even the first to make a deal with me has died yet.”

Qiu Luoyu trembled violently and grit his teeth. “Deal! My soul is yours after I die!”

Death?

He constantly flitted between life and death in the chaos, and would be slated for immediate execution if those of the nine divine sects caught him.

Qiu Luoyu wasn’t afraid of death and didn’t care what would happen to him afterwards. Being able to obtain greater power now and create a sanctuary for otherkind in the chaos would be worth even his death on the spot.

Violetgrave smiled again and waved gently, sending the azure blue flame into Qiu Luoyu’s body. His body, hair, eyes, and lips instantly turned vivid blue. While his strength and cultivation level didn’t change, his bearing was completely different. He would now be formidably armed whenever the flame burned.

“That’s not very nice, Violetgrave.” Busily setting the immortal dao in order, Qing Yu suddenly opened her eyes. “My Lu Yun sees Qiu Luoyu as one of his own and gave him the creation seed. It’s not very nice for you to rob him like this.”

“Oh?” Violetgrave blinked, surprised that Qing Yu wasn’t affected by her control over time either. But the conundrum resolved itself as soon as she took a look at the Dao Flower over Qing Yu.

“Your dark fire burns away life force. The more he uses, the faster he dies.” Qing Yu remained staring at Violetgrave. “I made some quick calculations just now. With Qiu Luoyu’s cultivation level, he’ll die after three uses of dark fire at most.”

Qiu Luoyu trembled violently and his jaw dropped.

Burns life force? I'll be dead after three uses??

This wasn't a deal, it was a huge scam!

Violetgrave spread her hands out with resignation. "He agreed to the deal and my dark fire already took root in his life force. What else can we do? He won't die if he doesn't use it haphazardly."

Qing Yu frowned without a word.

"Alright, I should be getting back now. Remember, seventeen more years. You must come get me in seventeen more years or I promise that I'll become an utter disaster for you two. I'll be worse than anything you've seen thus far." Violetgrave started fading away. "Since you're good friends with Lu Yun, I'll give you a few more chances. Your soul will belong to me only after five uses of the dark fire."

Her voice drifted away after this last tidbit.

Chapter 1126: Earthly Tribulation

"Five times... is enough!" murmured Qiu Luoyu as he looked away.

"You don't regret it?" Qing Yu blinked.

"Is there anyone who truly lives forever? If it wasn't for Lu Yun and the little fox, I would've died a hundred times over in the Tomb of Heaven and Earth." Qiu Luoyu absentmindedly looked at the teeming human tribulation before him. Violetgrave had withdrawn her boundary of frozen time with her departure, so they were beginning to stir into motion again.

"You're part of the Inception Palace now, you don't have to die." Qing Yu frowned.

Qiu Luoyu remained silent; two tiny azure flames rose in his eyes a while later. "And so what if I'm part of the sacred palace? Palace sovereigns have perished by the batches after countless chaos tribulations, and even the sacred monarch, princes, and princesses have experienced death as well."

Whoosh!

Azure fire blossomed around him, sweeping through the air and reducing all of the human tribulations to ash without giving them a chance to resist.

"True." Qing Yu nodded. "You're right, but there are still exceptions in all things. The first person to transact with Violetgrave has yet to die after all this time, the same is possible for you."

She hadn't paid any attention to the human tribulation from beginning to end. It hadn't seemed to register at all.

Qiu Luoyu nodded silently and returned to the void, continuing to stand guard over Qing Yu.

"The first to transact with Violetgrave was a fox?" Qing Yu cocked her head curiously, then continued refining the immortal dao with the power of creation.

The immortal dao in the chaos was gaining weight with its existence and beginning to show signs of connecting with the immortal dao in the world of immortals. Of course, to send the immortal dao

throughout the chaos wouldn't happen overnight. It was to be a long and arduous process as the chaos was too vast. In comparison, the worlds were a speck of dust.

.....

The little fox's earthly tribulation had arrived. As the saying went, thunder and lightning arrive from heaven, while fire springs eternal from the earth. The heavenly tribulation was one of thunder and lightning, and the earthly one comprised of fire.

What made the two similar was that the earthly tribulation also shifted through endless permutations. Additionally, an earthly tribulation summoned by the Dragonquake Scripture was manifold times more terrifying than an ordinary one.

The little fox was currently running for dear life as the chaos beneath her feet split open with fissures that followed her movements. They chased her like mouths yawning open to bite her in half. She didn't know what else she could do other than run. What could she use to block this creepy tribulation? What would happen if one of the mouths swallowed her?

She had absolutely no idea and didn't desire to find out, so the only thing to do was run as if her life depended on it. Well, it truly did.

On duty to guard her mistress, Qing Han gaped with incredulity. She couldn't offer any help in this situation, other than follow the little fox in running circles around the chaos.

"EEEEK!" The little fox jumped up and took fox form, making an about-face and heading in the opposite direction. "Lu Yun, why are you here for me too?!"

Black fire was starting to spew out of the fissures—hellfire! She knew full well how dreadful hellfire was!

Fur bristling to the point where she resembled a porcupine, the little fox stretched her short limbs to their limits on each bound and kept up a litany of sobbing curses as she ran.

Qing Han's jaw dropped and threatened to sink through the chaos. Her regal, magnificent image of the master's second wife collapsed with explosive glory into tiny bits of rubble.

Whoosh!

A snow-white skeletal arm probed out of the gushing hellfire and grabbed at the little fox. It was huge—on par with a chaos star, and slapped down with surging flames at the little fox.

"How dare you!" Qing Han shouted and flared cuttingly sharp light out of her longsword, cutting down on the arm.

She froze with shock the next second. Her sword couldn't touch the arm! It went right through it!

Everything the little fox was experiencing was just a mirage for Qing Han that she couldn't interact with.

"We have to use power from the third realm to battle this tribulation," she realized. "Mistress, the creation seed!"

The little fox shook and subconsciously released the energy of the creation seed within her body.

Hummmm.

Emerald green brilliance blossomed from her tiny form, disintegrating the large hand as soon as it touched the light.

Just as the little fox breathed out a little more easily, the void beneath her foot trembled and an absolutely massive fissure crackled into existence. Leaping hellfire and infinite bony arms stretched out of that opening, all flailing for her.

Shrieking, the little fox shone brightly with the strength of the creation seed, shattering all of the skeletal arms. While her creation seed could handle those, it couldn't dispel hellfire. Thus, though she handled one threat, she was quickly surrounded by flames.

"The Hadal Hell!" Qing Han gasped with shock and recognition. The flames of the netherworld chasing her mistress came from that hell!

"Lu Yun you're an absolute bastard!" wailed the little fox. "You don't have to kill me if you don't want to take responsibility for your actions! I'm still a decent, young fox! I don't want to die yet!!"

Qing Han:

Boom!

A pillar of purple light descended from above and destroyed the fires surrounding the little fox. The fissure beneath her feet disappeared as well.

"Who goes there?!" Qing Han looked around with alarm, not seeing anyone in the vicinity.

Meanwhile, the little fox took advantage of the respite and shot off into the distance.

"Take human form to pass the tribulation!" a hoarse voice rasped in the air.

The little fox blinked.

"Take human form to pass the tribulation!" it urged again.

"Why should I believe you?!" she retorted automatically and bounded forward again. Miao was a fox at the heart of things, and she firmly believed that four legs ran much faster than two. Since there wasn't any way to meet this tribulation head-on, being able to run faster meant living longer.

However, a dense cluster of new fissures surrounded her before she could get too far. Geysers of hellfire, bony arm upon bony arm, and even skulls probed out of the cracks. Howling and snarling, they all grabbed for her.

"Take human—" This time, the voice was interrupted as soon as it sounded.

Rays of purple light descended from the void and pulverized the arms and heads.

"Away with you!" roared another voice that seemed to scare the blazing hellfire. They immediately retreated out of sight.

Tianqi arrived in front of the little fox, looking rather out of place with Quietus in hand. Purple light drifted around him—the purple qi that he'd once safeguarded.

“Auntie, master told me to come help you with the tribulation.” His eyes bright, Tianqi looked into the depths of the chaos, where there seemed to be a smear of purple. “Who are you?” he called out.

Chapter 1127: A String of Beads

Of Lu Yun’s four disciples, the only one to truly learn his craft and be able to practice the Method of Life and Death was Tianqi.

Once the ruler of the human hell, he’d controlled hellfire back in the day. Now with a second Karmic Tree as his nascent spirit, he could control hellfire again. The flame of the Hadal Hell was part of hellfire, so it naturally feared Tianqi.

As for the purple qi circling around him, Violetgrave had helped him refine it. It’d all become part of his body and one with his being. This qi was a product of the third realm that helped chaos creatures evade the energy of the worlds and enter them with impunity.

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“Who are you?” Hellfire burned in Tianqi’s eyes as he stared into the reaches of the chaos, searching for the purple figure.

On the eve before the destruction of human hell, a pillar of purple flame—similar to what he’d just witnessed—shattered hell with one blow during a massive battle. Though the fall of human dao was part of their plans, the ruin of its hell was a complete accident.

“Who was that just now?” The little fox resumed human form and stood next to Tianqi.

“He left.” Tianqi shook his head. “He’s the one who destroyed the hell of human dao... but I sense no malice from him. Auntie, you can refocus on overcoming the tribulation. I’ll stand guard over you.”

“Fine, fine,” grumbled the little fox, then asked wryly, “and how should I do that? Keep running for dear life?”

“...just sit tight and don’t move. I’ll handle the rest,” Tianqi chuckled ruefully. It was his first time seeing such a weird earthly tribulation. It could communicate with the Hadal Battlefront and use that hell as an origin point?

Given his previous authority over human hell, Tianqi was familiar with the Hadal Battlefront and the hell it’d become. The existences kept under lock and key there could make all of the chaos tremble.

However, there was no time to consider any of that now. He released his nascent spirit and summoned hellfire to subdue the quaking of the earthly tribulations.

All three of the heavenly, earthly, and human tribulations came from the third realm, so only power from the third realm could be used against them.

The ten Yama Kings, as summoned by the Tome of Life and Death, had dispelled Lu Yun’s heavenly tribulation. Since the Tome of Life and Death came from the even more sophisticated fourth realm, resolving that tribulation proved to be an easy task.

Qiu Luoyu possessed the creation seed and the even more terrifying dark fire from Violetgrave, which effortlessly dismantled the human tribulation.

Though Qing Han was only as strong as a sovereign, her true cultivation realm went beyond the chaos. Lu Yun had thought that she would be the perfect guardian for the little fox, but hadn't realized that she wouldn't be able to physically interact with the tribulation. Thus, he'd had to send Tianqi as hasty reinforcement.

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The little fox's earthly tribulation didn't last long after Tianqi arrived on the scene. Hellfire didn't dare approach them, and the bones from the Hadal Battlefield couldn't contend with his purple qi.

The ripples of the earthly tribulation fully faded away after roughly three hundred breaths.

"Mistress, are you alright?" Qing Han asked with great concern after everything quieted down.

"Eh? Mistress?" Tianqi blinked. "So master took you to his bed, after all?"

"I. am. still. a decent. and. unmarried. fox!" The little fox glared Tianqi into silence.

"Qing Han greets senior brother Tianqi." Qing Han raised a cupped fist salute at Tianqi. Though she was stronger than him, Lu Yun's past self had deemed her to be the fourth disciple.

"Ah, you must be junior sister Qing Han. There's no need for such formalities." Tianqi quickly returned the gesture. He knew of Qing Han's existence, but he'd been preoccupied with keeping the connate demon gods at the border of the chaos under control all this time. This was his first time actually seeing this junior sister.

"Eh? What's this?" The little fox opened her palm to see a string of beads sparkling with purple radiance. Thirty-six in total, they were strung together by a red silk string.

They seemed to be carved from some sort of wood and varied in size. Some were round, some were flat, and the overall product spoke of clumsy skills. However, the beads were also extremely smooth—a sign that they were often held and caressed.

"What is this and why is it suddenly in my hand?" The little fox was at a complete loss.

Qing Han jerked when she saw the beads and opened her mouth to say something, then snapped it shut again. The tension between her brows slowly faded away, replaced by a hint of happiness.

Both the little fox and Tianqi missed the change in her expression.

"It's so ugly, I wonder who made it." The little fox frowned at the beads. "But I also can't seem to bear to throw it away?"

She held the string of beads up to her face and gently rubbed her cheek against them. For some reason, her eyes grew wet.

"...why?" She regarded herself with surprise. Even her heart welled up with sadness, as if it was missing someone. However, she couldn't recall who that person was, or ought to be.

“The earthly tribulation has passed, you should go back now, Tianqi. Those connate demon gods aren’t a docile bunch.” The little fox carefully put the purple beads away.

“Alright, mistress, I’ll be going now.” Tianqi nodded back at her.

“Call me your aunt!” She glared heatedly at him.

“...Auntie.” Tianqi chuckled helplessly and released a blast of purple qi, vanishing on the spot.

Qing Han looked wordlessly at the little fox.

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With the human and earthly tribulations over, Lu Yun could fully relax on the Inception Spiritrial Arena. If either Tianqi or Qiu Luoyu had failed at their task, then he’d have had to send out the Bridge of Forgetfulness.

However, as strong as the bridge was, its true spirit was too weak to control its body. In the absence of control, it could only defeat enemies by smashing them to death with its first appearance. Anything after that required Lu Yun.

On the other hand, the bridge still possessed an aura that could crush sovereigns to death, even though it couldn’t move.

Lu Yun still battled Jin Gushen. The two were truly in the thick of things and sought to kill the other with every move. Their combat arts inched toward great perfection, every move and gesture filled with boundless profound meaning that spoke of the beginning of the chaos and the inception of all.

The divine sect and sacred palace disciples around the arena sank into deep thought.

“Ahhhhh!!” suddenly screamed a sixth level mortal realm disciple of the fire elemental divine sect as his eyeballs burst.

Chapter 1128: Thirty Percent of Power

No one cared that the eyeballs of a fire elemental disciple had burst. Even the nine divine sect leaders were completely unperturbed. All of them were fixated on the two combatants in the Inception Spiritrial Arena, greedily drinking in every move, gesture, and technique the two displayed.

This was a battle beyond the chaos.

Though both Lu Yun and Jin Gushen had yet to reach that realm, their battle was as if a fight between two young dragons. While they had yet to soar among the nine heavens, their combat arts were all of that level.

.....

Pop!

Pop!

Pop!

Eyeballs continuously burst among the nine divine sects and cultivators who'd caught word of the event and come to watch. Their minds and consciousness were unable to contain the dao methods and orders of the chaos emanating from the fight, so they stored what they saw in their eyeballs instead.

But at some unknown point... their eyeballs reached capacity as well.

These weren't intangible images, but dao and truth that truly existed and described the greatest truth beyond the chaos. Those with mediocre potential didn't think much of what they saw, while those with exceptional talent cherished this experience as one of the most valuable in their lives.

Of course, not everyone was qualified to come in contact with this level of knowledge. The eyes or even brains of those lacking in cultivation or potential exploded when they took in too much.

Many on the scene had already sat down cross-legged in meditation to digest this newly grasped wisdom, enhancing their cultivation level and strength.

Chi Wuxia abruptly scowled and stared keenly at the two in the arena.

"What is it?" asked his sect leader when he noted his disciple's expression.

"They're getting stronger... and they're starting to validate each other's cultivation!" he forced out through grit teeth.

These two were weaker than him in both cultivation level and battle strength, but they were well-matched in this battle to the death, which made it a perfect occasion to test and confirm one's cultivation achievements.

Though Chi Wuxia also studied a method beyond the chaos, there was no one with whom he could experiment his findings with. He wasn't willing to share this method with anyone else—not even his parents.

Lu Yun and Jin Gushen were now sparring to substantiate each other's methods and theories, confirming what was correct and revising what was off the mark. He was so jealous that fiery sparks almost spat forth from his eyes.

The fire elemental sect leader took a look at Chi Wuxia and said nothing more.

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Boom!

An enormous mushroom cloud followed a huge explosion from the arena.

"Yeah! This was great!" Jin Gushen yelled as he tumbled backward, landing heavily off of the Inception Spiritrial Arena.

Defeated!

For this last blow, Lu Yun gathered every bit of strength in his body to send his opponent flying. However, Jin Gushen's strength had also reached unfathomable heights. Lu Yun would've had to exert all of the strength from his dao fruit to actually kill his opponent.

But of course, he didn't actually want to kill Jin Gushen.

The two acted like they wanted to fight to the death, but if any of their moves actually broke through the other's defenses, they would've immediately come to a stop.

"I lost." Jin Gushen looked up at Lu Yun with a slight smile. Though he'd lost, he'd reaped so much from their battle. Not only had he obtained a method beyond the chaos, but he'd also created his own combat arts and secret methods during this fight.

"The honor was mine." Lu Yun raised a cupped fist salute. "Remember what I said, senior brother Jin."

"Mm." Jin Gushen blinked, then inclined his head before vanishing as a streak of golden light.

His sect leader opened his mouth to speak, wanting to keep the genius with him, but then recalled how Jin Gushen wasn't particularly close to the divine sect. In the end, he didn't say anything to have the genius stay.

After his all out battle with Jin Gushen, Lu Yun had fully released all of the immortal dao in his being. On the other side of the chaos, Qing Yu fashioned the immortal dao into a small path that was firmly rooted in this new realm and unobtrusively influencing everything within.

Lu Yun's sword dao had also reached great perfection. He only needed to use his dao fruit to take it one final step further and erase all of the flaws and oversights within it.

"It's done." Lu Yun breathed out in relief and quietly unsealed his dao fruit, resettling everything about his past life back onto himself.

The Inception Spiritrial Arena returned to being six thousand meters across and Lu Yun sat down in the middle, closing his eyes for some rest.

All was quiet around the arena as most cultivators were in a peculiar mental state, trying to comprehend the dao and truth released by the fight earlier.

"Chi Wuxia of the fire elemental divine sect presents my challenge!" A pillar of blazing light suddenly appeared in front of Lu Yun. Chi Wuxia looked at Lu Yun with blinding battle intent. He ardently desired an opponent who could validate his current level of cultivation. The Inception Spiritrial Arena and Lu Yun were the perfect whetstone!

Having just observed Lu Yun's battle with Jin Gushen, Chi Wuxia brimmed with self assurance. Though Lu Yun was strong, the boy wasn't his match yet and there were far too many flaws and insufficiencies in his sword dao and combat arts.

Seizing any one of those openings would give him a full chance to kill Lu Yun.

Many refocused on the arena when Chi Wuxia stepped forward; they'd gained a great deal from Jin Gushen's match with Lu Yun and the next challenge surely wouldn't disappoint. Rumor had it that Chi Wuxia had obtained a method beyond the chaos from the Tomb of Heaven and Earth! Surely he was stronger than Jin Gushen now!

“The name of the sacred lands is about to return. After this, the nine of us shall work together to become the unrivaled rulers of the chaos!” The nine sect leaders read pure confidence in each other’s eyes. Once their title was restored, their only enemy was the six sacred palaces.

They’d be able to defy the sacred palaces if they possessed their own sovereigns.

“Chi Wuxia of the fire elemental divine sect!” Lu Yun nodded slightly. “It’s said that you tie for first with Jin Gushen on the Elemental Rankings. If Jin Gushen wasn’t a match for me, then you...”

“Jin Gushen?” Chi Wuxia curled his lip. “What the fuck is that guy? He ties with me simply because I can’t be bothered with him.”

“Oh, is that so?” Lu Yun tilted his head. “I barely won by a move just now, so if you’re stronger than him, then you’ll be able to defeat me?”

Chi Wuxia curved his lip arrogantly and placed his hands behind his back. “Don’t you worry, I’ll use only thirty percent of my power so you aren’t too humiliated in defeat.”

He raised a hand and wagged three fingers at Lu Yun.

“Alright, since senior brother Chi is so confident, I won’t hold back.” Lu Yun bobbed his head at Chi Wuxia, knowing that the man was no fool. He was acting this way to force out Lu Yun’s full strength.

Chapter 1129: The Strongest Defense

The delegations of the six sacred palaces stirred uneasily. Not only were Chi Wuxia’s words aimed at Lu Yun, but they also targeted every sacred palace disciple present.

Qiu Luoyu had foiled Chi Wuxia’s challenge of Wen Jian in the Tomb of Heaven and Earth. Regardless, everyone knew that if it hadn’t been for the wandering cultivator, Wen Jian would’ve been dead without a doubt that day.

Wen Jian was the personal disciple of the Inception monarch, so many times stronger than Luo Chen—who Lu Yun had defeated in front of the sacred prince palace. None of the monarch’s personal disciples nursed the desire to be the Inception prince, which was why they had been nowhere to be found when the mob besieged Lu Yun’s doors.

Now that someone stronger than Wen Jian was here to challenge Lu Yun, even those who’d personally witnessed Lu Yun’s strength grew a little nervous. They’d all witnessed Lu Yun’s fight with Jin Gushen, but here, Chi Wuxia said that he would use only thirty percent of his strength.

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Lu Yun didn’t care what the others thought; he walked up to his new opponent and flashed a broad grin. Chi Wuxia blinked, but before he could respond with anything, Lu Yun raised his right hand.

Smack!

A crisp slap sounded out as Chi Wuxia flew backwards, crashing heavily into the ground thirty meters away, his left cheek painfully swollen.

Jaws dropped around the arena.

Chi Wuxia struggled to a seated position and held his cheek, staring dumbly at Lu Yun. He had no idea what'd just happened.

"Eh? What are you doing, senior brother Chi? Are you letting your junior get a hit in?" Lu Yun exclaimed with surprise. "I was just probing you, why didn't you dodge? Thankfully I didn't hit hard, or your head would've been smashed open."

"You little bastard!" Chi Wuxia flew into a rage. He leapt to his feet and charged Lu Yun, releasing a dark gray flame from his body that formed a humanoid figure behind him. This was plainly a great combat art, but he kept himself in check and used only thirty percent of his power.

When he reached his opponent, Lu Yun raised his right hand again.

Smack!

Chi Wuxia tumbled to the ground after arcing through the air, his great combat art dispersed as well.

"Eh? What's this, senior brother? Are you letting your junior get a second hit in?" Lu Yun goggled with incredulity.

The crowd rustled with uncertainty. Two face slaps that'd sent Chi Wuxia flying... Was he really going easy on Lu Yun?

"Wuxia! Use your full strength!" a frowning Nirvana princess suddenly called out from her delegation. Though Chi Wuxia was fighting for the nine divine sects, he was still her son.

Eyes bloodshot with rage, Chi Wuxia crawled up from the ground. The dark gray flame burned so hotly that it was almost a deep amethyst.

"I've underestimated you, prince of Inception Palace." He was immune to face slaps after the barrage of abuse outside the Tomb of Heaven and Earth. Chi Wuxia had treated that as mental tempering, which was the same perspective that he took now. This would hone his mental fortitude, and all be negated as long as he defeated and then viciously humiliated his opponent.

Dark amethyst flames danced around him as he propelled his strength to its utmost. However, he still kept his word and used only thirty percent of it.

Step by measured step, Chi Wuxia approached Lu Yun. He raised his right hand and slammed it across Lu Yun's face. The epitome of speed—even the chaos currents over the arena rang with an explosive pop.

Smack!

The sound of hand connecting with face echoed in the void as a figure shot out parallel to the ground and crashed in a cloud of dust.

"Chi Wuxia also slapped the Inception prince?" It'd happened too quickly for some to get a good look. How had a proper battle to the death turned into one of slapping each other?

"No, the Inception prince is still standing right where he was!"

"Then the one sent flying..."

The crowd focused their gazes and saw Chi Wuxia sprawled on the ground, struggling to get up. His right cheek was grotesquely swollen now, as if a large bun had been stuffed inside.

“Senior brother Chi, not only do you use only thirty percent of your strength, but you let me get three hits in and take my moves with your face. You’re the strongest expert of the nine divine sects alright! Your magnanimity is as great as the chaos sea. This junior brother stands in awe and veneration!” Lu Yun raised a cupped fist salute with utmost seriousness.

His words left people spinning with confusion. Had Chi Wuxia really given these three moves to the Inception prince and even used his face as a target dummy?

“AhhhHHHH!!” A beet red Chi Wuxia sprang up from the ground, his previously resolute will entirely shattered. Slapping him thrice and then saying that he’d used his face to take the brat’s attacks?! Was this an insult??

Chi Wuxia’s composure was completely destroyed. This was death via words instead of a physical offensive!

Whoosh!

Blazing like an amethyst colored bonfire, every inch of Chi Wuxia’s skin and every strand of his hair burned savagely.

“Die!!” In the full throes of fury, he was using all of his strength—a power so formidable that it instantly made the arena transform itself into a world again. Before even the notion of an eye blink occurred, Chi Wuxia had swooped down on Lu Yun in the shape of an amethyst bird.

A nirvana phoenix!

He was the son of the Nirvana princess; she and Wei Yuan were both nirvana phoenixes. Having inherited her bloodline, that gave Chi Wuxia the ability to transform into one. The great combat art of that race and the method beyond the chaos that he controlled began to meld together, forming a brand new combat art.

Surging amethyst flames threatened to swallow Lu Yun and his patch of the ground whole. However...

Smack!!

Another face slap rang out, breaking Chi Wuxia’s combat art and sending him flying back out in human form. Thus spelled his perfect defeat.

It was so quiet around the Inception Spiritrial Arena that a pin drop would be deafening. Everyone gaped at Chi Wuxia in the arena. Another slap? But Chi Wuxia had exerted all of his strength just now!

What kind of monster was this Inception prince?

“Senior brother Chi, you used your full strength in the end, didn’t you?” Lu Yun walked over while Chi Wuxia was still struggling on the ground and looked loftily down at him. “How come Jin Gushen could match me in battle and barely lose, but you only use your face as a shield?”

Lu Yun frowned with deep thought. “Is thick skin your strongest defense? My hand is a bit sore, so you haven’t really lost, senior brother.”

Chapter 1130: Humiliation

Lu Yun held his hand high and spun in all four directions, displaying his palm to the crowd.

“Senior brother Chi Wuxia’s facial defense is very strong indeed. Look! My hand’s swollen from it!” he proclaimed with grave solemnity while Chi Wuxia wanted to vomit blood.

If he didn’t emerge the victor today, he’d be the butt of all of the jokes in the chaos even if he died after a valiant showing in the arena.

“Have you heard? Chi Wuxia—you know, the greatest genius of the nine divine sects—his strongest defense is thick skin!”

“Yeah, I have! His skin is so thick that it made the Inception prince’s hand swell up!”

“No wonder Huo Shentong and Jin Gushen are both ranked lower than him. Their skin isn’t as thick as his...”

There would undoubtedly be quips like these after today, ones that included the fire elemental divine sect as well. Maybe it’d just be called the fire elemental sect then.

Chi Wuxia bounded up from the ground with alarmed haste, but when he reached a meter in height, Lu Yun forcefully waved his arm and sent another face slap thundering his way.

The fire elemental disciple plowed back into the ground, creating a human-shaped hole in the arena.

“I thought I’d smash your head like a melon with this slap.” Lu Yun frowned at his hand. “It looks like I’ve underestimated your strongest defense still. You are quite formidable indeed.”

Disoriented and head spinning from the slap, Chi Wuxia asked absentmindedly, “Strongest defense?”

“Your thick skin,” Lu Yun answered matter-of-factly.

“Hahaha. HAAAAH!!” Raucous laughter exploded around them as the six palaces held their bellies and slapped each other on the back. Even the nine divine sects couldn’t help some chuckles.

“AHHH!!” Chi Wuxia realized that he’d been mocked once again and struggled with impotent fury to get to his feet.

Smack!

Out came another face slap to slam him back down.

“Enough!” the Nirvana princess spoke up. “Prince of Inception Palace, it only requires the head hitting the ground to kill someone. Why must you humiliate Chi Wuxia like this?!”

Any fool could tell by now that Lu Yun was doing this on purpose. His cultivation was far superior to his opponent’s, so much so that Chi Wuxia couldn’t last even one move from him!

No one felt that they understood the situation at hand. Lu Yun had been evenly matched with Jin Gushen earlier, so why could he so easily walk over Chi Wuxia like this? Or was Chi Wuxia the same as Huo Zongxing of the fire origin divine sect, both of them strutting around with unearned reputations?

But Chi Wuxia possessed a glorious battle record and had killed countless vicious chaos beasts. There was nothing to doubt about his strength.

Then... the only explanation was that the Inception prince was too strong.

“Humiliate Chi Wuxia?” Lu Yun dropped the act and stared coldly at the Nirvana princess. “That’s right, I’m going to wipe the ground with his face. What can you do about it?”

“You!!” Killing intent flashed across the Nirvana princess’ face at the temerity of Lu Yun targeting her.

Smack!

Lu Yun delivered another ringing slap, one that knocked all of Chi Wuxia’s teeth out of his mouth.

The crowd looked askance at each other. Why had the Inception prince suddenly blown up at the Nirvana princess?

The six sacred palaces had shown up to support him because he was only sixth level mortal realm. His actions now were answering kindness with ingratitude.

“Or does the Nirvana princess wish to have a go in the ring?” Lu Yun walked over and carefully placed a foot right on Chi Wuxia’s face, then shot a frosty glare at the Nirvana princess.

“You humiliate Chi Wuxia because of me?” A gray flame rose in her eyes.

Instead of responding, Lu Yun put his weight on his foot, drawing a frown from the Nirvana princess.

“I know that the nirvana phoenixes possess a combat art of rebirth. You hide a strand of soul force somewhere in the chaos, so that it can be reborn into a new whole if you die,” Lu Yun said instead.

The phoenixes of the world of immortals possessed a similar combat art, but a castrated version. They split part of their souls out, limiting their potential in the process and preventing themselves from practicing the art to its fullest due to an incomplete soul.

The demise of the phoenixes in the world of immortals had been both due to the curse and because of this art of rebirth. The nirvana phoenixes, however, possessed the art in its entirety. Extracting a strand of soul force didn’t impact the soul.

As he possessed the bloodline of a nirvana phoenix, so did Chi Wuxia also possess their combat art. This was why those of Nirvana Palace hadn’t thought he’d died when his soul lamp went out—his soul force didn’t grow back into a new whole.

Given his complete defeat at Lu Yun’s hands, his mother was debating how to provoke Lu Yun so that the Inception prince would kill Chi Wuxia. Rebirth would free her son from this situation.

Lu Yun didn’t fall for it and exposed her instead.

“Prince of Inception Palace, I believe I haven’t offended you, so why do you treat my son this way?” asked the Nirvana princess with a sigh.

“Haven’t offended me? What about Wei Yuan?” Lu Yun demanded coolly. “Wei Yuan turned in his method beyond the chaos, so what crime has he done for you to extract his nirvana phoenix bloodline and cripple his cultivation?!”

Wei Yuan!

Lu Yun was tormenting Chi Wuxia all for Wei Yuan!

Of the Six Royals, the other four were immediately elevated to core disciples when they returned to their sacred palaces. They also shared their reflections beyond the chaos with their faction.

But Wei Yuan didn’t even see the Nirvana monarch before he was imprisoned by his princess. His cultivation was summarily destroyed and his nirvana phoenix bloodline extracted. If it wasn’t for the princess wanting the Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals, Wei Yuan would’ve died long ago.

Due to their practice of this formation, there was a subtle connection between the Six Royals. If any of them ran into trouble, the other five would immediately sense it. Lu Yun and Qing Yu had employed formula dao to derive the specifics of Wei Yuan’s situation.

Of course, the Nirvana princess didn’t know that the formula dao existed. Otherwise, she only needed to take a few simple preventative measures to conceal her actions.

“Nonsense!” some Nirvana disciples instantly refuted. “Her Highness sent Wei Yuan to cultivate in the Nirvana Sea of Flames after he offered up his method to the palace. He’s a core disciple now!”

“Be careful of what you speak of, prince of Inception Palace! There is no room for nonsense here!”

Though Lu Yun was the Inception prince, he was only sixth level mortal realm. As stunning as his feats were in the Inception Spiritual Arena, even Chi Wuxia would be able to crush him with a finger once all this was over, to say nothing of the abundant Nirvana experts.

“Besides, even if Wei Yuan’s been crippled and locked away, that would be due to certain crimes he’s committed. An outsider has no place in the internal affairs of Nirvana Palace!” Nirvana disciples were disgruntled with Lu Yun’s humiliation of Chi Wuxia to begin with, so this was the perfect opportunity for them to take a stand.

“I don’t care about your internal matters, but Wei Yuan is my friend. Since your princess is torturing him, then I’ll torture her son!”

Craaack!

Lu Yun leaned heavily on his foot and drew forth a series of teeth numbing cracks from Chi Wuxia’s face. However, Chi Wuxia set his jaw and refused to scream.