

Necropolis 1171

Chapter 1171: The Shard of Mount Tai

“That’s right, this abyss was refined from the core essence of the Abyssal Hell!” the lizard-dragon quickly piped up when he heard Lu Yun’s murmuring.

It was well and truly afraid of the human now. When even the strength of the abyss couldn’t defeat the little monster in front of it, the lizard truly accepted its defeat. It wouldn’t dare move on Lu Yun now even if the human lay gravely injured on the ground.

Reality had riddled its confidence full of holes; the human had become its everlasting nightmare and would never be erased from its consciousness.

Lu Yun took in the lizard-dragon’s mood through the Karmic Tree.

“It looks like the Abyssal Hell truly has shattered,” Lu Yun sighed and looked at the Sanguine Flame that’d returned to the oil lamp. The hint of consciousness from it had entered a quiet state, as if digesting the zombie king that it’d just devoured.

“Alright, let’s talk about you then.” Lu Yun looked solemnly at the lizard-dragon. “Do you want to die, or do you want to die? Do you want to die, or do you want to have your corpse stink for ten thousand years after you die?”

He waved two jade talismans around.

The lizard-dragon looked dumbly at Lu Yun and didn’t have a response.

“I’m young, I don’t want to die...” it replied weakly after a long moment.

“So you want to have your corpse stink for ten thousand years?” Lu Yun answered with a half smile.

“...WAHH! I don’t want to die or have my corpse stink for ten thousand years! Wahhhh!” The bawling lizard-dragon flopped in front of Lu Yun and tightly clutched the human’s thigh. The youth had already beaten it twice in a row, there was no shame in crying over spilled milk—er, dragon.

It couldn’t return to Dragonhollow Mountain anymore. It’d failed its mission and lost the abyss—it would certainly be skinned alive when it returned and made into a stuffed lizard.

“If you don’t want to die, then you want to live?” A disdainful Lu Yun kicked it aside and dusted off the tears and snot on his pants with a firm shake of immortal power.

“Uh huh uh huh uh huh!” The lizard-dragon bobbed its head rapidly, like a chicken looking for corn. “I, I can swear loyalty to milord!”

It was the first time it’d voiced this sentiment, and it’d appeared only when Lu Yun crushed the zombie king. If it’d harbored even a little bit of hope in turning things around, it would never surrender to Lu Yun.

“Swear loyalty to me?” Lu Yun snorted. “I don’t keep around lazy moochers.”

“I’m not a moocher! I’m a dragon, so I’d be a lazy dragon!”

Lu Yun's expression sank. "So you really were planning on mooching off me, huh?"

The lizard-dragon trembled violently. "No, no, no! I'm really good in a fight! I can be your henchdragon—er, henchman, milord! With this abyss here, I can rival even a regular king or two of the Hongmeng!"

"Oh? So not only do you want to laze around, but you want this abyss as well?" Lu Yun sneered meaningfully.

"No, no, no! I don't want the abyss!" The lizard-dragon almost burst into tears.

"Alright, that's enough bullshit. Come inside." Lu Yun waved a hand and opened the Gates of the Abyss.

A sinister wind came howling through the doors and sent violent tremors down the lizard-dragon. It knew that the strange human's headquarters lay behind the ominous doors.

"Milord, do you need my nascent spirit to keep me in check?" the lizard-dragon asked carefully.

"Do I need to use that kind of method to control you?" Lu Yun flicked a glance at the lizard-dragon.

It trembled again and scuttled through the gates.

"Keep your head down and your nose to yourself once you're inside. My kingdom of hell is a world derived from the Hadal Hell. You're just the bottom of the totem pole in there," Lu Yun warned the lizard-dragon as the doors creaked shut.

Though hell was derived from the Hadal Hell, its level of existence far exceeded its origins as it was also formed with the rules from the Tome of Life and Death. Now that his kingdom had broken free from the Hadal Hell and entered a stage of high paced development, the potential of his kingdom was greater than the world of immortals.

As for the lizard-dragon, its strength was still constrained by the Bridge of Forgetfulness. There were plenty of entities in hell that could use it as a punching bag.

Lu Yun didn't want its nascent spirit as it was too strong; the lizard-dragon was second to only kings of the third realm. Lu Yun didn't have anything that could constrain its nascent spirit other than the Tome of Life and Death and Bridge of Forgetfulness.

Qing Han couldn't do it either. She'd only just exceeded the chaos in her prime.

As for Lu Yun himself, though he'd become one with his past self and retained everything of the mythological era—thus propelling him to the cultivation of a Hongmeng king, his own nascent spirit was still in the empyrean realm. It was wholly insufficient for controlling the lizard-dragon's nascent spirit.

If he had the bridge do it, it'd probably accidentally smash the lizard-dragon out of existence given its lack of control over its body.

Therefore, it was best to have his experts in hell "educate" the lizard-dragon, letting it discover just how many experts he had under his banner. With that, the creature would even build his reputation for him if it returned to the third realm one day.

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The departure of the lizard-dragon left the abyss empty. Lu Yun carefully put away the oil lamp containing the Sanguine Flame and summoned the Tome of Life and Death.

Blazing hellfire instantly filled the abyss. The Abyssal Hell was gone, leaving behind only a deep crack in the ground. If Lu Yun wanted to return this terrain to its origins and have it become a hell again, he needed hellfire—the Abyssal Flame.

Lu Yun didn't know if the Abyssal Flame had completely gone out, so he could only use his Hadal Flame to probe the surroundings.

The fires of the Hadal Hell reached all corners of the abyss that was bigger than an entire world.

"Though this abyss is alive, it is dead as a hell. The fire of the Abyssal Hell has been entirely extinguished," Lu Yun sighed with regret. If he could've revived the Abyssal Hell, then he would've controlled three hells and his future full of boundless potential.

"Hmm? Wait!" His eyes widened and he vanished on the spot, reappearing elsewhere in the abyss.

A small ripple of power pulsed here, blocking the strength of the Hadal Hell. It was a tiny spot of light, no bigger than a palm, but it rejected the blazing hellfire around it.

"This is..." Lu Yun sucked in a sharp breath when he saw the light. "A fragment of Mount Tai! And it comes from the mountain's core essence! This is something that hellfire can't damage!"

Strong joy flashed across Lu Yun's face. With a piece of Mount Tai here, there was a chance that the Abyssal Hell could resurrect from its ashes. After all, the god of Mount Tai happened to be his disciple!

Chapter 1172: A New Creator

"This entire abyss evolved from this fragment of Mount Tai. That makes it the core of this area, and it remained undiscovered by the zombie king and lizard-dragon all along. It probably wouldn't have materialized if I wasn't refining the abyss with hellfire."

Neither the zombie king nor lizard-dragon had fully controlled the abyss. Though it was no longer hell, it still carried the same attributes and the same robust strength. If the lizard-dragon had obtained this fragment, it would've easily broken through the seal from the Bridge of Forgetfulness.

What a shame that there were no ifs, ands, or buts in life.

Lu Yun reached out and closed his hand around the small fragment. There was no sense of repulsion from it. On the contrary, it exuded a very intimate and joyous feeling.

"This fragment belongs to Tianqi's past life, alright," Lu Yun sighed gently.

Tianqi's past life had been an unparalleled existence of the fourth realm. Sadly, that great one had died and reincarnated as the new god of Mount Tai. The one now overseeing the Great Peak of the Five Hells and in charge of all five hells was Tianqi.

Lu Yun was Tianqi's master in this life and shared a karmic relationship with the mountain god. Thus, any power left behind by Tianqi's past life would naturally be close to Lu Yun.

Strength from the Tome of Life and Death enveloped the fragment and easily refined it, turning the abyss into Lu Yun's world.

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"Though this abyss is a real world, its core essence is a passage." Lu Yun carefully sent his senses around the abyss after refining it and discovered that its very bottom was connected to another locale—the third realm, the Hongmeng!

"I see, I see!" A fine sheen of sweat beaded his forehead.

Once the world of immortals grew to the point of being able to endure power from the third realm, experts of the Hongmeng would descend upon the world of immortals through this abyss.

At that time, the world would belong to the creatures of the third realm. Once they arrived, there would be none in the world of immortals who would be able to match them!

No one in the chaos had been able to rise beyond and reach the Hongmeng since the age of the mythological realm, to say nothing of the world of immortals.

Thankfully, the lizard-dragon didn't know what the heavyweights of its realm were planning. If it'd quietly bided its time in our world and gone with the flow, it might've succeeded.

For now, Lu Yun left the abyss alone and merely redirected its connection from the end of the East Sea to his hell.

After breaking free of the Hadal Hell, hell was stronger than before. With both hellfire and the Karmic Tree in residence, Lu Yun was certain that before long, not even kings of the third realm would be able to throw their weight around in the netherworld.

"Hmph!" a cold snort echoed in the abyss.

Lu Yun shifting the other end of the abyss out of the world of immortals naturally drew attention from the experts of the third realm. Thus marked the failure of his new plan at its inception. Those of the Hongmeng were no fools. Though they couldn't personally visit the abyss, nothing that happened to it would escape their notice.

"Someone from Dragonhollow Mountain?" Lu Yun lowered his head and peered at the depths of the abyss.

A dragon's head had appeared there at some time, one far different than any of the dragon race that Lu Yun had seen thus far. It didn't resemble one out of the Chinese legends, but looked like a dinosaur's head.

That didn't surprise Lu Yun much. The lizard-dragon's appearance took after a large lizard, which was also a type of dinosaur.

Dinosaurs had also once existed on Earth, evident in the fossils excavated from the land. No one knew what precise period they'd existed in. Though it was public knowledge that an asteroid had caused their distinction, this Earth was different from the Earth that Lu Yun was familiar with, so the extinction of dinosaurs was likewise a mystery.

The dinosaur's head in front of him looked like that of a Tyrannosaurus Rex, but it was many times bigger and filled the entire bottom of the abyss.

Lu Yun had put away the Bridge of Forgetfulness. If that dragon dared enter the abyss, he would smash the bridge down on it and capture it as well.

However, it only took a glance at Lu Yun before shrinking back. It didn't enter the abyss proper.

Kaboom.

A certain power blasted the other end of the abyss and severed its connection to the Hongmeng. Plainly, that dragon had watched how Lu Yun had killed the zombie king and subdued the lizard-dragon.

"Damn shame. It looks like the creatures of the third realm are all craftier one after another. It won't be that easy to plot against them." Lu Yun smacked his lips with pity. He didn't have a way to enter the third realm at the moment. No one could, when their strength didn't reach that level.

With that, he put the abyss away and returned to the end of the East Sea.

It was an expanse of cerulean blue again. The polluted sea waters, as well as the marine monster spirits that'd come under the abyss' control, were all back to normal.

However, nothing would restore the destroyed monster courts. Lu Yun could only collect their fragmented souls from the four oceans to the best of his abilities and send them to the sea of Hell Flowers for rebirth.

The unrest of the four seas was thus quelled, and the hidden threat to the divine race forever erased.

Spectacular rays of divine light dawned over Exalted Major. The moment the abyss melded into hell, a pillar of divine light soared to the heavens. The ruined Exalted court appeared once more, transforming into a new existence—the primordial divine court.

This was the divine court that the primordial divine race had established!

Boom!

Terrifying rays of sword qi exploded out of the boundless sword marsh at the southernmost tip of Dusk Province. An enormous sword shadow rose into the air and pierced through to the outer realms!

The Sword Barrow!

Having buried the primordial divine civilization, the Sword Barrow finally cast off the last of its restraints and soared into the outer realms with the past glories of the ancient court.

Within the outer realms, Exalted Celestial Lord Dongfang Hao let loose with two piercing rays of sword light when he opened his eyes. The Sword of Chaos flared with piercing splendor that almost vied with the fire of the immortal dao in the cosmos!

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"The Sword Barrow has struggled free of its restraints and the primordial divine race's glory has returned to the world. This sword heart should go back to fellow daoist as well." Within Mount

Xuanhuang, the dean of sword dao, Zhao Wushuang, suddenly opened her eyes and hand. A sword shadow shot up into the outer realms, sinking into Dongfang Hao's body.

He shook violently as his cultivation progressed like a hot knife through butter, instantly reaching a brand new realm—creator!

He was a new creator among the world of immortals!

Chapter 1173: The Last Hell

The world of immortals also possessed creators at the moment, but all of them—apart from Pangu and God—were from the Dao Academy that Lu Yun had nurtured.

Today, Celestial Lord of the Exalted Major, Dongfang Hao, publicly broke through chaos realm and ascended to that legendary realm. This raised morale in the outer realms to new heights and further strengthened the confidence of the immortals.

The creator realm really did exist and was attainable by all! It wasn't just an empty dream drawn on a canvas of far fetched promises!

"Congratulations, fellow daoist!" congratulated the lords of the other thirty-two facets.

"I am truly unworthy. I broke through to creator realm only due to the honors bequeathed by our forebearers and the strength of the ancient divine court," Dongfang Hao responded with a round of humility. "I obtained much inspiration when I ascended just now. Fellow daoists, please share in them with me!"

He waved a hand and gifted a copy of his reflections to creator realm to the other lords.

Qing Taxian and the others immediately sat down cross-legged to peruse this enormous gift. Meanwhile, the lords of the nine hells looked at each other and didn't fall into meditation. Realization dawning on Dongfang Hao, he looked at them with visible shock. It was only now that he noticed the lords of the nine hells had reached creator realm long ago. They'd just concealed it from the public eye all this time!

"The headmaster has undone fellow daoist's tribulation to creator realm. He has transformed it to the pure light of virtue, so be sure not to let this fortuitous opportunity slip through your fingers, fellow daoist," Mo Yi suddenly spoke up in reminder.

Dongfang Hao started and quickly assumed a seated position himself, just in time for a pillar of golden light to descend from the heavens and blast into his body. His new cultivation realm instantly stabilized.

Immortals needed to undergo a heavenly tribulation when they reached creator realm, but Lu Yun had enveloped the world of immortals with the Karmic Tree. He didn't care about any other tribulation, but those having to do with the creator realm were absorbed by the tree and distilled into the pure light of virtue for the immortal in question.

With the Hadal Hell out of the netherworld, there was no longer anything constraining the Karmic Tree. Its rate of growth raced to an incredible level, whereupon it could fully deploy the strength belonging to such a fearsome treasure of goodwill and retribution.

Absorbing and refining heavenly tribulations... If the tree could fully mature and take root in the immortal dao, it would be able to command and direct heavenly tribulations!

As they lived in unique times, Lu Yun was compelled to use the Karmic Tree to cheat a little for new creators, preventing demise or injury in their tribulations.

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Another ten years passed by in the blink of an eye.

In the one hundred and twenty-third year of the Xuanhuang calendar, surging tides of yin spirits once more exploded out of the fissure in space and bayed for the blood and qi of living beings.

However, the world of immortals was a far cry from what it'd once been after twenty years of breathing space. Apart from formula dao, the holistic strength of the world had also risen to an entirely new level.

The immortals were even able to set up a line of defense in the outer realms to break the momentum of the charging yin spirits. Regardless, no one dared let their guard down. The enemy could still break through the fortifications if they relaxed and cause devastating destruction to their home.

This enormous battlefield was named the Immortal Realm Battlefield.

Lu Yun took personal command for twenty-one years, repelling charge after charge until the situation stabilized in the one hundred and forty-fourth year of the Xuanhuang calendar. Once the immortal armies found their footing and could reliably rebuff the yin spirits, he departed for the far reaches of space.

He hadn't seen Qing Yu in thirty years.

He'd wanted to pay a visit twenty-one years ago, when Sol Truefire went out among the stars. However, the Immortal Realm Battlefield had just taken shape then and he had to hold down the fort. Though he hadn't planned for the battlefield to take shape, it was molded by the culmination of experiences from his past self and various modern methods as derived from the secret arts of the mythological realm.

Without Lu Yun's presence, the Immortal Realm Battlefield wouldn't have come together. Or even if it had, it would've been swiftly overrun.

The creation and preservation of these battle lines were a clear declaration that the world of immortals would not be snuffed out by the dark.

Given the new equilibrium, the lords of the thirty-three facets returned to their domains as there was no need for them to personally oversee the outer realms. With their guidance, the world set foot into a new era. Though dangers still lurked covetously from the shadows, the world had successfully come to terms with their age old enemy.

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Violet radiance sparkled around the spatial node in space, thoroughly concealing it. Only the Violetgrave sword hovered in that spot; Qing Yu was nowhere to be found.

Horror flooded into Lu Yun to find the scene empty like this.

“Where’s Little Yu?” his voice shook.

“She’s already left.” Violetgrave yawned lazily and walked out of the haze of violet light.

She seemed a little different this time. Though she wore the same violet silk dress and still padded around barefoot, Lu Yun’s keen senses noted that she somehow seemed more real than before, as opposed to the inscrutable mysterious entity that’d always been shrouded by mist.

“Where’s Little Yu gone?” While he noted the changes in Violetgrave, he was more concerned about Qing Yu. She would’ve said something to him if she’d left under normal circumstances. She would never leave without sending word.

“Where she should be.” Violetgrave stretched mightily. “You need to work hard at cultivating. When she returns, she’ll probably be far stronger than you.”

Lu Yun’s eyes darted forebodingly around the scene.

“Alright, alright, stop looking so murderous. In order to thank you for freeing me, I gifted my foundations in the Hongmeng to her. She’s currently impersonating me as a king of the Hongmeng,” Violetgrave explained merrily. She was completely at ease and relaxed, as if she’d finally been released from a burden she’d labored under for a long time.

“Huh?” Lu Yun didn’t really understand.

“Do you know what I am?” Violetgrave pointed at her nose.

“What are you?” Lu Yun repeated blankly.

“I am Netherdark.” Violetgrave raised her chin proudly.

“Netherdark?” Lu Yun was no closer to understanding.

“Hadal, Sanguine, Abyssal, Nihil... Netherdark! I am Netherdark!” Violetgrave arched a brow. “I am the last hell of the five hells, the Netherdark Hell! If my nether fire and dark fire are recombined, they will be the complete Netherdark Flame!”

Lu Yun’s jaw dropped. Violetgrave is the fifth hell?!

“The Hadal Hell oversees souls, collecting the souls and true spirits of the living.

“The Sanguine Hell oversees blood, collecting the blood of the living. That boundless Blood Sea is actually one of its treasures.

“The Abyssal Hell oversees flesh, collecting the bodies of the living after they die and consigning them to the abyss.

“The Nihil Hell oversees the mind, collecting the minds of the deceased and sending them to the void,” Violetgrave relayed with a smile.

“What about you?” Lu Yun frowned. Based on what she was saying, his kingdom of hell was the combination of the Hadal, Sanguine, Abyssal, and Nihil Hells.

“Me?” Violetgrave adopted a cryptic tone. “I’m different from the other four hells. I bury not the living, but civilizations. When civilizations die, they come into my hands.”

Chapter 1174: Root of the World

“Bury civilizations!” Lu Yun mouthed.

“That’s right, I bury civilizations.” Violetgrave’s eyes glittered brightly, completely devoid of her usual sleepy look, though she still habitually yawned and stretched.

“Are the four other hells alive like you?” Lu Yun asked after thinking about it.

Violetgrave shook her head gently. “I am the only living being of the five hells. What the Netherdark Hell buries should be more accurately termed the wisdom of all life, rather than its civilizations.

“It is because of this collective wisdom that I was born. As for the other four... well, they all collect dead things.”

“Why are you telling me this?” Lu Yun didn’t understand the reason for their exchange. Violetgrave had never talked about where she came from or what she was. She’d only ever said that she was Violetgrave. Just Violetgrave.

Lu Yun had always thought that the five hells were prisons used by the great masters of the fourth realm, and that Tianqi had once been their warden.

This now looked to be the furthest thing from the truth.

“Because I am free now!” Uncontrollable excitement flashed through Violetgrave’s eyes as she looked at Lu Yun. “I am finally free from being a hell. I am my own being with my own sense of self!

“Do you recall what I said to you when you wanted me to keep watch over the World Gates? That if you don’t take me away before the gates broke, I’d turn into something more frightening than those yin spirits?”

“Because of the Nihil Hell?” Lu Yun instantly grasped where she was leading to.

All of the yin spirits in the cosmos came from the Nihil Hell, which also happened to be devouring the Sanguine Hell. If Violetgrave had remained by the World Gates when they broke, she would’ve been easily corrupted by the Nihil Hell and turned into another horrifying nest of evil.

“That’s right.” Violetgrave nodded and continued gently, “I’ve been fighting that existence in the Nihil Hell all these years. I make my deals so I can obtain sufficient quantities of powerful souls and withstand what occupies that hell.”

“Souls?” Lu Yun blinked.

“That’s right, souls!” Violetgrave nodded. “Only civilization and wisdom from living souls is true civilization and wisdom by which I can fully deploy my power. However, I don’t need souls anymore.”

“Because of me?” Lu Yun quickly connected the dots.

“That’s right, because of you.” Violetgrave nodded. “The power of the Hadal, Sanguine, and Abyssal Hells are all on you and you’ve inherited a part of my power. With the four great hells gathered together and native resistance from the Nihil Hell, we’ve managed to suppress that thing.

“I have also been released from being an entity of hell because of you. I am a true living being now, so I am no longer threatened by that one.”

“I’ve inherited part of your power?” Lu Yun blinked. “Though we’ve made deals before, I’ve never personally received any of your power.”

“What do you think the underworld is?” Violetgrave asked with a smile.

Pausing, Lu Yun nodded with a rueful chuckle.

The underworld... was probably part of the Netherdark Hell, seeing as they shared the same character for dark in their names. Lu Yun’s Xing Chen replica had been a holy king of the underworld and received its legacy. That legacy had been power from the Netherdark Hell.

Since Violetgrave had taken the Netherdark Flame with her, the underworld had remained the underworld instead of becoming the Netherdark Hell.

Regardless, the underworld still fulfilled the duties of the Netherdark Hell, swallowing civilization after civilization in the chaos—as represented by various tombs of heaven and earth dotting its landscape.

“Alright, since the Hadal, Sanguine, Abyssal, and half of the Nihil Hells are all in your hands, I will also give you the Netherdark Hell,” Violetgrave concluded after some thought.

“No!” Lu Yun hastily shook his head. “Even the god of Mount Tai, ruler of the Great Peak of the Five Hells, died because of his post. Do you want to assure that I die a grisly death by gifting the Netherdark Hell to me?”

Violetgrave blinked, not having anticipated that Lu Yun would refuse.

“I don’t want the underworld or the core essence of your Netherdark Hell either. Do whatever it is you should do, I’ll find a way to get rid of the four hells too when the time comes! Too much is wrapped up with these hells, don’t try to dump other people’s responsibilities in my lap!

“And, Tianqi died in his past life, he’s a brand new Tianqi now. Don’t try to levy him with the duties that he once had!” Lu Yun outlined solemnly.

“Well, you’re a sharp one.” Violetgrave smiled wryly. Indeed, there was too much connected to the five hells and they represented some sort of rhythm of the worlds. If all five came into Lu Yun’s grasp, then the burden of all of them would naturally fall upon his shoulders.

But based on his usual style of sloughing off responsibility whenever possible, Lu Yun would never allow himself to be painted into a corner like this.

Not to mention, he was currently as weak as an ant. He wouldn’t be a premier heavyweight unless he traveled to the fourth realm; any random sovereign in the chaos or the worlds could squish him dead with their fingers.

Lu Yun never ran from what he should face, but he would be the first to run if forced to take up a mantle that wasn't his.

Though Violetgrave was disappointed, she wasn't angry.

"Are you leaving?" Lu Yun asked after glancing at Violetgrave's face.

"Leave? Where to?" She shook her head. "I'm not going anywhere other than here."

"Here?"

"This spatial node. I'm standing guard after Qing Yu's left." Violetgrave grinned. "But you, you should go to the chaos now," she suddenly raised.

Lu Yun blinked.

"Open warfare has erupted between the six sacred palaces and nine sacred lands. Experts of the third realm are impeding your son. Lu Qing can't go to the palaces' aid, and if you don't go soon, they'll fall to their attackers."

Lu Yun's eyes widened with disbelief.

"Lu Qing organized the six sacred palaces as the final bulwark with which to protect the world. If they're destroyed, the chaos creatures will obtain the greatest orders, avoid the energy of the worlds, and enter your home."

"Protect the world?" Lu Yun fell silent, then asked quietly, "What about the worlds that came before mine?"

Violetgrave paused with surprise.

"Were the worlds before unworthy of protection simply because they didn't give birth to the immortal dao? Did they deserve to fall into oblivion for that lacking?" he murmured.

"Their root of the world was gone." Violetgrave understood Lu Yun's meaning. "Any world without its root is incomplete. Just like an expanding balloon, the bigger it grows, the greater its force when destroyed. When it explodes, it will take out all of the chaos in a massive pop."

She mimicked an explosion with greatly exaggerated movements. "From the age of the mythological realm to the current world of immortals, only this world has a root. The Hadal Hell and Blood Sea are its roots."

Chapter 1175: Decline

"Do you understand?" Violetgrave looked calmly into Lu Yun's eyes. "The chaos and the worlds are just a matter of different perspectives. Both sides want to live, it isn't a matter of who deserves to die more."

Lu Yun still remained silent.

Survival of the fittest was precisely that cruel sometimes. In order for one side to survive, the other had to die.

“Are you faulting them for not saving the life forms of those previous worlds?” Violetgrave asked hesitantly.

He flicked a sideways glance at her and harrumphed. “I’m no Virgin Mary, the hell do I care about their survival?”

Violetgrave looked on in confusion.

“I’m just thinking, I’m only a minor empyrean realm immortal in the chaos. What good am I going to be if I go? If even the six sacred palaces can’t hold off the nine sacred lands, what’s an ant supposed to do?”

Lu Yun scratched his head. For the world of immortals, he played the role of overseeing the bigger picture and guiding the immortals from the shadows, setting up the Immortal Realm Battlefield and ensuring that everything proceeded in an orderly fashion.

But in the chaos, he couldn’t do anything at all.

Though he’d dominated all comers in the Inception Spiritrial Arena, who would follow the rules of engagement in a real battle? Sparring between those of the same realm was essentially a test of potential. In a real struggle of life and death, who wouldn’t use a superior cultivation realm to dominate their enemies?

He might be the Inception sacred prince, but he was also a joke.

Violetgrave remained looking at Lu Yun with a mysterious look instead of responding.

As he looked back at her, something occurred to him. “You’re not wanting to make another deal with me, are you?”

“Congratulations, that’s correct!” Violetgrave grinned merrily. “I’ll keep watch over this spatial node for you—”

“Hang on!” Lu Yun interrupted. “That doesn’t count, you voluntarily stayed here!”

“Fine, fine.” She waved it off. “Accept the Netherdark Hell and I’ll give you a talisman that will allow you to use the power of a sovereign three times.”

Lu Yun finally understood—Violetgrave had planned to shove the Netherdark Hell at him all along.

“Can we swap for another condition?” He shook his head.

“Forget about it then, the six sacred palaces don’t have much to do with me anyhow.” Violetgrave stretched languidly and took a lazy seat in space. “I haven’t been this free in so long! I’m so much freer than before even if I have to stand guard over this spatial node.

“Ah, the smell of fresh air!” She sucked in a deep breath through her mouth.

“There’s no air in space.” Lu Yun rolled his eyes.

“Ah, the smell of fresh qi!” Violetgrave amended with a deep sniff.

“Seriously, can’t we change the conditions?” Lu Yun chuckled wryly.

The woman shook her head. "I'm a real living being now and no longer threatened by what's in the Nihil Hell. I don't need souls anymore, so Qiu Luoyu profited handsomely off his transaction. He's received my nether fire for free and doesn't have to pay the price in the future.

"Your son's deal with me is paid in full, so apart from having you look after the Netherdark Hell for me, I really don't have anything else to offer in negotiations with you.

"In return for you helping me become a real being... First, I'm keeping watch over this spatial node on Qing Yu's behalf. Second, I gifted her all of my achievements in the Hongmeng. That is my offering of gratitude to you." She stopped the rest of Lu Yun's words with a few neat statements.

"Then... fine." Lu Yun shook his head.

"You agree?" Violetgrave lit up.

"No, I decline!" Lu Yun smiled. "Since you're standing guard here out of gratitude to Little Yu, then I have nothing further to worry about. I'll head to the chaos now and take care of those nine sacred lands."

"What..." Violetgrave looked dumbly at Lu Yun.

He left with a turn before she could finish her thought, departing from the cosmos, heading for Mount Xuanhuang to reach Earth and pay a visit to Mount Buzhou.

Only Hongjun sat at the peak of Mount Buzhou; Fuxi had left long ago. With the six palaces under attack, he had to return to the chaos as the Inception and Creation Palaces were his home.

"Dao Ancestor, the world of immortals is stable now," Lu Yun reported with a smile.

"Don't, don't call me Dao Ancestor! You'll shorten my lifespan with this over-the-top rhetoric!" Hongjun jumped in shock when he heard the honorific.

"The ancestor is being humble," Lu Yun corrected with all seriousness. "The immortal dao has already acknowledged your position as the ancestor of the immortal dao!"

Hongjun chuckled ruefully. The dao ancestor, dao sovereign, and dao headmaster were the three great posts of the immortal dao—supporting the dao as a tripod of power. In residence at Mount Buzhou all this time, Hongjun hadn't known that Lu Yun and Qing Yu had started calling him the dao ancestor long ago.

"In that case, it would be disrespectful for me to refuse the honor," he breathed out heavily. Though he hadn't expected anything in return for his efforts from the very beginning, it was still a gratifying feeling to have his endeavors validated at such a high level.

A smile floated onto Lu Yun's face.

"I know what you're going to do—go on, then. Nothing must happen to the six palaces," Hongjun declared solemnly.

"I understand." Lu Yun nodded and made to walk off Mount Buzhou.

“Hmph!” A sharp snort sounded as a white shadow darted to his shoulder. It grumbled, “I knew you wanted to get rid of me. That’s not happening!”

The little fox crouched down on Lu Yun’s shoulder and aimed a lethal glare at his cheek before darting into his robes, prompting an immediate scowl.

“What are you doing here?”

“I’ve been waiting here for you! I knew you were going to get rid of me! Hmph, you heartless bastard!” the little fox continued muttering with dissatisfaction.

Hongjun sat down cross-legged next to them, wholly immersed in sudden meditation. He knew nothing of the entire universe, much less a conversation happening right next to him.

“Alright, alright, let’s go together.” Lu Yun acceded wryly. He really hadn’t dared meet up with the little fox after Qing Yu’s parting words. She may seem like a magnanimous person, but she wasn’t one to be trifled with if she grew jealous.

“That’s more like it.” The now content little fox withdrew her head into his robes.

Lu Yun turned to bow at Hongjun, who waved back at him, before setting foot into the chaos.

Chaos currents brushed past him. With his cultivation at peak empyrean realm, the chaos no longer posed a threat to him. Even the devastating chaos tribulations were nothing but a gentle breeze. And while his cultivation was at empyrean realm, his true level of strength was long past the chaos.

“Heh heh heh... You actually dared come here, brat! Do you know the meaning of death?” a sinister voice sounded by his ears.

The ghost ancestor’s laughing and crying face suddenly appeared next to him and came down on Lu Yun’s head with a claw.

Swoosh.

A large abyss appeared next to Lu Yun and another huge claw probed out of it, wreathed by blasts of chilly air. It grabbed onto the ghost ancestor and hauled it into the abyss.

Chapter 1176: The Sacred Palaces Fall

There was no fear or shock on the ghost ancestor’s face, just great confusion. It didn’t understand why the abyss had fallen into Lu Yun’s hands, and why the lizard-dragon in its depths was helping the human.

The lizard-dragon exceeded the chaos and was second only to the kings in the third realm. As strong as the ghost ancestor was, it was only an ant in front of that being and thus easily dragged into the abyss.

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Down in the depths, the lizard-dragon reared up and looked down its nose at the ghost ancestor.

“Master Lizard-Dragon?” carefully asked the very humble ghost ancestor.

“Mm.” The lizard-dragon flicked its tail, sending the ghost ancestor tumbling head over heels.

Smack!

The ghost ancestor cowered on the ground and looked up at its master, not daring to say anything.

Smack!

Another flick of the tail sent the ghost ancestor flying out again.

Thunk!

The ghost ancestor slammed heavily into a cliff face and slowly slid to the ground. Before it could respond, the lizard-dragon snapped another tail whip over and sent the ghost ancestor flying again.

Feeling immensely wronged, it had no idea what had happened to inspire this abrupt abuse. On the other hand, the tail flicking didn't hurt and only sent it careening into the walls again and again.

How would the ghost ancestor know what kind of suffering the lizard-dragon had endured these days?

The lizard-dragon had thought that only Lu Yun possessed the level of perverse strength that allowed the human to bully it at will. But after entering the kingdom of hell through the Gates of the Abyss, the lizard-dragon found itself still used for target practice.

Its vaunted cultivation realm and strength were the butt of all jokes. Any random seventeen-year-old-looking girl in the netherworld could trounce it and beat its face into the ground. There was also a strange little dragon with three heads and three tails that flicked the lizard-dragon around like a ball.

Things had gotten to the point where the lizard-dragon wondered if something was wrong with its health. Had it somehow lost most of its strength?

Now that it was able to easily wipe the floor with the sovereign realm ghost ancestor, its heart sank enormously.

Kings!

Those freaks in the kingdom of hell were all kings of the Hongmeng!

A king wasn't a cultivation realm, but a title. No matter the cultivation level, one could be hailed a king of the Hongmeng as long as one possessed the requisite battle strength. Those beings in hell who could stomp all over the lizard-dragon were all kings!

The lizard-dragon was almost crying in fear now. If it'd known that the world of immortals was so strong, it would've never accepted this mission!

All it could do now was vent its frustrations on the ghost ancestor and regain a bit of its confidence this way.

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Lu Yun took a look into the abyss and sealed the entrance shut. With the Bridge of Forgetfulness shrouding it, the ghost ancestor's strength was sealed away the moment it entered the abyss. Since it was much weaker than the lizard-dragon, it naturally couldn't offer any resistance to the bullying.

However, the bridge's strength was limited to only the abyss. It'd created something like a restriction there, a boundary that was partially broken the moment the lizard-dragon's arm reached into the chaos. If the arm continued to remain outside, it could've released the strength it possessed in the Hongmeng.

Of course, if the lizard-dragon and ghost ancestor then entered hell through the abyss' other exit, the seal would remain in their bodies and they'd still be smacked around by the experts in the netherworld.

"Teeheehee, is that the end of that little bastard, the ghost ancestor?" A cackling fox burrowed out of Lu Yun's robes. It was only at times like these that he felt this absentminded creature was really a fox.

"Let the lizard-dragon beat some sense into it. If we can subdue the ghost ancestor, that'd be another great force at our command. We can also learn more about the akasha ghosts through it." The stronger Lu Yun grew, the more terrifying and mysterious he found the akasha ghosts. God had also once mentioned that he had something to do with them.

He swung his head from side to side, trying to recall how he'd managed to provoke the akasha ghosts. In that Han Dynasty tomb on Earth, he'd fallen into their layout of absolute death, upon which the Tome of Life and Death sent him to the world of immortals.

Had that been the critical encounter?

Lu Yun cleared his mind and summoned a tiny formation with a flip of his hand. This was the transportation formation that Huaxu had gifted him when he'd gone to retrieve the Blood Sea from the Tomb of Heaven and Earth. No matter where they were in the chaos or what kind of danger they faced, the formation would safely deliver them to the Creation Palace.

Hummm.

The formation trembled and Lu Yun disappeared. When he next reappeared, he was at his destination.

The once prosperous Creation Palace was now blanketed by an atmosphere of violence and killing intent. Blood dyed its walls and the fires of war raged everywhere. Fuxi and Huaxu faced powerful opponents up in the air, and numerous sovereigns, immortal lords, and eternal overlords fought for themselves.

Those from the nine sacred lands and chaos beasts furiously attacked Creation disciples.

"What the heck?!" A ray of sword light almost sliced Lu Yun in two when he materialized. Thanks to his fast reflexes, he avoided having his head separated from his body.

"...Dubiety Realm is lost!" he immediately realized.

The sacred palaces were unassailable. With the nine sacred lands' current strength, they couldn't shake the palaces. But if trouble rose in the Dubiety Realm, the palaces would no longer be as invincible.

The moment in which hordes of chaos beasts rushed out of Dubiety Realm meant the moment that Creation Palace's foundations trembled.

"Impossible, this can't be happening! Even if we've lost Dubiety Realm, the sacred palace shouldn't be drenched in blood like this. The six have endured countless chaos tribulations since their origin and wouldn't fall in this way!

“...public opinion!” Lu Yun suddenly understood. The six palaces were now heretics in the eyes of the chaos general public, heretics that prevented the nine sacred lands from destroying the worlds!

“Public opinion is with the nine sacred lands now, and the six sacred palaces are the great devils, the villains! Whoever wins the will of the people wins the land. ...it seems this saying holds true no matter what world I’m in.” Lu Yun carefully hid himself from the raging battle and observed the situation.

Though the sacred palace had been breached, the location where the soul lamps were kept still remained safe. As long as the soul lamps remained, the palace’s foundations weren’t truly affected.

There were sovereign realm enemies charging the palace holding the soul lamps even now, but as the most important part of the palace, it wouldn’t be a quick and easy task to raze it.

Huaxu and Fuxi were preoccupied by two powerhouses of their level and locked in a stalemate. That the other five palaces hadn’t come with reinforcements meant that similar scenes were playing out with them.

“Just the strength of the nine sacred lands and other chaos creatures alone don’t rival the palaces. The palace cultivators are exhausted handling the chaos beasts. If I seal away Dubiety Realm, that’ll solve everything!” Lu Yun headed for the realm gates when the idea struck him.

“The prince of Inception Palace!” howled a heavyweight when he caught a glimpse of Lu Yun. “He’s here in Creation Palace, get him!”

Chapter 1177: Skin is Thin, Lots of Meat, and Really Juicy

Boom!

A huge hand came crashing down on Lu Yun. It didn’t even want to grab him, just smack him into meat mush!

A sovereign!

The hand came from a sovereign of a nine sacred land. Lu Yun was but peak empyrean realm, his arts of concealment didn’t fool a sovereign at all.

“Heh heh heh!” Lu Yun leered to see the hand come down on him.

Whoosh!

An enormous black pit opened up beside him and swallowed up the hand.

“Another toy,” mumbled the lizard-dragon as it hauled the rest of the sovereign into the hole.

It didn’t think that Lu Yun couldn’t defeat the sovereign. Rather, it was that his new master couldn’t be bothered with getting his hands dirty. Since it was a new addition to its master’s roster, the lizard-dragon had to find opportunities to prove its value.

Thus, it was very happy to handle minor tasks like these.

Many more followed in the sovereign's wake; all of them landed within the abyss and became the lizard-dragon's new toys. Some other immortals that'd discovered Lu Yun and wanted to rush over stopped dead when they saw the outcome of the first group.

Lu Yun turned back, coldly stared them down, and continued for the gate that led to the Dubiety Realm.

"He... what kind of person is the Inception sacred prince? That was three sovereigns! He swallowed them all without a struggle!" Gasps of shock abounded in the onlookers.

Those sovereigns had once been eternal overlords who'd painstakingly suppressed their cultivation and bided their time in the sacred lands. Now that they had powerful backers of their own, they no longer needed to bow their heads to pressure from the sacred palaces. Thus, the eternal overlords all broke through to sovereign realm one after another and now did battle in the six palaces.

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Lu Yun couldn't be bothered with the others casting hostile looks his way. There was no point in having the lizard-dragon kill them; all would be resolved once he sealed the Dubiety Realm again.

So had the experts of the Creation Palace realized the crux of the issue, but a strange power had made the gate inaccessible. It allowed only exit without entrance, thereby enabling chaos beasts to walk out, but barred anyone from entering the realm.

Even the palace experts could do nothing about this strange seal; they could only take down whatever chaos beasts that walked out.

Chaos beasts were bloodthirsty and savage. They fed on chaos creatures, possessed intelligence, but lacked civilization. They were unenlightened, just like the fur seals of old in the West Sea of the world of immortals.

If they charged en masse into the chaos, they could easily cause mass extinction in the realm. Most importantly, they could withstand the energy of the worlds.

Those of the nine sacred lands had once tried domesticating chaos beasts to destroy the worlds, but the stronger beasts proved impossible to tame. Not only did they devour the heavyweights of the worlds, but they also ate the people of the sacred lands.

Thus, the sacred lands gave up on the notion and only dared capture some mortal realm chaos beasts to train.

With the third realm as their patron, however, they no longer feared these chaos beasts. The sacred lands had previously guarded some cracks to the Dubiety Realm, but completely filled those in before blasting open the gates that the sacred palaces were guarding.

"Prince of Inception!" Creation experts crowded around Lu Yun when he arrived. They'd seen him take care of three sovereigns by himself, setting them at ease now that he was here.

"All of you can withdraw, I'll handle this." Lu Yun scanned the dozen Creation sovereigns guarding their post and nodded at the group. The previous Creation sacred princess was also among them.

She hadn't betrayed the palace even after Huaxu deposed her. Drenched in blood, she stood at the very front of the contingent and continuously threw herself at the chaos beasts that charged out of Dubiety Realm.

"Hold!" Lu Yun called out to the former princess. "I hereby reinstate you to the position of princess of Creation Palace."

He waved a hand and sent a tiny ray of light into her body. A tremor ran through the restored Creation princess and absolute joy blossomed over her face.

The ray of light contained the distilled essence of the order of Creation and was the hallmark of the Creation princess. Huaxu had previously withdrawn the ray of light and gifted it to Qing Yu. But with the seed of immortal dao integrated into all beings of the chaos, Qing Yu no longer needed it. Thus, Lu Yun returned it to the previous Creation princess and reinstalled her to her former position.

With the return of her old identity, the Creation princess' strength more than tripled. She instantly cleared the chaos beasts around the gate to the Dubiety Realm.

However, there were so many beasts exiting the gate that they couldn't be quantified. They were almost on par with the yin spirits burrowing out of the fissure in the cosmos. If it wasn't for a dozen Creation sovereigns overseeing the location and furiously attacking the chaos beasts, Creation Palace would've been overrun long ago.

"Let's go!" In fine fettle after being restored, the Creation princess rose into the air and decisively left with the dozen sovereigns.

"Open!" Lu Yun roared, turning the void several tens of thousands of kilometers around him pure black. The endless depth of black yawned like an enormous mouth, rushing at the gate to the Dubiety Realm for a bite.

Countless chaos beasts charged into the abyss.

"Toy.

"Toy!

"Another toy?" Bored, the lizard-dragon kept several sacred land cultivators pinned under one claw and randomly flicked its tail around, sending a chaos beast flying. These toys were no longer of interest to it.

It was beginning to accept this new reality that it was just a henchman in hell and the world of immortals. Only in the chaos or the Hongmeng was it a boss.

"The Dubiety Realm?" It looked at the gate and yawned lazily. "So it's set an entrance to the chaos. I'd thought you guys really were removed from the affairs of the world. It turns out you'd set plans in motion a long time ago.

"But so what? My young lord is on another level, and his subjects are all kings as well!" The lizard-king grabbed a nearby chaos beast and popped the creature into its mouth, munching and crunching with gusto.

Cold sweat poured from the three sovereigns that'd been captured by the abyss when they saw the sight.

"What, are you surprised?" The lizard-dragon flicked a sidelong glance at them. "You call these things chaos beasts, right? They're called Hongmeng beasts in the third realm. They're slaughtered and cleaned to be steamed or stir-fried for banquets, mm mm! Or they can also be eaten raw since their skin is thin, have lots of meat, and are really juicy. So delicious!"

The lizard-dragon licked its chops with satisfaction and grabbed another chaos beast for a snack.

Chapter 1178: The Art of Words

The three sovereigns of the sacred lands trembled and shivered in a corner. The chaos beasts that the lizard-dragon had just eaten were all on par with sovereigns in the chaos, and many times stronger than the three of them who'd just set foot in the cultivation realm.

But this dragon that looked like a lizard had just casually popped those beasts into its mouth??

The lizard-dragon's eyes rolled around and fixed on the three.

"I, I'm not tasty!" one of the sovereigns blurted out with a sob. "I'm bony, dry, and just all around not good to eat!"

"I don't want to eat you," yawned the content lizard-dragon. "Be a good toy and stay quiet on the side."

"Y-yes." Feeling like they'd been pardoned from a death sentence, the three sovereigns scrambled to get out of the way.

The abyss had completely enveloped the Dubiety gate by now and the chaos beasts that'd been streaming through it came to a halt. Though they lacked civilization and enlightenment, they still possessed intelligence. When they discovered the abnormalities on the other side of the gate, they naturally paused and refrained from going to their deaths.

"Not coming in anymore?" A bloated lizard-dragon approached the gate and sneered at the packs of beasts in the Dubiety Realm. "What am I going to eat if you're all staying outside?"

It stuck its head out of the abyss, opened its mouth wide, and sucked in the air of the Dubiety Realm.

A terrifying suction force exploded out of its mouth and created fearsome gales in the realm, swirling chaos beast after chaos beast into the abyss.

Absolute pandemonium erupted through the Dubiety Realm. Chaos beasts shrieked and squawked for dear life, scattering for survival in all directions. However, they were as weak as ants compared to the lizard-dragon, so there was nowhere they could escape to.

The pressure on the other five palaces suddenly more than doubled. Frantic chaos beasts pounded through the other five gates, but purely in a bid for survival rather than to launch an offensive.

Those of the Inception, Ethos, Opposition, Nirvana, and Burgeon Palaces watched with mouth agape. There were chaos beasts streaming out in front of them wailing, "Don't eat me!" and fleeing helter-skelter with terrified tears and snot streaming down their faces.

“What’s going on in the Dubiety Realm?” Several Inception sovereigns looked at each other blankly, not daring to attack the chaos beasts in this state of mind.

“I... don’t know? Maybe someone’s doing something about the Dubiety Realm?” No one had any idea.

“But they’ve gone completely mad. What do we do? Let them charge into the chaos like this?”

“But...” The thought was still unfinished before an enormous roar echoed from the realm.

“Come back!

“Come back!

“Come back!!” The phrase reverberated in the void and oscillated into strange sound waves, careening into each other and giving rise to more echoes. They seemed to possess some sort of magic as they tapped into the various orders of the chaos the moment they appeared.

In the blink of an eye, the hordes of chaos beasts rushing out of the other five gates seemed strangely bewitched. They traveled back to the gate in whatever manner they rushed out of it, leaving none in the realm outside after the span of a breath.

“The art of Words!” Palace experts gaped at the sight. Even the five sacred monarchs locked in battle looked blankly at their respective gates.

The art of Words!

This was a terrifying combat art that only those beyond the chaos could deploy!

Whatever one spoke of would come to be, even if one sought to change the various orders of the chaos—including the highest ones! If the Myriad Inception Fist of Inception Palace reached beyond the chaos, it would also possess the same level of strength.

The art of the Fist.

.....

All of the chaos beasts vanished from the six palaces in the manner of a few seconds.

“What just happened?!” The nine beings from the creation seeds disengaged from their battles with the six monarchs and gathered together, glowering with confusion.

The nine sacred lands weren’t strong enough to directly face the six palaces. They had to borrow the strength of the chaos beasts in the Dubiety Realm to stand a chance, and the lack of that reinforcement spelled their complete defeat in this campaign.

As a result, the nine sacred lands quickly retreated out of the six palaces like the receding tide.

The palaces didn’t give chase. They’d suffered great casualties this time, what with countless halls broken into and treasures robbed. Large swathes of disciples had died grisly deaths and were being reborn in their soul lamps.

Further battle was the last thing the palaces wanted as well.

“It’s all thanks to you this time. Otherwise, the six sacred palaces would’ve become history.” Fuxi and Huaxu came up to Lu Yun; Fuxi gently patted the human’s shoulder.

“It was just a small errand. If it wasn’t for the six palaces, the nine sacred lands would’ve made straight for their target and conquered the world of immortals long ago.” Lu Yun wiped away a light sheen of sweat from his forehead. He’d made it here in time only because of Violetgrave’s reminder; the consequences would’ve been dire if the six sacred palaces really had fallen.

“So what happened, why did we lose the Dubiety Realm?” Lu Yun frowned tightly, not believing in the slightest that the sacred lands could’ve tampered with the gates to the realm.

He’d first suspected that the sovereigns originally from the sacred lands had turned traitor, but he’d just seen them defend the palace and fight their old peers. None of them had betrayed their new factions.

“The Dubiety Realm belongs to the third realm to begin with.” Fuxi wore an exceedingly unpleasant expression. They’d all thought that the chaos beasts and the Dubiety Realm were products of the chaos that happened to be diametrically opposed to the chaos creatures.

However, strength from the third realm had exploded from the Dubiety Realm and blasted the gates open right before disaster descended. The six palaces hadn’t had time to react before chaos creatures started stampeding out. Most of the experts guarding the gates had been instantly trampled and returned to their soul lamps.

Only the Creation princess and a few other sovereigns had made it out alive.

The armies of the nine sacred lands arrived shortly thereafter and surrounded the palaces in a pincer move. If it wasn’t for their own innate strength, it might’ve been the end of the six palaces today.

“The powerhouses of the third realm have always been plotting against us! We owe you our deepest thanks.” Fuxi bowed at Lu Yun.

“No no, not at all!” Lu Yun jumped with shock and quickly helped Fuxi up.

In his eyes, Fuxi was his ancestor! The great one had guarded humanity for a hundred million years and even sacrificed himself for the human race. It was all right and natural, no matter what he did for Fuxi now.

Besides, saving the sacred palaces meant saving the world of immortals.

When the mythological realm swallowed the chaos back in the day, it hadn’t been able to swallow the six dao palaces. The sacred palaces now were even stronger than the dao palaces, and if they ended up in the hands of the nine sacred lands, they would certainly attack the world of immortals with the palaces.

Chapter 1179: I’m His Father

After the withdrawal of the nine sacred lands, the six monarchs called upon the highest orders to derive the power over space, pushing the six sacred palaces together to occupy the same locale. They were thus able to attack and defend each other.

When reconstruction efforts began, Lu Yun sat down cross-legged in the void at the center of the six structures, a pillar of protection for the area. He was still empyrean realm, which was sixth level mortal realm in the chaos.

Despite that, his presence loomed like a towering mountain. It brought reassurance to the six palaces and also bore down on the sacred lands with untold pressure.

Everyone knew that the sacred lands' attack on the six palaces had failed because the Inception prince had returned to the chaos. It was completely unthinkable that a sixth level mortal soul was a pivotal character in a battle that had engulfed the chaos!

.....

Boom!

The six newly sealed gates to the Dubiety Realm suddenly blasted open and six faint figures walked out of them, slowly coming together as one humanoid form.

It was a man three meters tall with an indiscernible age. Energetic eyes and brows marked his face, and a heroic air wafted around him. Long black locks flowed past his shoulders down to long robes that were as black as the darkest night.

He stood in the center of the six palaces across from Lu Yun, looking down at the six structures beneath him.

"Has someone from the Hongmeng arrived?" The man's tone was resonant and his words carefully enunciated. Each syllable traveled clearly into everyone's ears like a type of dao.

Lu Yun slowly opened his eyes and looked at the man. "What, are those from the Hongmeng not allowed in the chaos?"

The man looked at Lu Yun with surprise.

"Then you should go visit the nine sacred lands. The nine guys from the creation seeds are all beings of the Hongmeng, are they not?" Lu Yun explained when the other remained silent.

"That's different." The man shook his head gently. "They were all reborn into the chaos through Hongmeng nodes. They're chaos creatures then, which isn't a violation of the rules."

"Rules? So there are rules, then?" Lu Yun smiled.

The man from the Hongmeng nodded slightly, not dismissing Lu Yun just because of the human's weakness. On the contrary, he sensed a strange threat from the young man, a strength that was perceptible through the man's replica.

"Indeed, there are rules. Beings with strength that reaches the Hongmeng are forbidden from remaining in the chaos. The one in the chaos sea is being hunted by the enforcers." The man grew distracted when he mentioned Lu Qing.

"Okay," Lu Yun responded and closed his eyes without a word.

Having adopted an aloof, slightly superior attitude, the man suddenly felt rather awkward.

“Do you know who that Hongmeng being is and where they currently are?” He took in a deep breath before posing the question.

“You’re a master of the third realm and didn’t even know that the lizard-dragon from Dragonhollow Mountain was hiding in the nine sacred lands. How would I know?” harrumphed Lu Yun after sweeping a glance over the man.

“You...” The man stared dumbly at Lu Yun. He did indeed know that the lizard-dragon from Dragonhollow Mountain had descended to the lower realms and was hiding in the abyss. Though Dragonhollow Mountain and the nine sacred lands weren’t part of the same faction, they were still in the same boat. The lizard-dragon would never ruin the plans of the nine sacred lands and Dubiety Realm.

“Who the heck is this guy?” Lu Yun sent a replica into the abyss to ask the lizard-dragon that was happily roasting, baking, and frying chaos beasts. He’d never thought that the lizard-dragon was a foodie, and one with superb cooking skills!

“Him?” The lizard-dragon followed Lu Yun’s gaze to the man. “Zhuo Bufan of the Enforcer Alliance. His surname means distinguished and his name stands for uncommon. Together, they make for someone rising above the common herd, but he’s just trash wrapped in good jade!

“Young lord, you don’t need to personally do anything about this trash. Allow this humble one to take him out!” The lizard-dragon puffed its chest out with great righteousness.

“He’s here for you.” Lu Yun cocked his head. “I told him you’re the lizard-dragon from Dragonhollow Mountain.”

“Um...” The lizard-dragon blinked, then smiled. “You’re playing with him, aren’t you, young lord? How would you possibly be afraid of him, given who you are? But true enough, things are a little bit tricky since the Enforcer Alliance is behind him. Heh, heh heh, hehehe...” it chuckled dryly.

It wasn’t afraid of Zhuo Bufan, but it was wary of the alliance behind him. It’d be one thing if Zhuo Bufan was here in his primary body—the lizard-dragon could smash him to pieces with a claw.

However, only one of his replicas was here and the lizard-dragon wasn’t a king; he couldn’t kill someone’s primary body through their replica.

All was fine if he remained hidden, but if he really did come out and kill Zhuo Bufan’s replica, then its grandparents, parents, aunts and uncles on Dragonhollow Mountain would be made into stuffed lizards.

The lizard-dragon shrank back on itself at the thought.

“Is Zhuo Bufan really trash?” Lu Yun asked seriously.

“Trash with a capital T! He would’ve died a hundred times over if it wasn’t for his king of a dad!” The lizard-dragon nodded seriously.

Lu Yun rolled his eyes and slowly dismissed his replica.

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“What about me?” Lu Yun remained sitting cross-legged in the void, not moving a muscle.

“The lizard-dragon of Dragonhollow Mountain has died in battle. It wouldn’t betray us. So tell me, who is the transgressor? Is it the Purple King in the chaos sea, or one of his men?” Zhuo Bufan questioned.

“Purple King?” Lu Yun paused. “Lu Qing?”

Zhuo Bufan was once again rendered speechless. He looked blankly at Lu Yun and murmured, “You really have a death wish. How dare you call the Purple King by his name... Though he’s preoccupied with three enforcers, a single thought of his can kill you a hundred times over.”

“The Purple King?” Lu Yun lifted one of the corners of his mouth. “I’m his father.”

Zhuo Bufan shuddered and lost his composure, backing up quite a few steps. His eyes shifted around with horror. Insulting a king in this manner? This young man was an absolute madman from beginning to end!

“I mean it, I am his father!” Lu Yun grinned brilliantly. “Zhuo Bufan, your father is also something of a king, right?”

“He’s a noble and proper king!” Zhuo Bufan corrected reflexively.

“Right, right, a very noble and proper king.” Lu Yun nodded. “My son is also a king! The Purple King, Lu Qing, is my son!”

Rumble!!

Thunder crashed in the air and lightning reduced a large patch of chaos currents into ash.

“See, my son’s responding to me.” Lu Yun looked at the sky with a wide smile.

“Lunatic!” Zhuo Bufan shrieked and turned tail. He ran for a few steps before suddenly remembering something and exploded into six copies that darted into the gates.

“You’re right, he is indeed trash.” Lu Yun’s replica reappeared in the abyss with a smack of his lips.

“Hehe, young lord, you scared him witless,” the lizard-dragon chuckled stiltedly. “You really are too bold though, to say that you’re the Purple King’s father. If it wasn’t for several Hongmeng experts working in tandem in the chaos sea, they wouldn’t dare make a move against the Purple King either.”

“But I really am his father.”

Chapter 1180: Chaos Tribulation

Gnawing on a chaos beast bone, the lizard-dragon turned around and refused to continue the conversation.

Lu Yun tutted again, “I’m speaking the truth, why does no one believe me?”

The lizard-dragon couldn’t be bothered with a reaction.

After Lu Yun scared off Zhuo Bufan, calm returned to the six sacred palaces and nine sacred lands. He returned to his seated position in the air, becoming ever more mysterious and inscrutable to those of the chaos.

Zhuo Bufan's sudden arrival had scared quite a number of people. This was a bonafide expert of the third realm, one who grasped the art of Words and could command the orders of the chaos!

And yet, the sacred prince of Inception Palace had scared him off.

No one knew what Lu Yun had said to Zhuo Bufan, but the latter's hasty exit was deeply imprinted in everyone's heart.

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"What do we do now? He's scared away even a representative of the Enforcer Alliance." The nine born of the creation seeds gathered once again to discuss their next steps. This time, they were completely stumped.

The Inception prince—a mortal realm creature—had sent Zhuo Bufan packing, and there was nothing they could do about Lu Yun.

A strange force had claimed the sovereigns that'd made a move on him. The nine of them didn't dare attempt further action without absolute guarantee of their success.

"Is he really only a mortal soul?" Huo Zongxing frowned at Lu Yun sitting cross-legged in the air.

"He is indeed a mortal soul, and one born of the worlds. He isn't one reincarnated from the Hongmeng like us," firmly declared a girl after waving a mirror at Lu Yun. "There should be a master of the Hongmeng behind him... probably the Purple King."

Her cerulean hair gave off watery ripples with each movement—she was the backer of the water origin sacred land. Though she was also a mortal realm being, her cultivation yet to reach the chaos realm, her core essence came from the Hongmeng.

"If that's the case, then this is easy." Confidence blossomed across Huo Zongxing's face.

"Oh?" The others looked at him with anticipation. "You have something in mind for him?"

"A chaos tribulation," Huo Zongxing softly uttered. "As long as his cultivation is yet to reach the chaos realm, as long as he doesn't come from the Hongmeng, he's dead without a doubt if a chaos tribulation is set in motion."

He grinned broadly. "So what if the six palaces can protect him? He won't dare do a thing in a chaos tribulation!"

"That's right, chaos tribulations!" The other eight laughed heartily. "Thank goodness we're moving fast enough and doing all this before he's broken through."

Chaos tribulations were a terrible disaster in the chaos. Since time held no sway over the realm and one couldn't feel the passage of the years, chaos creatures did not die of old age. But when a chaos tribulation erupted, it was a calamity for all.

Chaos creatures that had yet to reach the chaos cultivation realm were instantly decimated in the face of such a tribulation. Even those who were in the chaos realm had to exercise extreme caution. They could easily be doomed beyond salvation if they set one foot wrong.

Chaos creatures were theoretically undying, but in reality, the tribulations cleansed the realm with regularity and prevented overpopulation.

The most abundant in the chaos wasn't beings above chaos realm, but regular mortal beings.

In the eyes of the realm's denizens, chaos tribulations were impossibly mysterious. No one knew where they came from and how they were formed. Though the six monarchs knew, they were powerless to prevent the tribulations from actually taking place.

Neither did they wish to do so.

For those of the Hongmeng, however, there was nothing unknown about these tribulations, and it was a walk in the park to start one.

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The enormous chaos sun and moon hanging far above the chaos sea were the most mystifying and powerful items of the realm. Herein lay the heart of the chaos and the location of its greatest, most inscrutable strength. They had long surpassed the chaos and reached the Hongmeng.

The Purple King had been in residence here protecting the sun and moon, discouraging any would-be thieves. But as he was now preoccupied by three peers, he had no effort to spare for the chaos sea.

Huo Zongxing and the other eight arrived atop the vacant sea, casting greedy eyes over the sun and moon. Even kings of the third realm coveted these ultimate treasures.

However, no one since the dawn of time had ever obtained the two. Even the Purple King had only watched over them and prevented anyone from plotting over them. As it happened to be, chaos tribulations originated from the chaos sun and moon.

"The sun and moon constantly radiate energy and percolate it throughout the chaos, bestowing light and shadow, yin and yang to the realm.

"But these two treasures are so strong that the rate of their release lags far behind their rate of increase. When their energy accumulates to a certain peak, they crash into each other and give rise to a chaos tribulation. Such is the rhythm of their existence," Huo Zongxing murmured with fascination as he looked at the two orbs in front of him. "If there were no chaos tribulations, the second realm would've long overflowed with life.

"Come on then, we just need to use the power of the Hongmeng to fill the sun and moon to capacity ahead of schedule."

The sun and moon of the realm didn't both exist above the chaos sea at the same time. When the chaos sun hung high in the void, the chaos moon sank into the waters. When the chaos moon rose, the sun set.

There was currently just a broad pit without end as Lu Qing had taken the chaos sea with him. The chaos moon hung overhead and the sun rested at the center of the pit. Though the waters had vanished, the chaos sea was still enveloped by a strange power. It would return to normal before long.

When a chaos tribulation took place, both the sun and moon hung over the chaos sea and continuously crashed into each other, releasing all of the power within them.

Huo Zongxing and the eight others from the third realm called upon their core essence, reaching out to the power of the Hongmeng that was infinitely greater than the chaos currents. They bade it come pouring out of the third realm and into the chaos sun and moon.

A purple haze of light filled in the chaos sea, turning it into an ocean of purple.

If Tianqi was here, he would've shrieked with surprise. This purple haze was precisely what he'd once guarded all those years ago!

With the strength of the Hongmeng landing in the chaos, the chaos sun and moon started trembling and transformed into two enormous black holes, devouring this tremendous source of power.

A curious metamorphosis took place inside of them—their rate of energy release slowed down, but their rate of creation sped up by a hundred million times.

Boom!

After absorbing an unknown amount of Hongmeng strength, the sun that had been sleeping at the bottom of the sea suddenly bounced up and smashed into the moon right above it.

The moon had also absorbed enough energy that it was at maximum capacity. The two mammoth treasures pulled back from each other, then crashed forward with newfound violence.

A chaos tribulation was upon the realm.